FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED

NEWSPAPER

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INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR OF THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC OR OPERA HOUSE OF THE 1ST ARMY CORPS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. FORBES.—SEE PAGE 7.

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NEW YORK, MARCH 26, 1864.

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Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

THE gallant young Col. Ulric Dahlgren, reports of whose safety at first reached us, was really killed while cutting his way through the enemy. The rebels, with that brutality in the treatment of the dead which makes the stories of ghouls credible, stripped his body, mangled it, and, to use their own expression, gave it the burial of a dog.

The miscarriage of the expedition is due entirely to the War Department, which neglected to furnish capable guides, or to concert with Gen. Butler, so that he might move simultaneously.

Our forces took possession of Suffolk on the 10th, after a short skirmish with the enemy.

WESTERN VIRGINIA.

Lieut.-Col. Root, of the 15th New York cavalry, on the 6th returned from an expedition to Hardy and Pendleton counties, where they destroyed effectually all the saltpetre works.

Major-Gen. Sigel has assumed command of the department of West Virginia, and has fixed his headquarters at Cumberland. Gen. Averill captured two spies who were endeavoring to pass southward through his lines. A skirmish is said to have taken place near Snickersville, London county, in which several of the 21st New York cavalry were killed.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Davis is filling the State with troops to overawe the Convention and keep North Carolina in the Confederacy. Twenty-three North Carolina Union soldiers were hung in Kinston on the 6th inst. by the rebels, and the event created a serious riot, which it took a considerable armed force to put down. The indignation of the loyal people was violently manifested, and the Stars and Stripes were conspicuously displayed on the occasion. Poor North Carolina has thus the luxury of being ground down by Virginians and South Carolina cavaliers.

ALABAMA.

Farragut was continuing, Feb. 25, the bombardment of Fort Grant or Powell with the ships Calhoun, Jackson, Octarora and Sebago. He has not yet attacked Forts Gaines and Morgan. Even when he has subdued Fort Powell he will have 30 miles to proceed before he can arrive at Mobile, nine of which are through a narrow channel, with its banks fortified the whole distance. Obstructions are again placed entirely across the channel three miles from the city, in such a way that vessels are compelled to pass under the guns of two ironclad forts and a battery from the shore.

FLORIDA.

Gen. Seymour was, on the 2d, in a fortified position eight miles from Jacksonville, awaiting a rebel attack. The rebels refused to exchange the wounded soldiers. Gen. Finnegan is encamped between Ten Mile run and Baldwin. The rebel army is meanwhile gathering and driving off cattle.

MISSISSIPPI.

Our authentic reports from Grant's department show that Sherman's expedition penetrated 35 miles beyond Meridian, destroying all the railroads in the vicinity, 32 locomotives and a large number of cars. There was no more fighting after leaving Canton, where Wirt Adams's rebel cavalry was encountered. Gen. Sherman's loss in killed, wounded and missing is 500. A large number of plantations were destroyed.

TENNESSEE.

The rebels are pressing our lines near Chattanooga, and our advance has been withdrawn from Tunnel hill to Ringgold. It is reported that the rebel furnaces at Ringgold have stopped running for want of coal. Our advance in East Tennessee is at Morristown, while on the 5th Longstreet was still reported as holding Bull's gap, with his headquarters at Greenville. Gen. Schofield has returned to Knoxville. The Federal forces were at Morristown, 42 miles from Knoxville. The rebels were at Greenville, about 74 miles from Knoxville. The rebel cavalry were at Bull's gap, 56 miles from Knoxville. There is a tremendous rise in the Tennessee river. The pontoon bridge was carried away at Chattanooga.

Sixty rebels were captured at Chikawee mountain by the 4th Indiana cavalry, and the enemy were repulsed in an attempt to dash into our lines at Mossy creek on the 6th.

On the 5th a large force of rebel cavalry attacked a detachment of the 3d Tennessee at Panther springs, but met with a loss of 30 killed and wounded. Our loss, two killed, eight wounded and 22 missing.

Our position at Chattanooga is considerably in advance of the one held during the winter. Gen. Palmer's line, embracing the Chicamauga battlefield, Ringgold, Taylor's and White Oak ridges to Cleveland gap, is already fortified. The rebels are said to be 29,000 strong at Dalton and Tunnel hill.

NAVAL.

On Saturday, March 5, a rebel party under Lieuts. Maxwell and Fitzhugh of the Confederate navy captured the tug Iolas, in the employ of Government as a dispatch-boat, and the sidewheel steamer Titan, loaded with commissary stores, both lying in Cherrystone inlet, Chesapeake bay. The rebels destroyed the telegraph station and the submarine cable.

The English Government has ordered the release of the pirate Tuscaloosa at the Cape of Good Hope; and the English Judges in the Provinces release the pirates of the Chesapeake. The grounds of the latter decision are curious. 1. The Government of the United States has not demanded the pirates; 2. She would have no right to them if she did; 3. They have not been inflicted for piracy.

CONGRESS.

IN the Senate, on the 7th March, after several discussions on unimportant subjects, Senator Foote, of Vermont, presented a petition from Eli Thayer, praying that the confiscated lands of the rebels be given to the freedmen; referred to the Committee on Slavery and Freedmen. The Minnesota railroad was then discussed.

In the House, the resolution ordering 1,500 copies of Lanman's Directory of Congress at $2 a copy was rescinded, and the price altered to $1.

In the Senate, on the 8th, the proceedings were entirely routine, having reference to subjects already discussed.

In the House, resolutions of the Iowa Legislature were presented in favor of the employment of disabled soldiers to fill situations under Government as they are competent for. The Deficiency bill was taken up, and nearly all the Senate's amendments were concurred in and the bill passed. The bill to authorise the sale by the Secretary of the Treasury of the surplus Government gold was, after considerable discussion, passed in a much amended and considerably weakened state. The bill, as passed, merely authorises the Secretary of the Treasury to anticipate the payment of interest on the public debt from time to time, whenever he may deem it expedient. It passed by a vote of 90 to 34. A large portion of the session was taken up in a somewhat spirited debate on the preamble and resolution, introduced by the Military Committee, for the retirement of unemployed army officers, which was finally laid over for further consideration on the 14th. The bills to establish a uniform ambulance system; to increase the rank and pay of the Provost-Marshal-General to those of a Brigadier-General; and providing that army Chaplains, when absent on leave or as prisoners, shall not suffer diminution of pay, were passed.

In the Senate, on the 9th, the resolution calling on the Secretary of War for the minutes and report of the Military Commission, of which Gen. McDowell was president, was defeated by 25 to 11.

In the House, Parkersburg was made a port of entry for Western Virginia, and various suggestions and reflections were made on the behavior of the War Office, some of them very severe on the Secretary of that department.

In the Senate, on the 10th, the resolution empowering the Secretary of the Treasury to sell gold was very angrily discussed, and postponed. The bill to make the pay of colored troops the same as that of white soldiers was then taken up, the question being on the adoption of the amendment of Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, for the appointment of commissioners to determine the value of slaves belonging to loyal owners taken for military service. Mr. Pomeroy, of Kansas had the floor, and he proceeded, in a long speech, to define his position in regard to the Presidential succession, avowing his connection with the circular recently issued for the advancement of Secretary Chase's claims to the nomination of the Republican party. He set forth, in eleven separate and well-defined sections, the programme of his faction, and concluded by urging on his party the necessity of its adoption. He was replied to by Mr. Wilkinson, of Minnesota, and others. After which Mr. Davis's amendment was rejected by 31 to 6, and the bill was then passed by the same vote. The bill granting land to aid in the construction of a railroad from St. Paul to Lake Superior was passed, after some debate, and the Senate adjourned.

In the House, the whole time was taken up in speeches of little public interest.

The Senate, on the 11th, took up the House joint resolution in reference to the surplus gold in the Treasury, with the amendment of Senator Sherman, authorising the Secretary to dispose of the same to the highest bidder at any time he may see proper. Other amendments were offered and rejected, and a long debate took place, when finally the resolution, substantially in this form, was adopted by 30 yeas to 8 nays. The Post-Office Appropriation bill was passed; adjourned to Monday.

In the House, the bill for the better regulation of trade with the Indian country and the Executive, Legislative and Judiciary Appropriation bill were passed. Bills for certain amendments of the Pension and Homestead acts were reported, but not acted upon. A bill repealing the section of the act of 1851, regulating the foreign coasting trade on the lakes, was reported from the Commerce Committee and passed.

BOOK NOTICES.

LA GAVIOTA. By FERNAN CABALLERO.

J. Bradburn has just issued an English translation of a novel by the most popular romance writer of Spain, a lady whose *nom de plume* is Fernan Caballero. "La Gaviota" is a work of real power and interest, and has found its host of readers and admirers in Spain, and also in France, where a translation has long since appeared. It cannot fail to win its way among us, and lead to an acquaintance with her other works.

The translation is fair, not always idiomatic or graceful, but will compare favorably with most foreign works rendered into English of late.

TOWN TOPICS.

THE spring is opening, and the pavements of the city as positively show the genial effects of the banishment of Jack Frost as do the fields and highways of the country. With its first glad approach they blossom and bloom in beauty, and the hand of art touches them with a skill that must make nature tremble with sheer envy. The shops put forth their gayest tints, like hedgerows of unfading flowers, and the butterflies of fashion wing their way idly from point to point, sipping here or flitting there, until the time shall come when they will flirt away to Saratoga and Newport, or ruralise in some yet unexplored country nook.

Broadway is beginning to assume a summery look, and the time-honored dirt is fast disappearing. The Broadway squad is losing its occupation, or the larger part of it, in escorting fair ones from curb to curb through the mud and slush, and is occasionally obliged to fill its time with gazing on fallen horses—not assisting them to rise—and viewing the pageant that passes hourly before their critical eyes.

And this reminds us that the daily press has during the last few weeks devoted much attention to the subject of street obstructions, and how to remove them. Now, where can you have a better spot upon which to descant, or to reform, than this same Broadway? From the Battery to Fourteenth street it is nothing but obstructions, and those of a nature that could readily be removed by the Broadway squad. No person should be allowed to set a box or package upon the sidewalk. No persons should be allowed—even though they be the prettiest and best dressed of the fair promenaders—to gather and talk where the stream goes, without being imperatively ordered to move on. A knot of gossipers will throw the whole street into confusion, as much as will a countryman forcing his way up on the inner side of the pave or down on the outer. We have seen a porter or a boy from a store come deliberately out upon Broadway at the crowded hours of the day and shake a doormat, or empty an ashbox, thereby covering a hundred people with dust or ashes, and go unpunished, a thing that would hardly be believed in a European city.

The absorbing topic of the week, and perhaps will be for many years to come, is the Sanitary Fair. An army of builders and carpenters make Fourteenth street vocal with clang of hammers, and the vast buildings that are to contain the contributions of nation are fast approaching completion. They open upon the 28th inst., and until that time there is only the monotony of receiving and receipting for the stream of goods that is flowing in from every part of the world. While upon this subject let us enter a protest against the petty jealousies that seem to actuate those who have been engaged in the same good work in other cities towards those who are engaged at it in New York. The sending of that broom from Cincinnati to the Brooklyn Sanitary Fair was a bad specimen, and was not made any better by the latter city sending it to the New York Committee. The remarks of Henry Ward Beecher, on the last Sabbath, from his pulpit, were in equally bad taste, as dictating to New York that unless her enterprise turned out a certain sum—five times that of Brooklyn—she might hang her head in shame. Brooklyn should be proud of her efforts, all but the mock marriage, and be content that she has contributed a great sum to a great cause, without giving way to any petty Philadelphia jealousy. This false rivalry can do no good, but only lead to efforts that tend to disgrace the cause for which they are working. The Brooklyn Fair closed finally on Friday night with what was termed a calico ball; an entire failure as far as numbers or profit were concerned, and a mingled jumble of toilettes more laughable than agreeable. A few calico dresses made their appearance, somewhat bedizened with trimming, but the majority of the ladies were in full dress, and slightly overdressed. It is to be hoped that New York will not, for the sake of adding a few dollars to the fund, give way to absurdities that can do nothing but bring disrepute on the cause.

The city is singularly void of excitements. "There's nothing stirring but stagnation." The Opera has finished its season, with "Faust" still drawing overflowing houses—which reminds us to say a word or two upon one of the company—Madame Bischi. Those connected with the stage are perpetually deprecating public interference with their private affairs, and yet, as in the case of this lady, they are as perpetually thrusting themselves beneath the public nose. We hold that any affair like that of Mad. Bischi, which has, within the last few weeks, been ventilated in our courts should never have found its way there. Even regarding it as a matter of policy, it would have paid her to have acceded to all the demands of this girl, who claims she was misused, no matter how unjust they were, than to have allowed her name and fame to be dragged through the press. Public men and women should never allow their private affairs to be ventilated in courts of justice or by the press, every instance of the kind invariably ending in a loss of reputation and popularity to them, unless they can show that they are glaringly right. The theatres are going over the same old routine, Wallack's only varying it with a round of benefits, which, in the olden time, would have argued a close of the season, but which in this case probably does not. It is to be hoped that, if the promise is true, and the veteran does get a few days of rest to look about him, he will look at the outside of his theatre and take some steps towards a renovation of the building, that it may not retain the reputation it now holds of being the most rascally-looking upon the line of Broadway.

With the gradual incursions of street cars upon all our thoroughfares, and the consequent fading out of the omnibus, all that relates to them is of interest. We heard a few days since of a lady who entered an omnibus where were already eleven persons and room for one. On the side where the seat should have been five ladies spread their ample skirts, and allowed the new-comer, after paying her fare, to stand while the omnibus went on. She waited a few moments, and then quietly seated herself upon the laps of the two who spread most. This somewhat disturbing their arrangements for the trip, the lady was requested to rise, and they would make room, which was done, and the lady took her seat, remarking as she did so, that she regretted that she was forced to give five women a lesson in the etiquette of the omnibus. We should like to engage that lady as a permanent teacher in this line, not only for omnibuses but for cars. Just now there is considerable discussion whether a gentleman is bounden in chivalry to give up his seat to a lady, and the sterner sex seem bound to resist. This has only been generated by the past conduct of women, who seem oftentimes when they enter a city car or omnibus to unsex themselves and study to see how rude and unladylike they can appear. A lady can crowd in, no matter under what inconvenience, take as a matter of course the proffered seat, cover up her neighbors on either side with her spread of skirts, sometimes sitting sideways to look out of the window, and taking up the room of two. It is impossible for a man to enter without treading on her dress, and then let him look out for the withering glance; let him beware how he moves too near her to make room for an in-comer. Her manner of drawing up her offended robes will be a warning for him through all time. Should the lady bring a child, he must reconcile himself to the little darling making a doormat of his coat-tails or pantaloons, or possibly ornamenting him with little dabs of molasses candy, should it have a proclivity for that article. Should the lady be given to baskets, let him remember that her creed is "Love me, love my basket," and not venture to set it upon the floor, should he want the seat it occupies. Remember all these things, and—ride with the driver.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—Of Mrs. Z. R. Plumb's Gymnasium, 60 gentlemen and ladies, masters and misses, have kindly consented to give a select entertainment for the benefit of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, at the Cooper Institute, on Saturday evening, March 19th inst. All admirers of good gymnastics should attend this entertainment. Those desirous of purchasing tickets can have them at the Gymnasium, 59 West 14th street. Tickets of admission, 50 cents. Reserved seats, $1. Doors open at half-past seven, to commence at eight.

—— A new epidemic is thus described in the Pennsylvania papers: "The first indication of the presence of this disease is noted by a sudden trembling of the body and arms, which is followed by slight symptoms of fever, and paralysis of an arm and the lower limbs, with severe pains in the back, and finally the vision becomes affected. Several physicians have been called in, but are unable to determine the diagnosis of the disease. It is neither typhoid or spotted fever, and they are unable to arrive at any definite conclusion as to its nature. Its action throughout resembles the effect of some powerful narcotic poison in the system."

—— The Sanitary Fair will open in Pittsburg, Pa., May 10.

—— The Albany Bazaar for the Sanitary Commission realised $82,590.

—— The Calico Ball, in aid of the families of soldiers of Brooklyn and King's county, was given at the Academy of Music on the 11th inst., and was in all respects a deserved success. About 2,000 persons were present, and although it was a Calico Ball, the ladies generally wore more expensive material. Dodworth's and Sanger's Bands furnished the music. The receipts amount to over $3,000.

—— Gov. Buckingham, of Connecticut, has appointed the 25th of March as a day of humiliation and fasting.

—— George Thompson, the well-known English Abolition orator, met a flattering reception on the 11th of March, in Mr Beecher's Church. The subject was "The Popular Sympathy in England with the Efforts in the United States for the Suppression of the Rebellion and the Liberty of the Slave." Mr. T. thought that the act of Congress favoring freedom had done more than anything else to convert Englishmen into advocates of the cause of the North. The working and operative classes had always been with us, which he trusted we should remember when, no longer threatened with a great evil continually sapping our institutions, we should be rejoicing as a great nation, and give them the benefit of our example, that they might soon enjoy similar free institutions.

—— Gold has ranged from 162 to 168.

—— The propeller Taylor, from New York, arrived at Albany on the 11th of March, being the first boat through.

—— By a curious fatality Gerritt Smith drew the President's autograph copy of the Proclamation of Freedom at the Albany Bazaar.

—— The annual report of the statistics of crime in the State of New York, presented to the Legislature by the Secretary of State, exhibits an increase of minor offences, and a decrease of more serious crimes. The total number of convictions at special sessions in 1862 was 12,933, and in 1863, 10,923. The decrease of convictions for drunkenness in New York city was 8,690 during the past year.

—— A Mormon preacher lately said: "I have 48 children, and I have reason to hope that Heaven will vouchsafe me a good many more. Before 100 years my descendants will exceed in number the population of the State of New York, which consists of 3,000,000 souls."

—— Owing to the rise in real estate almost every property holder is anxious to sell. It is, consequently, very difficult to hire a house, unless clogged with the contingency of a sale.

—— The receipts of Greenwood Cemetery for the year 1863 were $174,694 60, and the expenditure, $172,617 48—of which $45,000 were invested in the U. S. stocks. The number of lots sold during the year were 831, and the total, including the number sold previously, 13,792.

—— The Sophomore Class of the Free Academy will hold an exhibition on the 24th March, at the Cooper Union; the proceeds of which will be for the aid of the Sanitary Commission. The students of the said class have used their utmost exertions to accomplish their design of securing the interest of the public to this worthy cause, and they look forward to the public's hearty support. There will be some very interesting selections from the most noted authors, and will, no doubt, afford a pleasing entertainment for the audience. The following are the speakers chosen by the class for the evening: Charles M. Hibbard, William C. Hess, John J. Casey, Charles H. Brinkerhoff, Edward A. Page, Lewis H. Spence, Reed Gordon, Jr., Henry S. Carr, James A. Wotton, Henry D. Knowlton, Ernest Werner, James J. Condon, Ernest Eurich.

Western.—Gen. Sherman's expedition penetrated 35 miles beyond Meridian and destroyed all the railroads in the vicinity, together with 32 locomotives and a large number of cars. There was no more fighting after leaving Canton, where Wirt Adams's rebel cavalry was encountered. Gen. Sherman's loss is 500.

—— The Bristol (Tenn.) *Gazette*, of March 5, states that Longstreet is again advancing towards Knoxville. The same paper thinks that within a week the great battle for the mastery of East Tennessee will have been fought, or the Yankees will have retreated.

—— Waldron, Ark., 60 miles south of Fort Smith, and recently the advanced post of our forces, was burned a few nights since by guerillas. Gen. Price has returned from Matamoras, Mexico, whither his recent furlough allowed him to go to visit his family. He now commands the rebels in the Department of Arkansas.

—— The Choctaws have called a convention to arrange for rehabilitation in the United States Government. The Chief, Jack McCurtain, is actively distributing the Amnesty Proclamation and trying to bring his people back to loyalty. The Seminoles and Chickasaws still hold out, under the influence of the rebel Gen. Cooper, who was for a long time Indian Agent among them.

Southern.—The brutality of the rebels is almost supernatural. Paroled prisoners, arrived from Richmond, state that the rebels placed 20 or 30 barrels of powder under Libby and other prisons during Gen Kilpatrick's raid, intending to blow up our forces if they succeeded in capturing the city.

—— The Raleigh (N. C.) *Standard*, formerly suppressed by order of Jeff Davis, has been revived. Mr. Holden, the editor, announces himself as a candidate for Governor.

—— What slavery leads to is thus described in one of the slave papers, the Richmond *Whig*, of the 7th March: "A young German, named Charles F. Reese, called officer Kell out of the court-room, during the session of the Mayor's court, and pointing to a negro girl, about 10 or 11 years of age, wanted her taken into custody for stealing his pocketbook. On examination, the officer discovered that Reese had literally cut the young girl to pieces with a cowhide, and the blood was trickling down from her person and collecting in pools at her feet. Reese said she had stolen his pocket-book, and that he resolved to whip her until she had confessed what she had done with it. On being taken before the Mayor, Reese was committed, and the, by this time, insensible girl was taken to a hospital."

—— A correspondent, under date of Nashville, March 9, observes that since Gen. Sherman has penetrated the heart of the Confederate States, his scouts have reported that the country through which he has passed abounds with all life's necessaries for man and beast. In addition to this, he states that it has been ascertained that the aggregate of the rebel army amounts to 344,000 men, composed of 224,000 veterans and 120,000 conscripts, lately added.

Military.—Gen. Wool has written a letter to the Secretary of the Albany Bazaar, in which he gives his plan for the defeat and crushing of the rebellion during the ensuing campaign. He would have 250,000 men under Grant, and as many more under Meade, moving upon the enemy at once and with irresistible power. Thus placed between the upper and nether grindstones, the rebellion would be effectually crushed.

—— Gen. Grant paid a visit to the Army of the Potomac on the 11th. A speedy movement forward is expected. All ladies have been banished from the lines.

—— Major-Gen. Sigel arrived at Wheeling on March 6th, having assumed command of the department of Western Virginia, headquarters at Cumberland, Maryland.

—— The hanging of 23 Union prisoners is reported to have taken place at Kinston, N. C., on the 6th inst. The hanging of more is promised. A riot at Raleigh, N. C., is rumored in consequence. Preparations are being made to resist the attack of the rebels on the coast, which is believed to be impending.

Personal.—Samuel Cowell, the popular comic actor, is at the point of death.

—— Parson Brownlow has cleared $60,000 by his "ruined prospects and blasted hopes." So much for modern martyrdom.

—— Princess Helena, third daughter of Victoria, is to marry the brother of the Emperor of Austria. More complications. Helena is 18.

—— M. Auber, the composer, was seized with a giddiness lately, and fell down, striking his forehead against a marble chimneypiece. Happily he sustained no serious injury, and so far recovered from the fit that he was able, a few days after, to do the honors of a dinner party invited to celebrate his 82d birthday.

—— The *Albion* says that Signor Brignoli's voice has lately given signs of decadence.

—— Secretary Chase has declined being a candidate for the Presidency.

—— John M. Murphy, a former resident of Dalles, Oregon, recently eloped from Boise river with a Miss Cunningham, who is said by a California paper to be a daughter of Mrs. Cunningham of Burdell murder notoriety. At last accounts the fugitives had arrived at Salt Lake city, on their way to Colorado Territory.

—— Col. Dahlgren's body servant arrived in Washington on the 10th. He confirms previous statements concerning Dahlgren's death and the barbarous treatment of his remains.

—— Col. Basil Duke, the notorious guerilla, graduated from Yale College, in the close of 1845.

—— The London papers say that the present income of Miss Bateman, the actress, is not less than $60,000 a year.

Obituary.—Robert Grignon perished in a snow-drift, near his own house, on New Year's day, about eight miles from Oshkosh, Wis. He was about 86 years old, and was known as the warrior who captured Black Hawk.

—— Mrs. Sarah B. Potter, wife of the Right Rev. Alonzo Potter, died in Philadelphia on the 29th of Feb.

—— Mr. Ch. W. March, a literary gentleman, well known in this city, died recently, at Alexandria Egypt, aged 47. Death seemed the more untimely, as Mr. March had newly become the heir to a large fortune.

—— We regret to record the death, at the age of 70, of the Rev. Edward Hitchcock, D.D., LL.D., ex-President of Amherst College, and distinguished as a pastor, as a teacher and as a man of science.

—— Mangin, the vendor of pencils, who made a fortune by dressing up in an eccentric way, and boasting from his carriage of his success, is dead. Most visitors to Paris will recollect the man, a genius in his way, whom the Parisians were proud of.

—— Mrs. Sarah Waters died at Hoosick Falls, R. I., on the 4th March, at the age of 101. The husband of the deceased, who died 24 years ago, was a soldier in the Revolution, and his widow received a pension up to the time of her death.

—— A veteran musician, formerly one of the most attractive composers of French operas, and an instructor of one of the first artists of the past and present day, died lately in France, at the age of 80. Victor Douglas was the composer of "Cagliostro," "Linne" and "Le Petit Souper," great favorites in their day. In 1816 he was Professor at the Conservatoire, from which he retired some years since. He wrote a treatise on harmony, which has been highly spoken of.

—— The wife of the gallant Brig.-Gen. Daniel Tyler died at the Everett House, in this city, on the 9th March, after a short illness. Gen. Tyler was in Baltimore on Court-Martial duty. Mrs. Tyler was a lady whose estimable qualities endeared her to all who knew her, and the sympathies of the public, as well as those of personal friends, will be with the General in his painful and sudden bereavement.

Accidents and Offences.—On the evening of the 8th March Mrs. Mary Cunniff attempted to light a fire, after having saturated the kindling with kerosene oil. The paper under the wood had been lighted, and the flames communicated with the oil in the can, causing it to explode. This set her clothes on fire, and before assistance could reach her she was so badly burned as to cause her death a few hours afterwards. Deceased was 35 years of age.

—— The total loss at the late fire in Meridian, Conn., was $70,000.

—— A small boat, carrying passengers from Port Morris to Riker's island, was swamped on the 11th March, and seven persons drowned. Five others were rescued.

—— A man named Craig was robbed of $625 by a man named Young, in West Greenville, Pa., on the 17th of October last. Craig immediately went in pursuit to Philadelphia and New York, where he discovered that Young had exchanged his money for gold and had taken ship for Liverpool, whither he was pursued by Craig, who managed to get in advance of the steamship in which Young had sailed. At Liverpool, Craig, being overcome by fatigue, went to sleep and missed his man, but traced him to Antwerp, whither he pursued him. Here Craig succeeded in capturing the robber, and recovered his valise and $300 in gold. Strange, however, to add, as the prisoner was on his way to jail, a lot of powder exploded on board a vessel in the harbor, and during the ensuing excitement the prisoner took wing, and every effort towards rearrest has been in vain. This is a remarkable instance of perseverance.

—— As Gov. Smith was passing up North Main street, Providence, R. I., on the 9th March, a young fellow, who had escaped from an officer, came dashing up a side street, with the officer in close pursuit. The Governor caught the culprit as he was rushing past, but the slippery chap squirmed away and started off again, this time with his Excellency at his heels. Down an alley and into a yard ran pursued and pursuer, and, just as the fellow was scaling a fence, the Governor laid hands upon him, took him back to the officer, and then proceeded to the State House, to assume his duties as presiding officer of the Senate.

—— There was a fatal collision on the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad, at Anderson, Tenn., on the 5th March. Two freight trains, with one passenger car each, were going north, when the engineer of the last train, with the grossest carelessness, ran his train into the other, which was not in motion. The passenger-car struck was broken up and set on fire from its lamps and stove. Four ladies were burned to death and other persons were injured. The engineer would have been lynched on the spot had he not fled.

—— John Bell, who was shot in a dance-house on the 25th Feb., by an unknown person, died on the 11th March.

—— The brutality of corner grocery clerks is proverbial. On the 10th March a poor woman, named Benson, entered a store on the corner of Laurens and Grand streets, and having provoked the storeman, the latter seized a meat axe and inflicted such severe wounds upon her head that her life is despaired of. The ruffian was immediately arrested.

Foreign.—The handsome villa belonging to the Countess Blovis, on the banks of the Como, lately fell into the lake; most fortunately no persons were injured, beyond a few bruises. The entire *cuisine* with a magnificent dinner were given to the fishes.

—— Liverpool and Birkenhead are to be united by a tunnel. The cost will be about half a million sterling.

—— At a recent ball in Rome the Princess Massimo lost a diamond bracelet worth $100,000. A well-known and wealthy ecclesiastic is suspected as the "fortunate finder," or the "unfortunate thief," since he made a present of some jewels to his mistress a few days after. The result has been hushed up.

—— A letter from Rome, of a late date, says there are but few Americans in that city at present, owing to the high rate of exchange.

—— A paper has just appeared in Paris called *Le Gratis*; odd enough, the subscription is $40 per year.

—— At a public ball given by the wife of the Prefect of the Seine there were 2,000 ladies present, not one of whom wore crinoline.

—— Mdlle. Tambo, of Odessa, has just awakened from a sound sleep of 16 days and nights. She received no sustenance during that time, and her breathing was distinctly audible all the time.

Art, Science and Literature.—F. B. Carpenter, the artist, is now in Washington, painting a great historical picture on the subject of "President Lincoln reading his Proclamation of Emancipation to his Cabinet."

Chit-Chat.—Humboldt says: "We saw, on the slope of the Cerra-Duide, shirt trees 50 feet high. The Indians cut off cylindrical pieces two feet in diameter, from which they peel the red and fibrous bark, without making any longitudinal incision. This bark affords them a sort of garment which resembles a sack of very coarse texture, and without a seam. The upper opening serves for the head, and the two lateral holes are cut to admit the arms. The natives wear these shirts of Marina in the rainy season."

—— On the 1st of March the prices for board at our hotels were increased to $3 50 per day. As omnibus-fare and other incidentals will amount to fully $1 50 more, the question seems to be now, What is to become of the "bachelors" who have not $5 a day?

—— There was a Leap-Year Ball at Hartford, on the night of the coming round of "the privilege." Ladies invited the gents, made what offers they pleased, selected the partners, and took numerous other "steps" according to pantaloons. It is said that some even went so far as to "pay the fiddler!"

—— The Richmond *Dispatch* contains an advertisement of the Danville Female College, announcing that the price of board for 20 weeks is $500, or five barrels of flour.

—— A paragraph has been going the rounds of the English and American papers, concerning the marriage of Miss M. A. Braddon, the novelist, to Mr. John Maxwell, publisher. This is contradicted by Mr. R. B. Knowles, a near relative of Mrs. Maxwell—who is still living.

—— Letters from Venice state that the cold there has been unusually severe this winter. The whole of the Lagunes are frozen over, and can be crossed in safety by foot-passengers from Cannaregio to Mestre, and from Murano to Fandamente Nuova.

—— The native barbers of Bombay have held a public meeting, at which it was resolved that for the shaving of his head a Hindoo should be charged two annas; a Parsee, four; a Mohammedan, five and a half annas; and a Guzeratee, nine pice. The Europeans were not disturbed, for, being able to shave themselves, any attempt to raise their rates might drive them to self-protection. There were 2,000 barbers present, and the local paper ascribes the combination to the present dearness of the necessaries of life.

GEN. CUSTER.

BRIG.-GEN. GEORGE A. CUSTER is a native of Ohio, and is one of the West Point graduates of the class of 1861. He is, therefore, a very young man. He entered the United States army as a Brevet Second Lieutenant of cavalry, and was appointed Second Lieutenant of the 5th U. S. cavalry on June 24, 1861. He was attached to the Army of the Potomac, and distinguished himself in the affair at Williamsburg, on May 5, 1862. For distinguished services he was on that day nominated for a Brevet of First Lieutenant. During the reconnoissance on the Chicahominy river he again distinguished himself, and was nominated for a Brevet of Captain, to date from May 26, 1862.

On July 17, 1862, he was promoted First Lieutenant of Company M, of the 5th U. S. cavalry, having been previously appointed an Aide on Gen. McClellan's staff, with the rank of Captain, to date from June 5, 1862. In this capacity he gained great credit.

He was promoted to the rank of commander of a brigade of cavalry, in the vicinity of Washington, under Gen. Stahel, and on June 29, 1863, was appointed by the President a Brigadier-General of volunteers. He commanded the second brigade of Kilpatrick's division during the advance upon Gettysburg, the battle at that place, and the pursuit of the rebels from Pennsylvania.

He took an active part in the cavalry fights upon the Rapidan during the fall of 1863, and was at one time wounded in the leg, but not seriously.

During December, 1863, Gen. Custer had charge of the post of Stevensburg, Va., one of the advance cavalry posts of Meade's army.

When the present expedition was organised Gen. Custer was placed in charge of the cavalry division formerly under the charge of the late gallant Gen. John Buford.

At the recent battle of Stannardsville he well maintained the honored name won by this command under their late noble leader.

Gen. Custer has but recently returned from his wedding tour, having been married only about a month since.

JOHN N. PATTISON.

THE unequivocal success which the young American pianist, Mr. J. N. Pattison, has achieved in this city during the few past months justly entitles him to a place among the celebrities whose portraits from time to time find a place in our columns. He has risen by rapid strides into public favor, and has won his place among the first by the sheer force of his genius, and by that determined perseverance by which eminence, in any art, alone is achieved.

Mr. Pattison was born at Niagara Falls on the 22d of October, 1839, and is, consequently, now a little over 24 years of age. His early youth was passed almost within sight of that wonderful work of nature, whose grandeur, with poetic minds, increases the more familiarly it is contemplated; and it is possible that its influence may have been felt, unconsciously, by the boy, and have done much towards expanding and strengthening the poetic sentiment in his mind. He received his early education at a school in Lockport, and here it was that his passion for music was first developed. His studies were pursued in the room next to the music-room, and though not allowed to study music, an uncontrollable desire sprang up in his mind to become master of the art. He commenced to teach himself, and his endeavors were kindly assisted by Messrs. O. C. and E. C. Wright, proprietors of a music wareroom, who afforded him opportunities to practise on their pianos. Although unassisted, he made rapid progress, and the study became to him an absorbing passion, so much so that it interfered greatly with his advancement in other branches of education. The knowledge of this fact induced his father to remove him from Lockport and place him at a school a short distance from that place, where there was no piano. The young musician was wretched under this restriction, and consequently ran away, wandering from one place to another, until his desires were acquiesced in, and he once more returned to Lockport. He pursued his musical studies with more avidity than ever, but the opposition to his following music as a profession was so strong that at last he consented to study medicine. But though one man may lead a horse to the water a hundred men cannot make him drink, and medicine was once for all abandoned, and young Pattison entered upon the struggles of a professional career, commencing as a teacher of music in Newark, N. J. He taught merely enough to live, devoting all the rest of his time to study.

The ambition of his life was to go to Germany, to study music in its highest branches; but something was wanted to induce him to put his views into a practical shape. During his visits to New York he was introduced to Thalberg, that great apostle of the piano, who tested him thoroughly, advised and encouraged him, and urged him, if possible, to go abroad. This was the something needed to fix his determination, and he labored at his profession with so much earnestness and success that next year saw him on his way to the land which to him was the golden land of promise.

His life in Germany was the life of all students who steadily pursue one object. Settled in Berlin, he studied with Herr Von Bulow, with Haupt and Radeke, Haupt and Merks being his preceptors in harmony and composition. Towards the close of his residence in Berlin he performed solos in three concerts, but his nervous timidity was so great that he met with but very indifferent success. Chagrined at his partial failure, he nerved himself to the task once more, and at the fourth concert played Bach's difficult and masterly Fugue in A minor with such precision and brilliancy that he achieved a triumph which more than compensated for his previous disappointments. He afterwards played with success in Dresden, Vienna, Cologne, and on his way home in Paris at Pleyell's Salle.

Notwithstanding these public performances, his timidity had by no means left him when he appeared in public after his return to his native land. In consequence of this he did but little justice to his powers, and was very roughly handled by the critics. This, so far from discouraging him, aroused all that was combative in his nature, and from the night of his first appearance at Palace Garden he dates the commencement of his present success. Day and night he devoted himself to the perfection of his technique, and with increased certainty came increased confidence. But the conquering of mechanical difficulties did not occupy his attention exclusively; a patient and earnest study of the larger works of the great masters of the piano was with him a labor of love, and went hand-in-hand with his newly acquired mastery of the instrument. In 1863 he made his first mark upon the public favor, which each succeeding public performance has strengthened and deepened, until now, it may be said, without fear of contradiction, that no pianist is more cordially welcomed by the public, and no one receives at its hand a larger share of applause and admiration than John N. Pattison. This career of success has culminated for the present by his performance at his own concert at Irving Hall on the 27th ult. On this occasion his first piece was that very fugue of Bach's which won for him his first success as an artist in Dresden. The criticisms which followed this concert were of the most flattering character, and placed him at once in the foremost rank of public performers. The learned and appreciative critic of the New York *Tribune* said: "Mr. Pattison played a stupendous concerto by Henselt. It was long, but not too long for such a composition, so rhymic, melodious, varied, brilliant and passionate. Mr. Pattison never played so well. He went through his immense task with dauntless force and capital success, and was rewarded with a storm of applause."

The able critic of the New York *Times* said: "The feature of the concert was Henselt's famous Concerto in F minor, a work which taxes the best resources of a pianist. It has not been attempted for many years. The difficulties of execution are of the highest class, and the delicacies concealed beneath them would inevitably be destroyed by any awkwardness on the part of the performer. Mr. Pattison distinguished himself by a clear, coherent and admirable rendering of it. The Larghetto, in particular, was deliciously conceived and carried out. The opening movement, too, with its tremendous left hand passages, was powerfully rendered. We may congratulate Mr. Pattison on his taste in selecting this fine work and on the great merit of its performance."

The critic of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* closed a lengthened analysis of the works and their execution with the following remarks: "In intellectual reading, in passionate expression, and in mechanical execution, his performance left little or nothing to be desired; and while we yield to him our admiration for his devotion to his art, and our appreciation of his ambition, which leads him to aim above the momentary glory of the popular applause, won by the accomplishment of easy, meritorious difficulties, we must add the just praise that he was fully equal to the task he undertook. Mr Pattison has, by this performance, won for himself a proud position, and need fear no rival in the walks of classic art. No better proof of the entire success of his performance can be given than the record of the fact that it was listened to by a miscellaneous audience with profound attention and with lively interest, and that the conclusion of each movement was the signal for an outburst of enthusiastic and prolonged applause. It was in fact an artistic triumph, of which Mr. Pattison may well be proud."

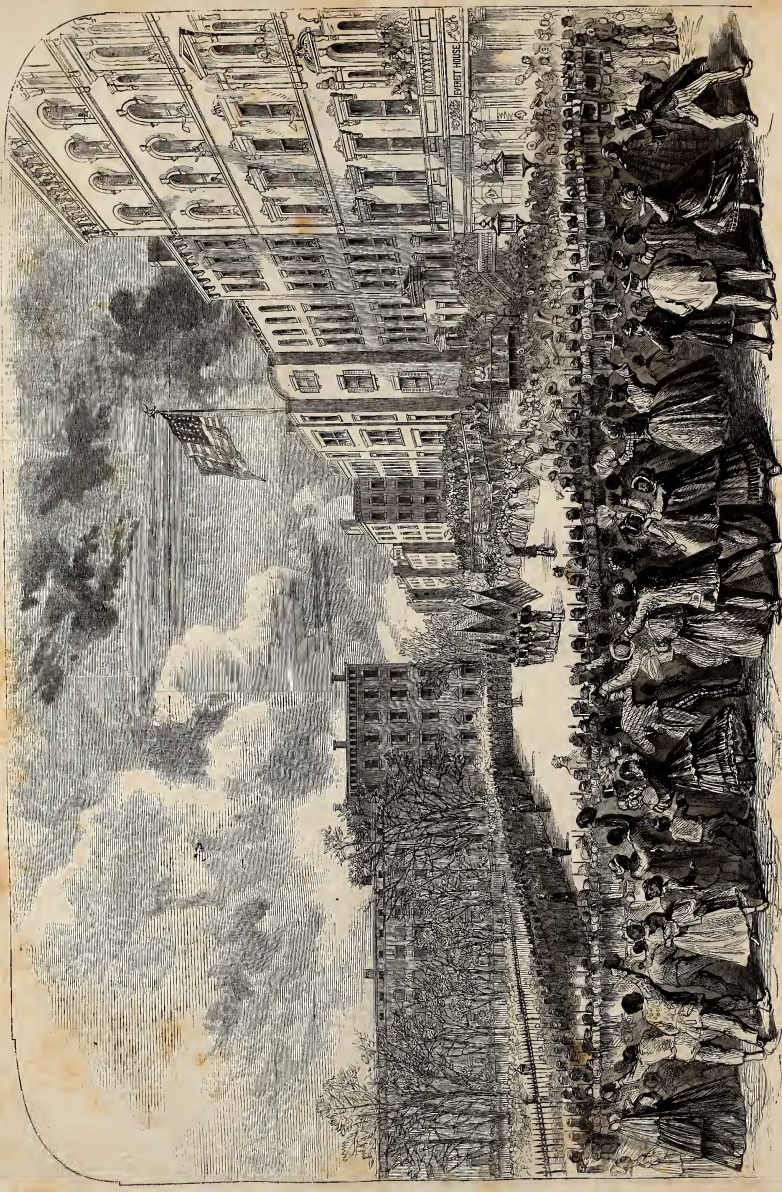
The veteran critic of the *Express* said: "Mr. Pattison has now vindicated his title to an eminent rank among the pianists of his age, and his country should be proud of such a contribution to the family of art."

Little of praise can be added to a verdict so unanimous in favor of Mr. Pattison. His artistic career, so brilliantly opened, cannot fail to be one of success and honor. He may well be proud of that success, for it is due to his own unaided efforts, sustained by a will which his genius prompted to greater exertions the more difficult the obstacles that were to be overcome. While speaking of the artist it would be unfair to omit mention of the means by which the display of his fine powers was so materially aided. We allude to the splendid grand piano, made by Steinway & Sons, on which Mr. Pattison performed. It was in every way a grand piano, and Mr. Pattison developed its excellencee of tone and power in a masterly manner.

MR. OSCANYAN, the celebrated Oriental lecturer and scholar, has recently been creating quite a furore in the New England States, where he has been engaged to deliver 15 of his illustrated lectures for the snug sum of $3,000. This Oriental gentleman seems to have met with flattering receptions everywhere, and in Boston alone the "rush," as we learn from the *Transcript*, exceeded anything that has been seen for some time, and tickets were sold at a dollar a-piece. Mr. Oscanyan is entitled to the honor of having invented a perfect novelty in the way of lecturing. His lectures, indeed, are more of a spectacle than a discourse. Mr. Oscanyan, being a native of Constantinople, of Armenian parentage, speaks from actual lifelong knowledge. Besides, he is a very fluent speaker, possesses considerable descriptive power, and withal quite witty and humorous. Instead of tiring his hearers by a long description of the women of Turkey, he brings the women themselves before you, as they appear in the harem and in the streets, and forms picturesque tableaux of Eastern life and manners, with Oriental music, whose curious measure is marked by the graceful movements of beautiful dancing-girls, with tambourine and merry castanets—hence his popularity. Ladies are invariably interested in the gorgeous dresses worn by their sisters in the Orient; the youthful mind is more instructed in a single evening by Mr. Oscanyan's living illustrations than it would be by a six months' course of geographies and books of travel, and the gentlemen enjoy an opportunity which would never occur, even in Turkey, of getting a peep into that mysterious harem about which we have all read so much and know so little.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM.—The new fairy drama, which has been produced at this establishment in so splendid a manner, has made a legitimate success. Not only is it superbly put upon the stage, but it is acted with great spirit and effect. Mrs. Prior is especially deserving of commendation. Her *personnel* is very fine indeed; her acting admirable, and she may be said to be one of the most prominent attractions of this museum. Miss Alvord is also an actress of great merit, and is a great favorite with her audience. This drama will, undoubtedly, have a long run. The Four Giants are very splendid specimens of humanity, each one being well formed and over eight feet high. Such a collection of tall people has never been drawn together before. We are afraid that the Dwarfs are too small to be mentioned in the same paragraph, for in truth they are very small indeed. The other attractions, such as the wonderful fish, Albino family, etc., are too numerous to be even mentioned, and must be seen to be appreciated.

IN one of our Sunday schools, recently, the pastor asked the pupils what they would rather have, if they could have whatever they wished. The answers were various, and mostly of the extremely selfish order, as, for instance: "A bag of gold," "all the bank bills to be counted in a day," etc. One ruddy little fellow spoke up promptly, "Jeff Davis's head!"



PRESENTATION OF COLORS TO THE 20TH U. S. COLORED INFANTRY, COL. BANTRAM, AT THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB HOUSE, N. Y., MARCH 5.—[SEE PAGE 7

THE MARGUERITE.

ERE the swallow's homeward wing
To its native bower hath flown,
Or the genial sins of spring
Prompt the cuckoo's monotone;

When an unseen presence fills
Every pulse with fresher life,
And the warm, moist air distils
Dews with honied fragrance rife;

Hidden from the garish sun,
In some nook of tender green,
Waiting to be sought, ere won,
Peeps the violet from her screen:

Coy as maiden modesty,
Bowed the common gaze beneath;
Blue as fair Florantho's eye;
Fragrant as her odorous breath;

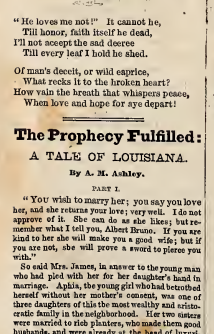
Redolent of pleasures past—
Hopes that no fruition knew;
Bliss, too bitter-sweet to last;
Faith, no vows can now renew;

Remembrancer of love and spring,
Of days that long have taken flight;
Thy simple perfume seems to bring
Sweet dreams of vanished years to light!

And she hath gathered violets blue—
To mingle flowers might break the spell;
And fain would try the test anew
That may her saddest doubt dispel!

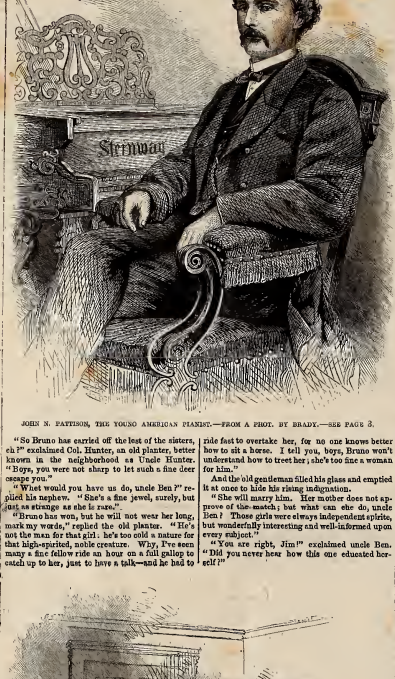
Such ordeals now are idle all;
If needed, love is love no more;
And tests that wishes vain recall
But tell us what we knew before!

"He loves me not!" "He loves me still!"
Oh that such faith were yet my lot!
Or that this leaf might work my will,
That says, alas! "He loves me not!"



"He loves me not!" It cannot he,
Till honor, faith itself be dead,
I'll not accept the sad decree
Till every leaf I hold be shed.

Of man's deceit, or wild caprice,
What recks it to the broken heart?
How vain the breath that whispers peace,
When love and hope for aye depart!



JOHN N. PATTISON, THE YOUNG AMERICAN PIANIST.—FROM A PHOT. BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 3.

The Prophecy Fulfilled:

A TALE OF LOUISIANA.

By A. M. Ashley.

PART I.

"YOU wish to marry her; you say you love her, and she returns your love; very well. I do not approve of it. She can do as she likes; but remember what I tell you, Albert Brune. If you are kind to her she will make you a good wife; but if you are not, she will prove a sword to pierce you with."

So said Mrs. James, in answer to the young man who had pled with her for her daughter's hand in marriage. Aphia, the young girl whohad betrothed herself without her mother's consent, was one of three daughters of this the most wealthy and aristocratic family in the neighborhood. Her two sisters were married to rich planters, who made them good husbands, and were already at the head of luxurious homes, where the *élite* of the country were daily received and entertained as familiar friends.

Mrs. James's plantation bordered on the Red river, in that richly cultivated district where the waving cane and the snowy fields of cotton yield abundant wealth to their possessor. Thirty years ago the wealthy gentlemen of that part of the country were all hunters. They loved the chase as as their chief amusement, and many a feast was made more merry by the recital of some of the daring feats performed by these more daring spirits, in the pursuit of game they delighted to bring back to their plantations, as the trophy of their success; and jokes passed round, and glasses were filled and emptied, with toasts and songs, in honor of him who was acknowledged to be the boldest hunter of the Red river.

The ruined Gambler threatens his Wife with the Loss of her Boy.

"So Bruno has carried off the last of the sisters, eh?" exclaimed Col. Hunter, an old planter, better known in the neighborhood as Uncle Hunter. "Boys, you were not sharp to let such a fine deer escape you."

"What would you have us do, uncle Ben?" replied his nephew. "She's a fine jewel, surely, but just as strange as she is rare."

"Bruno has won, but he will not wear her long, mark my words," replied the old planter. "He's not the man for that girl. he's too cold a nature for that high-spirited, noble creature. Why, I've seen many a fine fellow ride an hour on a full gallop to catch up to her, just to have a talk—and he had to ride fast to overtake her, for no one knows better how to sit a horse. I tell you, boys, Bruno won't understand how to treat her; she's too fine a woman for him."

And the old gentleman filled his glass and emptied it at once to hide his rising indignation.

"She will marry him. Her mother does not approve of the match; but what can she do, uncle Ben? Those girls were always independent spirits, but wonderfully interesting and well-informed upon every subject."

"You are right, Jim!" exclaimed uncle Ben. "Did you never hear how this one educated herself?"

"No; tell us!" cried out the young men at once

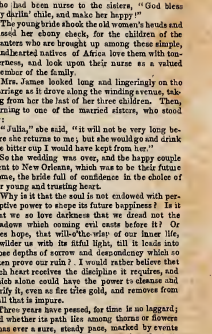
"Why, I've often heard her father say that she got all her education from his English edition of the Encyclopædia. 'Hunter,' my old friend would say, telling me of it, and looking at me, with his head on both his hands, elbows resting on the table and a twinkle of delight in his round blue eyes, 'that girl's a perfect wonder! She never hears a word or a name that is new to her but she searches for it in that valuable work.' Think, boys, of marrying a girl who is a walking encyclopædia!"

"I would have run the risk, if she had agreed to it," replied his son. "But I hope she will be happy," he added, "for she deserves to be."

And truly Aphia James was a worthy favorite of the country round. With her *petite*, delicate figure, large, lustrous dark eyes, and silken black hair that could completely envelope her like a cloud, she possessed a mind richly stored with varied information, derived from a widely extended course of miscellaneous reading. For, so wedded was she to her home and Southern life, she could never be prevailed upon to enter a school for those accomplishments which could best be obtained in our Northern cities.

We will pass over the great wedding at the hospitable mansion of the widow. Mrs. James overcame her prejudices (or rather laid them aside) against the favored bridegroom, who had secured first her daughter's love, and then the share of the estate, which, by her husband's will, came to each child on her marriage, leaving the widow still a most luxurious home and ample support. The family mansion was crowded with visitors, who, with their servants and attendants, as is the custom at the South, had collected to witness the marriage and enjoy the festivities. The negroes, dressed in their best suits, gathered round the dwelling, showing, by the rolling of their eyes and a fine display of ivory teeth, their high appreciation of an event that secured to them a glorious holiday. Each held in hand something, some little gift for the young masas that was about leaving them.

"God bless you, Miss Phia," said an old woman,



The Threat fulfilled.

who had been nurse to the sisters, "God bless my darlin' chile, and make her happy!"

The young bride shook the old woman's hands and kissed her ebony cheek, for the children of the planters who are brought up among these simple, kind-hearted natives of Africa love them with tenderness, and look upon their nurse as a valued member of the family.

Mrs. James looked long and lingeringly on the carriage as it drove along the winding avenue, taking from her the last of her three children. Then, turning to one of the married sisters, who stood by:

"Julia," she said, "it will not be very long before she returns to me; but she would go and drink the bitter cup I would have kept from her."

So the wedding was over, and the happy couple went to New Orleans, which was to be their future home, the bride full of confidence in the choice of her young and trusting heart.

Why is it that the soul is not endowed with perceptive power to shape its future happiness? Is it that we so love darkness that we dread not the shadow which coming evil casts before it? Or does hope, that will-o'-the-wisp of our inner life, bewilder us with its fitful light, till it leads into those depths of sorrow and despondency which so often prove our ruin? I would rather believe that each heart receives the discipline it requires, and which alone could have the power to cleanse and purify it, even as fire tries gold, and removes from it all that is impure.

Three years have passed, for time is no laggard; and whether its path lies among thorns or flowers it has ever a sure, steady pace, marked by events and experiences, or heartbeats, more than the dull, leaden sound of clocks and bells.

To the young bride the first year of wedded life was one of sunshine and flowers; her husband loved her—seemed to do so—and anticipated every wish. But soon a change came over their home. Her evenings were spent by her alone, or in the company of friends who visited her. He, for whom she had left mother, sisters, and the home of her happy childhood, sought other companionship, other pleasures. She reproached not, but as rumors reached her of his habits, and the haunts he frequented, reason told her that her hopes of happiness were gone—like withered flowers they lay scattered, dropping one by one from that consecrated vase—her living heart—that had treasured them, and would have kept them fresh and sweet. But no one is ever wholly bereft of all

Something tangible or intangible, something to love in form or in the ideal, is ever left as a gleam of light to cheer the sorrowing heart, even as a single star is seen shining in the thick darkness as a lamp to make visible the surrounding gloom.

The young wife became a mother, and that new born life brought with it a dawning hope—Albert Bruno would love his child—the boy who was to bear his name and inherit the talents which he knew he possessed (for the father felt he was wasting the gifts with which God had endowed him), he would turn now from those ways which led to ruin; that young child would be his star, lighting his pathway to a new life.

But he was now a noted gambler; play was his profession, his life; the gaming table supplied him with food, employment—all he desired. To it everything was sacrificed, and it had become his Moloch, crying for more, as each object was given to satisfy its insatiable demands. To drown his disappointment at enormous losses, the cup was resorted to as a Lethean draught, and the poor wife saw the gradual advances of want and misery with courage—for she had a brave spirit—but with a wasted form and a sad heart.

"I must have money!" he would exclaim to his wife, "or I am a ruined man. My honor is at stake; your mother has plenty, and you must get it."

Alas! for the honor of a gambler! But the world acknowledges and provides for it in its Decalogue.

Then went forth another heartrending appeal to that mother on whose bosom the young wife longed to lay her head and find rest, as she had done in childhood's days. But these requests became so frequent that Mrs. James could no longer grant them.

"Come home, my child," she would write to her daughter, "come back to cheer my heart and share all I possess. I am alone, and you are suffering in want of the comforts which I cannot secure for you while you are from me. Bring the boy with you, perhaps he will miss you both and follow. I am ready to forgive and receive him too, if he will but forsake that terrible sin which drags himself and the two beings he should cherish into disgrace and misery."

One morning the husband returned home—now a scene of sad desolation—desperate and infuriated by his night's losses and adventures. He had risked all—house, furniture, even to the bed on which lay his wife and the young child who had but just learned to call him father. She pled with him to fly from the scene of his disgrace, and showed him the last letter received from her mother, telling of her forgiveness and readiness to receive him with herself and child.

"Oh, Albert!" she exclaimed, "let me make one more appeal to the love which you so earnestly pled, and to which I listened with joy! Come with me to a home, happy and pure, where we shall again find peace and love, where our boy will be as a bird among flowers, joyous and free. This is no place for him, that tender bud of innocence, he cannot bloom in this barren spot."

Many such appeals, tender and pathetic, had been made and rejected before; but the poor wife thought the time had now come when no other alternative offered, and he would be forced to listen and comply. Vain hope! idle dream! When is it so dark with evil that it cannot be darker, for its tendency is ever downward into a deeper gulf!

"Never!" replied the besotted man, "and not a step shall you take in that direction; you vowed to share my fortunes for better or worse, and I claim the fulfilment of that vow. The child is mine, and with me it shall stay!"

"And have I not fulfilled my promise?" she asked. "What do I offer you but aid in a desperate condition? There is nothing else left for us, even though I did not wish to join my mother."

"Your mother is mean and intriguing, or she would send you more money, and not try to force you from your home and me."

Aphia's face flushed with wounded feeling at this unjust attack upon her noble-hearted, generous mother, whom she so fondly loved, but she did not resent the insult.

"But has she not again and again sent means, till I am ashamed to ask? Must I reduce her, too, to poverty? Will nothing else satisfy us?" she replied, tears forcing themselves into her eyes.

"I wish no scene!" he replied, brutally grasping her arm, till she screamed from pain, "but look you, woman, if you take away that boy, or go yourself, I will follow you, and wherever you hide there will I seek you, and drag him from you—not from love—but to strike you in the tenderest part," and the unhappy man went forth to his daily work of ruin.

The poor wife looked after him as he left the room, and the big tears dropped slowly and silently from her eyes as over a new-made grave—for there she buried for ever the deep and devoted love she had given to the husband of her youthful heart. From that mound of ashes of the Past she rose, the strong, courageous, devoted mother, ready to battle for the sake of her darling boy.

"To secure his welfare, his happiness," she exclaimed, "shall now be my only care; to keep him with me, my only desire."

The preparations for her departure were soon made—for they were few—and that evening found her on board the steamboat, on her way to the home of her happy days.

PART II.

MRS. JAMES received her daughter with open arms and heart—but the child, the boy who was henceforth to be the object of their constant watchfulness, engrossed her tenderest love. He was to bear the family name, and by him the honor of the house was to be sustained.

A divorce for her daughter was soon procured, and Albert Bruno's name was never mentioned. But was it forgotten? Ask the slight needle if it forgets ever to turn to the North Star as its true attraction? or the sunflower if she neglects to give her last look to the God of Day? and they will answer: "The law that governs us is Supreme!" So is it with the woman that has truly loved—that has sacrificed herself to the one affection. It may be buried deep in the memory and hid from outward sight, but the heart travels to it (the love, we mean, not perhaps the object of it) through the distance of years, even as we journey far to visit the green spot where we have laid away the forms of those we love.

The boy grew and was lovely. In appearance he resembled his mother, whose bright intellect looked out in him from the same lustrous eyes. He was allowed to roam at large on the plantation with the young negroes, his playmates, who loved him and would have died to protect him.

"Where young massa gone?" asked the nurse, of his mother, late one afternoon, as she sat on the piazza, reading. "Did missus give'm leave to go away?"

"No, Elsie. I have scarcely seen him to-day. I thought he was with you," she replied.

"Missus forget," answered the woman. "You tell Cato him and massa Albert could go pick berries in de glen by de brook—but dey not yet cum back agin, an de night comin on fass. I'se not like dat boy way dis time o' day."

"You need not be alarmed," replied the mother. "Cato is very careful of him, and always brings him home safe. They will be here soon," she continued, taking up her book.

But evening came on and brought no sign of the missing child. Twilight deepened. Several of the men were sent out in search of the boy and the young negro who accompanied him. Their torches gleamed fitfully in the adjoining woods as they continued their search into night. At last they returned to the house bringing with them the negro boy, who was found lying in a by-path, some distance off, apparently stunned by a blow he had received. He soon recovered under kind care and proper remedies, and was able to give the following account:

The child and himself had picked berries for some time by the pleasant brook, and then wandered slowly till they reached a footpath among the cedar woods, quite remote from the road, when they saw a gentleman advancing towards them on horseback. He drew up near the boys, and looking at the child, he asked,

"What is your name, little fellow?"

"Albert James," replied the child. "Now, tell me yours, if you please, for I like to know who I talk to. Mamma tells me never to talk to strangers."

"Your mother is quite right; but I am not a stranger—I know her well. You are far from home; jump up with me and I will take you there."

"No, no, sar, massa Albert can't do dat," exclaimed Cato, catching up the child and beginning to run, but the stranger gave the boy the blow that stunned him—and this was all the poor negro could tell, adding, "I dunno what for I was feared uv de gemmin—him didn't look good."

"God help my darling boy!" exclaimed the frantic mother. "But which way did he go, Cato? Speak! quick! I must follow!"

"I dunno, missus," replied the boy, weeping and wringing his hands. "He knock me down fuss—I no see deu nuffin. I go wid you arter massa Albert. Oh, Lor, Lor, what'll poor Cato do?"

The night was now far advanced, but no ray o light yet heralded the approach of morn.

"Saddle me the swiftest horse!" exclaimed the unhappy mother. "Quick, boys; you love me, I know. Some of you come with me."

"What would you do, my daughter?" asked Mrs. James. "You do not know who took him or where to seek him."

"Who else but he could do that deed!" she exclaimed.. "His words ring in my ears—'I will drag him from you, to wound you in the tenderest part.' O God! I could not believe he would so cruelly redeem them. I'll search the woods—the whole country round. Every inch of the ground is familiar to me. I will track him like a bloodhound and find my boy."

Mrs. James saw that all remonstrance would be vain; so she desisted from making any.

The horse was soon at the door, and the men mounted were ready to accompany their young mistress.

Hours passed, of weary watching to Mrs. James. To her daughter, of hard riding and deep, varied emotions of anxiety for her child—of sorrow and deep revenge towards the father who could so torture his boy, to annoy and wound her whose life he had turned to bitterness. For truly she could say with her of old—"Call me Mara, for I have drank of the bitter waters of life."

The next evening, as the sun was dipping behind the river, and kissing its waters with a golden ray of promise for the morrow's light—the dull, distant sound of hoofs was heard drawing nearer and nearer, till the young mother drew rein in front of the door, and gave the tired child to the arms of her mother.

"I found him, mother, dear!" she exclaimed, jumping from the back of the jaded animal. "I said I would ferret him out though he burrowed in the earth, and take my child away from him; and, mother, I told him, and called Heaven to hear me, that if ever he again stole him from me I would kill him! Oh!" added the weary, heartsick woman, sinking down exhausted by her mother's side—"this is the man I once loved! this the state to which he has brought me!"

Mrs. James comforted her afflicted child and soothed the boy, who was weeping with fatigue and joy at finding himself again in her loving embrace. His father had taken him far into the dense woods miles away from the plantation, where he had erected a log hut, in which he had lived for months a solitary life, on game and whatever he could occasionally purchase from the neighboring town, in the hope that the opportunity would occur of carrying into effect his wicked design of robbing the mother of her child.

They had spent the whole day in their search, when, all at once, the keen eyes of the mother spied a thin and scarcely perceptible column of smoke rising from a distant part of the dense woods that skirted the horsepath. Dashing into its thick undergrowth, which barely allowed a passage, they reached a spot where a few trees had been felled, affording an open space to build a log cabin scarcely large enough for the abode of man. The boy, who sat alone and crying at the door, ran at the sight of his mother and the faithful negroes, and threw himself on her neck. Aphia James kissed her child wildly, passionately (for she inherited the Southern nature fostered under a hot sun) and advanced towards the prostrate form of a man who was sleeping on a straw bed within.

"Albert Bruno," she cried, wildly, her face lighted up with an unearthly light, "you stole my child from me. God has led me to your lurking-place, and given him back to me. You may go this time; but if you touch him again, as sure as there is a God in Heaven, I will take your life," and she held a loaded pistol over him.

The man, half awakened from a deep sleep after the day's hunt, stared at the figure bending over him, and before he recovered himself the young mother was riding with her boy and her dark escort through the woods, on her way home.

Nearly a year had passed since the event we have endeavored to relate. Mrs. James and her daughter remember it as a horrid dream, not likely to be repeated. Albert is now nearly six years old, and absorbs their whole care and affection. His mother charges herself with his instruction, for on him are centred all her hopes, the remaining few joys of her withered life. She is courted and again sought in marriage by many a noble heart, who would gladly rekindle the light of love in her darkened pathway. But that noble woman is true to the idol of her youth; it was not realised, but another cannot occupy its niche. She begins now to feel the soothing effect of rest and returning peace upon her health and spirits.

"This is Albert's birthday, mother, dear," said Aphia, sitting down at the breakfast-table on the morning of that interesting anniversary. "Shall we not give the people a holiday, and help them to be happy? See what a lovely morning it is! They can have a dance on the lawn, a good dinner afterwards, and then amuse themselves as they wish in their own quarters."

"Surely," replied Mrs. James; "and they will learn to love the boy all the more for the pleasure he gives them, it will be so unexpected."

So the large plantation bell was sounded loud and long, and the hands came back from their field-labor to receive the glad news from the young master himself, who stood among them the future lord of their earthly destiny.

The dance had begun, the old fiddler, uncle Jos, had scraped his bow till it drew forth an uncertain sound, not musical, but sure to excite the dancing propensities of that easily-impressed race; the little ones, half-naked, were tumbling and rolling over on the ground, while their elders chattered, danced and aped the manners of the "big folks." All was going on as merry as the marriage bells, when a scream, a child's cry of terror and agony rose shrill and loud above the fiddler's efforts, above the laugh and the chattering of the happy negroes assembled to celebrate that eventful anniversary.

"Albert!" "Where is Albert?" exclaimed Mrs. James and her daughter at the same time, running in the midst of the negroes from different directions. They had both recognised the child's voice, even in those tones of terror and distress, and their pale faces told the truth that flashed like lightning upon them.

But no one could answer their question, uttered in accents of fear and frantic emotion. Some had seen him but just before at play in their midst, others had watched him a moment since running after the dogs, but now he could nowhere be found.

The gentlemen of the neighborhood, who were dining that day with the family, were soon in the saddle, ready to scour the country in search of the missing child, but the mother would not be prevented from accompanying them. Mounted on her favorite, the same animal that had borne her on her former search, and whose mettle she had often tried, she rode forth, foremost in the band, urging them on and on, led rather by that natural instinct that leads the dam to its young than the knowledge of the road to the spot she sought. She reached it at last, the log cabin in the dark cedar woods, where she had found him lying before. But

"Oh, God!" she exclaims, "it is empty. Long since he has deserted it, for no sign o life is here. Where shall I seek him next?"

In despair, she yields the reins to the noble animal that bears her onward. Her friends follow, wondering where this wild chase will end. But night comes on, and the party return to the house dejected, baffled, and impatient for the returning daylight to renew their search in a different direction.

Three days were thus spent; three terrible days of suspense and agony to the poor mother! On the fourth, after a hot, long ride, they stopped at a small house by the wayside, to rest their horses and refresh them with water. While waiting to mount again, a child's voice is heard from an inner room, begging in tender accents to be released.

The mother starts—she listens—her cheeks flush.

"Come," she says, in a hushed tone, "he is here! I know his voice. I heard it from that room. I cannot mistake it."

Her friends obey without speaking. There is something in her eye that compels obedience; they force the door; she stands one moment on the threshold; looks at him who is holding her child, to keep him from her arms; rushes forward, and plunges something that glittered in her hand deep into his breast.

"I warned you, Albert Bruno!" exclaimed the poor, frantic woman, in a subdued but terribly audible voice, "but you would not heed my warning. I have killed him," she continued. "God have mercy on me! I resign myself to the law."

It was all the work of a moment; and she stood with her hands clasped around the neck of the child, who had run to her as soon as released by his wounded father, who had fallen, bleeding, on the floor.

All stood for a moment as if transfixed to the spot. The mother, pale as death, and looking like a spectre, with her long black hair, which had escaped from her riding-hat, flowing almost to her feet, led her boy from the room, passing slowly through the crowd, that had now gathered, remounted her horse, and placing the child before her, retraced her way back to her home.

"I have—killed—him—mother!" were the first words she uttered, slowly and solemnly, as she again placed the boy in her arms. "Your prophecy is fulfilled; he made me the sword to pierce him with; but I have again brought the boy."

For weeks Alphia James laid at the point of death, the few words she uttered at intervals only proving that reason had deserted its throne, and life in such a state would be valueless. But gradually she recovered, and demanded a trial by the laws of her country, which she had broken in her state of frantic excitement, caused by the dread of losing her child. She rode daily, in her weak state, to the courthouse, accompanied by her judge and lawyers, and listened calmly to the able arguments and eloquent pleadings for and against herself. She attempted no palliation of her crime; wished no extenuation of her guilt. But public opinion was in her favor; her family was loved by rich and poor in the neighborhood; she, herself, a favorite, and deservedly so; her sufferings were known to have been great, and nobly borne; the case was one of aggravated provocations; and, as the wound proved not fatal, and the event occurred in that part of our country where deeds of violence were in those days, as now, the rule, and not the exception, she was sentenced to a short imprisonment, which was made light by the companionship of the child for whom she had endured so much.

Albert Bruno was never seen in that section of the country. It was rumored that he began a new life in some distant land, which rumors of his disgraceful conduct never reached; and where he tried to retrieve his character, and redeem the talents he had so shamefully wasted.

WALKS IN PARADISE.

By Ernast Trevor.

LAST night we paced beneath an avenue
Of ancient trees, whose withered leaves had past
Away for ever in the wintry blast,
Which oft returns their boughs to reval through—
Invisible demons with discordant wings!
Touched by the grim solemnity of night—
Starless and chill, with just enough of light
To see the branches toss, like guilty things,
Their arms above us—for awhile we rest
'Neath the bare choir, where a wild requiem rings
Of wailing winds, as for a soul unblest!
While thus we stood, with brooding hearts all mute,
Yet tuned to love, mine arm she fondly prest,
And gave a sigh which thrilled me like a lute.

"Better Late than Never."

By F. Brook.

"ALAS! for womanhood!"

These words, with a deep sigh, welled up from Miss Clementina Smith's inmost soul, as she thought of her own desolate condition. She was still romantic, still effervescing with sympathetic affection (to use her own language), though she had seen the sun rise and set upon thirty-five birthdays. But what mattered that? Her heart, she knew, would at some time meet its acknowledged master, and she could wait. She did not say patiently, for patience is no longer a virtue when one is waiting for a husband at so advanced an age. On one circumstance were all her hopes placed:

The village in which she lived was situated near the beautiful and well-known Lake George, and who would presume to say that among the summer boarders who came there from time to time none would be smitten with her charms? In fact, our heroine had already had her lovers among them, and there had been a time when she believed herself the principal attraction of the place. She maintained the doctrine that more matches were made by these summer trips than in any other way; and she said, with a knowing smile, that she knew nothing else induced young men to visit the country except a desire to flirt and chat with the girls, oftentimes falling head over heels in love before they knew what they were about. They said they came to fish, but she could not be blinded as to what they came to fish for. For girls, she knew, with themselves as bait.

Her old bachelor uncle, for whom she had kept house ever since the death of her parents, had often twitted her about her flirtations, and asked her "Who was to be the happy man?" "Ah! she would like to know that herself." A kindhearted fellow was uncle Ben, and one much thought of in the village, and when he took his accustomed seat on the church steps during the hour between morning and afternoon service (for it was a good, old-fashioned Presbyterian church, and most of the people took their lunch in their pockets and staid till their church affairs for the week were concluded), many friends gathered around to hear him tell his oft-told but always amusing stories. He had his fav-

orite story, too, and his jolly sides would shake as he told of the summer morning when he slily took away the ladder from below the tall tree in which the schoolmaster was perched, eating apples, and absorbed in reading his favorite, "Pope's Essay on Man." And then how he watched till the master, looking at his huge silver bullseye watch, found that it was schooltime and for the first time discovered that the ladder was missing. But fears were excited lest he should never recover his gravity, when he described the many ways in which the betricked pedagogue endeavored to reach *terra firma*.

But enough of uncle Ben. You know now what a protector Miss Clementina had, and can judge how little he would be apt to appreciate her romance. But you should have seen the corners of his mouth twitch with the ill-repressed smile when he spied his niece sitting by the open window, in the pleasant summer twilight, warbling (as she said) "Ever of Thee!" and "Would I were with Thee." She heeded him not, for in bright fancy-land she was dreaming of enchanting some wandering swain, who was lying in ambush among the trees, and who would, when he could no longer restrain his feelings, rush to her side and beg to be allowed to make her acquaintance without the formality of an introduction. But it was all in vain. No one came to admire the sweet singer, though she donned the simple white dress (an emblem of purity she said) and exhausted time and patience in arranging the ringlets to fall so as to cover the neck, which each returning summer was rendering less bewitching, for years will leave their mark, and this the lady well knew. She met good-looking gentlemen in her daily walks, and wondered that they could not see in her face what a fond and loving wife she would make. However, all things have an end, and so did the single life of Miss Clementina Smith.

One evening uncle Ben burst into her room, exclaiming;

"Here, Jinny, where are you?"

(He always called her by this name, much to her horror, for he said he could not bother to say her real name, for he averred that it was a good mouthful for any one.)

She answered his summons and saw that he had company with him.

"Here, Jinny," said he, "let me introduce Major Winslow and his cousin, Miss—Miss— Well, now, it is too bad, but I've clean forgotten your name."

"Miss Lucy Norris," said the young lady smiling.

"Ah, yes. Well, I declare I don't see how I forgot it. It puts me in mind of the time when I was young and bashful and forgot my own name. It was one Sunday——"

"Well, never mind now, uncle," interrupted Miss Smith; "you are keeping the gentleman and lady waiting, and it is not likely that they will fancy your stories as well as your village chums."

"That's so," said uncle Ben; "forgive me, young lady. And now to the point, Jinny. The hotels and boarding-houses are all full, and Mr. Martin, down to the depot, told the major that perhaps we could accommodate them until they could find rooms elsewhere."

"Well," said Miss Clementina, whose heart beat wildly at the thought of having a major staying in the house, "if they can be comfortable in our unostentatious domicile, far be it from me to interpose any obstacle in the way of their enjoyment." So the business was settled, and soon the major and sweet Lucy Norris felt completely at home with the hearty joker and his romantic niece. To be sure Lucy often felt like laughing when Miss Clementina and her cousin wandered off together, and left her to amuse herself with uncle Ben, who seemed to care for nothing better than to say or do things to make the merry laugh ring out, and the bright eyes sparkle with delight.

A bright sunny creature was she, and nothing pleased her better than to mount on the hay by the side of uncle Ben, and ride through village or wild country, she little cared which, though she rather preferred to go where she thought there was a chance of meeting the couple who had become very well acquainted with each other, and seemed to wish now to explore every lonely place in the vicinity. The way in which Lucy happened to be with her cousin was simply this:

Her parents lived in Burlington, Vermont, and she had never been to New York, a circumstance that she very much regretted, for she wished to visit her uncle (the major's father), who was very fond of her. Still she could not go alone, and there was no one who wanted to take her. But at last an opportunity came in the shape of the major, who paid Mr. and Mrs. Norris a farewell visit before his departure for the seat of war, and volunteered to escort Lucy to the city, and also said that he would like to have her go with him to the pretty place in which we now find them. Lucy, nothing loth, agreed, and here they are. But the major is fairly entrapped. Bright eyes are dangerous things for epaulets, and *vice versâ*.

The major was not very young, but then how infinitely better is a man who knows the ways of the world and has risen to a position like his than one who has all these things yet to gain. So thought Clementina, and she strove hard to bring the major with his fifty years and his shoulder-straps to her feet. She shrank a little from Lucy's roguish eyes, yet with true Spartan will she never swerved from her purpose. And so she won him.

It was an evening in June, and an eventful one it proved to be. The moon was shining brightly, and in the little sitting-room of the Smith mansion no lamp opposed its rude glare to the mild moonbeams. The major was standing by the open window, thinking probably of the future, when, crowned with bright laurels, he should return to his home. A light hand touched his arm, and he turned to see Miss Clementina.

"Ah!" quoth she, "a beautiful evening, and I see you enjoy it. It is with those who love the beauties of Nature that I ever wish to affiliate, and I am rejoiced to see that you are one of these. I have ever been searching for companionship which may bring sympathy to my soul. My uncle is a good old man, but I ask you, major, you who must understand the cravings of a romantic female heart, if he is one to make my home congenial?"

"Indeed, Miss Clementina, I cannot say he is, for you are as unlike as a major's straps and those on the shoulders of a first lieutenant. Still, as you say, he is a good man, and not so very old either."

"No, not so very; yet half a century seems to me a long period, though in some persons years add dignity, without detracting any other merit. Is it not so?"

"Yes, my dear miss, and I fondly hope that age will not stand in my way when I wish to take to my home a companion for life."

"Oh! my dear major, how could you think for a moment that I—that she—I mean that any one could so far overlook your worth, as to think of those years which have elevated you to a position from which you can look down on the common herd at your feet. No, sir, you need have no fears on that score, but march boldly up to demand the surrender of the fortunate lady's heart with less timidity than you would feel in battle, for I know your bravery, and feel that you are a lion in war, though gentle in peace. Am I not right, major?"

Her companion was overwhelmed by her oratory, and for a few minutes remained speechless and motionless, till at last he ventured to take the lady's hand (which was still resting on his coat-sleeve) in his, where it remained passive, as she knew it should, according to popular novels.

"Then I may," he said, "hope that you are not averse to my suit. Spare me further persuasions, and tell me if you will indeed be mine?"

What should she do? She had heard of ladies fainting when they received a proposal, but that was so troublesome, she concluded not to do it; so she moved towards him and rested her head confidingly on his shoulder.

After a few minutes' silence, she said, "Perhaps it is hardly maidenly in me to be so lightly won, but my heart is untutored, and will have its own way. However, I must refer you to uncle Ben, who is my guardian."

The compact was sealed by a kiss, which was rather louder than the enamored swain intended, and was heard by uncle Ben, who was standing at the garden gate, telling stories to Lucy.

"Well, now, did you ever?" said he; "I vow if army and dimity ain't kissing each other! Would you believe it, little Lucy, nobody ever kissed me but my mother."

"You shan't say that any more, uncle Ben, for I'll kiss you myself."

And she did, too, and ran away before he could half realise what she had done. Poor fellow, that kiss on his rough-bearded cheek traversed every part of his body, and he felt like seizing his finger ends to keep the delightful sensation from leaving him. He realised how blessed he would be had he such a one to kiss him always, and a tear rose to his eye as he felt how hopeless was such a future for him. He soon recovered himself, and with a low laugh, murmured:

"Pshaw! I shall make myself as ridiculous as the major. That happy creature could never content herself with me, even if she could love me, which is very unlike to happen, and couldn't be in the common course of nature."

But Ben could not deny to himself that he loved the winsome Lucy, though he tried to laugh at his foolishness. But he watched her more carefully and talked less. He gave his consent to the major and Jinny, but ventured no joke on the subject. Sometimes, too, a day would pass without one of his stories, and Lucy, who would really liked him very much, began to fear that he was sick. At last she ventured to ask him what was the matter. Looking her full in the face to see if she suspected his secret, he asked if she really wished to know.

"Indeed, indeed I do," she said, manifesting her ignorance by her very eagerness.

"Well, then, listen, and you shall hear. I am now nigh onto fifty years old, and since my dear old mother died I have lived almost alone, except since my niece has been with me, a matter of nine year or so. And I've had no one to love except my good dog, Jack, that used to follow me everywhere. I must tell you a story about him some time."

Here his eyes brightened, but they soon dimmed again, and he continued:

"But never mind Jack's story now. I am telling you one that is sadder than any I ever told before, Lucy. Well, as I say, I have had no one to love; but this summer a dear little girl has crept right inside of my tough old heart, and, though I know she don't care a cent about staying, somehow I can't help a keeping of her there. Don't laugh at me, Lucy, I shall get over it perhaps, and some of these days I'll come and see you when you are married, and if you'll only think once in awhile of poor uncle Ben—"

Here he stopped and brushed his rough hand across his sunburnt face, while he gulped down a huge sob that was struggling for mastery.

Lucy's eyes, too, were flooded, and she put her arms around uncle Ben's neck, and whispered:

"Why, don't you keep the little girl, uncle?"

He looked up and said, sorrowfully:

"Because she would not stay."

"Have you asked?" persisted Lucy.

"If I haven't, I do now; will you, little darling, will you come to the home of one nearly three times as old as you, but who would like to make you as happy as a bird?"

"If my parents are willing, so am I, and here's my hand on the bargain."

Now uncle Ben's happiness was complete, or nearly so, for he only waited the sanction of Lucy's parents, which, I may add, he received. And here we may leave the two couples. Brave major and romantic Clementina, dear uncle Ben and charming Lucy.

My readers may disdain the idea of these old bachelors and this old maid getting married, but why should they not? Marriage is an institution established by God, and, I say, let every one enter into the holy state, even though they may be on the wrong side of forty, for the doing of a good work is "Better Late than Never."

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY IN NEW ORLEANS.

The Concert.

THE 22d day of Feb., says the New Orleans correspondent of the *Times*, was celebrated in this city by a variety of events that certainly mark an era in its history, and will be always remembered by those who passed through the varied excitements with unusual pleasure. The day was one of the finest that ever dawned upon the earth, and, after the unseasonable cold, was therefore doubly enjoyed. At an early hour the people were astir to witness the parade and hear the grand concert to come off at the head of Canal street.

Long before the hour set for them in the programme the wide street was densely thronged from Camp to the Levee. The Custom-house and every other available space were literally covered over with spectators, including large numbers of ladies.

Just above the Custom-house was erected a large stand, on which were stationed the members of several of our best military bands, formed for the moment in an immense orchestra or instrumental music. At the intersection of Tchapitoulas street with Canal was a park of 40 pieces of artillery, loaded with cartridges, and so arranged by a galvanic battery that they could be fired as the bass notes of the rolling music. The first piece was appropriately "Hail, Columbia," and we never heard it given with more effect. As one note after another of that swelling anthem struck the ears of the enthusiastic listeners, the crowd gradually assumed a perfect silence. The ladies convulsively kept time with their hands, the gentlemen's eyes glistened and the bronzed veterans present of the Department of the Gulf wore a more fierce and martial aspect. Amid this profound moment of interest, as the speaking harmony swelled and reverberated even across the glorious Mississippi, the climax was reached by the sudden belching forth of the artillery and the cheers of the enthusiastic crowd.

A number of pieces followed; the most noticeable of which was the "Storm Galop," in which the soldiers of Col. Dudley's cavalry brigade gave great effect by their hearty cheering, the charge or battle-cry of the men. The musical entertainment concluded by a finale furioso, in which our national airs mingled with those of other nations, the whole ending with the rapid discharge of artillery.

This novel concert and most appropriate celebration of Washington's birthday consumed nearly two hours. There were present on the stand Maj.-Gen. Banks, his staff and most of the distinguished officers of the department, as well as a large number of our most influential citizens.

The Masquerade Ball given by Mrs. Gen. Banks.

The entertainment which Mrs. Gen. Banks offered to the *élite* of the New Orleans population as a proper conclusion of the glorious festivities of the day was a *bal masque* at the Opera House. The building for the occasion was most profusely decorated with flags, and further ornamented with a magnificent gas jet, forming the name of Washington. Two splendid bands, one in the second gallery and one in the rear of the stage, discoursed the music, alternately relieving each other.

At ten o'clock the streets were alive with carriages, the occupants, in their various and gay dresses, glistening most picturesquely in the bright moonlight, while on the pavements long processions might be seen of ladies and gentlemen, masked, wending their way to the Opera House. New Orleans looked for the time like an Italian rather than an American city. All was joyous, the ladies delighted with the novelty of the affair, the gentlemen additionally exultant from the now officially announced Free State victory.

Entering the Opera House, the guests, ascending the steps, entered the building, and finally reached the first tier of boxes, where the centre of the front had been removed, and a platform erected reaching over the parquette. From this platform a winding stairs descended to the floor of the ball-room. On the stage stood Mrs Gen. Banks, the hostess of the evening, dressed as a lady of the era of Louis XIII., supported on the right by a lady in the dress familiar to the dames of our first Revolutionary period, and here, supported by Gen. Banks, she received her guests with a dignity and ease that charmed the immense throng present.

The entire affair was a most brilliant success. The boxes were crowded with elegantly-dressed spectators, the floor was overflowing with maskers, including many representatives of aristocratic families. They have withstood all inducements to be friendly and accept the Federal rule until the fascinations of social and elegant entertainments, under the patronage of Mrs. Banks, brought them from their seclusion. All were forced to admit that the Crescent City, in her palmiest days, never gave so brilliant a ball, or one in every particular so rich in costume and distinguished for its guests as this closing *fête* of the celebration of Washington's birthday in New Orleans.

THE FETE TO THE 20TH U. S. COLORED INFANTRY.

THE 20th regiment United States colored troops left Riker's island at nine o'clock on the 5th of March, on board the steamer John Romer, and were conveyed to the foot of 20th street, East river, where they were disembarked and formed in regimental line, and marched to Union Square, arriving in front of the Union League Club House at one o'clock.

A vast crowd of citizens of every shade of color, and every phase of social and political life, filled the square, and streets, and every door, window, veranda, tree and housetop that commanded a view of the scene was peopled with spectators. Over the entrance of the Club House was a large platform ornamented with flags and filled with ladies. In the street was another platform tastefully decorated and occupied by prominent citizens. From the stand the colors were presented by President King, of Columbia College, who addressed them with warmth and eloquence.

At the close of his speech President King read an address which had been prepared by H. T. Tuckerman. The address was neatly engrossed on parchment, and signed by the ladies who presented the colors to the regiment.

Col. Bartram responded in fitting terms.

After the presentation ceremony was over the men stacked arms, and partook of a collation provided for them. Corpulent cans of coffee and fat baskets of sandwiches were carried into the square, and their contents generously distributed among the sable soldiers. They ate heartily, and were not backward in presenting their sentiments in relation to the reception they had met. "This is what we get for being soldiers." "If Uncle Sam treats us in this way, we should like to board with him." "Hurrah for the Committee." "This doesn't look like July." "How are you, rioters?" "Three cheers for the ladies." "That flag is a big thing, boys." "We will show the Copperheads what we can do for freedom when we get a chance." "That was a jolly speech made by our Colonel." "Didn't Professor King talk like a book?" &c.

After luncheon march was resumed in the following order:

Police Superintendent Kennedy.
One Hundred Policemen.
Members of the Union League Club.
Colored friends of the Recruits, marching with bands joined.
Governor's Island Band.
The 20th regiment United States Colored Troops.

The line of march was down Broadway to Canal street, through Canal street to the North river, where they embarked on board the Ericsson for New Orleans. The men made a fine appearance in their blue uniforms, white gloves and white leggings. They are hearty and athletic fellows, many of them six feet tall, straight and symmetrical. A majority of them are black; indeed, there are but few mulattoes among them.

THE DANNEWERK.

WE give in this paper an illustration by which our readers can form some idea of this great historic bulwark of the Danish monarchy.

The Dannewerk is situate at the extreme southern part of the duchy of Schleswig, and is now an enormous earthwork that stretches almost across the entire country. The length of the peninsula of Schleswig-Holstein to the end of Jutland is said to be 300 miles. The breadth, however, is but one-third of its length, and the Dannewerk is a fortification that reaches very nearly across the land from the German Ocean to the Baltic. This border wall is said to have been erected in the ninth century, and, according to the accounts given of it in Olaf Tryggveson's Saga, it was built of wood, stone and earth. In the year 937 the wall, we are told, was strengthened by Queen Thyra, whom the people, in their thankfulness for the national defence, christened Danebod, which, literally translated, means the Pride of the Danes; and as a proof of the extreme antiquity of the structure, there is at Flensburg a splendid collection of flint arrowheads and axes which have been collected from the barrows or earth mounds in the immediate neighborhood, and which resemble absolutely those found in this country, and which the Indians used at the period of the European colonization.

The fortress consists at the present day (without going into all the niceties of historical detail) of three enormous earthworks, stretching across the entire breadth of the land; they are so arranged as to form the neck, or funnel, with a long outwork to protect the narrow channel through which the troops are ultimately intended to be driven. Toward the Baltic, or East Sea, there runs the "Oster-Wolden" (or east rampart); this lies toward the "Eckenforde," and is sometimes called the "Camel-Dannewerk." It is about two English miles long, the earthworks being from four feet to five feet high, and 16 yards broad, and beset with a ditch, the depth of which varies from six to 20 feet. Beyond this is the great bay formed by the river Schley, which is so wide that no troops could possibly attempt to pass it. Stretching immediately in front of this is the "Kurgraben," which is upwards of a mile in length, beginning at the end of Selker lake; it is from 10 feet to 12 feet broad, and from four feet to six feet high. Behind this lies the great "Dannewerk" itself, which consists of earthworks not less than 14 miles long. In some parts it is from 30 feet to 36 feet high, and the ramparts are from 16 feet to 20 feet broad.

The whole of these earthworks are immediately in connection from one side of the peninsula to the other, with the river Treene, which falls into the Northern Ocean; so that the Danish forces have it within their power to flood not less than 64 square miles of land in front of the great bulwark of Schleswig at a moment's notice.

KILPATRICK'S RAID.

THE recital of the sufferings of our prisoners at Richmond had excited throughout the land the deepest interest in them. The refusal of the rebel authorities to exchange them, and the unfair advantages which they take on every occasion, compelling us to forego the superiority of numbers on our side in order to release any, made their release almost hopeless.

A forcible delivery by a sudden dash was next projected. The first attempt made by Gen Butler failed by the treachery of a deserter, who rewarded Mr. Lincoln's clemency by doing all the injury in his power. The next was the late raid of Gen. Kilpatrick, which failed from circumstances too well-known, but chiefly from the neglect of the War Department to provide suitable guides. Kilpatrick was delayed, Dahlgren misled and killed, and Butler warned only in time to protect the retreat of the cavalry to Yorktown.

It is questionable whether, had all gone well, Kilpatrick could have taken the city. The first alarm was too fresh in the minds of the rebel Government and the citizens to allow them to leave Richmond so defenceless as to be taken by a cavalry dash.

We give a sketch of the setting out of this historic expedition, to which the death of Dahlgren gives such a sad interest.

The Richmond papers call on Davis to take the cavalry from Lee, and keep it oscillating between the city and his camp.

THE OPERA IN THE 2D CORPS.

WE must not suppose that balls and operas are the privilege of the denizens of the peaceful cities. The army has both; and we give a couple of illustrations to-day of the Opera House erected by the 2d Brigade, 1st Division, 1st Army Corps, commanded by Gen. Rice.

With scant materials they managed to erect a very presentable edifice of pure logs, chinked with clay, after the fashion of the Sunny South. The roof is a miscellaneous collection of shelter tents and wagon covers; a greenroom was made with the help of a stolen door. The scenery is, according to our Artist, the most wonderful part of the Academy of Music, the pigments employed being red clay, blacking and charcoal.

The dress circle and parquette are furnished with neat log seats; and though intended to accommodate only 200, more than twice that number have crowded its interior to listen to the charming melodies, not, indeed, of Verdi and Donizetti, but of Foster and his imitators.

A CASE OF CURIOSITY.—Some people have very inquiring minds—but few, we think, carry their curiosity so far as a Yankee friend of ours, who rung the bell of a fashionable residence, the other day, and when the servant girl made her appearance politely inquired:

"What are you going to have for dinner to-day?"

The girl, thinking the man was one of their tradesmen, and had made the inquiry in his business capacity, innocently replied:

"Mutton!"

"With sauce?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah! well, I was passing by and thought I would inquire. Good morning."

The servant girl was indignant when she came to comprehend the motive, but he was too far up the street to hear her angry denunciations.

THE RAID ON RICHMOND—GENERAL KILPATRICK'S FORCES SETTING OUT.—FROM A S

L.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 7.

THE POET AND THE LEAVES.

BY REV. T. S. HODGSON.

He stood beneath an arbor's pleasant shade,
Crushing the joice from sweet Pomona's fruit,
When lo! a bunch of leaves with yellow suit
Dashed in his face, and rested where leaves fade
To brownest rottenness. He thought it said,
"Mark where I lie, and let thy pensive lute
Embalm my fall in music; I am mute,
But would not in Oblivion's grave be laid;
And so in flitting have I wakened thee
To lie on earth, a dead but famous thing."
"Oh, thus will I, when swept by Death's decree
Along that sea which knows no fathoming,
Naught left behind whose worth men long will prize,
Just touch one plume of Time's all-sweeping wing!"

The Gulf Between Them.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

CHAPTER XVI.

As they were sitting at dinner the next day Mellen inquired about Fuller.

"I have quite forgotten to ask you about Tom," he said; "he was in town when you last wrote to me."

"He has not come yet," Elizabeth replied; "the house in which he was employed concluded to keep him at Bordeaux for a time; in his last letter he wrote that he might be gone another year."

"Poor old Tom," Elsie said, laughingly.

Elizabeth's brows contracted a little; she had never been able entirely to forget the suffering this girl had caused the young man. Whenever she heard her mention his name in that trifling way it jarred upon her feelings and irritated her greatly.

"Bessie doesn't like any one to laugh at Tom," said Mellen, noticing the expression of her face.

"I confess I do not," she replied; "he is such a noble fellow at the bottom, with an honest, kindly heart, and it seems to me that no one really acquainted with Tom can help respecting him, in spite of his eccentricities of manner."

"But you need not be so heroic, Bessie," returned Elsie; "Tom always allowed me to laugh at him as much as I pleased; you know I don't mean to be ill-natured."

"No one would ever suspect you of that, Birdie," added Mellen, with a fond glance.

Elizabeth said nothing more, and the conversation changed.

"We shall have the house crowded with visitors, I suppose," Elsie said; "Mary Harrington told me she should only give us one day for family affection—"

"I hope she won't come to stay any time just yet," said Elizabeth.

"I hope so, too," added Mellen; "I should like a little enjoyment of my home, if possible, for a week or two at least."

"But people will come," said Elsie; "you must expect it. They look for all sorts of invitations, and you must give them or mortally offend everybody."

Perhaps the idea of the gaiety that would ensue was not unpleasant to Elsie, in spite of her joy at Mellen's return; it was quite natural at her age, and to her character, which drooped in solitude like a flower deprived of the sun.

"Oh," said Mellen, "we will give them as many dinners and parties as they like, provided they won't domicile themselves with us; is not that so, Elizabeth?"

"Yes; I don't mind that so much."

"Shall you take a house in town, Grant?" asked Elsie.

"Do you particularly wish it?"

"Oh, it would be pleasant, of course."

"Just as you and Elizabeth choose," he said.

"For my part I would rather stay here," exclaimed Elizabeth.

"And so would I," said Mellen.

Elsie looked a little disappointed, but she concealed the feeling with her usual quickness.

"I have not told you what Dr. Peters said," she continued.

"What?" her brother asked, anxious at once.

"He thinks the air too strong for me in the winter; but, I dare say, it is only his fancy; I would not have either you or Elizabeth disturbed on my account."

"My dear child," cried Mellen, "that settles the matter at once; we will certainly go away from here before the cold weather comes; any where you like; will we not, Bessie?"

"Certainly," she answered, quietly.

Elsie looked triumphant; she was always elated at having her own way, whether the thing was of importance or not.

"We need not think about it now," she said, demurely; "it will be warm and pleasant for several weeks yet."

"But you must be careful," returned Mellen, "dear child; I cannot reach home safely only to see your health give way."

"Oh, nonsense, Grant, don't begin to fidget! I am perfectly well; make him believe it, Bessie."

"I think so," she replied; "you are stronger than you look."

"Elsie requires great care," said Mellen, decidedly.

Elsie did not look displeased; she liked being considered weak and delicate; it made her more petted and at liberty to indulge her numberless whims and caprices.

The family had that evening entirely to themselves, and it passed off very pleasantly. Elizabeth and Elsie sang the old songs Mellen loved, and they all talked and laughed gaily, forgetful for the time of any clouds which might have oppressed the minds of either.

The next morning when they met in the breakfast-room the post had arrived, and 'Dolph presented Elsie and Elizabeth with several letters; these were only the journals for Mellen, and he said, laughingly:

"The division is not just; Bessie having two letters; you might give me one."

"I am too selfish," she answered.

"Mine is from Mary Harrington," observed Elsie. "Bess, you shall not read yours till you have given us our coffee. I'll just see what the widow says."

Elizabeth poured out the coffee while Elsie opened her note.

"She is coming to-day," she exclaimed; "I told you so. She sends all sorts of messages to you, Grant; calls you a darling and a wonderful creature, and is dying to see you."

"Oh, of course," said Mellen.

"She asks after Mr. Rhodes, Bessie—poor old fellow—she has quite turned his head."

"What is that?" asked Mellen.

So Elsie explained how the widow delighted in worrying Miss Jemima, and making desperate love to the stout man on every occasion; and in laughing at her quaint speeches Elizabeth quite forgot her own epistles.

"Why, where are your letters?" asked Elsie.

"I forgot them," returned Elizabeth, drawing them from under her plate, and adding as she glanced at the superscription of the upper one, "it is only from the dressmaker."

Elsie snatched the other, and cried out:

"Why, this is from Tom Fuller; oh, see what it says."

"From Tom? oh, I am so glad; I have been expecting a letter for a week past."

Elizabeth took the letter, and her face lighted up quite joyously as she broke the seal and began to read.

"Well," said Elsie, impatiently, "what does he say? read it out."

Elizabeth uttered an exclamation of delight.

"Oh, you provoking creature," cried Elsie, "do tell us what it is?"

"Tom must have found a diamond mine," said Mellen.

"He has," returned Elizabeth, "as good."

"Bless me," said Elsie, "will he go about covered with diamonds?"

"His old uncle has left him a fortune," explained Elizabeth.

Elsie fairly screamed.

"Who would have thought it! Only fancy Tom Fuller rich! Why he'll be robbed every day of his life."

"How much is it?" asked Mellen. "I am very glad. Tom is a good fellow and deserves it."

He had entirely got over any suspicion that Elizabeth might ever have cared for her cousin, and was prepared to rejoice in his good fortune.

"But how large an amount is it?" questioned Elsie.

"Thirty thousand a year," replied Elizabeth; "Tom is in a state of bewilderment that makes his letter sadly incoherent; he never expected a penny; his uncle changed his will at the last moment."

"But wasn't he your uncle, too?" asked Elsie.

"No; he was aunt Fuller's brother."

"Oh, do let me see the letter," said Elsie.

Elizabeth gave it to her, but between excitement and his usual odd penmanship Tom's epistle was quite a puzzle to unpractised eyes, and Elsie went into shrieks over its appearance.

"He promised to bring me a bracelet," said she; "if he doesn't I'll send him straight back."

"But when is he coming?" Mellen asked.

"I can't make out," said Elsie; "here is something at the end about I shall burn—no return—at the—the—can that be Millennium?"

"Scarcely, I should think," said Mellen, laughingly.

"Try and make it out, Bess," said Elsie, giving her the letter.

Elizabeth took it, looked at the lines to which she pointed, and after a moment's study read it correctly.

"I shall return by the Hammonia."

"Why that's due now," said Elsie.

Elisabeth glanced at the date.

"The letter has been delayed," she cried; "he may be here already."

She was in a state of great delight, and her companions fully sympathised with her eagerness.

"Oh, it will be beautiful to see him," said Elsie; "why, he will give all he is worth to the person that asks first. Won't it be fun!"

"You shall not tease him, Elsie, as you formerly did," said Elizabeth; "I will not have it."

"But I will," said Elsie. "Thirty thousand a year! Good gracious, he will act as if he had fallen from the moon."

About midday Mrs. Harrington arrived with a little party of friends; she would not allow Mellen to escape her till she had overwhelmed him with compliments and congratulations, all of which he received with becoming resignation. When they went upstairs she said to Elsie:

"I haven't seen anything of that mysterious creature, North, in an age; what can have become of him?"

"Horrid creature," cried Elsie, "don't mention his name! Now, Mary Harrington, don't forget for once in your life! If Grant knew we had had even one visit from a stranger he would be furious; if you let it out neither Elizabeth or I will ever speak to you again."

"My dear, I won't open my lips."

"Mind you don't, that's all; if you do, I'll be even with you, as sure as my name is Elsie."

"You need not be so ferocious."

"Oh, I hate to be scolded, and Grant would be dreadfully angry! I promised Bessie I would warn you, so be sure and remember."

"I'll swear it if you like."

"Bless me, don't be tragic! The matter is of no consequence to me, only Bess makes such a point of it; besides that, I dread to see Grant angry."

"He never could be with you," said Mrs. Harrington.

"Well, it would be just as bad if he scolded her."

"How good you are!" cried the widow. "You are just the dearest thing in the world."

"Of course I am; but there's no use in standing here to say pretty things to each other, for there is no one to hear."

"Oh, you odd creature!" laughed Mrs. Harrington. "But, really, that man was the strangest, fascinating person—"

"There you go!" interrupted Elsie, angrily.

"My dear, there is no one in the room but ourselves."

"I don't care if there is not; I don't want to hear his name."

"I can't see why you dislike him so," pursued the widow. "It always seemed to me he and Elizabeth treated each other oddly—"

Elsie interrupted her, quite pale with anger.

"Mary Harrington," said she, "if you and I are to remain friends, stop this instant. I won't hear another word, nor must the subject come up again."

Mrs. Harrington was quite subdued by her friend's vehemence, and dropped the matter without another allusion.

When they went downstairs after the rest of the party were assembled, Mellen began laughing at the widow about the conquest she had made of Mr. Rhodes.

"Isn't it delicious?" she cried. "I just want you to see us together—it is better than a play."

"And Jemima's spite is something to witness," added Elsie. "I know she will poison you yet, Mary Harrington."

"I am on the watch constantly," replied the widow. "I don't even engage a strange servant now for fear it should be one of the old maid's secret emissaries."

"You are as badly off as the Duke of Buckingham," said Mellen, laughing at her pretended distress.

"It is dreadful, I assure you," she said, shaking her plumage; "but it is very amusing, nevertheless."

"Of course, if you can annoy somebody," answered Mellen; "that is the very acme of female happiness."

"Oh, you barbarous creature!" shrieked the widow. "Ain't you ashamed to utter such atrocious sentiments! Mrs. Mellen, your husband has come back a perfect savage."

Everybody laughed—it never occurred to the widow that it could be at her own airs and graces; she was too thoroughly satisfied with her own powers of fascination to suppose it possible, even for an instant.

"After all, it is tiresome to inspire a *grande passion*," said she, with a theatrical drawl.

"No woman ought to be better able to decide," cried Elsie; "you have made enough in all conscience."

"Oh, dear, no!" said the widow.

"Don't deny it," said Elsie, who never scrupled to make sport of her most intimate friends, and with all her fondness for Mrs. Harrington was always leading her on to do and say the most absurd things.

Elsie was in the most extravagant spirits, as she had been ever since her brother's return. She flitted about the house like a beautiful elf, and Elizabeth could see how Mellen watched her every movement, while his face kindled with affection and pride.

"He has not changed," she thought, sadly; "all his tender words were only the first pleasure of finding himself at home."

Then she began to shudder, as she often did now when the icy wind of some stern thought crept over her.

"Better so," she muttered; "what should I do with love and affection—what right have I to expect them?"

But she banished these reflections quickly, determined to have at least a few days of perfect freedom from anxieties, a little season of peace and rest in which her tired soul might restore its strength, like a seabird reposing on the sunlit bosom of some inland lake after the exhaustion of a long and perilous flight amid storms and tempests.

Mellen, too, had laid by the suspicious feelings which the strange circumstances connected with his return had caused, and appeared, as he could when disposed, the most charming host possible.

Elizabeth sunned her heart in the smile which lighted up his face whenever their eyes met, and kept the dark shadows resolutely aloof from her mind.

"Peace and rest!" she murmured. "I need them so much. I will have them at any cost."

The day passed as such days usually do; the guests were easily amused, and though the conversation might not have been such as altogether suited the intellectual tastes of Mellen and his wife, they were too well-bred for any expression of such feelings, and Elsie made even the nonsense charming by her brilliant sallies and buoyant spirits.

The widow had not forgotten her old desire to fascinate Mellen, and her efforts were highly amusing to the lookers-on. She was in doubt whether he preferred the queenly manner and repose of Elizabeth or the arch grace and exuberant gaiety of his sister, and attempted airs which she considered a happy medium between the two. Her efforts to support the double character delighted Elsie immensely, who, with the usual good-nature of intimate friends, made as much sport of her before her very face as she dared.

They were all assembled in the library before dinner, tired with laughing and roaming about, tired of rowing over the sunny waters, and glad to rest a little before the important business of dining should commence.

Suddenly there was a bustle in the hall, and a loud, goodnatured voice that made Elizabeth start to her feet.

"It's Tom," she cried. "Grantley, Tom has come."

She rushed into the hall, and sure enough there stood Tom, sunburned, a little thin from seasickness, but the same droll old Tom as ever.

He caught Elizabeth in his arms and uttered his first incoherent expressions of delight when Mellen came up, and Tom commenced shaking his two hands with immense energy, as if they had been pump handles and nothing but the greatest exertion on his part could save the ship.

"I'm so glad to see you!" he cried. "I'm so glad to get back. I declare I can't say a word."

"And I'm glad; very, very glad," replied Elizabeth.

"And we congratulate you heartily on your new fortune," said Mellen.

"Oh, don't speak of it," cried Tom; "it's no end of a bother to me already. God bless you, I don't know what to do with it! How—how is your sister?" he stammered.

"She is quite well," Mellen answered, "and will be charmed to see you; we were expecting you."

"That's nice of you. So you've only just got back! Well, it's good to get home, isn't it? that is, if I had any home—but it's dreary for a solitary chap like me."

"This house will always seem like home to you, I hope," said Mellen, kindly.

"Always," added Elizabeth; "don't forget that, Tom."

"You're too good to me," cried the grotesque fellow; "you always were!"

"Of course they were," said a laughing voice, that made Tom start, and appeared to take every particle of strength out of his limbs.

Elsie had followed them into the hall and suddenly appeared before Tom in her brilliant evening dress and weird loveliness, reducing him to a pitiable state at once.

"Don't you mean to speak to me?" pursued Elsie.

"Of—of course!" said Tom. "I'm so glad to see you—will you shake hands—will you—be—be glad to see me?"

"There is my hand," replied Elsie; "my pleasure depends on how agreeable you make yourself. I suppose you have come back with such fine foreign manners that you will hardly deign to notice us poor plain untravelled people."

"Oh, you don't think that!" said Tom. "You are laughing at me just as you always did."

"Did you bring me my bracelet?" demanded Elsie.

"Indeed I did; I'd have brought all Paris if I had thought it would please you."

Elizabeth now plainly thought poor Tom had returned no wiser than when he went away; but Mellen, man-like, never perceived the state in which Elsie's fascinations had thrown the honest fellow, and would not have thought seriously of the matter if he had.

"Of course you speak French like a native—Iroquois, I mean," pursued the pitiless Elsie.

"Just about," replied Tom, as ready as ever to laugh at his own blunders.

"So you did not forget the bracelet?" urged Elsie

"Indeed I did not; it's in my carpet-bag."

"Then I will be goodnatured to you all the evening," said she, "and won't tease you the least mite."

Tom was quite in ecstacies at the prospect; but Mellen said:

"She can't keep her promise no matter how hard she tries—don't trust her, Fuller."

Elsie made a gesture of playful menace and carried Tom off into the drawing-room, quite regardless of the fact that Elizabeth had, as yet, found hardly an opportunity of speaking to him.

Mrs. Harrington was excessively cordial in her greeting; as a poor man she had always liked Tom for his extreme good-nature and willingness to wait on her caprices to any extent; but now that he made his appearance in the character of a rich man, it was perfectly natural that she should look upon him, like the world generally, in a totally different light.

Tom's awkwardness would only be a pleasant eccentricity now; his unfortunate taste in dress would only be the carelessness of wealth, and all his good qualities, which had been quite overshadowed during his days of poverty, would now be patent to everybody.

Not that Tom ever thought such would be the case himself; he was too unsuspicious even to think about it, and when people bestowed more interest in him than before he would only wonder at their kindness and think what a pleasant world this was after all, and what scores of good-natured people there were in spite of the vile slanders of misanthropes.

Elsie kept her word; she did not tease Tom in the least, but deliberately bewildered him worse than ever with her arts and her coquetry—which set Elizabeth to wondering what her motive could be—but perhaps she had none at all, and was only obeying the whim of the moment.

Tom produced the gold hummingbird for Elsie's hair, and a lovely little ornament it was, with the gorget in its throat composed of emeralds and rubies, and the long, slender bill and delicate wings formed of the most beautiful enamel.

Elsie perched it among her curls and was happy as a child with her new toy. Nobody in the world was ever so much delighted with novel things, and nobody ever allowed the gloss to wear off them so quickly. In all probability she would rave over Tom's gift for a week, and by that time, if she did not lose it, would break the wings first, by way of amusement, or tear the bill off to make the paint

of a stiletto, or ruin it in some other way, just to gratify her caprice and an odd love of destruction which was in her nature

Tom Fuller spent the first happy evening he had known for months at Piney Cove, and he was so deliciously goodnatured and noisy in his pleasure that he would have supplied any lack of merriment on the part of the other guests if it had been necessary. But it was not.

CHAPTER XVII.

No man with any wisdom whatever thinks of returning from a journey without gladdening all the feminine hearts in his sphere with goodly presents, and Mellen had by no means forgotten his duty. There were all sorts of curious Chinese ornaments, wonderful pagodas for glove boxes, scented sandal wood repositories for laces, exquisitely carved ivory hoxes, and such costly trifles which kept Elsie in perfect shrieks of delight during the first glow of possession. He had hrought stores of valuable ornaments which had once helonged to wealthy Mexican families, their value increased hy the quaint, old time setting, and the romance connected with them; and Elsie consumed hours in ornamenting herself with them, laughing at her own appearance, and dancing about like a regular Queen Mab.

Among these presents were a pair of very valuable bracelets, made after a fashion prevalent in Spain two hundred years ago—you may see such things even now preserved among the old Castilian grandees, to he kept through all changes of time and fortune, and aired on feetive occasions only.

When Louis XIV. was a youth and in love with Marie Mencini, he once offended her mortelly hy bestowing a similar bracelet upon a young stranger at the court. I dare wager it required a whole set of jewels to put the haughty Marie in goodhumor and satisfy her Italian cupidity.

These bracelets Mellen brought with him, and gave one to his wife and the other to Elsie. They were made of a gauntlet-shaped piece of gold, widening at the back of the wrist, and covered with delicete chasing; the gold was so fine and thin that they were supple as a bit of kid. A double row of pearls and emeralds ran about the edge, and the olasps were of diamonds, arranged in the shape of a shield.

The jewels were exceedingly valuable, though to anyhody possessing the least fancy that made the least charm of the ornaments; they looked as if they owned a history, and one might have woven a thousand romances concerning the lives of those who had once worn them—that is, anybody who is not ashamed of heing a dreamer in this rushing, practical age.

These were the last gifts Mellen displayed, and they certainly made a very aplendid climax to the costly exhibition.

As I said, the first fortnight passed off delightfully, then the visitore departed and there were a few days of quiet. The Mellens renewed the gaieties then hy giving a dinner-party to several families in the neighborhood to whom they owed oivility, and as Elsie said:

"They are atupid people to be sure, hut then it's a little change from our own special dullness, and we have been alone for three days."

"Yon are such a foolizh puss!" returned Mellen.

"Oh, that's all very well," laughed Elsie; "but I don't wish to make a femele Robinson Crusoe of myself, I do assure you. Bessie, old Mrs. Thompson will wear that wonderful new head-dress, and her son will ask me to sing and he so ecarlet and fluttered when I look at him."

She mimicked the expected gueets in turn, and did it so cleverly that her companions were both obliged to laugh, so everyhody prepared for the infliction of a country dinner in the hest possible spirits. It was rather etupid to be sure, hut Elsie so lighted up the room with her radiance, and Elizabeth was so pleaeant a hostess in her stately beauty, that everything passed off quite tolerably, and even the most commenplace of the party warmed up a little under the influence of their hosts.

The ladies had risen from the tahle, giving the men an opportunity to enjoy their cigars in comfort, and were passing through the hall towards the drawing-room.

The moon shone broad and full through the windows of the hall, and somebody remarked on the heauty of the night. Elsie darted away and flung open the hall door.

"You will get cold," Elizabeth said; "don't etand there."

Elsie danced out on to portico in playful defiance of her eister, and they went after her, everybody expostulating with true feminine eagerness.

As Elsie ran away to tha other end of the veranda something fell upon the stones with a ringing noise, followed by a little shriek which she uttered in starting back.

"What is the matter?" called out several voices, but before they reached her Elsie stooped, picked something up and ran towarde them.

"I dropped my brooch," she said; "come in, I am chilled through and through."

She drove them playfully before her, and they all entered the parlors laughing gaily—all but Elizabeth. It was a little thing to disturb any one, and her nerves must have been in a strange state from constant watchfulness when this little event could have moved her so greatly. She leaned against the door-frame quite cold and chill. As Elsie passed her the girl slipped something in her hand, unperceived by the others.

Elizabeth atood motionless until they had all gone, then she started forward, gave one shuddering hreath and moved towards the hanging lamp. She opened her hand and looked down at a slip of paper carefully folded about a broken hit of iron, as if to give it weight enough to he thrown with sure aim. She shut her hand quickly as if the sight of the harmless paper filled her with loathing, conquered the convulsion which shook her from head to foot, unfolded the note and read the brie lines it contained.

Then with spasmodic haste she tore the paper into fragments and thrust them down into the hall fire, watching till even the ashes were gone, fearful that any trace should he left.

"I must!" she muttered, "I must go—I dare not wait!" She looked eagerly about; the gay laughter of the men rang up from the dining-room; she could distinguish her husband's voice; through the closed doors of tha parlors came the sound of the piano and a hirdlike song, gleeful and joyous, with which Elsie was amusing the ladies.

Elizabeth flung her arms aloft with sudden passion.

"Laughing, singing," she moaned, "and I here with this horrible suffering! I must go—I mus go!"

She caught up a shawl which lay on a chair, opened the outer door softly, hurried down the steps and disappeared among the trees.

Mr. Mellen did not give his male guests a very lengthy opportunity to enjoy their claret and cigars; he had no interest in their talk about the political affairs of the country, a recent hankruptcy, the price of corn, or any of the topics which came up, and some time before it might have been expected he rose, anxious to counteract the dulness by the presence of his wife and sister, hoth of whom he had regarded all the evening with new tenderness and admiration, sitting like a couple of rare hirds among all those fussy, ill-dressed women. Elsie was still at the piano when the gentlemen entered Mr. Mellen looked about for Elizabeth, hut she was not there.

"She had not come in yet," said old Mrs. Thompson, in answer to his inquiry.

Elsie heard the words—she had ears like a little heast of prey.

"One of the servants stopped her," she called out; "servants always are stopping her—mine will be hetter regulated. Come here, Grantley, and help me in this old song you like so much."

"In a moment, dear," he replied.

He left the room, fearing that Elizabeth might be drawn away by a headache. He had never felt so tenderly solloitous about her. These last weeks of sunshine had made his proud nature kindly genial. He was anxious to atone for all his old suspicions and little neglects of her comfort.

He was crossing the hall, when the outer door opened and Elizabeth entered. She did not ohserve him, and he saw her in all her unrestrained emotion. She was deadly white, and rushed in as if seeking escape from some danger.

"Elizabeth!" he called out.

She started as if he had struck her, but she wae accustomed now to controlling herself, and after that first trembling threw off her shawl and forced her face into composure.

"Where have you been?" he asked.

"Only on to the veranda," she said, a little too hurriedly; "I was so tired and my head ached—I wanted air."

He looked at her dissatified and suspicious.

"You might have caught your death," he said; "I wonder at you."

"It was foolish," she returned, trying to laugh, "but the dinner was so long. Come into the drawing-room."

She made an effort to speak playfully, as Elsie might have done, but it was a failure.

"Your shoes are damp," he exclaimed suddenly; "you have been on the grass—pray what could teke you there?"

"I—I just ren down the steps—I won't do so again."

Elsie heard their voices—she always heard everything—and opened the door.

"Come in here, you naughty people," she cried, laughing and speaking lightly, though there was a gleam in her eyes. "Oh! Mrs. Thompson, the husbands and wives who have been separated are worse than lovers."

She forced them to enter, talking in her wild way, and meking everybody laugh so much that neither the frown on Mellen'e brow nor his wife's paleness were observed.

"You have been out," she found an opportunity to whisper to Elizeheth; "you must be mad!"

"I ehall be!" groaned the woman; "I shall he!"

Elsie gave an impatient gesture and ran away from her. The very sight of her carelessness and gaiety made Elizaheth feel how necessary it was to he composed; her husband was watching her still. They asked her to play, she took her seat at the piano and played one of her most brilliant pieces—to sing, and her rich contralto voice rang out with new passion and power. I tell you even women can only marvel at the power many of the sex preserve over themselves when playing for a great stake, and the least hetrayal of look or movement might he full of danger.

The evening passed off without further incident, and the guests went away delighted with their reception, thinking what agreeable people the Mellens were, and how happy they must he in their heautiful home.

"Oh—oh—oh!" cried Elsle, with a yawn that distorted her pretty month out of all proportion. "Thank heaven, they are gone! I am eure another half hour would have killed me."

"You deceitful little thing!" said her brother, who had nearly recovered his cheerfulness. "I heard you tell poor young Thompson that you had never enjoyed yourself so thoroughly."

"Of course I did; what else could I say."

Mr. Mellen laughed and went out of the room.

Elsie was standing by the fire, she was always complaining of cold, and Elizabeth walked towards her as the door slosed.

"Don't!" whispered Elsie, "you are going to talk—don't!"

Elizabeth dropped into a seat with a wearied look, such as a person wears after hours of self-restraint.

"It's no use to talk," she said.

"You ought not to have gone out——"

"I know; hut I dared not wait. Oh, Elsie! such a scene——"

"Be still!" exclaimed Elsie, with the old passion which seemed so foreign to her nature. "I can't hear—I won't! Grantley saw you!"

"Yes; he was in the hall when I entered," she replied, in the same dreary way. "I know, I feel that something will happen at last."

"There must not—there shall not!" broke in Elsie.

"Such madness—such greedy selfishness——"

"Don't tell me," shivered Elsie; "please don't!"

Elizabeth dropped her hands into her lap with a gesture full of wearinese and desolation; as they fell apart she uttered a low cry.

"What is it?" cried Elsie. Don't frighten me!"

"My hracelet!" moaned Elizabeth. "My bracelet!"

"Yon have lost it?"

"Gone, I tell you! He would have money—I was nearly mad—I pulled it off to pacify him."

"Which bracelet—not the new one?"

"Yes; the one Grantley brought me. Oh, what shall I do?"

"He won't notice it," eaid Elsie; "you can wear mine."

"He will notice it," returned Elizabeth. "It may be pawned—he may find it."

"You can say that you lost it."

"But he is so suspicious."

"You ought to have had your wits about you," eaid Elsie, fretfully.

"It is easy for you to talk!" exclaimed Elizabeth. "If you had heen in my place, listening to those threets——"

"Stop, stop!" Elsie almoet shrieked, hiding her face in her hands. "I am going into spasms—I shall choke!"

"But a crisis is near!" exclaimed Elizabeth. "You don't know all that a bad, desperate creature is capable of to accomplish his ends."

"I can't do anything," moaned Elsie. "What am I in all this? You promised to leave me in peace."

"So I will, Elsie—I will. God knows I am ready to hear my hurthen alone; but sometimes I must speak."

"It does no good," said Elsie, beginning to cry. "I'd rather he dead than live in this way!"

"Be a women!" cried Elizabeth, roused into severity.

"It's all very well for you to talk, you are a great strong thing; I don't mean that you are big, but your nerves are like iron and I am so week. Grantley says he believes the least thing would kill me."

Passionate indignation lighted up Elizabeth's face for an instant, but it softened into pity, like that with which she might have regarded a pet animal whimpering under a hurt.

"Be good to me," said Elsie. "I can't help you. I don't mean to be selfish, but I must have my sunshino. I don't dare even to talk about it at all. If Grant ever should find out anything, even my talking to you about it would enrage him so!"

"And what would become of me?" demanded Elizabeth. "Do you never think of what would happen to me?"

"Oh, but he won't find out anything," urged Elsie, ohanging her tone at once. "Just let things rest. That wretch will be quiet for a time."

"No, no; I tell you money must be raised."

"More money?"

"I promised it; there was no other way. But heaven knows where I shall get it."

"Well, tell Grant about some family or hospital——"

"Lies!" interrupted Elizebeth; "always lies! Sinking deeper into the mire every day. I tell you this constant deceit makes me hate myself!"

"Now you are going off again! Oh, my head!"

"Hush, I say! You are safe."

"Whatever comes I shall not be dragged into it?" pleaded Elsie.

"No, no; have I not promised?" returned Elizabeth, in her anguish and her bitterness hardly noticing the girl's selfish fears.

Elsie threw both arms about her neck and kissed her.

"You are so good!" she said. "Oh, I wish I wasn't such a weak little thing! Don't despise me, Bessie?"

"I don't—I don't. Your arm hurts me!" and Elizabeth pushed her away, struggling hard to be calm.

"If I had never known——"

But Elizabeth checked the selfish wail.

"It is too late now to think of that. I tell you I shall not trouble you any more."

"When the paper fell on the stones," said Elsie, "I was so frightened."

Elizabeth gasped for breath at the very thought.

"But I managed oleverly. I am very weak and nervous, but I have my wits about me sometimes."

Elizaheth was ahivering from head to foot, whether with remorse at the knowledge of evil which this young girl had gained through her, or some sudden fear, no one could tell.

"I must go to town," she said; "hut what excuse oan I make?"

"Oh, anything! Tell Grant we want to make purchases. I'll do it. But why must you go?"

"The money, I tell you the money! I have those stocks; if I could sell them. I might tell Mr. Hinchley I was in deht and feared to have my husband know it. Another lie—another lie!"

"Oh," groaned Elsie, "the lying is the least part of it!"

"You don't know the worst. If you had to face him! Oh, Elsie, the shame, the remorse!"

She wrung her hands again with the same passionate fury she had displayed after reading the note, till Elsie began to grow hysterical and ory out:

"You must stop! you must stop!"

Elizabeth made an effort to control her own suffering and soothe the girl's nervons paroxysm, to which she gave way half to escape a scene.

By the time they were hoth quieted Mr. Mellen returned to the room, and by one of those evil chances that often happen he began speaking of the very snhject that had roused their fears.

"Those bracelets are the admiration of everybody," he said.

Elizahsth glanced at Elsie. Her first impulse was to hide her hands, hnt she checked that and forced herself to utter some sort of answer to his remark.

Elsie gave another long yawn.

"I am going to bed," she exclaimed; "I advise you both to do the same."

"I wish I understood the meaning of the device. Let me see your bracelet, Bessie," he continued, bent on his own train of thought, and not heeding his sister. Just let me look——"

Elsie thrust out her arm.

"Look at mine," she said.

"No, no; Bessie's has a different design. I want to see something. Show me yours, Elizabeth."

Elizabeth did not etir. Whiter she could not grow, hut a hopeless despair settled over her face pitiful to witness.

"Can't you show me your bracelet?" demanded her husband, with his natural impatience.

"I haven't it," she faltered.

"Why, I saw it on your arm at dinner!"

"Oh, don't hother, Grant," interposed Elsie; "talking about devices when one is half asleep."

"Elizabeth, where is your hracelet?" demanded her husband, imperiously.

The exigency of the case gave her courage.

"I have lost it," she said, her voice sounding fairly indifferent from the effort she made at composure.

"Lost it!" he repeated. "How? Where?"

"While I was out——"

"She wae just heginning to tell me when you came in," interrupted Elsie. "We are both frightened to death, so don't scold."

"Such unperdonable oarelessness," continued Mr. Mellen. "At least, Elizabeth, you need not appear so indifferent."

"I am sorry," she answered, coldly.

"Oh, if I had lost mine I should be wretohed," cried Elsie, kissing hers. "You dear bracelet!"

Elizebeth shot one terrible look at her, but was silent.

"I am glad that you at least prize my gift," said Mr. Mellen. "I suppose you have not teken the trouhle to search, Elizabeth?"

"I heve had no time——"

"The moon is down," said Elsie.

"There are lenterns, I suppose."

He rang and ordered the servant to bring a lantern, went out and searched for the missing ornamont, while Elsie cowered over the hall fire and Elizabeth stood, cold and white, in the way.

Clorinda came out of her domains while Mr. Mellen and 'Dolph were searching the hall.

"Lost sometin', marster?" she demanded, with the cooiness peculiar to her race.

"Missis has lost her hracelet," interposed 'Dolph.

"Laws!" cried Clorinda, not perceiving her mistrese on the veranda. "I neher seed nohody lose tings so; 'taint a month since she lost a di'mond ring, and all she said, when her maid missed it, was, 'It can't be helped.'"

This was an aside to 'Dolph, but Mr. Mellen heard the words plainly, so did Elizaheth.

"I'll bet yer don't find it," pursued Clorinda. "I heerd steps early in de evenin'; I knows I did, thongh missis called me a foolish cullud pusson once when I told her of hearing 'em. Dar's tieves ahout, now; 'member I telle yer!"

"Clorinda," called Elizabeth, "go into the house. The next time you venture any remark on me you will leeve my service."

Clorinda sallied hack as if she had been shot, and darted into her own dominions, less favorably disposed than ever towards her mistress for reproving her before 'Dolph.

Mr. Mellen dismissed the man, walked into the veranda and confronted his wife. He was pale in the moonlight. His agitation made Elizabeth more eternly cold; she knew that look, she had horne it in his suspicious, jealous moments in the old time.

"Did you lose that bracelet, Elizabeth?" he asked.

"Did I not say so?" she retorted.

"I can't understand it," he went on; "these sudden frights end tremors, these mysterious losses——"

"The old suspicions," she broke in, goaded into defiance by the actual danger. "You promised me to have done with all those feelinga."

"Admit at least——"

"I will admit nothing. I will not talk to you when you speak in that tone. I am sorry the bracelet is gone, hut I am not a child to be threatened."

Elsie heard it all, and when the dialogue reached that point she crept quietly upstairs, determined that at least she would he beyond even the hearing of their difficulty.

For a few moments they retorted bitterly upon each other. Formerly it had heen Elizabeth's way to hear in silence, but it is hard to he patient when one has wrong to conceal.

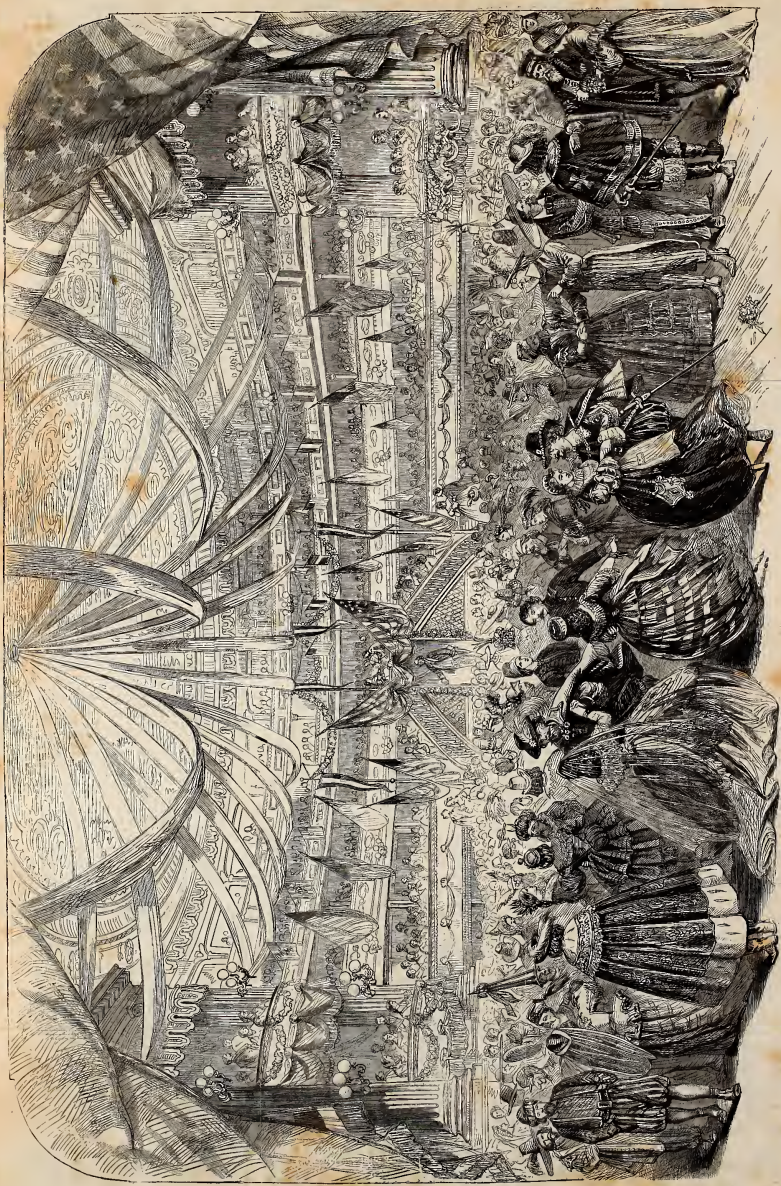
It was all very unsatisfactory, but there the matter ended.

The next morning Mr. Mellen made another thorough search for the hracelet. Still no sign of it was discovered, but he did find traces of footstepa in the grass, which proved the truth of Clorinda's suspicions.

"It's over, at all events," said Elsie, as she met Elizabeth on the staire.

"Over!" repeated the half-distracted woman, desperately; "who can tell how or when it may come up again?"

Elsie kissed her and flew away, leaving Elizabeth to seek solitude in her chamber, while she went in search of her brother, not with the ohject of benefiting Elizabeth, hut anxious to impress upon his mind that she at least did nothing to distress or vex him.



WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY IN NEW ORLEANS—THE MASQUERADE BALL GIVEN BY MRS. GENERAL BANKS.—SECOND BY C. F. H. BOWEN.—SEE PAGE 7.

COL. ULRIC DAHLGREN, U. S. A.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

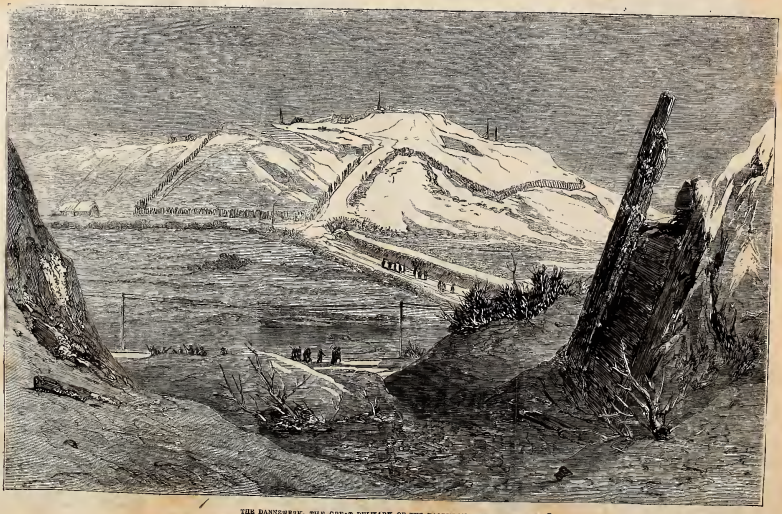
GEN. GEORGE A. CUSTER, U. S. A.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.—PAGE 7.

COL. ULRIC DAHLGREN.

THE brutal circumstances attending the death of Col. Dahlgren, so less than his youth and distinguished services, have excited throughout the land a feeling akin to that kindled by the fall of the earlier martyrs of the struggle, before the myriad-handed Death had, by his repeated blows, familiarized us to the loss of the young, the brave and the good.

Col. Ulric Dahlgren was the son of Admiral Dahlgren, and at the opening of the war his predilections were for active service in the navy, but he abandoned that idea to assist his father in the Navy Ordnance Department. At the time Gen. Saxton was in command at Harper's Ferry, and that place was first threatened, Com. Dahlgren received instructions to place a naval battery on Maryland heights. No suitable person being at that time available to take charge of this battery, Com. Dahlgren selected his son Ulric, who was familiar with all the details of ordnance and gunnery, and under his supervision the two 9-inch Dahlgren guns were placed in position and successfully worked. He thus became Captain of artillery, and when Gen. Sigel took command was appointed on the staff, and became Aide-de-camp, with the rank of Captain. He continued with Sigel through Pope's campaign, and was especially distinguished in the artillery movements at the second battle of Bull run.

He next accompanied Gen. Stahel in several reconnoissances and scouts, and when the army moved



THE DANNEWERK, THE GREAT BULWARK OF THE DANISH MONARCHY.—SEE PAGE 7.

down into Virginia, in November, 1862, the 11th corps advanced to Gainesville, and from that place Capt. Dahlgren, with Gen. Sigel's bodyguard, made the attack upon Fredericksburg, which has now become history. Gen. Burnside expressed his thanks for the valuable information furnished. Returning with the corps to Fairfax Court-house, he was sent for by Gen. Burnside, prior to the assault upon Fredericksburg, and detailed as Special Aide upon that General's staff. At the crossing of the Rappahannock he was the only one of Gen. Burnside's Aides who went in the boats and was one of the first to land.

When Gen. Hooker took command Capt. Dahlgren was transferred to his staff, and distinguished himself at Chancellorsville and in the cavalry fights at Aldie and its vicinity. Learning that a bearer of dispatches to Gen Lee was *en route* for that General, he scoured the country between the columns of the rebel army until he anticipated his arrival at Greencastle, where he attacked and captured the whole party, including the dispatches.

To find his way to Gen. Meade's headquarters was no easy task, but by adopting every possible resource, dividing his men into small parties, and riding himself with only an orderly, he succeeded in reaching headquarters after the first day's fighting, where the council of war was being held which was to decide the fate of the army. Covered with dust from his long ride, he walked into the General's tent and placed before the council the dispatches of Jefferson Davis to Gen. Lee, the most important capture which could possibly have been made.

Returning with his 100 men, he assisted materially in worrying the enemy, by destroying wagon trains and attacking them at every point.

On the retreat of the rebels he was in the famous charge into Hagerstown, where, of five officers who led, two were killed, he was wounded and one was saved by his scabbard. Capt. Dahlgren was then brought to Washington, where amputation was performed. Owing to the severe inflammation which had set in, the operation was a very critical one, and it was not until five operations had been performed that the wound would heal. His life was despaired of at the time, but his indomitable will brought him safely through the trial.

His services won him a Colonel's commission. As soon as he was able to walk on crutches he sought to resume active service, and at his own urgent request took part in the raid in which he fell.

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

What's the difference between your greatcoat and a baby? One you wear and the other you was.

What is the difference between perseverance and obstinacy? One is a strong will and the other is a strong won't.

What is the difference between a miller and a matron? One is a moth and the other is a moth-er.

What is the difference between a boy running after a girl and running after a carriage? One chases the miss and the other misses the chaise.

What is the difference between the effect of catching cold and one of the Isles of Greece? In the one case it is you cough; in the other it is Corfu.

What is the difference between Noah's Ark and an Archbishop? Noah's Ark was a pretty high ark, but an Archbishop is a hierarch (higher-ark).

A SCHOOLMASTER in one of the neighboring towns, while on his morning walk, passed by the door of a neighbor, who was excavating a log for a pig-trough. "Why," said the schoolmaster, "Mr. —— have you not furniture enough yet?"

"Yes," said the man, "enough for my own family; but I expect to board the schoolmaster this winter, and am making preparations"

IF a pretty woman asks you what you will bet, answer that you will lay your head to hers.

THE evils from which a morbid man suffers most are those that don't happen.

A SINGLE woman has generally but a single purpose, and we all know what that is.

THE best capital to begin life on is a capital wife.

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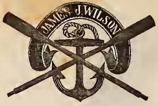

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3000	Gold Band Bracelets	3 00 to 5 00
3000	Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00
3000	Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00
3000	Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00
3000	Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00
3000	Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00
3000	Coral Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00
5000	Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 8 00
3000	Watch Keys	2 00 to 6 00
2500	Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 6 00
2500	Sets of Bosom Studs	2 50 to 6 00
2500	Sleeve Buttons	2 50 to 6 00
5000	Plain Rings	2 50 to 6 00
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5000	Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00

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AGENTS wanted in every town and regiment. We allow them ten cents on every Certificate, provided their remittance amounts to $1, and more liberal inducements to those who buy largely. Send for Circular. Address

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CELEBRATED
STOMACH BITTERS

WHAT THE ILLUSTRIOUS ABERNETHY SAID.—"Well, sir, what's the matter?" said Abernethy, the great English surgeon, to a cadaverous-looking patient who had called to consult him. "Oh, nothing serious," was the reply, "my stomach and liver are out of order, that's all." "Do you call *that* nothing serious?" said Abernethy. "I tell you, sir, that when those two organs are out of order, as you call it, there is not a square inch of the body that is not more or less diseased, nor a drop of blood in it that is in a healthful condition." Nothing can be more true, and therefore it is of the very highest importance to keep the stomach and liver in a vigorous condition. If the one is weak and the other irregular in its action, tone and control them with HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS, the most genial vegetable restorative and alterative that has ever been administered as a cure for Dyspepsia and Liver Disease. It is recommended by distinguished surgeons and Physicians of the United States Army, by officers of the Army and Navy, by our first authors, by eminent clergymen, in fact, by thousands of the most intelligent of every class, as an unequalled protective against epidemic and malarious diseases; and is perfectly innocuous, but at the same time powerful, invigorant and alterative.

Sold by all Druggists and Family Grocers.

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JUST OUT.

After years of patient research it has been demonstrated now, for the first time, that a genuine Gold Pen, with Irodium or Diamond point, and possessing all the elasticity and durability of the highest-priced Pen made, can be produced at prices far below anything of the kind heretofore offered. Years have been spent in trying to produce an Elastic and Diamond-pointed Pen at a low figure, and until now all attempts have been futile. We have nothing to say against parties advertising low-priced Pens and calling them Gold. We know that ours is the only Solid Gold and Genuine Diamond-pointed Elastic Pen in the market that can be afforded at anywhere near our prices.

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No. 1. Medium Pen	$3 50
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Silver Mounted Ebony Holders, in Morocco Cases (extra per doz.)	$4 00

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Worth $500,000!

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MY ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address on receipt of an order.

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Certificates naming each article are put into Envelopes, Sealed and Mixed, and sent without regard to choice.

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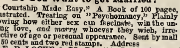

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State of Kentucky		1,366
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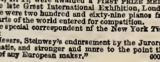

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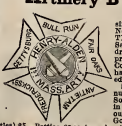

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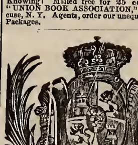

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Also every variety of good Watches at equally low rates. All orders from the Army must be prepaid, as the Express Companies will not take bills for collection on soldiers.
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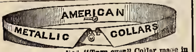

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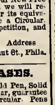

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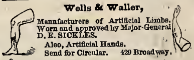

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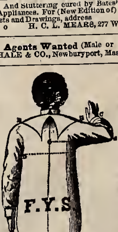

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ILLUSTRATED

NEWSPAPER

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 444—Vol. XVIII.] NEW YORK, APRIL 2, 1864. [Price 6 Cents.

THE SIEGE OF MOBILE.

MOBILE, for a place of its size, has been frequently the scene of military operations. One of the earliest stations of French power on the southwest, it was menaced by the Spaniards, and at a later date, in the hands of the latter, exposed to English attack. During the present war it has been blockaded by a Union fleet and commanded by Fort Pickens, which the rebels vainly endeavored to take.

When Sherman and Smith recently advanced, and Farragut began to thunder at Fort Powell, all expected to see Mobile soon in our hands. This hope has been doomed to disappointment. The capture of Mobile was not the object of Sherman's expedition, and Farragut's bombardment of Fort Powell proved ineffective, his vessels not being able to approach nearer than two miles, too far to inflict any serious injury.

Recent Southern news explains Farragut's attack as an attempt to co-operate with a revolt of the garrison of Fort Morgan. This was, however, discovered, and 30 of the mutineers shot.

We give, as illustrations of the operations, a view of the rebel ram Baltic, Admiral Buchanan, Commander, one of the main defences of the place, as seen from Farragut's fleet on the 29th of February, the last day of active operations; and the explosion of a rifled gun on the J. P. Jackson. This steamer, which has been in very active engagements during the war, was this time most unfortunate. In the first attack her rifle gun burst, and on the 28th she went into action with a new one, but this too burst after two hours' service, wounding several and injuring the vessel. Evidently there is some oversight in the Ordnance Department that requires remedy.

Our view of Fort Powell shows its present condition. It has been greatly strengthened by the rebels, and will make a stubborn resistance.

THE REBEL RAM BALTIC, NOW LYING AT MOBILE, AS SEEN FROM THE BLOCKADING FLEET, FEB. 29. FROM A SKETCH BY E. P. HOUGH.

THE BLOCKADE OF CAPE FEAR RIVER

North Carolina.

In our last we gave a sketch of the mouth of the Cape Fear River. The new inlet, which will be found in our present issue, is a much more interesting view. The rebels to guard it have not only Fort Fisher, a well constructed fortification, but an artificial mound with a heavy rifle gun on it. This was erected in order to give a sufficient plunge to the balls to injure monitors. It controls the channel between Fort Fisher, on the one side, and Sheep Head and Smith's island, on the other.

The view of Folly inlet, which is five miles south of Fort Caswell, shows the vigilance of our blockaders and their Baring. In this single sketch may be seen the ruins of the Bendigo, Ranger and Lily, as well as of the U. S. steamer Iron Age, lost in pursuing too bloody one of the blockade-runners.

HON. MICHAEL HAHN,

Governor of Louisiana.

The Hon. Michael Hahn, to the imposing ceremonies of whose inauguration as Governor of Louisiana we give so much space to-day, is a native of

EXPLOSION OF A CANNON ON BOARD THE J. P. JACKSON, DURING THE SIEGE OF FORT POWELL, MOBILE HARBOR.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. P. HOUGH.

Klingeminster, in Rhenish Bavaria, where he was born in 1830. His family came to New York in 1831, and resided there till 1840, [illegible] they removed to Texas, but after a short stay in [illegible], proceeded to New Orleans. Here young Michael grew up, receiving his education at St. Anne's school. He was early left an orphan, but being aided by his brother-in-law, John E. Schuelze, he studied law with Christian Roscius, and before he was of age began practice. He took an active part in politics, and when secession was first openly advocated came forward as a Union man. On the 8th of May, 1860, in a Union meeting in Lafayette Square, New Orleans, he offered the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That we, the citizens of New Orleans, regardless of all the minor differences of opinion that divide the people of this country politically, are of one mind and one heart in support of the Union in these States, and that, as long as the Constitution of the Republic and the laws enacted by Congress in accordance therewith can be maintained inviolate, as we confidently believe it can now be done, we shall regard with abhorrence and horror the attempt, wherever made or however originated, to destroy the paternal ligaments which bind in links more durable than brass the sovereign members of this glorious Confederation together; and we here solemnly pledge ourselves, one to the other, and all to our country, to oppose all parties, or fragments of parties, and all aspirants for public office, irrespective of partisan distinction, whose claims to public confidence are in any manner identified with disorganising or disunion sentiments or designs; and to regard as enemies to Republican liberty all who attempt to produce a separation of these States, while within the Union their equality and rights under the Constitution are susceptible of maintenance without recourse to physical force."

During the rebel rule in New Orleans he never swore allegiance, omitting it in his oath of office as Notary Public.

When the United States authority was restored in New Orleans, Mr. Hahn gave it his active and constant support, and was one of those who met at Polar Star Hall, with Louis Dufau, May 1, 1862. He was soon elected to Congress, and satisfied all men as to his ability, honesty and courage.

Under Mr. Lincoln's scheme for restoring State Governments in the revolted districts, Mr. Hahn was the Free State candidate, and on the 22d Feb. was elected by a large majority over his competitors, Fellows and Flanders.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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THE Publisher of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED PAPER invites his present contributors and others to send in before May 1st stories and poems suited to its columns, as well as ideas for comic sketches on subjects of the day.

Summary of the Week.

WASHINGTON.

The President, by an order of March 10, appoints Gen. Grant to the command of the armies of the United States; and by another order retires Major-Gen. Halleck, with thanks.

The President calls also for 200,000 men, to be raised before April 15th, or then drafted.

VIRGINIA.

On the 11th a detachment of 100 men from Gen. Custer's cavalry command started on a scout towards Blair mountain, in Madison county, Va., which is a well-known rebel guerilla resort. Some time during the night they made a dash into a guerilla camp on the stream known as Conway river, just west of the above-named mountain, and drove about 50 of the guerillas across the river, and captured 20 others, together with their horses, before they could get away. They also captured 10 negroes and brought them in. The command returned to their camp yesterday morning in good order, not having lost a man or a horse, or had one injured.

In the recent attack upon Suffolk the 2d colored cavalry, under Col. Cole, behaved with great bravery in a fight of an hour's duration. They had a largely superior force to contend against, but cut their way through with a loss of 20 killed, wounded and missing. One of our lieutenants was killed. The rebels are said to have had 67 killed.

Gen. Wadsworth left Washington for Fortress Monroe on Sunday, with orders from the War Department to stop all the exchange of prisoners upon the basis recently acted on by the rebels, by which 100 rebel prisoners are exchanged for every 75 of ours in possession of the rebel authorities. Gen. Wadsworth has been instructed to state that no more prisoners will be exchanged except upon the principle of man for man, and that, too, without regard to color.

The army of the Potomac on the 18th was preparing for an advance of the enemy.

WESTERN VIRGINIA.

On the 19th a detachment of Gilmore's rebels made a raid into Bath, Morgan county, and carried off Hon. Mr. Bechtel, of the W. V. Senate, and Hon. Mr. Wheat, of W. V. House of Delegates. The guerillas were pursued by cavalry, and some of them captured.

TENNESSEE.

Guerillas attacked a freight train from Nashville, near Estell springs, on the night of the 10th inst., after displacing a rail, by which the train was throw off the track. The train was burned.

Capt. Beardsley, of the 123d New York, and seven men, arrived at Decherd, Tenn., on a handcar, having been paroled, after being stripped of their clothing, money, watches and jewellery. The rebels killed three of the negroes on the train. Two of the guerillas were killed. There were no other losses.

By the new arrangement Major-Gen. W. T. Sherman is to command the department of the Mississippi, which is to embrace the departments of Ohio, Cumberland, Tennessee and Arkansas. Major-Gen. McPherson is placed in command of the army of the Tennessee.

On the 19th the enemy were in strong force in our front, but no movement was visible.

ARKANSAS.

Gen. Price had resumed command in this State, and addresses his army hopefully.

LOUISIANA.

Admiral Porter, with the gunboats Ouicheta, Osage, Conestoga, Lexington, Fort Hinman and Crockett, ran up Red river a few days since, and opened on Trinity. The Osage passed the fort, but the Hinman was disabled. The Ouicheta then silenced the fort. The enemy were driven from Harrisonburg and the place burned. The Conestoga was run into by the Gen. Price on the 10th and sunk. The fleet is to co-operate with Gen. Hurlbut in an advance on Shreveport, which Gen. Steele will also attack from Arkansas.

The rebels have reappeared at Lake Providence and are committing shocking barbarities on the negroes.

MISSISSIPPI.

A portion of the marine brigade, under Capt. Crandell, recently surprised a rebel camp east of Port Gibson, Miss., capturing 47 prisoners and releasing five Union soldiers taken at the Big Black.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Gen. Peck thus sums up the result of recent operations in North Carolina: "Besides the repulse of Gen. Picket's army at Newberne, the following have been captured: 6 officers, 281 prisoners and dangerous rebels, 500 contrabands, 250 arms and accoutrements, 138 horses and mules, 11 bales of cotton, 1 piece of artillery, caisson complete, 1 flag, many saddles, harnesses and wagons. Much property of the rebel government has been destroyed from inability to remove it, as appears by a partial list: 250,000 pounds of pork, 80 barrels of lard, 75 barrels of meat, 20,000 bushels of corn, 32 barrels of beef, 5 hogsheads of sugar, 5,000 empty sacks, 1 corn-mill, 10 wagons, 1 ton of tobacco, 18 mules, 2 warehouses of salt, and 2 extensive salt manufactories."

NAVAL.

The Navy Department has received official information of the following captures: On Feb. 25 the U. S. bark Roebuck captured in Indian river; abreast of Fort Capron, the British sloop boat Two Brothers, from Nassau, bound to Dixie and laden with four bags of salt, one keg of liquor, four boxes of goods and one keg of nails. On the 27th the Roebuck captured, at the same place, the British sloop Nina, from Nassau, bound to Sand Point, laden with liquors, coffee and boxes of goods. On the 29th the same vessel captured the schooner Rebel, with a cargo consisting of salt, liquor, cotton, &c. On March 1 the Roebuck also captured the British schooner Lauretta, laden with 52 bags of salt; two miles from the entrance of Indian river. These prizes were all sent to Key West for adjudication.

CONGRESS.

IN the Senate, on the 14th, the bill defining the rank, pay and emoluments of Chaplains and other officers was passed. The West Point Academy bill was taken up, which led to a lengthy political discussion; but the bill finally passed, with an amendment, fixing the pay at $40 per month, the same as naval midshipmen.

In the House, various important matters were brought up and disposed of. The House agreed to the report of the Conference Committee on the Deficiency bill. A resolution to print 10,000 copies of Gen. Meade's report of the battle of Gettysburg, and accompanying documents, was referred to the Printing Committee. Mr. Washburne offered a resolution instructing the Ways and Means Committee to report a bill taxing liquor on hand 40 and 60 cents per gallon, respectively, where such tax has and has not been laid. The resolution lies over. The Gold bill then came up, and elicited a long discussion, but without concluding its action the House adjourned.

In the Senate, on the 15th, a petition was presented from 1,000 colored citizens of Louisiana, and representing equal to $15,000,000 of property, that their rights may be acknowledged, and that they may be allowed to vote.

In the House the bill giving full franking privilege to the President and Vice-President was passed. A bill was reported to establish Assay Offices in Nevada and Oregon. A resolution to pay John S. Sleeper $750, for coming to Washington to contest the seat of Mr. Rice of Massachusetts, was laid on the table. Report was made and adopted in favor of printing 10,000 copies of Gen. Rosecrans's report; also, 10,000 of Meade's report of the battle of Gettysburg.

In the Senate, on the 16th, Mr. Wilson introduced a bill to disqualify for voting or holding office all deserters who are beyond the limits of the United States, but directs the President to issue a Proclamation of amnesty dependent upon their return to the service, with no punishment but loss of pay during their absence or their re-enlistment in new regiments. Deserters hereafter are to be deprived of these rights of citizenship. The other proceedings were of no public interest.

In the House, Mr. Farnsworth introduced a bill to increase the efficiency of the United States artillery, which was referred. The House concurred in the Senate's amendment to the Post-Office Appropriation bill. The Gold bill was then taken up, and after a brief debate passed—ayes 83, nays 57. The resolution, as passed, provides that the Secretary of the Treasury may anticipate the payment of interest on the public debt by a period not exceeding one year, from time to time, either with or without a rebate of interest; and he may dispose of any gold in the Treasury of the United States, not necessary for the payment of interest, provided that the obligation to create the sinking fund, according to the Act of Feb. 25, 1862, shall not be impaired thereby. The House then took up the bill to drop unemployed general officers from the rolls, which was discussed at length, but without action.

In the Senate, on the 17th, the proceedings were of little public interest.

In the House, the bill to make the Delaware and Raritan Bay and Camden and Atlantic railroads military and post routes, and to give them other rights and privileges, was taken up, and, after discussion, postponed for three days. The Committee on Foreign Affairs reported a bill to appoint a Commissioner to settle the claims of the Ecuadorian Government. The House then proceeded to the consideration of Territorial business, and enabling acts were passed for Nevada, Colorado and Nebraska. An act was also passed to provide a temporary Government for the Territory of Montana.

In the Senate, on the 18th, after much discussion on the Mail bill, Mr. Wilson called up the Senate bill to promote enlistments, his amendment as a substitute for the bill being in order. This amendment provides for the freedom of the wife and children of the slave recruit in the first section. The second section authorises the commissioners in the Slave States to award to loyal owners of said wives and children a just compensation. Debate followed, in which Messrs. Pomeroy, Sumner, Wilson, Conness, Wilkinson and others participated. The bill was finally postponed. After Executive session, the Senate adjourned.

In the House, the proceedings were unimportant, being confined to lengthy discussions on the Homestead bill. Mr. Smith made a favorable report on paying Gale and Seaton for certain volumes of Congressional Annals and Debates, claimed to be delivered before the resolution authorising the supply was repealed. The whole subject was tabled, 67 against 50.

The Senate did not sit on the 19th, and the time of the House was entirely occupied in listening to several speeches on the war and slavery.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY the arrival of the Ariel we have dates from Panama to March 7.

The Congress of the United States of Colombia, on Feb 2, declared Señor Murillo to have been constitutionally elected President of the Republic.

The Congress of Salvador has sanctioned the expulsion of ex-President Barrios.

In Chili the invitation for a general Congress of the States of Latin America has been received with universal enthusiasm.

In Nicaragua the Central American Transit Company contract has passed both Houses of Congress, and was signed by the President on Feb. 18; on Feb. 20 the first payment, in compliance with the stipulations of the contract, of $50,000 in American gold, was made to the Treasurer-General of Nicaragua. An Englishman, Capt. Pim, was before Congress, asking for large grants of land to enable him to organise a Company in London for building a railroad through the Republic from the Caribbean Sea to the Pacific. On Feb. 24 President Martinez sent in his resignation, but it would probably not be accepted.

THE Howard Money Belt is at once the neatest, safest and most elegant repository for money ever presented to the public. It is made of the best leather, and has several compartments, so that a soldier and a traveller can carry with him, safe and uninjured, his dearest relics, the photographs and letters from his friends—as well as his greenbacks. In a word, it is the very thing a soldier and traveller ought to have always with them.

TOWN TOPICS.

THE calm that precedes the storm has just now settled upon New York. Nothing is heard of or thought of but the Sanitary Fair. It absorbs all lesser things, but being in embryo it makes only the great calm. Next week the storm will burst, and we shall be Sanitary Faired at breakfast, dinner and supper, in our sleeping and in our waking, in church and out of church. It will meet us at every corner, and fall upon us from the housetops, and for several weeks we shall know nothing but its sounding echoes. All places of public amusement will reap harvests of gold—greenbacks, we mean—enough to bring back the bread they floated out upon the waters in the shape of benefits to the Fair, ten times over, and all New York will be full of the country until the air will be redolent with greenness.

The vast area of buildings on 14th street are nearly finished, and another of a semicircular form, large enough to hold a dozen houses, is rapidly rising on the upper end of Union square, as an offshoot, to help hold the superabundance of wealth that is flowing to the coffers of the Committee. As an instance of this stream, we will only mention that, up to this date, the drygoods merchants alone have contributed over $125,000. Should other branches of trade equal this, the grand result will swell into millions!

This week we have been looking among the pictures. We have seen Bierstadt's "Rocky Mountains," and Kensett's "Lake George." We shall discourse of the first:

Upon entering the room of exhibition we are at once upon the very spot pictured by the artist. There is no art. It is a fact; and we are but looking out of a window upon the veritable scene. There are the far hills, tipped with everlasting snow, the never-failing stream tumbling down the rocks and breaking, with noisy foam, within a few minutes' walk. There is a sheet of glassy water too wonderfully real to be anything but nature, and in the foreground the groups of Shoshone Indians, engaged in their half-exciting, half-lazy everyday avocations.

The picture is taken upon the Wind river range, in Nebraska Territory, and the principal peak of the group is Mount Lander. It does not depend for its merit alone upon a translation of the scenery, but offers a fund of study and pleasure in the groups of Indians scattered over the entire foreground, some engaged in bringing in the carcases of the elk and deer, with loads of ducks and small game and one immense grizzly; while others, dressed in the brilliant gewgaws of the race, are occupied about the tents in scores of employments, only wanting movement to render them real. We see but one fault in this picture, which is the want of vastness and immensity of height in these peaks. They look dwarfed. Against this we commend the beauty of the sunlight effect striking between the hills, and the perfect transparency of the water, as marvellous.

We would we could say as much for the "Lake George," but coming from the warm richness of Bierstadt to the cold chilliness of Kensett was too much. He has depicted an autumn, but the air and handling is winter, and the picture is unrelieved by a solitary touch of life or heat. A chill strikes us upon entering the room, and we find nothing to sit and gaze upon as we sat and gazed out upon the rich, shimmering tints of the "Rocky Mountains."

As an instance of what prices are paid for pictures, we would cite a sale made during the past week of a Messonier, consigned to Goupil, and by him sold to Marshall O. Roberts for $3,250. It is about 10 inches by 15, a single figure of a trooper, and has nothing startling about it but its price. Another Messonier, about the same size, but a better picture, is held at $2,500.

There are many fine pictures now in Goupil's gallery, among which we would note a large and jolly portrait of himself, by Hagenclever; a small specimen of Paul Delaroche; "The Temptation" and "Maternal Love," by Landelle. When New Yorkers can see such pictures as are daily shown in this gallery, there is no reason they should not study art.

In music and the drama the promises for the week are—firstly, the irrepressible Maretzek, with "Faust," on Monday, the 28th, which, it is presumed, he will give the public nightly, interspersed with a daily matinée, until they have had enough of it. The closing-up of the Florence business, and the debut of Madame Methua Scheller in a musical drama; the opening of the once French Theatre, opposite the Metropolitan Hotel, by Robert Heller, for the exhibition of what he calls "music and mystery;" and last, and most important, the first appearance before a New York audience of Avonia Jones, a lady of whom we have heard much, in a grand Biblical legend of "Judith and Holofernes," supposed to be of the heaviest dramatic artillery, perhaps a 15-inch bore.

A fair face, smiling from the opposite side of our writing-table, wishes to know why it is that each week we can say something of the opera and of the theatres, but absolutely nothing of the churches? She declares now, for instance, that there's that nice man, the Rev. Mr. Blank, who preaches such a sweet sermon, and would be so glad to have it noticed—not that he is anxious to see his name in print, oh, no!—but it might have the effect, perhaps, of drawing one more sinner into the fold; besides which he is so handsome and so gentlemanly, and has such a beautiful way of stretching out his white hand towards the congregation and showing his sleeve-buttons, when he desires to impress something particularly on them; to say nothing of his side whiskers, which cannot be surpassed by any congregation in New York.

To all this we have only to answer, that as we are not able to own a pew in every church in the city, we are only waiting until the odious custom of keeping strangers, who present themselves, pewless, at the doors of our great churches, standing until the congregation is seated shall be abolished, and then we intend visiting them.

"But is it not right that the congregation shall have first choice?"

"Undoubtedly; but why cannot each church spare a small part of their space from Mammon and devote it to the stranger who shall present himself at the gate? Let it be even one-tenth of the church, and we are satisfied that none are favored with more than that proportion of non-pewholders, and at once the disgraceful custom of keeping a crowd of would-be worshippers standing at the doorway of the temple of the Most High, awaiting, hat in hand, until the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table be offered them, would be at an end. There is no occasion for any such guarding of the temple—for rarely is any one of them filled. In England most of the great churches are entirely free, and now, by law, no church can be built with less than one-third free sittings. Only the last Sabbath we were one of the waiters in this way for almost half an hour at the door of the Rev. Mr. Chapin's Tabernacle, and were astounded to find, when we were seated obscurely in the gallery, that the church was not two-thirds full, and so remained during the entire service. It is a disgusting and reprehensible practice, and calculated to bring the church into disrepute, grounded as it is only upon a grasping desire for the attainment of filthy lucre.

One of the most instructive calls that can be made through this or any succeeding week, by any lady having the good of her sex at heart, is at the rooms of the Working Woman's Protective Union, No. 4 New Chambers street. This association has grown out of the late agitation for the improvement of the condition of working women, and is the first practical movement we have seen. There the fair lady raised in the lap of luxury will be shown examples of what her sister, equally as fair, but not equally blest in fortune, is obliged to do to gain her life. There she will be able to see a shirt made fit to be worn by any gentleman, not an absolute dandy, for which the sum of 15 cents was paid by a great manufacturer, whose name will be given. There she will see a linen coat made for 25 cents, and an army shirt at four and one-sixth cents. Mark the sixth! There

she will see a pair of drawers made, all by hand, by an old woman of 60 for the munificent sum of seven cents, her week's work being one dozen, or 84 cents' worth, out of which she was obliged to find herself in thread. Think of it, you that have mothers, and you that may be snatched away from loving wives at any moment, leaving them dependent.

This association proposes to make itself an office of intelligence and justice between the employer and employé. They desire the workers to come and register their names, and the employers to seek them there. They ask that ladies through all the land, requiring sewers, or any kind of female labor not connected with household service, will send to them or call and their demands shall be rigidly complied with. Every lady sometimes wants a sempstress, and at the very moment of necessity and haste oftentimes cannot find one. The association will supply the want. Gentlemen have shirts to make, and, in these days of dear cotton, to mend; let them put them in first hands, instead of going to fashionable establishments, and paying 200 per cent profit for plateglass windows and marble counters.

On the night of the 21st the working women made a demonstration at the Cooper Institute, presided over by Judge Daly, and addressed by the Rev. W. M. Milburn, the blind orator. Miss Teresa Esmonda read a poem written by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, and altogether the affair was one of the highest success, of which we shall speak next week.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The official vote in this city on the soldiers' voting amendment shows thus: For, 16,388; against, 6,830. Total vote, 23,218. There were only three wards which gave a majority against: the First, yeas 141, nays 166; the Bloody Sixth, or Five Points, yeas 221, nays 308; and the Fourteenth, yeas 270, nays 359.

—— The Philadelphia *Press* says that the Government has called upon the locomotive builders of that city for 200 engines, to be made forthwith, and in case of default the Government would seize the shops. The engine-builders have agreed to do the work.

—— The French Consul at San Francisco informs the mercantile world that Acapulco and Manzanilla, west coast of Mexico, are under blockade, and neither passengers nor merchandise will be allowed to enter those ports.

—— The Fenian Brotherhood of Philadelphia have resented, through a public meeting, the recent attack of Bishop Wood (Roman Catholic) on their organization. They deny that the Brotherhood is a secret society; adding that the society have no oaths, signs or grips. Their constitution and by-laws are open to inspection. 50,000 men have subscribed their names, of membership in the United States, and in the British Provinces and Ireland 150,000 men are enrolled. The Fenian Brotherhood had not established any line of conduct. It is not definitely declared that they must resort to force of arms in aid of Ireland. So far, they have but exerted their energies to unite the people and form one sentiment.

—— St. Patrick's day was celebrated with unusual vigor on March 17. The 69th regiment paraded, and the display made by the civic societies was very fine. High Mass was solemnized at St. Patrick's cathedral by Vicar-General Father Starrs, and a panegyric pronounced by the Rev. Father Boyce, of Washington. The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick honored the day by a "feast of reason and flow of soul" at Delmonico's, corner of Fifth avenue and 14th street. The Knights of St. Patrick celebrated their national holiday by a banquet at the Astor House, at which about 150 knights and a score or more of invited guests were present. Speeches were made by the President of the society, W. F. Lyons, Esq., and by Col. O'Mahony, Mayor Gunther, Judge Daly, Edwin James, John K. Devlin, John Butler, Mr. Meehan and others. The exercises were enlivened by music from the Navy Yard band, and by appropriate songs sung by Mr. Gustavus Geary.

—— A Gen. McClellan mass meeting was held at Cooper Institute on the 16th March, at which speeches were made by Hon. Amos Kendall, of Washington, Lieut.-Gov. R. T. Jacob, of Kentucky, Gen. A. B. Norton, of Texas, and Dr. Max Langenswartz.

—— The sum of $1,112 25 was realized by the Sanitary Commission from the benefit entertainment given by the pupils of the 13th Ward Common Schools, at Cooper Institute, on 16th of March.

—— On the 18th March the new Board of Police Commissioners was organized by the election of Thomas C. Acton as President. Messrs. Acton, Bosworth and McMurray were present; Mr. Bergen, being ill, was absent.

—— Justice Barnard has granted a commission for the examination of a witness in Chicago, on behalf of the plaintiff, Benjamin Franklin Hatch, in the somewhat stale "Hatch divorce case."

—— On the 19th of March the pupils of Mrs. Z. R. Plumb's Gymnasium held a select entertainment at the Cooper Institute. The exercises were admirably performed, and reflected great credit on the institution. Several speeches were made and received with great applause. The proceeds were for the benefit of the Sanitary Fair.

Southern.—The Richmond *Whig* has the following brutal paragraph: "The body of Col Ulric Dahlgren, killed in the swamps of King and Queen, by the 9th Virginia cavalry, was brought to the city Sunday night and laid at the York river depot during the greater part of the day yesterday, where large numbers of persons went to see it. It was in a pine box, clothed in Confederate shirt and pants, and shrouded in a Confederate blanket. The wooden leg had been removed by one of the soldiers. It was also noticeable that the little finger of the left hand had been cut off. Dahlgren was a small man, thin, pale and with red hair, and a goatee of the same color. His face wore an expression of agony. About two o'clock P.M. the corpse was removed from the depot and buried—no one knows, or is to know, where." So much for the chivalry of Lucifer, who punishes the dead body of a son because the father bombarded Charleston.

Naval.—The Navy Department has received the details of two expeditions sent out from the gunboat Tahoma during the past month, the objects of which were successfully accomplished. Having marched through swamps and dense woods a distance of four miles, they destroyed the rebel Government salt works at St. Mark's, Fla. These were seven miles in extent, and connected with them were, among other things, 390 salt kettles, 170 furnaces and 165 houses and shanties. Similar works, 10 miles distant, shared the same fate. The property destroyed is estimated at $2,000,000.

—— The recent captures reported by Admiral Farragut are these: The schooner Henry Coltbwist, by the Virginia, near San Luis Pass, 20th Feb.; she was from Kingston, Jamaica, with 200 kegs of powder, 250,000 percussion caps, 500 ounces of quinine and other stores. On the 28th Feb. the English schooner Lily, near Velasco, Texas, was taken by the Penobscot; she was from Belize, Honduras, with powder. On the 20th Feb. the schooners Stingray and John Douglas, with cotton, were taken off Velasco. The Virginia took also the Camilie, laden with cotton, and burned a sloop laden with the same kind of cargo.

Military.—The work of re-organising the Army of the Potomac is proceeding this week. The number of corps will be reduced to three—the 1st and 3d being absorbed into the 2d, 5th and 6th—to be commanded respectively by Majors-Gen. Hancock, Warren and Sedgwick. This will make three very strong corps.

—— The President, by an official order promulgated March 17, makes the following military assignments: First, Lieut.-Gen. Grant assigned to the command of the armies of the United States; second, Major-Gen. Halleck is relieved from duty as General-in-Chief and assigned to special duty at Washington as Chief of the Staff of the army; third, Major-Gen. Sherman is assigned to the command of the military division of the Mississippi, lately commanded by Gen. Grant, and comprising the departments of Ohio, Cumberland, Tennessee and Arkansas; fourth, Major-Gen. McPherson is assigned to the command of the department of Tennessee, recently commanded by Gen. Sherman; fifth, Lieut.-Gen. Grant will establish his headquarters in the field, with the respective armies operating under his personal supervision.

—— Rebel news from Charleston to the 9th represents the shelling as moderate, and doing no damage. The dispatches say there was unusual activity in the Union fleet on the 6th of March.

—— Col. Bruce has been reinstated as military commander of Louisville.

—— Guerillas attacked and burned a freight train from Nashville, at Eslette springs, on the 16th inst. Capt. Beardsley and seven men of the New York 23d, after being stripped of the property about them, had arrived at Decherd, Tennessee. Three negroes on the train were killed by the guerillas.

—— The Confederates are moving their artillery from Dalton towards Ringgold. Taylor's Ridge gap was picketed by them on the 15th inst. They have a large force.

—— Col. Wolfe has arrived at Nashville, having been released from arrest, and is ordered to report in person to Lieut.-Gen. Grant.

—— Lieut. J. R. Meigs, son of Quartermaster-Gen. Meigs, has been appointed Chief Engineer of Gen. Sigel's department, with rank of captain and A. D. C. Capt. Meigs is but 22 years old, graduated second in his class, and Gen. Sigel has entire confidence in his capacity. Gen. Sigel has applied for Gen. Stahl and Col. Wyndham to be assigned to his command. Gen. Averill has command of all the cavalry in Sigel's department.

Personal.—Gen. Neil Dow and Capts. Flynn and Sawyer have been exchanged, and have arrived at Fortress Monroe.

—— A matrimonial intelligence office has been opened in St. Catharine's, Canada. Ladies sending in their names are requested to enclose a photograph, for the inspection of those about to make a choice.

—— Thackeray's daughters received a kind and handsome letter from Lord Palmerston, offering to recommend them for pensions on the British Literary Fund. The children of the man who had constantly exhorted his literary brethren to rely on themselves, and to discard any notion of State recognition or assistance, respectfully decline the offer, adding, as one amongst other reasons for doing so, their opinion that their acceptance of it would not have been approved by their father.

—— Gen. Sherman is described as being an inch less than six feet high, and about 45 years old. His frame is of good size, but a moderate development of muscle gives him an appearance of being more slender than he really is. His hair and eyes are dark; his forehead high, and so exceedingly fair that, standing as it does in marked contrast with his hair and eyes, it is his prominent feature. His cheeks are marked with deep lines, while age's crow has made a very palpable track at the corner of either eye. A benevolent countenance, together with a kind and genial manner, make him look more like a minister than the war-dog he is.

—— Louis Napoleon's present personal appearance is thus described in a late letter from Paris: "The personal appearance of Napoleon III. would puzzle the most accurate observer of physiognomy. The face of the man with the iron mask is not more devoid of expression than is his. One may study it for hours without deriving the slightest satisfaction as to the emperor's mental characteristics. Those fishy, rayless eyes, the parchment-like cheeks, the stiff, pointed moustache, all suggest a sort of artificial face prepared for the occasion, while the real man, like the priestess of Apollo, lies hidden, and delivers short, oracular responses behind it. He is short in stature, though his body is full the average size. Hence he appears to greater advantage in a sitting posture. Of late years he has grown somewhat corpulent, like the first Napoleon and other members of his family. His habits at the present day are said to be simple and regular, perhaps necessarily so, if the stories told of his early excesses be true. His appearance on horseback does great credit to his horsemanship, which is generally allowed to be the most skilful in Europe. He is very fond of horses, and has that thorough understanding of their nature which establishes a certain sympathy between that animal and his rider."

—— A statue of the Empress Eugenie is to be erected in the market-place of Puebla, Mexico.

—— J. B. Gough has refused 900 invitations to lecture this season.

—— The eldest daughter of Capt. Semmes was married in Mobile on the 18th ult. to Pendleton Colston, Judge Advocate to the Confederate army.

—— Professor Sullivan has gone to California, to examine the mines of Nevada.

—— A few weeks ago (says the Hartford *Post*) we made mention of the marriage of the armless color-sergeant of a Massachusetts regiment, Plunkett, to Miss Nellie Lorrimer. The wedding took place in Worcester, though the parties belong in Leicester. When he left for the wars, Plunkett was engaged to a Miss Lorrimer. Upon his return he considered his helpless condition, and offered a release to his betrothed, which was readily accepted. Her sister was so indignant at this that she said she would marry the brave man herself if he was agreeable, and agreeable he was; and they married. Thanks to the generosity of the people he has met since his return, Plunkett is in independent circumstances.

Obituary.—William B. Cozzens, widely known in this country, for many years a hotel-keeper in this city, and proprietor of Cozzens's hotel at West Point, died at his residence at that place, of heart disease, on the 12th inst.

—— Capt. James B. Halstead, of the 102d regiment of New York Volunteers, died in this city on the 12th inst., aged 30 years, of hemorrhage of the lungs. Capt. Halstead had served over two years in the Army of the Potomac, under Gens. Banks, Hooker and Burnside. He had just received his promotion to a captaincy, and was preparing to accompany his regiment to the West when prostrated by disease contracted in the service of his country. His remains were taken to Pittston, Pa., for interment.

—— Lieut. Fred. Zeiter, of Co. H., 84th regiment, N. Y. S N. G., died suddenly at a ball given by that company, of congestion of the brain.

—— Mr. Eben Merriam, the well-known meteorologist, died at Brooklyn, on Saturday, March 10, of dropsy of the liver. He was born in Concord, Mass., June 17, 1794. Soon after arriving at his majority he proceeded to Kentucky, and was employed for a number of years in the manufacture of saltpetre and other mineral productions of the Mammoth Cave in that State. He subsequently engaged in the drygoods business in Zanesville, Ohio, and about 26 years ago removed to Brooklyn, and pursued the manufacture of soap and candles in New York city. From his earliest childhood Mr. M. was engaged in scientific pursuits, devoting himself more particularly to meteorological researches, the records of which are intact and extend to the hour of his death. The theory of cycles of atmospherical phenomena is exclusively his own, and he has repeatedly been complimented for their accuracy by some of the most profound scientific men in Europe. His notoriety as a careful compiler of these records caused him to be considered an expert thereupon in courts of law. In 1841 Mr. M. commenced the publication of the *Municipal Gazetteer*, a work which is now complete, with the exception of a few months. He was a contributor to various journals of the day on scientific subjects, under the well-known signature of "E. M."

Accidents and Offences.—Mrs. Callery, the wife of a policeman, was burned to death on the 18th of March, at her house in Scammel street. The fire was occasioned by the bursting of a kerosene lamp.

—— Messrs. B. F. and N. Hapwood, of Acton, Mass., were both killed on the 17th of March, near their home, by a locomotive engine that struck their carriage.

—— Two young men, one claiming to be a son of Secretary Welles, and the other a son of Gov. Morton of Indiana, were arrested on the 16th instant, charged with breaking into the residence of John Sedgwick, Esq., No. 49 East 30th street. Owing, however, to the non-appearance of Mr. Sedgwick, they were discharged.

—— A fearful powder explosion occurred in a cartridge factory in the city of Springfield, Mass., on Wednesday, the 16th inst., by which 16 persons were injured—five of them fatally. The sufferers are nearly all women and girls, of whom about 40 were employed in the building.

—— In the U. S. District Court, Judge Betts, a decree of restitution was entered in the case of the barque Saxon, claimed as a prize, but without costs, charges or expenses. The questions of salvage and probable cause for seizure were reserved for future consideration.

—— A married woman in Salisbury, Eng., aged 27, had been held for stealing a child of five weeks. On her examination she pleaded guilty, and sued for mercy, saying, among other things—"You don't know how I have had to bear the scoffs and sneers of the people!" Those who had derided her on account of her childless condition should have been made to bear their part of the year's imprisonment to which she was sentenced.

Foreign.—Kate Bateman recently met with an accident while taking horse exercise in London. An enamored poet in the street attracted the riding-habit of the actress, to which it clung, and the fair young lady was carried away, without adjunct, and in semi-male costume. A gallant gentleman came to the rescue; and the skirt being bound round the waist again with string, and the damage rectified, she mounted and rode off none the worst for the *contretemps*.

—— A week or two since the Lord Chancellor gave a decision in a case which had been pending for 200 years. The party interested was a laborer at Kemberton, named Lawrence; after the decision he received a letter informing him that he was entitled to the snug little sum of £30,000.

—— The bell of a fashionable residence was rung the other day. When the servant appeared a man politely inquired, "What are you going to have for dinner to-day?" The girl, thinking the man to be one of her tradesmen making the inquiry in a business capacity, innocently replied, "Mutton, sir." "Mutton, with sauce?" "Yes, sir." "Ah, well! I was passing by and thought I would inquire. Good morning." Mary's indignation can well be imagined when she learned the man's motive; but he was too far up the street to bear her angry denunciations.

—— Nine cardinals' hats are at present disposable. Pius IX. has during his reign created 45 cardinals and seen 65 disappear from this world.

—— From a book lately published on tulipmania we extract this amusing anecdote: "A wealthy merchant, who had prided himself on the rarity of his tulips, received a valuable cargo of merchandise from the Levant. Intelligence of its arrival was brought to him by a sailor, and the merchant, to reward him for the tidings, munificently presented him with a red herring for his breakfast. The sailor had, it appears, a great partiality for onions, and seeing a bulb, like an onion, lying on the desk, he silly slipped it into his pocket, as a relish for his herring. Clear off with his prize, he proceeded to the dock to eat his breakfast. Hardly had he left when the merchant missed his valuable *Semper Augustus*, worth 3,000 florins. A fruitless search was made for the precious root, and at length some one thought of the sailor. The merchant, with all his clerks, hurried after him, and they found the unconscious tar quietly sitting on a coil of rope, masticating the last morsel of his onion, little dreaming that he had been devouring a meal which would have regaled a whole ship's crew for a year."

—— A Russian citizen, named Matianoff, having inserted in the journal *Kolokol* a letter addressed to the Emperor, in which he blamed principles that guided the policy of the government, has been condemned by the council of the empire to five years at the galleys, and to spend the remainder of his life in Siberia.

—— The Paris correspondent of the N. Y. *Times* says: "The fact that Queen Victoria did not reply personally to the letter of the Emperor Napoleon to the sovereigns is descanted upon as a national affront, and Her Majesty is reminded that other potentates as good as she did not disdain to write autograph letters to the august head of the glorious nation, whose mission it is to spread liberal ideas all over the surface of the earth." Louis Napoleon lived long enough in London to know that the Queen could not reply to his letter. Every Englishman considers it a great impertinence to write to the Queen at all. Victoria wrote an autograph letter to President Buchanan, but that was on her family matters—namely, about her son.

Art, Science and Literature.—Two rival illustrated papers in England recently selected as the subject for a sensation picture the accident to a man who got one of his arms mangled by lions at the Islington Agricultural Hall. In one picture the lions are crunching away at the poor fellow's right arm, while in the other the ferocious brutes are represented gnawing the left. "You pays your money, and you takes your choice," as the showman said.

—— The Prince of Wales, in sending to the laboratory of Cambridge University, Mass., a copy of the photograph of the Samaritan Pentateuch, taken during the visit of his Royal Highness to Nablous, directed his private secretary to say "That the Prince of Wales will always be glad of any opportunity which may enable him to evince, in however slight a manner, the lively sense which he entertains of the kindness and hospitality he received during his visit to the United States, and that with these recollections he cannot fail cordially to reciprocate the wish to which you have given expression, that nothing may occur to interrupt the friendship which ought ever to subsist between the old country and the new."

—— The *Scientific American* states that in England the coffins from over-crowded burial-grounds are dug up, dried and ground, and used as an ingredient in the adulteration of coffee. We are inclined to think that Mr. Shoddy would not object to do the same thing in this country.

—— We observe in an Irish paper a very complimentary notice of Mr. Stopford, one of the most popular British artists in water colors of the day. It will be remembered that Mr. Stopford sent several pictures to our Crystal Palace in 1853, all of which were much admired. The present works are Lismore Castle from the meadows, Blarney Castle and the Lakes of Inchegeela. His great specialty is Irish scenery, more especially of the lake counties. The European critics praise his treatment of meadow, wood and water very much, as well as his charming summer skies.

—— The intention of giving Mr. Thackeray's unfinished story—Dennis Duval—to a distinguished *litterateur* to complete, has been abandoned, in consequence of Mr. Dickens's disapproval. Mr. Thackeray's stories are not so excellent as to be continued by his executors, in which case his tales might be interminable.

—— Adelaide Ristori has engaged an Italian poet, Paolo Franchi, to write for her a drama, to be entitled "Henrico VIII.," in which she intends to play all the king's (five) wives, one after the other.

Chit-Chat.—The new *tragedienne*, Miss Jean Hosmer, who has made so great a sensation in Philadelphia and Boston, is a sister of the celebrated sculptress. A Boston paper says: "Miss Hosmer possesses not only great personal beauty, but a positive genius, which is displayed by her in a most artistic manner. We especially admire her power, and above all her moderate use of it. She has also immense versatility, which is evidenced by the fact that she is equally admirable in Lucrezia Borgia, Mrs. Haller, Julia, in the "Hunchback," and that very peculiar character, Camille.

—— The New York *Herald* says: "The arrival of the unpretending victor of Fort Donelson, Vicksburg and Chattanooga reminded Mr. Lincoln of nothing he ever saw before, and he has quite lost his sense in consequence. The people at the War Department never had any to lose, while we all know that there never was method in the madness of Chase. Secretary Welles would be crazy had he awakened from his long nap; but he still sleeps. He gave instructions, when he last turned in, that he was not to be disturbed until the Alabama was caught, and we all know that has not as yet been accomplished."

—— The London *Railway News* states that not less than 100 tons of crinoline steel are carried over the Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire Railway, weekly.

—— It has been decided that a lover cannot legally recover gifts made to a lady while courting her.

INAUGURATION OF GOV. HAHN, OF LOUISIANA,

At New Orleans, March 4, 1864.

THE place selected for the inauguration ceremonies was Lafayette square, opposite the City Hall. The surrounding buildings, and the large buttonwood trees which line the square, were ingeniously worked in as decorations.

In the middle of the square was erected a circular platform, 50 feet in diameter, which served as a base to a tall flagstaff, bearing aloft, above all rivals, the national standard. From this point as a centre, in a sweep of a half mile, towered an amphitheatre of seats, which in height, accommodations and magnitude was never before erected on this continent. On these ranges of seats were comfortably accommodated 10,000 children, together with ample room for 5,000 specially invited guests. At the base of this immense amphitheatre was a platform for Gilmore's 500 musicians, and 40 anvils and their "beaters." In the rear of the amphitheatre 34 upright columns, each surmounted by a glass colored globe underneath a shield; in this way every State of the Union was represented. Behind all this was stationed, by Gen. Arnold, 50 pieces of brass artillery. Over the centre square were the festoons of evergreens and gay signal flags of all nations, and all around were various patriotic mottoes.

The day of the inauguration ceremonies, 4th March, 1864, was ushered in by a salute of 100 guns from batteries under command of Gen. Arnold. Mingling with this pealed forth merry chimes from all the bells of the city. At an early hour ladies, gentlemen and children commenced wending their way towards the centre of attraction, and before ten o'clock the sides of the square outside were densely packed with spectators. The time consumed in waiting was happily relieved as one delegation of school children after another threaded their way through the multitude, waving their Union flags and, in interminable rows, ascending one above another, took possession of the amphitheatre.

At eleven o'clock, when the school children had all arrived, when the ladies had taken possession of their allotted seats, when the veteran soldiers, two regiments, 1st Regulars and 30th Massachusetts veterans, passed into the square, the excitement grew intense. A procession crossed St. Charles street and entered the square as follows:

The Governor Elect, supported by Brig.-Gen. Shepley, Military Governor; Charles Claiborne, Esq., Clerk U. S Court; Alfred Shaw, Esq., Clerk U. S. District Court; Hon. E. H. Durell, Judge U. S. District Court; A. C. Graham, Esq., Marshal U. S. Court; Judges B. K. Howell, J. H. Hiestand, C. A. Peabody, J. S. Whitaker, C. Handlin and A. A. Atocha; Recorders H. T. Vennard and Judge Leaumont; Aide-de-Camp; Mayor Hoyt; Aide-de-Camp; Maj.-Gens. Banks, McClernand, Sherman and Reynolds; Brig.-Gens. T. W. Sherman, C. P. Stone, Bowen, Arnold, Lee, Ransom and Cameron, with their several staffs; followed by the officials of the Federal and City Governments, a large number of distinguished citizens and the different committees of arrangements.

Order being at length obtained, Hon. R. K. Howell, Judge of the Sixth District Court, called the vast assemblage to order, and invited the Rev. F. E. Chubbuck to open the ceremonies with prayer.

When the prayer had been offered, "Hail Columbia" was performed in the following manner: First verse, full band, 500 performers; second verse, full band and grand chorus of the 10 000 public school children present; third verse, full band, grand chorus by the children, and a chime of all the bells in the city; fourth verse, full band, grand chorus, the chiming of the bells and a great gun accompaniment of 50 pieces of artillery! It was some time before the delighted and astonished audience could control their feelings, and when silence was apparently restored, there would break out in some parts of the vast assemblage involuntary shouts of applause, which would be echoed back again.

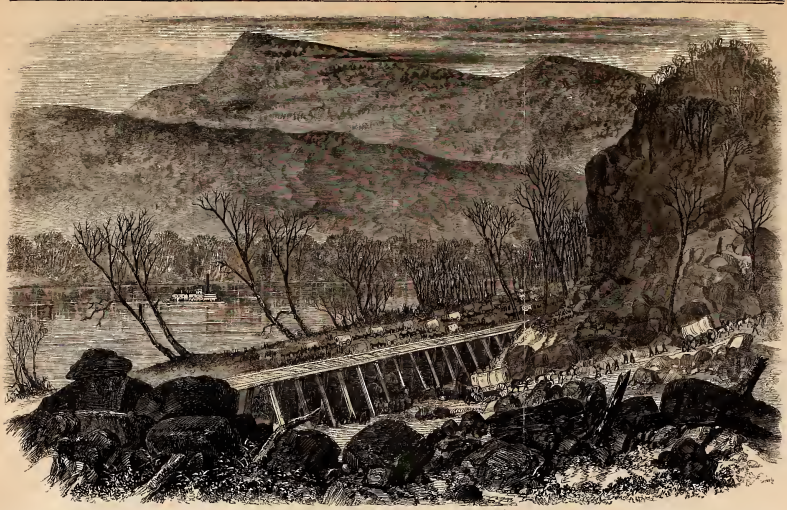
Order being restored, the Governor-elect, amid deafening cheers, stepped up to the table and, amid a profound silence, listened to the words of the oath as they were repeated by Judge Durell. The Governor-elect then kissed the Bible, and was sworn into office under circumstances of extraordinary interest, not only the first loyal Governor of a State once identified with the so-called Confederacy, but also the first Free State Governor of the South-Western States.

The "Star-Spangled Banner," which followed, was never before given with such splendid effect: First time, full band; second time, full band and grand chorus; third time, full band, grand chorus, and a chime of all the bells of the city; fourth time, full band, grand chorus, chiming of bells, and a great gun accompaniment by 50 pieces of artillery.

Judge Howell now introduced the newly-installed Governor of the State, who, in a clear voice, read his inaugural, and closed by again returning thanks to those who had elected him Governor, and promised to do his duties in that office.

Music, "Anvil Chorus," performed by the full band, accompanied by 40 time-beaters upon anvils and 50 pieces of artillery. The novelty of this new musical treat, after what had taken place, was indeed a surprise, and it seemed as if the audience would never tire in their plaudits. Meantime, a beautiful young lady, a teacher in the Barrack street school, accompanied by several beautiful children, miniature representatives of the Goddess of Liberty, came on the stand and presented Gov. Hahn with a beautiful wreath, the flowers wrought so as to read, "M. H., our Governor." The wreath was justly admired for its delicacy and good taste.

At this stage of the proceedings Gen. Banks rose and addressed the audience. At the close the band gave "Our Flag is Still There," first time with full band; second time, full band in grand chorus; third and last time, full band, chorus, chiming of bells, with artillery accompaniment. The Rev. Mr. Horton then offered up an eloquent prayer, followed by a musical medley of our most popular airs, ending with a benediction. Then followed the musical *finale*, which was one of the grandest affairs of the kind that was ever attempted in this country.



VIADUCT ON THE CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD, TENN., BETWEEN SHELLMOUND STATION AND WHITESIDE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. F. E. HILLEN.

THE VIADUCT ON THE CHATTANOOGA Railroad between Shellmound Station and Whiteside.

THE difficulties to be encountered by our troops, in the long wished for advance on Dalton, may be conceived by the sketch of a portion of the railroad near Chattanooga. No army ever had a more difficult field to operate in, nor one in which a march is attended with greater risks of being cut off from all supplies. At all times the rear of our line has been exposed to attack from rebel cavalry, who have often inflicted serious injury on our trains.

The viaduct spans a rugged ravine surrounded by wild scenery, and the wagon road passes under the bridge which the rebels destroyed, burning the woodwork and coating the stonework with pitch. The steamer Dunbar, moving quietly up the Tennessee, forms a striking contrast to the toiling men and beasts on shore.

THE VALPARAISO AND SANTIAGO RAILWAY

WAS opened by the President of Chili upon the 16th Sept. last with great ceremony. Its length is somewhat over 114 miles, and, as its course lies through a portion of the Chain of the Andes, it offers, in some respects, features seldom encountered upon works of this nature. Upon it are five tunnels, several viaducts of 70, 80 and 120 feet in height, and an incline of 12 miles in length, rising 125 feet per mile, attaining an altitude of 2,565 feet above the level of the Pacific Ocean. It is, therefore, one of the highest railways in the world at present in use; and, with one exception—that of the Copiapo Extension, also in Chili, which is 4,900 feet in height—it crosses the loftiest summit yet passed by the locomotive in either North or South America.

The passage of the mountain range of Tuhon, between Valparaiso and the capital, was a very formidable undertaking, and in accomplishing this the chief difficulties have been surmounted. For some miles the line climbs along the face of precipitous cliffs, at a considerable height above their base, while above tower rugged porphyry cliffs more than 1,000 feet in height, the favorite haunt of condors, eagles and other birds of prey. Here there are three tunnels in quick succession; and at one point occurs the Maquis Viaduct—which we illustrate—an iron structure 126 feet in altitude, 600 feet in length, and which presents the rare features of being curved to a radius of 660 feet; and, on account of the incline over it, being about 16 feet higher at one end than the other. The superstructure of this viaduct is tubular, the principal span being 150 feet, and it is the first example of a tubular bridge erected in South America.

THE MAQUIS VIADUCT ON THE VALPARAISO AND SANTIAGO RAILWAY.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. BOULET.

A SONG FOR THE LOYAL.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

BELOVED Columbia, peerless one,
Through glory's gates exulting enter!
For thou art Freedom's morning sun,
Of all her stars the shining centre.
The KING of kings, whom worlds revere,
Bent down and from the darkness won thee;
Placed thee in thine effulgent sphere,
And set his radiant seal upon thee.

Ah, well we know Jehovah's love,
When all European flowers did wither,
Bade the swift breezes westward move,
To waft the seed of Freedom hither.
Wild roared the blast; the hardy germ
By secret dews of eve was nourished:
Soft sang the wind; erect and firm,
It rose and by the waters flourished.

Eden of earth! thy generous clime
Gave Freedom's plant sun, wind and shower;
It bloomed—the brightest rose of time:
And on our hearts we wear the flower.
With loyal blood in every vein,
In spirit free, though bond in letter,
We clasp our golden Union chain,
And bless the Power that forged the fetter.

Quench of the seas; when, o'er the flood,
Came armies, mad with thirst for slaughter,
Upon thy hills our fathers' blood,
For love of thee, ran down like water.
And when the blatant cannon stormed,
By Treason's dastard hand directed,
At once thy patriot legions swarmed,
And every stream their swords reflected.

Live on, unshamed and unenslaved,
When all that seek thy hurt have perished!
By Freemen won, by Freemen saved,
And by the God of Freemen cherished.
Heaven's crystal gates, thou peerless one,
Uplift their heads to hid thee enter;
For thou art Freedom's morning sun,
And all her stars around thee centre.

A WOMAN'S HAIR.

By Lucy A. Randall.

IT was the afternoon of a clear February day, blue sky above, capital sleighing beneath, and a keen knifelike wind mid-way between, when Silas Montagu's superb chestnut-colored horses were checked in front of the plateglass windows of a fashionable *coiffeur's* establishment, just out of the whirl and tumult of Broadway, and a young lady of about seventeen alighted from the chocolate-colored *coupé*, to enter the dominion of pomatum and frisettes.

The knight of the comb and scissors advanced briskly from behind the counter to greet his pretty customer, who was dressed in velvet and sables, that night have, and probably did, cost a small fortune.

"Don't let me interrupt you, Mr. Macassar," said the lady, carelessly sinking down upon a crimson brocatelle sofa, and glancing towards two women with whom the *coiffeur* had been in deep conversation at the moment of her entrance, "I can wait a few minutes perfectly well."

"You are very kind, Miss Montagu, but our business is completed." He added, in a lower tone of voice: "Only some women come to sell their hair. You see they have stepped inside for our cutter to take it off."

"To sell their hair!" repeated Miss Montagu.

"Certainly, ma'am. It's a very common thing, I assure you, more particularly since it has become usual to wear the hair short. And then, hard times, you know——"

"But surely it is impossible to gain enough to be any compensation for the loss of a fine head of hair?" said the young lady, earnestly.

"Oh, you are mistaken. For long, luxurious hair, of a good color—such hair, for instance, as yours, Miss Montagu—we give as much as three dollars."

"Three dollars!" repeated the girl, scornfully.

"Hair will soon grow again, Miss Montagu," said the hairdresser, shrugging his shoulders. "In what can I serve you to-day?"

HON. MICHAEL HAHN, GOVERNOR ELECT OF LOUISIANA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LILIENTHAL. SEE PAGE 17.

"I came in to request you to send some one to arrange my hair for to-morrow evening."

"Mrs. Warrener's ball?" smoothly interposed the man, who appeared to be *au fait* in fashionable intelligence. "Certainly ma'am, to be sure. I will send Francois. What jewels do you wear?"

"Only a small wreath of netted pearls round the braids."

And Mr. Montagu bowed his fair young patroness out of the store with smiling complaisance. She stood a moment on the step as if thinking, then spoke to the liveried servant on the box:

"You may drive home, John. I shall not need you any more to-day," she said, quietly.

John touched first his gold-banded hat and then his horses, and in a few moments was out of sight, very glad to be relieved.

Then, and not till then, Miss Montagu walked briskly away, brushing the pavements of obscure streets with her costly silk, as if she cared not for its lustrous splendor, threading narrow alleys, and at length ascending the uncarpeted stairs of a tenement-house, and knocking at the door on the third story.

It was opened by a pale, shadowy-looking woman, scarce older in the calendar of years than Miss Montagu herself, but, alas! how much more aged in the record of care and grief.

"Flora, dearest, how kind this is of you!"

For Flora Montagu had thrown her arms round the slender figure and was showering kisses on the pale forehead with true girlish warmth of affection.

"You can't be more surprised to see me, Lizzy, than I am to be here! I was out shopping, when suddenly the idea occurred to me of stealing an interview with you. So I sent John home, and here I am."

"But, Flora, what would my uncle say?"

"He will never know it," said Flora, demurely. "And, besides, Lizzy, my conscience does not condemn me for this visit. Papa's conduct has been so unkind, so actually inhuman towards you. Think of it, dearest. After giving you a luxurious home until now, to turn you out of doors just for marrying a poor artist—and you his own sister's daughter, too!"

"True!" sighed the delicate young creature whom Flora addressed as Lizzy. "Yet if it were not for Clement's continued illness and our poverty, I should never for a moment regret that——"

The door was rudely pushed open at this moment without even the trifling formality of a warning knock, and a wiry head, with sharp terrier eyes to match, was thrust unceremoniously in.

"I say, missus, is that ere money ready?"

Lizzy had turned very pale and clasped her wan fingers tightly together.

"I am sorry," she stammered; "but——"

The head and eyes now advanced entirely into the room with the short, thickset figure to which they belonged.

"Look here, marm!" said the man, harshly. "This is the third week you've had these ere two rooms, and not a red cent of rent have I set eyes on. Needn't tell me your husband's sick; there's enough tenants I can get without sick husbands. I don't want to hear no excuses—they don't amount to nothin'. I jest want you to understand this much—if them three dollars ain't paid down afore the clock strikes five, out you go, big and beggar, on the pavement. I've stood this kind o' nonsense long enough!"

He disappeared, closing the door behind him with a bang that made the walls rattle. Flora had listened to the brief colloquy with paling cheek, which grew still whiter as Lizzy burst into a paroxysm of bitter tears, hiding her face in her hands. Flora rose and bent over the bowed form with caressing touch.

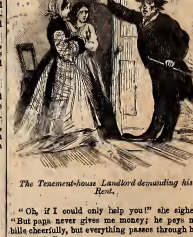
"Dearest, are things really as bad as this?"

Lizzy replied only by her sobs.

"Can't you contrive to raise the money to pay this man?"

"How can I?" moaned Lizzy. "Everything we have, except the very bed Clement lies on, is sold or pawned. I am faint from lack of bread; and it is impossible to get even the most poorly paid work."

Flora's lip quivered; she had never seen poverty in this ghastly guise before.



The Tenement-house Landlord demanding his Rent.

"Oh, if I could only help you!" she sighed. "But papa never gives me money; he pays my bills cheerfully, but everything passes through his own hands."

"It would kill Clement to be moved," sobbed Lizzy. "If I could but obtain the three dollars I would not care for aught else!"

As Flora bent over her cousin one shining braid of glossy golden hair became detached from its fastening and fell from beneath her bonnet. She put up her hand mechanically to replace it, and at that moment she remembered Mr. Macassar's words.

"Lizzy," she exclaimed, impetuously, "wait a few minutes and you shall have the money. I will be back in half an hour."

And she hurried away with crimson cheeks and sparkling eyes.

Mr. Macassar was lounging over a newspaper when Miss Montagu entered his luxurious room a second time.

"Sir," she said, advancing close to the counter, and speaking in a tremulous tone, "I have concluded to have my hair cut off; will you give me three dollars for it?"

The spruce *coiffeur* stared. Was Miss Montagu in earnest or was this only a jest?

"Why do you not answer me?" she asked sharply.

"Certainly, Miss Montagu," stammered the hairdresser, recovering his tongue, "I shall be most happy, if you wish it. Please to step into the back room, and Francois shall attend you in a minute."

Poor Flora! Never had her golden waves of hair seemed half so lovely and lustrous as they did at the moment that the deft fingers of Francois unbraided them and passed the cruel, gleaming scissors among the bright strands. And when at length Mr. Macassar, with polite alacrity, presented her with a banknote, the big "3" might as well have been an Egyptian hieroglyphic for all that her tear-swimming eyes could decipher it.

She carried the money to Lizzy, and then, women-

Miss Montagu sells her Golden Locks for Three Dollars!

like, went home, looked in the glass, and cried heartily.

For she had been passing proud of those pale brown tresses, threaded with gold and blending into auburn lights at every turn of her dainty head. And now they are gone—all gone!

"Who is that pretty girl just coming in the room?" in the white crape, with blue forget-me-nots in her hair, and the little, short, dancing curls, like bits of coiled sunshine round her head?"

The speaker was an elaborately-dressed young man, who stood, with gold-mounted opera-glass at his eyes, in Mrs. Warrener's brilliantly-lighted *salons*. At his side stood a tall, foreign-looking gentleman, with large black eyes and a somewhat haughty, although handsome, face. He had been eagerly forward at his companion's words.

"It can't be possible!" he exclaimed. "And yet—it is—Miss Montague!"

"Faith, Gilroy, you're right?" ejaculated young Manvere. "Flora Montague, and none else! But what on earth has the bewitching little fairy done with that glorious hair of hers? Cut itoff to be in the fashion, I'll be bound!"

"I do not think," said Gilroy, contracting his grave eyebrows, "that Miss Montague is one to enslave herself to all the idle freaks of the reigning mode."

"I know you're a sworn admirer of the young lady, Gilroy," returned his companion, laughing; "but all women are alike!"

"All women are alike!" The words fell like molten iron on Clarence Gilroy's heart. Was it indeed so? Had the idle dream that Flora was better and nobler than the rest of her sex proved but a vanishing delusion after all? He remembered the words he had heard her speak but an evening or two before:

"Nothing shall ever induce me to have my hair cut off in the absurd way that people call fashionable!"

She had not scrupled to perjure herself, then; she was as unthinking and frivolous as the silliest butterfly that ever fluttered around the flower gardens of society! He turned away, silently, and when Flora Montague's innocent, violet-blue eyes were raised timidly towards his face, they encountered a cold repellant gaze that the pair young girl was unable entirely to comprehend.

The words of her forget-me-nots had fallen from Miss Montague's hair, and she had gone into the comparative solitude of the conservatory, with saucy Nelly Hyde, to re-arrange them. One chandelier alone diffused its soft lustre among acacias and tea-roses, from shades of crimson-tinted glass, and the two girls stood directly beneath its pink glow, all unconscious that Clarence Gilroy leaned against the farther door, a few steps beyond the shadow of a blossoming tropical vine, whose fiery scarlet stars almost touched his forehead.

"Do you know Flora," said Nelly, as she adjusted the truant flowers, and stepped backward to observe the general effect, "that everybody is wondering what the world possessed you to cut off that splendid golden hair of yours. Some lay it to the score of vanity—others to that of caprice, and—"

"Nelly!" said the soft, serious voice of Flora, with a tremulous falter in its accents, "I never meant to reveal the secret to any living soul, but I cannot trust you, dearest, should imagine me capable of such frivolous folly. I will tell you just why it was cut off, if you will promise me to keep the secret religiously within your bosom."

"I promise," said Nelly, passing her arm caressingly around Flora's waist.

Clarence Gilroy moved uneasily amid the moving leaves and fiery drooping stars of his fragrant screen. But he could not well retreat now; unless, if he was a very dignified character-istic to record of such a stately *preux chevalier* as Mr. Clarence Gilroy, but there certainly was a keen impulse of curiosity stirring the depths of his breast, to learn why Flora Montague had cut off the lovely amber tresses of which she well knew him to be such an enthusiastic admirer.

And so, without a secret misgiving, he played the part of listener.

"You know," resumed Flora, "all about my poor cousin Lucy's unfortunate marriage with Clement Percy?"

And she went on to tell the simple story of her adventure the day before with such innocent pathos that Nelly Hyde was in tears ere the recital was finished. And there was another pair of eyes not very far off slightly dimmed also.

"I had no money," pursued Flora. "I felt that it would not be honorable to sell anything that papa had given me, knowing his feelings on the subject, and so—— Was it very wrong, Nelly, to sell my hair? If you could only have seen how welcome the gold was to poor Lizzy!"

When at length the conservatory's perfumed aisles were vacant and Clarence Gilroy left his nook unseen by any, he felt that that one glimpse into Flora Montague's heart was worth half the fortune that made him the idol of manœuvring mammas and marriageable daughters. The eclipse upon his sun had passed away.

The next day Clement Percy was astonished very agreeably by the receipt of an anonymous letter, containing a banknote for fifty dollars. And the next day after that Flora stole round to tell her cousin that she was engaged to Clarence Gilroy.

"And when I have a home of my own, dearest," she said, "you and Clement shall share it. Clarence says so."

Mrs. Gilroy kept the word that Flora Montague had pledged.

A FARMER, who could not get rid of his crop, said, putting it in wheatsheaf. "There, that is where the shoe pinches, where the corn lie!"

TINTOFF.—Being kept out of a fortune by a prolonged chancery suit.

AN AUTUMN DIAY.

BY JULIE LEONARD.

SOFTLY and still the raindrops patter down,
Softly and still;
The purple haze, with shadowy mists, encrown
The distant hill;
The evergreens, as warlike sentinels,
Stand on the height;
Dimly the shadows over moor and fell
Obscure the light.

Heavy and low droop down the hanging clouds,
Heavy and low;
The damp wind sighs through lofty trees,
Swept to and fro.
The single song of solitary bird
Rings sweet and clear;
The low, deep undertone of earth
Chimes on her ear.

Far, far away the restless, surging ocean,
Far, far away,
In stern unrest, in ceaseless strong commotion,
Its billows play;
While the fierce wind, whirled recklessly is flinging
The blinding spray,
Over the rocks, where dank seaweed is clinging,
In Chaos bay.

Insufficiency.

By Catharine Earnshaw.

The years they come and go,
The roses drop in the grave,
But never back to me
Which here in my heart I have.

The brown muirland answers sombrely;
offers only the sad coldness of the bosom, and I have within myself too much of gloom and of cold, and my eyes ache for the picture of a summer gone by, and my lips for the warmth of the kisses that never shall blow again. Down by the stream that used to purl through the moor, I find that the bulrush and the bluebell have been left in their bud and never will blossom. The bed of the stream is dry, and the pebbles that shone, diamondlike, to my childish eyes are sodden and black with earth. I went down there the other day and came back with my sorrow renewed—come back to find, in the gray old house of the moor, that the hands spoke puissant and sad of the nevermore that the neglected corridors have hitherto said in the muffled tones of decay alone.

The only last week that I came from that demure little town in Saxony. I ought to have brought with me its placid goodhumor, its portentous pledges, but I could not. Between them there were not congenial. Instead, I came home with the spirit I carried out, the same that nursed its sorrows on the Rhine, that lowbrowed, and refused to be comforted among the viney valleys of Gaul. Since I have been in this house, in Scotland, without the sun, I have walked back over the years to the day when the sun rose to gild my twentieth birthday. So vividly do I remember myself that morning—the date, the way I looked in the glass, I almost expected to see a head crowned with crimson autumn roses, as when, twelve years before, I was a child and stood behind the corner of my sister's dressing-room. My sister wove the wreath, and pressed it down on hair that was then pure bonnie brown. She said, as she turned me round:

"It's a pity, Psyche, that these roses are scentless; I wouldn't wear a scentless rose."

My father stood at the open door. In the fondness of his pride for his firstborn daughter he had named her Psyche, and now, with pride no whit abated, he said:

"Rather say the crimson of their petals is typical of your heart, Psyche. Your soul shall furnish fragrance, and these blossoms shall be perfumeless no longer."

He fondled my crowned head with his hand:

"When some gallant laddie comes and thinks he reads your eyes, my darling, forget not that your father translates the character on your behalf, and that you may not mistake that same love that language better than he."

My soul was thickly crossed and veiled with the golden coquetry of my father's nature. I loved his fawning sentences better than the sharp cut ones that stung my ear from others. Pleasure made my heart leap, and I was glad, very glad, that day. And I hid my face in his tawny beard, and cried like a child for nothing else than because I loved him so.

"Psyche," he said, "but I like you better for shedding them; they keep your eyes all the brighter for the mirth that will come to sit in them when the tenantry come to celebrate your birthday in dances on the lawn."

"What a queen you are making of that girl," my sister petishly said, and my grandame coming from the nursery—

"Many's the time our mother has said that your dawdling and petting will do the child no good in the end. It's not wise."

"Then we maun be silly thegither," he said, with a laugh; "and you, Hester, shall embody the wisdom of the family."

"I did not mean that, you know," Hester said, softening her face. "Why not deal more love and less wisdom to your subjects, but it's you who are putting highbrown notions in her head. But we will not shadow her exodus from freedom. So, Psyche, darling, this is from me; a present after your own heart, I'm thinking."

She clasped round my wrist a golden serpent, with eyes of rubies, red as fire.

"You are such a child for the horrid, and admire the sinuosities of snakedom so much, that I got you this. Never mind the thanks," and Hester left me in the speaking of my gratitude.

"You do not wish such a hideous image from me, do you?" my father asked.

"It is beautiful!" I said.

"Then shall I give you a miniature shark for a pin? Do you ascbew everything that is not venomous?"

"No; you know what I shall think of any keepsake from you."

"Dear flatterer! Well, here——" he stepped back into the hall and brought a package—"see if it be worthy of you."

With fluttering fingers I uncovered the box and lifted the satin foldings—a half-veiled, gleaming figure; a bust that my own arms were of.

"Oh, father, it is Cupid! Do we go back to Heathendom? It is exquisite!" I held the pure Parian thing in my hands. His quiver was almost rustling with arrows, his wings feathery by the perfection of art. "He is beautiful as his mother!" I cried.

A smile grew on my father's face.

"Now I have Cupid and Psyche in my household," he said, "we may as well mann so blest!"

"I never thought of that," I said, renewing my gaze at the form of the boy. "I shall die of love for him! And can you animate this marble?"

"No, you will not die," was his answer. "You will be made immortal, even as in days of old."

"May I be fitted for the gift," I said, in sudden earnestness.

I set my Love on the window-ledge, and the roses there languidly gave their pink tinges to his whiteness.

"See!" I said, running my finger over his neck. "You remember, father, in that paraphrase on Apuleius:

On the god's shoulders, too, she marked his wings
Shine faintly at the edges, and resemble
A flower blown near to fall.
And, certes, through these pinions lay repoising,
The fresh and fragrant breeze to stir and live,
As if, by instinct, closing and unclosing."

I could say god by then. I stood every morning to bind up my hair. I put his wreath there, and garlanded him about with the wreath I had worn on my head, and there he stood, faintly glowing with loveliness.

Came nightfall of that same day, I galloped alone across the heath, leaping the streams, and away on the farther side. Then, remembering my grey-hound to follow, I scented the air and fed on the moonlight as youthful maiden can. Lightsome and fleet-footed, my mother was fond and motley elasticity. Feeling thus the bounding play of muscle, drinking thus the winey flow of youthful life, I knew, nor reasoned till I drew rein by a fallen horse and rider. Pushing back my drooping plume, I leaned over my horse's neck and saw that the prostrate horseman was dismounted and fastened to his steed. Swiftly my gaiety flowed back in heavy tides that slackened my pulse's beating. While I drew my skirt from the pommel, my greyhound came on in affectation by reason of his dainty step, the stranger's face and hands. I see him now as plainly as then; one forepaw lifted, as though the sensitive nose resented the contamination by contact with a plebeian. I remember I spoke sharply to him as I jumped to the ground, and he slunk behind me and stood rebukedly, crouching on my long skirt as I stooped to the fallen man. His horse was dead. Ridden to death, it seemed to me. The man's head was bleeding at a severe contusion; the dark drops oozed blackly out, and the sight raised a glamour of terror before my eyes. What would my father say, did he know I was out on midnight with a sight like this? Inhumanly I half wished that I had not seen the man. Why did he come with his gurgling, like an old moan on my birthday night? And I must stop and help him, if help could avail him now. I drew his crumpled hat from his head, and long, golden curls fell on to his neath plume.

"The lad is a fop," I muttered, grimly. "Mayhap he's been riding to meet his truelove. Poor thing, long and long will she wait for him this morning."

I remembered the stagnant pool close by in the copse, and I parted the boughs and pushed through, knelt down on the bank, and dreamed of my kerchief in the black water; then I dipped in his hat, and running back fast, with now and then a slop of the darksome stuff as I stumbled over the ridges and ruts of the limbs, I sat down and washed away the stains from his forehead and off his chill, shut eyelids. I sprinkled the water in quick jets on his temples, and bathed and chafed his wrists. I hoped he would revive, but I felt a silly fear of seeing his eyes open. They did open, though, and looked to me for help in simple wonderment. I stood back and spoke:

"The gentleman will remember that he was riding unsteadily and fell on his horse fell."

The words awakened him thoroughly.

"And my brave hunter is dead," he said, turning his eyes to his horse's body.

"Even as I would yield to the strain at last;" my voice had asperity in it; I loved my own horse, and that love wickered to his kindred.

"I was a great fool," the stranger said; then suddenly and with virulacity, "but pray come into sight, my helping genius, is may be that I can rise with your assistance."

I came forward, but stood back to the moonlight.

"Direct me and I will help you. Here is your hat." I dropped it at his hands.

With smothered groans and many twistings at length he writhed his foot from under his horse. He lay still a few moments after that. I thought he was faint, for his face grayed again and his eyes drooped. I came nearer.

"I can help you walk," he said, with a little motion of his hand.

I went to my horse and led him, and stood with bridle over arm and my hound crouching at my feet. The moonlight was falling on me and him, and it seemed a different thing from the sight of an hour ago. I thought I was brave with a courage that trembles not, but I hated to be there alone with this wounded man, so the moon sheen had changed to ghastliness and the fresh night air was sickening. My horse nurred his neck right proudly and dilated his eyes at the sight of his fallen fellow-creature. I hugged his face between my hands, and furtively kissed the star on his forehead. He seemed so human to me then, that on me moor with blood at my feet, and sa unknown man whose hands I was going to clasp, and whose pains I was bound to soothe.

"Now, lady, give me your hand, if you please; just stand as firmly as possible, and I think I can rise."

He pulled hard, but finally he stood and held to my arm, to support himself.

"You will mount my horse, and I will conduct you to my home; that is, if you are able to ride."

He was looking at me sharply, and I met his glance to see if he were strong enough.

"Who ever thought that I should be succored by a Scottish fairy," he cried, letting go my arm to smooth back his curls.

"That will do," I said, drily, "you can mount now." I stood at my horse's head and motioned him on.

"I ought to bind up your head," I said, but loth to do it. "Sit down; it shall be done in a minute."

I twisted my handkerchief on, and bade him get on. "He is from south of the Tweed, I know by his ready tongue," I thought.

"I shall not get on and you go afoot," he said, but he leaned against my horse, and was too weak to walk. To cut short our words, I said:

"Then I shall mount and away, and you may go where you please with no one to assist you."

Then he labored up in the saddle, and I and my hound walked by his side, back over heath and long-ago blossomed moor, back to the gloomy shadow of moon and the steady sifting down of the stars; back through the night that came from dawn to sweetish rest, and that never lifted to the perfect sweetness of light again. In the poplar-lined carriage drive we met my father. I knew he was watching and coming, for the alarm had met me when I came back from the headlong, palpitating rides that I almost daily went through. We entered the gate with funereal solemnity, and I pulled the reins for my father's side and said:

"Extend our hospitality to this unfortunate stranger. I found him on the heath beyond the Parker Copse, and don't know anything about him."

I went into the house and left them as the man was beginning a sentence and trying to dismount. I walked to my own number and was thankful for my new-found god, whose beauty now shone in moon-lighted perfectness. I fastened my hair, for the child was forgotten about my stains, and on my shoulders. I was looking steadfastly at myself in the dim mirror, when my sister came up behind me. I met her eyes in the glass and her eyes sighed.

"What is it?" I asked.

A satirical laugh crippled out of her lips.

"Only a young gentleman's presence to have found on the moors. Did you bring it here to set the jewel in our own home casings? Did you fear it would freeze, if left on the night?"

I did not answer her, but my eyes grew hot as the words I wanted to say.

She looked fiercely.

"A fitting companion for your Cupid here. We may now have love both in flesh and marble." She played with the subject about my statue.

"You may stop your talk, Hester!" I burst out. "If I cannot help a poor man because he is young and handsome, I should belie my father's name; he who was ever hospitable. I know nothing what you mean."

She looked fiercer still, and swallowed down my tears, though it was hard-to keep the vexing drops from flowing.

"Go down and hear the curly-haired lad talk, and see his eyes shine when he tells our father of the kind fairy he met on the heath. Sooth to say, he is dead in love with you as you are with him already from and at the thought of losing you."

"Are you all daft together?" I cried, with blushing cheeks. "I never thought you had a little sense in your head, Hester."

"And it's because I have that I think it so strange that this stranger should utter such freedom of words. He is very grateful There, Donald is showing him up to a room by the south turret; I hear their steps on the staircase. Now come down and see father."

I followed her down, and walked up to my father, asking:

"Who is that man who came home with me? Hester has been as unkind as though I rode out to elope with him."

I said this in anger, and repented as soon, for my sister's face showed distress and reddening.

"A little sisterly envy, perhaps. The youth is impulsive and has the discretion that much later years," my father replied, "but I believe he is lead-hearted. He has a winsome face; did you not think so, Hester?"

"Yes; he's pretty enough, but over bold for my idea."

"And his name and home?" I said.

"An Englishman from the neighborhood of Lancaster, and he calls himself John Derwent. Your first conquest, Psyche," my father said, gravely.

"A fine conquest!" I replied, crossly. "If he publishes his fancies as this Derwent seems to have done, he may die—and good riddance!" I said it once again. My countryside Scotch always sprang readiest to my tongue when vexed.

My father laughed contrivingly. "Nay, Psyche, there is much in his words as his face and tone. He can't be many months older than you, and likely enough he'll sleep off his first thoughts, and be sober enough in the morning."

I echoed my father's words, but my vanity mused for into the night, and wondered if this "was to receive" would harden into marble—for like many another maiden, I did not despise my own charms nor the victim they had smitten by them. The next daylight showed me vividly the youthful fire of his face and its almost feminine beauty.

A FARMER, who could not get rid of his crop, said, putting it in wheatsheaf. "There, that is where the shoe pinches, where the corn lie!"

TINTOFF.—Being kept out of a fortune by a prolonged chancery suit.

My father carefully inquired after his health and seated him at his right hand at the breakfast table, where he sat throughout the meal, neither eating nor drinking, only barely touching his lips to the wine. His temple was swollen black round its red gash, and his eyes had no aim or brightness in them. He stood by the breakfast-room door, and thanked my father and his daughters for their kindness to him, and said he must beg the use of a horse to the nearest station—then he fainted dead away and fell across the threshold. It was not I who went to him with pungent revivifiers. I walked out of the room and left my father and Hester to do as they pleased. Let the man stay as long as he liked, I would have no more to do with him; so through the weeks that came I only heard his moans and callings from the hall outside his room, or sometimes when they came shrill and cutting even down to the parlor.

Hester tended him, Hester cut off his long curls Hester sung him to sleep, and Hester loved him. They called me unkind that I would not share the task with her, but my father ceased to reproach me when I had declared, with a pout and a shrug, that I knew nothing about illness and should as soon as not poison the man with his medicines. Tempted to retaliate upon my sister for the blushes she had made color my cheeks, I was satirical and uncongenial, and she told me nothing of her patient. I asked not if he were better or worse, but I listened for her answer when my father asked.

One day she said his fever was gone and he would get well. Could he read the letter that had come for him in his delirium? My father took the letter from his desk and gave it absently to me. I dropped it on the table by Hester's hand, and turned away.

"I have some accounts to discuss with Hester, and you will please carry that up and present my congratulations, Psyche. It would be very lady-like to give him your own, also;" my father said.

I curtly thanked him for the suggestion, and went upstairs. My little maid, Effie, was sitting by him, and she opened the door to my knock. I walked stealthily in. I had not seen him before since he lay on the floor of the breakfast-room. He did not turn his face, so Effie whispered:

"He does na ken it is ye, miss; he thinks it Miss Hester."

"Dinna ye speak," I said, almost savagely, but very lowly. I stepped to him and spoke:

"My father wishes me to express his pleasure at the prospect of your recovery." I held the letter behind me and watched him slowly move so that he could see me.

"It is not Hester; it is Psyche—the moorland Psyche."

He devoured my face with his sunken, unnaturally large eyes, and boyishly blushed from the intensity of his gaze. As for me, I repeated what my father had said, and after a moment's thought added:

"I am very glad you are better."

"I am," he replied; then irascibly—"for I can leave this house all the sooner. 'Oh, the cursed woods of Sussex! where the hunter's arrow found me!' I wonder why that runs over and over in my head so."

"Because you are weak and have been ill. You will be able to go in a week or two, I should think," I said, encouragingly.

"Never you fear," he said, with feeble-sounding energy. "I'll keep from you for my own good; there's little danger of my having to do it for yours. I'm hardly more than a boy yet, or I might do something I wished. I'm always foiled."

"Here's a letter that came a week ago for John Derwent." I put it on his pillow and turned to go. His voice arrested me.

"If I lay here a year you would not bless me by a sight of your face!"

"I was not needed."

"May you some day know whether you have been needed or not."

I went out at that and met Hester in the hall. My face was masked in blankness as I passed her, and I said:

"I almost decide to be ill myself, Hester, so that I had you for nurse."

The day came when he could get downstairs, and all the hours of the shortening fall daylight he sat by a window in the drawing-room, paying little heed to Hester or my father. I did not stay there. How could I have the lad look at me in his way, and my father there to see?

At last he went off, and he left no troth-pledge with Hester, and he whispered no love-word in her ear, and she never expected to see him again.

I stood at the door on my father's arm and gave the Englishman my hand with my farewell. He waited till the adieux with the rest were over, then he bowed low before me and went over the moor with never a last word for me to remember.

"The bonnie Englisher will ne'er be a chancy lad," Effie said to me when I called her up to my room.

"And why not?"

"I ken by the glint of his e'e; it's na like other folk; he's far too braw and pure-hearted."

"So much the better, if he's good," I said; "the Lord will give him good cheer if the world does cast him out."

Hester kept her own sorrow, and we never talked of the stranger; and for aught one could tell, we had forgotten that we had seen him.

As the winter came on, and the snow killed the roses and lay over the heath, I sat oftener and oftener in front of my marble god, and knew with bitterness that I had no flowers with which to wreathe him—that the air had no softness in which to bathe him.

It was four months since he had stood there—four months since I had found all my happiness, with my father and sister. The glimpse of outer world light left gloominess at the country house. The winds went soughing and bent down the poplars; the snow went swirling and choked up the linn at the bottom of the garden—the place which, in childhood, I had feigned to be the Dead Sea, for it was deathlike in its blackness, deadly in its deepness.

I thought often and long of the gloom and the terror of the linn. I walked to the place sometimes when the snow thawed, and saw the inky water sucking in the white fleece and lying dormant and filled after its feast. My heart caught at the place as fitting for its resort, and through the dark months I absorbed its ghostliness and read its dialect of horror, till, well nigh crazed with the solitude and the thought, I begged to go to my cousins in Glasgow, to stay till the warm months.

Hester stopped at home in staid endurance. If she would rather stay with her past, she might, and hear no remonstrance of mine; but for me, the house was a lazar-house of infant joys, and I would have no more loneliness.

I took the hurrying, trading Glasgow enthusiastically to my heart. My gay young cousins could not usher me to too many parties; I could not receive too many callers; I could not tamper foolishly with too many young men.

"You have taken the town by storm with your winning Scotch ways and your bonnie blue e'en. Spare our hearts!" laughed cousin Katy, one morning, as I braided her hair.

"Have you not Scotch ways yourself?" I asked.

"We have lost the winsome ways, my dear; but you have the countryside bloom and fragrance—you are as fresh as a flower from the braes. You know not how sweetly a broad accent slips from your tongue."

"You should know that you can pile up too much flattery on a flower; you'll extract all the perfume and break the stem too, I fear," I said.

"Ye ken weel that I'm ahoon the art o' phraisin; it ill becomes a truthful lassie."

Katy laughed, amused. I was not willing to own my vexation. I would be no sweet blooming violet. I must be a city blossom or none. Silly ambition, which I could not have acted upon, try hard as I might.

"Don't pull my hair so, if you are vexed," Katy implored. "I did not mean to offend you; indeed, you ought to take my talk as a compliment. See that you lay the braids smooth, for we have a new visitor to-day."

"Who is coming?" with restored goodhumor.

"A young Sunderland—a son of father's partner at the wharf. So lace your bodice right gaily, and triumph right proudly."

"Miss Ainslie is a cousin of mine from the moors at the source of the Ayr," Katy somewhat maliciously explained when she presented Sunderland.

I flushed and grew proud on the instant, for he was the man whom I had found on the heath, and his voice and face were to me what they had been from the time I first heard and saw.

I had good need to draw pride, as a veil, about me, when I liked the man too well to show it without the asking. He had had little time to grow old; so his face was innocent and grew as passionful as on the day we parted. He did not speak much; but he promised so gladly to come again that, for all I could do, my heart would be glad with him.

I wish I had written all this in the days gone away, when the grass was green for me, and the gowans bloomed sweet with the daisies. I wish I had written when the glow of my love went burning and dancing through the hours, and made my breathings like draughts of the red wine. Now I can only write the words that have had plenty of time to cool in these long years, and even those cannot be animated by the eyes that gave them meaning—by the hearts that folded them warm within their beatings. We two young things opened the enchanted book of love and read its pages with clasped hands and eyes that melted in their meeting.

I wanted my father to know my tremulous happiness, but wished it might be hidden for ever from Hester. I had heard of immolations and sacrifices, but the wilful Psyche Ainslie could never make one. How could I be sure that the renunciation of mutual love would ever bring good to Hester, whom my lover could not love? My cool, unfeeling reason would not prompt the deed, and no voice urged me to it.

My father came up to Glasgow after my first note had reached him. Now the blackness which had awaited me at my birth began to lower around me. Happy to be with my father once more, I waited for him to say why he came.

He said: "So Psyche finds her real Cupid here, and her poor father's gift is only a faint type of him. Tell me the story."

"Indeed, I have no story to tell," I whispered, with incarnadined cheeks; "only I love a man other than you; but oh, believe me, loving you no thought the less all the while."

"And will the bairn leave me lone in the bitter dool of this loss, and she go roam in the world with this lad of her heart?"

My eyes filled.

"Dinna ye call the saut tears to darken this hour," I said. "You cannot help loving him. He is the same who came to our house from his fall on the moor, only his name is more than he told us—it is John Derwent Sunderland."

My father's arm slackened round me, and his face grew dusky. I rose in trembling, and sat down at his feet.

"I want no Ainslie blood mingling with that stream," he said, and walked away from me. Presently he turned his head from the far window where he stood, and asked:

"Do you know his father's name?"

"John Sunderland."

A piercing silence fell upon us. At last he said: "Go away, my child; you have hurt a wound you knew not of. Let your prayers be heartfalt this night."

It was a teary face that pressed my pillow through the dark hours. I waited till morning—what would my father tell me? He would not ban my happiness without good cause. I knew his true soul so well that I believed that. But some terror was coming to shut out my leesome love from my life.

Next day I expected with shivering dread my father's coming. I sat in the parlor alone, and his footfalls blanched my face when I heard them coming up the walk.

"Did you ever know why my brother Alexander Ainslie's name was forbidden to be said by those who loved me?" he asked.

"No; but I often wondered."

"We are a proud race, and he who says we are not honorable lies in his throat."

An angry coruscance danced in my father's eyes. I clung close to him, and said:

"Tell me."

"Your uncle Alexander died a transported convict, only saved from the gallows by the bribed kindness of the jury. I know this well, for it was I who bribed them. We like our Scottish blood to run pure—do we not?"

He absently smoothed my hair, but his brow was not unbent or his mouth unmoved from its stern curves.

"Was he innocent?"

"Why do you ask that of an Ainslie? Yes; pure of the crime as I; and he who procured the trial, who piled up circumstantial evidence from mouths of hired witnesses, he who shielded his own minions at the expense of innocence—my poor Psyche, he was John Sunderland. English arrogance cares little for Scotch integrity. By the honor of my name, dear bairn, by my love for you, I know this to be truth. I am not so old but I remember what true love is, so you know what I feel now to tell you—you cannot marry the son of one who ruined an Ainslie."

I sat still in my father's arms, close to the grand heart to which he had drawn me. I clung for him to save me from the horror which rose about me. I felt like the child in Goethe's Erle-king, but my demon was not death. The furies of despair would have me if my father did not hold me fast. I know that I kissed his cheeks, and implored him to grasp me tight—to strain me close. Did I faint? I do not believe I did. I was only drowned for awhile in the grief that had become mine. I was in my chamber when I woke from my illness; my father was kneeling by my bed with his head on my pillow. Next day I went down to the drawing-room. My father was away when Derwent called—not knowing what I knew. I told him. I remember no words of that time. Many a time have I sat on the seashore and seen the tempest clouds come up with the red lightning in them, but I could not draw with pencil minuteness the edges of the cloud, or tell the volume of the thunder; but oh, I knew so well that the thunder shook my heart, and the lightning scathed it so that it heat red and glowing no more. He begged for one last interview, anywhere that I might name. It was not wrong to grant it. Would he come to the little bower we called our own on the banks of the Clyde, two miles outside the city? Come to-morrow before noon, when the sun se med most as if it would some day bring the summer. I told my father I was going to see Derwent there; that the time never was coming when I should see him again. I rode out horseback and alone, save my grayhound who would come with me to Glasgow, and now would fain see the last of my lover. Derwent came from the city in a boat, and rowed up to the place of meeting.

"I am going over to France, Psyche," he said, "and I want you to promise me never to let me know if you marry another. Keep it from me for my love's sake."

I kissed his long curls that fell on my cheek.

"My love," I said, "dinna ye ken that you have the troth-plight of a Scotch lass, and she an Ainslie? Besides your own, lover's love I shall not know. Have you not come to me as the one out of the world for me? Though I never look in your eyes again, do I not know that only there can I read that which my heart prizes best of all? Gin I walk through this strife a weary length of years, oh, John, you know full well how leal I shall be. Doubt me na mair; is it not sair enough that we part for a lifetime? So you maunna gang away frae me with mistrust in your heart."

A laverock started from the bank by us and carried its melody far up in the blue lift. Our eyes were turned to it with a vague strain in them. Midway out of sight its way merged in the track of its mate, and together in rising curves they passed beyond our vision.

"Divine, intangible, but ever mingling, our souls shall finally reach the great white throne. John, swear to be honorable, swear to be good, so that no stain shall be on the bonnie purity of your life. Look in loof we stand under God's heaven; promise that the man I love shall be worthy of God's great love!"

"Oh, Psyche! I hold my heaven in my arms, and when exiled I'll keep the oath I take for your asking."

"And now go," I said, but without loosening my arms. We "kissed so close we could not speak." Does Paradise furnish recompense for the torments of moments like these?

At last he went. I stood by the bank, and he stepped into his boat. My soul writhed in torture; he was going away—and for ever. I held myself still and rigid—if I moved I should lose self-control. He stood upright—he raised an oar—dropped it, and cried:

"Oh, let me come back for one moment! Death is before me—I cannot go yet!"

I did not say yes, I did not speak, but he leaped to the shore; I felt his presence an instant with an intensity that sears like lightning. Then I saw him rowing out into the river. The boat rocked and tipped, than, for the first time, I knew that a fierce wind was blowing in gusts. The frail thing careered over the bubbling water. With magnetized eyes I watched him into the middle of the stream. His face was towards me, and he handled the oars without skill or force. Once his boat tipped more fearfully; he suddenly bent himself with a will to his work; but, my God! he did not work right; the craft turned on her side and Sunderland went down in the water. He could not swim; he rose to the top, and I shouted with an energy that thrilled and awakened me:

"Will you cling to the boat? I will get help."

I mounted my horse and scoured over field and road to the nearest house—it was not far. I came back with a man who was a swimmer, bearing ropes with him. Was I accursed of heaven? The boat was there, but Derwent Sunderland had gone down to the river's bottom and drowned my heart with him. The men brought him home to my cousins, and I rode by their side, and saw that his face was still with the quiet of the for ever—that his curls were wet with the river of his death. He did not drown because he would not live, for his soul was brave for life or death. There are no words for heartbeats, there is no sound in sorrow. With the silver cord loosed and the golden bowl broken, I lived and carried my life back to my home. Hester did not love as I do, or because her love gained no return, she channeled another course for it to run, she gave her hand to a kinsman and went her ways without my father or I. The years went by. There came a day when my father fell sick and died. My heart was tender and true for him, and it bled long and sorely; but where is the need of words that tell so little?

Twelve years since the day I was twenty. I have gathered rue for silvering hairs; will the day ever dawn when I may weave the blithesome hawthorn of hope, and see the sun shimmer gaily in the long summer days? I am in the house where I first drew this breath that is now such a weary thing to me. Here my father's bairns went ranting in glee—on this moor the wee bit things pelted each other with blooms. Bitter that I should live to see this day. The sun rises and he sets, and my heart is ever the same unsatisfied thing. I go up and down, hungry for that which I have not, thirsty for the drinks I cannot reach. My life is a want—my years creep on and my soul wasteth and crieth, for I have not yet found that which is sufficient unto me.

BRIG.-GEN. JOHN A. RAWLINGS.

To be Chief of Staff of the Lieutenant-General commanding the armies of the United States, with his headquarters in the field, is a position which may well be envied. This rank has been gained by Gen. Rawlings in a steady line of promotion, and by services, modest and efficient, like those of his great chief. He has been attached to the staff since the time when the latter took command at Cairo. He was at first volunteer Aids, and then long his Assistant Adjutant-General, with the rank of Captain, and was the sole intermediate in communication between the army and the easily-approached General. As may be supposed, Gen. Rawlings is a plainspoken, hard-working, cheery, hearty officer, zealous only to do his duty.

After the glorious capture of Vicksburg, Adjutant-General Rawlings, to the great satisfaction of the army, was made a Brigadier-General, and became Chief of Staff. He accompanied Grant to Chattanooga, and in the staff of the new General-in-Chief holds his old position at its head.

A Yankee Hotel in Dixie.

When Gen. Banks's army moved on up the Shenandoah valley from New Market, Quartermaster-Sergeant Reuben W. Oliver, of Cochran's New York battery, had to be temporarily left in a barn on account of injuries he had received. Soon after our departure he made application at the lady's house adjoining for board, but he was informed, in true Virginian style, that she did not board "Yankee barbarians."

"Very well," replied Oliver, "if you won't board me, I shall keep a hotel in your barn, but shall probably call upon you occasionally for supplies;" and he hobbled back to the barn.

Oliver was every inch a soldier, and he went to work at once. Taking a revolver, he shot madam's finest young porker, which his assistant speedily dressed. His able assistant next went to the apiary and "took up" a hive of bees, and transferred the honey to the barn; he then went to the lot and milked a pail of milk from her ladyship's cows; then going to her servant's house, he made a "requisition" for a quantity of fresh corn-dodgers that had been prepared for the supper The addition of these articles to his ordinary rations placed him far beyond the point of starvation. True to his Yankee instincts, he invited the lady to take tea with him, at the new hotel across the way, at which she became spitefully indignant; but Oliver was as happy as a lark, and for the time almost forgot his injuries. Soon he had several sick soldiers added to his list of boarders; and in due time a sheep and another young porker, and a second hive of bees were gathered under the roof of his "hotel;" and furthermore, not a cock remained to proclaim when the morning dawned. By this time, her ladyship thought she "could see it," and sent for Oliver, who, as promptly as the nature of his injuries would permit, reported at her door.

"See here, young man," said she, "I perceive that it would be cheaper for me to board you in my house; and if you will accept it, you can have board and a room free."

"Thank you, madam, thank you," replied Oliver, removing his cap and bowing politely; "but I prefer boarding at a first-class Yankee hotel to stopping at any secesh house in Virginia, at the same price. You will, therefore, be so kind as to excuse me for declining your generous offer, as it comes too late;" and back he hobbled to the barn, and actually remained there for two weeks, taking in and boarding every sick and straggling soldier that came along, making frequent "requisitions" upon her for supplies.

Her ladyship was mightily pleased when Oliver's Yankee hotel was discontinued; but it learned her a valuable lesson, and no Yankee soldier ever thereafter applied to her in vain for food or shelter. They always got what they wanted, she evidently not relishing the Yankee hotel system.

When a lady returns the presents she has received from her lover, is she supposed to include a return of his affections?

It is a fallacious hope to look out for beef because you perceive there's "something brewing."

THE RESTORATION OF THE UNION—INAUGURATION OF HON. MICHAEL HAHN, GOVERNOR OF LOUISIANA, ON LA

LAFAYETTE SQUARE, NEW ORLEANS, MARCH 4.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist, C. E. H. Bonwill.—See Page 23.

SWEETNESSES.

BY PAULINE.

How much is in a kiss?
Only this—only this!
Unto loving hearts and true,
Unto souls of royal hue,
Who the crimson print e'er knew,
'Tis a bliss—'tis a bliss,
'Tis a power—this regal kiss;
Speaking at the soul's request
All that lay so unexprest,
In the deepest deep of all the soul's unfathomed rest.

We learn it of the flowers;
They are ours—Love's and ours,
And with twinings velvet-meek,
Each against the other's cheek,
They are kissing as they speak;
Thus in tones of silver showers—
Rainy tones of silver showers,
They are bidding us, like them,
Wear Love's lucent diadem,
And for ever in our beings to enshrine the princely gem.

Listen, listen to the trees—
They are kissing in the breeze,
And the tender words they say
Float away—float away,
Down the night and down the day,
Telling mortals that to love,
As the angels do above,
With their brows enstamped with Right,
With their purity so white,
Is to wrap around our bosoms all the wealth of perfect light.

Hear the molten plash of streams!
They are kissing 'mid their gleams,
And they speak to every heart,
Do, oh do, the nobler part!
Do in Love the nobler part—
Circle life with loving dreams,
Make it gentle as the streams,
So it flow to truth and good—
So it go where angels would,
There to ripple in the atmosphere of Beauty understood.

See the liquid, diamond rills,
How they kiss amid their trills!
And they whirl from off their steeps,
Down within the pearly deeps,
Where the twilight ever sleeps,
Saying, "Mortal, love thy brother"—
Then shall diamond hues like mine
All your onward life entwine,
And that life will be a glory, girt with harmony divine.

Oh, uplifting Beauty—Truth!
Oh, immortal child of Youth!
Thee I worship as the sun,
And I feel thy kisses run
Through my heart so purple-spun!
Far within thy golden fire
Snowy winglets beckon higher,
Liquid voices mingling say,
As they wave away—away,
Oh, come, hither, hither, hither! come and drink of gleaming May!

The Gulf Between Them.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

CHAPTER XVIII.

While matters were moving on thus above stairs there was an unusual commotion in the lower regions, effected by the machinations and deceptions of that arch-flirt, 'Dolph. He had succeeded in accomplishing what no sable gallant had ever done before; he had softened Clorinda's obdurate heart, and made her think it possible that at some future time she might be persuaded to place her fair self, and what she prized more, her money, in 'Dolph's keeping.

But the worst of it was, 'Dolph's susceptible fancy led him strongly in another direction, even while his discretion warned him to follow up the success he had achieved with the culinary nymph. Victoria was a stylish, handsome young mulatto, and Clorinda was, undoubtedly, pure African to the very end, I cannot say point, of her flat nose. Indeed, it is quite possible that 'Dolph's yellow skin went for something in her admiration; but unfortunately 'Dolph preferred the lightening up of complexion also, and had a masculine weakness in favor of youth and good looks.

Poor Clorinda certainly did present a rather dry and withered aspect; her hands more resembled claws than was satisfactory to a man whose flirtations had hitherto been with ladies'-maids, and she was sadly destitute of the airs and graces with which Victoria fascinated the grand sex so freely upon all occasions; Clo's wool might have been some profit to her had she been a sheep, but as it was she could only hide it under gorgeous bandannas, and gaze enviously at Victoria's long curls, feeling her fingers quiver to give them a pull when that damsel flutterd them too jauntily in her eyes.

There had always been trouble enough between the two, but after 'Dolph's arrival the kitchen department grew very hot and uncomfortable, and even the wary 'Dolph himself, skilled as he was in Lotharian practices, frequently had great difficulty in steering clear of both Scylla and Charybdis.

Clorinda was much given to devotional exercises, and went to meeting on every possible occasion; while Victoria, with the flightiness of her years, laughed at Clo's psalm-singing, and interrupted her prayers in the most fervid part by polka steps and profane redowas. In order to propitiate Clorinda, 'Dolph had accompanied her to meeting much oftener than his inclinations prompted, expressing the utmost desire to be remembered in her prayers, all the while denouncing himself as a miserable sinner not worth saving.

But good women with a weakness for helping sinners are alike in one thing, no matter what their color may be—wickedness has a strange attraction for them. It was the peril in which she considered 'Dolph that made Clo so lenient towards him; it would be such a triumph to win him from his wicked ways, and lead him up to a height where he would be secure from the craft of the evil one, and what was more important, beyond the wiles of Victoria, who was regarded by her fellow-servant as a direct emissary of the prince of darkness.

She labored faithfully with 'Dolph, though it must be confessed she allowed her religious instructions to be diversified with a little more love-making than was prudent, and for the first time in her life became extravagant in the matter of dress, wearing the most gorgeous bandannas every day, and even adopting a hoop, which she managed so badly that it was constantly bringing her into grotesque difficulties, to Victoria's intense delight.

Of course they never quarrelled openly about 'Dolph, but they found endless subjects of dispute to improve upon, and sometimes that adroit fellow got into serious difficulty with both by attempting to mediate between them.

Then on occasions the sable rivals would hide their bitterness under smiles and goodnature, and appear almost affectionate in their sudden truce; but 'Dolph learned to dread those seasons of deceitful calm, for they were the sure precursors of an unusually fierce tempest.

These three restless persons went out one evening to pay a visit to some sable friends in the neighborhood, where the colored gentry often met and had choice little entertainments; where the eatables came from perhaps it would not have been wise for their employers to inquire.

Old Mrs. Hopkins and her fascinating daughter, Miss Dinah, were the possessors of this abode, and Clo and Victoria had for some time been promising 'Dolph a visit there. That night seemed a favorable occasion for the expedition, as a store of pumpkin-pies had that day been moulded by Clo's own expert hands, and half a jelly cake set aside in the closet.

"And I nebber eende back pieces to de table," said Clo; "it's wulgar."

"In course it is," returned 'Dolph; "I'se sure nothing would orritate master more."

Vic did not attempt any deceptions on her conscience; she liked jelly cake, and did not trouble herself about the manner in which it was obtained; since her earliest remembrance stolen delicacies such as her palate craved had never given her a moment's indigestion, or the least approach to moral nightmare.

They went over to visit Mrs. Hopkins and Miss Dinah, and the evening was a very festive one, what with Clo's pies and the hard cider which Mrs. Hopkins provided.

But as ill-luck would have it, two or three other of their friends strayed in, and among them was a young woman as much given to coquetry as 'Dolph himself; and before a great while 'Dolph's love of flirtation got the better of his prudence, and plentiful doses of the hard cider rendered him reckless. In spite of the indignation which both Clo and Victoria displayed, he was exerting all his fascinations on the new-comer, while her neglected beau sat looking like a modern Othello, with every glance expressive of bowie-knives at least.

When the damsel went out with Miss Dinah, for an extra bench from the wash-house, 'Dolph accompanied them, and before long the company heard bursts of laughter and doleful shrieks.

Clo flew to the door and opened it; Victoria peeped over her shoulder; there was that perfidious 'Dolph encircling the stranger damsel with his right arm, and making bold efforts to lay hold of Miss Dinah with his left.

'Dolph looked up and saw Clo; he was not so much under the excitement of the cider that he could not understand the risk he ran.

"Dere is pretty conducte!" exclaimed Clo.

"I shud tink so," chimed in Victoria. "If you please, Miss Clorinda, I tink I will locomote home; I ain't accustomed to sich goings on myself; dey isn't de fashion in de Piney Cove basement."

The outraged damsels would hear no persuasions, and 'Dolph was forced to accompany them back, and a very uncomfortable time he had of it.

First they abused the impudent young pusson they had left behind, and nearly annihilated 'Dolph when he attempted a word in the young woman's favor.

"I declar," cried Clo at last; "Mr. 'Dolph, yer go 'long as crooked as a rail fence; what is de matter?"

'Dolph only gave a racy chuckle.

"I guess goin' into the wash-room turned his head," said Vic.

"De siety I'se enjoyin' at dis minit," said deceitful 'Dolph, "is enough to turn de head of any gemman."

"Oh, we know all 'bout dat," said Vic.

"In course you does," returned 'Dolph, forgetting Clorinda, and trying to seize Vic's hand, but so uncertain were his movements that they looked as if he were trying to strike her.

Clorinda saw it all; it was fuel to the flame which consumed her.

"Miss Victory," said she, "yer needn't push me into de brook."

"Who's a pushin' of yer?" retorted Victoria, with equal acidity.

"Yer was, yer own self."

"I didn't—so dar! Guess somethin' ails yer head too, de way yer go on—pushin' indeed."

"I scorns yer insinivations," said Clorinda, "and desplses yer actuations!"

"Jis' don't go pitchin' into me and callin' me names," retorted Vic; "'cause I won't stand it."

"Ladies, ladies!" interposed 'Dolph. "Don't resturb de harmonium of our walk by any onpleasant words."

"I ain't a sayin' nothin'" said Vic.

"You've said mors'n I," returned Clo, "and I ain't gwine to be pushed inter de ditch by nobody—thar!"

She was naturally more irritated than Vic, because 'Dolph had tried no hand-seizing in her case.

"Nobody wants ter push yer," said Vic.

"I don' know 'bout dat," said Clo, solemnly; "I b'lieve if I was murdered in my bed I shud know whar to look for de murderer."

"Sich subjects, Miss Clorinda, is not fit for yer lubly lips," said 'Dolph; "don't give 'em house-room, I begs."

"Mr. 'Dolph," returned Clorinda, with a severity that pierced like a warning through the elation of Lothario's brain; "don't try none ob dem flightinesses wid me; I ain't one ob that sort."

"What sort?" asked Victoria.

"Neber yer mind," said Clo, with majesty; "neber yer mind, miss; childen don't comprehensianise sich like."

"I onderstands Miss Clorinda, and I venerates her sentimens," observed 'Dolph; "but when a gemman finds hisself in sich siety as dis, de language of compliments flows as naturally to his lips as—as—cider from a junk bottle."

This well-rounded period softened both the damsels somewhat; 'Dolph got Clo on his right arm and Vic on his left; the support was not unwelcome to himself just then; and he managed to keep them both in tolerable humor until they nearly reached the house.

Whether 'Dolph stumbled, or V[illegible]gave a sly, vicious push, it was difficult to [illegible]in the darkness, but Clorinda went suddenly down full length in the path.

Victoria gave a laugh of derision, and this gratification of her malicious feelings in the misfortune of her rival put her in high goodhumor.

'Dolph hastened to help Clorinda up, but his movements were a little uncertain, and the first thing he did was to set his foot through the crown of her bonnet, which had fallen back from her head.

"I'se killed," shrieked Clo.

"Do scream low, like a 'spectable ole woman!" cried the unsympathising Vic; "yer'll have de whole house out."

"I don't keer," moaned Clorinda: "I don't keer."

"Why don't yer git up?" demanded Victoria.

"I'll 'eist yer, I'll 'sist yer," said 'Dolph, making another sidelong movement.

Clorinda endeavored to help herself, but the effort was a failure, and there she lay covered with confusion, for she could not think of giving the real cause of her continued prostration. The truth was she had caught one foot in her hoop—what a situation for a modest and churchgoing darkey to find herself in, late at night too, and her lover looking on.

"Be yer gwine to lay dar all night!" asked Vic.

"I kin't get up, I tell yer," said Clo.

"Is yer bones broke?"

"They must half of 'em be smashed," said Clo, thinking of the anatomy of her hoop, not her corporeal frame.

"No, no; Miss Clory, not as bad as dat," said 'Dolph; "don't petrificate us wid sich a idee. Jis let me 'sist yer now."

"No, no," cried Clorinda; "wait a minit—my foot—my foot!"

"Hev yer hurt it?" demanded Vic.

"No, no! What a fool yer be! Can't yer onderstand?"

"No, I kin't onderstend nothin' 'bout it, only yer makin' a outrageous ole fool o' yerself, and freezin' us to death. Mr. 'Dolph, I move we go in."

"Yer wouldn't desart a sister in distress," said 'Dolph, dencing about the prostrate form, unable to comprehend why Clo would not permit him to assist her; while she huddled herself in a heap, making frantic efforts to extricate her foot, and in true spinster fear of showing her ankles in the struggle.

"Now, Clo," cried Victoria, "jis git up; I won't stand dis fooling no longer."

"Help me," said Clo; "do help me."

"Hein't Mr. Dolph ben a tryin' dese ten minits!"

"No, no! Bend down here, Vic. Mr. 'Dolph, if yer's a gemman I ax yer to shut yer eyes."

"My duty is to sarve de fair," said 'Dolph, turning his back and peeping over his shoulder, very curious to know what could be the difficulty.

Clo whispered in Victoria's ear with agonised sharpness,

"My foot's run into my hoop clean up to de ankle!"

A stone might have sympathised with her maidenly distress, but that wicked Victoria burst into absolute shrieks of laughter.

"Oh, oh, oh!" yer ole fool!" she cried, between her shouts of merriment. "Yer too ole for new fashions—telled you so!"

Clorinda's outraged modesty was forgotten in the fury which Victoria's lack of sympathy caused.

"Jis let me git up!" cried she. "I'll fix yer; I'll frizzle dem long beaucatchers!"

All the while Clorinda kept making insane efforts to free herself, exposing her ankles in the most dreadful way in her desperation.

"What am it?" demanded 'Dolph.

As well as she could speak for laughing, Victoria began:

"She's cotched—"

"Hush up!" interrupted Clo. "I'll pisen yer if yer don't shut yer impudent mouth."

"Cotched her foot in her hoop," shrieked Vic. "Ki! ki! ki! oh, laws, I shall die! Ole folks had'nt orter try to be young uns. I've telled yer so, Clo, fifty times."

'Dolph snickered—yes, Clorinda heard him actually snicker as she lay there, like a second Medea, deprived of her strength. Another struggle, a more furious pull, something broke with a loud crack, and Clorinda sprang to her feet with a yell of triumph and rage.

She made a dart at Victoria, caught that yellow maiden by her much-prized tresses, and for a few moments the battle between the rivals raged furiously. 'Dolph tried to separate them, and came in for a goodly share of blows in the madness of the onset.

Clo quite forgot her religion in the excitement, and her language might have shocked the elders had they heard it, while Victoria was not at all behind her in the use either of tongue or fists.

"De hall dor's a openin'," cried 'Dolph, struck with a brilliant thought; "I do believe it's marster comin' out."

The battle ceased. 'Dolph ran towards the house and the combatants after him, but 'Dolph never stopped till he was safe in his own dormitory, not caring to trust himself in the presence of either of the infuriated damsels.

Indeed, the next morning it required the special interference of Mrs. Mellen herself to settle the matter, and several days passed before perfect harmony was restored in the lower regions at Piney Cove.

CHAPTER XIX.

The next afternoon Tom Fuller came down to the island again, for he was too restless away from that spot to make his absence of long duration.

Elizabeth and Elsie were quite alone, for Mellen had driven over to the village on some matter of business; but the sisters were not taking advantage of their solitude to indulge in one of those long, cozy, confidential chats which had been their habit in former years.

Elsie was in the upper part of the house amusing herself after her own fashion, and Elizabeth sat in the little morning-room which had become her favorite apartment of late.

It was a small room in the old part of the house, somewhat sombre in its character, but on a bright day relieved by the beautiful view of the Sound which was afforded from the French windows, the only modern feature which Mellen had added to it.

On a dark morning the apartment was gloomy enough; the ceilings were low, crossed with heavy carved beams that made their want of height still more apparent; the upper portion of the walls were hung with dark crimson cloth, met there by a wainscoating of unpolished oak, dark and stained with age.

The furniture had been in the house since the Revolution; the massive chairs, each one of which was a weight to lift, had been covered with a fabric to match the hangings. The whole room had a quaint aspect, and was filled with a store of relics and curiosities which would have delighted a lover of the antique.

Elsie detested the apartment and never would occupy it, but when alone Elizabeth sought it from choice; the drearier and darker the day the more pertinaciously she clung to the dimness of the old room, where the shadows lay heavy and grim, and every sound echoed with preternatural sharpness.

But this day was bright and beautiful as summer itself. The apartment looked cheerful and picturesque, and Elizabeth made a pretty picture, seated by one of the open windows, with her light dress forming an agreeable contrast to the sombre draperies about her.

She had a workbasket on the little spider-legged table by her side and a mass of embroidery on her lap, but the needle had fallen from her hold, her hands were folded idly upon her knee, and she was looking out over the bright waters with a dreamy, wistful gaze, which had become habitual with her whenever the necessity for self-restraint was removed and she was free to relinquish herself to gathering anxieties.

Tom entered the room in his usual haste, and found her sitting in this dreamy attitude; she started at the sound of his tread, and with the caution she was daily acquiring changed her listless position, and drew the mask over her face which it was so dangerous to lift even for an instant.

"Here I am," cried Tom; "back again, like a bad penny. I hope you are not sick of the sight of my ugly face."

He rushed towards her, upset the spider-legged table that was always ready to topple over on the least provocation, made a hopeless labyrinth of her embroidery silks, gave her a kiss of greeting, and hurried on with numberless questions, just as if he were in the greatest possible hurry, and it was a necessity of life and death that he should blurt out everything that happened to be on his mind before he dashed away.

"And you are not tired of seeing me, Bessie, you are sure of that?" he repeated.

"You are a silly old fellow to ask such questions," she replied; "you know how glad I am to have you come."

"You're a darling old girl," cried Tom, "and there's no more to be said about it."

"Then, if you have finished, please pick up my unfortunate table. See what a state these poor silks are in."

"I'm always in mischief," said Tom, contritely, restoring the table to its equilibrium with great difficulty; "I'm more out of place in a lady's parlor than an owl in a canary bird's cage."

"Your mistakes are better than other men's elegancies," said Elizabeth, heartily.

It rested her to be in Tom's society; with him she was not forced constantly to play a part, and

he had been a great resource to her ever since he returned.

Many times she said to herself:

"He would love me, whatever came—I could always depend on him."

She was thinking something of the kind, just then, while she began assorting her silks; and Tom stood meekly by, longing to repair the mischief he had unwittingly done, but perfectly certain that he should only do a good deal more harm if he attempted it.

Besides that, something else was in his mind—there always was before he had been five minutes in the house if Elsie did not make her appearance.

He shuffled about, answered Elizabeth's questions haltingly, and at last burst out:

"Where is the little fairy—has she gone out, too?"

"Elsie, do you mean?"

"Who else, of course! Where is she?"

"Up in her room, I fancy," replied Elizabeth.

"I don't see how you can bear her out of your sight for an instant," cried Tom; "I am sure I couldn't if I lived in the house with her."

"Nonsense, Tom!"

"There is no nonsense about it," thundered he; "it's just the truth."

Several times Elizabeth had attempted to point out to him the folly of going on in his old insane way, but either he would not listen or something interrupted their conversation. Now she determined to take advantage of the present opportunity and speak seriously with him.

"I have brought her a paper of Maillard's sweet things," said Tom; "ought I call or send for her?"

He darted towards the door as he spoke, but Elizabeth stopped him.

"Wait a moment, Tom," she said; "come back here."

"Yes, of course; I'll be back in a flash—I'll just send her these traps," and he pulled a couple of tempting packages from his pocket, nattily tied with pink ribbon, and put up generally in the exquisite taste which distinguishes everything from our Frenchman's establishment.

"No," urged Elizabeth, "come here first; I have something to say to you, Tom—Elsie can eat her bonbons after."

Tom stood, rather unwillingly though, and stood leaning against the window like a criminal.

"Sit down," said Elizabeth.

"No, no; I like to stand! Well, what is it, Bessie?"

"Tom," she said, seriously, "I am afraid you have forgotten the experience which cost you so much pain and drove you off to Europe; I fear you are making other and deeper trouble for yourself."

"Oh, it's nothing—it's of no consequence anyway," returned Tom, turning off different shades of red at once. "What a pretty green that silk is."

"It is bright blue, but no matter! So you won't listen to me, Tom?" continued Elizabeth.

"My dear girl, did I ever refuse to listen in all my life?" said Tom; "I guess, see, you're a little mistaken, Bessie; I'm not such a goney as I used to be."

"That has nothing to do with the matter."

"Oh, yes, it has; I mean, I don't allow myself to be such a dunce, even in my own thoughts. I never even think about—about—you know what I mean."

Tom broke down and made a somewhat lame conclusion.

"Oh, Tom, Tom!" Elizabeth said.

"Well, there!" cried he, with sudden energy; "there is no use in standing here and telling you fibs! I do love her—I must love her—I always shall love her—bang me if I shan't!"

He was in a state of great agitation now, and trembled all over as if he had been addressing Elsie herself.

Elizabeth sighed wearily.

"I thought so," she said; "I feared so."

"You mean the dear girl will never care for me. How could any one expect her to—I couldn't—then't in reason."

"Then, Tom, she certainly ought not to treat you as she does and lead you on."

"She doesn't lead me on."

"But her manner does not forbid your attentions, and you are too worthy, dear cousin, for anything but honest dealing."

"It's my fault—all my fault."

Elizabeth shook her head.

"You have the best heart and the worst head in the world, Tom."

"You mustn't blame her," continued Tom; "it can't stand that! Pitch into me as often and as hard as you like, you never can say enough, but don't blame her."

"Let us leave her share in the matter, then, out of the question," continued Elizabeth. "If you believe what you say, is it wise to run into danger as you do?"

"Danger! no help for it, Bessie; I should die if I could not see her dear little face! Oh, you can't think what I suffered while I was gone—I didn't talk about it—I don't even want to think of it; but, Bessie, dear, sometimes I used to think I should go out of my senses."

He was speaking seriously now; his face was absolutely white with anguish, and his eyes—the one fine feature of his face—were misty with a remembrance of old pain.

"Poor Tom!" murmured Elizabeth, in her pitying way, always full of sympathy for others' trouble, whatever her own might be; "poor, dear Tom, I know how hard it was!"

"No; you can't know, Bessie; you can't have the least idea! You don't know what it is to have something to hide—to go about with a secret gnawing at your heart—never able to open your lips—suffering night and day—"

He stopped suddenly and looked at his cousin with wonder; she was leaning back in her chair, her face was pale as death, and her lips parted in a dreary sigh.

Tom drew close to her chair and bent over her, with a look of anxious surprise on his disturbed features.

"Are you sick, Bessie ?" he asked.

"No, no," she answered, controlling herself.

His words brought up her own secret burden so vividly before her that for an instant she had been dreadfully shaken by the keen pang at her heart.

"You look so pale; I'm afraid you are going to be ill."

"Indeed, I am not," she answered.

Tom knelt down by her on both knees, played with her embroidery silks, and finally said:

"Bessie, since we're talking plainly, may I say something?"

"Yes, Tom."

"Somehow, since I came back from Europe," pursued he, "you don't seem so happy as you used to be; there's only one of my blunders—but I have thought you looked troubled—like a person that was always expecting something dreadful to happen."

She forced a smile upon her lips as she forced them to answer:

"Oh, you foolish Tom!"

"Then I'm not so?" he urged. "You are not unhappy ?"

"How could I be unhappy—is not my life pleasant, generous beyond anything I could ever have hoped for?".

"It seems so; that made me think it must be just one of my blunders."

"Nothing more, Tom."

"Mellen's the most splendid fellow in the world," pursued he; "and you couldn't well be sad with that little darling about you."

Elizabeth took up her silks again.

"Dimples all such thoughts from your mind, Tom."

"I shall be only too glad. But tell me once more that I am on every account to be happy, minding everybody's concerns but my own. You see, Bessie, I love you like a sister, and will stand by you, by Jupiter, always. But these stupid ideas of mine, there's no foundation for them?"

"How could there be?"

"And you will say so, my self always," cried Tom. "Well, dear, I won't think such nonsense again."

"Do not, I beg; and never mention it to anybody."

"There's no danger of that," said Tom. "But you know, if you should get unhappy or in trouble, I always am one shambling old chap you could lean on."

"I believe that, Tom; I do indeed."

"And you will call on me, you promise ?"

"If you could help me, yes. But trouble must come to all, Tom; and, generally, we must each bear our burthens alone."

"How sad your voice sounds, Bessie."

She made an effort to speak playfully:

"Because you are fancy of ridiculous fancies in your head; don't be so foolish."

Tom was relieved by her manner, and began to laugh at his own absurdities, rising up from his knees and brushing the dust away with his handkerchief.

"My head is a poor old trap," he said. "Well, well, I am glad you are happy—very glad."

"And I want you to be happy, Tom."

"I am, upon my word, I am! I don't allow myself to think any more or to look forward, but just live on, glad to be in the sunshine. 'Tisn't a bad plan, after all, Bess; things usually come right in the main."

If she could only believe it—if she could but accept his cheerful philosophy and his unwavering trust; but, alas! the sleepless dread at her heart prevented that.

"And about my stupid self," Bessie, added Tom. "Yes, about your good self," answered Elizabeth, glad to remove the subject from any connection with her secret dread.

"And you know bits of affairs," pursued Tom, "just let things rest as they are, it's the best way."

"I don't wish to do anything to annoy you," she replied; "and you know well I am the last person in the world to interfere—"

"Oh, don't talk like that, or I shall think you are offended."

"Not in the least, Tom; I only meant to say that it was my regard for your happiness that made me speak."

"I know—I feel that, Bessie; but just let things go on! Perhaps I am asleep and dreaming, but the slumber is pleasant, so don't wake me; it's cruel kindness, dear."

Elizabeth said nothing more; it was useless to pursue the subject; where Tom was concerned she saw plainly that it could do no good, his heart was fixed.

Just as she was thinking that, and giving another little sigh for Tom and what she feared for him, a blithe young voice rang in the hall, carolling like a bird.

"There she is!" exclaimed Tom.

His face lighted up, his whole frame seemed to expand with delight. Elizabeth watched him. She knew instinctively that her heartstrings were twined about that young creature, that his very soul had gone out in worship at her feet.

"And where are you hidden, Lady Bess?" sang Elsie, gaily.

Tom rushed to the door and flung it open, upsetting the table again, and this time leaving Elizabeth to pick it up herself.

"Here she is, my fairy princess!" he called, standing in the doorway and looking up at her as she paused on the stairs.

"In that dismal den and guarded by a dragon," cried Elsie, peeping at him through the banisters, mischievously. "Pray where did you come from, Cœur de Lion?"

"If you knew what I had brought for my lady-bird, you would be on your prettiest behavior and give me your best welcome," said Tom.

"It's bonbons!" cried Elsie with a shriek of delight. "Oh, ogre means praliues and caramels and marons glacés!"

"Come down and see," said Tom, mysteriously.

Elsie danced downstairs and entered the room where her sister sat.

"Ugh, the ugly place!" said she. "It makes me shiver!"

"Better come into the den than lose the sweets," said Tom, opening the papers and pretending to eat greedily.

"He won't leave a drop!" cried Elsie, darting upon him.

Tom prolonged the playful struggle artfully enough; and when a truce was concluded it was only on condition that he should feed her with one sugarplum after the other, he did not satisfy her greediness fast enough there was a great deal of sport and laughter between the pair.

Elizabeth sat in the window and watched them, sighing sometimes and regarding Elsie with a strange pain in her eyes, as if annoyed and troubled that their happy creature could not leave her the full affection of this one heart.

"I want to go out on the water," said Elsie. "Will you take me, Tom, will you?"

"Won't I!" said Tom. "I'd take you up the moon if you liked."

"But I don't wish to try the moon, thank you; a nice long row will satisfy me. Come along, Bessie!"

"Not to-day," answered Elizabeth coldly.

"You're a poky thing!" cried Elsie. "Well, I shall go, the sun is lovely."

Tom sat down to the shore and get the boat ready," said Tom, hurriedly.

He darted away, and Elsie stood for a few moments standing the sandals between her white teeth and looking at Elizabeth, half frightened, half defiant.

"You are very busy," said she.

"One can't be idle," replied Elizabeth.

"Oh, can't one? It just suits me, thank you."

Elsie, said her sister, suddenly, "I want to say something."

"If it is anything unpleasant, I won't hear. I won't hear. I want to be happy. Let me alone!"

"It is about Tom, I mean. He loves you, in spite of your conduct before his friend abroad—"

"I can't help it," Elsie broke in again. "If people will fall in love with me it's their own fault; I don't ask them."

"But you can help encouraging him and leading him on to greater pain."

Elsie pouted.

"How do you know I shall?"

"Or you would not marry him," exclaimed Elizabeth, suddenly. "You are cruel—"

"You don't know anything about it. Let Tom and me alone. I think you are growing a cross old thing."

"Oh, Elsie, do be serious for one moment."

"Let me alone!" she repeated. "You are always spoiling my sunshine. I believe you hate me!"

"Don't talk so wildly, Elsie. But you cannot blame me for interesting myself in Tom's happiness."

"And, pray, should I make him wretched if I married him?" she exclaimed defiantly.

"You could not—"

"I'll do what I please; and don't you meddle with me, just remember that!"

She whirled away and unlike Elsie's usual tone, but she quickly resumed her childish manner, and called:

"I'll be good—don't scold. There, I'm going now—good-bye!"

She danced out of the room and through the house, and Elizabeth heard her voice on the lawn, calling to Tom, as if the boat was ready.

Elizabeth kept her seat, looking absently across the water. Presently she saw the little skiff shoot out from the shore, under the impetus of Tom's muscular arms, while Elsie leaned back in the stern, wrapped in a white shawl, and crowning Elizabeth of the old German legend of the Lorlei.

She sat there a long time, with her former mournful thoughts all trooping back, like ravens to a desecrated nest. The gloom upon her spirits waxed deeper, and the child that had begun during the past days to creep like a ring about her heart tightened and tightened, as if it were clinging to an icy band, which would freeze her pulses in its tightening clasp. She looked out through the sunshine, watching the boat till it became a mere speck in the distance and finally disappeared among the windings of the long curve of land which stretched out into the ocean.

Thinking, thinking, always the same dreary round, till she grew so weary with the ceaseless anxiety, the constant necessity for plots and plans, the need of reflection, even, that the slightest sound, worse than all, the sleepless fear of discovery which hovered over her, asleep or awake, that it seemed to her sometimes she could no longer uphold the burthen, but must allow it to fall and crush her.

The afternoon was passing, but the little boat had not yet appeared in sight again. There was no danger that Tom would think of fatigue while he could sit looking in the face of his syren, and listening to her low, weird songs; nor was there the slightest possibility of her ever remembering that the strongest muscles must at last feel a little need of relaxation, just as long as it pleased her to float over the sunlit waters, carolling her pretty melodies or talking gay nonsense to Tom, and blinding him utterly with the wicked lightning of her eyes.

At last Mr. Mellen's step sounded in the hall. Elizabeth heard it, and she immediately gathered up her embroidery silks, making a great pretence of being busy, lest he should enter and surprise her in the beauty of that abstraction, and pierce her with one of his dark, suspicious glances, which made her heart actually stand still with apprehension.

He came on towards the room, looked in at the door and saw his wife sitting there apparently quiet, comfortable and wholly occupied with her pretty task.

She glanced up and nodded a welcome.

"So you have come back," she said; "I have been wishing for you."

He smiled at her words, came forward and stood by her, saying:

"I thought you had given up any such weakness. You seem very busy."

"This tiresome embroidery has been lying about so long that I must get it done on it's own shape," she replied. "Elsie began it and was delighted with it for three days, but she has not touched it since."

"Very like the little fairy," he said, with a smile any such reference to the young girl always brought to his lips.

Elizabeth did not wish to talk, it was difficult for her to hide the real feelings that oppressed her under a playful guise, so she said:

"If you were goodnatured you would sit down here and read to me. There is Bulwer's new book."

"I will, with pleasure; but where is Elsie?"

"Oh, Tom Fuller came, and she made him take her out for a row; so I have been alone in my den, as she calls it."

"The child can't bear the least approach to a shadow," he said; "she must have her sunshine undisturbed."

He drew an easy-chair near the window where Elizabeth sat, took up the novel she had asked him to read, and began the fascinating task.

He read beautifully, and Elizabeth was glad to forget her unquiet reflections in the melody of his voice and the interest of the book. Mellen himself was in a mood to be comfortable and at rest.

The brightness of the sunset was flooding the waters before either of them looked up again. Then Mellen said:

"Those amazing creatures ought to come back; it grows chilly on the water as evening comes on, and the least thing gives Elsie cold."

Elizabeth shaded her eyes with her hand and looked over the sea.

"They are coming," she said; "I can see the boat."

Mellen looked in the direction to which she pointed, and saw the boat rounding a point of land and making swiftly up the bay.

"Tom is as strong as a young Hercules," he said, watching the little skiff as it fairly flew through the water under the impulse of his arm, and aided by the inward rush of the tide.

They remained watching it till it approached near enough for them to distinguish Elsie's white wrappings. Suddenly Mellen said:

"She is rocking the boat dreadfully! She is standing up—she is crazy to run such risks!"

Elizabeth looked and saw Elsie erect in the skiff, her shawl floating out around her, standing the boat to and fro with reckless force, while she could see by Tom's gestures that he was vainly expostulating with her upon the dangerous pastime.

Mellen went into the hall and out on the verandas, with some vague idea of trying to attract the impudent girl's attention by signals; but the skiff was far off, and she too much occupied to observe them.

Elizabeth threw down her work and followed him out, standing by his side in silent apprehension.

"She is mad!" exclaimed Mellen, "absolutely mad!"

Elsie's gay laugh rang out over the waters, and they could see Tom expostulating with more animated gestures.

"She will fall overboard, as sure as fate!" cried Mellen. "Oh! Elsie, Elsie!"

But the exclamation could not reach the reckless creature; perhaps if she would have paid no attention had she heard it.

"Oh, see it sock!" cried Elizabeth with a shiver.

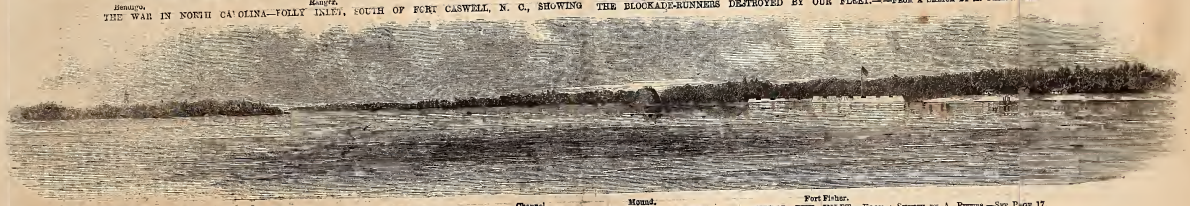
"She is frightened at her own recklessness," said Mellen, "but she will not stop, because it dictates Tom."

"Perhaps there is less danger than it seems," began Elizabeth, but a cry from her husband checked the words.

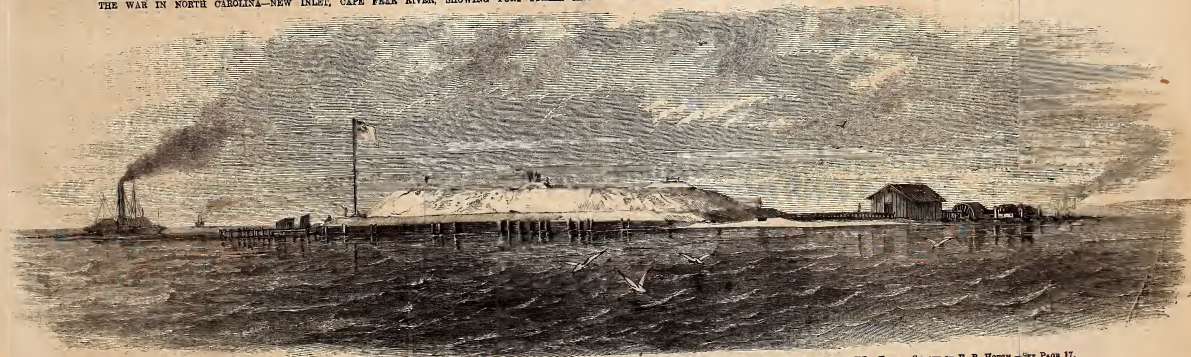
She looked—the boat had tipped till the edges was even with the water; suddenly Elsie tottered, lost her balance—there was a smothered shriek from the distance—then she disappeared under the crested waves.

THE RHINOCEROS'S FRIEND.—The rhinoceros's friend, and the rhinoceros hunter's most formidable enemy, is the *Buphaga erythrorhyncha*, vulgarly known as the rhinoceros bird. It constantly attends on the animal, feeding on the ticks that infest its hide, the bird's long claws and elastic tail enabling it to cling to any part of the body of the animal it has fed. If it rendered the rhinoceros no further service than robbing him of these biting pests it would deserve his gratitude; but, in addition, it does him the favor of warning him of the approach of the hunter. With its ears as busy as its beak, the little sentinel detects danger at a call, and at once shoots up into air, uttering a sharp and peculiar note, which the rhinoceros is at once to understand applies to himself, for he doesn't wait to make inquiry. But moves off at once. Cumming asserts that when the rhinoceros is asleep, and the *Buphaga* fails to wake him with its voice, it will peck the inside of his ears and otherwise exert itself to arouse its thick-headed friend.

THE WAR IN NORTH CAROLINA—FOLLY INLET, SOUTH OF FORT CASWELL, N. C., SHOWING THE BLOCKADE-RUNNERS DESTROYED BY OUR FLEET.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. PETERS.—SEE PAGE 17.



THE WAR IN NORTH CAROLINA—NEW INLET, CAPE FEAR RIVER, SHOWING FORT FISHER AND THE MOUND ERECTED TO CONTROL THE INLET.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. PETERS.—SEE PAGE 17.



THE SIEGE OF MOBILE—FORT POWELL, AT GRANT'S PASS, NEAR MOBILE, RECENTLY BOMBARDED BY THE UNION FLEET UNDER FARRAGUT.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. B. HOUGH.—SEE PAGE 17.

BRIG.-GEN. J. A. RAWLINGS, U. S. A.—SEE PAGE 23.

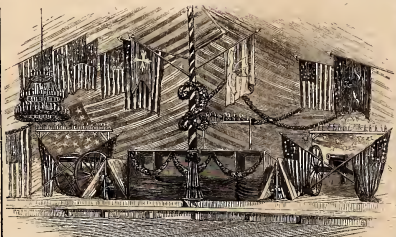
BRIG.-GEN. GEORGE SYKES, U. S. A.

GEN. GEORGE SYKES, U. S. A.

In the list of officers of the regular army few names will be more favorably mentioned than that of Gen. Sykes, even though at the present time his name is not encircled with the factitious halo of momentary popularity. He is every inch a soldier, an officer thoroughly versed in the science of war brave, energetic and capable. He was born in Maryland in 1823, graduated at West Point in 1842, and was there appointed Brevet 2d Lieutenant in the 3d infantry. He was made 1st Lieutenant in Sept. 1847, and brevetted Captain for gallantry at Cerro Gordo. During the war he was Assistant Commissary of subsistence to the division commanded by Gen. Twiggs, in Sept. 1847 he became Captain, and after the commencement of hostilities by the new Confederacy he was commissioned Major of the 14th infantry, May, 14, 1861, and on the 28th of Sept., in the same year, made Brigadier General of volunteers. In this capacity he commanded in the army of the Potomac the splendid division of regulars in the 5th corps, which won such high renown. He finally succeeded to the command of the corps, enjoying the confidence of all.

THE SINKING OF THE CELEBRATED STEAMER PETERHOFF.

THE Peterhoff was a blockade-runner, the capture of which enabled our transatlantic cousins to give us a charming representation of "London Assurance," till an examination of her cargo and proceedings in the English Bankruptcy Courts left not a particle of doubt on the subject. After her condemnation the Peterhoff was purchased by Government, but was run into and sunk by the U. S. steamer Monticello off Wilmington, N. C., on the morning of the 6th inst., at 8 A. M. The Monticello left the south side of Cape Fear on the previous evening, bound to Beaufort for coal. At 5 A. M. the officer of the deck saw a vessel on his port beam, he supposed it to be a blockade-runner, as she made no signal, which she ought to have done, being on that line of blockade. The officer of the deck of this vessel immediately bore down towards her, and seeing she did not challenge him he challenged her, on her answering correctly, he—the officer of the watch—shifted his helm to keep on his course, the Peterhoff went ahead at the same time, and before the Monticello could be backed, she struck the Peterhoff just before her smokestack, thinking her in fifteen minutes. Owing to the promptness with which boats were cleared away and sent to her assistance, there were no lives lost. It was just before daybreak and hazy on the water, so that it was hard to tell what distance the two vessels were apart when last seen.



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ester into the class of musical instruments. But under the *régime* of the new General-in-Chief, who is to make his headquarters at the Army of the Potomac, the ball and the dance will give place to the stern realties of war.

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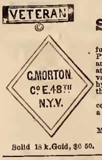

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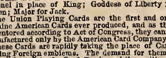

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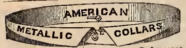

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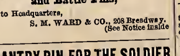

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THE UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION.—SEE PAGE 89.

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THE Publisher of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED PAPER invites his present contributors and others to send in before May 1st stories and poems suited to its columns, as well as ideas for comic sketches on subjects of the day.

Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

Gen. Grant has assumed command of the Army of the Potomac, and the first step of the new *regime* is the reduction of the army to three corps, the 2d, 5th and 6th. The 3d corps is transferred to the 2d. The 1st is consolidated with the 5th. This throws out Gen. Sykes, of the 5th, and Gen. Newton, of the 1st corps, and Gens. French, Pleasanton, Kenly, Spinola and Meredith. Sykes, who has been connected with the Army of the Potomac so long, is sent West; Pleasanton goes to Missouri.

On the 21st 13 guerillas were taken and brought into Fairfax. Gen Graham made an expedition recently into Matthews county, and returned safely, bringing in horses, cattle, mules and contrabands.

A whole company of the 3d Virginia cavalry were captured at Wingfield, on the Kanawha, by the rebels, who nearly took the steamer Victress, having on board Major Rucker, with important dispatches.

MISSISSIPPI.

The recent fight at Yazoo city, was one of the best contested and most desperate of the war. The Union force consisted of the 11th Illinois, Col. Schofield, Col. Coates's 8th Louisiana (colored), and 200 of the 1st Mississippi cavalry, Col. Edward Osband (colored). The enemy had eight regiments, under Cols. Ross and Richardson. The fight commenced at eight A. M., and lasted nearly till dark, when the enemy retired; 300 of the 11th Illinois were surrounded in a small fort on the bluff outside the town. A storm of shot and shell was poured upon them all day, when a summons was sent to them to surrender. They replied they didn't know what surrender meant. The remainder of the Union force was in town, where they were met by the enemy, who had gained cover of some of the buildings. The contest raged for three hours, when the enemy retired. Two gunboats were in the river, but could render little assistance.

TENNESSEE.

The rebel Gens. Hughes, Ferguson and Short are north of the Cumberland, and on the 16th attacked one of Hobson's camps, near Bennett's ferry, but were repulsed.

Some skirmishing parties of the 91st Indiana captured a number of rebel pickets on the Virginia road, including the notorious guerillas, Green and Esther.

On the 16th an engagement took place near Fort Pillow, in which 600 of our troops were attacked by 1,000 rebels, whom they repulsed with loss.

Grierson is hunting up the rebels near Memphis.

Four hundred of the 7th Tennessee cavalry were captured by 2,000 rebels at Union city, after repulsing the enemy three times.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The enemy have mounted six rifle guns on the casemates of Fort Sumter, bearing on the channel.

On the 18th the rebels made an attack on Seabrook, but were successfully repulsed, their only triumph being the capture of a picket-boat.

KENTUCKY.

The rebel Gen. W. E. Jones has entered Kentucky by Fulkerson's gap, with 1,800 men.

On the 25th March Gen. Forrest, whose movements were long threatening, attacked Paducah, and captured it. The U. S. troops, under Col. Hicks, 800 strong, held a fort below the city, and repulsed the rebels, with loss. The inhabitants fled, and the rebels began to burn and destroy the city. Much is ruined, including the marine railway and the wharf-boat Arizona. Two Union gunboats came up and drove the rebels out with loss. We had 12 killed, 40 wounded; the rebels, 150 to 300 killed, including Gen. Thompson. The rebel wounded amount to over 1,000. At the last accounts Forrest was near Mayfield, marching on Clinton.

The rebels have also visited Hickman, whence they fired on a steamer.

LOUISIANA.

An expedition starting from Vicksburg on the 8th, under Brig.-Gen. Andrew Jackson Smith, outgeneraled Gen. Dick Taylor, and marching on Fort de Russy, took it by assault, capturing 325 prisoners and a number of excellent cannon. This opens the river to Shreveport.

After the capture of Fort de Russy the Union force on the Teche advanced and occupied Alexandria and New Iberia on the 15th. Gen. Lee, Chief of Cavalry, holds the latter place, having driven the rebels across Vermillion Bayou.

The Nyanza, Lieut. Washburn, went up to Butte La Rose and dispersed a guerilla band, capturing and destroying their camp.

TEXAS.

Two thousand refugees and deserters have come into Brownsville. A party of 150 rebel soldiers deserted, and 300 were sent in pursuit; they overtook the deserters, but all kept on for Brownsville.

INDIAN AFFAIRS.

Major H. D. Wallen, 7th U. S. infantry, has recently defeated the Navajoes in two successive engagements, killing 50 and capturing 30, in one of the actions.

NAVAL.

The San Jacinto, recently captured a blockade-runner with 132 bales of cotton.

CONGRESS.

IN the Senate, on the 21st March, the day was consumed by desultory debating on several unimportant subjects of a routine character.

In the House, the amendment of the Senate, increasing the allowance to West Point cadets to $40 a month, instead of $30, as heretofore given, was concurred in. Mr. Kernan and Mr. Stevens had a spirited debate on the subject of paying the expenses of troops to their various States to vote for Republican candidates.

In the Senate, on the 22d, Mr. Clark called up the bill amending the act relating to foreign coins and coinage of cents, which was passed. The bill provides that the weight of the cent shall be 48 grains, and that it shall be composed of 95 per cent of copper and 5 per cent. of zinc or tin. It also provides for the coinage of two cent pieces of the same composition. Mr. Willey then proceeded to address the Senate at length on the bill to promote enlistments by the freeing of the wives and children of slave recruits, and also in opposition to Mr. Sumner's bill to repeal the Fugitive Slave law.

In the House, Mr. Henry Winter Davis called up the bill, reported by the Select Committee on the Rebellion, to provide a republican government for insurrectionary States, and proceeded to deliver an elaborate argument, showing the existing condition of the rebellious States and the remedy provided by the bill under consideration. He was in favor of giving the rebellious States a republican form of government, without slavery. He opposed President Lincoln's plan of reconstruction as impracticable, and regarded the Emancipation Proclamation as not valid, but to be determined as a judicial question. Mr. Beaman, of Michigan followed in support of the bill, and at the conclusion of his remarks, the House adjourned.

In the Senate, on the 23d, the bill establishing a Bureau of Military Justice was agreed to. The bill in relation to deserters was also taken up and warmly discussed without any result. After some unimportant business the Senate adjourned.

In the House, Mr. Kernan asked leave to introduce a resolution for a Special Committee to inquire whether civilians in the employ of the Government were sent home, at Government expense or otherwise, to vote at elections. Mr. Stevens objected, unless the inquiry should be conducted by the Committee on the Conduct of the War, to which Mr. Kernan would not consent; the resolution was not received. A resolution was passed directing the Ways and Means Committee to report upon the expediency of imposing an adequate duty on imported wool. The Judiciary Committee were discharged from further consideration of the memorials calling for the impeachment of Judge Miller. A violent personal altercation here occurred between Mr. McClurg and Mr. Blair, of Missouri, ending in the adoption of resolutions to appoint a committee of inquiry into the charges made. Messrs. Higby, Clay and Pruyn were appointed as the committee. The House then resumed the consideration of the Delaware Bay and Raritan Bay Railroad bill. Mr. Davis favored the bill. Mr. Perry opposed it, arguing that there was no necessity for declaring it a military and post road. The discussion was terminated by the expiration of the morning hour. The House then proceeded to the consideration of the amended National Currency and Bank bill, but adjourned without vote.

In the Senate, on the 24th, the entire time was occupied by speeches from Senators Howard and Saulsbury, upon military interference in State elections.

In the House, the bill providing for the instruction of engineers and naval constructors at the Naval Academy was reported back by the Naval Committee, ordered to be printed, and recommitted. The consideration of the bill making the Raritan and Delaware Bay Railroad a post and military road was then resumed, and Messrs. Garfield, of Ohio, and Broomall, of Pennsylvania, respectively made speeches for and against the proposition. The report of the Conference Committee on the Military Academy bill was agreed to. The amendment providing for the appointment of an additional number of cadets was stricken out, the present accommodations at West Point rendering any increase of the number inadmissible. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the bill amendatory of the National Banking act, and Messrs. Brooks, Kernan and Pruyn, of New York, made speeches in opposition to it. Mr. Pruyn offered an amendment establishing a currency bureau in New York city, with a comptroller, to be appointed for four years, &c.; but it did not receive more than 15 or 20 votes. The House then adjourned.

In the Senate on the 25th, the Vice-President submitted a communication from the President, inclosing a report from the Secretary of State, in relation to the establishment of a monarchical government in Central and South America. Referred, and ordered to be printed. Mr. Trumbull introduced a bill to construct a ship canal from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi River. The Senate then agreed to the report of the Conference Committee on the West Point Military Academy bill, and then adjourned until Monday.

In the House, Mr. Washburne, from the Committee on Commerce, reported a bill to prevent fraud in the changing of names of vessels. The House passed the Senate bill directing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue to certain parties duplicates of bonds, to the amount of $8,000, the originals having been lost on the steamship Golden Gate. The National Bank bill came up in regular order, and an endeavor was made to have it postponed until Monday, to enable the suggestions of a committee from the New York Clearing-house to be heard. This did not prevail, and a motion to stop debate prevailed by the casting vote of the Speaker. The House then went into a sort of humorous fillibustering scene, which finally delayed action so that the House adjourned, and the bill went over until the 26th, when it will come up again, as the House has agreed to devote Saturday to public business hereafter, instead of speech-making.

There was no session in the Senate on the 26th, and in the House the time was consumed by several speeches on the rebellion.

BOOK NOTICES.

GEN. GRANT AND HIS CAMPAIGNS. By JULIAN K. LARKE. Illustrated by a portrait on steel and four battle views. New York: Derby and Miller, 1864. 12mo., 473, 40 p.p.

The elevation of Gen. Grant to a rank held heretofore only by Washington, gives him a place that makes his biography one of the desiderata. Mr. Larke has well supplied our present wants. He writes the life of the unpretending general with grace and skill. The facts are well condensed and interestingly told, and for a handy biography deserves, as it will receive, wide circulation.

THE NORTHERN MONTHLY. A Magazine of Literature, Civil and Military Affairs. March, 1864. Portland: Bailey and Noyes.

This is a handsome, well-printed candidate for public favor. The articles are not unworthy of the reputation of a State which produced a Longfellow. We shall always see the numbers with pleasure.

TOWN TOPICS.

THE sensation of the week has been the "opening," a species of sensation striking some of our country readers doubtless with open-mouthed wonder. For the benefit of such we explain that Thursday, the 24th of March, was "opening day," and that upon that date the long nursed treasures of fashionable *modistes* were exposed to the gaze and competition of ourselves the people, and the ladies—bless 'em—know what they are to be allowed to wear the next season.

In company with a pair of the fair, we undertook to "do" the opening; firstly, by divesting ourselves of all cash, save half a dollar for omnibus hire, and secondly, by entering a solemn protest against doing anything more than look at bonnets. How strictly this protest was adhered to we have painful experience in the memory of a pair of eyes that "opened" upon us at the very outset of our career, and so muddled our would-be enquiring brain, that we soon found that lace and tulle, flowers, silks and ribbons, bright eyes, wavy hair and pearly teeth, became so inextricably mixed, that to this moment we have been unable to separate them. We can only, therefore, announce that the spring styles range from $20 to $120 each, and that something is very lovely, whether it is the bonnets or not, we are unable to say.

Oh! Madame S—— you have much to answer for in the double temptation of spiritual bonnets and angelic sellers of bonnets.

From the clouds we come down by a rapid run to the stern solidities of earth, and discuss a matter that is appealing to all with a fearful earnestness, whether they be rich or poor. We mean our daily bread. The whole city is agitated with strikes and meetings of mechanics and workingmen to obtain higher prices for their labor, based on the exorbitant prices demanded for food and house rent. Within the year the wages of the workingmen has gone up fifty per cent., and yet at this moment he is poorer and struggling harder for his life than before his increase. At this moment it costs exactly double to live in the city of New York to what it did two years since. The poorest paid laborer receives not less than $1.50 per day; let us see what it will do for him and his little family, say of four beside himself, a wife and three children. If he crowds himself into a room and bedroom, and is lucky in his selection, his rent will cost him about 30 cents per diem. Of the morsels called loaves, they can dispose of four at a cost of 20 cents. Of meat, if they indulge in the luxury, they will want two pounds at least, at a cost of 30 cents. A small measure of potatoes will be 10 cents, and a quarter pound of butter 12 cents. To keep warm and cook with, they will want a peck of coal at a cost of 16 cents, after which we must allow them at least 15 cents for light, tea or coffee, sugar, salt, pepper, and such other little matters as are indispensable, and we have a total of $1 32, leaving a balance of 18 cents to clothe, educate and keep in health, to say nothing of amuse, five persons.

As he is supposed not to get anything new to wear, it is hardly worth while to mention that everything he would put on his back has to be paid for at double rates, sometimes treble or quadruple, and the situation will be understood.

This reminds us to speak once more of the workingwomen's movement. The meeting which was a great success at the Cooper Institute, has attracted attention towards their Protective Association, and has created some rattling among the dry bones of certain Germanic Hebrews, who holding Government contracts, or the lucrative manufacturing chances, swell their profits by swindling working girls and women out of the trifle they should receive for their labor. We once more commend the ladies of New York who would employ sempstresses to do so through this association.

The great Fair has been postponed for one week. The preparation has proved too much for the space of time allotted, and the space of building has proved too small for the countless contributions from every clime that have flowed in upon the undertaking. The children's department, now going up on the north side of Union Square, alone looks like a full-grown affair, to say nothing of the main buildings, and promises to hold an ocean of toys and pretty things, enough to make Santa Claus die of sheer envy, providing the jolly old fellow can die at all. The season tickets are announced at $5, with $2 additional for the opening night, and the fair will continue open two weeks.

Once more Maretzek has appeared in our midst with the inevitable "Faust," or what is left of it, after the devouring attentions of Boston. Among the remarkable events connected with the great director's career in the hub town is the wonderful cure it has wrought upon Brignoli. It will be remembered that but a few weeks ago the tenor was afflicted, according to New York critics, with a general breaking down — or breaking up, we forget which—of the vocal organ, and was kindly advised to retire into private life and nurse his depleted powers. He has done better: he has breathed the air of Boston Common, and is once more himself. Gratitude naturally would prompt him to do something for the town that has done so much for him, and hence this certificate, which we only vouch for as doing the handsome thing by Boston:

"TO THE FIRST MEN OF BOSTON:

"Gents—Three weeks ago I was afflicted with a well-nigh total loss of voice, accompanied by dizziness of the head, weakness in the knees, cold perspiration and loss of reputation in New York. I resolved to visit your city. On arriving I promenaded briskly on the Common for one hour, breathing freely of the air wafted thither by a stiff east wind, and at the end of that time found myself in the full possession of my A flat, my B flat, my B natural and my *ut de poitrine!* Since then I have gained strength in my knees, have experienced no dizziness in the head, and am gaining rapidly my once extended reputation as a magnificent tenor. My sudden cure is wholly attributable to the east wind of your noble Common. Believe me, sirs, yours gratefully, P. BRIGNOLI."

The promises for the week are the debut of Madame Methua-Scheller, at Winter Garden, in "Lorle's Wedding," an adaptation from the German; the appearance of Edwin Booth, at Niblo's, in a new play, "The Fool's Revenge," by Tom Taylor: and the continuation by Mrs. Wood of "Leap Year" for another week. Barnum still plays away with "Aphrosa" and his blue and yellow water; and Wallack puts forth a benefit every night.

Mrs. Henry C. Watson, whose poetic readings and vocal illustrations we had occasion to notice a few weeks since, when given privately, comes before the general public for the first time on Thursday next, the 31st, at Dodworth's Hall. If a high order of talent, both as reader and musician, coupled with great personal charms, can make a success, Mrs. Watson's debut will be a marked event.

New York is to have two more immense hotels, Caravanserais before which the Fifth Avenue and the St. Nicholas will fade into utter insignificance. One will be located fronting the Central Park, and not above 60th street, while the other will be upon the Fifth Avenue, or Broadway, between 30th and 40th streets. The superintendence of the last er rumor assigns to the Lelands, while that of the first will fall upon the Roessles, of the Delevan, Albany. These hotels are to be built by stock companies, and will each be twice larger than anything in that line in this country, or in the world.

While the stock gamblers and thieves of New York and Albany are lobbying through all kinds of bills to give us all kinds of horse railroads in our streets, would it not be well to tack a proviso on to some of these projects that will do something for the benefit of those who ride, and prevent the infamous system of car-stuffing now carried on. However hard it may seem to a passenger that he should be denied entrance into a car already full, he has sense enough to know if each car was only allowed to carry the number it would seat, a reform would take place. Necessity would compel the company to keep on more cars, that they may by extra exertion make up the loss they would otherwise suffer by going on with what they would now term half a load. The car-crowding is an intolerable nuisance, but we much fear nothing will be done to stop it until the strong hand of the law seizes it.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—In consequence of the scarcity of nickel a new coin is to be issued of the value of two cents. It will be composed of copper, zinc and tin.

—— There were 3,617 emigrants landed at this port last week, which makes the number landed since January 1, 18,457. The number who arrived here in the corresponding period of 1863 was only 8,058. There is a commutation balance at present in the bank of $53,586 86.

—— The Metropolitan Railway Company has applied to the Legislature for the privilege to tunnel Broadway and run a line of railroad from the Bowling Green to the Central Park.

—— Gov. Evans, of Colorado, has issued a proclamation calling a Constitutional Convention for the first Monday in May.

—— The Democratic Convention of Ohio, to name delegates to Chicago, was held recently. There seems to have been a struggle between the Vallandighamers and the other faction, the vote being as close as 211 to 213. George E. Pugh and W. Bartly were chosen Senatorial delegates, and a State ticket was got up to be defeated in October.

—— A Nashville dispatch of March 22 says that the friends of Gov. Johnson here confidently expect his nomination by the Republican Convention as Vice-President on the ticket with President Lincoln.

—— The Union State Convention of New York, to select delegates to the National Convention, is to be held on the 25th of May. Each Assembly district will be entitled to three delegates.

—— The census for 1860 and 1863 of the State of Iowa gave the following figures: Total population in 1860, 674,478; in 1863, 702,162—increase, 27,414. In 1860 there were 673,925 whites, and 1,023 free colored persons. In 1863 there were 354,661 white males, 346,181 females, 1,320 free blacks, and 135,068 persons entitled to vote, of whom 89,121 Voted for Stone and 44,948 for Tuttle.

—— The proceeds of the Sanitary Fairs are: Chicago, $60,000; Boston, $140,000; Cincinatti, $245,000; Albany, $32,000; Brooklyn, $400,000; Cleveland, $60,000; Buffalo, $40,000; Poughkeepsie, $17,158. Total, $1,019,158.

—— The so-called spotted fever at Long Branch, New Jersey, has carried off 37 out of 90 cases. It is believed to be caused by bad food, poisonous rye coffee, and bedroom air vitiated by kerosene lamp-smoke.

—— Gold has raised during the week from 161 to 167.

—— The exhibition of the Sophomore Class, held at the Cooper Institute, on Thursday evening, March 24th, in aid of the Sanitary Commission, passed off with the greatest *éclat*. It was attended by the *élite* of the city. The presidential address, by Mr. Webster, was well suited to the occasion. Among the most worthy of notice, were: Edward A. Page, who gave Henry Clay's "Appeal in Behalf of Greece." The declamation of "Flogging in the Navy" was most forcibly given by Charles H Brinkerhoff, whose emphatic manner chained the attention of the audience. The gem of the evening was Lewis H. Spence's recital of Longfellow's "Famine," from Hiawatha. Charles M. Hibbard spoke an oration on "Our Future," with great effect. His action was very spirited and natural. Stoddard's "Ballad of Valley Forge," by Henry S. Carr, and "Barbara Frietchie," by Henry D. Knowlton, were both well

declaimed. Read Gordon, jr., who spoke the closing address, "The Genius of Columbia," did so with admirable force and discretion, and well deserved the encomiums lavished upon him. The music which was selected was warmly applauded. We must not forget to enter our protest against such terrible trash as the oration on the "Progress of Civilization." The eulogium on "China" must have been written by the flowery citizen, who sells penny cabbage cigars in the Park.

Western.—Kit Carson was at Santa Fé in excellent health. The campaign against the Navajoes had ended. Nearly 5,000 Indians had been captured, and submitted to being placed on the reservation established by Gen. Carleton.

—— A party of 60 influential Mexicans left the Canejos country, with a Navajoe woman as guide, who reported that her people find gold so plenty that they make bullets of it.

—— Our Western exchanges say that the conflict between political parties is being conducted with great bitterness. Mr. Chase's friends are indignant at Mr. Lincoln persisting in being a candidate for the Presidency; and Mr. Lincoln's friends declaring that Mr. Chase is altogether of too radical a stripe to be a safe President. McClellan's stock is looking up, and so is Gen. Fremont's.

Military.—The 1st New York Engineer regiment, under command of Col. E. W. Serrell, arrived in this city on the 23d March, on board the steamer Arago, from Hilton Head. The regiment numbers 146 men, all of whom have re-enlisted, and return to their homes on furlough. They were received by the city authorities, and escorted by the 7th regiment, N. Y. S. N. G., to the Jefferson Market drill-room, where a substantial collation had been provided for them. Alderman Hardy delivered an address of welcome, and Col. Serrell replied in a patriotic and earnest speech, which was enthusiastically cheered by his men.

—— In a recent speech at St. Louis, Gen. Rosecrans said, that the day before the battle of Chicamauga he telegraphed to Gen. Halleck to know if any rebel troops had been sent to reinforce Bragg. Halleck said that no troops had been sent from Lee's army except a few regiments to Charleston, when the fact was that Longstreet's entire corps of 20,000 men had joined Bragg. The result was that Rosecrans, with 56,000 men, had to meet Bragg's 93,000.

—— Frankfort township, of Sussex county, New Jersey, has 400 votes; she has sent 130 men to fight for the Union, has given freely for their support; and now has raised $325 for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission.

—— The Norfolk *Regime* says that the Government has a contract with John Minor Botts to furnish two corps of the Army of the Potomac with wood. The soldiers are cutting and hauling it themselves. He furnishes 2,000 cords a month at $4 a cord.

Naval.—The rebel pirate steamer Florida put in at Funchal, Madeira, on the 28th of February. She cooled and provisioned, and, being ordered off, she put to sea the following day. The U. S. sloop-of-war St. Louis was at Funchal at the same time.

—— The Monitors have been launched at Boston with success.

—— The Attorney-General of England has given it as his opinion that the rebel vessels of war have as much right to search British vessels for contraband of war for Northern ports as the Federal ships of war. This opinion he forms on the Queen's proclamation of neutrality, and granting the South belligerent rights.

Personal.—The immense orders for liquors said to have been given by Gen. Frank Blair last summer, and which was so widely published, was the occasion of a collision on the 22d ult., in the House, in debate between him and Mr. McClurg, of Missouri. Mr. McClurg fastened the order upon Mr. Blair. In rejoinder to his stout denial of ever having issued it, made last week with such directness and severity, Mr. Blair exploded with rage and denounced Mr. McClurg as an "infamous liar, forger and scoundrel."

—— Recent private letters from Richmond report that Jeff. Davis has become a gloomy ascetic; he has ordered another grand Fast Day for the 8th of April, the same to be rigidly observed in the army. Mrs. Davis spends much of her time in tears, and bemoaning the loss of her comforts and friends. The greatest discontent exists among the people of Richmond, and the city abounds with spies. The investigation into a recent plot to assassinate Davis was suddenly hushed up, on account of its unpleasant revelations.

—— Mr. John W. Wallace, of Philadelphia, has been appointed reporter of the decisions of the U. S. Supreme Court, and goes to Washington immediately. Mr. Wallace's high reputation as a writer and reporter is well known.

—— Rev. Dr. Bellows has accepted an invitation to fill the pulpit of the late Rev. Dr. Starr King, in San Francisco, temporarily.

—— Jackson, Jeff. Davis's colored coachman, is lecturing in Portland, Maine. There is another colored gentleman in England doing business on this same pretext.

—— It was denied some time since that Mrs. Douglas was officiating as a clerk in the Treasury Department. The Washington correspondent of the Milwaukee *Wisconsin* says, however, that "passing through the Treasury Department the other day, I met Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas, who is filling the the duties of a $1,200 clerkship in that department."

Obituary.—The King of Bavaria died in Munich on the 11th March, of erysipelas, after only a few days illness, aged 57. He is succeeded by his son, Ludwig, now in his 19th year.

—— Mr. John B. Smith, favorably known as a scenic painter, and as one of the best artists in perspective drawing among the many theatrical painters in this city, died in Philadelphia March 21.

—— Dr. John Redmond Coxe, of Philadelphia, Professor of chemistry in the Pennsylvania University, died a few days since, aged 91.

—— Mr. George Campbell died at Hackensack, New Jersey, on the 11th ult., at the advanced age of 92 years. Mr. Campbell was a merchant in New York, and lived long in eventful times. Washington made his headquarters at Mr. Campbell's father's house. The deceased was then a little boy. In after life he paid a visit to the Father of his Country at Mount Vernon. He was on intimate visiting terms with both Hamilton and Burr; and when the latter was hunted by the officers of law, after his fatal duel, Col. Burr sought refuge in the house of Mr. Campbell in Hackensack, where he was received and secreted, when at that time Mr. Campbell's brother, who was Attorney-General for the State of New Jersey, and also lived in Hackensack, would have given $5,000 for Burr's arrest. Mr. Campbell never spoke of it till 30 years had elapsed. Such fidelity of friendship is seldom seen. With brilliant parts and a retentive memory to the last, Mr. Campbell was a most interesting and entertaining man. He had a warm heart and many other noble traits of character. He leaves multitudes of friends in tears at his departure.

—— John Short, a son-in-law of Gen. Harrison, and one of the wealthiest citizens of Hamilton county, Ohio, died on the 3d ult., at his residence, near North Bend.

—— Capt. Isaiah Sellers, a pioneer pilot on the Mississippi river, died at Memphis last week. He ran steamers on that river 40 years ago, in the infancy of steam navigation, and everybody who travelled West knew him.

—— Joshua Dewey, the oldest graduate of Yale College, died at Watertown, N. Y., on the 24th ult. He was nearly 97 years of age, and graduated in 1787. Mr. Dewey was James Fennimore Cooper's tutor.

—— Thomas Mills, the oldest pioneer West, died in Kentucky, opposite North Bend, on the 26th ult. He was born on Long Island, N. Y., in 1766. He went to the West in 1785. At that time there was not a single settlement in the States of Ohio and Indiana.

—— Charles W. March, a gentleman well known in literary circles in New York, died at Alexandria, Egypt, on the 24th of January, aged 47 years.

—— Johnny McKay, the prizefighter, and famous among sporting men as the second of Heenan in his fight with Morrissey, and also as trainer of Hammill, the champion oarsman, was killed a few days since at Freedom, Ohio, by being struck with a tow-line, while engaged on a coal barge plying between Pittsburg and Cincinnati.

Accidents and Offences.—An inquest was held upon the body of a little boy aged five years, who had died through the inhuman conduct of his guardians, Mr. and Mrs. Bowman, 457 West 44th street. A verdict in accordance was given. The evidence disclosed a series of fiendish cruelties.

—— An interesting case of assault and battery was tried on the 22d, in which Blasius M. Cheesebrough, better known as "Count Cheesebrough," a millionaire, living in East 17th street, figured as the defendant. The plaintiff, a domestic named Mary Murphy, alleges that the defendant came home one night at a very late hour, and told her to make a fire in his bed-room. The plaintiff refused to comply with the request, when the defendant ordered her to leave the house forthwith. She packed up her bundle and was about leaving when she was stopped in the hallway by the defendant and assaulted because she would not allow her baggage to be searched. The defence set up was a general denial of the allegations set forth in the complaint, and evidence was introduced for the purpose of showing that Mary was laboring under the influence of liquor that evening, but the jury gave a verdict of $100.

—— There was a destructive fire in the rear of Nos. 215 and 217 West 36th street, March 22, the print-works of Stuart & Stryker being entirely consumed. Other property was injured, and about 30 families were turned out of house and home. The entire loss is over $200,000.

—— At Memphis, a few days ago, a block of 20 buildings, used for storing commissary goods, fell in, burying in the ruins a large number of persons. Four women, more or less wounded, and 12 children had been dug out.

—— Incendiaries thrive in Vicksburg. There have been many fires recently. Several Government stores have been burned, and the railroad depot and adjoining buildings set on fire.

—— A fire in Cincinnati, on Wednesday, March 23, consumed two blocks fronting on the levee, including Pombontly & Woodward's Novelty Works, the Quartermaster's building, carpenter shop, and a number of stores. The loss to the Government is estimated at from $10,000 to $15,000. The official papers were all saved. The total loss was from $65,000 to $70,000.

—— The large shot and shell foundry and pattern shop of Albright & Stropp, at Mauch Chunk, Pa., was destroyed by fire last week. Loss $30,000, on which there is an insurance of $12,000. The large water-wheel, 44 feet in diameter, was the only part saved.

—— Thomas McGowan, while engaged in a quarrel with Patrick Brennan in Park street, struck him in the forehead with a piece of plate glass, inflicting a wound from which he died on March 23. Brennan fled and has not been arrested.

Foreign.—A large number of German soldiers, many of them from the army of the Duke of Augustenberg, were arriving in Liverpool, in order to set out to join the Union army in America.

—— The Austro-Prussian troops have advanced further into Jutland. Several engagements between them and the Danes have taken place, in which the latter are reported to have sustained severe losses. The Prussians are operating against the fortress of Fredericia, while the Austrians have marched northward, and occupied the towns of Viele and Horsens.

—— An official notification states that from the 15th inst. the towns of Wollin, Swinemunde, Wolgast, Griefswald, Stralsund and Barth will be blockaded by the Danes.

—— The *Snälpost*, of Stockholm, asserts that Prussia has undertaken to form a corps of 150,000 men to operate against Sweden, in the event of the latter State becoming an ally of England and France.

—— The Cabinet of Vienna has, it is said, issued a circular, professing the readiness of Austria to take part in a conference and consent to an armistice with Denmark, and declaring that the Austrians and Prussians will retire from Jutland if the Danes will evacuate Düppel and Alsen, will cease to capture German ships, and will restore all the prizes which they may have made.

—— The christening of the infant son of the Prince and Princess of Wales took place, with considerable court ceremony, at Buckingham Palace, on the 10th of March, the anniversary of the wedding-day. Queen Victoria was one of the sponsors, and named the young prince Albert Victor Christian Edward.

—— The London *Times* takes a commercial view of the political position of England. There is, it says, a commercial as well as a political world, and from that world we are not only not shut out, but are becoming more and more its active and thriving centre. But can it be wondered at that England avoids association with members of the new Holy Alliance? She stood aside 40 years ago and allowed Spain to be invaded, but the powers which sanctioned the outrage were punished by civil war, revolution, and eternal obloquy and disgrace.

—— It is said that Queen Victoria, in the exercise of the royal prerogative of war or peace-making, has firmly assured both Lord Palmerston and Earl Derby that no events shall force her to declare war against her own children and other kin in Germany. Hence, it is said, the English Parliamentary debates avoid a declaration in favor of war for Denmark.

Chit-Chat.—The *Herald* says that the love of gambling has invaded the female breast, and that the fair wearers of crinoline now divide their susceptible hearts between the opera and fancy stocks—between fashion and mammon. It is another proof of the tendency of war to deprave the public mind.

—— Considerable merriment has been created in Washington at a recent innocent carrying off another man's wife by mistake last week. A gentleman having called in a carriage to fetch his wife from a ball, fell asleep while he was waiting for her. All of a sudden the door of the carriage was opened, and a lady wrapped in a shawl got in. The gentleman merely yawned, and the man drove on. After driving on for about 20 minutes, the gentleman was roused by the lady saying: "Why, George, where is the coachman driving us to—he is going to Georgetown?" The person thus addressed, cried: "Good gracious! madam, here is a mistake; you are not my wife." The coach was stopped, an explanation made; the lady had mistaken the carriage for her husband's, and after depositing his fair companion at her own house, he drove back in time to get his real wife.

—— West Alexander, in West Virginia, is the Gretna Green of that section. Since May last Squire May has married nearly 100 couple, and since the return of the veteran soldiers from their furloughs, the business is particularly brisk, as many of them are taking companions in arms for life—or the war.

—— The New Haven *Journal* says Alexander H. Stephens testified in the Superior Court in that city, recently, that J. C. Breckenridge is erecting a block of houses in Meriden. And yet the Copperheads grumble about a want of "toleration."

—— Porley Vallandigham, a "youth to fortune and to fame unknown," but nevertheless a nephew of the great Ohio martyr, is married to and lives with a negro woman in Muscatine, Iowa, according to the *Journal* of that place. His brother, living on the opposite side of the river, is also married to a negress.

—— Mrs. White, of Alabama, sister of Mrs. Lincoln, has reached Selma, Ala., having smuggled through a rebel uniform, the buttons of which were of gold, worth $40,000.

—— Mr. La Baume (a dentist) recommends brushing the teeth with vinegar daily, till the tartar disappears; after that use a powder of charcoal and tincture of rhatany, which will prevent its recurrence.

—— The Springfield *Union* says that George Thompson intends making this country his home. His residence will be in Boston.

THE BRIDAL MORN.

BY ADA VROOMAN.

Lo! in the East the radiant morn
  Steals swift to meet her lord, the sun,
And down among the golden corn
    The larks wake one by one.

Sweet twitterings break the misty calm,
  And odorous buds unfurl in dew;
And fairer far than desert palm
    To Arab's eager view,

Upspring the lilies, tall and pale,
  To blush at sight of lovers' eyes;
And amorous trills from yonder vale
    Shall laud them to the skies.

Sweet day! I watch thy dawning haze
  With rapture's sweet prophetic zest;
Oh! golden sun, thy dying rays
    Will see me doubly blest.

My lily waits, with blushing cheek,
  For her dear lover's ardent eyes;
And fairer far than lily meek,
    She stands in bridal guise.

She comes, with all her hopes and fears,
  Clad in the calm of maiden life,
And brings her wealth of smiles and tears
    To dower the faithful wife.

Sweet dawn and day! Sweet noon and night!
  Sweet stars that deck the bridal sky!
Ye come to witness the delight
    That waits on constancy.

For us no more shall love's alarms
  Raise tumults in each happy breast,
But havened in each other's arms,
    We find our perfect rest.

HON. E. W. GANTT,

Lately a Brigadier-General in the Rebel Army.

Hon. E. W. Gantt was born in Hickman county, Tenn., on the 17th March, 1832. His ancestors were from England, and settled in Prince George's county, Maryland, being among the first settlers in that State. His father was an officer in the war of 1812, when quite a young man. He subsequently emigrated to Tennessee.

The relatives of the subject of this notice were Southern people, slaveholders on both sides, his father being from Maryland and his mother from North Carolina. He was reared and educated in Maury county, Tenn., for the profession of law, and at the age of 19 was admitted to the bar. He removed to Arkansas the same year, and immediately entered upon the practice of his profession, doing a large business. In his 22d year he was elected Prosecuting Attorney of the Sixth Judicial District of Arkansas, comprising the 10 counties in the south-western portion of the State. His popularity and promise were regarded as so great that he was twice re-elected by immense majorities, and only gave up the office when, in August, 1860, he was elected to the Federal Congress, after a bitter contest against the old politicians of the State.

He was the first man in Arkansas to advocate the doctrine of "Congressional Protection to Slavery in the Territories," which subsequently became engrafted into the Democratic State platform, and afterwards into the platform of the Southern wing of the Democratic party.

From the age of 17 to 22 Mr. Gantt wrote many pieces of poetry, which were widely circulated; and when, in 1860, be became a candidate for Congress, Mr. George D. Prentice, of the Louisville *Journal*, said of him: "We have known Mr. Gantt principally as a poet. A few years ago he sent us some beautiful specimens of poetry from the mountains of Arkansas, that came bursting up from that wild and remote region, like beautiful singing-birds from the bosom of a deep forest. In view of the evident and inevitable politics of Arkansas, we hope Mr. G. will be elected, as a slight admixture of the spirit of poesy would have a tendency to temper the dark and vulgar locofocoism of that body."

After Mr. Gantt's election he made a canvass for Breckinridge. After Mr. Lincoln's election he counselled the formation of a Government for the protection of negro slavery, declaring that neither the Constitution or new guarantees could save slavery in the Union.

In the commencement of hostilities he joined the army as a private, and was elected Colonel of the 12th Arkansas regiment. He was at Columbus at the Belmont fight, and had charge of the right of McCown's division, on the east shore, where the main attack was anticipated. He came near losing his life by the explosion of a shell.

He relieved Gen. Jeff Thompson at New Madrid, in January, 1862, and assumed command when Gen. Pope advanced upon that place; he wrote to Gen. Polk, who sent him there, that he did not intend to surrender the post, but would make a mausoleum of bones of himself and men first. He said, if the character or extent of the defence was to be limited, he desired to know it. Gen. Polk replied that he sent him there to hold it, and would not limit the defence, as he had the utmost confidence in him. He had frequent skirmishes with the Union forces; in which men were lost upon both sides. Four days before the evacuation of New Madrid, Gen. McCown came down from Columbus with a portion of Polk's army and assumed command. In the last day's fight at New Madrid he was particularly eulogised, as well as in the trying hour of the terrible night of the evacuation. He was second in command at Island No. 10, was then surrendered by Gen. Mackall, and was sent to Fort Warren, where he remained a prisoner of war for six months. His subsequent history is known to the country.

He married Miss Reid, of North Carolina, whose father is now a resident of Arkansas, and a large slaveholder.

FIGHT WITH A CROCODILE.

I need scarcely tell my readers that the most dreaded inhabitant of the water is the crocodile. Any person in proximity to the water is in danger of attack. If he stoops to fill a dipper, the bubbling sound is sure to draw half a dozen crocodiles at once to him. To escape the danger thus incurred, a calabash bowl, with a handle six feet in length, is generally employed, and even this is frequently snatched from the hand of the water carrier.

But, in spite of the well-known and terrible characteristics of this dreaded king of the water, there are plenty of men who do not hesitate to meet and encounter him in his own element. Those engaging in it are well aware of the contest in which one of the combatants at least must die. It is impossible for both to escape, or for a "drawn battle" to take place. The crocodile never yields the contest so long as he has the ability to struggle, and the moment his human enemy turns his back to flee, that moment is his last.

About 20 years since I was making a journey in the northern part of South America, in company with a Llanero, or inhabitant of the plain. When a dozen miles from our destination, word reached us that the wife of our comrade lay at the point of death, and he was urged to make all possible haste. We at once struck our wearied horses to a rapid gallop, and a half hour later reached the banks of a stream of large size, which it was necessary to cross. Unfortunately, the ferryman was at a considerable distance with his canoe, and the Llanero became impatient.

"I will not wait for him!" he said at last; "he is an age in reaching us, while my poor wife is dying. I will swim across."

"Remember the danger," said I, "from the crocodiles."

He did not reply, but removed his heavy equipments. I promised to take them with me, and he then loosed the saddle of his horse, so that it merely floated behind him. Having prepared his animal for the water, he now put himself in the proper condition. This consisted in stripping himself entirely to the waist, after which he placed his dagger between his teeth, and plunged into the river. His faithful beast instantly followed, and the two swam together, the Llanero keeping slightly in advance, so that his horse should run no danger from the monsters. The crocodile knows full well which is the daintiest morsel, and at such times invariable makes for the man, attacking the horse only when no other prey is offered.

The Llanero certainly was not more than one-fourth the distance across the river when we both saw the monster come to the surface, near the centre, and make at once towards the approaching man and beast.

The Llanero caught sight of the crocodile at the same moment that we did, and with his dagger still between his teeth, he made at once towards him. As the two combatants swiftly approached, we watched them with painful and breathless interest. The man, fully aware that he could slay the monster only by stabbing him beneath the armpit, and knowing too that this could not be accomplished unless he made him spring out of the water, exerted his cunning to compel the crocodile to do this.

We saw the Llanero, when a few yards distant from his foe, reach his left hand backward, and place it upon the saddle, at the same time taking his dagger in his right hand; when six feet or so distant, and on the very point of attacking him, the man threw the saddle into the air, so that it bid fair to fall directly upon the head of the assailant. Supposing it some coveted morsel, the crocodile made a leap fair out of the water, and caught it in his extended jaws. This was the critical moment; quick as lightning, the Llanero plunged his dagger to the hilt in the monster's vitals. A spasmodic grunt, a loud splash, a few struggles, and the crocodile sank to the bottom of the river, never to rise again!

Filled with admiration at this achievement, the ferryman insisted upon the Llanero entering his canoe, and staying to dinner with him; but the brave fellow refused all assistance, and upon reaching the opposite side, mounted his horse, and hastened onward. I will only add, that the wife of the gallant man was found much better than he had reason to expect, and eventually recovered from her illness.

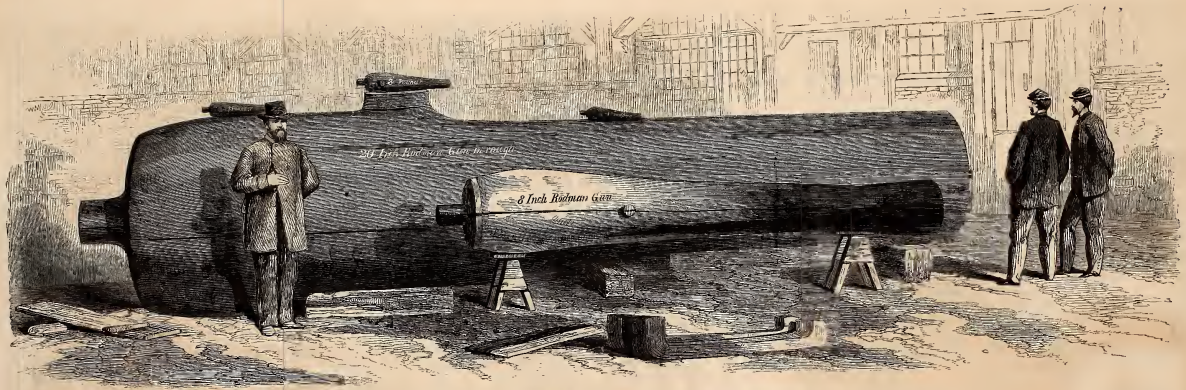
Ancient Estates.—We find the following facts in a recent number of an English periodical: The interesting and often-quoted statements made some time since by Lord Palmerston, respecting the uninterrupted descent for nearly eight centuries, from father to son, of a small estate in his own neighborhood in the New Forest, relates, as is well-known, to the family of Purgis, the limeburner, who picked up the body of William Rufus, and carried it in his humble cart to Winchester, to receive the last sad rites. But we can place upon record a case of still longer descent of a small property among persons in no way allied to rank and fortune, and who have never risen above the condition of yeomen; while, we believe, they have never fallen below it. At Ambrose Barn, on the borders of the parish of Thorpe, near Chertsey, still resides a farmer of the name of Wapshot, whose ancestors have lived without a break upon the same spot ever since the reign of Alfred the Great, by whom the farm was granted to Reginald Wapshot. There are several families among our untitled gentry—the county aristocracy—who can trace their names and possessions in a direct male descent back to the Saxon times; but below that rank we are not aware of a more striking instance of permanence among change than the past history of the Wapshots.

An Eccentric Physician.—A friend relates for the *Agriculturist* the following anecdote of a skilful physician, Dr. M——, who is still practising in Rhode Island. He had a way of doing things all his own, and no one could tell beforehand "where he would come out." On one occasion he was called to perform a very important surgical operation on a young man living in the country. Arriving there, he found collected a large number of neighboring farmers and others, who had come from curiosity to witness the operation. He observed that the house was scantily furnished, and other evidences of the poverty of the family were apparent, and he inquired whether the mother—widow—was ready to pay the $50 which he should charge. She replied that she could not at present, but would do so as soon as possible. The doctor immediately informed the bystanders that he would do nothing until the money was paid, and asked them if they could not make up the amount. This was soon done, but not without many condemnations of the hard-hearted doctor, who, however, paid no attention to the remarks, but immediately went on with his work, which he performed successfully. As soon as it was over, he stepped up to the mother, and remarking: "The boy will need some things before he gets well," slipped the $50 into her hand, and was off before he could hear her thanks, or the loud praises of those who had just been denouncing him as a grasping miser.

Sundry people gain a livelihood by writing on glass. Truly they must indulge in a very polished style of writing. We wonder whether they ever make a slip of the pen?

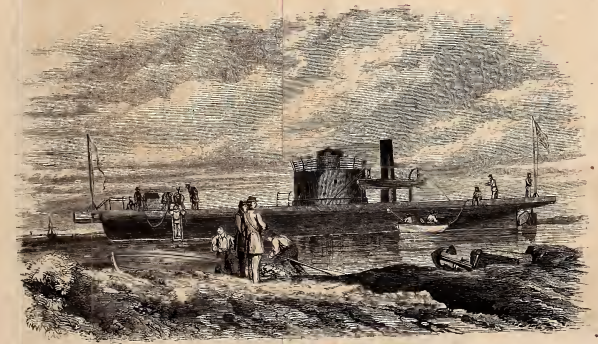
Gentle Reader.—If you have a remarkably strong constitution, you may the read following: if not, we beg of you to pass it over. If a cigar makes a man ill, will a cheroot make a manilla?

"You're always trying to make game of people, and ain't able to do it," as the sparrow said to the cockney sportsman.



Major Rodman.

OUR MAMMOTH CANNON.—THE 20 INCH RODMAN GUN RECENTLY CAST AT FORT PITT FOUNDRY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—SEE PAGE 39.



BEACHING A MONITOR.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.—SEE PAGE 39.

THE NEW BAKERIES ON FOLLY ISLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

TWO.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

MELLOW and faint the lamplight falls
Across the pillows of misty lace,
And, clearing the curtain's snow-white fold,
Lazily droop the tassels of gold
Over Maud's sleeping face.

Here is a ruby, as red as blood,
Flung from her tresses an hour ago;
And her lilies crushed on the tufted floor,
With the spice of the tropics running o'er
Their beautiful cups of snow.

Hist! and the ballroom odors fall
From her satins there in still repose;
And the slumberous air is haunted yet
By a tender scent of mignonette
And the musk of a dying rose.

The wind goes sobbing across the pane,
The dead vines rattle upon the wall;
Do you hear it, as you lie here, sweet,
Stilly and white from head to feet,
Dreaming about the ball?

Oh, the grand saloon, with its thousand lights,
The sweeping of silk through the open doors!
And the dancers' feet, as they flashed along,
Tinkling to measures of mystic song,
Over the marble floors.

That subtle perfume of gorgeous flowers,
Stirring the warm air, faint and slow;
And the lustres that burned through the purple dusk
Of the dim recesses, o'errun with musk
From the Indian urns below.

The soft, clear call of the dreamy lutes,
And oh, a voice that was sweeter still!
Filling her ear, and the face bent near,
With the tropical dark of the eyes so dear,
In a praise of the gay quadrille.

And the bold lips, redder than Southern wine,
Dropping their lovewords down like pearls;
And the beautiful shame, the sweet surprise,
In the glow of her cheek, in the dusk of her eyes,
Through her falls of yellow curls.

Oh, what a night of nights for you,
Dainty maid, 'mid the laces fine!
Sleep, and dream of that splendid room,
And life kissed into its Maytime bloom
By the lips like Southern wine!

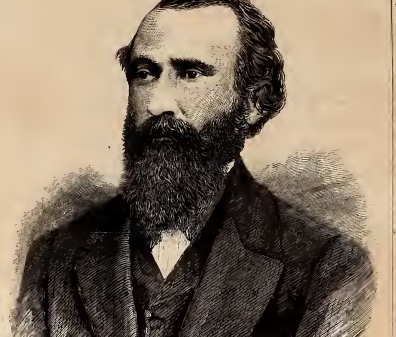
Sleep, and dream of that splendid room,
Not of this dark, or its cold, sad tears;
For an hour ago you won, my sweet,
The crown of your womanhood all complete,
Beneath those chandeliers.

The curtain is down across the way,
But a face at the lattice, still and white,
Is looking abroad on the steady heat
Of wind and rain up the lonesome street:
She will not sleep to-night.

But, by the gold in her half-loosed hair,
She has danced at the revel, too, I trow;
She has danced at the revel, and brought away
Lips so pallid they cannot pray,
And the wraith of a broken vow.

What! a watcher here in the dark and cold,
Waiting so still for the mild gray east
To glow with the dawn? Ah, Maud, did you know,
In the grand saloon, but an hour ago,
That a skeleton sat at the feast?

And did you know how the violets grew
In the meadows only the last, last June;
And the words they heard when your lover pressed
Those half-loosed tresses against his breast,
Under the wild, white moon?



HON. R. W. GANTT, LATELY BRIGADIER-GENERAL IN THE REBEL ARMY.—SEE PAGE 35.

A letter, a ring, and a leaf once hid
'Twixt the leaves of an old romance: they lay
There on the sill, pretty trifles and vain.
Oh, the hungry pain, oh, the passionate pain,
That could not be danced away!

Hush! The haggard stars are plunging deep
In the watery clouds, and the moon is down,
And the wizard steel is stabbing the night
Through and through, with its spears so white,
Out in the dismal town.

Let those weep who have need of tears,
The happy may rest, for the world is wise;
But, beautiful Maud, when you meet his kiss,
Take heed that you see no ghost of this
In the dark of your lover's eyes!

PAUL REVERE.

By Miriam Earle.

"I AM sorry this Philip Gordon is coming here, Madeline; all our comfort will be spoiled. Our morning readings, our evening music, our afternoon rambles our pleasant moments will all have to be given up, I suppose, for as your guest he will claim your first attention, and what will a prosaic lawyer care for these things?"

They were standing by the library window, Madeline Berford and Paul Revere. He, with his slight, graceful figure, fair hair and skin, and a boyish eagerness and truthfulness in the blue eyes turned wistfully upon her face; and she, with a height almost equal to his, with one hand raised and resting lightly on his shoulder, gazing dreamily out on the lawn. Her face was too pale, her eyebrows too straight, her mouth too large for beauty, but there was a depth, a magnetism, in her soft, dark eyes, a charm in every movement, that attracted far more than mere regularity of feature could have done; while the curve of the short, upper lip, the broad forehead, shaded by braids of dark brown hair, and the erect carriage of the finely-formed head showed a latent strength of mind and purpose which, though unnoticed, unveiled into action in her quiet life, still inspired all her actions.

It was their favorite spot, this deep bay window, shaded without by graceful festoons of running vines, and adorned within by one or two pencil sketches by Madeline's own hand, soft cushions of crimson and gold, and a low chair for Madeline, because she preferred it to the window seat itself. The heavy crimson curtains that separated the window from the library were swept aside, revealing the antique bookshelves filled with choice selections, rare old pictures—for Mr. Berford had been something of an art connoisseur—Madeline's open piano and music-stand, the easy-chairs and velvet lounge, draped like the window in gold and crimson, all covered with the soft, clear light of a bright May-day.

Madeline was an orphan. Both parents had died when she was quite young, and she had been left to the care of a maiden aunt, her father's only sister, and almost his only relative. The elder Miss Berford was somewhat aristocratic in her tastes and prejudices, and the Reverex were the only family in the neighborhood with whom she was at all familiar or permitted Madeline to be. So Paul and his sister, now married and living in a distant State, had been almost her only companions. They had grown up together, played the same plays, shared the same joys and sorrows, been taught by the same governess, and finished by the same tutor, for Mr. Berford had specially provided that Madeline's education should be conducted at home, and Paul could never be induced to leave home long enough to go to college. And in this society the gentle boy had grown still more gentle, disdaining any pleasures the girls could not share, and so their days passed on in a quiet round of amusements and vague castle-building, with many thoughts but few deeds towards the higher purposes of life.

After Paul's sister married and removed from home, he and Madeline were more inseparable than before, and a day that did not find him at Berford Hall would have been a strange event. Her firmness, quiet perseverance and calmness of character always controlled his more sanguine, excitable nature, and as she always gave him the fullest sympathy in all his plans and vague speculations, he had grown to look up to her with a feeling that almost amounted to reverence. She was his Hertha, his Psyche; to him she was all that was beautiful, holy and noble.

Not that Madeline was satisfied with the life she led; she tired of it every day. There was that restless longing that all true natures must feel to do something, to do some one good, to put this existence to some use other than the selfish one of ministering to one's own pleasure alone; to know they were not like the helpless reed, borne along by the current, of no account there and never missed when gone. But what should she do? Her own home was as happy and pleasant as could be, and

Paul's Grief.

needed no more care of hers than she now gave it. There were no ragged children to be gathered together and taught, the free school system had taken that out of her hands; there were no erring Magdalenes, no wretched outcast within her range of knowledge whom she could take by the hand and bring up from this dark standing to the light and air that purified the plane of their fellow-beings. No, they were all such commonplace sinners, such every-day evils, enterwined behind the broad mantle of common usage, that she was powerless to attack them; and what was to be done? Could she only have gone out into the great world and turned out an Elizabeth Fry or a Florence Nightingale, she would willingly have endured all their hardships, made just as many sacrifices. If she gave utterance to her desires, from her aunt she received a long lecture on the sin of discontent, and Paul would go off into such a burst of enthusiasm as to the great things they would accomplish, that his very extravagance silenced her more effectually than all the obstacles that could have been placed before her. And yet she was very happy. How could it be otherwise, surrounded by beauty and luxury, all that a refined taste could demand, a loving heart ask, even to that which should be the crowning blessing of a life—the entire love and consecration of one worthy heart.

A year before, when the starry clusters of violets were looking up from their low beds, and the warm wind breathed a passion as tender as the words he spoke, Paul told her of his love. He pictured his arid, desolate life if they were separated; and then in glowing words told of the great deeds he could perform if she would be his inspiration—of the beautiful future he would create if she were by his side, and she, not at all moved by his eloquence, but knowing no deeper sentiment than her affection for him, never dreaming there could be a more powerful one, quietly laid her hands in his, and said calmly, "I love you, Paul, I will be your wife." And so they were betrothed, and everything went on just the same. Indeed it would have been impossible for him to have spent much more time with her, to have been much more attentive and lover-like than before. Her property had been left in care of this Philip Gordon, the son of her

Madeline and Gordon on the Lake.

father's dearest friend, then just commencing the profession that had since brought him wealth and fame. She was to come into full possession at twenty, and as that time had nearly arrived, he had written that he would be there at that time, prepared to settle all accounts; and as he had business that way, he would probably stay a few days in the neighborhood, and hoped to become better acquainted with his ward. Of course he had been invited to make her home his home during his stay, and after a little deliberation he had accepted the invitation, setting the last week of May as the time he might be expected. Madeline had never seen him but once, and only remembered him vaguely as connected with her father's death and funeral, and though she had, of course, a little curiosity to see what he would be like, otherwise thought little about him. Paul, never thinking of him as a rival, her guardian and old enough to have been so for ten years, yet had a vague feeling that in some way he was to interfere with his happiness, that prompted his remark as they stood by the window, not watching for him, it was too early for that by an hour and a half, but idly speculating on stray subjects. She answered him dreamily.

"Oh, I think not. He has business, you know, that will occupy part of his time, and then Aunt Isabel will probably be more company for him than you or I."

Her thoughts were evidently wandering. He reached up and taking her hand that lay on his shoulder, smoothing the slender fingers with his own, said tenderly:

"What is it *ma-belle*—can I help you?"

She turned round facing him, her eyes flashing earnestly.

"I was thinking of him—of this man—of what a succession of struggles and victories his life has been. He commenced with nothing but a pair of stout hands, a brave heart and a firm will, and now he stands among the heads of his profession. He was admitted to the bar a boy of twenty-one, and that is the way my father found him—for he had lost all trace of the only son of his dearest friend soon after he died, and his leaving my property in his care was almost his first business. But what a grand life has been his; fixing his eyes steadily on the landmark ahead, he struggled toward it, unmindful of the roughness at his feet, till he has reached it. Oh, how puny, how immeasurably selfish are our lives, Paul, in comparison, spending in careless pleasure the moments that should be filled with action, wasting the golden opportunities for good that should be gathered so carefully. Do you not tire of it even as I do? Can we not do better, Paul?"

He caught the enthusiasm from her sparkling face.

"You shall see what I can do, Madeline," he said, eagerly. "I am a man; I will work for both of us; you shall be proud of me, Madeline; I will go out into the great world, and it shall yield beautiful things to me from its many stores, and when I have earned a name, I shall come back to claim you, Madeline, for you will be my inspiration and your hand my reward."

She smiled sadly; she knew so well that he would accomplish—nothing, and answered him gently:

"There is much we might do if we would; but, alas, we are mere day-dreamers."

"Day-dreamers, Madeline, that is the word, you have given to me; it shall be the title of my book, and that will be wild, Utopian, bringing fame, doing good from its very originality. But I read a beautiful thought on that only this morning, let me read it to you."

He took up a book on the window-seat.

"I brought it on purpose to show you; let me place your chair here where the light will fall just right on the page; there that will do now."

So his high resolutions always ended in a new dream. She sat down, and he, drawing a cushion to her feet, curled upon it like the petted child he was, and commenced his book. He was still reading when Mr. Gordon came. In the interest of the story his existence had been forgotten till they heard Miss Berford's words of welcome. A tall, well-made man, with high features, raven hair sweeping squarely across a broad forehead, a pair of dark, iridescent eyes, chin and mouth well set off with beard and moustache, and a manly, self-control air, but neither handsome or graceful, stood before Madeline as she hurried out to the parlor door. He came forward as he entered, and without waiting for the introduction her aunt was about to give, took both her hands cordially.

"And this is my little friend, Madeline, that was," said he, warmly; "you have grown some, but, otherwise, not changed enough so but that I would have known you anywhere."

Somehow the clear ring of his deep voice smote painfully on Paul's ears, but it might have been caused by his astonishment at the sight of him, for forgetting if Madeline had been his ward ten years he was only a little over thirty, he had pictured to himself a man grown gray with age, but this impression was lost in the conversation that followed, for Mr. Gordon had so much to say, and said it so well, that he, with his sociality, could not help being attracted towards him. Despite Paul's presentiment time had never passed pleasanter at Berford Hall than during the succeeding few weeks, for Mr. Gordon proved himself a most agreeable companion. Each day, three hours of the earliest morning were spent with his business, but that past, he was ready to join them in all their amusements, and surprised them all by planing all sorts of excursions and seeking all sorts of adventures, as he said to commemorate his holidays. He was well-informed, knowing thoroughly many subjects of which Paul had never thought, for never idle, his leisure moments had been spent in study and self-culture. His reading hours acquired a double interest when he was the reader, and in music he more than surpassed their expectations. His rich bass voice accorded better with Madeline's pure contralto than Paul's light tenor, so he took his place, becoming in that as everything else the leading spirit. But in his superiority there was no pride, no haughtiness, that could wound even Paul's sensitive heart, and so the time passed on only seeming to bring a pleasanter change, though, also, for poor Paul, gradually undermining all his hope of happiness.

One day they had contemplated going to Medney Pond, a miniature lake about a mile distant, for a boat-ride and fishing-party, but at the last moment Paul was obliged to give it up to (a rare thing for him) attend to some business, and not to lose the day's pleasure, Madeline and Mr. Gordon went alone. That day Philip learned more of her real self than in all their preceding intercourse. They had sailed and fished to no purpose till weary, and were at the landing-place on their return, their boat resting idly on the smooth surface. With his lawyer tact he drew her on to speak of herself, and the subject once started, she talked freely and openly—telling all her aspirations, all her desires for a higher development of mind and soul than she possessed. She had been leaning over the edge of the boat, dipping her hand slowly up and down in the clear waters, but suddenly she raised herself up and went on impetuously:

"You cannot think how I despise myself—how I pity and sorrow for every one whose existence is like mine; who pass idly on life's pathway, only taking care that their own path is bordered with flowers, giving no heed to the thorns that may beset another, no thought to the sharp stones over which they may stumble if their own feet find a smooth resting-place, and using the talents given them only for their own gratification. I have been petted, made much of too long. I want action now, something to do that will require self-denial and sacrifice, that will remove this feeling of uselessness, and give me quietude in place of this unrest."

She stretched out her hands as if to grasp a vision. He had been gathering some of the water-lilies that grew plentifully in the shallow water, and he placed them in her hand, saying, as his fingers closed over the stems:

"Perhaps you are like those lilies, diffusing around you a constant beauty and fragrance—though all unconscious of it—there are many such on earth."

She shook her head slowly. "But I am not; and if I was, I hardly think I should be content; I want—but look there."

She stopped abruptly, and pointed to the West. It had grown dark while they were speaking. A heavy cloud was coming up, betokening one of those sudden storms common to June. He caught up his oars, and a few strokes brought them to the shore. They sprang out, and only stopping long enough to drag the boat upon the white sand and secure it, hurried on. It was a mile, and they had walked—for Madeline was a famous pedestrian—and it was pleasanter than riding. They had gone about half the distance, when a sharp flash of lightning broke through the darkness, followed in a moment by a low heavy peal of thunder. He passed his arm around her, nearly lifting her from the ground, and increased his pace almost to a run.

"Don't," said she, breathlessly. "You will tire out; I can keep up." But he paid no attention to her words, but hastened on at the same speed till he reached the gate, then he put her down. Her hat had fallen off; her face glowed with excitement; and in one hand she still held her lilies. She held them up.

"See!" she said, "some of them are crushed; but how exquisite it has rendered their perfume."

"Yes, they are sweeter now, but they will sooner die, and it will be lost for ever."

Half way down the avenue they met Paul.

"You are safe, then, *ma-belle?*" said he gladly. "I have just this moment come, and finding you had not returned, was about to start after you, when we saw you coming."

Something in Paul's tone sounded disagreeable to Philip. "Was she only safe with him?" He saw it all then; that look and tone revealed all Paul's love to him plainer than any words, and Madeline—what of her? There had been no answering light in her eyes to his joy, only a calm greeting. But how would it be? Would not the impulsive eagerness of his boyish love win her heart? He had walked slowly behind; they were waiting for him in the porch.

"Oh, what splendid lilies!" he heard Paul say enthusiastically; "you have brought one for me, I know."

"Don't think me selfish, Paul," she answered, with a bright smile; "but I want to put them in the library where we can all enjoy them," and she ran out in the great drops just beginning to fall, and laid them on the grass that they might be fresher for the morrow.

Somehow this incident, trifling as it was, did Philip Gordon's heart a great deal of good. The smallest circumstances sometimes affect our lives the most. Is there any truth in the theory of transmigration of souls in the idea that we have lived, realized, loved and suffered an existence before this? If not, whence come those dim perceptions that sometimes float before our our inner vision, indistinct, without tangible form, and yet for the moment so real? From whence comes that lightning flash that for a breath will thrill our being with an acute sense of knowledge, and then vanish, leaving only a vague sense of loss behind? The veriest trifle will do this, the opening or shutting of a door, a gesture, a strange face or scene, will sometimes open a passage far, far down to a recess of the soul, and giving a momentary glimpse of a fragment imbedded there. Do impressions ever die—do they ever even fade? If the science of phrenology is true, mind, that part of us capable of receiving and retaining ideas, is substance and not the intellectual soul. The bumps, which they tell us indicate our character, most certainly are, and as certainly increase and decrease with our development of mind. And why should it not be seated there? But mind is not ideas, though it is thickly covered with them; but the soul-pen that wrote them there is too near the divine for our weak eyes to read its tracings. But can such writings be erased? We all know how a circumstance, long forgotten, covered over many layers deep by the rubbish that stores the garrets of our memory, may be brought to light, revived in all its pristine splendor, merely by a chance word. Our souls survive all changes, and may they not have brought these things—small in themselves, to be sure, but probably connected with some important event that once thrilled our life—from some former period of existence, and reunite them on our life's first pages, that may sometimes break forth from the coverings of long years, burning with a sudden light, that possesses no power to tell its cause or origin?

It had grown dusk, and a lamp burned on the centre table. The rain fell in torrents, often cut by a sharp gleam of lightning, followed by a deafening roll of thunder. Madeline stood in the centre of the room, after a childish fashion of hers when there was a thunderstorm, gazing, as well as the darkness permitted, out on the grandeur of the tempest. Once there came a fiery blaze of lightning, covering her figure with a brilliant light, as she stood with clasped hands, parted lips and head thrown back, every feature radiant with excitement. Philip Gordon was not a man given to ideality, but that moment a flash bright as that other glare passed through his soul, illuminating for a moment a recess, seemed to have been formed ages ago. She filled every part of it. She had always belonged to him, said the intuition; she was his, his only now. They had been growing up for each other, but the time had come when he might claim her, when he could clasp her to his heart and say: "Mine! only mine!" He started from his chair with the purpose vaguely in his mind, but Paul stood between them. The electric chain, that by reason of this love found the three together, at that same instant touched Paul's heart with a sense of pain as acute as the joy that thrilled Philip's, and he sprang to her side with a low cry of irrepressible pain.

"Madeline, Madeline, do not stand there! I cannot bear to see you with that look on your face, like a goddess controlling fate. Come away from that dreadful glass, that for a moment seemed to carry you so far from me, that placed between us an unfathomable gulf, which no efforts of mine could enable me to cross. Come and sit down here, where I can know it was but a delusion, and that you were near me."

She sat down in the chair he brought, a soft smile curving her lips at the reaction his words brought, while he drew a stool, and sitting down at her feet, in his favorite position, looking up tenderly in her face, softly caressing one of her white hands, while the other wandered dreamily through his wavy hair.

The next week was Madeline's birthday, and with her girlish love of gaiety, she had resolved the day should be celebrated in the pleasantest manner possible. There was a picnic in the woods around Medney Lake, a boat ride, and dinner in the afternoon, and a supper and dance at the hall in the evening. Madeline looked beautiful at the picnic in her white muslin, and in the evening in a white silk, with white lilies, that Philip had gathered for her, in her hair. The afternoon passed well enough, but in the evening a new trouble arose, Mr. Gordon did not dance—this was one of the few things he had neglected to learn—but Paul did, and kept Madeline for his partner as constantly as he could. Philip talked to one after the other, but they severally made their excuses and left him, preferring to dance, than sit and talk, and at last he seated himself upon a sofa, where he could look through the open door to the dancers in the room beyond. There is an undercurrent of sadness in every earnest nature, and it welled up strong in Philip Gordon's heart, as he watched Madeline floating through the graceful abandon of the waltz, her waist encircled by Paul's arm, while he whispered to her joyously, and she looking up to him, a bright color and smile on her face at his words. Was it an evil omen that he had come between them as in that very moment, when she seemed so entirely his own, and drew her thoughts, at once from everything else, to him so completely? Would not Paul's handsome face, winning manners, and eager, boyish love, fill a closer place in her heart, than he with his uncouthness could hope to occupy? Had he not, in his far-reaching ambition, neglected that which would bring him greater happiness than fame? So the man tormented himself with vain questionings, and for the time really regretted the manner in which his life had been spent. There was a lull in the music, and he arose and went to the door, meeting Madeline just coming in. She took her arm from Paul's and slipped it through his in her pretty familiar way,

"Where have you kept yourself so long?" she said gaily; "I have hardly seen you to-night."

"No wonder you've not," he answered, with a bright smile, for her words and action 'set him to rights' at once. "I could not get a chance to speak to you, you have been so surrounded."

"There are a good many here," said she, naively; "but let us sit down, I am tired of dancing, and want you to talk to me."

They went back to the sofa he had just quitted, and sat down.

"What shall I talk to you about?" questioned he, as she drew a crimson scarf around her shoulders to protect them from the cool night air coming in from the open windows. "Shall I ask you how many times you danced, who your partners were, what they said," &c.

She laughed merrily.

"No, indeed, I want something new, something I can think about after to-night."

A gentleman came up asking her hand for a polka, but she excused herself.

She "had an engagement with Mr. Gordon," she said, gravely, and there she chatted gaily on, until the blue atmosphere which surrounded him was completely dispelled.

At the conclusion of that set supper was announced, and she took his offered arm, just as Paul made his appearance to offer his services, to his secret exultation, while Paul hurried off gaily to find some else.

After supper Madeline danced again, and Philip, weary of the noise and glare, passed through the crowded rooms and the lighted library to the window-seat, drawing the curtains close behind him. He was looking out on the calm beauty of the night, vaguely trying to solve the dark problem of existence and look into the misty future, when a couple entered the library. There was a man—he knew by the firm step and tone, and a woman by the soft rustling of her garments; but he paid no attention to them as they walked back and forth till his ear caught the words:

"I do not think so. I know Paul is handsome and attractive, but he lacks that depth and strength of character a nature like hers must crave."

"You gentlemen are all jealous of him," was answered in a light, gay tone; "but it is certain he almost idolizes her, and she—well, her ways are so different, you knew; she is more secretive, but everybody says they are engaged"

"Everybody may be misteken then. Did you see her when she was talking with Mr. Gordon? there was a something on her face then—not color, but light, a glow never there before; his face was not so easy read as hers, but be assured if either he is the favored one."

"What! her guardian, that homely man! what an idea that is."

"Not so strange after all, considering"—

The rest of the sentence was lost as they passed out, leaving Philip Gordon wrapped in a reverie, such as he had not known for years. It was broken by the curtains being suddenly swept aside, letting in a strong flood of light. At first he only saw Madeline's face and gleaming dress, then he saw Paul behind her.

"So this is your hiding place," said she, gaily. "We have been looking for you ever so long. I want you to come and dance with me once—this is going to be the last set; and you know this is *the* party of all birthday parties. I know you have not danced with any one yet, but you will with me this time, won't you?" said she, coaxingly.

He came out of his retreat, smiling at the absurd idea.

"What a request, Madeline. I am sorry to refuse you, but it is impossible. I never danced a step in my life."

"Oh, that will make no difference," she answered, eagerly; "just try a plain cotillion—you cannot fail to go right."

"Do try, Mr. Gordon; you cannot think how delightful it is," pleaded Paul.

He shook his head.

"I cannot think of it. I should be entirely out of place. Why, Madeline, they would all laugh at me, and you would even be ashamed of my awkwardness."

She was a little disappointed. He saw it in her face, and hastened to make atonement.

"Ask anything else of me, Madeline, and I will try to gratify you. What can I do to atone for my lack of gallantry?"

She hesitated, looking up in his face, archly. At last she said:

"We are tired of dancing and are going to have some music; you may play and sing that Swedish song you sang last night, it is so beautiful, I think."

"Willingly. Anything else?"

"Yes, you are to sing the ballad 'The Gondeller,' with Miss Marietta Ormes; she has a splendid voice."

"I would rather you would take her place."

"I shall not indulge you, sir; besides she admires you very much."

"As I do not return it in the least, that makes no difference to me, but I am ready to obey you."

Madeline would not dance that last set with any one, even Paul. She was too busy to stop, though what she did, except open the piano and arrange the lamps, no one knew. They had marches, quadrilles, glees, reels, and all kinds of vocal and instrumental music. Philip sang the ballad with Miss Ormes, a short comic piece with Paul, and then his Swedish song. It was the wild lament of a mother for her only son, slain on the battlefield. Nothing could exceed the despairing beauty of the words, or the mournful wail of the music, and he rendered it perfectly. Every sound was hushed, every heart was still. As the last chords moaned into perfect silence they crowded around him, with warm thanks, and lavish praise; but he turned from them all, almost impatiently, his eyes searching for Madeline. She sat in the further corner of the room; her dark eyes suffused with tears; her hands clasped in her lap, and her face still turned towards the instrument, as if it still gave forth that wondrous harmony. He crossed the room and stood by her side. She raised her eyes to his; saying, in a low, hushed voice:

"It is more than beautiful, more than lovely."

And these few words were more to him than all the eloquent adulations the rest had showered around him, and when alone in his room that night he repeated them over, and brought before him again her look and tone, he resolved that when his trust was given up, when he was no longer her guardian and lawyer, when he could stand before her with no other claim on her respect or affection, save what his own manhood gave, then he would tell her what she was to him, and ask her if she would be still more. He did not wonder that Paul loved her, could not blame him for trying to win her in return; that is, if he did not succeed, that would have been an entirely different matter.

The next day all were dull and sleepy, and Paul did not make his appearance at all; but the next

day just after dinner, when Philip had gone to his room to look over some papers preparatory to settling his accounts with Madeline, and she had covered a table with papers, brushes, bottles, and all the materials for pressing and crystalizing leaves and grasses, he came bright and joyous as ever. He gaily offered his services, drew a chair up to the table, and commenced arranging the delicate grasses in fanciful bouquets and clusters ready for her to beautify. It was getting late, and her basket was nearly finished. He held up a tiny cluster of pale green sea-grasses and bright crimson leaves.

"Are they not beautiful *ma belle?*"

"Oh, they are splendid," she said, earnestly; "if we only had some small, dark ferns to put in, the spray would be perfect."

He jumped up, exclaiming:

"I will get you some. A few days ago I saw a large cluster of them down in the woods by the spring, and they were just about the right size; you may clear away here, only leaving this for me to finish when I get back; I shall not be gone long."

He took his cap and went out humming a gay air, meeting Philip just coming in with a formidable array of papers.

"Will you be at leisure to look these over this evening?" said he, as he noticed her employment.

"Certainly, I will be ready in a few moments; the sooner it is begun the quicker it will be ended, I suppose."

She cleared the table, washed her hands, brushed her hair, and sat down. There was not much to do, the account had been strictly settled each year, and they were only to be compared, and a statement of her property looked over. It was all done in less than an hour, but she looked up with a sigh of relief, as she signed her name for the last time. He handed her another paper.

"This requires the attestation of a disinterested attorney to make it valid; to-day is Thursday; I will bring Mr. Blake from the village to-morrow or Saturday, if you are willing, for I must go back home the first of the week."

She was looking steadily at the western sky, but he thought her voice trembled as she answered:

"Why need you go so soon? We hoped you would make us a longer visit."

"My business will suffer if I prolong my days of idleness; and besides Train and Elton, a large mercantile firm, had made me an offer to go to Europe to take charge of a law-suit there, and if I accept it I must be ready to leave the first of next month."

She turned around. Her face was pale enough now.

"Going to Europe, Philip! you cannot mean it?"

He had meant to have been very patient, and adhered to his resolutions, but her words sent a tide of rapture rushing through his veins, he did not attempt to control. He came closer to her, looking steadily in her face, speaking low, steady tones.

"Madeline! I am obliged to go away next week, but I have a few words to say to you, which may send me away before, they are only these:

"I love you with my whole strength, my whole soul; you are to me what no other woman ever has been, ever can be; will you be my wife?"

There was no surprise, no astonishment at his words. It seemed so genial and natural that he should love her and tell her so, and there was no pride or coquetry in her heart towards one she loved, so she raised her face, not blushing, but luminous with light and love, to his, and said, slowly and softly, but with deep tenderness and solemnity:

"I will, Philip. I can ask no happier fate than that."

He drew her to him till her head rested on his shoulder. A delicious calm filled her whole being, but it was broken by a sudden recollection, and she struggled to an erect position, a look of dismay covering her face, a moment before so radiant.

"What have I done? What will Paul say? It will break his heart; and how can I do that, or wrong you either? Philip, you must tell me what to do, for I do not know," she exclaimed, wildly.

A sudden pang struck him, but outwardly he was calm.

"What is it, Madeline?" he asked, tenderly. "I do not understand you: you must tell me plainer; but sit down first. You do not look able to stand—you tremble all over. There now, tell me."

"There is not much to tell. We have always been together; he was almost my only playmate, my only companion, and when he told me he loved me, I liked him so well you know—I did not know there was any difference—I thought I returned it."

"And you are then engaged to Paul Revere?"

"Yes, Philip, I suppose I am. Don't look so stern, but tell me what to do—what I ought to do—to wrong no one."

How his tones and lips quivered. His dark eyes, burning with a fierce light, had been fastened on her, but now they were veiled in shadow as he turned away and slowly paced back and forth across the room. She watched him anxiously, but his calm, impassable face told her nothing. Finally he came back to her, bending his face close down to her white still one.

"Madeline," and his voice was full of unspeakable tenderness, "I cannot blame you. I see how it all was. It was a sad mistake, but I cannot decide it; your own heart must do that. Paul loves you, I know; but it cannot be with a more fervent, sincere affection than mine. But, remember, in making your decision, that you would do greater injustice to the one you accepted, if you loved him least, than even to yourself or the one you rejected. I am going away now and will come back the day after to-morrow to hear your decision. Think of it calmly, and make it so you will never regret it. Good-bye, Madeline."

He kissed her pale forehead, then went slowly out, down the avenue and up the road, past her line of vision.

Where was Paul? As he came up the porch with the ferns he heard them still talking over their accounts, so he passed on to the little sitting-room adjoining, and flung himself carelessly down on a sofa by the open door. The doors of both rooms opened on the porch, and, without intending it, he heard every word that passed in the library. Indeed it would have been impossible not to have heard.

There are shocks so great that they do not stun us or take away our breath, but calm us down to a state of complete self-possessed despair. So it was with Paul. The greatest woe that can desolate a life, the knowledge that all our faith and love have been for naught, came upon him without warning, but he did not cry out or even stir, but lay quietly till he saw Mr. Gordon go out and heard Madeline go by, upstairs to her own room. Then he arose and went out. He met Miss Berford in the outer hall and handed her the ferns, asking her to give them to Madeline with his excuses, as he was obliged to return home immediately. Out in the open air he hurried on, regardless where his steps were tending, till he found himself in the woods, to which an hour before he had gone so gladly for her. He flung himself down on the mossy ground, giving way to his wild grief:

"She loved another; she had never loved him!"

Those were the only words that ever came distinctly from out the dreadful maze of this conversation, and as they freshly occurred to him he wept and moaned like a child. But through his bitter anguish, out of his great love to her, came a noble thought of self-sacrifice.

"If he must suffer, she need not. By his enduring a little more her happiness would be entire."

At first the thought was too bitter, but it grew more endurable, and when the moon and stars came up, their soft light falling on him like a benediction, he arose with the determination, strong and enduring, because created and perfected in anguish, to give happiness, even though it was denied him.

The next morning, as Madeline was studying on her position, trying to decide calmly, she was informed that Mr. Revere wished to see her. With an unconquerable dread at the thought of meeting him she went down. He stood at the foot of the stairs, and without waiting for any salutation, said brokenly:

"Excuse me for disturbing you, Madeline, I have something to say of importance to us both. Will you hear it now?"

"All you wish to say," she answered with dreary calmness. "Come in here."

She turned towards the lighted parlors, but he grasped her hand, drawing her the other way.

"Not in there! not in there! Come out here—down to the grape arbor—and I will tell you."

She followed him unresistingly down the side-path that led to the arbor. He stopped her in the door, faced her, and commenced abruptly:

"Would it grieve you very much, Madeline, if we were to be separated?"

"Separated, Paul! What do you mean?"

There was a ring of gladness in her voice that cut deeply, and he went on hastily:

"I have been afraid sometimes that we are not suited to each other; that the time would come when our natures would cease to assimilate, and I know there are others more worthy of you; so I thought, perhaps, it would be best for me to release you——"

He stopped abruptly, then added, tremulously:

"You do not think I blame you, do you? You must not. I shall never cease to love you; but I know——"

He stopped again.

"We shall always be friends, shall we not, Madeline?" he pleaded.

It was well the gray twilight hid the pallor of his face, and she was too much excited to notice the unevenness of his tones, else she might have seen it all, for Paul was but a poor actor at the best. She came closer to him:

"Always friends, true friends, Paul. I am very glad you told me this, it has made me very happy. I will not tell you now, but come over next week and you shall know why."

He was inexpressibly grateful that she spared him then, but he only said:

"I will come. It had better be told when we are both calmer."

And these few words separated the two who once thought nothing could ever come between them.

When Philip came the next morning Madeline met him, her face radiant with happiness.

"You have good news for me, darling, I know by your looks," he whispered, drawing her arm through his.

She rehearsed the scene of the evening before.

"I am very thankful for this," he said, when she finished her recital. "Had you decided against him, I fear there would have been a lingering feeling of wrongdoing towards him in your heart, which now will never exist; and as he has made me so happy I can never blame him, as otherwise I might have been inclined to, for his fickleness."

That was all. Paul's sacrifice, like thousands of others, was never appreciated, never even known. They were married in the autumn. Paul was in Europe. He had made her happiness his first object, but he could not stay and see it, and when the wedding day came he shed many bitter tears, but never regretting he had taken from her all cause for self-reproach. There were long years of heart-sickness for her presence before he became calm and strong enough to endure it. As a wife and mother, Madeline's life is rounding into perfection, and with her husband's loving tuition she is fast learning to weave the golden thread of opportunities into a web of happiness lasting as life itself. Paul visits them occasionally and talks eloquently of a great picture he will yet paint, of a great poem he is to write, but neither are commenced, and Madeline knows he will accomplish nothing.

THE SANITARY COMMISSION.

IN the history of the great American Civil War there will stand forth an organization prompted by divine Charity, guided by Providence, and without a parallel in human annals. England, slow to give America credit for aught, admits the great good effected by the admirably organized Sanitary Commission, an institution which sprang up from a meeting of a few New York ladies and the guidance of one clear-headed, great-hearted man.

What it has done may be inferred from these facts: The cash which has actually reached the Treasury of the United States Sanitary Commission, Washington, has in three years amounted to about $1,000,000, of which the Pacific coast has given three-quarters. It would be well for those on the Atlantic coast, who sometimes question our economy, to consider this fact. Fifteen-sixteenths of this amount is expended for supplies and transportation; the other sixteenth goes into the support of its homes, its lodges, its machinery of distribution, its hospital directory, and hospital and camp inspection. Supplies purchased are such as country homes do not supply—such as

Condensed milk, by the ton.
Beef Stock.
Wines and spirits, by the barrel.
Crackers and farinaceous food, by the ton.
Tea, coffee and sugar, by the chest and hogshead.
Crutches, bedrests, mattresses and bedsteads, by the hundred.
Cargoes of ice, potatoes, onions, pickled cabbage, sourkrout, lemons, oranges, vegetables by carloads; antiscorbutics and tonics.

The Boards of the Sanitary Commission, consisting of President, Treasurer, Medical Committee and Standing Committee, give their services and time gratuitously. They receive nothing. Their travelling expenses alone are partly refunded them, and those are trifling, except the case of one or two, who go frequently on tours of observation.

The Commission supports 25 Soldiers' Homes or Lodges, scattered over the whole field of war, from New Orleans to Washington, including Vicksburg, Memphis, Cairo, Chattanooga, Nashville, Louisville, Washington, etc.; 2,300 soldiers per day are taken care of in these homes. Multiply 2,300 by 365, and you will get a faint idea of the number of men thus relieved.

Three other agencies to secure the soldiers' rights are sustained by the Commission: 1. A Claim Agency to secure his bounty; 2. A Pension Agency; 3. A Back-pay Agency. Often 20,000 back pay is secured in one day. A Hospital Directory is also sustained, by which the whereabouts of the sick men is determined. It costs 20,000 per year to maintain it, and is worth a million, if human anxiety can be estimated in money.

The Commission also has 60 Hospital Inspectors constantly in the field. They also have hospital cars on the main roads east and west, along which sick soldiers are carried. They also supply the hospitals with daily carloads of supplies from the principal markets.

The cost of distributing supplies is less than three per cent.

The battle service of the Commission requires large funds and supplies. At Murfreesboro', Antietam, Gettysburg, Chattanooga, Vicksburg, Port Hudson, sudden and vast demands were made; $50,000 would not cover the outlay the first two weeks after our great battles. At Gettysburg it was $75,000. The average cost is $3 20 to each man, often, as at Gettysburg, $10 per man. Are these expenses extravagant, considering the blessings dispensed by the variety and amount of the Sanitary Commission.

Their Agents, 200 in number, receive some more, some less, averaging just $2 per day, or less than ordinary mechanics' wages; total, $92 000 per month—for this vast human machinery of the Commission, stretching from Texas to the Potomac, and from before Charleston to Kansas.

CAPTURE OF FORT DE RUSSEY, LA., BY GEN. A. J. SMITH.

THIS fort was captured March 15, by the United States forces under Gen. A. J. Smith. The expedition left Vicksburg on the 10th inst., landed at Summersport, La., on the 13th, and marched to Bayou Glace, where Gen. Scurri's rebel brigade had been encamped, which fled on the approach of our transports, leaving considerable camp equipage and commissary stores.

Gen. Smith pushed forward to Yellow Bayou, where strong fortifications have been erected; but the rebels again fled. As he came up the enemy was pressed and some skirmishing occurred, resulting in the capture of several prisoners and a small wagon train.

At daylight the entire command started for Fort De Russey, 28 miles distant, hotly pursued by Gen. Dick Taylor, who hoped to save the fort, but Smith had the lead, and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the 3d and 9th Indiana batteries opened on the fort, which replied vigorously with three of its heaviest guns. The cannonade continued an hour, when Gen. Smith ordered the 1st and 2d Illinois regiments, 16th corps, under Gen. Mower, to charge the enemy's riflepits and storm the fort.

The 119th and 89th Indiana and 24th Missouri regiments charged over deep ditches and a thick abattis, in the face of a galling fire, and within 20 minutes after the order was given the Color-sergeant of the 58th Illinois Volunteers planted the American flag upon the enemy's works.

The victory was complete, and resulted in the capture of 325 prisoners, including 24 commissioned officers and two 9-inch Dahlgren guns, two 4-pounders, four 32-pounders, two 6-pounders, a lot of small arms, 2,000 barrels of fine powder, an immense quantity of assorted ammunition, and several thousand dollars worth of commissary stores.

Fort De Russey is a most formidable work. It is quadrangular in shape, with bastions and bombproofs covered with railroad iron. A powerful water battery connects with the fort, the casemates of which are capable of resisting the heaviest shot and shell. The position of the guns was capital for direct and rapid fire upon all boats attempting to pass up or down the river. About 800 negroes were employed a year in constructing earthworks.

THE MONSTER RODMAN GUN

Just Cast at the Fort Pitt Foundry.

WE are enabled to present our readers with a view from a photograph by Dobbs, of a monster cannon of the Rodman pattern, just cast at the Fort Pitt foundry, Pittsburg. The engraving shows it as it is in the rough, and its immense size may be seen by comparison with other cannon of different calibres, and with Major Rodman, a man of six feet height, who stands beside this specimen of his artillery. The cannon was cast on the 11th of February, and is intended for New York harbor. Its length is 25 feet, and the maximum diameter 5 feet 7 inches. The gun lying before it is an eight inch, and on it are a three-pounder on the middle with smaller cannon on each side.

Major Thomas J. Rodman, the inventor of the gun, is a United States ordnance officer, appointed from Indiana. He graduated at West Point in 1841, and was appointed to the arm in which he shows such scientific ability. He was appointed Captain in 1855, and a Major during the last year.

The gun, notwithstanding its size, was cast in 22 minutes from the time of tapping the furnaces—so perfect and accurate were all the arrangements. The amount of metal was 85 tons, or 173,000 pounds. The metal was melted in three furnaces, which were charged at five o'clock in the morning. The furnaces were tapped at half-past twelve, and the seething metal ran through three conductors to a reservoir near the mould. This was set perpendicularly in a mammoth pot, and held in position by huge chains suspended from two large cranes worked by steam. When the reservoir was sufficiently charged, the metal was let into the mould, which was filled in 22 minutes from the moment of tapping the furnaces. As the metal settled, the mould was filled from furnaces. The work was all under the superintendence of Mr. Joseph Kage. The gun, when finished, will be reduced to 112,000 pounds. Its length will be 20 feet 3 inches; the bore being 17 feet 6 inches; the maximum diameter 5 feet 2 inches; the minimum 2 feet 10 inches. It will carry a spherical shot of half a ton, and a shell of 750 pounds. It was cast on the hollow core principle of Major Rodman. This core is an iron cylinder, half an inch thick, through which a stream of water is kept running.

THE ARMY BLACKSMITH.

NOT like the country blacksmith, by the highroad on the skirt of the village, with children peering around, and all men, from the squire to the poorly-paid minister, stepping to get his services or chat, does the army smith ply his labors. But even, with his toils and risks, he is better off than the toiling craftsman in the close lanes of the city, with filth and misery around, a tavern visible wherever he turns his eye. The army blacksmith smacks of the army, if not a soldier, he smacks of camps and battles, and though he sees the battle generally from afar, and does his needed labor under the shady tree or leafy roofing of a rustic shed in summer and in the warmest nook he can find in winter, he will doubtless, in other years, recount to his wondering grandchildren the story of the great battles in Virginia, if he does not attribute the final success to his own handiwork.

The regular army forge is a four-wheeled carriage the front of which, or limber, is like that of a caisson, being a box about four feet long by two in width, containing the anvil, tongs and other implements, with a limited supply of iron for immediate use. On the rear wheel is a box, containing the bellows, worked by a lever. In front of this is a cast-iron ashpan for the fire, with a sheet-iron back. On the stock is a vice, and the back of the box is a receptacle for coal. The whole is very compact, and on the march takes up very little room, the men riding on the limber-box.

THE CIVIL WAR AT MATAMORAS.

The Rival Governors, Cortina and Ruiz.

WE give to-day portraits of the two Mexican leaders at Matamoras in the recent struggle in that city, drawn from life by our Special Artist, and of interest to our readers, who have long heard of them and their doings.

Manuel Ruiz, the defeated Governor, was born in Oaxaca, Mexico, June 10, 1820, his father being a Lieutenant-Colonel in the army. He was educated in the College of Oaxaca, and then studied law with Don Benito Juarez, the present President. He was admitted to practice in 1848. He also held a commission in the army, having been Captain in the Cavalry of Oaxaca in 1842, and by his services in several battles, especially at Puebla, advanced to Lieutenant-Colonel. He was made Colonel in 1859 and Brigadier-General in 1863. He was appointed Governor of Oaxaca in 1859, but his appointment was irregular. He was a member of the Mexican Congress in 1848 and 1857. Comonfort made him Minister of Justice, Ecclesiastical Affairs and Public Instruction. In this capacity he advocated the seizure of all ecclesiastical property, suppression of religious orders, the exclusion of clerical ministry in marriages, and the other steps of the so-called Liberal party.

Juarez appointed him Governor of Tamaulipas, but his claim was ignored by Cortina, who, in January, 1864, expelled him. Judging from his conduct there, notwithstanding his rank and previous services, he seems to be a man of very moderate capacity and talent. If the leaders of the Liberal party are not men of more ability, the sad condition of Mexico is intelligible.

Juan Nepomuceno Cortina, the successful rival of Ruiz, is a man of different mould; and, though boasting of pure Hidalgo blood, is uneducated, and has hitherto figured rather as a freebooter and marauder than as a man of civil or military rank. He was born at Camargo, in 1824, and was reared, so to say, in the saddle. At the age of 12, while with his brother and a party of friends, near where Brownsville now is, they were surrounded by Indians, but fought till all were killed except young Cortina, who was carried off and kept a prisoner in the mountains for six years. He then made his escape, and made it the business of his life to track and cut off Indians, to avenge the murder of his comrades. He was soon known as the best horseman and best shot on the frontier, and was the terror of the Indians.

The war with the United States made him a soldier, and he served with zeal and courage, but after the peace submitted to the American rule. Like the other Mexicans, however, he was, his friends say, constantly wronged by the land-coveting judges, lawyers and juries, and in 1858 took up arms to obtain the justice denied him.

Our readers will remember the terror caused by his hands. Fearful tales are told by some of his doings. He was made a colonel for gallantry at Puebla last year. Juarez, making a virtue of necessity, has appointed him Governor of Tamaulipas.

Our Artist gives a spirited view of one of the fights at the barricades in Matamoras, during the struggle between the rival Governors.

BEACHING A MONITOR IN PORT ROYAL HARBOR, S. C.

THE beaching of the monitors for the purpose of cleansing and repairing is not a task devoid of risk or unattended with difficulties. At Charleston it has been done chiefly, if not entirely, under the superintendence of Capt. Theodore E. Baldwin, whose success has justified his appointment.

After the monitor is moored submarine divers, a class with whom our readers are already familiar from the amusing sketch we gave some weeks since, help to clean the hulls. The beaching saves in this operation about $1,000, and enables the superintendent to give the vessel a coat of paint for about two feet below the overhang, which is impossible without the beaching. The water in the Southern harbor swarms with aquatic plants and fish, which, fastening on the side, soon, if neglected, destroy the vessel.

GOVERNMENT BAKERIES, FOLLY ISLAND.

ONE of the great economies in the department of the South is the range of bakeries erected in the fall of 1863 on Folly Island, in the woods to the rear of the former headquarters of Gen. Vogdes. They consist, as will be seen in our sketch, of three rows of building; the centre one devoted to the kneading and making of bread, while in each of the side buildings are 16 or 20 ovens. From these immense quantities of bread are turned out, averaging 30,000 rations a day, and supplying all the troops on Morris and Folly Islands, and at Stono.

These temporary structures, important as they now are, will soon pass, but history will preserve the remembrance, as we do the appearance.

HOUSEKEEPING IN THE ARMY.—From a Picture by the Prince Charles Hamm Express.—See Page 20.

THE WAR IN THE SOUTHWEST—CAPTURE OF FORT DE RUSSY, LA., ON THE 16TH OF MARCH, BY THE UNITED STATES FORCES UNDER GEN. ANDREW JACKSON SMITH.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 38.

PRECIOUSNESS OF SECRET LOVE.

Let me in secret come to thee,
Let me in secret from thee go;
Our happiness the less would be,
Were all the world our joys to know.

And let no glance of thine disclose
How far our hearts are lost in love;
The island of our bliss arose
From out the sea it towers above.

Of Eden is true love the fruit,
That must be plucked by two alone;
If it a serpent's eye pollute,
Its sweetness is for ever gone.

Needs any soul to know or care
How once, by ardent love inflamed,
Two tender mortals happy were,
Tho' colder hearts their passion blamed?

The Gulf Between Them.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

CHAPTER XIX.—CONTINUED.

Mellen sprang down the steps and rushed across the lawn, with some mad idea of trying to rescue her; and following as well as her trembling limbs would permit, Elisabeth saw Tom throw off his coat and spring into the water.

"He will save her!" she cried, "he will save her!"

Mellen only answered by a groan; he was looking wildly about for a boat, but there was none in sight; he was powerless to aid his darling—he could only stand and watch the struggles of another to rescue her from that death peril. They saw an object rise above the waves—saw Tom swim towards it—seize it—he had caught the girl in his strong grasp. They could neither move or cry out; they stood staring out in breathless expectation, and watched him support his burthen with one arm, while with the other he swam towards the skiff which the tide was bearing in towards the shore. It was a long pull; they could see that he began to faltor after his long exertions in rowing; a deathly fear crept afresh over both those hearts, but they did not speak—scarcely breathed.

Suddenly a higher wave washed the helpless girl from Tom's grasp; she was sinking again. Strong man as he was, Grantley Mellen's courage gave way then; he sank on the ground, covering his face with his hands. White and cold, Elizabeth watched, saw Tom grasp the girl's dress and get her again in the grasp of his strong arm.

"He has caught her!" she gasped. "He has almost reached the boat. Grantley! Grantley! she is safe!"

Still half crouched upon the ground, Mellen looked up. Tom had just put his hand on the side of the skiff, and was lifting Elsie in it. It was evidently the last effort of his mighty strength, for he floated on for some distance, holding on to the boat before he had power to get in. The husband and wife watched him while he got into the boat himself, lifted Elsie's head on his knee, and allowed the tide almost entirely to wash them towards the shore.

As they approached the bank Elsie began to recover consciousness, and as Tom took her in his arms and sprang with a staggering bound on shore she opened her eyes and saw her brother and Elizabeth.

"I'm safe," she said, faintly, "quite safe. Don't be afraid."

It was not a moment for many words. With a broken cry of thankfulness, Mellen snatched Elsie from Tom's arms and carried her into the house. In a few moments their united exertions brought the reckless girl completely to herself. She looked up and saw the anxious faces bent over her.

"Don't scold," she cried, "Tom saved me, Grant, Tom saved me!"

Mellen grasped Fuller's hands.

"I can't thank you, I can't," he said. "God bless you, my friend."

Tom was shaking from head to foot, his drenched garments dripping like a river god's, and he answered as well as his chattering teeth would permit:

"Don't say a word. I'd have drowned myself if I hadn't saved her."

Elizabeth insisted upon Elsie's being carried upstairs to her room, and sent Tom off to change his dress; luckily, in his frequent visits, he had always forgotten some portion of his baggage, so he found dry clothes in his room.

Before Mellen had recovered from the shock sufficiently to be at all composed Elsie had been dressed and was lying on the sofa in her own room, quite restored, with the exception of her unusual pallor. She had been wrapped in a rose-colored morning robe, trimmed with swansdown, and lay in exquisite relief on the blue couch of her boudoir. Mellen was bending over her and holding her hands, as if he feared to let her free for an instant; while Elizabeth stood near, finding time, now that her labors were over, to watch her husband and wonder if danger to her would have brought any pang like this to his heart.

"I am quite well now," said Elsie, "and I don't feel much frightened."

"Oh, child!" said her brother, "promise me never to run such a risk again."

"But you mustn't scold," she pleaded; "think of the danger I was in! Oh, it was horrible to feel the waters closing over my head—to go down—down!"

"Don't think of it," said Elizabeth, making a sudden effort to change the conversation, from a fear that dwelling upon the danger which she had incurred might bring on one of the nervous attacks to which Elsie was so liable under any strong agitation.

"No," added Mellen; "it is all over now, quite over—don't think of it any more."

"You look pale, Grant."

"No wonder, no wonder!"

She looked at him with one of her wilful smiles.

"Perhaps I tried the experiment to see how much you loved me?"

Mellen lifted her in his arms and rested her head upon his shoulder, while many emotions struggled across his face.

"Child!" he said, in a tremulous voice, "you knew before—you have always known. My mother's treasure—my pride—my blessing!"

There Elizabeth stood, forgotten, disregarded—or so it seemed to her; but she made no sign which could betray the bitter anguish at her heart.

There came a knock at the door.

"That's Tom Fuller," said Elsie; "tell him to come in, Bessie."

Mellen started up and opened the door himself. There stood Tom, clad in dry garments, but still greatly agitated.

"How is she?" he asked. "Is she better?"

"You have saved her life!" exclaimed Mellen, grasping his two hands; "you have saved her life!"

"But is she better?" he repeated, quite too anxious for any thought of the credit due him, and too unselfish to desire it even if he had remembered.

"Come in and see," called Elsie, in a tender voice from her sofa.

Tom brushed by Mellen with a cry, and down he went on his knees by the couch, exclaiming:

"She looks all right now. Oh, thank God!"

Mellen had been too profoundly disturbed himself for conjecture regarding this feeling on Tom's part; to him it seemed natural that every one should be agitated, and Elsie soon brought them back to safer commonplaces by her gaiety, which not even the peril from which she had been so recently rescued could entirely subdue.

"I declare Tom," said she, "you are as useful in a household located near the water as a Newfoundland dog."

"Oh, I can't laugh," cried Tom.

"But you must!" said the wilful creature. "You will not put on long faces because I am saved, I suppose?"

"Elsie," said her brother, "you ought to sleep for awhile; Tom and I will go out."

"No, no," she persisted, "I am not in the least sleepy—you must not go away—I shall only get nervous if you leave me alone; I shall be quite well by dinner-time. Tom Fuller, don't go!"

They did not oppose her, every one there knew that it was of no use, for in the end they would surely yield to her caprices.

"I haven't thanked you yet, Tom," she said.

"I don't know what there is to thank me for," cried he.

"Indeed!" said Elsie; "so you don't think my life of enough importance to have the saving of it a matter of any consequence?"

"You know that wasn't what I meant," said Tom, rubbing his damp hair with one hand.

"You are too bad," said Mellen, laughing, "too bad, Elsie."

"Indeed, I shall tease him more than ever," replied Elsie; "he will grow conceited if I don't. Tell him how much you like me to tease you, old Tom."

"Well," said he, a little ruefully, "you have always done it, and I suppose you always will—I shouldn't think it was you if you stopped now."

Even Elizabeth laughed at his earnest manner, and Elsie said:

"There, there, old Tom, don't get sentimental. Perhaps I'll be goodnatured for three days by way of reward for pulling me out of the water."

"I'd like to save your life every day in the week at that rate," cried Tom in extasy.

"No, no!" added Mellen; "I think one such exploit is quite enough."

Elsie seized Tom's hand, and said with real feeling:

"Tom, I do thank you—I can't tell you how much."

"Don't, don't!" he pleaded. "If you say another word I'll run off and never show my face again."

Elsie began to laugh once more, and the lingering trace of seriousness died quite out of her face.

"Tom is good at a catastrophe," said she, "but he can't carry on the blank verse proper to the after situation."

"Blank enough it would be," rejoined Tom, and then he was so much astonished to find that he had made a sort of joke that the idea covered him with fresh confusion.

Elsie's disaster passed off without any dangerous consequences to the reckless girl, and she had half forgotten the occurrence long before Mellen recovered composure enough to thank, with feeling gratefulness, the noble-hearted man who had saved her life.

From that day Tom Fuller took a place in Mellen's esteem which he had never held before; his gratitude was unbounded, and as he learned to know and appreciate him better he found a thousand noble qualities to admire under that rugged exterior. And as Elsie softened into gentle earnestness, and drew closer to him day by day, Tom became so completely engrossed in his happy love-dream that he had not a single thought beyond it. In her loneliness and her anxieties which separated her so completely from those three hearts, Elizabeth Mellen watched it all, saying sometimes to herself:

"She has taken even Tom from me. I have nothing left—husband—relative—all, all abandon me for her."

CHAPTER XX.

Elsie was nearly twenty now, but looking younger from her fragile form and the extreme delicacy of her complexion. The reader knows how winsome and playful her manners were; how she was loved and cherished by her brother, and it seemed hard that a creature like this should have a knowledge of this secret which oppressed Elizabeth's life; and it spoke more for the depth of her character than one would have expected, that she was in any way able or willing to help her sister-in-law to bear her secret burthen.

The vague thoughts which had troubled Grantley Mellen's mind on the night of his arrival had died out. On calm reflection he could understand that it was quite in keeping with the restrained intensity of Elizabeth's nature, that the very violence of the storm should have forced her out into it. It was natural, too, that, when her mind was so excited, the sudden sound of his voice and step should have brought on the nervous weakness to which she so seldom gave way.

Then Elsie came back so blithe and blooming, brought so much sunshine into the house, and drew them both so much into her amusements, that those first days of Mellen's return were pleasant indeed.

The weather had been delightful; they had enjoyed rides and drives, moonlight excursions upon the water; there had been visits to receive and return among neighbors and friends; people had heard of his return, and came uninvited from New York, bringing all that festal bustle and change which puts holidays every now and then into the ordinary routine of our lives. The first days passed and still the sky was unclouded. Grantley Mellen began to think that he was at last to be happy, and grew cheerful with the thought. So for a time he cast out all fear.

There had been no further return of that inexplicable nervousness in Elizabeth; the strained, anxious look almost entirely left her face; she was even more lively than was customary with her. It was not that the fear and dread had left her mind, but she was on her guard, and there was a reticence and strength in her character which even those who knew her best did not fully understand. But it would keep her through her course, whatever might lie behind.

During those happy days there had been no more confidences between her and Elsie; indeed it seemed almost as if Elizabeth avoided her—not in a way to be noticed even by Mellen's quick eyes—and if it was so, Elsie on her side did not attempt to break through these little restraints. It was natural that she should be glad to escape from the gloom which surrounded Elizabeth, and in this respect the fickleness of her character was fortunate; for, from her lack of concentrativeness, she was able to throw off any trouble the moment its actual danger was removed from her path.

Thus the first days had passed, allowing them to settle down into tolerable quiet, but not too much of it, for Elsie could not endure that. Society was her element; trifle and champagne seemed her natural nourishment, and she drooped so quickly if compelled to seclusion, that, with his usual weakness where she was concerned, Mellen relinquished his own desires to gratify her caprices.

You may think this not in keeping with his character and habits, but reflect a little and you will see that it was perfectly natural. The vow he had made his mother was always in his mind; he never forgot his fears for Elsie's health; she was more like a daughter than a sister to him, and her very childishness was her greatest charm. The very servants delighted in waiting on her, and her requirements were numerous; but they did it all willingly, and put a great deal more heart into the services she required than they ever exhibited in obeying Elisabeth's moderate and reasonable requests. They mistook her quiet manners for pride, and held her in slight favor in consequence; so dazzled by Elsie's manner that when she gave them a cast-off garment, or a worthless ornament, it seemed a much greater boon than the real kindness Elizabeth invariably displayed when they were in sickness or trouble. Elizabeth humored her too, but there was a soreness at her heart all the while; for sometimes when she saw this young creature clinging about her husband, her face wore the strange expression it had done while she watched their meeting after his return. The domestic life at Piney Cove was almost happiness. But for Elizabeth's hidden anxieties, Mellen's return would have made that old house almost like heaven. As it was, this haunted woman would sometimes forget her causes of dread, and break out into gleams of loving cheerfulness in spite of them.

After the night on which the bracelet was lost the sunshine which had brightened the little household at Piney Cove was dimmed by a thousand intangible shadows. In spite of all his efforts, the suspicion of Grantley Mellen's character was roused and kept on the alert, searching for food to nourish its unhappiness.

You would not have said that he was suffering from jealousy; there was nothing upon which his mind settled itself which gave rise to that feeling, but he fretted absolutely because he had no power to discover every thought of Elizabeth's soul during his absence. Then as he reflected upon the mystery connected with his arrival came up afresh the disappearance of the bracelet, and he lost himself in a maze of irritating conjecture, of which his fine judgment grew ashamed in cooler moments.

Elizabeth had worn her old proud look for several days after the night of the dinner-party. Grantley felt that the ice of the past was freezing between them once more, and the idea caused him acute pain.

He sat watching her one day for some time as she bent over her needlework, talking a little at intervals, listening occasionally to passages from his book; oftener sitting there with her fingers moving hurriedly, as if she were pressed for time, but her anxious face proving how far from her occupation her thoughts had wandered.

More than once Mellen saw the dark brows contract as if under actual pain, and as he ceased to speak, and seemed wholly absorbed in his book, he could see that her reverie became more absorbing and painful.

"Elizabeth!" he said suddenly.

She started; in her absorption she had forgotten that he was in the room—forgotten that she was not alone with those dark reflections which cast their shadow over her face.

"Did you speak, Grantley?"

"Yes; how you started!"

"Did I start?" she asked, trying to laugh. "I don't know how it is that I grow so nervous."

"You never were so afflicted formerly."

"No; I don't remember," she replied quickly. "But you know I had a good deal of care and responsibility during your absence; it may be that which has shaken me a little."

"Do you believe it?" he asked, in a constrained voice.

She shot one glance of indignant pride at him; for an instant she looked inclined to leave the room, as had frequently been her habit during the first months of their marriage, when he had irritated her beyond endurance.

But if Elizabeth had the inclination she controlled it. After a moment's silence she laid down her work and approached the sofa where he was lying.

"Don't be cross with me, Grantley," she said, with a degree of humility she had not possessed in the past; "my head aches drearily—I don't think I am well."

His feelings changed as he looked at her; she was not well; he could see the traces of pain in the languid eyes and the contracted forehead, but whether the suffering was mental or physical even a physiognomist could not have told.

He reached out his hand and drew her towards him; she sat down on the sofa and leaned her head against his shoulder with a little sigh of weariness.

"I can rest here," she whispered; "it is my place, isn't it, Grantley?"

There was an almost childish pleading in her voice, and as he lifted her face and looked into her eyes he saw tears there.

"What is it, Bessie?" he asked. "Have I hurt you?"

The recollection of all the doubts and suspicious thoughts which had been in his mind for days came back, and forgetful of his idea that some recent anxiety made the change in her manner, he reproached himself with having brought a cloud between them by his own actions.

"Have I pained you, Bessie?" he repeated.

"I feared the old trouble was coming back," she whispered.

"No, no; it must not, it shall not, Bessie! I am to blame—but if you knew what this wretched disposition makes me suffer! Every heart I trusted in my early life deceived me. I have only you left now—you and Elsie."

Perhaps it was natural that she should feel a little wifely jealousy at having his sister forced in, even to their closest confidence; her face was overclouded for an instant, but she subdued the feeling and said, kindly:

"I know what you have suffered, dear; I can understand the effect it has had upon your character—but you may trust me—indeed you may."

"I know that, dear wife; I believe that!"

He drew her closer to him; for a few moments she sat with her hand among the short, dark curls of his hair, then she said, abruptly:

"Grantley?"

"What is it, dear?"

"I want to ask you something."

"It can't be anything very terrible; you need not hesitate so."

"Only because it sounds foolish!"

"Nothing ever can seem foolish from your lips," he said, softly; and she blushed like a girl at his praise.

"That woman you—you loved once," she said; "was she dearer to you than I am?"

Grantley Mellen's face darkened.

"Let me blot out all thought of the time," he exclaimed, passionately; "I would like to burn out of my soul every trace of those years in which she had a part. I loved her with the passion of youth—no, Bessie, it was not a feeling so deep and holy as my love for you, and it is over for ever."

His face softened, and his voice trembled with a more gentle emotion, for he thought of that lone grave on the hillside which he had so lately seen closed over his first love.

"Then you do love me?" whispered his wife; "you do love me?"

"What a question, darling!"

"Yes, I know it is silly."

"Bessie," he exclaimed, after a moment's thought; "I cannot help the feeling—you seem changed."

"I—changed, Grantley?"

"It may be my fault; but I feel as if there was a something which kept us apart—a mystery which I cannot penetrate—a gulf which no effort of mine can bridge."

She was a little agitated at first, but that passed

"What mystery could there be?" she asked "I don't understand you, Grantley."

"I hardly know what I mean myself. Is it my fault, Elizabeth? Are you angry still at what I said the night you lost your bracelet?"

She did not stir; she kept the hand he held even from quivering, but the face he could not see grew white and contracted under a sterner pain.

"Were you angry, Bessie?" he repeated.

"Not angry," she said, in a low voice and hesitating somewhat. "I was hurt and indignant—you ought to trust me, my husband."

"I do, dearest, I do trust you! Why should I not? There is no secret between us, Bessie—no mystery—nothing which keeps our hearts asunder!"

She was silent—she was struggling for power to speak, knowing that every second of hesitation

told against her in a way which volumes of protestations could not counteract.

"There is no such cloud between us?" he said again.

"No, Grantley, no!"

She spoke almost sharply.

"Don't be angry with me, Elizabeth."

"I am not, indeed I am not!"

She was speaking firmly now—her voice was a little hard, like that of a person making an effort to appear natural.

"I am not angry, but I ask you to reason—to reflect. What secret could I have—what mystery?"

"None, wife, none; I know that!"

"And yet you cannot be at rest?"

"I am—I will be."

For a few moments they sat together in silence, then Mellen said:

"Even in your past, Bessie, you have no secret!"

"None," she answered, and her voice was perfectly open and sincere now. "There is not in all my girlhood the least thing that I could wish to conceal from you; it passed very quietly, it was growing very dreary and cold when you came with your love and carried me away to a brighter sunshine."

"It is so sweet to hear such words, Bessie!" he whispered, as his face grew gentle with the tide of tenderness which warmed his heart. "We have been separated so much, had so little time to realise our happiness, that neither of us have quite learned to receive it quietly—don't you think it is so, dear child?"

"It may be," she exclaimed, and her voice deepened with sudden intensity. "Only trust me, my husband; trust and love me always."

"Always, Bessie, always! My darling, I have only you in the whole world—all my hopes, my love, centre upon you—I am like a miser with one treasure which he fears to lose."

"Only a treasure to you," she said, playfully; "you would be astonished to see what a commonplace pebble it is to other people."

"That is not so; you know it, Bessie."

"Never mind how it may be; if I am precious in your eyes it is all I ask."

So they talked one another into serenity for the time. Their married life had been so strange that it was natural enough much of the enthusiasm of lovers should remain—even in their old difficulties there had been none of the commonplace quarrels which degrade love, and wear it out much more quickly than a trouble which strikes deeper ever does.

"Since I came back," Grantley said, "I have sometimes thought it might be a little feeling towards Elsie which made you so strange."

"What feeling but kindness could I have?" she asked.

"True; it would not be like you, Bessie. You love her, don't you? It was through her we knew each other—remember that."

"I do, and very pleasantly; but I have no need to think of that to be kind and gentle with her—when have you seen me otherwise?"

"Never; I can honestly say never!"

"Has Elsie complained?"

"No, dear, and never had such a thought, I am certain."

"When I married you, Grantley, your sister became mine—I could not be more anxious for her, more willing to guard and cherish her, if she had been a legacy from my own dead mother than I am now."

"I am certain of that, and I love and honor you for it. But in your place I should perhaps be annoyed even to have a sister share affection with me."

"It is not like your love for me—"

"No, no; no love could be like that! But Elsie is such a child, such a happy, innocent creature, and I never look at her without remembering my dying mother's last words. If any harm came to her, Bessie, I think I could not even venture to meet that lost mother in heaven."

"No harm will come to her, Grantley—none shall!"

"I think she is one of those creatures born to be happy; I trust she may never have a great trial in all her life. I don't believe she could endure it; she would fade like a flower."

"It is impossible to tell how any one would receive suffering," Elizabeth replied; "sometimes those very fragile natures are best able to bear up, and find an elasticity which prevents sorrow taking a deep root."

"It may be so; but I could not bear to have any pain come near her—I would rather it struck my own heart."

"Could any one be more lighthearted and careless than she is?"

"Oh, she is happy as a bird—only let us keep her so."

Even into the utmost sacredness of their affection that sister's image must be brought—it did cause Elizabeth pain in spite of all her denials—Mellen might have discovered that if he had seen her face. But the feeling passed—the face cleared again, and while it brightened under his loving words the strength of a great resolution settled down upon it.

They sat there talking for a long time, and it was the happiest, most peaceful day they had spent since Mellen's return.

After a time Mellen proposed that they should go out to ride, for the afternoon was sunny and delightful.

"A long gallop over the hills will do you good," he said; "it is a shame to spend such weather in the house."

While he ordered the horses Elizabeth went up to her dressing-room to put on her habit.

She dressed herself without assistance, and with a feverish haste which brought the color to her face and the light of excitement to her eyes.

"I will be happy," she muttered; "I won't think! I can't look back now; it is too late; only let me keep the door of the past shut and go on towards the future."

As she stood before the glass, gazing absently at the reflection of her own face and repeating those thoughts aloud, she heard her husband's voice calling her from the hall below.

"Bessie, come down—the horses are at the door."

She broke away from her reverie and hurried downstairs, where he met her with a fond smile and a new pride in her unusual beauty.

"The very thought of the fresh air has done you good," he said.

"It is not that, Grantley—not that.

He looked at her tenderly, understanding all that her words meant.

"Because we are happy?" he whispered.

"With your love and confidence to bless my life I have all the happiness I can ask," she said, earnestly.

He led her down the steps, seated her upon her horse and they rode away down the hill to the gate of the grounds, and dashed out upon the pleasant road.

"We will go over the hills," Grantley said; "the air is so delightful there, and one has such a magnificent view of the ocean."

"I believe you would be wretched away from your darling sea," said Elizabeth, laughing.

"I do love it; when I was a boy my one desire was to be a sailor. Some time, Bessie, we will have a yacht and go cruising about to our heart's content; after Elsie is married, for she suffers so dreadfully from fright and illness."

"It would be very pleasant, Grantley."

"Would it not? Just you and I alone; it would be like having a little world all to ourselves. *Allons*, Bessie; here is a nice level place for a gallop; wake Gipsy up."

They rode on swiftly, growing so light-hearted and joyous that they were laughing and talking like a pair of happy children, seeming quite out of reach of all the shadows which had darkened their hearts during the past days.

CHAPTER XXI.

While Mellen and Elizabeth rode off through the golden afternoon, Elsie and Tom Fuller came in from a stroll about the grounds. They had seen the husband and wife galloping down the avenue, and as they entered the hall, Elsie said:

"They have left us to amuse ourselves the best way we can; what shall we do, Tom Fuller?"

"I'm ready for anything,"

"We might go out rowing."

"Oh, Elsie!"

"Only Grant would be angry, and you have grown as much afraid of water as your namesake, old Thomas the cat."

"No wonder, where you are concerned," cried Tom. "I can't think of that dreadful day without a shudder."

"I don't allow myself to think of it at all," said Elsie.

She led the way into the library and sat down in a low chair, throwing off her garden-hat, and beginning to arrange the flowers which she held in her hands.

"What color is this, Tom?" she asked, holding up a delicate purple blossom that drooped its head, as if faint with its own perfume.

Tom's want of eye for color was a never-failing source of amusement to her, and now Tom looked very serious and wise; then after an instant's reflection he said, in the tone of a man who was certain of being perfectly correct for once:

"That's blue, of course; I am not quite blind, whatever you may think."

Elsie screamed with delight.

"Oh, you delicious old goose! I suppose you call this one pink?"

"Yes," said Tom, confident that he must be right this time; "I suppose the most prejudiced person would have to call that pink."

"It's the most delicate lavender," cried Elsie, in fresh shrieks of extasy at Tom's blindness. "Oh, I never saw such a stupid in all my life."

Tom rubbed his forehead for an instant, gave his tawny locks a reproachful pull, then Elsie's laughter proved so contagious that he burst into merriment as hearty as her own.

"I don't suppose," said Tom, "there's such an idiot on the face of the earth as I am."

"I really don't suppose there is," replied Elsie, candidly.

"It is absolutely beyond belief," said Tom.

"It is," answered Elsie.

"And I shall never be any better," cried Tom.

"I have told you so a thousand times," rejoined Elsie, humming a tune and inclined to perfect truthfulness.

Tom's face lengthened for an instant, he gave his hair another unmerciful twitch, then he said:

"And you think there's not the least help for it?"

"Not the very least in the world, Tom, not a gleam of hope! But don't feel bad about it; I am tired of brilliant men; everybody is something wonderful now-a-days; it's really fatiguing."

"Do you think so?" demanded he; "do you really?"

"Upon my honor."

"Then I'm glad I am a donkey," said Tom, energetically.

"And so am I," returned Elsie. "There, see how pretty my flowers look."

She held up the bouquet for Tom to scent the delicious fragrance.

"You take the color quite out of them, holding them near your cheeks," said Tom, with a glance of admiration.

"I declare you are getting complimentary! You shall have a rosebud for your buttonhole in payment; kneel down here, while I put it in."

Tom dropped on his knees while Elsie leisurely selected the flower; she was talking all the while, and Tom on his part would have been glad to prolong the operation indefinitely, for the pleasure of having her little face so close to his, and her hands flirting the blossoms about his lips.

"No," pursued she, "I am tired of brilliant men; they always make my head ache with their grand talk. You know I'm a childish little thing, Tom, and learned discussions don't suit me."

"You're a fairy, a witch, an enchanted princess!" cried Tom.

"And everybody must obey me," replied Elsie. "Perhaps a verbena would look better than a rosebud, Tom."

Tom cared very little what she put in his buttonhole; a thistle, thorns and all, would have been precious to him if her hands had touched it, and he would have torn his fingers against the prickles with an exquisite sense of enjoyment.

"No, the rose is the prettiest," said Elsie, and she threw the verbena away, and began her task again.

"Are you tired; do you want to get up, Tom?"

"You know I'd rather be here than in heaven!" he exclaimed.

Elsie gave him one of her bewildering glances.

"You don't mean that," said she; "you know you don't!"

"I do, I do! Oh, Elsie!"

"Keep still, keep still,' she interrupted. "You jump about so that I can't fasten the rose; there, I've lost the pin; no, here it is."

She was so busy in her work now that her face bent quite close to his, her fair curls touched his cheeks, her breath stirred the hair on his temples, and the intoxication of the moment carried Tom beyond all power of self-restraint.

He snatched Elsie's two hands and cried out:

"I must speak; I shall die if I don't! I haven't said a word since I came back; I know it's useless; but I love you, Elsie, I do love you."

She struggled faintly for an instant, then allowed him to keep her hands in his, and looked down into his face through her drooping lashes till Tom's head fairly reeled.

"Don't be angry with me," he pleaded; "don't drive me away! I'll never open my lips; just let me speak now! You can't think how much I love you, Elsie. I'd cut myself into inch pieces if it would do you any good. I'd die for you."

"I would rather you lived," whispered Elsie.

Tom caught the words; a mad hope sprang up in his honest heart; he knew it was folly, but he could not subdue it then.

"If you could only learn to love me," he went on, hurriedly; "I'd be a slave to you, Elsie! I am rich now; I could give you everything your heart desired; if you could only care for me; such lots of candies and pretty things."

"You saved my life, Tom," she returned, in that same thrilling whisper which shook his every nerve.

"Oh, don't bring that up as a claim," he said; "what was I born for except to be useful to you? But I love you so; if you could only make up your mind to endure my ugliness and my awkward ways."

"You are too great a big fellow to be ugly," said Elsie; "and I don't care if you are awkward. I am sick of men that walk about like ballet-dancers."

"You only say that out of goodnature," said Tom; "you are afraid of hurting my feelings."

"Don't I always say what I think?" rejoined she.

"But you don't care for me—you couldn't love me!"

"You have told me so three times already."

"Of course I'm making a fool of myself," groaned Tom; "it's like me—it's to be expected."

"Of course," said Elsie.

But all the while there was something in her face and voice which made him persevere. He had never thought to speak such words to her again. This was the last, last time; but he would open his whole heart now, she should see the exact truth.

In his great love and excitement Tom forgot his bashfulness, his awkward tricks; he did not halt in his speech, he poured out his story in strong, manly words, that must have awakened at least a feeling of respect in any woman's bosom.

"I tried to cure myself," continued Tom. "I thought absence—entire change—might make a difference in my feelings. But when the two years ended I came back, only to find my love grown deeper from the lapse of time, with every feeling more firmly centred there."

"Good old Tom!" murmured Elsie; "honest and true!"

"You speak kindly," he said. "You pity me—at least you pity me! But you couldn't love me; oh, that is impossible! Let me get up—I mustn't talk any more—let me go!"

But Elsie's hand still rested upon his shoulder, and she did not stir.

"You could not love me," repeated Tom; "never, never: you have told me so ever so many times."

"I was silly and wicked," she whispered; "I am wiser now."

Her words lifted Tom into the seventh heaven. He cried out:

"Don't trifle with me now, Elsie—not just now—I couldn't stand it!"

"I am not trifling with you, Tom."

"You don't mean that you care for me? No, no—of course not—I'm a fool! You couldn't love me, Elsie?"

His voice was broken and low. He waited for her to push him away, to break the spell rudely, but her hand never moved from his shoulder. It seemed to rest there with a caressing pressure, as a bird settles on a fondling hand, and still the fair curls swept his cheek.

"Elsie! Elsie!" he cried, half-wild with those mingled emotions.

"Good old Tom," she murmured again, "honest and true!"

"Oh, that you are in earnest! May I hope?" he almost sobbed. "Could you take me, Elsie? Let me be your slave—ready to tend you—to care for you—only living for your happiness!"

Elsie's mode changed; she shook her head archly:

"You would grow tired of petting me."

"Never, never! You know it!"

"I should be a dreadful little tyrant—it is in my nature; you would never have a will of your own."

"I wouldn't want it; I wouldn't ask it!"

"I should flirt and drive you wild."

"I would never try to stop you."

"I should tease you incessantly."

"You'd only make me the happier."

"I should tell you all sorts of fibs."

"There would be no necessity, for I would not dispute your wishes."

"You would grow tired of that."

"Only try me and see."

"You couldn't love me always, and pet me, and never get out of patience, and think I was perfect."

"I could—I should—I always shall! Oh, Elsie, Elsie, I love you so—I love you so!"

"Get up, Tom; you are a foolish old goosey!"

He started to his feet. Those playful words were a cruel waking. He stood before her painfully white, and there was a suppressed sob in his voice as he cried, in passionate reproach:

"Oh, Elsie! Elsie!"

She gave a wicked laugh at his distress.

"So you really were in earnest?" she demanded.

"You know that I was," he said. "You are cruel—cruel!"

"Ah, now you are angry—now you begin to hate me!"

"Never, Elsie! If you tore my heart and stamped on it, I could not hate you."

"But you are angry; and you said you could be patient."

"I could, if you cared for me only the least bit!"

"Oh, you selfish monster! There, Tom, kneel down again; you have shaken my flower out of your coat."

"No," said Tom, passionately; "I can't play now! This is dreadful earnest to me, Elsie, however great sport it may be to you."

"Then you refuse my gift?"

"I can't trifle now—don't ask it."

"And you mean to rush off and leave me?"

"I had better. I'm too big a fool to stay. Oh, I believe I shall go crazy!"

"Very well. If you refuse me my one little wish!"

"I'll stay if you want me to," cried Tom. "I'll do anything you bid me. But do be serious for a minute, Elsie. Just answer me one question."

"Only one? Will that satisfy you?"

"To set the matter at rest," pursued he. "I'll never trouble you again. I won't open my lips——"

"Then how shall I know what you want to ask?" she interrupted.

Tom fairly groaned.

"I do believe you are a witch, Elsie; one of those snow-women in the old German stories."

"Lurlei — Lurlei!" she sang, flourishing the blossoms about his head and crowning him with their brightness.

Tom dashed off the flowers in a blind despair. The scene was growing too much for him to bear.

"Yes," he said, drearily, "I'll go—I'll go! I shan't trouble you again. I hope the day may never come when you will be sorry, Elsie."

He was so pale and trembled so violently as he strove to rise from his knees that she was absolutely terrified.

"Tom, don't look so!" she exclaimed. "I only wanted to tease you. I wouldn't have you leave me for the world; I should be wretched!"

"Now you are kind again! I will stay. I won't tire you with telling you of my love——"

"But I want to hear," interrupted Elsie.

"Oh, little child, it could do you no good! I suffer, Elsie, I suffer!"

"Tom, you're a goose—what you call a goney!"

"I know it, dear!"

"And you are just as blind as a bat."

"I suppose I am," he replied, dejectedly.

"And you're too stupid to live," cried Elsie, going into a great excitement. "Don't you know a woman can say one thing and mean another?"

"Yes," said Tom, with more energy, "I do know that. I know it too well."

"Great Mr. Wisdom!" said she mockingly. "Then can't you understand—don't you see?"

He looked at her in bewildered surprise. She was smiling tenderly in his face.

"Elsie!" he cried.

She let her hands fall in his.

"I don't want you to go," she whispered, "never—never!"

"You love me—you will marry me?"

She did not speak; but she made no resistance when Tom caught her to his heart and rained kisses on her face, uttering broken words, too utterly bewildered to understand anything except that happiness had descended upon his long night at length.

But very soon Elsie raised herself, pushed him off and said, with her old wickedness:

"I'll tease you to death, Tom!"

"I can't believe it!" he exclaimed. "Oh, say it once—say 'I love you!'"

"I do love you, Tom—there!"

In an instant she flashed up again, while he was covering her hands with kisses, crying:

"My little Elsie! My own at last!"

"No more sentiment," said she. "Let's be reasonable, Tom; the catastrophe has reached a climax."

But it was a long time before Tom Fuller could regain composure enough to talk at all coherently, or in what Elsie termed a sensible manner.

"It's so sudden," he said. "And to have so much happiness just when I thought the last rope was going out of my hand! Why, I feel like the fellow who clung all night to the side of a precipice, expecting every moment to be dashed down a thousand feet, and when daylight came found he had hung within a foot of the ground all the while?"

"The comparison is apt and delicious," said Elsie, laughing.

"And you love me! Only say it again, Elsie—just once?"

"I won't!" said she. "But I'll box your ears if you don't stop behaving like a crazy man."

Tom gave one of his bursts of laughter that fairly shook the room, caught Elsie up in his arms and ran twice with her across the floor, paying no more attention to her cries and struggles than if she had been a baby.

"That's for punishment!" said Tom.

"Let me down! Please let me down!" pleaded Elsie. "I know you'll drop me! Oh, you hurt me, Tom!"

But Tom took ample revenge in the way of kisses before he released her, then he placed her on the sofa and seated himself by her side. But she started away and ran upstairs, sending back a laugh of defiance.

BEAUFORT, NORTH CAROLINA, FROM MOREHEAD CITY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. H. SCHELL.

THE DANISH WAR.

Saxon Army Train at Rendsburg.

THE war which the German States began against Denmark, ostensibly to support the claims of the Prince of Augustenburg to the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, is no longer covered even with that mask. The Prince is never alluded to now. The movement is controlled, not by Germanic Confederation which kindled the fire, but by Prussia and Austria. Prussia fights for conquest. Already Holstein is spoken of as about to be annexed to her present dominions. Schleswig may ultimately be left to Denmark. In this duchy the Danish element is strong. As might be expected in so mixed a population, there are Danish sympathisers in the southern portions of the country and men of German "proclivities" in the northern; but, in general terms, the divisions of the people are as we have stated. Still further north, in Jutland, the people are nearly unmixed Danes.

Our illustration this week is a good sketch of the Saxon army train entering Rendsburg, a town in the Germanic portion of the territory.

It is a gross error to suppose that you rid yourself of a troublesome acquaintance by lending him money. We've tried it; and, by Jove! gentle reader, it only encouraged his visits all the more!

THE U. S. STEAMER ACACIA AND STEAMTUG IRIS

Engaging Rebel Batteries at Bull's Bay, S. C., March 9, 1864.

A SMALL force from Gen. Terry's command sailed from Stone inlet on the 8th, for the purpose of making a reconnaissance at Bull's bay, S.C. This was done under the cover of the action shown in our sketch, the engaging of the rebel batteries by the U. S. steamer Acacia and the steamtug Iris. The expedition landed and explored the vicinity for 24 hours.

Bull's bay is a good harbor, and it will be recollected was the original destination of the Dupont and Sherman expedition. It is about 35 miles north of Charleston.

Our Artist on this occasion is an officer on one of the vessels engaged, and he gives a tribute to the superiority of our marine views. *Per contra* he describes the merriment caused among naval men by a view in another journal of the "Hoisting of the Stars and Stripes at Sumter."

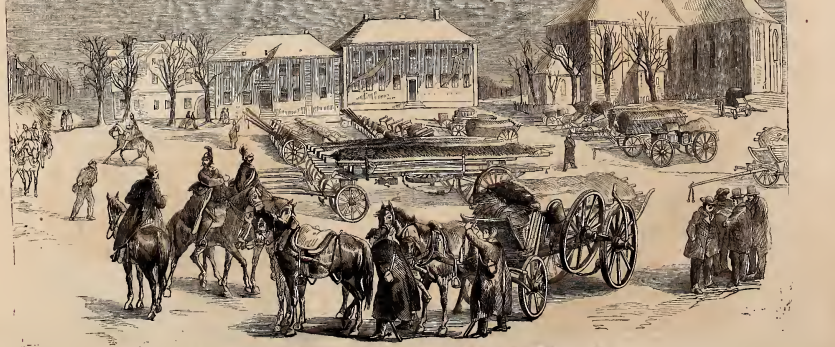
"We were not aware," says he, "of any change in existing regulations altering the time for hoisting the ensign from the usual hour (8 A. M. in summer and 9 A. M. in winter) to sunrise. The ceremony is superintended by an officer (by his stripes) of the rank of Lieut.-Commander, who, hurried by turning out at such an unusual hour, has put his sword on the wrong side. No wonder! who ever saw a Lieut.-Commander on deck at sunrise? We refrain from speaking of the remarkable gun-carriage, or of the hilly tar sitting on the rail of the quarter-deck."

U. S. STEAMER ACACIA AND STEAMTUG IRIS ENGAGING THE REBEL BATTERIES AT BULL'S BAY, S. C., BEFORE THE LANDING OF THE TROOPS, MARCH 9.

BEAUFORT, N. C.

BEAUFORT is an important place in North Carolina, periodically threatened by the rebels, who fret and fume over our possession of their sea coast. Our sketch gives a view of Beaufort, from Morehead city.

Beaufort was, in other days, a port of entry. It is the capital of Carteret county, and stands at the mouth of Newport river, a few miles from the coast. The harbor is considered the best in the State, and is defended by Fort Macon, so gallantly taken by our forces. The



THE GERMAN WAR AGAINST DENMARK.—THE SAXON ARMY TRAIN AT RENDSBURG.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. ECK

THE LATE CIVIL WAR IN MATAMORAS, WITH PORTRAITS OF GENS. RUIZ AND CORTINA.—From Sketches by our Special Artist, C. E. H. Bonwill.—Page 89

lighthouse on Cape Lookout is fortunately still standing. Beaufort contained, in 1853, about 2,000 inhabitants. Its chief buildings are those of the county, a few churches and seminaries.

A SCHOOLBOY'S ASPIRATION.—"Oh, how I wish I were a fountain, for then I could always be playing!"

WANTED, a strong adhesive plaster, to make busybodies stick to their own business.

WHY is a sheep like a new dress? Because it does not suffer any harm when you feld it.

WHAT similarity is there between a nose and a violin? They each have a bridge.

"PAPA, do people buy snuff?"
"Yes, my dear. Why?"
"Well, then, why do people say they take it?"

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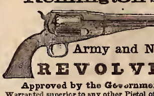

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LEAVENWORTH, Oct. 12, 1852.

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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 446—VOL. XVIII.] NEW YORK, APRIL 16, 1864. [PRICE 8 CENTS.

THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR.

THE city of New York has been for weeks busy with the preparation for the Metropolitan Sanitary Fair, the generosity and patriotism of the people far and near pouring in contributions with so lavish a hand that the original proportions of the Fair—as projected by the managers—have become so dwarfed and pigmy, that addition after addition has been made to the buildings.

Now, when too late, it is seen that the true plan would have been to take Union square and erect a large building enclosing the whole. This would have given the necessary space and brought all into a compact and accessible form.

It is now in two distinct portions, one at the Armory on 14th street extending to 15th street, and including two structures on each street covering the sidewalk, and a second building at the northern portion of Union square, between the Park and the Everett House.

The original building on 15th street we represented some time since, but the whole front is hidden now by the structure devoted to arms and trophies, and the Indian Department, hung with Bierstadt's and other collections of Rocky mountain curiosities, wigwams, spoils of the chase, etc. Here the Onondaga Indians give the various dances of their tribe. This section we illustrate fully.

Of the Machinery Department on 16th street an exterior view is given in one of our illustrations this week. Between these is the main department of the Fair, of which we give in our double page a view taken from the "Cockloft Summerhouse" near the New Jersey department, showing the tables of the Turners, the Church of the Resurrection, the German Church, Ohio, New Bedford, Richmond and Westchester counties, and the imposing table of the New York Fire Department, with the contributions of various departments of commerce, Hats and Caps, Rubber Goods, Boots and Shoes. The Floral Temple in the centre of the main hall may also be discerned.

The Union square building, which we also lay before our readers, contains the Knickerbocker Kitchen, the Music Hall, the Children's Department and International Hall. The Fair was inaugurated on April 4th. The Mayor, Hon. C. Godfrey Gunther, in a proclamation invited all to make it a holiday, and during the latter part of the day this recommendation was generally observed.

The Fair was inaugurated by a military display, such as New York seldom witnesses, accustomed as it is to parades. The First Division of the New York State National Guard under Gen. Sandford, with the regulars in the harbor under Brig.-Gen. Stannard, were reviewed in 14th street, and marched through that street, 2d avenue, Astor place and Broadway to the City Hall, where a marching salute was given to the Mayor and Corporation.

The whole parade was magnificent, the regulars meeting every expectation and producing a great effect on the thousands that lined the streets. Never since the reception of the Prince of Wales has there been such an ovation.

The doors of the Fair were opened at six o'clock, and it was inaugurated at eight o'clock by the Star Spangled Banner, by the City Choirs and Military Bands. This was followed by a prayer and the singing of a hymn written by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Gen. Dix, on behalf of the Committee, then presented the Fair to the ladies, a letter from the Rev. Dr. Bellows, from the California steamer, was presented, and Mr. Joseph H. Choate responded for the ladies. The proceedings closed with the Old Hundred, and the gay and fashionable audience dispersed through the halls.

The Indian Department.

This department, which we illustrate as one of the striking interiors of the Fair, has been placed under the special charge of Mr. Bierstadt, who has adorned it with a multitude of objects of Indian workmanship, articles of attire and furniture, arms, implements, trophies of the war-path and the hunt. Other collectors, army officers and private gentlemen have added to the contents of the room, while the managers of the Fair, to give a living actuality to the whole, have erected a stage, the scenery behind which is a finely executed view of an Indian village; the floor is sodded, and on either side a tent wigwam of skins. In these are a number of Iroquois Indians of this State, the descendants of the haughty tribe who once dictated peace to tribes in Florida, Nova Scotia, Lake Superior and the Mississippi, and had French and English Governors anxious suppliants for their friendship. These Indians will give daily, at stated hours, a number of the war, religious, patriotic and other dances which have so long prevailed in their tribe. In a room hung with elk heads, scalps, buffalo and bear skins, tomahawks, saddles, canoes, snowshoes, robes, Indian cradles, baskets, mills, etc., with Indians performing dances at which Gomez, Verrazani and Hudson may have gazed in wonder, we are carried back to days when New York was but a barren rock, with a few scattered Indians temporarily on it for hunting or fishing.

The Main Hall.

The main hall of the Fair, to which we allude, will merit and meet with most attention from visitors. The charming temple of Flora in the centre is a well-conceived and symmetrical mass of evergreens and floral decorations. It is crowned by a revolving temple of Liberty, all in flowers; baskets of flowers depend from columns, and meet the eye in every direction. Names of the celebrated battles of the war executed in flowers greet the spectator on entering. Around this are the tables, which we can speak of but briefly, referring to the daily papers for fuller accounts. The Police Department occupies the left as you enter, the tables easily recognised by the large banner. The other decorations are tasty and elegant, and two pastoral scenes worked on cloth attract many. Here gentlemen's furnishing goods and an assortment of toys will be found.

The New Jersey Department, further on the left, is divided into four alcoves to represent the Four Seasons, each containing articles suited to it. It stands between the Alhambra and the Cockloft Summerhouse immortalised by the authors of Salmagundi.

On the opposite side, in the north-east corner, is the attractive stand of the Fire Department, its mass of flags and decorations reaching to the roof. A rising

THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR—THE INDIAN DEPARTMENT.

sun formed of hooks and ladders, &c., surmounts the front. Models of engines of old and new styles, carvings, &c., will draw customers to the well-stored bazaar, which expects to effect in the fortnight sales to at least $50,000.

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FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, APRIL 16, 1864.

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THE Publisher of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED PAPER invites his present contributors and others to send in before May 1st stories and poems suited to its columns, as well as ideas for comic sketches on subjects of the day.

Summary of the Week.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The hospital at Beaufort was burned on the 22d March. On the 19th the rebels made a weak attempt on Port Royal ferry. On the 20th an attack was made on Jenkins island.

KENTUCKY.

Gen. Buckner is concentrating at Pound gap, his troops carrying five days' forage. Forrest is still operating in the State, apparently undisturbed, and Gen. McCullogh is on his way North with 2,000 men to join him. The rebels occupy Hickman.

GEORGIA.

The rebel picket lines at Ringgold, Georgia, are within a mile of the Union pickets, but no desire to molest each other is manifested by either party. The rebels are encamped from Tunnel hill to Varness station, with about 35,000 men.

TENNESSEE.

A party of rebel guerillas, on the 28th March, captured and burned a trading boat 70 miles below Memphis.

FLORIDA.

The rebels have made a raid on Magnolia. A naval expedition up the St. John's captured, at Lake George, the rebel steamer Hattie Brock, with 100 bales of cotton. Gen. Seymour has been relieved by Gen. Hatch.

ILLINOIS.

The Secession sympathisers in Charleston made an attack on the Union men on the 28th; seven persons were killed and several wounded. A large force has been sent to the spot. At last accounts they were in force at Copairn's mills.

ALABAMA.

Gen. Pillow has been placed in command of the rebel cavalry in Northern Alabama.

ARKANSAS.

Gen. Steele is moving South with 30,000 men. Cabel is at Washington with seven rebel regiments.

LOUISIANA.

Alexandria was occupied by our troops on the 16th, the rebel Gen. Taylor crossing the river and retreating to Shreveport, where the rebels are concentrating.

On the 21st Gen. Mower advanced to Natchitoches, on the Red river. The enemy were in force and gave battle, but Mower flanked them and drove them off, taking 200 prisoners and four cannon.

On the 21st a brigade of Union cavalry repulsed a body of the enemy beyond Alexandria.

Shreveport is said to have been taken by Gen. Steele.

Gen. Gano has some 7,000 or 8,000 Texans at Semmesport.

VIRGINIA.

On the 29th a party from the Minnesota, under Capt. J. M. Williams, went up Chuckatuck creek, and captured a signal station, with a lieutenant and 20 men.

The rebels are digging riflepits on the Rapidan, near Raccoon ford, and tearing up the railroad from Fredericksburg to Hanover Junction.

NAVAL.

The Florida has left Funchal, pursued by the sloop-of-war St. Louis.

The rebel commissariat barque Minedora has been detained at British Honduras.

CONGRESS.

IN the Senate, on the 29th of March, the time was given chiefly to the various Senators eulogising the late Owen Lovejoy.

In the House, the Currency Act was debated, but no definite action was taken.

In the Senate, on the 30th, Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, made a speech concerning Slavery, and after some routine business of little importance the Senate adjourned.

In the House, after some unimportant matters, the House resolved itself into a committee on the bill amendatory of the National Bank Act. Mr. Ashley made a long speech on the reconstruction of the rebellious States, and the House adjourned.

In the Senate, on the 31st, the House bill organising a Territorial Government for Montana was taken up. The amendment offered by Mr. Wilkinson, of Minnesota, in effect allowing negroes to vote in the Territory, was adopted by a vote of 22 against 17, and the bill passed. Messrs. Saulsbury and Clark then made speeches on the proposed prohibition of slavery by an amendment of the Constitution, and the Senate adjourned.

In the House, Mr. Garfield, of Ohio, then made a strong speech in favor of the bill making the Raritan and Delaware Bay Railroad a military and post road, expressing the hope that Congress would crush out the Camden and Amboy monopoly. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the bill amendatory of the National Bank Act. On Wednesday the Committee agreed upon fixing the rate of interest for loans, &c., at six per cent.; on the 30th this was reversed, and the rate of seven per cent. was adopted. St. Louis, Louisville, Chicago, Buffalo, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, New York, San Francisco, Detroit, Portland, Pittsburg, Albany, Cleveland and Milwaukee were designated as the places for the redemption of the notes of the National Banks. An amendment making New York the only place of redemption was negatived—27 against 63: A proposition that each National Bank shall receive the notes of every other National Bank at par was lost—54 against 55.

In the Senate, on the 1st of April, Mr. Powell endeavored to obtain the floor to get up his resolution calling on the Secretary of War for information in regard to the churches and property of Christian denominations taken possession of by his own orders, or the order of the Generals of the army. Several Senators desired to get up other bills. Mr. Hale called attention to the letter of the Secretary of the Navy, presented this morning, and urged that several important Naval bills awaited action. Mr. Powell moved to adjourn. Rejected. The yeas and nays were called upon a motion to go into Executive Session, which was adopted—Yeas, 24; nays, 16.

In the House, Mr. Blaine introduced a bill to provide for refunding to loyal States certain sums of money expended by them in raising, organising and equipping troops for the Union army. It provides for a Board of three Commissioners to hold sessions in Washington, and report to Congress the ascertained sums due the States, towns, cities and counties. The bill was referred. Mr. Eliot reported a bill fixing the rules for preventing collisions on the water by signals, fog-whistles, &c. Passed. Mr. Eliot reported a bill regulating the admeasurement and tonnage of ships and vessels of the United States. Passed. A bill was passed providing that the name of the Collection District of Presque Isle is to be changed to the District of Erie. A bill was passed exempting from the payment of tonnage duties, after Aug. 1 next, all canal-boats, freight barges, scows and other crafts without masts, and confined to tide-water or within certain bounds. Mr. Ward reported a joint resolution to give notice of the termination of the Reciprocity Treaty with Canada.

In the House, on the 2d, Mr. Pendleton, of Ohio, called up his motion to reconsider the vote by which the House disagreed to the Senate's amendment to the Montana Territory bill, and asking a committee of conference. He argued that the Senate's amendment striking out "white," was to give "negroes" the right to vote in the Territory. Mr. Pendleton's resolution was tabled. The House then resumed the consideration of the Raritan and Delaware Bay Railway bill. Mr. Sweat, of Maine, spoke against the bill believing it had no warrant in the Constitution of the United States or laws of the country.

TOWN TOPICS.

WE are well advanced into the spring, and yet the spring crops of New York, by which we mean filagree bonnets, gauzy shawls, and tissue dresses, have not yet fairly begun to appear. Whether this is attributable to the backward season, or to the intention of our belles to blow into full flower during the Sanitary Fair week, it is impossible to say, but so far nothing has agitated Broadway of a startling style.

With Broadway upon our pen we would say a few words upon this grand promenade—we will not call it thoroughfare, for the reason that it is more used for the first purpose.

Why is it that, with a body of police of great numerical and physical strength always on it, sights and sounds offensive to the eyes and ears of even the most hardened or careless are continually allowed to occur? During a walk from Canal street to Fourteenth street, one day this week, we were witness to these pleasant items. A saw-filer, who had established his machine upon the curb, and regaled the passers-by with his delightful music. A pair of drunken rowdies, one bearing an American flag, and the other with an indecent label on his back, elbowing the promenaders, and treating their ears to choice epithets and oaths; and thirdly, two men handcuffed together, with a third, who was possibly a policeman out of uniform, walking behind with a revolver in his hand. We do not know what these men had been doing, and it matters little in a discussion of the subject, but we do know there were other streets and other ways to take them to their destination than on foot through Broadway, offending and disgusting every one who passed.

In theatricals and opera, the promises for the week are "Lucia," "Robert le Diable," and more "Faust," at the Academy. Booth, in the "Fool's Revenge," at Niblo's; the usual intermixture of old comedy and "Rosedale," at Wallack's; a touch of John Brougham, in the play of the "Irish Emigrant" at Mrs. Wood's; and Avonia Jones at the Winter Garden.

We notice that huge posters are over the city announcing the appearance of the so-called Ella Zoyara at some of the horse theatres. We trust that the opportunity will not be lost by the public of frowning down the disgusting deception that has for years been carried on by this man. There is something especially repulsive at any time in one professing manhood donning the habiliments of a woman, but when the act is accompanied by a wilful and studied desire to deceive, it deserves the most decided reprobation.

One of the events of the week was the *debut* of Madame Methua-Scheller at Winter Garden. The lady is no beginner, having only translated herself from the German to the English stage. In person she is of the Teutonic type, light in complexion and harmless in manner. She has much of the accent and idiom of her native tongue, which may be removed by time, but at present is harsh to the ear of an English speaking audience. To overcome this it requires great genius; even Bandmann was hardly successful, and Madame Scheller does not possess it. Her make-up was decidedly bad, and yet with these faults the lady made a partial success. She sings pleasantly and has an air of agitation and reliance on the sympathies of her audience rather calculated to please. Had she appeared in anything but the poor patchwork of "Lorlie's Wedding," and received the support of even a decent company, her success might have been assured; as it was no talent could have stood—even had they possessed twice the lady's earnest manner—against such wretched sticks as four or five of the company assuming to support her.

There is one thing that always strikes us with wonder in the amusement world of New York, which is the want of matinées or afternoon entertainments. There are thousands of ladies and children, those who perhaps have not attendants even for evening amusements, who would be glad to patronise an afternoon performance if they had reliance on its perfect order and respectability. These are confined to the Museum, the Stereopticon and the Menagerie. Why some of our first-class theatres should not give an occasional matinée we do not know. Certainly there can be no better time for the experiment than during the Sanitary Fair, when the city will be full of strangers only in for the day, or citizens out for a day's pleasure. And before this paper is in the hands of its million of readers, that great event of the year, or of a score of years, the Sanitary Fair, will be in full blast. Nothing that we can say in advance will carry any idea of the countless attractions, modelled from countless brains; but these pages will be a history of the event, holding it up to the world, so that even the unlettered babe can read.

"There is no accounting for taste," and "we may as well be out of the world as out of the fashion," are acknowledged true sayings, and yet we cannot find that either of them will account for the oddities that are daily done on their plea. Let us instance one or two of the vagaries that ladies are at this moment giving way to. The first is that of the single curl straying from under the bonnet, while the rest are supposed to be held in the hair-net. At first sight it strikes the beholder as rather a pretty piece of carelessness that one raven or flaxen ringlet should struggle out to show the quality of the balance, but when in the afternoon walk he sees a couple of score of maidens and matrons guilty of the same carelessness, he begins to scent a very large mice, and thinks that possibly the vendors of hair may have something to do with it. The next fashion is that of the string of coarse, glass beads, hung about the neck, and weighing certainly not less than four pounds. Why they should be worn is a mystery. They are not of utility, and decidedly not an ornament. They must be cold and repulsive to the touch, and heavy in bearing forward the shoulders, and interfering with the swan-like motion that should be the pride of every woman.

It may be interesting to our fashionable *modistes* and dandizettes to know that Worth has failed; not that it is unusual for Worth to fail, but in this case, as it may affect the whole fashionable world, it is worthy of mention. Worth is the great Parisian dressmaker, of the Rue de la Paix, Paris, he who has for the last few years monopolized the dressing of Parisian belles. His *magazin* was of the most magnificent description, a gorgeous blending of gold, rare woods, satin, velvet and mirrors. His servants were the envy of Paris for their style and figure, and such lunches as Worth set forth for his customers have never been seen before or since. His customers were the *crême-de-la-crême*, from the Empress down, the marvels of dress worn by that royal lady having, for the past two years, originated in the genius of Worth. He did not solicit her custom, but was anxious to obtain it, and when the Empress, bowing to necessity, gave him an order for a dozen dresses, rejecting only three from a dozen, it was considered a triumph for Worth that stamped his name indelibly on the rolls of fashion. The value of her custom can be understood when it is known that her Majesty never pays less than $300 for her very commonest dress—such, for instance, as she does her kitchen work in!

Well, Worth has failed, and all Paris is in confusion. Everybody owes him, and the terror is that the hard-hearted assignees, into whose hands the bankrupt's books must fall, will not listen to the argument that pretty women must have fine dresses, and will prosecute the claims publicly, to the utter disgrace of the *crême-de-la-crême*. As an example of what it costs to dress a fashionable lady in Paris, it may be mentioned that the bill of Worth, for one season's attention to the little wants of the Princess Metternich, was 80,000 francs, or $16,000, a sum which that fair lady declared, when taxed by her spouse with extravagance, to be barely sufficient, with the most rigid economy, to carry her through with bare respectability.

What will be done for Worth is now the great question agitating France. The general belief is that the Emperor will take up the matter, and the treasury of the empire will pay for a hushing up of the scandal.

IMMENSITY OF THE UNIVERSE.—As a proof of what a vast book the invisible heavens are, and also of the diligence of the student, man, in turning over its leaves, Dr. Nichol, in his work describing the magnitude of Lord Rosse's telescope, says that Lord Rosse has looked into space a distance so inconceivable, that light, which travels at the rate of 200,000 miles in one second, would require a period of 250,000,000 solar years, each year containing about 32,000,000 of seconds, to pass the intervening gulf between this earth and the remotest point to which this telescope has reached. How utterly unable is the mind to grasp even a fraction of this immense period. To conceive the passing events of 100,000 years only is an impossibility, to say nothing of millions and hundreds of millions of years.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—A meeting was held at the Chamber of Commerce, on the 31st March, to raise funds for the relief of the citizens of East Tennessee. Several speeches were made by Gen. Walbridge, Roosevelt and others.

—— The Union League Association meet regularly, under the auspices of Simeon Draper and Judge Roosevelt.

—— A curious case came up lately. A Mrs. Judson was tried for opening a letter from her husband to a Mrs. Judson. It proved that Mr. Judson had three wives, all living, and that the letter in question was intended for another of his wives.

—— All Fool's day was celebrated on the 1st April by a variety of jokes perpetrated by the small boys of our Republic, but, like other ancient institutions, it is rapidly dying out.

—— The people of New York, by the enormous vote of 210,000 majority, have resolved to allow soldiers to vote.

—— In consequence of the reports now so generally prevalent that Mr. Lincoln does not write his own speeches, he has come out in a declaration that, with the exception of his reply to the British clergymen, every public document purporting to emanate from his pen is really and truly the product of the Presidential mind. He also makes another exception in the inaugural message, which was interlined by Mr. Seward.

—— Nearly 3,000 emigrants landed at Castle Garden in the week ending 31st March. The emigration this year from foreign parts will exceed all previous seasons.

—— A report favorable to allowing the Cabinet Ministers to have seats in Congress has been sent in. This ought to be adopted without delay, as it would commence a system of responsibility.

—— The grand National Fair, under the auspices of the Fenian Brotherhood, commenced in Chicago on the 28th March.

—— The Government price of gold is 165. Stocks in the street are steady. At the Stock Exchange Government bonds were all strong. State bonds steady. Coal stocks strong. In money there is less activity, and at 6 per cent. the supply is quite free.

—— The delegates to the Republican National Convention, to be held at Baltimore, are Messrs. Bearne Falling, Chairman; South, Hirsch and Hiram Smith.

—— An emancipation meeting was held in Baltimore, on the 1st of April, the speakers being Messrs. Boutwell, of Mass., Kelley and Myers, of Pa., Davis, of Md., and Gen. Lew Wallace.

—— The famous Northrup trespass case was concluded on the 1st April, and resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff of $2,000, with interest from the commencement of the suit, April 13, 1863. The counsel for the defence applied for a stay of proceedings, with the view of filing a bill of exceptions, and ultimately obtaining a new trial.

—— Private concerts in aid of the Sanitary Commission have been all the rage during the past few weeks, and have been attended by the very *élite* of society. The last of a series of six was given last week, at the residence of a prominent physician up town. The price of tickets ranged as high as three dollars, and the struggle to possess them was so great that their number was exhausted before half the applicants were gratified. The affairs were admirably managed by a committee of ladies, who gave their whole time to ensure success, and that they have accomplished. They found willing assistants in the good cause—amateurs assisted, artists volunteered, Chickering & Sons furnished two of their splendid grand pianos to each concert gratuitously, of course, so that the expenses were kept as low as possible; but whatever the amount expended did not come from the receipts, but was made up by the committee. Several thousand dollars have thus been realised, which will be added to the total results of the great Sanitary Fair.

—— A perfect model of the building at Newburg which Washington used as his headquarters is exhibited at the Sanitary Fair in this city. It is 28 inches in length, 23 in width, and 16 inches in height, being one-half inch to the foot, and is made of the same kind of material as the original, and corresponds in every respect with it. It contains the same number of stones, corresponding in shape, kind and color; the same number of layers, exhibiting all their irregularities in mortar and plastering work. The doors and windows are in perfect keeping with the original. The interior is partitioned off, exhibiting the different apartments and rooms in perfection. The old fireplace, with its smoky back and huge chimney, the room with its seven doors, the antique furniture, the painting, in fact, the whole appearance and structure, is a *fac-simile* of the building as it was when occupied by the Father of his Country.

—— Bishop Timon, of Buffalo, announces officially in his organ, the *Western New York Catholic*, that the "Fenian Brothers" cannot march in procession with Catholic societies, nor take part in Catholic rites and holy sacrifices.

Western.—Military authorities at Louisville state that of the rebels who crossed the Cumberland at Eddyville recently several have been captured, and others have given themselves up under the Amnesty Proclamation, and the remainder are scattered. No further apprehension is felt from Forrest's force.

—— A dispatch from Chattanooga says: "Gens. Buell, Negley, McCook, Crittenden, Newton and Sykes, and 10 brigadiers have been ordered to report to Gen. Sherman for duty in his army. Gen. Buell will probably succeed Gen. Schofield in the command of the Department of the Ohio. Deserters report that Gen. Joe Johnston is reinforcing the army of Gen. Lee."

—— A Knoxville dispatch of the 31st ult. says: "The rebels, after destroying the trestle at Bull's gap, fell back beyond Greenville. They took up the wagon and railroad bridge across Sick creek, and carried off a portion of the rails and telegraph wires. Parson Brownlow telegraphs from Knoxville that Gen. Sherman left this morning for Chattanooga, after returning from the front. All is quiet at Mossy creek. Knoxville is so well fortified that we could hold it against Lee's army. Longstreet's forces are at Watauga, more than 105 miles east of here. A force of cavalry remains at Bull's gap to protect the retreat."

—— Dispatches from Major Brown, at Abercrombie, to Gen. Sibley, have just been received. Wa-an-ki-ye (son of "Burning Earth," who was the principal soldier of the Sissetons until his death, in 1862) had accepted the terms of peace offered by the Government, and had come to fort Abercrombie. He states that the Sissetons are desirous to terminate hostilities, and that the Yanktons also express a wish for the restoration of friendly relations with the Government, on condition that steamers do not ascend the Missouri beyond a given point, and white men keep away from their country. Such propositions are, of course, preposterous and absurd, and will never be acceded to.

—— The rush for lands in the Lake Superior country, which are supposed to contain minerals, is unexampled. The entries for February amount to upwards of 26,000 acres, including cash and warrant locations. The proceeds of cash sales during the time foot up $21,305 89.

Southern.—By way of New Orleans we have later news from Texas. Indianola was evacuated on the morning of the 13th of March. With the troops, several Union families, principally Germans, left, taking with them in some instances the lumber of their tenements, as they had taken the oath of allegiance, with the expectation that the army would remain. Gens. McClernand and Dana did all they could to relieve them, as did also Capts. Gorsuch and McComas. The troops under Gen. Fitz Henry Warren took the land route, crossing the bayous by pontoon ferries. In doing so 22 men and two officers of the 69th Indiana, Lieut.-Col. Perry, commanding, two men of the 7th Michigan battery, and eight of the 2d

Engineer (Corps d'Afrique), in all 34 men and two horses, were drowned by the swamping of the boats. Gen. McClernard has gone down the coast, to make a visit to Arkansas Pass and Brownsville.

Military.—The Newberne *Times* of the 23d says: "We have an eye-witness who saw the hanging of 22 soldiers of the 2d North Carolina Union volunteers, and was within 200 yards of the scaffold at the time of the murder."

—— The President has commuted the sentence of two men, Hendricks and Pollard, condemned to be hung April 1, to imprisonment for life. Marshal Lamon had previously declined to hang them, assuming the ground that it was not his duty to do so, the recent act of Congress having deprived him of the custody of the jail and placed that institution under the charge of a Warden, independent of his (Lamon's) control.

—— A letter from Shubuta, Miss., in the Mobile *Register*, says that Col. Maury has hung a number of loyalists there; also that "the Colonel has issued an amnesty proclamation, giving three days to report, and after that—the halter indiscriminately."

—— Capt. J. H. Williams, Provost-Marshal of the District of Cairo, was arrested one night last week and taken to Memphis, to answer before Gen. Hurlbut for offences not yet made public. The brother of Williams, Lieut. Throop, and Buell, a criminal attorney, were also arrested.

Personal.—Thomas Francis Meagher lectured in Philadelphia last week with great success.

—— Spurgeon, the popular English preacher, is expected in New York on the 10th of May.

—— The authoress of Cousin Philis is Miss Thackeray. It is published in the *Cornhill Magazine*.

—— Miss Laura Harris made a great hit in the *rôle* of Lucia, at Boston, some few nights ago.

—— The London *Court Journal*, after quoting Sala's Trollopean account of his interview with President Lincoln and his wife, says: "Mr. Sala's description of his interview with the President and Mrs. Lincoln is in the worst possible taste, and is not mended by the elaborate apology which accompanies it. He was introduced to the White House by Mr. Sumner; Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln evidently tried to be civil to him, and their reward is half a column of ridicule and offensive personality. Yet Mr. Sala has constituted himself the censor of American society, and has undertaken to expose its vulgarity and hollowness! Marry come up! We can't help criticising the critic and pointing out to this *censor morum* the palpable breach of good manners which he has committed. Mr. Sala can make his letters readable enough without pandering to the vulgar appetite. What would he think and write of an American who described in the same offensive way his presentation to Queen Victoria?"

—— We are glad to learn that the rebel Governor Allen, of Louisiana, is not of Northern birth, as has been represented, but a native of Prince Edward county, Va., where his father and grandfather resided before him.

Obituary.—The wife of President Hill, of Harvard College, died at Cambridge recently. She was the daughter of the late Joseph Bellows, of Walpole, New Hampshire.

—— Nancy James, a colored woman, has just died at Philadelphia, at the age of 110 years.

—— Capt William C. Barstow, formerly well-known in New York as a shipmaster, died at East Boston on Thursday, the 31st of March, aged 63.

—— Mrs. Lucy Durivage, the widow of Francis S. Durivage, of Boston, died on the 31st of paralysis, at the residence of her son in Jersey city. The deceased, whose remains will be conveyed to Boston for interment, was a sister of Hon. Edward Everett, and was in her 72d year.

—— The *Journal de Rennes* announces the death in that city, at the age of 71, of Mr. John James Appleton, of Massachusetts, and formerly Chargé d'Affaires for the United [illegible] Madrid and Stockholm, at which latter ci[illegible]tiated the treaty of commerce which still serves as the basis of the relations between North America and Sweden. The deceased was born and educated at Boston. A daughter of Mr. Appleton is married to M. Eugene Pinault, Deputy Mayor of Rennes.

—— The death of one of the greatest chemists of the day, Dr. Laurentius, a German, is just announced.

—— The Natchez *Courier*, of the 18th, chronicles the death of Dr. Charles H. Stone, an eminent citizen of that city.

—— Sam. Cowell, the well-known comedian and comic vocalist, died a few days ago, at Blandford, in Dorset, from consumption. Deceased was 43 years of age, and has left a large family.

—— The death of Mr. B. A. Dyce, one of the foremost of the Royal Academicians, is announced. He was a native of Scotland, and was born in 1800. After passing through the usual curriculum in the University of Aberdeen, he proceeded, in 1825, to Italy, in various parts of which he devoted himself to the study of art. In 1828 he returned to Scotland, where he obtained his livelihood by portrait painting. In the interval of his business, however, he pursued the higher branches of art, and in 1828 made his first appearance on the walls of the Royal Academy in his picture entitled "Bacchus Nursed by the Nymphs of Nysa." Between that period and 1838 he exhibited two pictures at the Academy, "The Descent of Venus" and a "Madonna and Child." In 1845 he was elected a Royal Academician, and he was also an honorary academician of the Royal Scottish Academy, of which institution he had been elected an associate in 1835, and member of the Academy of Fine Arts of Philadelphia. Among his many works may be mentioned as best known: "St Dunstan separating Edwy and Elgiva," "Titian and Irene da Spilemburgo," "Omnia Vanitas," "The meeting of Jacob and Rachel," and "Lear in the storm." Mr. Dyce was an author as well as an artist. In 1844 he published an edition of the Book of Common Prayer, with its ancient "Canto-Fermo," accompanied by a disputation on that kind of music and its adaptability to English words; and in 1851 a theological pamphlet entitled. "Notes on Shepherds and Sheep," in reply to Mr. Ruskin's "Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds." He was an extensive contributor to periodical literature, chiefly on subjects relating to ecclesiastical antiquities; and was the author of pamphlets on the keenly-debated subject of the future management of the National Gallery.

Accidents and Offences.—The ship Gallatin, bound to Liverpool, and lying in the North River, has been a scene of brutal murder. It appears that the sailors got into an altercation in the forecastle, and one of them was kicked and beaten to death. The principal, a man named Clark, and five others, were arrested by Sergeant O'Brien, of the harbor police, and taken to the First Precinct station-house. Subsequently a coroner's jury found Clark guilty of the homicide, with a proviso "it was partly justifiable." Clark was thereupon committed to the Tombs to answer.

—— The British barque Falmouth, from New York for Aspinwall, was found on the 21st in a sinking condition by the ship Empire Queen. The E. Q. laid by until the storm abated, and took off the officers and crew, except one man, who died at the pumps. The Falmouth soon afterwards went down head foremost.

Foreign.—The following interesting statistics have been recently given as to the strength and cost of the standing armies of Europe: Russia's standing army is 1,000,000 men, costing annually £26,000,000 sterling, or 42 per cent. of the national budget; France, has 573,000 men, costing 34,000,000 or 33 per cent.; Austria, 467,000 men, costing 16,000,000, or 37 per cent.; Turkey, 424,000 men; Italy 314,000 men, costing 16,000,000; England 300,000 men, costing 33,000,000, or 30 per cent.; Prussia, 124,000 men, costing 7,500,000, or 30 per cent.; Sweden, 67,000 men, costing 40 per cent.; Denmark, 50,000, costing 37 per cent. The whole standing army of Europe is 3,815,847 men, costing annually 170,000,000 sterling.

Art, Science and Literature.—The opera "The Abbot of St. Gatten," the text of which is taken from a comic poem of the celebrated German poet Barger, has been performed at the theatre of Breshla, and with great success. The composer is Herr Herlher.

—— Mr. Frith's picture of the Royal Marriage scene will not, it is understood, be completed in time for the opening of the Royal Academy Exhibition, although the artist is far advanced in the execution of his task.

—— M. Henin, a celebrated collector of autographs, medals, &c., has left more than 10,000 autographs to the library of the French Institute, among which is a series of interesting letters of Voltaire, written to the father of the above gentleman.

—— Mr. Clement R. Markham, author of Cuzco and Lima, and Travels in Peru, has published a grammar and dictionary of Quinchua, the ancient language of the Incas.

—— Herr Bosendorff, of Berlin, has just celebrated a 5,000th birthday—that is, the birth of the 5,000th pianoforte he has constructed since he has been in business. His renown is great, and he is heard in every part of Germany—that is, the voice of his pianos speak for him.

—— A cheap reprint of Mr. Geo. Ticknor's Life of William Hinckling Prescott is announced by Messrs. Routledge & Warne.

—— A history of Louis XVI., with a collection of his writings, and a letter of M. Berryer's by way of preface, is announced as being in the press.

—— Mr. John Leighton has designed a new cover for a pack of playing cards in the fashion of the hour. In the centre of the card is the bust of Shakespeare, and in the compartments of a rich border are illustrations of the Seven Ages of Man.

—— The third edition of the Slang Dictionary, now in the press, will contain, it is said, fully 3,000 more unauthorized words and colloquial expressions than the preceding edition. In France, however, matters are quite as bad as here. An English gentleman, long resident in Paris, is now engaged compiling a French and English slang dictionary.

Chit-Chat.—A little London newspaper has sent a very remarkable goose, named Sala, to write letters for it. In one of his latest effusions he makes a discovery which throws that of Columbus into the shade. It is this—in describing American ladies he actually says: "I said that all the ladies can talk. A flow of sharp, shrewd, intelligent, and, as a rule, well-chosen and correct language, is the shining attainment of all American ladies, and from the schoolgirl upwards. And the schoolgirls themselves talk with an ease of volubility that would astonish the superintendents of many ladies' colleges at home. There is no hesitation, no blushing, no stammering, no twiddling of the fingers, no plucking at bouquets, or nervous unhemming of handkerchiefs. The vapid inanities that pass between partners at an English ball would be here scouted. To be shy is to be unpatriotic. The American young lady goes straight to the point, and has a great deal to say upon it 'How is your health? How long have you been in the country? Do you like it? Have you had a good time? What do you think of the action of the nation in the present struggle? Are you not struck with admiration at the deeds of valor performed by the nation's armies? Have you read Longfellow's Wayside Inn? When is Tennyson's Boadicea to appear? Was not England convulsed with enthusiasm at the apparition of the Rev. Ward Beecher? Don't you think the room wants oxygen? Are not the monitors triumphs of mechanical construction? Have you been to Niagara?' These are a few of the queries she rattles out. You are at first delighted, then amazed, and at last puzzled: for the intelligent and well read young lady continually addresses you as 'sir,' and every now and then she asks you a question so *naïve*, so artlessly ignorant, that you pause to inquire of yourself whether she can be more than six years old."

—— At the recent royal christening Queen Victoria wore a black silk dress, covered with deep black crape and edged with jet gimp; a cap of white crape lisse, in the style of the cap of Mary Queen of Scots, with diamonds round it, and a long white crape lisse veil attached to it. Her Majesty wore the riband, star and badge of the garter, a diamond necklace, and large cross containing the Prince Consort's miniature, and a brooch composed of a large sapphire, set in 12 large diamonds. Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales wore a white satin dress, with ruches of tulle flounces of rich Brussels lace, decked with flowers, water-lilies, ferns and grasses; a tiara of diamonds; necklace, brooch and ear-rings of pearls and diamonds; a corsage of the City diamonds round the top of the dress; the Portugese Order of Isabella and the Victoria and Albert badge.

—— The town of Pisa has been doing something in the tercentenary way, but so quietly, and with so much more desire to do homage to the one name than to bruit many names abroad, that the fact has not been mentioned farther than Pisa as yet. The name of the honored one is Galileo, who had he lived till this year, would, like Shakespeare, have been 300 years old.

—— Giuglini, the tenor, recently appeared in St. Petersburg, and by his rendering of a cantata so enchanted a noble lady that she sent him a magnificent sledge, harnessed to a fiery horse, in acknowledgment of the pleasure derived from his performance.

PROFIT AND LOSS.—As rather an unscrupulous fellow named Ben was coming down one morning, he met Tom, who stopped him:

"I say, Tom," he said, "here's a pretty counterfeit three. If you pass it I'll divide."

"Let's see the plaster," said Tom; and after examining it carefully put it in his vest pocket, remarking, "It's an equal division—a dollar and a half apiece?"

"Yes," said Ben.

"All right," said Tom.

A few minutes afterwards he quietly stepped into the store of his friend Ben, and purchased a keg of oysters for a dollar and a half, laying down the \$3 bill for them. The clerk looked at the bill rather doubtingly, when his suspicions were immediately calmed by Tom, who said:

"There's no use looking, for I received the note from Ben himself not 10 minutes ago."

Of course the clerk, with this assurance, forked over the other dollar and a half in change. With this deposit and a can of oysters, Tom left. Shortly afterwards he met Ben, who asked him if he had passed the note.

"Oh, yes," said Tom, passing over the dollar and a half to Ben.

That evening when Ben made up his cash account, he was surprised to find the same old counterfeit three in the drawer. Turning to his clerk, he asked:

"Where did you get this cursed note? didn't you know it was a counterfeit?"

"Why," said the clerk, "Tom gave it to me and I suspected it was fishy; but he said he had just received it from you, and I took it."

The whole thing had penetrated the wool of Ben. With a peculiar grin, he muttered "Sold!" and charged the can of oysters to profit and loss account.

CAUTION TO TRAVELLERS.—A gentleman, travelling by railroad to the south of France, entered a first-class carriage, where he found a person already comfortably seated, who soon entered into conversation, and civilly offered his new acquaintance a pinch of snuff, which was accepted, but had no sooner entered his nostrils than it produced the effect of a powerful narcotic, of which the wary traveller soon took advantage, by relieving his sleeping companion of 15,000 francs in banknotes, 3,000 francs in other money, besides his watch, chain and ring, with which valuables he escaped undetected.

SPRING-TIME VOICES.

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

How long the dreary Winter
  Extends its chilling reign;
The snow-robed earth, so coldly pure,
  Will't e'er be green again?
We watch the fitful sunbeams,
  For omens glad they bring;
The bluebirds twitter on the bough,
  Sweet voices of the Spring.

The noise of rushing waters,
  The busy insects' hum,
The lengthened morn, the shortened night,
  Proclaim that Spring has come.
We hail these pleasant omens;
  We love the song they sing;
Ye thrill our hearts with summer warmth,
  Sweet voices of the Spring!

A Night in a Strange Inn.

By F. E. Brock.

THE night was closing in, dark and gloomy; the sky looked threatening, and everything betokened the near approach of a terrific thunderstorm. The waters of the Mississippi were foaming, while the tall cliffs on its banks seemed to be holding communion with the demoniacal-looking clouds. We knew it would be impossible to remain out in such a storm, so our little party of two determined to find shelter for ourselves and our horses at the nearest inn. I myself am of a nervous, excitable temperament, and my companion being somewhat like me, we urged our beasts onward to their utmost speed, though our hands trembled nervously as we clutched the reins. Not a dwelling came in view for some time, but at last we caught sight of the lights of what we knew to be the little town of Napoleon. Encouraged by this, our boldness returned to us, and as if we had been men of nerve, and had never known fear, we walked our horses slowly towards the village. We stopped at the first inn we reached, not caring whether it were the best or the worst, so that we could find shelter. Before we entered the rain was coming down in large drops, and we thanked our lucky stars that we had reached a haven. We had been travelling for a firm in New York, who were in the habit of trading with the Western merchants, and at the present time had been sent to collect their dues; consequently, we had considerable money with us. After having seen that our horses were well cared for, we walked into the bar-room of the little inn. Here we first saw the landlord, and I was immediately impressed with his strange appearance. I could not obtain a full view of his face, because of a singular fashion he had of turning his bulldog head on one side whenever he looked towards me, but I caught a glimpse of a dark patch on that side of the face which he seemed so anxious to hide. There were several men in the bar-room, some of them drinking very heavily, and conversing in loud, boisterous tones; but the landlord was extremely taciturn, never saying a word unless actually obliged to. I did not at all fancy my host, and though I struggled very much against the feeling, all the dark stories of villainous landlords in little out-of-the-way inns rushed to my mind. His wife also was formidable-looking. She was tall and Amazonian in figure, while her face was one of those hard, cruel, though rather handsome ones which Shakespeare must have had in his mind's eye when he wrote of Lady Macbeth. In one corner of the room sat two men, who were playing cards and betting pretty largely. One appeared to be constantly losing, yet he showed no vexation, but laughed gaily, and nodded occasionally to the landlady.

All the while we were at supper I was debating with myself whether I should propose to my companion to seek another inn, or keep quiet and remain where we were. I had come to the conclusion that the landlord, his wife and the man who was losing his money at cards were joined in a league against the winner, who appeared to be a drover with plenty of money, and would, no doubt, rob or perhaps murder him in his sleep. Therefore I concluded that, although I had rather we had chosen some other shelter, I would not go away and leave the man to his fate; but determined that before I slept I would see that my pistols and those of my companion were in good order, though I also resolved that I would not alarm the latter by telling him of my fears, which might perhaps be groundless.

By this time the storm had become almost a hurricane. The wind howled around the house, and the heavy rain pattered against the windows and down upon the tin roofs of the outhouses. Then would come the deafening crashes of thunder, one following the other in rapid succession. Amidst this din and terrible confusion we were shown to our room in the upper storey. One solitary candle glimmered amid the gloom of the small apartment, and this, I noticed, was already more than three parts consumed. The ceiling was very low, and sloped down to the floor at one end, and in this part of the room was heaped an immense pile of rubbish. The bed stood in about the centre, between this pile and the door; and the one small window in the room looked as if it had not been opened for many months. The view was not promising, and I made up my mind that I would not go to sleep that night, whatever my companion might do, so I ordered the landlady to supply me with another candle. She stared at me, as if surprised, and at first demurred, but seeing that I was resolute she at last consented, and agreed to send me one. This she soon did; but when I saw that it was a piece only about as large as the first I sent it back, saying that I wanted a whole one. "Why, Frank, what do you want of it?" said my friend. I merely answered that I wanted to read a paper for awhile, and did not wish to have the light fail before I had finished. The maid, however, did not bring the candle, and I, resolving not to give up my demand, descended the stairs to procure it. When I reached the bar-room the landlord, his wife and the man whom I suspected as an accomplice were whispering together, but they stopped when I entered, and the man walked off to the other end of the room. The landlady declared that she had not a whole candle in the house, and she had sent me the best she had, adding, "if it does not suit you, you must go unsuited." I felt certain now that something was wrong, and hastened upstairs again, minus the candle, intending to tell my friend all I had noticed, and with his assistance find the drover, and together leave the house.

The storm was now abating, and I knew we could find our way to the next inn. But when I again reached the dismal little room I found Arthur in bed, and though not asleep, yet in such a somnolent state as to heed little of what I said, and after merely laughing at my vagaries (as he called my fears), he covered his head in the sheet and was soon lost in slumber. I was astonished at his disregard of danger, but lost none of my own timidity in consequence.

I closed the door, but when I went to lock it found no fastening of any kind upon it, except a latch. This, however, I soon remedied; for, going to the little ricketty bureau, I pulled out a drawer, split off a piece of wood with my knife, and inserted it over the latch in such a way that no one could lift it.

The little room soon became intolerably warm, and I forced open the window, and split off another piece of wood from the drawer to prop up the sash. I then sat down to read my paper; but my fears, and the bugs of all kinds that came in the window to visit my candle, kept me from fixing my attention upon it.

In a short time the candle went out, and I was left in darkness. Still I did not give up my purpose of watching all night. I lit a cigar and sat by the open window trying to peer into the darkness. All sounds in the house gradually ceased, and Arthur's heavy breathing alone broke the stillness.

But hark! surely I heard a rustling among the rubbish at the end of the room. I threw away my cigar, and seized my pistols. Oh! how I wished that Arthur would stop his loud breathing just for one moment. I listened with eager attention for some time, and then lit a match and held it to my watch, to see how late it was. It was half-past twelve.

Just at that moment I heard footsteps outside my door, and a light shone through the cracks. I stepped softly to the door and listened. There were more than one there, I could hear, but I had my pistols in my hands and I did not fear them. At all hazards I would protect my sleeping friend. I heard a whisper. It was the woman's voice.

"That fool in here wanted another candle, but I did not let him have it."

"Hush!" said one whom I imagined to be the landlord. "Do you want them to hear you?"

Then the footsteps moved on a little way, and I cautiously removed the stick I had placed over the latch, and opening the door a little, looked out. But what was my horror at seeing on the opposite wall, in the dim light of the landlord's candle, a small spot of blood.

The guilty couple had gone into the room next to ours and had left the door open. My blood seemed turning into ice. They have killed him, I thought, and perhaps it will be our turn next. Even now, perhaps, the drover lies weltering in his blood in the adjoining room.

I could stand the horrid thought no longer. Better far to sell our lives dearly, and revenge this murder, than be trapped in our little dungeon by some machinery contrived by this vile landlord. I stole towards the open door. They were whispering together.

"This has been a hard night's work," said the landlord. "Though I'm glad we did it."

"But suppose any one had seen us?" rejoined the woman.

"Ah!" said I to myself. "They little think that the avenger is at hand!"

"Still," said the landlord, "our work is not yet finished. We must get rid of all of them."

On hearing him utter these words I rushed into the room, a revolver in each hand, and shouted:

"Aha! wretches, you are found out. Yield now, or I fire." But the next moment my hands dropped at my side, for I saw what a cowardly fool I had been. The landlord and his wife, giving me credit for being a maniac, were standing terrified before me in their night attire. I saw at a glance that they had merely been killing mosquitoes and roaches, and the stealthy steps and whispering conversation were only intended to shield from sight the flannel petticoat, short gown and ruffled nightcap of my landlady. After this discovery I apologised to the couple, muttering something about bad dreams and nightmare, and then went to my room, undressed and laid myself down at Arthur's side. As soon as my nerves became a little quieted I went off to sleep, and dreamt I was being hung for the murder of the drover.

A HEART THAT CAN FEEL FOR ANOTHER.—"I give and bequeath to Mary, my wife, the sum of £100 a year," said an old farmer. "Is that written down, measter?"

"Yes," replied the lawyer; "but she is not so old, she may marry again. Won't you make any change in that case? Most people do."

"Do they?" said the farmer; "well, write again, and say, and if my wife marries again, I will give and bequeath to her the sum of £200 a year. That'll do, won't it, measter?"

"Why, it's double the sum she would have if she remained unmarried," said the lawyer; "it is generally the other way—the legacy is lessened if the widow marries again."

"Aye," said the farmer, "but him as gets her'll deserve it."

THE nation that will at last destroy all nations—Extermi-nation.

SCENES FROM THE OPERA OF FAUST—1. MEPHISTOPHELES SHOWS FAUST THE VISION OF MARGARET. 2. GRAND MARCH AND CHORUS.—See Page 55.

THE LAST SUPPER.

BY J. WARREN NEWCOMB, JR.

THERE is a story of a club of 12 friends who agreed together to sup annually on a certain day, at a certain place, when all should meet, no matter how far apart they might be scattered, the survivor to sit at the last supper alone. The compact was kept to the letter, and the last man was found dead in his chair.

SAD at heart he sat, and lonely
In the gaily lighted hall,
With the silence broken only
By the clock upon the wall,
Saying with its dreary ticking: "End of
Time must come to all!"

Sad he filled the bumper glowing
With the ruby-flushing wine,
Drank, but felt no rapture flowing
From the spirit of the vine:
Only Death spake from the goblet:
"Thou art old, and thou art mine!"

Vacant chairs around the table
Standing stiffly in the gloom,
And the tapers are not able
So to light the empty room,
That the shadows in the corners shall not
Speak of death and doom.

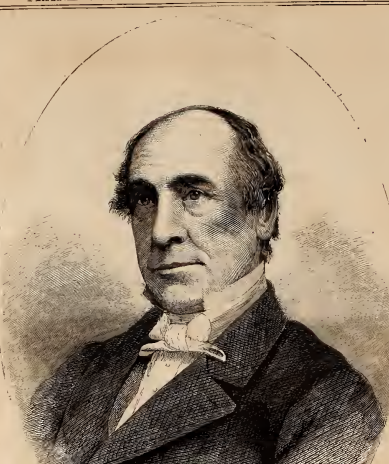
Where are they, the gay eleven
Who once sat here at his side?
Some in Hades, some in Heaven—
All are gone: yes, all have died,
And have left the old man lonely; greater
Ill can scarce befide.

Midnight, stepping through the portal
Of the open banquet door,
Finds within the wearv mortal
Sadly waiting for the hour
When the compact shall be ended, and
The Twelve shall be no more.

Waiting—Stay, what is it passes
Gliding to each vacant chair,
Filling high the empty glasses,
Pouring on the midnight air
Scraps of ancient song and story? Lo
The last, the dead are there!

And they drank, and toasted gally
Many a loved one in the tomb,
Many a beauty they'd mourned dully,
Cut off long since in her bloom,
And the ringing taunts and laughter filled
With joy the banquet-room.

When the servants came to tell him
That the night was nearly fled,
Little dreaming what befell him,
And how fast his time had sped,
There they found his body only, for his soul
Was with the dead.



REV. HENRY W. BELLOWS, OF NEW YORK, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 50.

The would-be Suicide saves the Merchant's Life in Greenwood Cemetery.

The Last Hazard.

By Mrs. A. A. Baillie,

AUTHOR OF "THE SERPENT WOMAN," ETC.

"I have set my life upon a cast,
And I must stand the hazard of the die."
—*Shakespeare*

CHAPTER I.

"ALL'S up with me!"

Such was the exclamation of despair uttered by Charles Haverling, a handsome, dashing young gentleman, who had just parted with some of his gay companions apparently in the most buoyant spirits. They knew he had lost heavily at the gaming-table that night, and admired the air of perfect equanimity with which he seemed to sustain his run of ill-luck, but they had little idea that he not only staked his last dollar but the last he could borrow, including all his widowed mother's little property, with which she, in perfect reliance upon his integrity and discretion, had entrusted him.

Despair had now full possession of his soul and left no room for hope. As he looked round on every hand, throughout the entire range of possibilities, he saw not so much as a straw that presumed to aid him to escape the pit of infamy that yawned before him. The shame and disgrace that awaited him were more than he could bear the thought of, and to face them he had neither the courage nor the hardihood. He was sensitive and proud; his character had always stood high with his relatives and friends; he was his mother's idol, his sister's and little brother's perfect hero, and he had been jealous of their high regard; how could he endure the degradation to which their pity or their contempt must subject him? When they knew all, how could he meet his mother's look of agony? behold his beloved and beautiful sister's speechless woe? his little orphan brother's tears and flush of shame for the fall of one he had always looked up to since his father's death, and almost worshipped? How could he stand before them with the consciousness that they felt that he, their pride, their sole stay, had betrayed and beggared them? And for what?

Oh, he could no longer keep the truth from forcing itself upon him, bitter and humiliating as it was. He accused himself of having squandered his father's liberal bequest in his favor in ostentatious and profligate indulgence, and of having, in the vain hope of retrieving his fortune, been false to the most sacred trust in hazarding and for ever losing his mother's and her children's only support. He walked across the Washington Parade Ground with an unsteady step, and talked incoherently to himself, at one moment clenching his hands, setting his teeth and bracing himself up with desperation, and soon after relaxing and reeling along loosely, with all the helplessness of self-abandonment. With one breath he exclaimed, energetically:

"Oh, for a few of the hundreds I wasted on the emptiest and vilest pleasures!"

With the next, whining forth:

"Would I had died ere I was born!"

The creditors who had been dunning his mother he had contrived to put off from time to time, but he had promised to settle with them, without fail, on the morrow. His mother had heard him make this agreement, and confidently relied on its fulfilment. His failure to perform it would, he knew, betray his insolvency, ruin his credit, and deprive his mother and her children of house, home and means of subsistence. He beat his steps towards home, for where else could he go? He had, too, a vague idea that in his chamber he could better decide on the course he ought to pursue. It was, however, more an instinctive proceeding than a deliberate one; for his head was turning giddy, his heart sinking like a stone, and his legs affording unstable and uncertain support. He let himself into the house with a latchkey, crept up the stairs into his room, fit he got, threw himself upon his bed and gave way to his sorrow, remorse and despair.

After writhing awhile in prostrate anguish, he suddenly started up and paced the floor with frenzied swiftness, beating his breast and forehead and calling himself "fool," "idiot," "villain" and "wretch!" in every variety of violent and self-stigmatising phraseology. He was as ingenious as frantic in torturing and cursing himself till near daybreak, when he became wholly exhausted and lay in a painful stupor on the bed, till he fell at last into a brief and troubled slumber.

CHAPTER II.

CHARLES HAVERLING gained little refreshment from his sleep, for it was very short, and had, of course, its terrible awakening. He was roused by a persevering and continuous

Despair.

drumming on his door, and the voice of a child strained to its height.

"Charlie! det up! past nine o'took!" it cried.

"Yes, yes! I'm coming!"

"Bakfast ready—un detting told."

"All right! Tell 'em not to wait for me."

As Mr. Haverling had not undressed himself, he had but to wash his face and hands and pass the comb through his hair before he was ready to join his little family circle. He paused a moment in deliberation, and then muttered:

"I will have one more cheerful breakfast with them before I leave them and this world for ever."

Round the breakfast table he found three happy, loving faces, that sent a pang, like the piercing of a sword, to his heart. There, in her usual place, sat his mother, a handsome, portly lady, with a face beaming with benevolence and affection. Near her a blooming girl of seventeen, her daughter, with bright eyes and merry little dimples and smiles playing over her beautiful countenance. Facing her, and close to her mother, in his high chair, was seated "little Ned," a rosy-cheeked, golden-haired little boy, full of life, activity and childish freshishness. He began to chatter to his brother as soon as he entered, and teased him with a hundred questions, which were answered with languid good-nature.

"Are you going to take me to the Prince's Ball, Charlie?" demanded Miss Catherine, the sister, abruptly.

"I will do the best I can for you, Kate," responded the brother, mechanically.

He was at the time thinking whether he should

commit suicide by cutting his throat or drowning himself.

"Do you think the prince will ask me to dance?"

"If he is allowed an opportunity to do so, I am sure he will."

"Thank you, Charlie. A compliment from one's own brother is worth having, for it is generally sincere."

Little did the happy girl dream that this brother had just at that moment decided that he would blow his brains out with his pistol. Compared to hers, what a ghastly contrast his mind afforded! What a shock she was spared by her ignorance of his dreadful thoughts! It is indeed a mercy that we cannot see what is passing in one another's minds.

Little Ned, as the youngest member of the family was generally called, now wanted to know whether he, too, could not see the prince; whether he wore a crown of gold instead of a hat, and many other particulars.

"Prince Albert Edward is a good son," observed Mrs. Haverling, rather irrelevantly.

"Not better 'an Charlie," exclaimed little Ned.

"No, indeed; that could not be," replied the partial mother.

Charlie groaned.

"You are not at all well this morning, my son," said the mother, anxiously. "You look pale and don't eat. You study too hard and sit up too late. I heard you stirring in your room last night, long past midnight, I am sure."

Little Ned declared, in his broken way, that he wouldn't be a lawyer if they had to sit up late till they made themselves "tick," and wanted to know why they could not go to bed early like other folks. The unfortunate object of maternal solicitude assured his parent t at he needed but a little fresh air and a long walk to set him all right, and rose to go.

"You will not fail to be back at half-past three o'clock, to settle with the landlord and the others you have promised to-day?"

"No, mother; I will not fail, unless something extraordinary should happen, in which case you had better tell them to call in the evening, when I shall of course be at home. I shall, however, keep my appointment, if possible."

"Do, my son, for the importunity of these people has grown rather annoying. The landlord has become very impatient, for you know we owe him three months' rent. The grocer's bill now amounts to thirty odd dollars, and the butcher's to forty. Your tailor's bill is the——"

"Largest of all. I know all about my little bills payable, dear mother, and will meet them all if I live to see the day through."

"It will take a great weight off my mind Charles, for though I doubt not your assurance that you have invested my little hoard safely, tradespeople in these times grow very suspicious and impatient at a little delay."

Charles Haverling kissed his mother affectionately; his sister threw her arms around his neck and kissed him, bidding him remember the Prince's Ball, and little Ned insisted upon being taken up and saluted like the rest. Tears gushed to the young man's eyes, and he hurried from his home, now too painful for him to endure.

CHAPTER III.

Charles Haverling felt a moment's relief when he got into the open air. He took, from habit, his usual track and found himself in Broadway, before he thought of the direction in which he was going. The thronging prosperity and happiness, for such by contrast the human tide appeared to him, that overflowed the great thoroughfare, filled him with fresh remorse. Once among the happiest of the gay crowd, he now stalked through it, like a ghost caught at midday. The surroundings seemed at once familiar and strange, removed and near to him, like old friends beheld in a dreadful dream. His misery was mocked by the brilliant and laughing life that overran the street. He was a general favorite, and in spite of his attempts to hurry by his friends with a bow or a nod of recognition, many of them, and the shallowest, insisted upon stopping him, shaking him by the hand, making excruciating puns for him to laugh at, and plaguing him with numerous kind inquiries.

He fled from Broadway towards the North River, and walked along West street to the Battery. It was a cold autumn day, and the spot, once the haunt of fashion and beauty, was comparatively deserted and somewhat in keeping with his feelings. He sat down upon a bench, and after he had rested [illegible]self and examined his pistol, the thou[illegible]ck him that he would visit his father's [illegible]enwood, before he killed himself. He looked into his portmonnaie, which he found to contain two dimes and a three cent piece, and then started upon his little journey.

Within an hour he was wandering through the cemetery that contained his father's remains. The place was in dismal harmony with his wretchedness. The emblems of death surrounded him, and thousands of the silent kingdom were sleeping their long, last sleep beneath him. Few visitors were on the ground, and he could ramble about, free and unmolested, like a distressed spirit on this side of the Styx. He was most wretched, but there was nothing here to mock his misery.

He came at last to a monument erected by a sea captain, yet living, to his own memory. Gazing at the sculptured image of the old fellow, he muttered:

"How successful and expeditious this odd vet[illegible]n must have been in the discharge of his du[illegible] since he can afford to anticipate those that belo[illegible] to his inheritors. What a dark reverse to hi[illegible] do I present—I who forestall death because I have wantonly bereft myself of all power to fulfil my commonest obligations!"

His father's grave, which was near by, was now quickly reached, and he threw himself upon its cold, heaving turf, and wept and sobbed most bitterly. His deceased parent's nobleness of heart, his manly truth and fatherly care and provision, were now vividly remembered by the delinquent son, and served to intensify his remorse. His deathbed, his great suffering, but still greater Christian fortitude, were still more distinctly recalled; and lastly, his dying charge to his eldest born—the very words now rang in his ears:

"Charles, supply my place to your brother and sister; be a father to them, and continue to be, as you have been, the best of sons to your mother. Perform your duties manfully and well, to man and your Maker; fear death less than dishonor; and you will be happy, and we shall meet again, my son. God bless you, as in my heart I do, and keep you from evil!"

Charles Haverling sprang up from the grave and exclaimed:

"But nothing could keep me from evil; I loved it. For what debasing and vile gratifications did I not break my father's trust, sacred as it was; rob his widow and orphans of all, and betray them to a life of misery I shudder to think of! I loved vice better than them—aye, better than myself. My father would curse me now. They, too, might well do it. I am too base to live, and—"

He drew a pistol, cocked it, placed its muzzle close to his head, and his finger had barely touched the trigger when it was arrested by a groan which, to his ear, seemed to come from his father's tomb.

The pistol fell from his hand, and he dropped upon his knees, exclaiming in a voice of terror:

"God forgive me! the dead is speaking to me!"

CHAPTER IV.

In that fearful moment Charles Haverling offered up a prayer for pardon, and vowed his Maker a life of repentance and amendment. He heard another groan soon after the first, which seemed to issue from a different grave. He rose to his feet, and, approaching the spot from which the sound proceeded, beheld an old man, handsomely dressed, lying on the ground, near a tombstone. Upon a closer inspection, he found him to be in a fit, apparently dying. He took off his cravat, which was choking him, opened his shirt bosom, and sat him up against a gravestone, so that the wind blew in his face. After looking earnestly in every direction, Haverling espied a workman at some distance, and as soon as he had, by shouting, succeeded in attracting his attention and bringing him to the spot, briefly explained the case to him, and dispatched him for assistance. The man, after an absence, which brief as it was, seemed intolerably long to his sender, returned with a doctor and a carriage. Haverling again made his statement of the case, and the doctor replied:

"I could not have done better myself. Do you know the gentleman, sir?"

"His face is so distorted now, that I am not sure I do; but if I am correct in presuming this to be his wife's grave, he is Mr. Jacob Mountford, and lives in Lexington Avenue, Brooklyn."

"You are right sir," said the busy little physician, who, besides doing what he could professionally for his patient, had taken out and opened his pocketbook; "here is his name, but not his address. Do you remember his number?"

"I do not, but I know the house."

"Well, then, perhaps you will be so obliging as to go with us and direct the driver."

The little doctor, who gave his name as Busby, and who has doubtless talked many of his patients to death, did not allow his new acquaintance a moment's interval for thought, and chatted incessantly till the carriage, in accordance with Haverling's direction, was stopped in front of a very elegant mansion in Lexington Avenue. The coachman rang the doorbell, and helped Haverling to bear the sick man into the house, while the little doctor, who had popped into the hall as soon as the door had opened, was busy quieting the fears of Miss Agnes Mountford, his patient's only daughter. She had her father taken upstairs into his room, put to bed, and sent for the family physician. He soon arrived, and held a brief consultation with Dr. Busby, when the latter left, having first taken the pains to explain to Miss Mountford that she owed her father's life to the presence of mind evinced by Mr. Charles Haverling, whose name he had ascertained by direct application, and whom he had already introduced to the young lady. She thanked Haverling more with her eyes than her lips, and begged that he would, if he had no pressing business, remain in the parlor awhile till she could better express her gratitude.

"I must confess," he replied, "that I am somewhat fatigued, and should like to rest myself for half an hour or so, when I trust you will bring me good news of the patient."

Haverling was shown into a richly furnished parlor, and as soon as he was alone his thoughts, which had been diverted from his own affairs, reverted to them, and made him again the most miserable of men.

After the rebuke his attempt at self-destruction had received, he could not renew it. He thought of flight, but discarded the idea the next moment as too dastardly. No; he must face his destiny, and help endure the disgrace and calamity he had procured for others as well as himself. They must bear the miserable consequences of his misconduct, and what a wretch he must be to flee from his share of suffering!

Long and desperate was the struggle going on in his mind, and during its continuance he forgot entirely where he was. He had decided that he would go at once to his mother and confess all, and was about to rise from the sofa, upon which he was sitting, with the view of carrying out his resolution, when a door opened and a young lady entered and stood before him. Her demeanor was that of a person of perfect refinement, but the youthful grace of her figure and the cordiality of her manner bereft her of every trace of formality. Her face was classically beautiful, rather pale and pensive; her eyes soft, dark and languishing; her lips exquisitely shaped, and her smile sweet as an angel's.

"You must forgive me for detaining you so long, Mr. Haverling," she said, in dulcet tones "but I could not leave pa till I felt assured of his recovery. He is doing very well now."

"I need not tell you, Miss Mountford, how glad I am, for his sake and your own, to hear this; but I hope you will allow me to state that I am so well contented with the consciousness of having been of some service to you, that I trust I shall be permitted to enjoy this satisfaction as my only reward."

"I see you apprehend a formal speech of thanks, and would fain cheat me out of my acknowledgments. Well, I submit; but you will not surely carry your abnegation so far as to refuse to stay and dine with me."

"Pardon me, Miss Mountford, but important business will demand my presence at home this evening, and I must therefore tak my leave."

"You will call again soon?"

"To-morrow, perhaps; but certainly soon."

Charles Haverling rose to go, but his physical exhaustion and mental affliction caused him to reel across the floor and stagger into a chair. He burst into tears.

"You are ill," said Miss Mountford, in a tone of gentle sympathy. "This excitement has been too much for you. You, perhaps, like my father, have been lamenting over the grave of some dear one for ever lost to you."

"Over my father's grave—but it is not my grief, for he has been dead several years—it is my remorse that overwhelms me."

"It is just so with pa. He thinks that he treated my poor, dear ma harshly, and that his severity hastened her death. You seem very weak, sir; won't you take a glass of wine?"

"Thank you; I will."

She rang the bell, and, as soon as a servant answered the summons, ordered wine.

"I have no wish, Mr. Haverling," she observed, as soon as the servant had disappeared, "to pry into the sorrows of your heart, for if they are secret they should be held sacred; but if there is any way in which I can alleviate them or be of any service to you, I hope you feel that I should be only too happy to avail myself of it."

Haverling looked up through his tears into her mild, sweet face, and the resolution to make her his confidante was suddenly formed in his mind. Wine was brought in, and after drinking off a glass of it to her health and her father's speedy recovery, he said:

"I have a sad story to tell you, Miss Mountford, one never told before, if you have the patience to listen to it, but before I have finished you will learn to despise me as heartily as I despise myself."

"I can despise no sincere penitent, Mr. Haverling, much less one whose remorse is so profound as yours. Speak freely, then, and rely confidently on my secrecy and sympathy."

It afforded Haverling infinite relief to unburden his mind of his secret sorrows to an auditor so lenient as Miss Mountford, who had not a word of blame to utter and tears of pity to bestow. When he had concluded his narration she made no comment upon it, but put several questions to him of a homely, business character, and left the room, bidding him wait a few minutes till she returned. She came back very quickly, and holding out to him a well-filled envelope said, quietly:

"Here are five hundred dollars, every cent of which I intended to spend in dress for the Prince's Ball. Pa's sickness will prevent me from going, and so you see I shall neither need or miss the money if I give it to you. Take it as freely as it is given, and when you grow rich again you can repay it, if you like; but if you never do, I shall be the better pleased."

Haverling took the gift, and covered the hand that bestowed it with his kisses and his tears.

"Go," she cried; "those who love you suffer from your delay."

Charles Haverling thought that the railcar progressed like a snail; that the ferryboat stemmed the tide as if it were propelled by horses instead of steam; and, as for the lumbering omnibus, he lost all patience with that, and no sooner reached Waverley Place than he leaped out of it and ran all the way home. His ring at the doorbell was answered instantly, and his family of three showed themselves as he entered the house.

"We were getting so frightened about you," they said in a breath.

"Well, your fears are happily at an end. I told you I should be back at half-past three, unless something very extraordinary happened to me; but something very extraordinary has happened to me, and that is why I have not made my appearance before. Get me something to eat, for I am as hungry as a Russian wolf in the winter season."

"The landlord and the man with your tailor bill are in the parlor," said Mrs. Haverling, anxiously.

"Hungry for money, I suppose. Well, you get my supper and I'll give them theirs."

The elated young man bounced into the parlor, apologised to his creditors for keeping them waiting, and pulling out an imposing roll of bills paid them their dues and took their receipts. At supper he was the Charlie of old, merry as a grig, and parried all attempts to get at his secret with the oddest humor. By-and-bye the grocer's and the butcher's bills were brought in and paid. Charlie handed a fifty dollar bill to his mother, and told her to keep or spend it for his sake, settled himself in his armchair, called for his slippers, lit his cigar, and proceeded to relate his adventures in Greenwood, suppressing, of course, the circumstances relative to the secret cause of his wandering thither. His mother's looks expressed the pride she felt in his good fortune, and his readiness in preventing old Mr. Jacob Mountford from dying in a fit, and her gratification at the evidence of filial piety afforded by his visit to his father's grave. Miss Kate had many questions to ask concerning Miss Mountford's dress and personal appearance, and was surprised at the unusual minuteness of her brother's memory. Little Ned was delighted with the merriment and liberality that characterised the evening, and resolved to profit by it. When the time for the repetition of his prayers and retirement drew nigh he leant his little person upon his mother's knee, and looking up into her face, asked her whether she did not think it wicked for a parent to deceive her child? Mrs. Haverling, who was off her guard, replied in the affirmative.

"Then why, ma," he promptly demanded, "haven't you diven me the tates you promised me ever so long ado?"

This *argumentum ad mulierem* was hailed with a shout of laughter. Charlie was delighted with the reasoning, and pledged his word to the juvenile logician that the promised skates should be forthcoming as soon as the ponds in the Central Park were frozen over.

Our hero was almost happy again, but still very anxious. He called upon Miss Mountford the next day, and was most kindly received. Her father's condition was improving, and she voluntarily assured her visitor that there was no doubt that her parent would, as soon as his health was sufficiently restored, be most happy to exert his influence to obtain a lucrative situation for one who had been instrumental in saving his life. The hope she inspired was realised, for Mr. Jacob Mountford, a rich merchant and prompt man in his dealings, was no sooner able to attend to his business than he received Haverling into his warehouse and allowed him a handsome salary, at first disproportionate to the value of his services, but which the young man resolved to earn soon by his application and energy. His progress in mastering the essentials and details of the business in which he was engaged was rapid, and his employer soon discovered that he possessed, as the shrewd man of commerce expressed it, the "makings of a thorough merchant." Rapidly as he grew in favor with Mr. Mountford, his advancement in his daughter's regard was not only faster but more profound. The greatness of his obligation to her rendered him somewhat diffident, and although he was not unconscious of her liking for him, he had not the presumption to magnify it into anything more than friendship.

He called upon her on New Year's day, just as a party of three had left her presence. She gave him a hearty welcome, and said merrily:

"I have been wished a happy New Year about a hundred times to-day. Can't you, Mr. Haverling, break the monotony by wishing me something else equally desirable?"

"I wish you an excellent husband."

"That's a good wish. Couldn't you go one step farther, and help me to one?"

"I need not go far to find a husband for you; but as to his excellence, the less said about that the better."

"What is he?"

"A very bad dog—at least he has been such—and utterly unworthy of you."

"I don't care what he has been—what is he? is he reformed?"

"Most thoroughly, to the heart's core, and he loves you better than life."

"Then will I not search any further; I'll have him, for he is just the man I want—one who knows his own faults and can love me in spite of mine. I will take him 'for better for worse,' and there's my hand upon the bargain. Where is he?"

Charles Haverling pressed the soft white hand he held in his to his lips, and then stood erect, and said:

"Pardon me—he stands before you."

Miss Agnes affected a little start, but did not withdraw her hand.

"I see you had little idea you were making so bad a bargain, and 'secede' from it at once."

"Not I, sir. I am 'like to the Pontic and keep due on.' The bargain may be a bad one, as you say, but I prefer it to any other that can be made for me."

"Do you mean it?"

"With all my heart I do."

Her lover caught the blushing beauty to his heart in rapture, and kissed her sweet lips with the very fervor of his soul.

"Agnes!" he cried, "you make me too happy. I have not deserved this."

"Perhaps not, Charlie; but I hate your deserving men who accept every favor as a tribute to their merits. I prefer a good-for-nothing, like yourself, who will be grateful."

"Indeed I shall be, Agnes, for you have been an angel to me, and have saved me from far, far worse than death. But your father, who has been so generous to me, what will he think?"

"Think no sacrifice too great to secure his daughter's happiness. Besides, he likes you. Of his consent I have no doubt, but only——"

"What?"

"Whether you really love me."

"So fondly do I love you, Agnes, that terrible as was the ordeal I was enduring when first I met you, I feel that I could willingly pass through ten such for your sake. I need but remember what a hopeless wretch I was, when you, by an act of transcendent generosity—I even now can hardly comprehend—saved me from a doom that would have ground me into the dust as a worm is crushed beneath my heel. I need but remember this to love you better and better for ever."

"You love me, then, through gratitude?"

"No, no; I love you for yourself, for you are altogether lovely."

This interview of the lovers was here interrupted by the arrival of a visitor, but its consequences were within the month realised in their marriage, which, notwithstanding the proneness of the times to separation and divorce, promises to be a union which death alone can sunder or disturb.

THE SOWING OF THE AGES.

Steadily the Ages sow—
Ever living seeds—
Many germed seeds;
And the flowers come and go,
Though the blinded generations
Scorn them as the weeds.

Seeds of ruth and seeds of right—
Strong perennial seeds—
Ever growing seeds,
And the harvests ripen bright,
Though the generations count them
Not among their needs.

They are beaten down in wrath—
Madly beaten down—
Vainly beaten down!
And they spring up in the path,
Prickly, of the generations
That their growth disown.

Sharper leaves from tougher roots,
Growing bloomless fast—
Growing careless fast;
Till a crop of steel upshoots,
Spearing through the generations
Prone upon it cast.

And this last crop of the seeds
Surely must be good—
Must be wondrous good;
Precious crop for sorest needs,
For the prostrate generations
Water it with blood.

A Winter's Tale.

Our village, in winter, presented an aspect that can hardly be termed imposing; and yet it had its peculiarities—which were very peculiar indeed.

It consisted of about twenty houses, each of them some sixteen feet square, and made of thick pine planks, tongued and grooved, and fitting together as accurately as a ship's timbers. Each of them had but one door, and none of them had any windows. There were no fences about them, no outbuildings of any kind annexed, nor was there any sign of life usually visible, except a curl of smoke at a certain hour of the day and night, from the hatlike piece of stovepipe that protruded from the roof of each.

There was not a tree near them, nor any vegetation, nor any ground from which any vegetation of any kind could possibly grow. They stood at irregular spaces from each other, and yet so widely separated that the nearest house of the village was distant fully a mile from the one further away.

There were no wells in our village, nor any pumps, nor any stores or tradespeople of any kind; no church spired up anywhere out of the barren lots; there were no hotels, court-house or jail to announce the presence of wickedness and civilization; and as for police, you might as well look for policemen in the outside wards of a big city when there is a prizefight going on as in our village, by day or by night.

There were no signs of life about it, I said just now, except wreaths of smoke; but I had forgotten, for the moment, that footmarks in every direction were usually the first thing to arrest the attention of the visitors. A stranger to our ways, dropping suddenly into our village, would have argued from these footsteps—not one of which was less than a yard long—that the inhabitants were large in proportion to their houses, and yet the tallest man among us was under six feet high.

Our village was built, in fact, upon the ice that covers, for six months of the year, a large bay sweeping from the margin of the mighty St. Lawrence. Our sojourn in it was limited to particular hours of the day and night, which were regulated by a particular phenomenon; and our occupation during these hours was catching the small, ugly and not very well-flavored fish known as the "tommy-cod," immense shoals of which came up from the sea into the bay during the winter months. Each of the houses was a joint-stock concern, belonging to a little club. There was a small stove in the centre of it; a table composed of a plank laid across a couple of flour barrels; a dresser containing an outfit of plates, knives and forks, and a looker for liquors—which are considered necessary in such cold climates for the maintenance of a sufficient quantity of carbon in the blood. A long form was ranged against one wall of the shanty, from end to end, and about a foot from this there was a movable plank in the flooring, upon lifting which up by an iron ring at the end of it, you were placed in immediate communication with myriads of tommy-cods, waiting tumultuously to be taken from the brackish waters below. Blanket coats and snowshoes hung upon the walls, giving a wild, aboriginal aspect to the apartment—the perfumes of which were also of a somewhat wild and aboriginal character, being usually produced by the mixture of tobacco smoke with the savory steam arising from the simmering tommy-cod, between whose release from the hook and promotion to the fryingpan there was generally but a brief interval. With us tommy-cod fishing was not a commercial pursuit. It was elevated to the dignity of a "sport." There was none better to be had at that season, and men who prided themselves upon their skill as salmon-fishers and deer-stalkers would be seen coming along upon their snowshoes to Tommy-codville, where they would sit for hours at a stretch over the trench in the ice, pulling up wretched little fishikins with hook and line. At night the parties were apt to be convivial, and the weird sound of anacreontic songs from the scattered shanties had a singular effect as you traversed the village in the clear, cold air of the zero night.

There was a man who had lately come to mingle in our society, but to which he was by no means a welcome addition, from the circumstance of his being an unmitigated bore. Puckeridge, for that was his name, was a very fat man, a loud and incessant talker, and the question of his nativity could have been no problem to those who observed his misuse of the letter *h*. There was nothing ever attributed to anybody in feats of skill or strength that Puckeridge could not beat. So he said, at least. If Smith had once caught a salmon that weighed thirty pounds, Puckeridge had landed two in one day, one weighing forty, the other forty-eight pounds. The moosehorns, of which Brown was justly proud as his finest trophy, measured six feet from tip to tip; Puckeridge depreciated them. Puckeridge owned a pair which now 'ung in his father's 'all, in Hengland, and measured nine. He was taken up very short now and then, of course, and put down very flat, for a fat man. Once, when the great pedestrian of our party alluded modestly to a little stroll of forty miles taken by him a day or two before, Puckeridge despised him. Puckeridge had once walked forty-five miles in twelve hours when he was only nine years old.

"Are you not mistaken as to the figures?" asked the great pedestrian, with a quiet smile.

"Give 'em hexact," replied Puckeridge; "sure as heggs is heggs."

"Perhaps you have reversed them, though," continued the great pedestrian. "Didn't you mean to say, now, that you once walked twelve miles in nine hours, when you were forty-five years old?"

But even this, which was a wet blanket for the moment on Puck, as we called him, who promiscuously stated his age at from thirty to thirty-five, failed to effectually suppress him.

It soon became necessary to do something for the abatement of Puckeridge, and ere long the opportunity was afforded by himself. He wove his own net, and walked into it over head and ears.

At a small but convivial party, one evening, in a pleasant "bachelor's hall," up in the town, we were debating as to what ought to be done for the deportation of Puckeridge from the community, when that person made his appearance. He came without invitation, according to a familiar but objectionable way of his, though we had hitherto excluded him successfully from the fishing parties. Now the conversation ran upon the noble sport of tommy-cod fishing, and one of our party, according to a preconcerted plan, made some remarkable statements with regard to his success in the pursuit, so to speak, of that persecuted visitor to our inhospitable shores. He had once caught two hundred of them, he said, at one sitting of four hours. This, of course, was nothing to what Puckeridge had often done in several remote parts of the world, even in the tropics, of which the tommy-cod is not generally recognised as an inhabitant. He began by betting a hundred dollars on his catch, if they would give him the run of one of the fishing-shanties, and he ended by dwindling his wager down to twenty-five cents—another way he had—that he would capture three hundred tommy-cods in three hours by the watch.

The stakes were deposited with due solemnity, and it was arranged that Mr. Puckeridge was to commence fishing at nine o'clock the following night, in the shanty nearest the town.

At nine o'clock the following night the sconces were lit up in that pleasant retreat, a brisk fire was piled up in the stove, for there was an "eager and a nipping air" upon the bay, and the stout, obnoxious Puckeridge seated himself over the dark abyss, and commenced fishing precisely at the appointed hour, having been hospitably provided by his entertainers with any number of hooks and lines, and about four pounds of raw liver with which to bait them.

There we left him to his work, and proceeded to visit some of the shanties further down the bay, from which a deputation of our party would occasionally return to have a look at Puckeridge and report. They found him excited and still very sanguine of success, though at the expiration of an hour he had not caught a single fish. He had experienced several bites, however, he said, and he expressed his fears that the liver was of an inferior quality, upon which we furnished him with a fresh supply, wishing to be strictly fair with him in all our dealings.

At eleven o'clock two of the scouts of our party heard him swearing, and on entering the shanty found him involved in a difficulty with a large water lizard—a hideous, amphibious creature, sometimes, though rarely, hauled up by the tommy-cod fishers of these bays. The lizard, as it perambulated the floor with that ungainly waddle peculiar to fishy-fleshy things, had complicated the fishing-line into a hopeless tangle, and it bit Puckeridge's thumb nearly off, and succeeded in getting back again into the abyss, while he was vainly attempting to extricate himself from his difficulties. His visitors kindly aided him, however; he baited his hooks afresh, and settled down into serious fishing once more.

And now twelve o'clock approached, and Louis, the half-breed boy who had charge of our shanty, was sent to communicate to Mr. Puckeridge certain information, which, it was supposed, might about then be interesting to that person.

Seating himself upon the plank that served for a table, Louis kicked his moccasined feet to and fro, and fixing his black, beadlike eyes upon the fat fisherman, gave utterance to the stilly, cunning laugh peculiar to his kind.

"What are you laughing at, you scoundrel?" roared Puckeridge, as he looked at his watch, and saw that his time was nearly up.

"I laugh at you!" replied Louis, with marked emphasis. "Make dog laugh way you fish!"

"'Old your jaw, sir, or I'll throw the 'atchet at you!" shouted Puckeridge, making a feint at an axe that hung upon the wall.

"Got something tell you like know, maybe," returned Louis, not at all disturbed by the threat, "something 'bout way you fish."

"Something about what way I fish, you greasy savage!"

"About way you fish two, tree hours on dry ground. Tide run out four hours ago. Tide no come up ever so long yet. No water, no tommy-cod. Make dog laugh see way you fish two, tree hours when no water come!"

Not another word was spoken now. There were a dozen of us round the shanty listening; we heard a rapid shuffling of feet, hard breathing as of a stout man getting into a tight blanket coat, and in a moment Puckeridge emerged from the shanty, waddled rapidly away into the gloom without his snowshoes—for the snow was hard and crisp now—and disappeared from our view for ever.

And amid the laugh that greeted his ungraceful exit no voice rang out so clear and silvery as that of Bella Percival, who had come down with some other merry girls to witness the discomfiture of the coxcomb by whom she had been persecuted for some time past. Some of the girls had their brothers with them, of course, else they could never have trusted themselves within the precincts of our village at midnight. It was all right. At least Bella Percival seemed to think so, as Clarence Willoughby daintily baited a hook for her and persuaded her to stay and try a little fishing, now that the tide was coming up.

The porter at the hotel where Puckeridge was staying used frequently to declare on oath, that he never had such trouble packing off a man, bag and baggage, as he had next morning when that unpleasant person took his departure by the mail sleigh for some distant unknown land.

REV. HENRY W. BELLOWS, D.D.,

President of the U.S. Sanitary Commission.

Dr. Bellows, who has been from the first identified with the great Sanitary Commission, is a well-known Unitarian clergyman of New York. He was born in Boston, June 11, 1814, and after pursuing preliminary studies at Round-Hill school under Geo. Bancroft and Dr. Cogswell, entered Harvard in 1828. After teaching for a time, subsequent to his graduating, he studied divinity, and in 1838 was ordained pastor of the First Congregationalist church in New York, and has since made that city the field of his labors.

He originated and for a time edited the *Christian Inquirer*.

As a preacher he is bold, impassioned, untrammeled by creed, precedent or his own former views. He often startles the public mind and bewilders men as to what his real views are. In fact, his sermons are part of the history of his thoughts, and he seems to shrink back from the full consequences of his own ideas.

He is, nevertheless, a man born to lead, and his creative mind and ministerial ability are strikingly manifest in the great work which will be his glory in the future—the U. S. Sanitary Commission.

THE OPERA OF "FAUST."

Few operas have created a greater furore among our music-loving people and *dilettanti* than Gounod's "Faust." The music is rich, varied, never tame, and, though at times almost monotonous, full of charming portions, which will long be favorites.

All know the legend of Faust—who know anything of the national and popular poetry of Germany—how he mastered secret sciences, became dissatisfied with mankind, conjured the Evil One, with whom he made a contract, signed with his own blood, to serve him for a long period, at the expiration of which the soul of the magician was to be delivered to eternal damnation. In pursuance of this compact, as we all remember, there came to Faust a "familiar spirit," Mephistopheles, an attentive devil-servant, who led him through all kinds of indescribable excitements. Faust is, in fact, a German tradition, a combination of fables, to illustrate the attempt of man to rise to superhuman mental and physical power by a compact with Satan. We have this idea also in the "Wandering Jew," and in the remarkable poem called "Festus."

Goethe's immortal poetical version attempts to show that man's longing after knowledge cannot destroy his better nature—a soaring, daring, perhaps a blasphemous thought. But then he makes Faust one not to be lost, but to be saved by divine love, earth-inspired. Hence his deathless Margaret.

In this opera the soul of the great German is laid here, his thoughts are "wreaked upon expression," they come to us borne on wings whose radiance is not of the earth, earthy. It is as if the Spirit of Harmony, of that Concord which is the melody of the universe itself, had graciously condescended to interpret the German poet. We behold in this opera all which Goethe felt—which he suggests to our imaginations, but which he could not speak, since words, all too feeble for such an office, but sheathe his intenseness like the scabbard of a sword. We have here the soul of that deep, wild, awful poem that everybody has heard of, which most persons have read, but which Music, for the first time, has thus translated to universal humanity. No wonder, then, that Faust has created such excitement, that it has called forth volumes of fervid critical admiration, that it has entranced its tens of thousands, and achieved a triumph beyond any other work in this day.

Our readers will see, by the striking illustrations this week, how well the opera has been produced at the New York Academy of Music, by Maretzek's troupe. The vision of Marguerite, as Mephistopheles makes it appear to Faust, and the Grand March, with the chorus by the Arion Society, are the most striking points of the opera, and will be recognised by all in these truthful delineations.

A BACKWARD COWRIDE.

During the Revolutionary war, when a corps of the American army was encamped near the borough of Elizabethtown, New Jersey, an officer, who, by the way, was more of a devotee of Venus than of wars, paid his addresses to a lady of distinction, whom he was in the habit of visiting nightly. On a discovery of the repeated absence of the officer, and of the place where interviews with his Dulcinea were had, some waggish friends resolved to play off a handsome trick at his expense, which should deter him from a repetition of his visits.

The officer, it appears, rode a very small horse of the pony kind, which he left untied with the bridle reins over his neck, near the door, in order to ride off without delay, when the business of courting and kissing was over, and the horse always remained, till backed by the owner, without attempting to change his position.

On a certain dark and gloomy night, when the officer, as usual, had gone to pay his devotions to the object of his dearest affection, and was enjoying the approving smiles of the lovely fair one, his waggish companions went privately to the door of the house where the officer was, took his bridle and saddle from the horse, which they sent away, placed the bridle on the [illegible] and the saddle on the [illegible]ck, and the crupper over the horns of a quiet old cow, who stood peacefully chewing her cud near the spot. Immediately thereafter they retired some distance from the house, and separating, raised the loud cry of alarm, that the enemy had landed and were marching into the village.

Our hero, on hearing this, took counsel from his fears, and snatching a hasty kiss, he shot out of the door with the velocity of a musket ball, and mounted into the saddle, with his back towards the head of the cow, and plunging his sharp spurs keenly into her sides, caused her to bawl out with excessive pain, and she darted with her best gallop towards the camp. The officer still plying his spurs with all his wine on board—finding himself harrying rapidly backward, maugre of all his efforts to advance, and hearing the repeated bawlings of the tortured beast, imagined that he was carried off by magic, and roaring out most lustily that the devil had got him—was thus carried into the very centre of the camp. The sentinels, hearing the noise, discharged their pieces and fled, and alarm-guns were fired, the drums beat to arms, the officers left their quarters and cried "turn out," with all the strength of their lungs. The soldiers, startled from their sleep as if a ghost had disturbed their dreams, and the whole body running half naked as quick as possible, in gallant *deshabille*, prepared to repel the terrible invader. When lo! the ludicrous sight soon presented itself to their eyes of the gallant officer mounted on a cow, with his face towards her tail, her tongue hanging out, her sides gory with the gouging of the spurs, and he himself almost deprived of reason and half petrified with horror.

A loud roar of laughter burst from the assembled band at the rider and his steed—the whole corps gave him three times three cheers as he bolted into camp.

He was carried to his quarters in triumph, there to dream of lovers, metamorphoses, backward rides, sternway advances and alarms of invasions, and thereby garnish his mind with materials for writing a splendid treatise on the novel adventure of a cowride.

THE ELEPHANTINE MOUSE; OR, THE RAT WITH A TRUNK.

A great French natural historian, one of the leading members of the Zoological Society of France, was lately taking a tour in Algeria, and had occasion to call on an officer commanding a garrison there. Passing through the yard, which being a barrack was naturally crowded with soldiers, his attention was drawn to two Zouaves who were playing with an animal, which to the learned man was a perfect novelty. He stood and stared—it evidently belonged to the group of Rodentia—but to what class? It was neither the Muskrattus—for it had no tail—nor the Arvicola Amphibius, for that certainly has no proboscis or trunk, like that which the astonished professor saw in the specimen before him. He asked the Zouave, "an intelligent soldier," as he afterwards discovered:

"What animal is that?"

"Monsieur, it is our trunked rat."

"You find it here?"

"In the neighborhood, but very rarely. The natives say that they are dying out, and the breed will soon be lost."

"You would sell that one, perhaps?"

"Ah! monsieur, it belongs to us two. What would you? It is our little amusement. The poor soldier has but few; still Jean and myself are poor, and would part with our little playfellow for four hundred francs."

The professor objected to the price—even science may be bought too dearly—but finally agreed to give one hundred and fifty francs for the one rat, and four hundred francs if in a week they could get him a female of the same race. He was absent for a week, came back, got his male and female rats, paid his four hundred francs, christened them the class *mus elephas* (elephantine mouse), wrote a long paper on the discovery to a scientific body, posted his letter, and went to spend the evening with the wife of the colonel of Zouaves, who happened to "receive."

As he entered the room, the colonel was telling a story to the evident delight of the company. The professor joined the circle.

"Yes," said the colonel, "my fellows are the sharpest of the whole French army. Would Monsieur le Professor believe that two of them had just sold two common rats for four hundred francs?"

"Monsieur le Colonel is partly wrong, partly right," replied the professor—"two rats, yes! common rats, no! They are unique, and I am the lucky purchaser."

Roars of laughter followed this confession; and it came out that the Zouaves had learned from the natives a dodge for making those curious creatures. Here is the recipe: Cut the tail off a rat, cut a slit in its nose, stick the tail—it is like budding a rose—into the skin and plaster it up, and in a week it will grow there naturally. The *mus elephas* is a fact—so is this story, as the professor knows to his cost. He dares not go to his Society, for there is his "trunked rat;" if he goes down to his club, it is there also. It will be his social death. He is already known in Paris as *Ridiculus mus*.

Blondin Outdone.—One, and perhaps not the least surprising of the feats performed by the Turk seen by Evelyn, in 1657 (query, at Bartholomew Fair?) was, even at that time, not unprecedented. When Edward VI. passed through London, the day before his coronation (19th February, 1546-7), a Spaniard descended on a rope stretched from the battlements of St. Paul's steeple and fastened to an anchor near the gate of the Deanery; "lying on the rope, with his head forward, casting his arms and legs abroad, running on his breast on the rope from the battlements to the ground, as if it had been an arrow out of a bow." The same exploit was repeated on the entrance of Philip and Mary into London, after their marriage (18th August, 1554), at the same place, or, according to one authority, "from the chapter howse." The performer on the last occasion soon afterwards met with the too common fate of such persons, and paid with his life for his foolish temerity. The Turk had a successor as well as these his predecessors, a man having, about 1750, performed a similar feat in different places in the country, amongst them Hertford, where his "rope was stretched from the top of the tower of All Saints' Church, and brought obliquely to the ground about four score yards from the bottom of the tower."

Origin of the Symbols of Numbers and Measures.—Ten, as the radix of numerical computation, has been raised to the dignity it now holds by the circumstance of its expressing the number of a man's fingers. A *digit* is a finger's breadth; an *inch*, the length of the thumb; a *nail*, from the tip of the middle joint of the longest finger; a *palm*, the breadth of four fingers; a *hand*, the fist, with the thumb uppermost; a *span*, the space between tips of thumb and finger extended to the utmost; a *foot*, that of a man's; a *cubit*, from the elbow to the end of the longest finger; a *yard*, the girth of a man's body; a *step*, when each foot advances alternately; a *pace*, two steps; a *fathom*, width to which a man's arms and hands can extend.

Lotteries.—The earliest lottery on record took place in the year 1569; it consisted of 40,000 lots, at 10s. each lot. The prizes were silverplate, and the profits arising from it were applied to repair the havens of the kingdom. It was drawn at the west door of St. Paul's Cathedral, and the drawing, which begun January 11, continued incessantly day and night till May 6, in the same year. There were then only two lottery offices in London.

THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR.—VIEW OF THE INTERIOR O

NTERIOR OF THE MAIN BUILDING.—Sketched from the "Cockloft Summer-House."

THE TWELFTH COMES BACK TO-DAY.

BY J. W. WATSON.

To-day, up yonder turnpike road,
Past clover waiting to be mowed,
Past fields of growing grain,
With banners waving proud and high,
And music singing to the sky,
The twelfth comes back again.

It comes with all its record clear
To write its history on the year,
Each man himself a brave.
And we, forgetting in our joy,
How many a mother's darling boy
Has found a Southern grave.

Two years ago, in springtime bloom,
From out the shadow of this room
My tear-dimmed eyes were bent.
The twelfth went marching down that road,
Each casting forth his own heart-load,
And singing as he went.

That day, amid the wild hurrah,
There softly opened yonder door,
And in came one alone.
He looked so handsome in his blue,
And in his eyes, so soft and true,
A light unusual shone.

He spoke as though he had been sent
With tidings of some good intent;
And thus the message ran:
"Maggie, I held against my heart
Till now a false and selfish part,
And failed me as a man.

"This morning in the ringing shout,
In every blast the band sends out,
In every tap of drum,
I hear the voices of the dead,
The echoes of their ghostly tread,
Persuading me to come.

"And so I've donned this glorious blue,
And come, unsoiled, to speak with you,
The last one in this town.
Maggie! with all my heart and soul
I love you—Maggie, hear the whole,
My own! before you frown.

"Since those bright days when we forsook
The sunny road for some lone nook,
And conned the self-same task,
I've loved you, Maggie, true and long,
But—be it right or be it wrong—
My heart has worn a mask.

"I knew how good and pure you were,
I can do nought deserving her,
My faltering heart-words said.
And as I loved years sped away,
While I, to see thee day by day,
My faltering heart obeyed.

"But Maggie, with this morning's light,
There came a glorious second sight,
A vision from on High!
It said, 'Your heart's delusion quell,
And win the one you love so well.
Hark! to your country's cry!'

"My place is vacant in the line,
I wait but for a single sign,
To know if this be true;
I wait but for a glance, a word,
To know if this emotion stirred
Is shared, my own, by you."

A moment more, and on his breast
I calmed his doubting heart's unrest,
And sped him on his way.
Since then that one that came alone
Has made me feel his deeds my own,
And proudly wait to-day.

'Tis I that now must doubter be,
Until I know he still loves me,
Since he has grown so great.
A hero coming from the South,
Whose praise is full in every mouth,
Is he for whom I wait.

The Gulf Between Them.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

CHAPTER XXII.

When Elsie entered her boudoir, flushed with laughter and breathless with running, she threw herself on the azure couch, and gathering her ringlets in a mass between her hand and the warm cheek under which it was thrust, fell into a deeper train of thought than was usual to her.

"It's done, and I don't care. He loves me, and I must be loved. He's rich, generous, devoted, worships me and always will, that's one comfort. There'll be no one to halve his devotion or his money with me, no one to look glum if I want to be a little bit extravagant. Grant never refused me anything in his life, but I'm always afraid to ask half that I want. But with Tom everything will be my own. He won't ask a question. Such laces as I will have! As for cashmere shawls and silks, he shall get them for me by the dozens. Elizabeth won't say that such things are out of place then, for I shall be a married woman, free of her and this old house too, free of everything, but—but——"

Elsie started up, breaking this selfish train of thought with the action.

"I wish she'd stop talking to me; I don't want to hear about it. Why won't she bear her trouble alone, if she will make trouble about what isn't to be helped? I'll have no more confidences with her, that's certain. It is like breaking one's heart up in little pieces. I don't want to keep secrets, but forget them; and I will, too, in spite of her. She shan't make me eternally miserable with her pining and remorse."

Elsie paused before a mirror as these thoughts rose in her mind and half broke from her lips. She was threading out her curls and trying the effect as they floated, like golden thistledown, over the roses of her cheek. All at once she started, and a look of pale horror stole to her face; the hand which had been wandering among her hair dropped to her side, turning coldly white, like marble; the lips, which had been just parted with an admiring smile at her own beauty, lost every trace of color. She still gazed intently into the glass, but not at herself. Beyond her pretty image, reflected from the distance, sat a man with a pen in his hand, as if just arrested in the act of writing. Rich shadows of crimson drapery lay around him, and a gleam of pure light from a half-closed upper blind fell across his head, lighting it up grandly. It was a magnificent picture that Elsie gazed upon, far beyond her own image in the glass. But she only saw the man, without regard to his surroundings, and the very heart in her bosom turned sick with loathing or with fear.

It was North, looking at her through the open door, with a sneering smile on his lip—North in the very chamber of her brother's wife, quietly seated there as if he had been master of the house. For a full minute Elsie stood, forming a double picture in the glass with that bold, bad man, then her color came hotly back, and she turned upon him, brave with indignation.

"You here!" she said, advancing into the room till its crimson haze overwhelmed her. "You here, and in this chamber! Get up at once and begone. If my brother finds you under his roof he will shoot you on the spot."

"Never fear, pretty one," said North, with an evil gleam on his face. "Two can play at a game of that sort. If he made the first assault nothing would give me more pleasure. Self-defence is justifiable in law, and his will is made."

Elsie was trembling from head to foot, but she leaned one hand heavily on the table that he might not see her agitation.

"Man, man, you would not—you dare not meet my brother. You that have wronged him so!"

"Excuse me," said North, biting the feather of his pen and looking down on a sheet of note-paper on which he had been about to write; "I do not see this wrong so clearly. If a woman's heart will wander away from its legitimate object, am I to blame because it flutters into my bosom? And if other hearts follow after——"

"Stop!" cried Elsie, stamping her little foot passionately on the carpet. "How dare you speak of a fraud so black, of treason so detestable! I am his sister, sir, and have something of his courage, frivolous as people think me. Persecute her or provoke me too far and I will tell him all."

"Indeed you would not," answered North, quietly.

"What should prevent me?"

"The will. You dare not break a solemn promise to her."

"I dare!" she almost shrieked, clenching her little hand in a paroxysm of rage. "I will, if ever you come here again."

"No; I think not. Women are weak creatures, but they generally find strength to keep secrets that bring ruin in the telling. You cannot be over anxious to see this proud brother of yours commit murder on——"

"On a villain—a household traitor—a—a——"

Elsie fairly stopped for want of breath.

"Be quiet," said North, rising sternly and towering over her. "I have no dealings with you. One might as well reason with a handful of silk weed thrown upon the wind."

"But I will have something to say—everything to say. You have pursued her, plundered her, tortured her long enough. More than once she has been on the brink of discovery by your persistence in prowling over the grounds, and from her attempts to conceal your rapacious extortions. All this must end."

"With all my heart; let the lady accede to my terms and I disappear."

"What are those terms?"

"I will write them, and your own fair hands shall give her the note."

Elsie did not answer, but her white lips closed firmly and her blue eyes glittered like steel in the glow of a hot fire, as he dipped his pen deliberately in the bronze inkstand and began to write.

"There," he said, folding the note and presenting it to her with a princely air, as if her courage had impressed him with respect; "place this in her hands and she will know how to carry it out."

Elsie took the note and hid it away in the folds of her dress.

"Do not fail," he said, before taking his hat from the table.

"I will not," answered Elsie. "But these cruel visits must cease now and for ever. I will give the note only on this condition."

"Her answer will decide that. Now, good-bye."

He reached forth his hand, smiling pleasantly upon her; but she clenched hers, as if tempted to strike him for the insolent offer, and turned away biting her pale lips.

The hand, rejected with such disdain, fell towards the hat which North placed lightly on his head, casting one glance in the opposite mirror as he did so. Then, with the elastic step of a man retiring from a festival, he left the chamber, while Elsie looked after him with wondering eyes and parted lips, astonished by an audacity which was absolutely sublime.

The young creature stood with bated breath till his light footsteps died away in the nearest passage. She listened anxiously, but heard no door close or further movement of any kind. His exit was noiseless as his entrance had been.

When Elsie was left alone she sat down in the dim light of Elizabeth's room, pushed the hair back from her forehead and pressed both palms on her temples, whose pain was throbbing like a pulse. She moaned and cried out under the sudden anguish, for resistance to suffering of any kind was killing to this young creature, and the reaction which followed that passionate outburst of feeling left her helpless as a child.

During fifteen or twenty minutes Elsie sat pressing both hands to her head, while her eyes filled with tears and her lips quivered like those of an infant grieved by some hurt it cannot understand. A voice from the outer passage aroused her. It was that of Tom Fuller, who had worked himself into a state of intense excitement from fear that his rough tenderness had mortally offended its object.

"Miss Mellen—Elsie, do come down and speak to a fellow. I'm sorry as can be that I made such a donkey of myself and frightened you away. Just give one peep out of the door, darling, to say that you will forgive me by-end-bye, and I never will kiss you again so long—that is if it's very disagreeable."

The door of Elsie's chamber opened and a face all flushed with tears, through which a smile was breaking, looked out on the repentant Tom.

"Oh, Elsie, darling, I didn't mean it, and you've been crying all this time. If somebody would take me out and lynch me I'd be obliged to 'em—upon my soul I would."

"Never mind, Tom. I'm not angry—only such a fright, with crying," said Elsie, reaching her hand through the opening, which he forthwith fell to devouring with kisses. "It's only a headache."

"A headache! dear me, what a brute I am. But wait a minute. I'll send right to the city for a dozen bottles of bay rum, or schnapps, or something of that sort."

"No, no," answered Elsie, laughing herself into semi-hysterics, "I shall be better in a minute."

"And come downstairs—will you come downstairs?"

"Yes, yes; wait a minute while I get the tangle out of my hair."

Tom retreated to the staircase and waited with his eyes fastened on Elsie's door like those of a goodnatured watchdog. As for the girl herself she bathed her face in cold water, chilling the pain away, straightened out her curls, twisted all her hair in a great knot back of the head, and came out softly, like a dear little forgiving nun, filled with compassion for other people's sins.

Tom followed her into the little morning-room where his confesssion had been made, and sat down on the sofa to which she retreated with great caution, as if she were afraid of breaking it.

"Won't Bessie and Mellen be astonished," he insinuated; "I do wonder how they will look, when we tell 'em how it is."

"You won't have an opportunity of judging just at present," replied Elsie.

"Why won't I?"

"Because I don't choose you to say one word about the matter to any human being until I give you permission."

"Now, what is that for?" asked Tom, somewhat discomfited.

"Just because I prefer it," answered his meek grant.

"But I want the whole world to know how happy I am," said he.

"Tom Fuller," cried Elsie, menacingly; "are you going to begin already to dispute and annoy me after what I've just suffered too?"

"Lord bless you, no! I am as sorry as can be."

"Then do exactly as I tell you," continued she, "and promise me not to mention what has happened till you leave."

"It's a little hard," said Tom, "not to be able to show how happy a fellow—why, I shall tell in spite of myself."

"If you don't promise I'll take back every word I've said—"

"I will! I will!" he interrupted, terrified at the bare threat. "Don't be angry, pet; I'll do just as you say."

"That's a nice old Tom; now you are good and I love you."

"But you won't keep it long, Elsie?"

"No, no; but just at present I choose; I told you what a terrible tyrant I should be."

"I like it," said Tom, with the thorough enjoyment of her mastery, which only an immense creature like him can feel in a pretty woman's graceful tyranny.

"So much the better for you," said Elsie.

"Oh, little girl, we will be as happy as the day is long!" cried he.

"And you'll never contradict me?"

"Never!"

"And I shall have my own way more and more every day?"

"Well," said Tom, thoughtfully; "I don't see how you could easily; but you may try."

Elsie laughed; his oddity amused her.

"You are a perfect ogre of a lover," cried she. "What a head of hair!"

"It never will keep in order," said Tom, pressing down the shaggy locks with both hands.

"Let them alone," said Elsie; "you look more like a lion that way; I like it."

She was gracious and playful as possible, but Tom's happiness was disturbed all too quickly by the entrance of Victoria, crying:

"Misses' horse runned off wid her; but she y'arnt hurt; she's a comin' in the carriage."

And out they both rushed to see what her words meant.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The husband and wife galloped joyously on for miles and miles in the soft light of that delicious afternoon; with every step the gloom and the shadows seemed to lift themselves from each heart, till they were jesting and gay almost as Elsie as herself.

A few happy hours which must soon be clouded, but which were so bright and sweet that, even in the midst of after trouble, their memory would come up like fragments of exquisite melody haunting the jarring clouds of every day life.

Whatever the secret was which oppressed Elizabeth's lips, its recollection was put aside for the time, and Mellen gave himself up to the enjoyment of the hour with all the intensity of a nature which enjoys and suffers so keenly, that even trifles can make for it a keener excitement than even a great happiness or acute suffering can bring to more placid characters.

"You are not tired, Bessie?"

"Tired, no! I could ride on for ever!"

"See how the waters shine in the sun; they seem so full of joyous, buoyant life that it gives one strength to watch them."

Elizabeth could fully share in his enthusiasm, and she allowed her poetical fancy full play, indulging in all sorts of beautiful comparisons and earnest talk, which revealed a phase of her nature seldom revealed except to those who knew her well.

"I never heard a woman talk as you can," said Mellen, admiringly; "we shall have you writing books, or coming out as a genius yet."

Elizabeth laughed gaily.

"You need not be afraid; I know you would not like it."

"Indeed I should not; it springs from my selfishness I know, but I like to keep your real self entirely for my own life."

The afternoon was wearing away when they turned homewards, but it still retained its brightness and beauty, as their hearts kept the new glow which warmed them.

They galloped down the long hills and through the level groves till they were nearly home.

The sunlight faded—a chill breeze swept up from the ocean, and a sudden cloud obscured the sun; one of those abrupt changes so common in autumn fell upon the sea, robbing the day of its loveliness, and making it so cold and gray that it was more than dreary from the contrast.

They were near the gates which led into their own domain, when a man came running swiftly towards them, and as he passed looked up in Elizabeth's face.

Whether her horse was frightened at the stranger rushing so abruptly by, or whether she gave some nervous jerk to the reins, was not apparent; but a sharp cry rang from her lips, the horse made a simultaneous spring, and though a good rider, she was quickly unseated and thrown from her saddle. Mellen sprang from his horse with a cry and bent over his wife.

"I am not hurt," she said faintly, "not hurt."

The old woman who lived in a little house at the entrance of the grounds which they had transformed into a lodge came out at that moment, and being a Yankee woman of energy and resources, caught Elizabeth's horse, came up and was ready to lend a helping hand wherever else it might be required.

While the woman led the two horses within the gates and fastened them, Mellen raised his wife and carried her into the lodge. She was deathly pale and trembling violently, though in reply to his anxious inquiries, she repeated the same answer:

"I am not hurt—not at all hurt."

She drank a glass of water, lay down for a few moments on a wooden settee which the room boasted as its principal elegance, then insisted upon rising.

Mellen had sent the woman on to the house, with orders for the people to send down the carriage, as he would not have permitted Elizabeth to walk even if her strength had seemed more equal to the exertion than was the case.

"Did that man frighten the horse?" he asked, when she appeared composed enough to talk. "The whole thing was over before I knew it—even before I saw him clearly he was gone—you cried out and the horse started——"

"No!" she interrupted with feverish earnestness, "the horse started first—I should not have cried else—why should I?"

"The scoundrel must have frightened the horse; did you recognise him?"

"He was running so fast, you know, and darted into the woods so suddenly."

"I should like to have lain hands on him!"

"He meant no harm. Gipsy has grown shy of late. Don't think about the matter—there is no mischief done."

"But there might have been; I cannot bear even the thought of danger where you are concerned."

Elizabeth close her eyes wearily; her recent elation of spirits was quite gone. She looked so pale and ill that Mellen could not feel satisfied that she had suffered no injury.

"You are sure that the fall has not hurt you, Bessie?"

"Quite sure," she answered, in the same changed voice; "don't trouble yourself about me."

He could not understand her manner, but he said nothing more. She lay back on the settee and closed her eyes, while he stood there regarding and wondering whether she lay thus from weakness or to escape farther conversation.

At last the woman returned and announced that the carriage would be down immediately.

"That are man frightened the horse," she said; "I was a looking out of the window—it's my belief he's been a hanging about the place."

"Had you ever seen him before?" asked Mellen.

"Why, I think it's the chap you was a talking with one day, Mrs. Mellen," said the woman.

"I thought you said you did not know him?" observed Mellen, turning quickly towards his wife.

She sat upright, gave him one of her quick, indignant glances, and answered coldly:

"I simply said he ran by me so fast I could not tell whether I knew him or not."

"Wal, it was the same fellow," pursued Mrs. Green; "I 'spose he was a begging of you that day."

"Do you remember?" questioned Mellen.

"I do not," she replied haughtily. "It is not possible that I should recollect every beggar that tops me."

Mellen colored and bit his lip at the sarcasm in her voice, but he saw the woman looking curiously at them and said no more.

"I wish, Mrs. Green," he said, "you would take great care to close the gates at night; we are near enough the city for all sorts of characters to stray down here."

"Law, sar, we're just as careful can be. There ain't a night we don't shut and lask the gates. I hope we ain't a coming to no blame; I'm a lone woman and Jem's a cripple. It would be hard on us."

Mellen tried to stop her flood of protestations and appeals, but she insisted on telling the whole story of every misery she had endured during her life before she would stop, and by that time the carriage fortunately arrived and they were able to escape beyond the reach of her tongue.

The husband and wife drove somewhat silently home. Mellen was very anxious about Elizabeth, and she had recovered her usual serenity of temper, and could do her best to reassure him, though the color would not come back to her face, nor the troubled, startled look die out of her eyes.

When they reached the house, Elsie was standing on the steps, and ran down to the carriage full of alarmed questions, having just learned that Elizabeth had met with some sort of accident, while Tom danced about in a frenzy of excitement.

"Are you hurt? are you hurt?" she demanded.

Elizabeth assured her that she was not in the least injured, tried to laugh at Mellen's solicitude, but looked very nervous still.

"You are sure you are not hurt?" urged Tom.

"Perfectly sure."

"Maybe I'd better run after a doctor though?"

"Nonsense, Tom," she said, a little impatiently, "when I tell you I am not hurt in the least."

Tom and Elsie cried out together to know how the accident had happened, but Mellen gave a very brief explanation, while Elizabeth entered the hall and sat down in a chair to rest.

Tom ran to bring her a glass of wine, which she did not want, and they all worried her with their solicitude, till it required all her stock of patience to restrain herself from breaking away from them rudely and rushing into the solicitude she needed so much.

"If I had hold of the creature that scared the horse, I'd mill him," cried Tom, irately.

"I don't suppose he was to blame," said Elsie.

"Of course not," added Elizabeth; "of course not."

Mellen made no remark; he was watching Elizabeth, who still looked pale and oppressed, filling him with anxiety.

"Do you feel better?" he asked.

"Much, I assure you; don't be frightened any more."

"Bessie is such a heroine!" cried Elsie.

Elizabeth gave her one of the irritated looks with which she had sometimes regarded her of late, but made no remark.

"She's a trump!" said Tom; "and that's all there is about it."

"Why don't you say a regular brick?" laughed Elsie.

"I shall go up to my room and lie down," Elizabeth said; "an hour's rest will restore me completely."

Mellen assisted her upstairs and Elsie accompanied them, quite ready to accept Elizabeth's assurance that she was not injured and doing her best to make them both laugh.

"Accidents seem the order of the day," she said; "it's lucky for us, Bessie, that we always have some one near to help us."

"Yes," she replied, wearily.

"Do you think you could go to sleep now?" Mellen asked.

"Perhaps so," she said; "I will try, at all events."

"The best thing for you," said Elsie. "I'll sit with you a little while and be still as a mouse."

Elsie was never sorry to escape from sickness or unpleasant occurrences of any sort, and would be of no more use in trouble than a canary-bird or a hothouse blossom. But just now she had an object in remaining.

The moment Mellen had withdrawn she took North's letter from its hiding-place, and thrust it into Elizabeth's hand.

"Thank heaven I've got rid of it at last," she exclaimed, shaking the flounces of her dress as if the note had left some contamination behind.

"How did you get it?" faltered Elizabeth, looking at the folded paper with strained eyes, as if it had been an asp which she held by the neck.

"Oh, Elizabeth, he was in this very room."

"Here! here! Great heavens! why will no one shoot this man?" exclaimed the tortured woman.

"I thought of it, upon my word I did," said Elsie. "But, then, I don't know how to fire off a pistol!"

"How madly we are talking!" said Elizabeth, pressing one hand to her throbbing forehead.

Elsie pressed her own soft palm upon the sprained hand, striving to soothe the evident pain. But Elizabeth shrunk away from the half caress, and said, in a low, husky voice:

"Leave me, Elsie, leave me; I will deal with this alone."

The young girl went away with a sense of relief. Then Elizabeth started up in bed, tore open the hateful note, and read it through.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Elsie went off to find Tom; he was walking up and down the veranda, looking anxious still, but his face cleared when he saw Elsie, like a granite rock lighted up by a sudden flood of sunshine.

"How is she?" he asked.

"Oh, a great deal better; she is going to sleep; that is, if Grant will be sensible enough to leave her alone; you men are dreadfully stupid creatures."

"Yes, dear," replied Tom, meekly.

"Well!" said Elsie; "you might show a little spirit at least."

"I thought I was to agree with you!"

"There is nothing I hate so much; if you don't contradict me, I shall die certainly."

"Then, since you want the truth, I must say I think you are a little hard on men in general."

"And you in particular, perhaps?"

"Sometimes you are."

"Indeed!" said she, tossing her curls. "Very well, Mr. Fuller; if you have such a dreadful opinion of me you had better have nothing more to do with me; I'll go away."

"Oh, don't; I didn't mean it," cried Tom, in a fright.

Elsie laughed at his penitence and teased him worse than ever, but Tom could bear it now with undisturbed equanimity. She had given him his happiness, lifted his soul into such a flood of light as he had never thought to reach in this world, and he was in a state of rapturous content that utterly defied description.

They walked up and down the long colonnads, jesting and merry, Tom unable to think or talk of anything long except his new bliss, and doing all sorts of absurd things in spite of Elsie's expostulations.

"I shall go in and leave if you don't behave more sensibly," she said, snatching her hand from him, as he tried to kiss it. "What would Grant think if he happened to come down."

"Oh, dear," sighed Tom; "how long before you will let me tell him; this having to steal one's happiness is dreadful."

"Oh, you, selfish, insatiable monster! not an hour ago you said you should be perfectly content if I would only say I might care for you sometimes, and there now you go!"

"I am a selfish wretch," said Tom, struck with remorse.

"And selfishness is such a dreadful failing," rejoined Elsie.

"It is, is it not?"

"Yes—in a man."

"Oh!" exclaimed Tom, a little astonished at the close of her sentence.

"Yes," continued Elsie; "it's a woman's privilege."

"It seems to me," said Tom, eagerly, "that women claim a great many privileges, and very odd ones, sometimes."

"Isn't it our privilege!" demanded Elsie, belligerently. "Do you mean to deny that that we haven't a right to be just as selfish and whimsical as we please, and that it's your duty to submit?"

"If you'll let me kiss your hand I'll acknowledge anything you see fit," said artful Tom.

"Then I won't, and if you value your peace in the slightest degree I should advise you to behave with more decorum."

Elsie drew herself up, and looked as prim as a little Quakeress, who had never indulged in a worldly thought in all her days.

"I wish you would come into the music-room and sing to me," said Tom, struck with a bright idea.

"Nonsense, you don't care about music?"

"Indeed I do; your voice is like an angel's."

"You couldn't tell whether I was singing something from Trovatore or Yankee Doodle?" replied Elsie.

Tom rubbed his forehead again, fairly cornered; but whether he knew anything about music as a science or not, he listened to Elsie's singing with his heart, and very sweet music it was.

"You shall teach me," he said.

"A perfectly hopeless task, Tom! And you really have some voice if you had any ear."

"Oh," said Tom, putting his hands on his auricular appendages, as if taking her words literally.

"Oh," said Elsie, with a shriek, "they prove your race beyond a doubt; don't have any fear."

Tom laughed with her, goodnatured as ever.

"But come in," he urged; "you will get cold with nothing on your head."

"You are not to become a Molly," said Elsie.

"I won't," replied Tom, "nor a Betty, nor any other atrocity; only just come in, like a duck."

"Elsie allowed herself to be persuaded for once, and they went into the house, seating themselves at the piano in the solitary music-room, enjoying the hour after their own fashion, and with no apparent perception of the shadows which lay upon the hearts of the husband and wife in that darkened home.

Their natures were so essentially different from those of Elizabeth and Mellen, that they might go through a whole life without one such dark hour as daily occurred in theirs.

Some time after Elsie had gone Mellen returned to his wife's chamber. She lay with one hand partially over her face, but was watching him all the while; there was an eager expression in her eyes, as if she longed to have him go away, but was afraid to express the wish.

"Do you feel sleepy, Bessie?" he asked.

"I think so," she replied; "don't remain shut up here any longer—go down and play chess with Elsie."

"You will come down after your nap?"

"Oh, certainly; I will be down to tea."

He kissed her and turned to leave the room.

"What are you going to do?" she asked, huskily.

"I have some letters to write; I shall go down into the library in order to do it in peace—Elsie is certain not to come there."

"Good-bye," said Elizabeth, laughing with hysterical sharpness, but the merriment did not sound natural—it jarred a little on Mellen's quick ear.

He was gone and the door closed; Elizabeth raised herself on her elbow and remained listening till the sound of his step died upon the stairs, then she threw impatiently aside the shawls he had flung over her and sprang to her feet.

"Not a day's rest," she exclaimed, "not an hour's—not one! I must go out and answer the demands of this villain. If Grantley should meet me—oh, I don't care—I must have it out! I shall go mad in the end—I shall go mad!"

She wrung her hands in a sort of fury and paced up and down the room with quick, impatient steps.

"I might go now," she said at length; he is in the library—it is growing dark, too."

She stopped before one of the windows and looked out; the afternoon was darkening under the clouds and a heavy mist that had swept up from the ocean.

"Coming nearer and nearer," muttered Elizabeth, pointing to the waving columns of fog as if she were addressing some unseen person; "just so the danger and the darkness gather closer and closer about my life!"

She turned away with a shudder, threw a shawl about her and left the room.

She ran through the hall to a back staircase seldom used and which led into an entry, from whence she could pass at once into the thickest part of the shrubbery.

At the foot of the stairs she paused an instant, listened eagerly, then with a quick, choking sigh, opened the door and hurried away.

Seated in his library, Mellen found it impossible to fulfil his task of letter writing. He could not account for the feelings which crept over him. The quiet and content of the afternoon were all gone, and in their place came, not only the anxiety for his wife, but a host of wild suspicions so vague and absurd that he was angry with the folly which forced him to insult his reason by dwelling upon them.

The confinement of the house became absolutely hateful to him. He opened one of the French windows and stepped out upon the veranda, watching up and down in the gathering gloom, looking across the waters where the fog shifted to and fro like restless sails.

He passed down the steps and entered the grounds; he was some distance from the house when he heard a sound like a person moaning aloud in distress.

He looked about—the mist and the coming night made it impossible to distinguish objects with any distinctness—but he saw a woman's garments fluttering among the trees.

He darted forward, with what impulse he could hardly have told, but the woman had disappeared, whether warned of his presence by his hasty movement or urged forward by some other motive he could not tell.

The thought in his mind was—

"That is Elizabeth!"

Then the folly of the thing struck him; not an hour before he had left her almost asleep in her room, how could he have seen her wandering about like a demented creature in the misty twilight?

"I will go up to her room," then he thought; "I will cure myself of these absurd fancies."

He entered the house and ran upstairs quickly. He opened the door of his wife's room and looked in. She was standing before the fire—at the noise of the opening door she seemed to thrust something into her bosom—a paper it looked like to Mellen—then she turned and stood silently regarding him.

"You are up," he said.

"Yes," she replied, a little coldly. "Did you want anything?"

"Only to see if you slept—if you were coming down soon."

"I shall be down directly."

He hesitated an instant, then he said:

"Were you not in the grounds just now?"

Elizabeth did not answer; she had let her hair down and was beginning to arrange it, shading her pale face with the floating tresses.

"Were you?" he inquired again.

"What did you ask?" she demanded.

He repeated the question.

"It does not seem quite probable," she said, walking away towards the mirror.

"I thought that I saw you there only a few minutes since," he said.

Elizabeth was busy lighting a candle; after she had succeeded, she replied:

"If you had seen me in the grounds I don't know that it would have been so very singular."

"No; only as I left you lying down——"

She interrupted him with an impatient gesture.

"I am tired of this," she said passionately. "What is it you wish to know—what do you suspect?"

"Nothing, Elizabeth; I only thought it was foolish of you to go out on such a night."

He was ashamed of himself now, but she did not offer to help him in his dilemma. She stood still, as if waiting for him to leave the room.

"We will wait tea for you," he said.

"Very well."

As he passed near the sofa his foot got entangled in a shawl which lay on the floor; he picked it up—it was quite damp.

"And you said you had not been out," he exclaimed, holding it out towards her.

For an instant Elizabeth looked confused, then she snatched the shawl from his hand, crying angrily:

"Well, sir, I was out—now are you satisfied?"

"Always deception," he said, "even in trifles."

"Of course," she exclaimed, in the same passionate tone, "you make it necessary. I went out because these nervous attacks make me feel as if I was choking—you are so suspicious that you see something to suspect in the most trivial action."

"So you——"

"Told you a lie," she added, when he hesitated.

"Are you through with this examination—have you any more questions to ask?"

"That tone—that look, Elizabeth; you are not like yourself!"

"And no wonder—blame yourself for it. I cannot and will not endure this system of *espionage*—will have my liberty—that you may understand!"

Mellen's passionate temper flamed up in his face, but he controlled it and did not speak.

"Be good enough to say all you wish and have done with the subject," she continued in the same irritating tone, utterly unlike her old manner of meeting his evil words.

"I have nothing to ask," he said; "you are nervous and excited—we won't quarrel to-night."

He went out of the room, and Elizabeth groaned aloud.

"Oh! I am no longer myself!" she moaned. "What wonder! what wonder!"

She drew a letter from her bosom and began to read it, moaning and crying as she read; then she threw it in the fire and stood watching till the last fragments were consumed. She sank into a chair, buried her face in her hands, and remained for a long time in that despondent attitude, her whole frame shaking at intervals with nervous tremors, and her breath struggling upwards in shuddering gasps. There was a knock at the door at length.

"Who is there?" she called sharply; "what do you want?"

"Miss Elsie wished to know if you were coming to tea," said a servant's voice. "There is a gentleman come to see Mr. Mellen from the city, ma'am."

She started up and went on dressing; as was usual with her after one of those strange excitements, a sudden fever crimsoned her cheeks and brightened her eyes.

She went downstairs and received her guest with affable grace, which contrasted painfully with her late excitement, and before the evening was over seemed to have forgotten the hasty words she had spoken to Mellen, and was like her old self.

THE "BLIND MEN" OF THE LONDON POST OFFICE.

From an English publication—the *Leisure Hour*—we obtain the following interesting description of the peculiar duties of the "blind men" in the General Post Office, London:

The table of the "blind men" is the calmest spot in the building. Theirs is no work of mere mechanical dexterity, that can be brought by constant practice to a dazzling rapidity of execution. It requires much searching in directories, much guessing, much mental effort, to solve most of the riddles in writing and spelling that come upon the table. The irregular combinations of the alphabet alone present a boundless field of variety to the ignorant and the persevering; and when the combinations of Christian names and surnames, names of towns and names of counties as well as the forms of letters, and the parts of a letter's proper superscription, come to be added, arithmetic can hardly convey the result.

It is to this table that all those riddle letters find their way, upon whose surface Islington is spelt and written "East Lirton;" and the late Iron Duke is addressed, long after his death, as the "Duk bor wellenten, Ip ark corner London englent, or hulswear." The "blind men" are often called upon to decipher such directions as the following, conveyed in the most undecipherable handwritings: "To Mrs. Slater to the Prince of wales in fits Roy, place Kinteston London paid" The "blind men" decide that this means the "Princs of Wales" public-house, Fitzroy Place, Kentish Town; and their verdict is final.

Sometimes comic boys address their relatives in London in the rudest pictorial form, giving a good deal of trouble to the "blind men." A picture of a garden and a street, with a fancy portrait of the person for whom this letter is intended, drawn outside the note by a not very artistic youth of seven years of age, is not calculated to ease the sorting labor of the Central Post Office. Addressed to "My Uncle Jon, in London:" "Wilm Stratton, commonly called teapot Weelin;" "Mary Ann Street, Red Rive lane Luke St next door to the occan:" "To No. 3 Crosbsbry Row for the Female whitb the Infant up Bromley Staire;" "Ann Poror at Mrs. Winhursts No. 24 Next door to two to one;" "Mikell Goodiif at St. Nouts Printis to Sboo Maker Mis his name not known Mrs. Cooper is grandmother to the Lad;" "elixa clarck saxton hotel saintlnord hon se;" and "This fanke Taghe Warkitt ill Wise Comse Wile af Wythe," with many more like them have come, and are constantly coming under the notice of this branch of the sorting department.

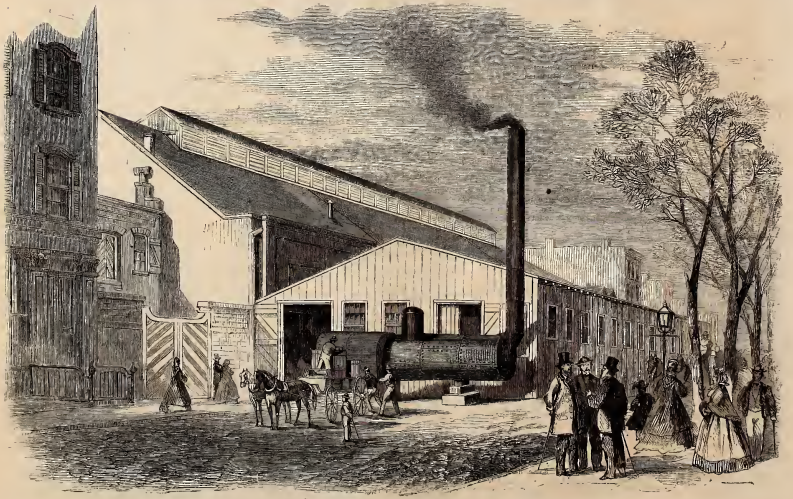
The "blind men" feel a professional artistic pride in mastering every difficulty, although the difficulty is to be taken to the land's end for the small charge of a penny. Failing all attempts to make clear that which is never to be read in this world, the interior (after the proper forms have been observed) is at last looked into, only to present a larger and more enigmatical surface still. The only colorable explanation that can be given of the mystery, based upon the annual average of riddles which come before the "blind men," is, that some Irish hop picker, passing through London on his road to Kent, is anxious to communicate with a relative in some part of his native country.

The Sorting Office for newspapers and packets is upon an upper floor, and is reached by an endless staircase, worked by machinery, which revolves and ascends, like the spokes of the treadmill. The business of this department is very similar to that below, except that the sorting proceeds more slowly, and the packets, while fewer, are much larger. The "blind man" here is chiefly engaged with the newspapers, whose moist addresses have either come off or been partially torn; and this work, like that of the department, is the heaviest on Friday night, the great newspaper dispatch night of the week. He employs himself a good deal in guessing the kind of newspaper which would probably go to certain individuals, when he finds himself with a number of addresses without papers, and a number of papers without addresses.

No disappointment is so bitter to the country resident as to miss his weekly budget of news and reading, when he comes down to breakfast on a Saturday morning, or to tear open a cover and find a Tory organ, which he hates, in place of the Whig organ, which he loves. The newspaper "blind man" performs his work as carefully as he can; and if he does make an occasional mistake, in sending the wrong paper to the wrong man, his countrymen must forgive him, when they know the difficulties with which he has to contend.

Perfumes.—So perfect were the Egyptians in the manufacture of perfumes, that some of their ancient ointment, preserved in an alabaster vase, in the museum at Alnwick, still retains a very powerful odor, though it must be between 2,000 and 3,000 years old.

THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR.—THE BUILDING ON UNION SQUARE CONTAINING THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, &c.



THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR.—THE MACHINERY DEPARTMENT ON 15TH STREET.

THE OPENING OF THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR—BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF FOURTEENTH STREET.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

CAWS AND EFFECT.—A row in a rookery.

WHEN does a goodnatured man resemble a soldier on parade? When be stands a tease.

THE churchwarden who took up a collection has laid it down again.

WHY is a widower like a house in dilapidation? He wants to he repaired.

THE young lady with "speaking eyes" has become quite hoarse, in consequence of using them so moch.

THE Borough Market intelligence says, "Hope are going np." We are glad to hear it, as this is decidedly a step in the right direction.

THE contradictions of pronunciation in the termination "ongh" are amusingly displayed in the following lines:

Wife, make me some dumpliegs of dough,
 They're better than meat for my cough;
Pray let them he boiled till hot through,
 But not till they're heavy or tough.
Now I must he off to the plough,
 And the boys (when they've had enough),
Must keep the flies off with a bough,
 While the old mare drinks at the trough.

THE lady whose sleep was broken has had it mended.

WHEN is rent like a land tax? When it's ground rent.

TO ARTISTS.—To find the carnation's tints in a mulberry complexion.

WHY is yeast in bread like electric fluid? Because it's light(e)ning.

WHY is Hamburg beef like an executed criminal? Because it's well hung.

WHY is a high-complexioned girl like an honest man? Because she's very fair.

WHY are lawyers like professors of the small-sword? Because they're in the habit of fencing.

EPIGRAM.

"If Nature never sets a part in vain,
Who," said an Atheist, "shall this fact explain?
Why in the glow-worm does her power produce
Such lavish lustre for so little use?"
A plain, blunt fellow, who by chance stood by
Heard what he said, and made him this reply:
"Nature," quoth he, "explains her own design;
She meant to mortify all pride like thine,
When o'er an insect's tail such light she spread,
And placed such darkness in a coxcomb's head."

LEAP YEAR.—This is "Bissextile, or Leap Year," the year in which ladies are privileged to "leap" the bounds usually prescribed in their intercourse with the sterner sex, and pop the question to whomsoever they fancy.

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No. 3. Large Pen	$3 75
No. 4. Engrossing Pen	$4 50
Silver Mounted Ebony Holders, in Morocco Cases (extra per doz.)	$4 00

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No. 4. Engrossing Pen	65 cts.
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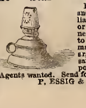

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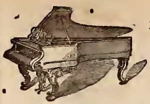

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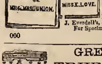

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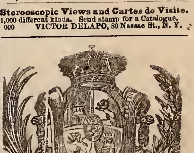

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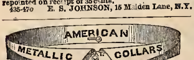

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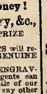

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 447—VOL. XVIII.] NEW YORK, APRIL 23, 1864. [TERMS: $3 50 YEARLY, 14 WEEKS $1 00.

THE GREAT METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR.

Of all the attempts made during the war to raise means by the voluntary contribution of the people, none has met a more cordial approval, been more warmly taken up or more enthusiastically carried to the mountain height of complete success than the Metropolitan Sanitary Fair. When the ladies of New York undertake a great work they do it greatly, and their Fair will be an epoch in the future history of the city. The buildings where the wealth and beauty of the city gathered to act day by day the part of sales-women may soon pass away, but the memory of the great Fair will endure, and, we trust, as has been wisely suggested, in the form of a permanent Soldiers' Home, where, half a century hence, the veteran, still hearing on his aged form the honorable scars of his wounds in the great war for his country's existence, will find a home.

From far and wide the trains bring in visitors and purchasers. To let all far and near see what the Fair really is, we lay a series of pictures before them, which cannot fail to interest. They may arouse some of the tardy to make their offerings. Let each ask himself what have I yet done?

Our readers are already familiar with the exteriors of the various buildings, from the views which we have given, and with some of the internal arrangements. This week we give more in detail:

The Department of Arms and Trophies.

The Department of Arms and Trophies is a military museum of great interest, embracing Revolutionary relics, the uniforms, swords, camp-chest, etc., of Washington; arms and equipments of Continental officers and men; flags borne in the Revolution, the war of 1812, the war with Mexico, the torn and tattered banners which our volunteers have carried through fields of blood. Battlefields wrested from the rebels

THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR—MRS. M'CLELLAN'S TABLE IN THE DEPARTMENT OF ARMS AND TROPHIES—SALE OF FRANK LESLIE'S SKETCHES.

arms of other days and the newly-invented cannon and missiles line the walls of this room.

In the centre crowds gather around two splendid swords, presented by Tiffany, one for a naval commander, the other for a General. Persons paying $1 inscribe a name as they may choose. For the military swords the competitors are almost exclusively Gen. McClellan and Gen. Grant, the former leading; for the naval, Admiral Farragut and the staunch, capable and thoroughgoing Com. Rowan, of the Ironsides. The competition between the friends of the hero of Antietam and of the hero of Vicksburg is exciting and entertaining in the highest degree. On our page of character sketches (page 76) will be found this scene, as sketched by our Artist; and on our front page a sketch of Mrs. McClellan's table, not far from it, our Artist having sketched her when disposing of some of the sketches sent by our Artists in the field, during the war, and presented to the Fair by the Proprietor of this paper. The likeness cannot be mistaken. On page 72 will be found the bugler giving the first notice of the evening close of the Fair.

The Art Exhibition

is most readily entered after passing from the Department of Arms and Trophies, and never, here, has so much of the triumphs of the pencil been gathered together. Around the magnificent works of Leutz, Church, Bierstadt, Kensett, Huntington, Winterhalter, Muller, "Washington Crossing the Delaware," "The Heart of the Andes," and "Niagara," "The Rocky Mountains," "Florinda," "Mercy's Dream," "The Conciergerie Prison Group;" others by Meissonier, Gignoux, Dubufe, Frère, Paul Delaroche, Cassilear, Verboeckhoven, Weir, Retzch and a hundred others are grouped upon the walls. Our Artist gives a view of this department.

Scene in the Main Hall.

In the Main Hall we show the New Jersey Department, with its four stands, illustrative of and devoted to the Four Seasons; the Cockloft Summerhouse; Jacob's Well, near the door, well patronised; the Hairy Eagle, made from hair of the President and prominent political men; and a fine view of the Floral Temple, taken at the moment when Gen. Burnside was making a purchase there.

The Restaurant.

Passing into the Restaurant, we present the Normandy Confectionery Stand, where ladies, in the high Norman cap, familiar to the readers of "Evangeline," dispense their sweets; ladies selling fruit and cigars; and the ladies who act as the cashiers, receiving the money from the visitors.

The Union Square Building.

Taking the stage to the structure at the head of Union Square, our eye catches the Bell Tower or Observatory in front, and entering, we find the International Department, which we show fully, giving a separate view of the Fountain in the centre, and another of one of the stands.

From this attractive department a passage leads to the Knickerbocker Kitchen, which we show in a manner to let all appreciate, giving a separate sketch of the fireplace.

The Children's Department, always well attended, forms the closing group of views. Besides a general feature of this department, we represent some of the Tableaux given for the amusement of the younger visitors, and the Soda Water Fountain.

The treatment of the pickpockets and shoplifters is more amusing to the bystanders doubtless than to the culprits, and they evidently were not anxious to have their portraits so faithfully given to our readers.

Barnum's American Museum.

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NEW YORK, APRIL 23, 1864.

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THE Publisher of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED PAPER invites his present contributors and others to send in before May 1st stories and poems suited to its columns, as well as ideas for comic sketches on subjects of the day.

Summary of the Week.

THE GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.

Gen. Grant, having visited Fortress Monroe and the Peninsula, returned to Washington on the 3d April, and on the 5th proceeded to his headquarters in the field. He has since reconnoitred, in person, Lee's works on the Rapidan, and a movement may be looked for as soon as the roads are practicable. The recent storm has swept away many of the bridges on the Orange and Alexandria railroad, and done other damage.

VIRGINIA.

Commissioner Ould visited Gen. Butler to confer on the matter of prisoners on the 2d, and returned to Richmond. The roads in Virginia are in such a condition as to prevent operations. Lee's fortifications at Mitchell's station, Clark's mountain, can be seen from our lines.

The transport Fairhaven, with several hundred soldiers of the 79th, 88th and 90th New York volunteers, was driven ashore on the 1st, near Cape Henry, but the troops were fortunately all saved.

A gunboat expedition to the Chickahominy returned safely with 40 negroes.

TENNESSEE.

Col. Marsh, with 600 of the 6th Union Tennessee cavalry, engaged a rebel force of 1,500, near Summerville, on the 29th March, and was driven back, losing 75 men and three officers. The wounded and prisoners were apparently butchered.

All the veterans of the army of the Cumberland and the army of Tennessee are ordered to the front.

ALABAMA.

The rebel ram Tennessee, lying near the fort at Grant's pass, was struck by a squall on the 1st, and, keeling over, sank. Only her smokestacks can now be seen. This formidable antagonist, with her six 100-pound rifle Parrotts and as many small pieces, is thus disposed of.

LOUISIANA.

Gen. Franklin, with the main body of his army, has reached Alexandria. On the 29th of March Gen. A. J. Smith pushed on, followed by the gunboats, and 35 miles above Alexandria came up with Gen. Dick Taylor. Gen. Mower, with 8,000 men, led the American army, and after three hours' fight drove Taylor, with his 12,000, from a strong position. Our loss, 18 killed, 60 wounded; the rebels lost above 200. We took 500 prisoners. Dudley's brigade distinguished itself greatly. Nachitoches is in our possession.

The steamer La Crosse was captured by guerillas and burned on the 25th, below Alexandria. The steamer J. H. Russell, on her way to New Orleans, was burned at Plaquemine.

ARKANSAS.

Col. Powell Clayton destroyed the rebel ponton bridge at Fairview, and burned a train of 35 wagons, loaded with camp and garrison equipments, ammunition, etc., and captured, by a stratagem, 370 prisoners. Our men pretended to belong to Shelby's command, his troops being dressed in U. S. uniforms, and called out that the Yankees were on them. A number crossed the bridge and were disarmed at once.

KENTUCKY.

Forrest, whose bloody system of war, killing his prisoners in cold blood, is praised in Richmond papers, has found that his course may be requited. Champe Ferguson, one of his leaders, was wounded in action, near Manchester, and pursued by Col. Stokes. He was found in a house near Short mountain, and dispatched. The recently published work of Col. Fremantle admits that it was a rebel custom to refuse quarter, and he gives his English readers some diverting stories on the subject.

After his repulse at Paducah, Forrest retired on Mayfield, and having repulsed Grierson, in Tennessee, is dispersing, to retire more easily. Some of his men were captured at Shelbyville, but were rescued.

The gunboats had a fight at Hickman, with guerillas, on the 5th.

MISSISSIPPI.

On the 8th the rebels, 1,500 strong, attacked Rook's plantation, near Snydersville, and destroyed the machinery and buildings, but were at last driven off by the 1st Massachusetts (colored) cavalry.

NORTH CAROLINA.

On the 9th 40 rebels landed on Cape Lookout, secured the lighthouse keepers, and exploded a keg of powder in the lighthouse, injuring it greatly.

FLORIDA.

Gen. John P. Hatch has succeeded Gen. Seymour in command in this State.

CONGRESS.

IN the Senate, on the 4th of April, the Neutrality laws were discussed, and a bill was reported appropriating $5,000,000 for the satisfaction of claims for spoliations committed by the French prior to July 31, 1801, and appointing a Commission to adjudicate said claims. The House bill authorising enlistments in rebellious districts was taken up, and Messrs. Grimes and Trumbull made speeches against it, while Messrs. Sherman and Wilson spoke in favor of the bill. Mr. Howe, of Wisconsin, then made a speech in favor of prohibiting slavery by an amendment of the Constitution.

In the House, resolutions calling for information as to the amount and disposition of the commutation money received from drafted men, and as to the number of colored regiments in the service; also, as to the number of persons arrested for political offences, were laid on the table. The Secretary of War was called on for a statement of the number of men who have entered the army since March, 1861, and the quota of each State under each call. The Committee on Foreign Affairs reported a joint resolution declaring that "the Congress of the United States is unwilling by silence to leave the nations of the world under the impression that they are indifferent spectators of the deplorable events now transpiring in the republic of Mexico; therefore, they think it fit to declare that it does not accord with the people of the United States to acknowledge a monarchical government erected on the ruins of any republican government in America, under the auspices of any European Power." This was adopted unanimously—109 members voting. An effort was made to have the resolution granting the use of the hall of the House to George Thompson, the English abolitionist, for a lecture, rescinded; but the House refused to entertain the proposition.

In the Senate, on the 5th, the Judiciary Committee reported the bill providing for the collection of taxes in insurrectionary districts, with amendments striking out the provision authorizing grants of 40 acre lots to soldiers, and that empowering the Tax Commissioner to set aside sales deemed to be unfairly made. A proposition was submitted providing for the retirement of Supreme and District Court Judges when they attain the age of 70, if they so desire, upon liberal salaries, graduated according to the length of their terms of service. A motion to postpone the regular order of business and take up the Naval Appropriation bill was negatived—22 against 16. The joint resolution to amend the Constitution so as to prohibit slavery for ever in the States and Territories was taken up, and Mr. Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, delivered an able speech in its favor. Mr. Davis's amendment declaring that no negro shall be a citizen, or be eligible to any office, received but five votes, while another from Mr. Powell, providing that owners shall be paid the value of slaves emancipated, found but two supporters. A proposition offered by Mr. Davis, to divide the negroes set free among the Northern States, was also rejected.

In the House, a bill was reported authorising the construction of two bridges across the Ohio, to enable the railroads of Indiana and Illinois to connect with railroads on the opposite banks of the river in Kentucky. The railroad companies are ready to build the bridges without cost to the Government. A motion to lay the bill on the table was negatived by four majority, and it was then recommitted to the Committee on Roads and Canals. The Committee of Ways and Means were instructed to inquire and report as to the expediency of increasing the duty on foreign wool. The Naval Committee asked leave of absence for 10 days, in order to visit the West and examine sites for a navy yard on the Mississippi, and after some discussion it was laid on the table. In Committee of the Whole the National Bank bill was taken up, perfected and reported to the House, whereupon Mr. Stevens offered a substitute, being substantially the bill as agreed to by the Committee of the Whole, but fixing the rate of interest on loans, etc., at 7 per centum, and omitting the clause giving to States the privilege to tax the capital of National Banking Associations.

In the Senate, on 6th, there was nothing of any public interest.

In the House, Mr. Pendleton, of Ohio, reported a bill providing that the heads of the departments shall be entitled to occupy seats on the floor of the House, with the right to participate in debate upon matters relating to their respective departments. It was ordered to be printed. The National Bank bill was then taken up, and the amendments of the Committee of the Whole agreed to. Mr. Stevens offered a substitute for the bill, being the same as the original bill, with the exception of restoring the uniform rate of seven per centum interest on loans, &c., and omitting the clause giving States the privilege of taxing the capital of the banks. This was rejected—59 against 78. Mr. Spaulding offered a new section to the original bill providing that each bank shall receive the notes of other banks without discount. This was agreed to. Mr. Stevens thereupon moved to lay the bill on the table, which was carried by a vote of 89 against 44.

In the Senate, on the 7th, after several unimportant matters were disposed of, the debate was renewed on the joint resolution to amend the Constitution so as to prohibit slavery. Mr. Hendricks, of Indiana, arguing against it, and Mr. Henderson, of Missouri, in its favor.

In the House, the Secretary of War was directed to report the number, names and rank of officers dismissed from the army by order of the President without a court-martial, and also how many such dismissals have been revoked during the war. The remainder of the business was unimportant.

In the Senate, on the 8th, the debate on the amendment to the Constitution, whereby slavery is to be for ever prohibited throughout the land, was concluded, and after some futile efforts on the part of its opponents to delay final action, the joint resolution of the Judiciary Committee was adopted. A two-thirds vote was necessary to secure the success of the measure, but the record stands as follows:

For the admenoment	38
Against the amendment	6
Total	44
Absent	5

The negative votes were cast by Messrs. Davis and Powell, of Kentucky; Saulsbury and Riddle, of Delaware; McDougall, of California; and Hendricks, of Indiana. The absentees were Messrs. Buckalew (opp.), of Pennsylvania; Carlile (opp.), of West Virginia; Hicks (opp.), of Maryland; Richardson (opp.), of Illinois; and Wright (opp.), of New Jersey.

In the House, Mr. Patterson, of New Hampshire, and Washburne, of Illinois, had a very severe passage of arms. The House then went into Committee of the Whole, and Mr. Long, of Ohio, made a speech on the war, and in course of his remarks boldly declared in favor of the recognition of the rebel Confederacy. Gen. Garfield, of Ohio, replied with much patriotic warmth and eloquence.

On the 9th the Senate did not sit.

In the House there was a very exciting discussion in the Committee of the Whole on a resolution offered by Mr. Colfax to expel Mr. Long, of Ohio, for disloyal sentiments uttered in his speech of the day before. During the discussion Mr. Harris (Democrat), of Maryland, arose and boldly avowed his gratification at the secession of the South, justifying it fully, and rebuking the Democratic party for not daring to come up to his standard of political morality. Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, instantly offered a resolution to expel Mr. Harris, which received 81 votes against 58, but two-thirds being required, the resolution was not adopted.

TOWN GOSSIP.

THE great and absorbing talk of the week is, of course, the Fair—not the fair we are accustomed to meeting in our daily rambles upon Broadway, in the parlors and drawing-rooms of our friends, or in the quiet of our homes—but the Insanity Fair, as our cousin, Jerusha Peabody, who has come all the way from Wethersfield, Connecticut, for the double purpose of looking into the matter and selling out a few barrels of onions, calls it.

It has taken this week fully to get the Fair in full blast, and even with the going down of the sun on Saturday night there were still vacancies to be filled by expected contributions from abroad, and contemplated improvements and pleasures that will make the great enterprise one long spring day's song, to be remembered as a great event in the history of New York, and something to be related to our children and grandchildren, as those among us whose locks are just beginning to silver tell now of the terrors of the great fire of thirty years ago, or the festivities of the Croton celebration.

When duty and pleasure go hand in hand in accomplishing so grand an object as that now before us, there is a moral sublimity in it that challenges the admiration of nations, and does more in establishing the righteousness of a cause than any battle that has been fought and won by our brave soldiers since the opening of the war. All politics, creeds, religions and nationalities are forgotten, and the great people, whether, as individuals, they believe in its conduct or not, vie in their efforts to give that which will ameliorate the horrors and suffering of the occasion, and stamp our city and our country as the most enlightened, liberal and humane of any of which we have record since the creation of the world.

The receipts for the first week are half a million, and that with disadvantages, which are being rectified every day. The sales have not as yet fairly commenced, though the crowds have been immense, even to that degree that a large majority have failed to see one-half the attractions from that cause. So far the visitors have not been buyers, but the buyers will come as the crowds slack off. The man who waits until the price of admission comes down to 50 cents is much more likely to become a purchaser of something he may see there than the wealthier sightseer who does not mind his $5 for his season-ticket or his $1 for a single admission. All the country has yet to come, and with its coming the goods of the Sanitary Fair will melt away like snow before the sun.

Upon entering the vast buildings in 14th street, a few weeks since, we were struck by the appearance of their great extent, an appearance that, since their occupation, is somewhat lost. This effect is naturally caused by their decoration and by the masses of goods and crowds of people that throng them. In fact, through the first week the last was so great an objection that thousands, after fairly forcing their way into the buildings, have been obliged to come away unseeing and unseen, leaving the satisfaction of their curiosity until the edge of public appetite has somewhat worn away.

The price of admission has been through the week nominally $1, but the actual cost of "doing" the whole affair is exactly $2 65: Main Hall, $1; Picture-room, 25 cents; Arms and Trophies, 25 cents; Curiosities, 25 cents; Indian-room, 25 cents; Knickerbocker Kitchen, 10 cents; Cockloft House, a representation of the Irving summer-house, 10 cents; Skating Pond, 10 cents; looking through a brick, and a view of a lady's hand, each 10 cents, the first an unexplainable experiment, the last a two—*not too minute*—minute examination of a fair lady's digit under a microscopic lens, an idea worthy of some great genius, and one for which we should not begrudge the 10 cents, if we could have the selection of the hand we desired to examine, in which case we should be willing to dispense with the microscope. This large sum for viewing the elephant has naturally excited dissatisfaction, and yet we do not see how it could have been avoided. At present something must be done to keep away the crowds or the exhibition would be a nullity by reason of the rush, and the scenes of the Prince of Wales's wedding in London would be re-enacted in New York, in the way of crushing and smothering to death. There will be plenty of time, for public curiosity and excitement cannot be allayed in less than a month, and during that time all will have a chance, not only without being uncomfortably crowded but at moderate prices, even within reach of the poorest person.

The leading items of excitement are the two swords, one of which is to be presented to the General receiving the largest number of votes, and the other to the naval officer who is the recipient of the same. These votes are registered in a book, and each voter, on putting down his name, pays $1 for each vote he gives, with the privilege of voting early and voting as often as he or she pleases, for ladies in this case carry a political privilege. Up to the close of the week the voting, bulletins of which were posted in prominent places, stood, for the Generals: McClellan, 2,312; Grant, 1,880; and scattering, 33; while the naval sword had only, for Farragut, 119; Rowan, 63; Dupont, 20; and scattering, 21

About this original poll excitement runs high and conversation sparkles. A brilliantly dressed angel floats up to the table, and, drawing off a delicate No. 6 Alexandre glove, seizes the pen, and in neat Italian chirography puts down her opinion to the amount of a V, saying, as she does so:

"There's five to help along the greatest soldier in the land."

"An' who may that be, mim?" asks a burly Irishwoman, who has been looking curiously on for some moments.

"Why, Gen. Grant," says the aristocrat.

"Oh! bliss me heart!" responds the Democrat, "an Giniral McClillin alive! Sure, whin did Giniral McClillin die that iny other should be great? I haven't much money, mother," addressing the keeper of the sword, "but I've two boys in the army, an' for their sakes yees kin put me down for five votes for Giniral McClillin, an' the boys kin make it up to me, an' I know they will, macushla;" and the old woman, after seeing the votes fairly entered, stalked away, feeling that she had a stake in the country, though she might lack a chop at home.

At other times, especially in the evening, when the crowds contain more men, the General competition runs high. A stout gentleman, with something about him that looks as though his pocketbook had not been trodden on by an elephant, stands gazing on the book as voter after voter enters his name and dollars for Grant, and then, with a spasmodic jerk he brings out the plethoric pocketbook, and with

"Can't stand this, nohow! I'll just take a turn at that pen when it's disengaged."

And the old gentleman, after writing his name at the head of a clean page, scores down two entire sheets with dittos, and forks over a roll of greenbacks to support his practical admiration of little Mac. This brings up another to the rescue, who draws a zigzag line over a page of 28 lines, and says:

"That's the Mississippi river, and that's for the hero of it!" planking down at the same time $28 as the cost of the line.

With that a blooming maiden, leaning on a manly arm, flashes a pair of brown eyes, and says to the said manly creature, to whom she is affording her society,

"William, did you see that? I thought you were an admirer of McClellan?"

And straightway William's roll is out, and a greenback lies upon the table.

"What!" once more speaks up the maiden, "don't you admire him more than five dollars?"

"Certainly, Flora, if you say so. Suppose we say 15 votes for you and five for me. How will that do?"

"You're a dear fellow," and then came a squeeze of the arm, and something whispered that sounded very much like, "Consider yourself kissed," or "Claim a kiss when you get home," or some equally absurd thing which young ladies with brown eyes will say sometimes.

Occasionally a soldier records his admiration for his old General, at the same time expressing his belief that he must win, from the very natural idea we all have that everybody must think as we do.

It is very possible that before the close of the Fair 20,000 votes will be registered on this sword, showing a curious record, if not one of great significance.

The next object of attraction is "the hairy eagle," an anomalous article manufactured by Mrs. Wright, the wife of Senator or Governor Wright, from human hair accessorised from the heads of Abraham Lincoln and his cabinet (all but Secretary Welles, who had none to spare), and a couple of score of Senators. The hairy eagle—long may she wave—is to be presented to Father Abraham himself, and repose in his bosom for evermore, as soon as 1,000 persons have entered their names in a book at one dollar each. At the present showing the chance is slim that the hairy eagle will take his airy flight to Abraham if it is dependent on the thousand names. A good story is told of this hairy eagle, that the maker of it, while collecting material, sent to Thaddeus Stevens, Senator from Pennsylvania, for a lock of his hair.

The joke comes in when it is told that Mr. Stevens's head is innocent of a single hair, and has sported a wig for the last 20 years.

The next interesting item is the Knickerbocker kitchen, an apartment fitted up in the old Dutch style for the dispensation of refreshment to the body corporate. There ladies of our old Dutch families in the costume of their grandmothers attend the cooking and serve the solid eatables for the faint stomach, as well as the ancient delicacies of doughnuts, crullers, olliekoks, waffles, gingerbread, potcheese and suppawn and milk. Canole can be had at the moderate tax of 50 cents per cup; lunch at 75 cents, and dinner at $1, or more, according to the strength of appetite. Within this room is gathered a heterogeneous collection of relics of "ye olden tyme," an ancient Bible in the Holland script, 225 years old, pictures of New York worthies, and ancestors of the present stock quite as old; while from a corner beside the kitchen fire stares up an ancient stuffed tabby and kitten, trying hard to make believe that they are alive. A venerable Uncle Ned, with a villainous violin, makes night—and day too—hideous, with attempts at old dance tunes, while two youthful American citizens of African descent add to the noise by twanging out curious sounds from jews-harps.

And then comes the Children's Department, a treasury of useful articles, toys and knick-knacks, almost realising the fables of fairyland, and even surpassing that wondrous tale we were wont to tell when we would win the affections of some fair miss of four summers, that we lived in a gingerbread house with molasses candy furniture, and that—if she would only give us a kiss—we would take her home with us to stay a week. There are families of dolls, so natural that they want only speech to make them real babies, and having this advantage over the real article that they are only troublesome at the will of their owners. There are the contributions from every clime, and the real little ones, who perambulate the building, will, perhaps, when three score years have passed away, repeat again and again to their grandchildren of the marvels they are now looking at, and declare that "doll babies and toys, my dears, are not what they were in my day."

Then comes the room of Arms and Trophies, filled with objects to excite curiosity, patriotism and respect. The old musket borne by our grandsires at Bennington, Bunkerhill and Yorktown; the sword around which is woven an imperishable romance; the uniform of Washington and his camp chest, teaching a lesson of simplicity to our own shoulder-straps; the cane presented to him by Franklin; and the clothes of Jackson, made doubly interesting from being the same suit worn at New Orleans; and last, though far from being least, the blood and powder-stained, the weather-beaten and battle-tattered banners of our own brave boys, borne in every fight since the war. In this room is Mrs. McClellan, supervising her little shop as busily and intensely earnest as any professional saleswoman, and as blind to the attention she attracts while immersed in business as though buried in the solitude of her boudoir.

Another room is fitted as an Indian Wigwam, and here are arranged the arms and dresses of the red men, their wampum and beads, and their articles of domestic use, and here a band of original denizens of the soil pound out doleful sounds on domestic-made drums, and dance figures not laid down by Ferrero or Brooks, as often as they gather an audience to witness their mournfulness.

Next comes the Curiosity Shop, in which are gathered the hoarded nothings and somethings of ages. Among the latter is a lump of gold, the finding of some fortunate digger in California, and valued at $40,000. Magnificent Japanese embroidered robes, a watch that once belonged to Louis XV. of France, with ancient clothes worn in all their magnificence hundreds of years ago, and ancient missals from which our forefathers said their prayers three or four hundred years before the discovery of America; while among the first we note a pinch of snuff given by Mary Queen of Scots to a member of the Seton family, and by him handed down, along with another pinch given to another Seton by George III., to the present representative of the race; a fact which shows clearly that Queen Mary with all her beauty, and King George with all his dunder-headedness, were up to snuff, or—that the Setons were. Trifles from every corner of the world fill this room, and prominent among them is a specimen of "Confederate cake," the identical article fed to our soldiers at the Libby prison, and called bread.

Near the Curiosity Shop Grafulla's band sends forth its pleasant strains, but he who hears must march, for there is no stopping in such a throng. His labors are like those of Sisyphus, always moving. We pray that the same squad of policemen that are now learning the duty of making people move on who would otherwise obstinately obstruct the thoroughfares, may, as soon as the Fair is ended, be transferred to Broadway, and there be made to perform the same duty, so that two or three stupid persons—even though they be women, young and pretty—cannot stop to gossip in the middle of the pavement when they meet, and by so doing throw out and annoy a whole line of promenaders. Pardon the digression.

Beside the Knickerbocker Kitchen there is another dispensing place of edibles, a mammoth Restaurant, capable of feeding its thousands, and presided over by experienced people who not only know "how to keep a hotel," but have kept one; while in still another apartment Duryea's Maizena is fed unto those who are willing to disburse currency for the same, cooked in various ways by a person carefully educated on Maizena principles, and solemnly sworn to do equal and exact justice to all eaters thereof.

The space of our topics will not allow more than to say that we have not said a moiety of the attractions, but that time, pens, ink, paper and types will eventually relieve our mind, and let the world know what a great city can do when its sympathies are fairly aroused, and let our soldiers in the field know that their wants are for ever with us, and that nothing which humanity can do to alleviate them will be left undone, even though a dozen Sanitary Fairs have to be held every day in the year.

And now for the other excitements of the week—a tale that is easily told. It seems almost strange that anything can attract attention in the face of the absorbing interest of the Fair, and yet we must allow that the debut of Miss Avonia Jones did so, and notwithstanding it occurred upon the opening night of the Fair, drew a tolerably full house. She made her first appearance before a New York audience in the character of Judith.

The story of the play has been very freely rendered. As given in the play the scene opens in the Jewish city of Bethulia, with a distant view of the camp of Holofernes, who is besieging it. The inhabitants are starving and thirsting, with all their sacrifices and prayers rejected; the people are in revolt, and wish to open the gates to Holofernes the Assyrian. In the midst of this clamor Judith—who has been slandered by the people—rushes into their midst with the intelligence that in her wandering in the suburbs she has found a spring, and that water can be had. This puts a stop to the revolt, and the populace hasten away to seek the water. The spring proves to have been poisoned, and Judith, accused of the crime and pursued by the people, flies to and takes refuge in the cave of Ramesis the Egyptian, a magician. Here she is found by the mob, and under the pretence of conferring the gift of invisibility is given a potion by Ramesis which throws her into a stupor and counterfeits death so closely that the mob leaves her with Ramesis, as they suppose, a corpse. From the cave she escapes to the Assyrian camp, full with the design of saving her country and destroying Holofernes. There she succeeds in inspiring a passion in Holofernes that is uncontrollable, and leads to his determination to place her on the throne as his queen. With her stern purpose in view, Judith bears the most terrible curses and reproaches heaped upon her by the high priest of her tribe, and by Othoniel, her lover, both of whom are made prisoners by Holofernes, and finally while in the midst of the wedding feast, and while the Assyrian is delirious and drunken, cuts off his head, and by the act frees her people.

Of the play we will say nothing more than to repeat the story; it is not worth criticism, and Miss Jones has done herself injustice in making a first appearance before a critical audience in it. Of the lady we would say that she has a good face and appearance, and makes up richly, though not with taste. The sombre, ill-appearing dress worn in the first acts, militated greatly against her, and the head-dress—even though it be faultless in costume, detracted from the effect of her face and spoiled its expression. Her voice is loud and distinct, but occasionally affected and stagey, and her general action is not calculated to please at the start, though it improves upon acquaintance. To sum all up in a few words, Miss Avonia Jones is hardly the coming tragedienne who will wipe away our recollection of Ellen Tree, Charlotte Cushman and Kate Bateman, though she has many requisites to please. The coming week she will give us "Fazio," "Lady Audley's Secret," a new version, and "Medea," after which we shall be better enabled to judge of her powers.

The promises for the week are "Loyalina," a new version of "Fortunio," by Mr. Oakey Hall, at Mrs. John Wood's; Mr. Booth at Niblo's, in "The Fool's Revenge;" "The Follies of a Night," "The Heir-at-Law," "The Secret," and some more "Rosedale" at Wallack's; with "Robert le Diable" and "Faust" at the Academy.

Barnum holds back "Cudjo's Cave" another week, possibly to make the cave larger, and in the meantime Aphrosa enters upon its 11th week, with all its attractions, fountain included.

Why is it the managers of our theatres will permit boys, who seem to have been selected for no other requisite than the possession of harsh, unmusical voices, to go about the house, before and during all the pauses of the play, disturbing the audience, and interrupting conversation by crying, "Books o' the play," or in the summer by the perpetual yell of "Fans!" If it be necessary that these two articles should be sold in the house, cannot these loud-voiced and unmusical youths do their dickering without making a continued announcement of it. We do not believe they sell one playbook or fan more by their crying aloud, but on the contrary so disgust and disturb every respectable person that they will not buy, even though they might require their wares.

One of the main topics of conversation just now in all circles is the fact that the stock gambling mania has seized upon the fairer sex, and that Wall street is the scene of some financial transactions rather startling to those having old time ideas of business. It is an unquestionable fact that women have taken to operating personally on 'change, and one case is openly cited of the wife of a well-known banker, who has been playing with Harlem to that extent that not only had she ridden herself of a very fair little property, but had even despoiled herself of diamonds and jewellery before her financial tastes were discovered and stopped by her liege lord.

What an excellent thing would it be just now could we but be like the bears, retire into a hollow tree and suck our paws until the war and hard times be over, thereby saving all the expense and trouble of living. It is somewhat startling to the man of limited income, which has not been improved of late, to find that what he thought rather a liberal stipend two years ago is now barely enough to exist on, with but little hope of improvement.

Gradually every necessity of life is creeping up, so gradually that one dares not think of remonstrance, until the man who formerly went to market with $5 and came home loaded with delicacies, now almost realizes the story of one who went with a dollar to buy sugar, and being questioned by his wife on his return as to what he had done with the saccharine, hunted all over his person, and finally declared that he must have left it in his other vest pocket. We hope to excite the sympathy of readers all over the land when we assure them that unfortunate New Yorkers are using beef at 22 and 24 cents per pound, butter at 60 and 64, sugar at 24 and 25, coffee at 55 and 60, and all things else in proportion, with a like rise in house rent. There is a legend somewhere extant, that in the city of Boston for many years everything was a hundred dollars, and that any one looking into a shop window at goods would be charged half their price without getting them. We very much fear that New York is getting to be as bad as Boston, if such a thing can be realised.

Last week we had occasion to speak of the parade of two handcuffed men through Broadway, followed by a policeman holding a pistol, and this week we have another instance of the same brutality, in an incident at the opening night of the Sanitary Fair, when a man was paraded about the buildings, escorted by two policemen, and labelled "Pickpocket!" and since the same act perpetrated upon two women. Now, outside of the disgusting nature of all such exhibitions, which are an outrage upon those who attend public places, and in many cases utterly destroy the pleasure they would otherwise enjoy, we contend that even a thief has rights, and that no policeman should for an instant be allowed to arrogate to himself the functions of judge and jury, and, even though the offender be caught in the act, convict the culprit and brand him before a community. Such outrages as the two we have mentioned should be the subject of especial inquiry by the new Commissioners, and made an example of.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The Legislature of Maine have defined "the Lord's day" to extend legally from midnight Saturday to midnight Sunday.

—— Emma Webb gave a very spirited lecture at the Cooper Institute on the 5th of April, in reply to Miss Dickenson's recent discourse. Miss Webb is as strong on the Democratic side as her fair opponent is on the Republican.

—— The contest between the admirers of Gen. McClellan and those of Gen. Grant at the Sanitary Fair promises to be a very close affair. The ladies take far greater interest in it than the men.

—— Count de Johannes gave a lecture on the 6th of April in the Cooper Institute Hall, on Napoleon and other people. It was very amusing, and caused roars of laughter. He was particularly severe upon Abraham Lincoln, and finished the evening's entertainment by electing Gen. McClellan as next President.

—— A man named Phelps, who died at Salem, London county, Conn., recently, by his own agreement, sold his body to a surgeon in Boston for $1,000, the money to be appropriated to the use of his widowed mother, and his body to purposes of scientific investigation. His death was produced by an enormous tumor growing upon his back, larger than a bushel basket, and apparently nearly 100 pounds in weight. It had been growing for 8 years.

—— An election in Maryland for delegates to a convention to amend the State Constitution was held on the 6th. It is estimated that the majority in favor of unconditional emancipation is about 15,000.

—— The State election in Rhode Island on the 5th resulted in the success of the Republicans.

—— At the meeting of the Board of Education, Commissioner Hitchman presented a communication from Anson Herrick, giving the Board of Education the appointment of a midshipman to the Naval Academy from the Ninth Congressional district. The sum of $4,500 was appropriated to build a wing to a school-house in the 14th Ward. A resolution was adopted appropriating $61,229 for building a new school-house in the 16th Ward, and $58,900 for another in the 18th. After disposing of some minor business the Board adjourned.

—— The emigration from Europe to this port continues to increase from week to week. The number of arrivals last week was 997, making the number since Jan. 1, 25,400, against 10,696 to the corresponding period of last year. The balance of the commutation fund now to the credit of the Commissioners of Emigration is $62,924.

—— The City Inspector's report states that there were 481 deaths in the city during the week ending April 4—a decrease of 4 as compared with the mortality of the week previous, and 52 more than occurred during the corresponding week last year. The recapitulation table gives 3 deaths of alcoholism, 1 of diseases of the bones, joints, etc.; 90 of the brain and nerves, 13 of the generative organs, 17 of the heart and blood vessels, 160 of the lungs, throat, etc.; 3 of old age, 54 of diseases of the skin and eruptive fevers, 5 premature births, 54 of diseases of the stomach, bowels and other digestive organs; 49 of uncertain seat and general fevers, 2 from unknown causes, 16 of diseases of the urinary organs, and 14 from violence, etc. There were 301 natives of the United States, 114 of Ireland, 15 of England, 3 of Scotland, 35 of Germany, and the balance of various foreign countries.

—— The new steamer St. John made the trip from New York to Albany the other night in 8 hours and 44 minutes.

—— The gross proceeds of the Sanitary Fair in Boston reached only $145,000, about one-fourth of the sum realised in Brooklyn.

—— The average price of gold during the week ending April 9th has been 167; it has reached 170. The Government price was 165.

—— An onslaught was made the other day on the shadpoles placed in our rivers and bay, where they interfered with navigation, by order of the Pilot Commissioners. A steamtug was employed to draw the poles, while the harbor police boat, Capt. Todd, protected her from any demonstrations that might be made by the fishermen. After drawing several poles, a committee of fishermen came off to the tug, and in order to save their property, made promises to clear them off. They were then given a specified time to do so, and if not done the poles certainly will be drawn and cast adrift by the tugs.

Western.—Silver has been discovered in the pineries in Burnett county, Wisconsin.

—— A letter to the Wisconsin *State Journal* says that there are 40,000 "Bohemians" in that State.

—— The message of Gov. Lewis, of Wisconsin, was printed and circulated in English, Dutch, German, Norwegian, Welsh and Slavic.

—— There has been a general rise in the price of the Cincinnati newspapers, as had before been the case at Chicago and St. Louis.

—— The Kentucky Union State Convention at Louisville is to meet on May 25, to appoint delegates to the National Union Convention.

—— A party of coal workers have left St. Paul, Minn., for the Cottonwood coal fields, and expect to have a large load at the levee early in the season.

—— A man has been arrested in Cincinnati on the charge of being a resurrectionist, he having a body just disinterred from a grave in his express cart.

—— The town of Solon, Mich., polled just 57 votes in 1861; it has since sent 56 soldiers to the army of the Union.

Southern.—A handsome octoroon girl on a Miss. plantation was married eight years ago to a mulatto on the same plantation, and was afterwards sold to another planter, owing to her master's pecuniary difficulties. The couple were plainly told that she was intended as the new owner's mistress. Entreaties only resulted in her husband being savagely beaten and her being taken away. The wretched girl attempted suicide without success, and had no chance of escape, being ultimately forced to submit to her fate. She had one child by her brutal owner. George, the husband, afterwards escaped, and succeeded in getting to Europe on board an English ship. He travelled much there as a servant to families, and a short time since returned to Cleveland. Meanwhile, on the capture of New Orleans, the woman's owner had fled, and she escaped to Philadelphia, where she has since resided in a family as servant. Having gone to Cleveland a short time since on a visit, she met her long-lost husband in the street, and both manifested the most intense joy. Thus after so long and cruel a separation they are happily reunited.

Military.—The following officers are officially announced as of the staff of Lieut.-Gen. Grant, in General Orders No. 128, from the War Department: Lieut.-Col. C. S. Comstock, senior Aide-de-Camp, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel; Lieut.-Col. D. E. Babcock, and Major F. T. Dent, 4th U. S. infantry, Aides-de-Camp, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel; Lieut.-Col. W. L. Duff, 2d Illinois artillery, Assistant Inspector-General; Major W. R. Rowley, Aide-de-Camp, and Capt. Adam Badeau, additional Aide-de-Camp, Private Secretaries, with the rank of Lieutenant-colonel.

—— The rebel commissioner Col. Ould and Capt. Hatch returned to their flag of truce boat on James river on the 5th, *en route* for Richmond. A perfect understanding was come to between Col. Ould and Gen. Butler, whereby the exchange of prisoners will be hereafter conducted honorably and humanely.

—— Several officers of the "extinguished corps" expressed such rebellious sentiments lately that they were put under arrest.

Personal.—Andrew Jackson Smith is the General who captured Fort de Russey. He is a native of Pennsylvania, was appointed a Cadet from that State in 1834, and graduated at West Point, June 30, 1838. His commission dates—2d Lieut. of the 1st Dragoons, U. S. A., July 1, 1838; Lieut., 1845; Lieut.-Col. of Ohio Vols., Aug. to Oct., 1846; Capt. U. S. A., Feb. 16, 1847; Major 1st Dragoons, May 13, 1861, and afterwards 2d Col. Cav. Vols. and Brig.-Gen. of Vols., March 17, 1862. His record is filled with honorable service. As there are five Gen. Smiths in the army, this explanation may be timely.

—— The Hon. C. J. Faulkner, ex Minister to France, came as far as Winchester recently to take the oath of allegiance, but was there met by his brother-in-law, who persuaded him to change his mind.

—— Senator Hicks has so far recovered from the amputation of his ankle, as to be taken to his home at Cambridge, Maryland.

—— Dr. Bellows sailed for California on the 5th of April, to succeed the Rev. Starr King.

—— The pioneers of Rochester, a few days ago, paid their respects to a remarkable character—Alexander Milliner, now 104 years of age. He was born in Quebec, March 14, 1760. His father died when he was but six months old. His mother went, when he was still an infant, to New York to reside; so that he was almost a native of this country. When a mere boy he enlisted in the Revolutionary army as a drummer. For more than four years he served in that capacity in connection with the body guard of Gen. Washington. He was also five years in the navy; ate bread in seven kingdoms; six years a prisoner in the hands of the French. He married when nearly 40 years of age; lived 60 with his wife; had nine children—seven of whom are still living.

Obituary.—Frank Wood, a very pleasing author, died lately at Haverstraw, in his 26th year, of consumption. He was a very peculiar and clever writer, and would undoubtedly, had he lived, have made his mark, as the phrase is. His translations from Michelet, published by Carleton, are admirably done. He was the editor of *Vanity Fair* during the early life of that hapless comic, and had been connected with several of our leading publications. He leaves a young widow.

—— Suddenly, of apoplexy, on the 6th April, Mrs. Kirkland, the well-known authoress. She was the widow of Professor Kirkland, of Hamilton College. Her principal works are "A New Home," "Forest Life," and "Western Clearings." In 1843 they removed to New York, where for the most part Mrs. Kirkland has since resided. Here she received a number of young ladies into her house, and devoted herself to their education. After the death of her husband, in 1847, she became the editor of the *Union Magazine*, which she conducted for eighteen months. In 1848 she visited Europe, and the result of her observations appeared in two volumes the following year, under the title of "Holidays Abroad; or, Europe from the West." Among her other works are: "The Evening Book; or, Fireside Talk on Morals and Manners, with Sketches of Western Life," (1852); "A Book for the Home Circle" (1853); the letter-press to "The Book of Home Beauty," a volume containing portraits of twelve American ladies; "Personal Memoirs of George Washington" (1848); "An Essay on the Life and Writings of Spenser," prefixed to the first book of the "Fairy Queen" (1846); and the "Schoolgirl's Garland," two series, a selection of choice poetical extracts from the wide range of English literature, just published by Scribner.

—— At Albany, on the 5th April, Mr. W. Drinker, a well-known lawyer of New York, suddenly fell down and expired while arguing a case. An inquest was held, and the cause ascertained to be disease of the heart. He was much respected by both clients and opponents.

—— Mrs. Hauteville, daughter of ex-Gov. Fish, of New York, died abroad recently. The Prince of Wales led off with Miss Fish at the ball given to him when in this city.

—— Dr. H. S. Levert, a well-known physician in Mobile, died recently. The Levert name will be remembered by many of our Northern and European fashionable circles, from the distinction which the widow of the deceased, the distinguished Madame Octavia Walton Levert, imparted to it for several seasons in succession.

—— Lord Ashborton died recently in London. He was the son of the diplomatist who arranged the treaty with Webster.

—— Lord Aberdeen, son of the Premier who was in power when the war with Russia commenced, commonly called the Crimean war, died lately in England.

Accidents and Offences.—A terrible tragedy has occurred in Jefferson county, Ky. Two friends, Heybeck and Frank, had been strolling through the garden of the former, who cut some vine slips for the other. They then went into the parlor. The first intimation the family had of anything unusual was the spectacle of Heybeck fleeing from the house bleeding, Frank, with a huge bowie-knife being in pursuit. Frank overtook the other, stabbed him thrice in the throat, killing him on the spot, and then cut his own throat so fearfully that he instantly died. The cause of the quarrel is not known, and never, perhaps, will be.

—— A woman has been arrested at Woolwich, England, for marrying five husbands. When informed of the many proofs of her delinquencies, she replied—"that when she had done her bit of imprisonment she had no fear of not getting another husband or two to comfort her."

—— Two women, sisters, who had at different times eloped with married men from Youngstown, and being deserted went back there to reside, have been tarred and feathered by the female inhabitants of the town.

—— A woman has been carrying on a curious confidence game in Milwaukee, Green Bay, etc., Wis. She dressed in male attire, married young ladies and ran away with their money.

—— A firm of recruiting brokers, named Marsh and Bates, of Troy, formerly of Albany, N. Y., have, after arrest by order of Gen. Dix, and being taken before the Provost Marshal of Rensselaer county, disgorged $850 belonging to five recruits enlisted by them at Troy.

—— They execute people very delicately in Utah—by shooting them privately. A recent case occurred at Great Salt Lake City, in which the culprit, a murderer, was so dispatched behind canvas screens, the executioner firing from a window in the court-house, so as not to be visible to guests or criminal.

—— A little boy in Chicago having been left lately to take care of the baby, failed to keep it quiet, and hit upon the happy expedient of sitting on a pillow with which he had first covered the child's head. The mother came in just in time to rescue the infant Desdemona from death.

—— A few days ago Mrs. Jane Bartlett, of Charleston, Missouri, shot herself through the heart with a pistol, incited thereto by "incompatibility of temper" between herself and her husband. She left three letters, in one of which she expressed her desire to be laid out in her wedding garments, and designated the kind of coffin she preferred. The foolish woman was only 25 years old.

—— A large boiler in Merrich & Sons' foundry in Philadelphia exploded on the 6th of April, killing 7 and wounding 30 of the workmen.

—— The Union powder mills at New Durham, N. H., were blown up on the 5th of April, killing 4 men.

—— The Freemason's Hall and the Winthrop House, corner of Boylston and Tremont streets, Boston, were burnt down on the night of the 5th of April. Loss $200,000.

Art, Literature and Science.—A letter from Rome states that a very interesting discovery has just been made in continuing the excavations in the narthex of the old Basilica of San Clemente—a painting, representing our Saviour seated and in the act of giving the benediction to two personages kneeling before him, presented by angels. The outstretched hand of the Saviour is placed according to the Greek form, viz., the thumb and the third digit united. The head is surrounded by a deep *nimbus*, on either side are full length figures of St. Clement and St. Andrew, with their names and a long inscription underneath. It is very possible that this fresco may be older than the other hitherto discovered in the narthex of the Basilica, possibly dating from the middle of the 11th century.

—— The telegraphic line, says the *Moniteur*, comprised between Bagdad and Hilla, on the Euphrates, was inaugurated on the 3d February, and the works necessary for the completion of the line, which is to extend as far as Bassora, are being carried on with great activity. When completed India will be united to Europe. Hopes are entertained that this important means of communication may be opened to the public about the month of May next.

—— Wagner, the famous composer of "Tannhauser," is about to visit London, in order to direct in person the performance of that opera.

—— David's "Lalla Rookh" has been revived in Paris with great *éclat*.

—— Children who do not like castor oil can have it prepared in the recent Paris fashion; the quantity of the oil prescribed is placed in a pipkin over a fire, and an egg broken into it and stirred up. When cooked a little salt or sugar or currant jelly should be added. The patient cannot possibly detect the medicine, and will most likely cry for some more of the mixture.

Chit-Chat.—Louis Napoleon accidentally nearly rode over a little boy not long since, and finding him unhurt asked if he wished to see the Emperor. "No," replied the child, "for my father says he is a scoundrel" (*gredin*). "Indeed," said the Emperor; "I am sorry to hear that, but I think your father cannot be much of a judge." "Oh, yes!" said the boy, "he is a Senator;" upon which one of the Emperor's train asked his name, but was peremptorily interrupted by his master, who declining to ask or hear it, rode on.

—— Five Massachusetts men, six feet high, were lately presented by Messrs. Alley and Gooch, who are not remarkable for their height, to the President, who, after inquiring whether they were all from that State, and being assured that they were, said, "why it seems to me that Massachusetts always sends her little men to Congress."

—— A New-Zealand physician was lecturing lately on the ignorance of people about their own complaints, and said that a lady once asked him what his next lecture was to be upon, and being told "the circulation of blood," replied that she should certainly attend for she had been troubled with that complaint for a long time."

—— A Detroit paper tells of an amiable man and wife in that city who have just become reconciled after living together five years without speaking a word to one another. The wife made the rash vow that she would not speak to her husband until he apologised for having reproved her quite harshly for giving an expensive party in his absence, and she kept her promise for the length of time named.

THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR—THE FLORAL TEMPLE—GEN. BURNSIDE MAKING PURCHASES.—SEE PAGE 65.

THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR.—THE ART GALLERY.

DEAD.

BY THEO. F. COOK.

Have you seen the long procession
Marching to the silent grave?
Moving slowly—moving slowly,
All the wicked, all the holy
Joining in the grim procession
Marching to the gloomy grave?

Did you see the pale, sad angel—
(Death the name of that dread angel)
Write her name in the Evangel—
Doom her to the silent grave?
He would take no fierce denial
As he bore her to the grave;
Scarce my heart could bear the trial
When I saw her join the concourse,
Join the concourse of the dead.
All the pale stars overhead
Looked at me with pitying faces
From their far-off hiding-places
In the bosom of the night.

But my heart gave back no answer
To the pale stars overhead,
For she took it in her keeping,
Bore it to the haunted grave.
So I groped about in darkness
For my heart was in the grave.
Other men for grief were weeping,
But I wept not through the night
(With my soul 'twas constant night,
And the memories of her presence
Were the stars above my head).

Oh! I pray you, holy angel,
Write my name in the Evangel!
Let me join the long procession
Marching to the peaceful grave.
Let me seek my heart and lover;
Into Morning Land pass over,
With the solemn, sad procession,
Through the portals of the grave.

MARITANA.

By Lizzie Campbell.

I HAD come up to town from a remote corner in the country, to spend the Christmas holidays with a rich city uncle. It was my first visit, and everything was new and brilliant to my ignorant young eyes. The bright lights of the streets at night, the gay shop windows, the gorgeous preparations in pastry and confectionery stores for the approaching festival, the occasional bands of music and the marching through the streets of various orders—even the Italian organ-grinders—all seemed to me delightful and brilliant auxiliaries to the fairyland I had dropped into.

"Surely," I thought occasionally, "they only have Christmas here once in a great many years." It seemed impossible to my inexperienced mind that such a magnificent display could be got up once every twelve months. On Christmas Eve, after dinner, my uncle, who was kind and good-natured, and seemed to enjoy my wonder and delight at everything, said:

"Georgie, how would you like to go to the circus to-night?"

My heart jumped at the thought. The circus! Ever since I was seven years old it had been the dream of my life to go to a circus. I expressed my joy at the prospect now before me in no measured terms. But suddenly a cold chill ran over me.

"Uncle," I said, with a horrible misgiving "haven't you made a mistake? There's no circus in the winter time."

"Oh, yes, my boy, there is; don't you be alarmed on that point. They've just opened a grand new building a few streets up-town. This is the first night, so get on your overcoat, for you'll want a good seat if this is your first circus."

It is little exaggeration to say that I "flew" upstairs. In less than a minute I was down again and equipped for the street.

We were in good time and secured excellent

The Announcement of the Marriage.

places. I sat down almost breathless with excitement, and at first scarcely dared to look around me. When at last I summoned up courage to take notes of my surroundings, I found the place to be what seemed a perfectly round room; the ceiling was concave, and from the middle of it hung a great chandelier glittering with light. It made my eyes ache to look at it. Gaslights in a circle all round the front tier of seats completed the lighting of the room. The floor of the ring was covered with fresh sawdust, and everything had a new, fresh smell, and a clean, new look. Presently the performance began. I was spellbound.

At first I suffered agony at beholding two tall, agile fellows spinning round on the backs of horses, and performing extraordinary feats in the way of standing on their heads, balancing themselves, feet upwards, on one hand, jumping over each other's heads, and half a hundred other feats of the kind, which I can't begin to enumerate. But after a while I gained more confidence in them, as they neither broke their necks nor drove the horses frantic, and I fully enjoyed the novel sight. How I laughed at the clown's jokes—what an embodiment of fun he seemed to me; how exhilarating the music sounded, and how my hands ached with the plaudits I so plentifully bestowed. After the clown's jokes were duly laughed at, and the two brown horses with their riders led off, the arena was cleared. I thought the performance had concluded, and rose to go.

The Equestrienne fainting after the Accident in the Ring.

"Are you tired, Georgie?" asked my uncle.

"Oh, no sir!" I said, and I wondered how he could ask me, and why he looked so calm and uninterested.

"Oh! Then sit down again. There's something else to come."

I sat down, glad enough to know my night's enjoyment was not yet over. In a few minutes a large coal-black horse was led on. He was beautifully caparisoned. A cushioned saddle, covered with white velvet, and embroidered in brilliant colors, and a bridle of white ribbon set off his glossy blackness; and my heart beat with a new thrill as a murmur of expectation hummed through the assembly.

A loud clapping of hands, and then a tiny figure, bright, sparkling and glittering like a star, was seen to spring on the horse's back at a single bound; and there, poised on one foot, the silken bridle held between her teeth, and her two arms extended to fly with the flying horse round and round the ring a dozen of times before she paused, amid the cheers and applause of several hundred people. I was thankful to see her for one minute in repose. All had passed so quickly that I was in a whirl of delight, astonishment and enthusiastic admiration.

I would have asked my uncle whether this lovely vision was a fairy, but then I might be mistaken, and boys don't like to be laughed at. How beautiful she was—the exquisite little creature. A skirt of white gauze, spangled with gold and embroidered with crimson, reached half way below her knee; and crimson sandals on her dainty feet were strapped with narrow ribbon over the instep and tied around the delicate ankle. A crimson bodice, embroidered in gold and white, enclosed her childish waist, leaving to view the whitest neck and shoulders, and the snowiest arms it is possible to imagine. Her face was so lovely that any man might have wished for a daughter or a little sister like her, and childlike and innocent as it was beautiful. No rouge concealed the beautiful glow on her round cheeks, and her parted lips were like ripe cherries. Her dark eyes looked out from under drooping lids and lashes with shy confidence; and a rich wealth of pale brown hair in loose ringlets waved down from her pearly brow, reaching below her waist.

"Oh, uncle!" I exclaimed in extesy, "is she not beautiful?"

"Poor little girl!" said my uncle, in a low, sad tone, looking at the child with moist eyes, "unfortunately for herself, Georgie, she is very beautiful."

I would have asked for some explanation of a remark which sounded to me inexplicable, but again the black horse went flying round the ring, and all my attention was given to the lovely rider. I shall never forget the sensation of terror that swept over me when I saw her jump the skipping-hoop with a rapidity that precluded the possibility of counting, and then go flying through a half dozen paper-covered hoops in succession. Every moment I expected to see her go over the horse's head and lie trampled beneath his hoofs. When the trying performance was over I could not applaud; my heart almost stopped beating; my hands were cold and numbed, and beads of perspiration stood on my brow. I was conscious of an overwhelming feeling of gratitude to Heaven that the beautiful child was unhurt, and was seated there easy and graceful on her embroidered saddle. In a few moments she sprang down, sent a quick bow and smile, as it seemed to me, to every part of the house at once, and disappeared. Her horse was led off after her.

The rest of the performance had no attraction for me. I summoned up courage to ask my uncle if she would appear again that night, and on being assured she would not I announced myself ready to go home.

I could not forget her. I described the sight of her—her grace, beauty and cleverness to my little cousins at my uncle's, and went to bed to dream of her. In my visions of the night I saw her fifty times, always lovely, entrancing, bewitching; and the Christmas festivities lost half their charm for me, dimmed by the constant thought of her.

On the night after Christmas I begged my uncle to take me to the circus again, and he humored me. I bore the first series of the performance with the patience of a martyr. It had no pleasure for me now. How stale the clown's jokes had become, though I had heard them only once before.

At last she came! I was less frightened for her safety than I had been on the first night, and I admired and enjoyed her performance more. Again I left the house when she retired from the arena, and my heart beat with a wild and feverish desire to know her, to speak with her, to call her by her name. Her sweet name—she must have a sweet name—what a privilege to have known it. I could then have shrined it for ever in the heart whereon her image was impressed. My sweet, lovely, heart's first dream, my boyish love, my darling Maritana!

Maritana was her name, I learned it afterwards. I became better acquainted with the city day by day; and at last I ventured to go alone to places of amusement in the evening.

Every other night I was to be found at the circus during the second part of the performance; and every time I left it, my heart thrilled with a wilder desire to know and speak with Maritana.

From fearing that she might come to harm in jumping the skipping-hoop, or flying through the hoop covered with paper, I almost prayed that some slight accident might happen which would give me an opportunity to do something that would make me known to her.

The last week of my holiday was drawing to a close, and with a sad heart I reflected that I had not yet gained the acquaintance for which I so longed. I resolved to visit the circus for the last time on Thursday night—on Saturday I was to leave the city.

I went early, in order to get a seat on the first row, though the half hour before her appearance had become an intolerable bore to me. But I must see her on the closest observation for the last time.

At last she appeared.

Greedily I feasted my eyes on her beauty, the graceful turn of her little head, the arch smile and bow when she turned to the house; and wretched and desolate I felt when I remembered that I might, perhaps, never see her again.

Suddenly, as she was flying through one of the hoops, a stupid fellow threw a bouquet towards her. It struck the horse between the eyes—he was a well-trained animal, but had not lost all his native fire, and the throwing of bouquets not being among the items of his training he plunged forward, with a wild neigh, and was with difficulty caught and pacified. But I only saw the girl. She had fallen, of course, and being struck by the horse's hoof as he leaped forwards, lay white and motionless on the floor. A sudden panic seemed for a moment to possess every one. I was in the front row, but a few feet above the arena—to spring from my seat, raise the insensible child, and hold that lovely form in my strong arms, close to my beating heart, was my first thought, and quick as thought it was done.

"Where shall I carry her?" I asked breathless.

Somebody—I think it was the clown motioned to me—he led the way, and I followed him, and presently I found myself in the little girl's dressing-room—a place about three feet square in size, cold, comfortless, repulsive. By singular good luck there chanced to be a broken pitcher containing some water, and with that I bathed her forehead and head, and laved her dear little pallid hands.

She was not severely hurt, and soon revived enough to open her eyes and speak, faintly.

"Oh, sir," she said, "you were very good to throw the flowers. I love flowers, but I'm sorry they started Dobbie. He has some spirit, Dobbie has, but he'll be sorry when he knows how he hurt me."

She spoke quite distinctly, in a very sweet tone, and with an enchanting foreign accent. I made haste to say I had not thrown the flowers, and had never seen them till I saw them strike her horse.

The clown perceiving she was not dangerously hurt, now returned to his post, and we were left alone.

"So you didn't throw the flowers, eh? And how came you down there?" she asked.

"I jumped down the moment you fell, and if you will forgive me for saying it, I am very glad the accident occurred, since you are not greatly hurt."

How I ever said it I can't tell, but all I said to her came as naturally as speaking.

"Why?" she asked, opening her lovely eyes till they looked like two great stars.

"Because it has given me the pleasure of speaking to you. Something I have wished for since the first time I saw you."

She tossed her little head coquettishly. Evidently it was not the first compliment she had received, young as she was; but I made no such reflection then, for she put up her hand to her head the next moment, and a groan escaped her.

"Oh, forgive my forgetfulness," I said, "keeping you speaking here, when you are in such pain. You must go home."

"I should," she said, "but I feel too ill to go alone, and I must wait till some one can take me home.

"If you will allow me—I will be so glad—"

"To go home with me? You're too kind, sir I thank you. If you will step out one moment I will be ready."

I left the little place, and stood outside waiting for her. In a short time she appeared, having, apparently, thrown a dark skirt over her circus costume, and enveloped herself in a voluminous waterproof cloak, the hood of which was drawn up over her head.

She looked older than when I had first seen her on horseback, but her pale, pained little face, as it looked out from the hood, was the loveliest I have ever seen, and her smile was like sunshine on a bed of lilies and roses.

From her appearance now, I judged she must be about fourteen years old.

"Do you know anything about the bouquet?" she asked as she came out, and waited by my side a moment.

"It was no doubt trampled under the horse's feet," I said, and I was glad to say it, though she sighed and returned:

"I'm sorry; I so love flowers, and it isn't so often I get any."

I mentally resolved to spend all my next day's pocket money in floral purchases.

"Well," said the little maiden, "we better had go," and slipping her hand through my arm, she led me through many devious passage-ways, till at last we were out in the street.

"What is your name?" she asked, as we went along through the darkness. "You must tell me that I may know what to call you in my thoughts when I think of your kindness."

"George Alcroft."

"That's a handsome name—as pretty as my own. Don't you think Maritana Desirée a pretty name?"

"Almost as pretty as she to whom it belongs."

"I like that—you speak like a French boy I once knew," (I was torn with jealousy), "but he's dead now," she went on, with a slight sigh, "and I often miss my dear little companion. I liked him so much—may I like you?"

"If you only will," I said with a fluttering heart.

We were at the corner of the street now, and I had discovered on inspection that I had sufficient of my last allowance of pocket-money to hire a carriage, and I hailed one that chanced to be passing.

Maritana exclaimed against it, but I felt like a lord, and lifted her in without deigning a word of reply to her remonstrance. Then seating myself beside her, she gave the direction of her home to the driver, and off we rattled.

"Why, how nice this is!" she exclaimed, though she put her hand to her head once or twice. "No one ever took me home in a carriage before. Are you rich?"

"Never mind," I answered, mysteriously.

She evidently thought I was, and I had not the courage to deprive myself of the importance, I supposed, my fancied wealth gave me in her eyes.

It seemed to me but a few brief minutes—the hurried drive, but we were at her home, and I could not prolong it.

I helped her out, and led her up to the door.

"It is too late to ask you in," she said, "my mother has gone to bed or she would thank you. So good-bye."

She held out her little hand—I seized it, and emboldened by my despair when I thought I might never see her again, I pressed my lips to it, and then, frightened at myself, dropped it. She smiled, and I thought the lamplight from the sidewalk showed me a faint color flush over her face; the next moment the closed door was between us, and I experienced a feeling of loneliness I had never known before. There was no need to look at the house—the name and number of the street, which I had heard her sweet voice give to the carriage-driver, were graven on my memory for ever!

The next day I purchased the handsomest bouquet I could find in the city; it was really a beautiful collection of flowers. How well I remember the snow-white tuberoses composing the centre, the sweet violets, the blushing mossroses, the rich carnations that made up the rest of it, and then the silver paper with a white silken fringe that hemmed it all in. To this day the sight of such flowers sends a tremor through me. I leave it to youthful hearts—I was sixteen then—to imagine the joy with which I wended my way that afternoon to the abode of Maritana, the bouquet wrapped in a cover of silver tissue, held jealously in my hand.

Maritana was at home, but confined to her room, with a slight fever and a bad pain in the head. I saw her mother, who told me this, and with a sad heart I confided to her care the bouquet, to which was attached my name, for I had provided against the possibility of not seeing her.

Madame Desirée, who had but a limited stock of English, could only find words to thank me, and to say she would carry the pretty flowers to *ma fille* at once—immediate.

She did so, leaving me uncertain whether I should go or wait for her return. While I thought of it I heard a dear, sweet voice exclaim in tones of rapturous delight—

"Oh, mamma! How beautiful! how lovely! how sweet! the dear flowers—the pretty flowers—how I love them!"

I was repaid even for my disappointment.

A moment later I heard her reading my name off the card, and then she raised her voice to call from the other room:

"Oh, thank you—thank you, sir—I shall keep them and love them for ever."

Madame Desirée returned, and she tried to give me Maritana's thanks, but I said "Good-morning," and hurried away. I couldn't stay to hear her stammering efforts to make me comprehend her, after hearing the expression of Maritana's delight.

The next day I left the city.

I was too young to comprehend the change that had taken place within me; but I realised in some confused manner that I was leaving a place I had entered as a boy with the feelings of a man.

How tame, dreary, heart-sickening I found my quiet country home I need not stop to explain. I soon assured myself that I was not intended for the life of a farmer, and my father declared I moped, while my good mother worried about my failing health. But at length they were both persuaded that I pined for a life of more stirring activity, and at my own earnest desire I was entered as a junior clerk in my uncle's counting-house.

The same train of cars that a few weeks before had taken my breath away on my first visit to my uncle's seemed to lag on this my second journey there. But my heart bounded like a ball that had been kept under pressure and suddenly removed, when I recognised the dark brick walls and the interminable streets that told me I was again in the great city.

I did not dare go to a place of amusement on the night of my arrival; neither did I go for two or three nights after, for I was anxious not to give my uncle the impression that my head had been turned by the gaieties of a city life. But at last I found myself in the circus. I tried to still the beating of my heart while I waited for her to come, and at last the black horse was led out. Oh, moment of intoxicating anticipation—two men moved aside, and out stepped a tall woman in a dark riding-habit, and sprang into the saddle before any one could offer her assistance.

A feeling of sickness oppressed me. My head grew dizzy, and I closed my eyes.

"Perhaps," I thought, "the programme has been changed, and Maritana comes later in the evening," and hope revived within me. But after the tall woman in a riding-habit came an infant prodigy, in the shape of a very small boy, who did a great many things I know nothing about, for I closed my eyes, and my heart panted for the sweet young girl whose image was graven upon it. All through the dreary hour that followed I waited and watched for her, but the people rose, and the lights were slowly turned off, and I had not seen her.

It was a bitter disappointment; and I wearied myself on my way home with conjectures as to the cause of her absence from the circus troupe.

Fool that I was not to think of it sooner. She was, doubtless, ill, and it was too late to go then and inquire for her. But on the morrow, before my hour for entering the counting-room, I sought the dwelling of Maritana, trembling between the hope of seeing her and the fear of finding her ill, or —— I dared not think the worst, though determined to learn it.

Alas! it could scarcely have been worse than what I discovered. Madame Desirée had given up her apartments—Maritana had been taken ill with some terrible disorder, just when she seemed to be entirely recovered from the fall from her horse, and the doctor had said she would die. Madame Desirée, at the risk of her child's life, had removed her; the woman from whom they had rented the rooms could tell me no more; where they had gone she could not even guess at; madame had acted like a crazy woman—refusing to let anybody see her daughter or to tell what her illness was, or, in short, anything concerning her; and as for the poor child!—she was doubtless dead by that time.

I could listen to no more. I don't know how I found my way to the counting-house; and I hope no one will laugh at me when I say that my uncle found me at my desk, weeping bitterly, when he came in.

"Why, George, my dear boy! what has happened?"

"Oh, uncle, you remember that lovely little girl we saw at the circus?—she is dead!" and I could not keep back the sobs that choked my utterance.

"Dead! Well, poor child, I don't know that any one should grieve to hear it. She was young and innocent—she has probably escaped a much worse fate."

This was philosophy, perhaps; but I only felt that Maritana was dead, and my heart ached with a bitter, heavy pain.

A provident nature has decreed that youth recovers sooner than age from sorrows—it feels much more keenly. The first few months, after the sad tidings I had heard of Maritana, were dreary and sad to me; but after awhile that little episode, growing out of my first visit to a circus, was remembered as a sad but beautiful picture that I could not forget, but must not brood over; and once or twice a bright thought illumined it like sunlight.

"After all—who knows—Maritana might not be dead; and some time in the far future I might see her again, and tell her how I had mourned for her loss, for she had said she would like me, and I had loved her dearly."

Six years had passed away. I had become quite a business man; and my uncle, having no sons, and being fond of me, had taken me as partner into his business.

People spoke of me as an exemplary and rising young man, and sometimes wondered that I should be so quiet and studious—never caring for balls, or billiards, or suppers, or the dozen other specialties supposed to be attractive to all young men.

Strange to say my earlier taste for the amusements of a city life had died a sudden death; and I rarely spent an evening even at the best of the theatres. How much my boyish disappointment had to do in beginning this disinclination for the ordinary evening entertainments of a city, I will not venture to guess; but it is certain that habit had at length made it a part of me.

One evening my eldest cousin, a very pretty girl, "just out," declared her intention of going to the theatre, and I must go—no one could please mamma so well, and no one else suited cousin Carrie as a cavalier.

I entered a feeble protest.

"Nonsense, George," returned Carrie, with an overwhelming look. "I am determined to see this play, and besides, there's a new dancer—Mademoiselle Maritana—everybody's raving about her. I don't believe you ever saw a genuine French dancer. So it will be a treat for you."

Mademoiselle Maritana! Should I blush to confess it? At first I could not account for the familiar sound of that name, and it was some moments before I could connect it, with a faint glow at my heart, with the little girl I had seen in the circus more than six years before. It was as a romantic tribute to the dancer's name, for a feeble spark of the old sentiment glimmered forth through the cloud of years, that I consented to act as my aunt's and cousin's escort.

It was so long since I had been in a theatre. There was something almost exhilarating in the bright lights, the music, and the well-dressed and handsome women. I occupied myself much more in studying the various faces than in watching the acting or the development of the plot, and I was rather glad when the curtain fell, and the orchestra played some fine selections from a favorite opera. Presently up rolled the curtain again, and

"Here comes the *danseuse!*" said my cousin, with a little rustling of silk, and bending forward to see better.

Yes: there was the dancer. I could scarcely believe my eyes—it was Maritana, indeed—my Maritana! the lovely girl of the circus, with every grace and beauty increased—the beautiful child, in all the glory of regal, gorgeous womanhood.

The old tide of feeling swept over me, drowning the lapse of years in a moment: and again I bent forward, as on that first night, and watched her. Spell-bound, entranced—her wavy grace, her transcendent beauty, the soft light of her veiled eyes, the rich color of her rounded cheeks—where could it be equalled? There was not another such lovely woman in the world! These and a hundred other delicious thoughts passed through my mind in a minute; and I scarcely breathed till the curtain fell, and she was lost to me.

I rose, and with a hasty apology to my companions, left the box. In another minute I was asking permission to go behind the scenes. It was with some difficulty that I got it; but at last, when I assured the doorkeeper I was an old friend of mademoiselle's, and knew her mother, I was admitted. This showed that she rarely permitted visitors behind the scenes. I was very glad of it. I was obliged to wait in the greenroom for some minutes—mademoiselle was in her dressing-room.

She came at last, and I thought her more beautiful than ever. She wore a close-fitting suit of black velvet, and a hat with a drooping brim, which shaded the exquisite beauty of her face, but left to full view the rich abundance of her waving hair.

"I fear you don't remember me, Miss Desirée?"

"Monsieur is right;" and she spoke with the

same foreign accent, rather etronger than when I saw her last.

"Perhaps you have forgotten my name, too," I said, with a feeling of mortification at not being ecognised.

"If monsieur will speak it I can tell better," with a bswitching smile.

"George Alcroft"

"Is't possible? I am so glad," and she caught my band in both of hers, and a bright color that made my face elso glow at sight of it flitted over her cheek and brow.

"Ah, now that I look at you closely," she went on, "I do see my little friend. But you are changed—you are—well, never mind!" and she laughed gaily; "men are so neturally vein it don't do to pay them compliments."

How charming she was—so beautiful, so arch and winning, so perfectly ladylike, too. I felt too much to say much, but I thought was it possible, after all, I had loved Maritana for six years, though to myself I bad almost ceased to remember her? It was e question I could not answer.

She spoke again before I bad well recovered from the bewilderment of meeting her.

"Well, I must say good-night, Mr. Alcroft; my mother is waiting."

"And may I not call on you?"

"Certainly," and she pencilled her address on a card, "we will always be glad to see you; and I have yet to thank you for those lovely flowers. *Au revoir!*"

She waved her hand and was gone.

I was savage with myself for my stupidity. She had gone to her carriage, and I had not even accompanied her to it. All my customary ease seemed to have forsaken me.

The stupid afterpiece was half over when I returned to my aunt's box, where I got a scolding from my cousin for my absence.

My attendance at the theatre was so regular now that it soon became as great a marvel as my avoidance had hitherto been.

I did not call on Mademoiselle Maritana, as I had at first thought of doing the very next day after I had renewed my acquaintance with her. I had a prescience of what would happen if I did. But I went nightly to see her dance, and yet I dared not ask myself why I went, or why I refrained from calling upon her.

One evening I was passing through the hall and I heard my name spoken by my uncle and aunt; their voices came from the parlor opposite where I stood, brushing my hat, and I listened without thinking of what I was doing.

"Nonsense, Mary, it will do him good. I am not over fond of these model young men who never do anything that any one else does."

"But, my dear, he goes to the theatre every night," returned my aunt.

"So much the better; he has discovered in himself a natural taste for acting, as all young men should; and I'm glad to see him cultivating it."

"Oh, nonsense, Alcroft! He only goes to one theatre; and if he was not such a very exemplary young man, I should think that French dancer had something to do with it."

"Stuff! What creatures you women are. There must be a love scrape at the bottom of everything. You may take my word for it, George is an exemplary young man, and he has too much good sense to be really in love with a dancer."

I crushed my hat on to my head and hurried out. That scrap of conversation had given me a deeper insight to my own feelings than I had dared to take for myself.

I did love Maritana, and I trembled to think how madly. I easily foresaw the opposition I would meet from my uncle, but it mattered not; I was my own master, and as such I determined to act. I continued on my way, and reached the theatre just as the curtain rolled up for Maritana's appearance.

The frenzy of jealousy possessed me when I heard on every side the admiration that was lavished upon her—admiration justly due, which could not have been too flattering, but still I burned with rage and jealousy. I determined to stop this exhibition of herself at once. She was beautiful beyond description, graceful beyond compare, but no one must have the right to say so, no one save me alone.

Miss Frances Osgood is the author of a poem called "Fanny Ellsler." If you would have my idea of the living embodiment of loveliness and grace presented by Maritana, read that little poem and apply every line of it to her.

I went behind the scenes when she had retired, and waited for her in the greenroom. She received me, I thought, with a shade of coldness; I could not quite decide whether it was pique or indifference.

Might I have the pleasure of conducting her to her carriage? Yes; mamma was ill and unable to accompany her this evening.

She smiled when she gave the permission, and I asked leave to call the next day when I took her hand at parting.

Why need I have leave when I did not avail myself of it, and again the shade of coldness in her manner. It was pique then. A thrill of pleasure quickened the pulse of my heart. I apologised, got leave to call and parted from her.

Early the next day I called at the hotel where she was staying. What a contrast from the abode where I had first found her. She was not alone, and again I fired with jealousy when she introduced Signor Bratelli. The signor was the first tenor of the opera troupe, and a very handsome and fascinating person. I had often looked at him and listened to him with delight, for I went to the opera frequently; but the sight of him, under present circumstances, froze me. Maritana I thought, jealously, was more lovely than ever in her white cashmere morning-robs, trimmed with swansdown, and her fair hair gathered up with a coral comb. The attentions of the signor did not displease her, she even seemed to encourage him. I took my leave after a hurried call, resolving, as I walked, with angry haste, towards my office, never to see her again. But yet I could not forget the faint glow upon her cheek, the tender light in her eyes, and the lingering pressure of her fingers when she bade me good-bye, and said:

"You are in great baste, monsieur. Pray come again when you can spare me a little more of your time."

That night found me a looker-on while she danced, and on the next day I called again. This time she was alone; and I was in Elysium while I listened to her pretty talk, her goodhumored sallies, though she could be sharp on occasion, and her low, delicious laughter.

I said little, quite pleased to listen.

While I sat, leaning my arm on a little table beside me, I chanced to move suddenly, and overthrew a little casket beside me.

Maritana started up with a suppressed cry.

"I always keep that casket locked," she muttered, a flush overspreading her face. "How could it be open now?"

And she skilfully threw herself between her treasure and me, and hurried the contents back again into their place. But I had seen a lot of withered flowers, I had caught the gleam of silver paper, and the faded yellow of what had once been silk fringe.

I caught her two hands and drew her away. A moment looked into her blushing face, and tried to see the light in her downcast eyes.

"Maritana!" I said, in a tone that love and joy made to sound as a hoarse whisper.

"Well, sir?" she said, throwing back her head, and flashing her eyes in my face.

"Can it be possible that you have kept those old flowers all this time?"

"Why not?" she retorted, sharply, and then, with a demure smile: "Monsieur knows I love flowers."

"Ah, Maritana! And may not monsieur know that you love him too?"

A rigid look came over her face; she grew very pale, but answered nothing.

With all the eloquence of passionate love I poured out my heart before her, crushing the little hands within mine while I spoke, but no answering love came into her white face, she only grew more cold and rigid at every word I said.

"Speak to me! Speak to me, my love! Maritana, my darling! Say that I have not mistaken you! You will not break my heart, sweetest? One word—I will wait—any conditions you please—only promise that you will be my wife."

A rich warm color, like the heart of a rose, reddened all her face, then faded out, leaving her quite pale again, as she said, with a smothered gasp:

"You—you don't mean that you want to marry me, George?"

"Certainly."

"But men like you, George Alcroft, don't marry women like me—dancers!" she said, with a mingled accent of contempt and sadness.

"I beg your pardon, mademoiselle; men like me always marry the woman they love."

She wrenched her hands from my grasp, and, covering her face with them, burst into a passion of tears. Then, catching both my hands in hers, she covered them with a shower of warm kisses and tears before I knew what she was doing.

"Do I love you?" she said. "Do I love you? Look into my face—see these tears—see—oh, you are not blind, George, and you do see how I love you!"

I drew her close within my arms and held her against my happy heart—my Maritana—my own for ever—my betrothed wife.

When at length we could discuss things somewhat mundane it was decided that Maritana should fulfil her engagement, which lasted three weeks longer, as she declared she could not break her word, even to be married; and with that I was obliged to be content, though I was at first inclined to be severe.

I always went with her to the theatre now. I never went in front, for it maddened me to hear the comments passed upon her by vulgar loungers. I waited in the greenroom for her reappearance, and then accompanied her home. Two of three weeks were gone; and with what joy I thought that only six nights more must pass before I could for ever withdraw my darling from the vulgar gaze of the theatre-going public. I called for her one night, as usual, earlier than was necessary, to take her to the theatre, as I always did, for it was my only interview with her during the twelve hours she called day. Her maid told me that mademoiselle was too ill to see any one, and would not be able to dance that night.

I was shocked at the intelligence; but certain the girl had not named me, I sent her back again with my card. She returned with the message that mademoiselle was very ill, and could on no account see Mr. Alcroft.

Twenty different emotions possessed me as I left the hotel, in which amazement, grief and jealousy predominated; amazement at her sudden illness, grief for it, and jealousy that I was not admitted. What reason could there be that her husband who was to be, the man who in a single week was to claim her as his wife, should not see her, however ill she might be?

As I asked myself these questions, walking along blindly, I stumbled against Signor Bratelli.

I watched him; he entered the hotel. I was stung to the very core of my heart, though I scarcely knew why; but I resolved to await the appearance of the tenor. I paced to and fro in front of the hotel; an hour passed away, and he did not come out again, and I turned from the place with sick heart and a bitter smile. It was all too plain; the illness was a pretext; she had denied me for the sake of Signor Bratelli, and doubtless thought I would not go to the theatre. But I took my seat there with rage and jealousy tearing at my heart, resolved to sit through the whole performance for the sake of seeing her there, and then confronting her with her own lie. But the curtain fell, and before it went up again the manager appeared with an apology for the absence of Mademoiselle Maritana, who had unexpectedly taken ill a few hours before. A sudden revulsion of feeling took my breath away; I gasped with joy. She was ill, then; and was I mad, not to have thought of that before? Signor Bratelli had rooms in the same hotel in which Maritana lived! I seemed to walk on air as I returned to my uncle's. Surely never before had the certainty of a beloved one's illness brought such comfort to the heart of a lover.

I was taking a hasty glance at the morning paper next day, as I made a hurried breakfast before going to inquire after Maritana. She would be better, I thought—I was sure she would be better, for I was in buoyant spirits; and as I thought of my own approaching marriage I involuntarily glanced over the list of the happy couples. Suddenly the room seemed to spin around, the floor to open beneath my feet; I had a sensation as of falling, falling down through immeasurable space, but still I clung to that fatal paper, and with staring eyes read again and again that horrible paragraph:

"Married, at twelve o'clock last night, Mademoiselle Maritana Desirée, the well-known and deservedly-admired *danseuse*, to Signor Antonio Bratelli, first tenor of ——'s opera troupe. Madame Bratelli, who was so suddenly taken ill yesterday afternoon, is fortunately recovered, and we understand that the happy couple, instead of betaking themselves to solitude and a wedding tour, resume their ordinary avocations. The name of Mademoiselle Maritana is on the bills for to-night, and Signor Bratelli pursues the even tenor of his way."

A mist came between me and the paper, and a thick darkness fell down upon me. When I recovered it was like returning to life from the gates of death, and I wished, with a wild yearning, that I had passed through those gates, to return to this earth no more.

But I thought again, was it not some horrible delusion—some fearful trance which had overtaken me, and not a real misery? But there it was still; again and again I read it, and it was always the same. Was it not some cruel jest of my merchant friends, some one who had heard and disapproved of my intended marriage? My uncle, perhaps! A ray of hope lighted up the darkness of my heart. It was a jest—a cruel, cruel jest, but yet a jest. Maritana was still my own.

Leaving my untasted breakfast, I set off to walk to the hotel immediately, and almost flew on my way thither.

The maid, whom I knew very well, admitted me to Maritana's parlor. She was pale, and her eyes were red, I thought, as I looked at her, but I didn't stop to think why.

"Where is your mistress?" I asked.

"Madame has gone out," she faltered.

"Madame? I didn't ask for Mrs. Desirée; I want mademoiselle. Where is Maritana, my wife—my wife? You know who I mean, girl."

"Alas! monsieur, madame is not at home; and if she was I don't think she would see you."

"Is it true, then, that which I thought a foul, a horrible lie?" I asked between my teeth, grasping her arm.

"It is true," sobbed the girl, bursting into tears, "and my mistress's heart is broken."

I staggered out of the room without a word. Before I reached the bottom of the stairs the girl was beside me again:

"There is something madame wished me to give monsieur."

It was a little rose-covered book, marked "Diary," which I had often sportively threatened to steal. I had not sufficient life left to refuse it now, jealousy, rage, disappointment, all had given place to overwhelming grief. I took the book, and with a shiver and a groan I could not suppress I thrust it into my breast-pocket. Mechanically I went to my office and busied myself with my ordinary duties. I saw that my uncle looked at me compassionately, but I made no sign that could induce him to put his sympathy into words. All that day I moved and acted like an automaton, and when the evening came I took my way towards the theatre as of old.

She was there; wan and ghostlike, her face deadly pale, her hollow eyes ringed about with dark circles, her features pinched and drawn, her very hair pale and lustreless, and her form, even, shrunk and bereft of its willowy grace, its lithe suppleness, since I had seen her last.

It was a pale spectre of Maritana. Whatever had separated us, she was as wretched as myself, and that thought was something like comfort to my sore heart as I took my dreary way homewards.

Alone in my own room, as I threw off my overcoat the little rose-colored book tumbled out of my pocket. I took it up with sad curiosity. Perhaps it contained some solution of the cause of my sudden misery.

I turned over the first pages, on which were written the joyous outpourings of an innocent heart, all breathing of love for me, from that first night when I had renewed my acquaintance with her up to the last night on which I parted from her so happy and confident in her love. Tears wet the leaves as I read and turned them over. Then I came to the last day of which there was a record. The date was written in her own frank, free handwriting, and then came writing on paper blistered with tears—writing that, though cramped, and evidently written with stiffened, pulseless fingers, I still recognised as hers. And here is the secret of the diary:

"George's uncle called to see me to-day. I was much pleased, though a little frightened. I had felt hurt and sorry, but not offended—what right had I to be offended?—that none of his relatives had showed any disposition to become acquainted with me. But I was scarcely prepared for the revelation made to me in Mr. Alcroft's first words, that George had not spoken to them at all about his intended marriage with myself.

"After saluting me and taking the seat I offered, Mr. Alcroft broke the awkward silence by saying:

"'Is it true, young lady, as I have heard it rumored, that my nephew, Mr. George Alcroft, proposes to marry you?'

"I suppose George's uncle did not intend to convey so much insult in the tone of his inquiry as I felt in it, but I am sensitive, and I take fire readily. I answered, with a haughty manner:

"'I believe that monsieur's nephew intends me that honor.'

"'Then I am very glad that I have called on you, Miss Desirée; for the sooner you know that George can never marry you the better it will be for all parties concerned.'

"'Sir!' I gasped, almost fainting, and holding on to the arms of my chair.

"'I do not mean to hurt your feelings, poor girl; I will not say that you have inveigled my nephew into proposing marriage with you for the sake of a fine establishment, and the wealth he will by-and-bye be the possessor of, for this I do not believe of you—you do not look like an intriguing and heartless woman of the world, such as I was prepared to find you. Innocence and candor are expressed upon your face, and I am sure that you truly love George.'

"'Oh, I thank you, sir;' I interrupted him with tears for that confidence in me. 'I do indeed love George, truly, dearly, with all my heart; and as to his position I scarcely know what it is, except that I know him to be a gentleman, and I never knew or thought of his being wealthy or ever likely to become so.'

"'I believe you, poor child! I believe you, and my heart aches at the thought of bringing such misery upon you. But if you truly love my nephew you would not be the first to bring disgrace upon him—for the world would call it disgrace—you would not stand between him and all his brightest prospects in life—you would not blast a brilliant and successful future which opens before him?'

"'Oh, Heaven forbid!'

"'You are a good girl, and you will nerve yourself to bear the truth when I tell you that George is a ruined man the day that makes you his wife.'

"Involuntarily I covered my ears from the sound of those dreadful words, and his voice, which seemed to be the voice of Fate pronouncing a terrible doom upon me. The room grew dark, and a rushing sound was in my head, as if all the blood in my body throbbed in my temples. Almost as sudden as it had come this feeling passed away, and I felt a strange, cold calm settle down on me; my hands dropped from my head and lay listless in my lap, and I listened to many quiet convincing words spoken to me as if in another world, and coming from far, far away.

"Something there was about his inability to change the customs of the world, the impossibility of going against all the laws of Society—the necessity for my present suffering for George's sake, and much more that I scarcely heard, and didn't understand, and then George's uncle rose and took my hand.

"'You will save George from all this humiliation, from this shame. if you love him you will rather suffer than bring suffering on him; for, believe me, a marriage with you would soon become bitter suffering to him. May I trust you?'

"'You may trust me,' I said, and almost started at the sound of my own voice, it was so changed and hollow.

"He raised my hand to his lips and kissed it.

"'I could wish that it might be otherwise,' he said, 'you are a good and lovely girl, and you have my respect.'

"The door closed after him.

"His respect! At what a price; oh, my poor broken heart! Elise came in soon after and had to carry me to bed.

"I was ill, George, when you came, and ill or well you were the last person I could see then—I must never, never see you any more.

"At first I thought I might have the poor pleasure of living true to your memory and your dear love for the rest of my weary life. But I knew my own weakness too well. If I ever saw you again, and I knew you would find the means to see me, I felt assured I would forfeit my word to your uncle, and bring upon you all the ruin and disgrace that I, alas! had not foreseen when I promised to marry you.

"Signor Bratelli had long professed love towards me, and had asked me to marry him. I had refused him, but I waived all that, and took means to let him know that I had changed my mind. It was a sudden freak, I said, and I chose to be married this very night, for I knew, George, that you would seek me on the morrow. Oh, George, George, my lover, my own, have I done well or ill? Have I broke your heart as well as my own for the sake of a cruel world that cares nothing about either of us? Did you indeed love me truly and for ever as I love you? would you have met any fate along with me? for my sake would you have laughed at Society's frown? Alas! alas! I know not what I have done! But men are not like women—your uncle said it, George; he said that when your first passion for me had worn off you would curse me in your heart for the scorn and cold looks I had brought upon you.

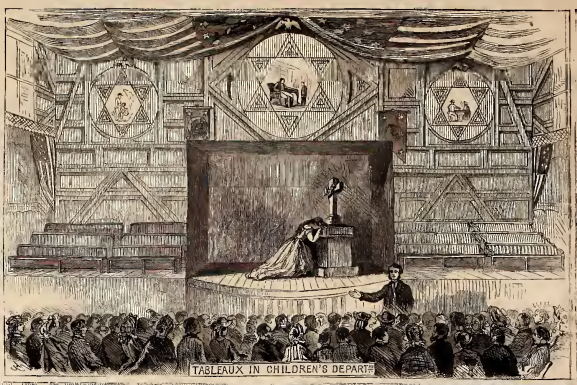
"I cannot answer the questions that rise up to me out of the act I have committed. I am but a poor little girl, ignorant of the world, who loved you dearly, George, and sought to do what, in the end, might be best for you. If I have erred forgive me, and if you should live to stand on the earth while I lie under it, cold and still, think of me, sometimes, dearest, and try to think kindly of your poor Maritana."

It is twenty years since I closed the little rose-colored diary on that sad night on which I first opened it, and laid it upon my heart. I cursed Society then, and my uncle, its mouthpiece, and all its whims and laws and customs that had made my life desolate; and at first I was bitter towards Maritana that she did not wait, and let me answer my uncle, and take all the consequences upon my own shoulders of my own acts. But I could not remain angry with that poor broken-hearted girl; and though she never saw the sun of another new year I had forgiven her long ere the violets bloomed, blue and sweet, over her low grave.

I rarely go to the theatre now; to the opera, never; and the sight of that great, fat, complacent Italian tenor whom I sometimes meet on the street gives me a feeling I dare not stop to analyse. My little boy, who is just at the age to appreciate tumbling and other extraordinary feats of that kind, often begs me to take him to the circus, and he generally gets his own way. I sit through the performance with the air of a martyr, and sometimes smile at the child's delight. Sometimes, too, when a little [illegible] on horseback rides round the ring I look at her for a moment through a mist of tears, and then as I put my handkerchief back in my pocket I say:

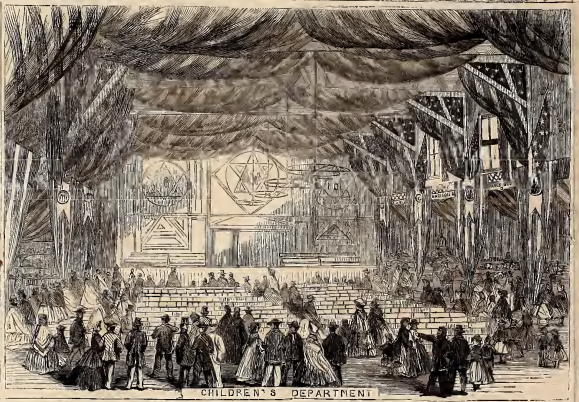
"Come, Charlie, we had better go home, now—haven't you had enough of the circus, my boy?"

THE FOUNTAIN

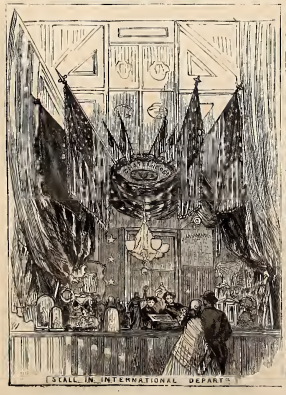


TABLEAUX IN CHILDREN'S DEPART

CLOSING THE ARMS & TROPHIES DEP'T



CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

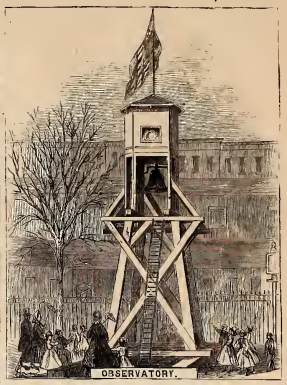


STALL IN INTERNATIONAL DEPART.

THE KNICKERBOCKER KITCHEN.

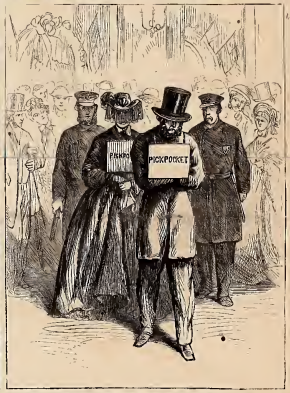
THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR—UNION SQUARE BUILDINGS—SCENES AN

COLDERROM'S COTTAGE



OBSERVATORY.

INTERNATIONAL DEPT.



FIRE PLACE IN KNICKERBOCKER KITCHEN.

SODA FOUNTAIN.

ES AND INCIDENTS IN THE VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS.—SEE PAGE 66.

THE MAIDEN'S PROPHECY.

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

There was a village festival,
And bright-eyed girls were there,
And one, the fairest of them all,
Did Fate's behest declare.
"Here is my hand, young Sibyl fair,"
Spoke out a stranger youth,
"From lips so fair, I fain would learn
My doom for joy or ruth."

She looked into his loving eyes,
But quick her glances fell;
Her fair hand trembled at his touch,
But why she could not tell.
"I read," she said, "of noble deeds,
Of dangers overcome;
But soon a captive thou wilt fall,
Sir Knight, thy time hath come!"

There was a village festival,
And bright-eyed girls were there,
And she, the fairest of them all,
A bridal wreath did wear.
And by her side the stranger youth
Stood forth in manly pride,
A fond and willing captive he,
The Sibyl was his bride!

The Gulf Between Them.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

CHAPTER XXV.

It was a small room, in one of those mysterious hotels in the narrow streets near the Battery, which appear to be usually appropriated to foreigners, and about which dark-whiskered, sallow-faced individuals may be seen lingering at all hours of the day, their very faded, seedy appearance calling up images of duns, scant dinners and a whole train of petty evils.

The chamber was small, but not uncomfortably furnished, though the articles had originally been of that tawdy sort which such places affect, and had probably not been new by several stages when first established there.

The remains of a fire smouldered in the little grate, but the ashes were strewn over the hearth, and the whole apartment was in hopeless confusion, which added to its discomfort.

In the centre of the room was a small table covered with empty champagne bottles and glasses, torn packs of cards, ends of cigars—all huddled together in repulsive untidiness, and giving evidence of a long night of dissipation.

The low bedstead had its moth-eaten, miserable attempt at a canopy swept back and heaped carelessly on the dirty counterpane by a man in a restless slumber, just as he had thrown himself down, ready dressed, long after daylight peered in through the broken shutters.

His appearance was in keeping with the room; a soiled, torn dressing-gown, that had once been very elegant, was wrapt carelessly about him; his black hair streamed over the pillow, and gave an almost ghastly effect to his face, as he lay in that troubled dream, already pale and worn from many sleepless nights.

It was a handsome face, but one from which a physiognomist would have shrunk, had he seen it then in its hard truthfulness, without a gleam of the fascination which it was capable of expressing in guarded moments and under more fortunate circumstances.

The sleeper was on the sunny side of mid-age still, but his countenance was one of those which never carries an idea of youth with it, which even in early boyhood is so marked by craft and recklessness that nothing of the *abandon* of fresh feeling is visible therein.

It was nearly noon, but he had not stirred or opened his eyes; once or twice the dilapidated chambermaid, who performed a slatternly duty in that part of the building, opened the door and peeped in, but her entrance had not served to arouse him, and she knew better than to venture upon any further attempt.

Suddenly he woke from a troubled dream and looked about him with a start.

"I dreamed they were nailing me up in a coffin," he muttered; "bah, how plainly I heard them driving in the nails!"

He turned upon his pillow with a shudder, but in an instant there came a knock at the door, this time quick and impatient—it was the first summons which had caused him that unquiet vision.

"Come in," he called out; "the door isn't locked."

He raised himself indolently on the bed and looked towards the door—it opened slowly and a woman entered the room.

Her face was concealed under a heavy veil, but the man seemed to recognise her at once, for he started up and gave a muttered execration as he caught sight of his untidy appearance in the little mirror.

Then he hurried towards his visitor, who had closed the door and stood leaning against it.

"You have come," he exclaimed; "so kind of you—excuse the disorder here—I did not know it was so late."

He held out his hand with a smile, but she turned away with a gesture of abhorrence which had no effect upon him, save that it deepened the smile to an ugly sneer.

She threw back the long veil and displayed her face—the visitor was Elizabeth Mellen.

"Pray be seated," he went on, placing a chair near the hearth; "this room looks dreadful, but I was very wakeful all night and overslept myself—had I dreamed you would favor me with so early a visit, I should have been prepared."

She glanced at the table, which bore evidence of the manner in which the night had been passed, and said abruptly, pointing towards the cards:

"Did those things keep you wakeful? Were you in luck?"

He smiled complacently.

"Nothing ever escapes your eye, dear lady," he said. "Well, I won't deny the fact—we were playing cards a little."

"I asked if you were fortunate?" she said, impatiently.

"Not absolutely unfortunate," he returned, with another disagreeable smile; "but you know the old proverb—'Lucky in love, unlucky at cards,' so I never expect much from the mischievous pasteboards."

Her face flushed painfully to the very waves of her hair, then grew whiter than before; she sank into the chair from positive inability to stand.

"Why did you do me the favor to be interested in my fortunes?" he asked.

"Because I have brought you no money," she said, abruptly, looking in his face with sudden defiance.

His brows contracted in an ugly form, though his lip still retained its smile—he looked dangerous then.

"That is bad, very," he said; "I wonder you should have come all the way here to bring these unpleasant tidings!"

Elizabeth did not answer; she had drawn towards the hearth and was pushing the ashes with the point of her shoe, gazing drearily into the dying embers.

"You received my letter?" he asked.

"Yes—don't send in that way again, or let yourself be seen. You frightened me so that I fell from my horse."

"How sad! I should never have forgiven myself had any harm resulted from it," he said, so gravely, that one could not tell whether he was in earnest or mocking her. "You were not hurt—nothing unpleasant occurred! I despaired of seeing you in the grounds after that, and so went away."

She started up in sudden passion, goaded by his attempt at sympathy beyond the power of prudence or self-control.

"I wish I had been hurt," she exclaimed. "I could have borne being maimed for life had I seen the brute's hoofs trampling you down as I fell."

He had seated himself opposite her and was looking earnestly in her face. These bitter words did not seem to excite his anger—he was smiling still, and his face wore a look of admiration which appeared to excite her still more desperately.

"You are so beautiful in one of these moods," he said; "don't restrain yourself. What a Medea you would make!"

She looked at him with a glance which had the menace of a hunted animal brought suddenly to bay and ready from very despair to defend itself—in moments like that many a desperate woman had stained her soul with dark crime—but her companion betrayed no uneasiness.

"You don't like me to say complimentary things to you," he said; "it is unkind to deprive me even of that pleasure."

"I have no time to waste," she said, controlling herself by a strong effort, and speaking in a cold, measured tone. "I came to tell you that you must wait—I can't give you the money to-day—if you were successful with those cards you can afford to be patient."

"My dear friend," returned he, "you know how anxious I am—how I desire to put the ocean between me and this accursed country."

"You will not go when you get the money," she said; "you will drink, gamble—leave yourself without a penny."

"So harsh always in your judgments," he returned, deprecatingly.

"I have no hope of being rid of you," she went on; "but I have one consolation—you are ruining me, and that will be your ruin! My husband suspects me—watches me—the day he discovers a shadow of the truth there is an end to these extortions."

"Don't speak so angrily—pray don't! I hardly think your husband would refuse to listen to reason—your proud mien will do a great deal to procure silence where a lady is concerned."

"You know that he would not! With his home once broken up, his peace destroyed, he would be utterly careless of the world's knowledge—his wrongs and his revenge would lead him to desperate measures."

"Is it possible? What an unpleasant character! Well, well, we must take pains that he is not enlightened—that is the way—you see how very simple it is."

"I warn you now, this is the last money I shall be able to give you for years," she said; "it is only from having those stocks in my hands that I am able to do it now."

"My dear friend, you forget that your husband may give you more stocks," he returned, with a laugh which made her shudder anew.

"Mr. Forbes has promised me the money by the last of this week—that will be in time for the steamer."

"How coldly you betray your anxiety to have me gone!" he said; "it is really cruel."

"I have no idea that you will go," she returned; "you will spend the money—you will demand more—my husband will discover it. But at least I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that there is no place secret enough, no land distant enough to guard your life safely after that."

He only received her passionate words with a shrug of the shoulders and a deprecatory wave of the hand.

"But it is so sad to go into exile alone," he said; "if I could take with me——"

"Oh! you are such a base, miserable coward!" she broke in. "Such a pitiful, dastardly wretch! Don't frown at me—I have never been afraid to speak my mind—I am not now! I tell you the hour of retribution will come—beware!"

His face never changed, he made her a gracious bow and said pleasantly:

"You are inclined to do the prophetess this morning—but don't be such a fearful Cassandra, I beg."

She rose from her chair and folded her shawl about her.

"I need stay here no longer," she said, "I have told you what I came to say."

"Don't be so cruel as to run away so soon," he pleaded; "give my poor room the glory of your presence a little longer."

"I shall be here on Monday," she continued; "I shall have the money ready for you, but I will not bring it—this time those letters must be first placed in my hands."

"Ah! you are going to drive a hard bargain, I see."

"You have evaded so often, cheated me so often; I have given you thousands of dollars—this is the last—take it—enough to make you comfortable for years if you are careful; but the letters come into my possession first, and that paper too."

"You really mean to have your freedom, do you not?" he asked, jestingly; "to sweep me out of your life for ever."

"Don't think to cheat me any more; neither your forged writing or any pretence will answer here. I tell you I am desperate now—you can't force me down a step farther."

"You are a magnificent woman!" he exclaimed; "a wonderful woman! I don't believe the country could boast another such."

She turned away.

"Now you are angry. But let it pass."

"Remember what I have said," retorted Elizabeth. "I tell you I am desperate now! At least I shall have placed it out of your power to injure any one but me. I have reached that point when I will have freedom from your persecutions or drag the ruin down on my own head while crushing you."

She was in terrible earnest—he was a sufficient judge of character to see that. It was in her nature to grow so utterly desperate that, whatever her secret might prove, she would find the courage to shriek it in her husband's ears, and madly prefer meeting the crisis of her fate in all its blackness and horror, to enduring any longer the slavery and suspense in which she had lived.

"There will be no need of all this," he said. "Place in my hands the sum you have promised and I will at once put it out of my own power to harm you or yours. After all," he continued, with another sneering laugh, "I am selling my claim much too cheaply; twenty-five thousand dollars is a pitiful little sum."

"You can get no more—you cannot frighten me! If you betrayed everything you would ruin your hopes of a single penny. I tell you my husband would not buy your silence. I know him—he might shoot you down like a dog, but would never pay gold to bind your tongue."

"Dear friend, I perfer transacting this little business with you," he said, laughing again. "We shall not quarrel; for your sake I will content myself with the twenty-five thousand dollars, but I warn you I cannot wait after Monday."

"I tell you it will be ready on that day."

"The letters and that troublesome little document shall be placed in your hands—I promise on——"

"There is nothing you could swear by that would make the oath worth hearing," she interrupted contemptuously.

He bowed as if she had paid him a compliment. He was so utterly hardened that even her burning scorn could not affect him.

"Don't write to me, don't send to me," she said; "it will only be dangerous—more so for you than for me—remember that."

"I can trust you; I have the utmost faith in your word."

She gathered her shawl about her again and moved towards the door.

"Are you going already?"

"That bracelet!" she said, with a sudden thought. "You parted with it of course—could you get it back?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I received your note concerning it; we will see—very doubtful I fear. But when I am once gone—even if your husband does discover it—there will be no trouble."

She turned her back on him. He started forward to open the door for her, his hand touched hers on the knob, she started as if a scorpion had stung her, but he only cast a smile in her face and allowed her to pass out.

"A wonderful woman!" he said to himself, after she had disappeared. "What a pity she hates me so; the only woman in the world worth having at your feet."

He went to the table, searched among the bottles till he found one that still contained liquor, poured the contents into a glass and drank with feverish eagerness.

"That'll put a little life in me," he muttered. "Well, there is nothing for it but to wait. I must keep myself very quiet. I think I'll have some breakfast—at any rate I can afford to leave this den."

He pulled out a pocket-book with a laugh, glanced at the contents and put it away.

"It will do," he muttered, "it will do."

He threw off his dressing-gown, bathed his face in cold water, tidied his dress a little and went down stairs in search of his morning meal.

Elizabeth Mellen hurried through the narrow street in which the hotel stood, as if trying to walk herself into calmness. Once she murmured:

"Five days more—five! If I can live through them and keep the tempest back I may be safe. If I can! Such a dread at my heart—worse as the time shortens—if discovery should come now when the haven is so near!"

Then she walked more rapidly on, but with all her desperate exertions she could not escape the terrible thoughts which pursued her like avenging fiends hungry for their prey.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The weeks had glided along. It was now late autumn; the gorgeous leaves lay strewn along the ground, and the wind sighed up from the ocean chill and bleak, scattering thoughts of decay with each gust. With that gathering desolation, the coldness and the shadows had crept deeper and deeper into Grantley Mellen's life.

He had accompanied Elizabeth to the city, one of these chilly autumn days, and put her in a carriage at the ferry, that she might attend to the purchases and calls which made her ostensible errand to town, while he went about the business on hand, with the understanding that they were to meet in time for the afternoon boat.

Elsie had chosen to pass the day at home; indeed, she and Elizabeth were never together now when the girl could possibly avoid it—she seemed determined to keep aloof from the mystery of the unhappy woman's life, lest its gloominess should cast some shadow over the brightness of her own path.

While Elizabeth was absent on her mysterious visit Mellen occupied himself with a matter which, had she been aware of it, would have added another trouble to the anxiety of that bitter day. From the first he had determined that the disappearance of the bracelet should be in some way explained, if it lay in human power to discover the mystery. What his precise motive was he could hardly have told. The trinket might have been picked up by some vagabond who had wandered into the grounds; if so there was little hope of ever gaining any tidings concerning it, but Mellen could not satisfy himself that such was the case.

There was some mystery in Elizabeth's life—of that irksome suspicion he could not divest himself. Twenty times each day he went over in his mind every event that had occurred since his return, from the moment when he came upon her wandering so wildly about in the stormy night.

Twenty times each day he convinced himself that there was nothing in the whole catalogue to awaken the slightest doubt in any mind except one so given to self-torture and jealousy as his; yet, argue as he would, bring conviction as closely home to his soul as he might, the doubts rose up again and haunted like ghosts that had no power to speak, but pointed always towards trouble and blackness which lay beyond.

If the bracelet had been given to any needy person for any reason, it would undoubtedly find its way to the hands of some pawnbroker—that was his thought. He reproached himself for indulging it—he called himself unworthy the love of any woman when he could harbor such suspicions, but they would not pass out of his mind—the treachery which had wrecked his youth had sown the seeds of suspicion too deeply in his soul to be easily eradicated.

Then he compounded with his conscience, and decided that it was right he should take every step possible to solve these doubts, if only to prove the innocence of his wife. He kept repeating to himself that this was the reason which urged him on.

"I want to be convinced," he said to himself again and again, "of my own injustice—it is right I should endure the self-abasement as a punishment for this constant doubt."

Solacing his self-reproaches a little by such arguments and reflections, he had gone to work to see if any discoveries could be made which should clear up the matter.

Among other efforts, he had confided to a leading pawnbroker the details of the affair, and it was in him that his hopes principally lay. If the bracelet was not brought to this man's shop he had means of discovering if it was carried elsewhere.

That day Mr. Hollywell had news for him; a bracelet similar to the one he had described was in the possession of an old Jew in Chatham street, and they went together to the place.

The old Israelite was dreadfully afraid of getting himself into difficulty in some way, but Mr. Hollywell satisfied his fears in regard to that, and assured him that the gentleman would reward him liberally for any disclosures that he might make.

Then it came out that the bracelet had been disposed for a considerable sum—it was a sale rather than a deposit. The man who brought it there had several times had dealings at the shop—sometimes he would display plenty of money the old Jew averred, and again he was very poor, and in such cases always pledged valuable ornaments or sold them recklessly for whatever would satisfy the needs of the moment.

Mr. Mellen grew more interested when he described the man's appearance; the keen eyes of the money-lender and the sharp sight of the old Jew, accustomed to reading countenances, saw him grow pale, while a singular expression of uncertainty rested upon it.

He walked several times up and down the little back den where the aged Israelite kept his watch, like a bloated spider ready to pounce upon any unwary fly that might venture into his mesh, and at last returned to the place where the two men were standing.

"Have you any of that man's writing?" he asked. "Just a scrap—I don't ask to see his name—any few words in his writing."

The old Jew looked doubtful.

"Sometimes he has write me, my good sare, but not often, he ish very careful—very careful."

"And have you none by you?"

The old Jew turned to a great desk that filled up one end of the dark room, unlocked a variety of doors and drawers, turned over piles of dirty notes,

and at last selected a scrap of paper from among them.

"Dis is his writin'" he said, in his guttural whisper. "I'm taking great trouble, great trouble," he whined; "the good gentleman ought to remember that."

"You shall be well rewarded," said Mr. Mellen impatiently, snatching the paper from his hand.

He glanced at the writing—the paleness of his face grew deathlike—he stood like a statue, with his eyes rivetted upon the page, while the two men regarded him in silence.

The writing was so peculiar that a person at all familiar with it could never have been mistaken—an individuality so marked and so increased by practice, that one who had seen a page of the delicate characters could have sworn to the writing among whole volumes.

After a time Mr. Mellen looked up—the astonishment in their faces brought him to himself.

"That is what I wanted," he said.

"I hopes it ish all right," urged the Jew. "De good gentleman is satisfied with me!"

"Perfectly, perfectly! Now I want the bracelet! How much did you receive on it?"

The old Jew's face changed at once.

"And I won't get my reward?" he faltered. "You will sheat a poor man's out of his earnings."

"Who talks of cheating you," said Mr. Hollywell.

"I am ready to pay you," pursued Mr. Mellen; "I would rather pay double the price of the bracelet than not get it."

Mr. Hollywell made a sign of caution; such words would increase the old rascal's cupidity to a height money could hardly satisfy, but they were interrupted by a groan from the Jew.

"And it ish gone!" cried he; "and so leetle paid—so leetle paid. The good gentleman would have given more."

"Gone!" repeated Mr. Mellen.

"Why didn't you say so?" asked Mr. Hollywell angrily. "It was only yesterday you told me you had it."

"Yes, yes, I knows, and so I had."

"Where is it, then?"

"The man came for it—he has brought his ticket, paid his money and took the bracelet; I was out—my boy did let him have it! Oh, my reward—my reward!"

"Shut your foolish old mouth!" exclaimed Mr. Hollywell.

The old Jew sank into a chair, still groaning and lamenting, while the money-lender turned to Mr. Mellen.

"What will you do now, sir?" he asked.

"Nothing—nothing."

He looked so despondent now, though the fierce anger that had blazed in his face at the first sight of the writing lighted it up still.

"I am perfectly satisfied," he continued. "I am much obliged to you for your trouble."

"I am very sorry," Mr. Hollywell began, but he checked him.

"It is just as well—don't be troubled."

He took out his pocketbook, laid down a bank note whose value made the old Jew's eyes sparkle with avidity, and hurried out of the dark little shop.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

All the next day the house at Piney Cove was in confusion with guests, and the husband and wife were not once left alone.

Mrs. Harrington had come up to spend the day, and go out with them in the evening, and Tom Fuller was at his post as usual, though he appeared with a very blank face indeed.

"You look more like Don Quixote than ever," was Elsie's salutation, as he entered the room, where she sat with Elizabeth and their guest.

"How do you do, Mr. Fuller?" cried the widow. "I wonder you have any patience at all with that little witch; she teases you constantly; I am sure you must be amiability itself."

"She won't have the chance for some time to come, more's the pity," returned Tom, disconsolately.

"And why not, pray?" demanded Elsie.

"Because I've got to to go Pittsburg, and flounder about in coal mines, and the Lord knows what all."

"Have you business there?" asked Elizabeth.

"Yes, to be sure! Bless me, I was better off when I had no property. I could do as I pleased then, and didn't have to go about breaking my neck in pits, and bothering over all sorts of business that I understand no more than the man in the moon."

"Poor, unfortunate victim!" mocked Elsie.

"The penalty of riches," sighed Mrs. Harrington. "But think of the good they bring to yourself and all about you, Mr. Fuller."

"Yes, I know," returned he; "I'm an ungrateful brute; it's in my nature; I need to have my head punched twenty times a day, there's no doubt of that."

They all laughed at his energy; even Elizabeth tried to come out of her miserably anxious thoughts, and confine her wandering fancies to the conversation.

"When are you going, Tom?" she asked.

"Oh, to-morrow."

"He speaks as if it was the Day of Judgment," said Elsie.

"And I may be gone a whole week or more," pursued he.

"A small eternity," cried Elsie. "Dear me, dear me, how we all pity you."

"I don't believe you care a straw," said Tom, dismally; "you won't miss me a bit."

"He wants to be flattered," cried Elsie.

"I am sure you will be missed, dear Mr. Fuller," said the widow; "you wrong your friends by a suspicion to the contrary."

"I hope so, I'm sure," returned Tom, glancing at Elsie; but she was in one of her mischievous moods, and would not give him a gleam of consolation.

"Don't spoil him, Mary Harrington," said she; "the creature's vanity is becoming inordinate already; isn't it, Bessie?"

"You can ill-treat him sufficiently without my assistance," said she, smiling; "I shall not help you."

"That is right, Bess," cried Tom; "stand by a fellow a little, do; she hasn't a spark of pity."

"Take care, sir!" said Elsie, lifting her embroidery scissors. "Don't try to win my natural allies over to your side by an underhand persuasion."

"I am sure you don't need allies or assistance of any sort to be more than a match for a dozen men," said Tom.

"Another of my womanly prerogatives," replied Elsie.

"Well," said Tom, "there seems to be no end to them."

Everybody laughed at his tone, and he sat down near Elsie, tumbling her work, and making signs to her to go out of the room, so that he might secure a few moments alone with her, but the little witch pretended not to understand his signals in the least.

"You ruin my work!" cried she. "What on earth are you making such faces for, and winking and blinking like an owl in the sun?"

Tom began to get red and confused, and laughed in a distressed way.

"Dazzled by your presence, Elsie," cried the widow, seeing that Tom had not presence of mind enough for the compliment.

Elizabeth began to get restless again; it was perfectly impossible for her to keep quiet any length of time that day, and she made some excuse for leaving them.

"Let me go with you," said Mrs. Harrington; "I know you are going to order luncheon, and I like to get a peep at your kitchen; it is a perfect Flemish picture."

"Particularly the crowd of dusky faces," said Elsie; "you're a humbug, Mary Harrington."

"I am sure she is quite right," said Tom, anxious to insure her departure; "I was in the kitchen one day and it looked quite picturesque."

Elsie perfectly understood the motive which led him to speak, and she hastened to rejoin:

"If you think it so pretty you had better accompany them, and get another peep."

"No," said Tom; "I might disturb the colored persons; I'll stay where I am."

"Bless me," cried Elsie; "what consideration! You will be bursting into unpremeditated poetry about the dark future before we know it."

"Oh, Elsie," said Mrs. Harrington, "what a provoking creature you are!"

She followed Elizabeth out of the room, and Tom was alone at last with his idol.

"Are you sorry I am going?" he asked.

"Do I look so?" she asked.

"No, you don't."

"Well, looks can't tell fibs," said she, provokingly.

"Oh, Elsie, be good to me now; just think; I shall be gone a whole week!" he cried.

"It's a calamity I dare not contemplate," replied she. "Now, whatever you do, don't break your neck in those horrid coal mines, or come back smelling of brimstone like a theatrical fiend."

"I believe you would jest during an earthquake."

"If it would attract attention I might," she answered. "There, there, don't be cross, old Tom."

She threw down her work, and with one of her quick changes of manner petted him back to serenity.

"If you would only let me do one thing before I go," he said, getting courage enough from her kindness to propose an idea that had been in his mind ever since he arrived.

"What is it, *Monsieur Exigeant*?"

"Just let me tell Grant of our—our—"

"Our what, stammerer?"

"Of the happiness you have promised me," said Tom, changing the original word from fear of vexing her.

"You were going to say engagement; don't deny it."

"And aren't we engaged?" he pleaded.

"Not a bit of it, Mr. Tom Fuller; I am just as free as air; please to remember that."

"Oh, Elsie!"

"And Elsie oh!" cried she. "But it's true! You said all sorts of foolish things about love, and I let you talk, but what right have to say we are engaged?"

She made Tom so nervous that he could not sit still.

"Oh, Elsie, Elsie, how can you?" he pleaded.

"Now, aren't you deliciously miserable," said Elsie; "that is the way I like to see you; it's your duty, sir."

"I wouldn't think you could be so cruel at such a time."

"Oh, wouldn't you? And pray what right have you to think at all; no man has a right; that's another female privilege."

"You are worse than the Women's Rights people," said he.

"Now you are calling me names," cried Elsie, indignantly. "I won't stay with you another moment."

She half rose, but Tom caught her dress.

"Oh, don't go, don't!"

"Go on your knees then, and beg my pardon," said Elsie.

"No," said Tom, "I'll do no such thing."

"Ah, do now, just to please silly little me."

Down went Tom in dumb obedience. After enjoying his distress and penitence for a few moments, Elsie suddenly threw both her arms about his neck, and whispered:

"I am very sorry you are going. I do love you, Tom!"

He strained her to his heart with a burst of grateful delight.

"And may I tell Grant?" he pleaded.

"Not yet," she said; "wait till you come back; not a word till then."

"But as soon as I come?"

"Yes; if you are good. But not a look till I say the word."

She tried to escape from him, but he would not let her go until he had extorted one other pledge.

"You must write to me," he said.

"Now, Tom, I hate to write letters! I never write even to Grant, when I can possibly help it."

"But just a few words—"

"If you will get up and behave yourself properly, perhaps yes."

"Every day?"

"Oh, worse and worse! Tom, get up. I hear Mary Harrington's voice; she's the most inveterate gossip."

"Promise then!"

"Yes—yes—anything; oh, get away!"

She struggled from him, and Tom had just time to resume his seat and look as decorously grave as perfect happiness could permit when the door opened, and Mrs. Harrington entered, with her usual flutter, crying:

"Elsie, Elsie! Mr. Rhodes and the fascinating Jemima are driving up the avenue; the old maid is rushing on destruction again without the slightest warning."

"It's delightful!" said Elsie. "I shall tell her how rich Tom Fuller is, and that he wants a wife."

"Don't set the old dragon at me," said Tom.

"Yes, I will! Mary, you must flirt desperately with the dear old man; between her desire to watch you and be agreeable to Tom, the spinster will be driven to the verge of distraction."

"I'll go and find Elizabeth," said the widow, "and appear after the old maid gets nicely settled."

She darted away through the hall, and just made her escape as 'Dolph opened the halldoor to admit the guests.

The father and daughter were ushered into the room where Elsie and Tom sat, looking demure as two kittens.

"Here we are again, you see," said the stout man; "no one can resist your fascinations, Miss Elsie."

"Pa would stop," said Miss Jemima, "though I told him it was a shame to come so often."

The truth was the spinster's appetite had warned her that it was quite luncheon time, and recollecting the bounteous repasts always spread at Mellen's board, she had readily consented to her parent's proposal that they should call.

"I am delighted to see you," said Elsie, shaking hands as if they were her dearest friends; "my brother and sister will be down in a moment; you must stay to luncheon, of course."

"No, oh, no," said Miss Jemima, glancing at Tom through her scant eyelashes, "We couldn't think of it!"

"But you must, you shall!" said Elsie. "Let me present my sister's cousin, Mr. Fuller."

The spinster curtseyed and looked grimly propitious, and Tom was nearly out of his wits, especially as while Mr. Rhodes talked to him he saw Elsie whisper to Miss Jemima, and felt perfectly certain that she had given the theatened information about his being a rich bachelor in search of a wife.

"And when did you see your charming friend, Mrs. Harrington, last?" asked Mr. Rhodes.

"The oddest thing!" said Elsie. "Why, she is here now; hadn't you a suspicion of it, Mr. Rhodes?"

Miss Jemima's face changed so suddenly that Tom made a great effort to keep from laughing outright.

"Oh, Mr. Rhodes," continued Elsie; "I am afraid the attractions of this house are only borrowed ones."

The good man was in a state of blushing and pleasant confusion, but the spinster brought him out of it without mercy.

"If there's company we won't stay, pa," said she.

But Elsie would not permit her to go; she whispered again about Tom, and between her desire to stop long enough to fascinate him and her fear of exposing her father to the wiles of the artful widow, Jemima was in a terrible perplexity.

In the midst of it Elizabeth entered, and welcomed her neighbors; Mellen followed; and after a few moments in swept the widow, who swooped down on the unfortunate Mr. Rhodes in spite of the dragon, as a well-practised hawk pounces on a plump chicken.

"Ah, Mr. Rhodes, this is such a surprise," she cried, fluttering up to him with a simper on her face which of late years had done the duty of a blush.

"I dare say a great surprise," snapped in Jemima, siding up to her father.

This was great sport to Elsie and Mrs. Harrington; Tom would have enjoyed it more if the spinster had not beset him as much as her divided attention would permit, and Elizabeth and Mellen bore the infliction patiently, as people must endure all things that come to an issue in their own house, smiling and polite, however much they may wish for solitude and repose.

While they were at luncheon-table Elizabeth's dog ran into the room with a paper in its mouth. It was the most intelligent little creature in the world, a cross between a black and tan terrier and an Italian greyhound, and had been educated to carry in a surprising manner.

This pretty creature, which seemed almost human in her intelligence, ran towards her mistress, but another dog followed, a new pet of Elsie's, a frolicsome, wicked animal that had quite worried poor Fanny's life out ever since her intrusion in the house.

Piccolomini sprang at the paper in Fan's mouth, and a contention ensued between them which attracted general attention.

"Fanny's got a paper," cried Elsie, pointing towards her pets.

"It may be a letter," said Mellen; "'Dolph often sends them in by her; call off, Pick, Elsie; she'll tear it."

But Pick would not be called off, and Fanny refused to relinquish her hold; between them the paper was rapidly destroyed, Fanny howling dismally all the time at not being able to fulfil her errand in her usual trusty manner.

Mellen went towards them; as he did so Fanny sprang towards Elizabeth; she stooped, caught sight of the paper, and grew pale. She fairly pushed Mellen aside, and snatched the paper from the animal's mouth.

"It's only an old bill I dropped," she said, thrusting it hurriedly in her pocket.

The rest were too much occupied to pay much attention, but Mellen saw how pale his wife had turned; he noticed her alarm; he remembered, too, seeing Fanny running about the shrubbery just before he came in.

It was another phase of the mystery, he was certain of that; the little creature was carrying a note to his wife. He seated himself at the table again, and appeared to forget the circumstance, but Elizabeth hardly looked like herself during the entire meal.

It was late before the visitors departed, then other callers made their appearance, and after that Tom Fuller was compelled to take his leave, a heartrending performance as far as he was concerned; and so the day drew to a close, leaving the husband and wife each more preoccupied and anxious than the dreary morning had found them.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Germans had abandoned the siege of Fredericia. They also evacuated their position in front of the town. A portion of the city was set on fire during the bombardment. The allied commander then demanded a surrender, but the Danish officer refused. Duppel was cannonaded at intervals.

Austria and Prussia, it is said, have consented to a conference on the Danish question. The German Diet was invited to send a delegate. It was reported that the Conference would soon assemble.

The Polish insurgents were very active. Russian troops were employed in barricading the railroad between Wilna and the Prussian frontier.

It is said that the Russian Cabinet accuses Napoleon of encouraging trouble in European Turkey, and that the feeling towards the court of France was very cool in consequence.

Maximilian was to assume the title of Emperor of Mexico on Easter Sunday, and set out for the capitol of the empire early in April. He will open diplomatic relations with the United States, and observe a strict neutrality towards the rebel Confederacy. Gen. Woll was appointed chief aide-de-camp to the new Emperor. The French steam frigate Dryade left Cherbourg for Vera Cruz, having on board about 200 Mexican officers, recently prisoners of war in France, who have been liberated after having given their adhesion to the new government. The amount and terms of a loan for Mexico was still agitated in financial circles in London and Paris.

The health of the Pope had improved. Garibaldi had sailed from Caprera for England. He was to receive a brilliant reception in London.

Hungary was still uneasy towards a revolution.

The National Government of Poland had prepared an appeal to the nations of Europe.

The Emperor Napoleon said to the Archduke Maximilian, "You are going to a country that is 'one lump of silver.'" Their eyes mutually glistened and they parted.

CHARLES THE BOLD.

Charles's marriage with Isabella of Bourbon took place in 1454. Though a reluctant bridegroom, he became strongly attached to his wife; and his treatment of her during their union, which lasted eleven years, was such as gave no cause for complaint. In a dissolute age, and at a court where the sovereign himself set an example of open licentiousness, the Count of Charolais (Charles's youthful title) presented what was certainly a rare, if not the only instance of marital fidelity. His faults, indeed, were not such as arise from an inordinate love of pleasure. He ate sparingly, and of the simplest food, and seldom tasted wine unless diluted with a much larger proportion of water. "His pleasure was not in luxury and self-indulgence," says the chronicler, "but in labor and endurance." He hardened himself by constant exposure and exercise. He excelled in manly sports, in archery and in throwing the bar. He was seldom absent when the chase was proclaimed in the forest of Soignies, and delighted especially in the dangerous pastime of hunting the wild boar. But on the coast of Holland, which he often visited, he found still stronger attractions in the pursuit in which so large a number of the inhabitants were engaged, frequenting the ocean even in the stormiest weather, and making himself practically acquainted with the art of seamanship in its minutest details. In the ordinary intercourse of society his manners were courteous but reserved. Pomp and state he regarded as essential qualities of a princely life, but he had little relish for the gaieties and excesses of his father's court. He shared, however, in its more graceful recreations. He was a good dancer, and was reputed to be the most skilful chess player of his time. For music he had a strong partiality, cultivating the science, so far as it could be said to exist, and composing motets, chansons and other fashionable strains.

Though somewhat below the common height, Charles had a powerful frame. His shoulders were broad and full, his limbs muscular and firmly knit. He was insensible to fatigue, and wore his armor as if he had been born in it. "I never heard him complain of weariness," says Philippe de Comines, "and never saw in him a sign of fear." In countenance he bore little resemblance to his father—the full, red mouth being the only distinctive feature which they had in common. His face was somewhat round; his complexion a transparent olive, tinted with a ruddy glow. A wavy mass of thick, black hair overhung his forehead, and flowed around his neck. In walking, his looks were habitually directed towards the ground; but his eyes were "angelically clear," their glances equally penetrating, and in moments of excitement terrible. The tones of his voice were agreeable and distinct. He was gifted with a natural eloquence, sometimes impeded at the outset by the ardor of his temperament, but becoming, as he proceeded, not less logical than vehement.

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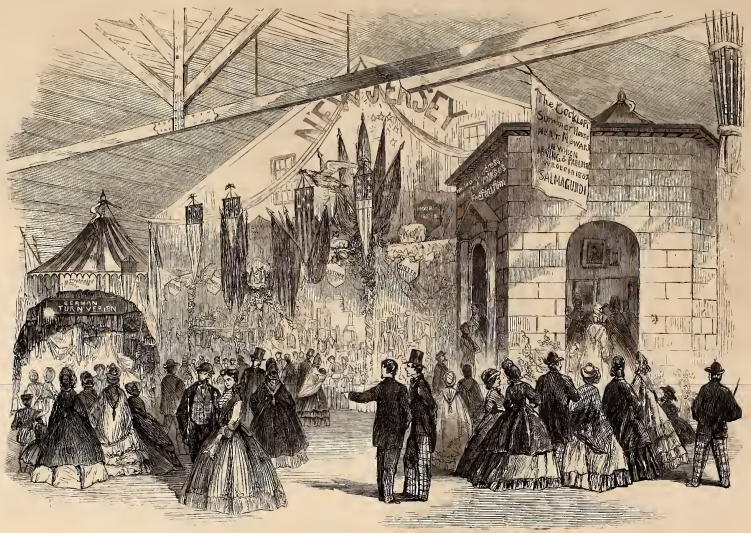

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"I HOPE you will be able to support me," said a young lady, while walking out one day with her intended, during a slippery state of the pavement

"Why—ay—yes," said the somewhat hesitating swain, "with some little assistance from your father!" There was some confusion and a profound silence when the lovers' colloquy had ended.

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Oh! tit, tit, puss! where is she gone?
My grief is deep and bitter;
I cannot smile! I am too lone,
Without my tit, to titter.

Oh, could I but my cat behold!
My heart is wildly beatin'—
Oh, horrid fancy! I turn cold
To think she may be (h)eaten!

Oh, yes, I see her killed and baked,
In my imagination;
The thought of what will be her lot
Gives me cold puss-pie-ration.

Ah, ne'er again, 'tis very plain.
Shall I with rapture eye her!
Ah, no, she's thrust into a crust,
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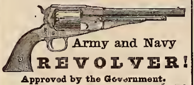

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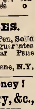

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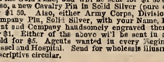

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Among the curious and attractive departments of the Metropolitan Fair is the Boat-builders' Department, with its models of world-renowned crafts. In the centre is a model of the Isaac Newton, models of lifeboats and of yachts are to be found on every side, attracting considerable attention when any yachter stops to explain to his fair friends and the group that soon gathers the beautiful lines, the graceful curve, the advantage for speed.

The Curiosity Shop.

Mrs. Gibbs's Curiosity Shop is one of the greatest attractions of the Fair. Here are gathered relics of bygone days, tapestry from Spain, chairs from palaces in France, Bohemian glass from Italy, water from the Dead Sea, Court dresses, Japanese robes, hoards of other days, curiosities of every form and shape. Here stands a bronze vase that belonged to Pitt the great Earl of Chatham, whose memory our city has gratefully preserved in the names of two streets, although his marble effigy is no longer erect. Here looks down in clearest bronze the death-act face of the great Napoleon. Here is a mammoth nugget from our El Dorado, estimated to be worth the nice plum of $40,000. As the crowd sways along we pass in turn by all these, thrown together in strange juxtaposition.

Anthony's Pearl Album.

Among the fine objects of the Fair was a Pearl Photograph Album, got up by Messrs. E. and H. T. Anthony & Co., of New York, and presented to the Sanitary Fair by their employés. Our illustration will enable our readers to form some idea of its beauty. It was sold on the very first day for $150.

The reputation of the house of Anthony guarantees in itself its superior excellence and beauty. Being the first to introduce the Photographic Albums into this country, they have ever stood at the head, and the taste and enterprise of the firm are equalled only by the splendid workmanship of those whom they have trained to the various departments of manufacture.

THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR.—THE TATTOO ON CLOSING AT NIGHT.

They have long been the leading house for the supply of all materials required in the art of photographing, and as in these nice operations all depends in the purity of the chemical agents, the Messrs. Anthony, by the high character which they have established, command the business.

Our readers, who have seen how constantly we express our indebtedness to them for portraits of celebrities, may form some idea of the vast number of *cartes de visite* of distinguished persons on their catalogue. It exceeds 5,000.

Their supply of stereoscopic views is also very fine and extensive. They were they first to introduce the instantaneous stereoscopic views. Visitors to the Art Gallery cannot fail to examine and appreciate the specimens given there.

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FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, APRIL 30, 1864.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 72 Duane street, between Broadway and Elm, New York.

Dealers supplied and subscriptions received for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, *also* FRANK LESLIE'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR OF 1861, *by* GEORGE P. BEMIS & CO., *Proprietors of the London American*, 100 *Fleet Street, London, England. Single copies always on sale.*

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Sixty Cents a line on the 14th and 15th pages.

THE Publisher of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED PAPER invites his present contributors and others to send in before May 1st stories and poems suited to its columns, as well as ideas for comic sketches on subjects of the day.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DECLINED.—Mary—Afloat—Gentian—The Siege of Sumter—The Owls' Concert.

ACCEPTED.—A Ring to Wear—The Highwayman of the Black Horse—Touching the Body.

A few very superior tales suited to our columns will be cheerfully received by the Editor. Contributors are requested to write legibly, on one side only, and give their address distinctly.

Manuscripts will be examined promptly, and if not accepted returned without delay.

Summary of the Week.

ARKANSAS.

Gen. Steele is said to have reached Arkadelphia on the 28th March, constantly skirmishing with the enemy.

A body of Texan cavalry, numbering 400, attacked a Union camp at Roseville, on the Arkansas river, on the 11th, but were repulsed, with a loss of 12 men killed.

KENTUCKY.

Forrest still besieges Columbus, now reinforced by 2,000 veterans, and parties of his men are ravaging to within 10 miles of Cairo, burning houses and stealing horses.

The rebel Gen. Buford demanded the surrender of Fort Halleck, Columbus, on the 13th, and then attacked Paducah. On the 15th the rebels again demanded the surrender of Paducah, and Col. Mitchell with the 5th Illinois and other regiments were marching out to attack the enemy.

TENNESSEE.

Fort Pillow was finally surrendered to the rebels on the 12th, Major Booth, the commander, with several of his officers being killed. Forrest then carried out his threats, and the negro soldiers, to the number of 200, with their white officers, were then put to the sword. Some of the wounded negroes were actually buried alive!

The enemy have abandoned Fort Pillow, leaving it in ruins.

The guerilla Reynolds and his command were surprised near Knoxville on the 15th; 10 of his men killed, and he, with 15 more, captured.

MISSISSIPPI.

On March 30 a band of guerillas dashed into Natchez, but were repulsed, and an officer and three men captured.

TEXAS.

Our cavalry have occupied Eagle pass, 400 miles above Brownsville, driving out the rebels, and thus cutting off the cotton trade, which, after the occupation of Brownsville, was carried on here.

Corpus Christi has been reoccupied by our troops, from California, who captured 800 men.

LOUISIANA.

The rebel Gen. Dick Taylor recently surprised and captured 200 Union soldiers near Alexandria.

The rebels are said to have blown up their rams Shreveport and Missouri on the 26th March.

Alexandria is put in a state of defence against rebel attacks. Gen. Banks had reached Grand Ecore, but the steamer that took him up was attacked on the return trip.

FLORIDA.

On the 2d, Capt. Smith, with 32 men of the 14th New York, had a sharp action, near Barrancas, with the 7th Alabama cavalry, in which the enemy lost heavily.

VIRGINIA.

The storm not only swept away the railroad bridges but swelled the Rappahannock, so that the ponton bridge was in danger and had to be taken up.

Capt. McKee, 2d U. S. Infantry, was killed by guerillas, near Nokesville, on the 14th.

Longstreet has fallen back to Virginia with all his force except 20,000 men, who are to join Johnston.

Mosby, with 500 cavalry, made an attack on the patrol, near Bristoe station, on the 14th, and captured 20 or 25 men. A train, with Gen. Grant on board, had passed but a few minutes before Mosby's attack.

He made another attack on the 16th, near Fairfax station, capturing a train, burning 20 wagons and carrying off the horses.

An expedition sent up the Nansemond in search of the propeller used against the Minnesota, returned without finding it. It effected, however, considerable destruction. Lieut. E. P. Wilder, of the Minnesota, was killed.

COLORADO.

The 1st Colorado cavalry had an engagement with the Cheyennes, at Fremont's orchard, 85 miles from Denver, on the 12th.

NAVAL.

A desperate attempt was made by the rebels, on the 9th, to blow up Admiral Lee's flagship, the Minnesota, off Newport News, with a torpedo. The explosion was tremendous, but did not materially injure the frigate.

They were more successful in Florida, having blown up with a torpedo the transport Maple Leaf, returning from Pilatka to Jacksonville. The entire bow was blown out, and the steamer went down almost immediately.

The rebels are said, indeed, to have a regularly organised torpedo corps, which expects, even by the help of sympathisers in the North, to be able to destroy vessels, by concealing small torpedoes among the coal furnished to steamers. As though the effect of such a device, the U.S. gunboat Chenango exploded in New York harbor on the 15th, killing and wounding a number of officers and men.

The report of the loss of the rebel ram Tennessee is contradicted.

CONGRESS.

IN the Senate, on the 11th April, after some unimportant business, it proceeded to the consideration of the House Naval Appropriation bill for the year ending June, 1865, as reported from the Finance Committee with amendments, the most important of which strikes out an appropriation of $520,000 for the purpose of building floating dry-docks for monitors at the New York and Philadelphia Navy Yards. The amendments were all concurred in, with the above exception. Mr. Hale offered various amendments, proposed by the Naval Committee, which were adopted. Without final action, the Senate adjourned.

The House proceeded to the consideration of the preamble and resolution offered by Mr. Finck condemning the war. Mr. Ashley moved to lay the resolution on the table. Carried by yeas 81, nays 64. The House resumed the consideration of the following resolution offered by Mr. Colfax: "That Alexander Long, a Representative from the IId District of Ohio, having, on the 5th of April, 1864, declared himself in favor of recognising the independence and nationality of the so-called Confederacy, now in arms against the Union, and thereby giving aid, countenance and encouragement to persons engaged in armed hostility to the United States, is hereby expelled." A long and excited debate ensued, the main features of which were the speech of Fernando Wood in favor of submission to the South, and the patriotic reply of Gen. Schenck to the New York Copperhead. Without coming to a vote the House adjourned.

In the Senate, on the 12th, there was little business of public importance. When the Naval Appropriation bill came an amendment was carried transferring the Naval School from Newport to Annapolis, after 1865.

In the House, Mr. Stevens introduced a bill intended to prevent a depreciation of the currency by imposing a tax of one-fourth of one per cent. upon the circulation of all banks or corporations issuing notes as money. The resolution for the expulsion of Mr. Long was then taken up.

Congress did not sit on the 13th, having adjourned over that day to attend Mr. Rives's funeral.

In the Senate, on the 14th, after a variety of routine and local business, Mr. Sherman introduced a bill declaring it to be unlawful to make any contracts for the purchase or sale or loan or delivery of any gold coin or bullion, or of foreign exchange, at any time subsequent, by making of contract or for the payment of any sum, fixed or contingent, in default of the delivery of said coin, &c. It provides, also, that none but bona-fide owners, in actual possession, shall make a contract for the sale of gold, and forbids any banker or broker or other person to make sale of gold coin or bullion or foreign exchange, or to make contract for any such purchase or sale at other than their ordinary places of business. All contracts in violation of the act are void. The penalties for such violation are a fine of not more than $10,000 nor less than $1,000, or imprisonment for not less than three months or more than one year, or both, at the discretion of the Court.

In the House, the expulsion of Mr. Long for his disloyal speech was the question. Mr. Colfax said as Mr. Broomall's proposition would accomplish a similar object, he would accept it for his own, to expel the gentleman from Ohio, as it was evident a sufficient number of votes could not be obtained for expulsion. He demanded the previous question. Mr. Cox wanted to move to lay the resolution on the table. Mr. Davis gave notice that he should revive the original resolution of expulsion. The question was stated. Shall the main question be now put? Mr. Cox demanded the yeas and nays. Mr. Colfax remarked that if no delays were intended, he had better proceed with his remarks. Mr. Cox replied that he and his friends did not want to delay, but they thought on a question of such importance there ought to be a record of names. The main question was then ordered, yeas 75, nays 71. Mr. Colfax then supported the proposition, which he had presented in performance of his duty. He showed that when Mr. Clay was Speaker he came down from the chair numerous times to reply to Josiah Quincy, who had expressed himself against the war of 1812. He answered various gentlemen, contending that just such speeches as that of Mr. Long incited riots in New York and Illinois, and encouraged the enemy at Richmond and elsewhere, gladdening their hearts and strengthening their hands. The debate was continued by Mr. Long and Mr. Colfax until a late hour, when a vote was taken upon the first resolution, viz: "That the said Alexander Long be and he is hereby declared to be an unworthy member of this House." This was adopted—Yeas 80, nays 70.

In the Senate, on the 15th, the session was mainly occupied in debate upon Mr. Sherman's bill to prohibit speculation in gold; several amendments were proposed and rejected, and the Senate adjourned without taking a vote on the subject.

In the House, a bill authorising the establishment of an ocean mail steamship service between the United States and Brazil was passed. The bill authorises the Postmaster-General to unite with the Post Office Department of Brazil in establishing direct mail communication between the two countries, by means of a monthly line of first-class sea-going steamers, of not less than 2,000 tons each, of sufficient number to perform 12 round trips per annum between a United States port north of the Potomac river and Rio Janeiro, touching at St. Thomas, in the West Indies, and at Bahia and Pernambuco, provided that the expense to the United States shall not exceed $200,000 per annum. The Postmaster-General is authorised to advertise for proposals for such service 60 days, in one or more newspapers in Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston, such contract to go into effect on or before Sept. 1, 1865. Bills establishing a postal money order system, not compelling all railroads to carry the mails, were also passed. The joint resolution to dispose of the unemployed Generals was postponed. Some unimportant business was transacted and the House adjourned.

In the Senate, on the 15th, considerable interest was taken in the news of the massacre of troops at Fort Pillow; and, on motion of Senator Howard, a resolution was adopted instructing the Committee on the Conduct of the War to inquire into it, and whether Fort Pillow could have been reinforced or evacuated, and the said committee be instructed to report at as early a day as possible. Earnest speeches were made by Messrs. Howard, Wilson, Johnson, Conness and Grimes, in favor of strict measures of retaliation, man for man, or two for one.

In the House, the consideration of the Bank bill was resumed, and, on motion of Mr. Fenton, of N. Y., an amendment was agreed upon, to the effect that the capital stock of banks under the act should be liable to taxation by the States at the same rates as that imposed upon moneys in private hands, provided that no State tax should be imposed on any part of the capital stock of such association which might be invested in United States bonds deposited as security for the circulation. The report of the Committee on Elections, declaring that Mr. B. M. Kitchen, of West Virginia, was not entitled to a seat as representative of the Seventh District, was called up and debated resulting in a resolution declaring the gentleman duly elected and entitled to a seat.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE news this week from Europe is not important. The French journals assert that the difficulties between the Emperor of Austria and Maximilian have been arranged, and that he will soon embark for his Mexican empire. The loan has been taken by French and English houses, and about $5,000,000 are to be paid to France for war expenses. It would seem as though France had resolved to take up the rôle which England had abandoned, and build rams for the rebels, all under the stale device of being for the Chinese trade. The privateer Georgia is likewise being refitted in France.

In England great preparations are being made to receive Garibaldi. A Conference on Danish and German affairs is to be held in London.

The war continued in Denmark with varying success. The Danes had repulsed the Prussians at Duppel. Rumors of disaffection among the Hungarian regiments in the Austrian service were rife, and to this fact the retreat from Fredericia was attributed.

The British Channel fleet had received orders to be ready to sail for the Baltic at a moment's notice.

The Queen was to return to public life on the 5th of April, when she would hold a levee at Buckingham Palace.

The Emperor of Russia had given great offence to Napoleon, by celebrating at St. Petersburg the entry of the allied armies into Paris in 1814.

NOTES AND TOPICS.

The Hebrews.

WE find in the statements of a late writer upon the Hebrews, that the United States have over two hundred thousand of them, while England has but thirty-five thousand. At first glance this may seem a strange disproportion, but to those who have made themselves familiar with the history of the race it is only an argument to show how the tide of commerce and prosperity has set towards this country. As a positive evidence of our well-doing, nothing could be stronger. The Jews, like a sleuth-hound, follows upon communities disposed to industry and commerce, and immediately constitute themselves the small dealers, especially in money and precious goods. They have always been the precursors of commercial greatness, and no nation that has driven them away has prospered in business. We do not assert that they make this prosperity, but their almost instinct for gain has made them to see it in advance. They are essentially a business people, a Jewish laborer, sailor or farmer being a rarity, though we believe that a great many of the race have become soldiers. Though the Christian world has been especially hard upon the Hebrew, they have found it difficult to do without him, and wherever luxury reigns there is he most in his element. Therefore, as a sign of prosperity, we cannot regret that there is almost a quarter of a million of Jews in the land.

Strikes in a Nutshell.

It seems strange that the intelligence that really does exist among American mechanics and workingmen should not be brought more into play when their own interests are concerned. At this moment labor is upon what is termed "a strike," all over the country. They are passing through that transition state which has to occur at stated intervals to keep capital and labor balanced. All things must be regulated by the price of labor, and the moment that articles of necessity reach that price that they are beyond the means of certain branches of laborers it proves that the value of the labor that produced them has risen, and as a consequence other labor must rise with it. This is the case just now with all articles of food, in consequence of the high value of agricultural labor, caused by enlistment, and as a result all branches of industry must rise proportionately. The great mistake of strikers is to make themselves antagonistic to capital. There is really no antagonism between labor and capital. They are both equally workers, capital being as much a dead letter—if it is idle—as the laborer would be in the same condition. If a rich man is an idle man he will soon cease to be rich, his capital will make no gains, but cannot help making losses. He may appear to be idle, but he must think always, and as he thinks so does his money work, and by working keep labor going. The capital acts as the agent for the laborer, saving him the time he would otherwise lose in selling his products, providing him with machinery to lessen toil, building better workshops, and doing a thousand things that a single workman could not do. In fact, capital represents a hundred laborers combined, and by that combination achieves what the single man never could. Capital is governed by the same laws as labor, and must have its own strikes. That is, when there is a surplus of capital in any particular locality or business it must either fall to the value that is placed upon it or strike for something higher. This strike is generally accomplished by removing to some other locality, or embarking in another business. This, also, is the only way in which labor can regulate itself. All the strikes in the world will have no effect if there is a surplus of labor in any branch. If that is so, the laborer must remove to another locality or another employment. This is the only way that a strike can become effectual.

Uncle Sam.

During the existence of the war of 1812 a New York contractor, who will still be remembered by some of our old citizens, named Elbert Anderson, visited Troy for the purpose of buying provisions for the army. The inspectors of beef and pork at Troy were two brothers, Messrs. Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson; the last, always known under the *soubriquet* of Uncle Sam, was the superintendent of the workmen employed to handle and ship the casks bought by Mr. Anderson. These casks were always marked E. A.—U. S. This marking was done by one of Uncle Sam Wilson's employés, who was either stupid or witty, and on being asked by the other workmen the meaning of these letters answered that they stood for Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam. The thing took among the workmen, and after the joke was discovered the cognomen still hung among them. In due time a great many of these very workmen found their way into the army, to help eat the beef and pork they had assisted to pack. With them went their old jokes, and this one pre-eminent, until it became a standard designation, and before the war was done was recognised over all the land as the appellation of the nation. I have never seen this in print, nor do I believe it has been, but there are, without doubt, many now living who know its truth.

BOOK NOTICES.

A YOUTH'S HISTORY OF THE REBELLION, from the Bombardment of Fort Sumter to the Capture of Roanoke Island. By WILLIAM M. THAYER, Author of the "Pioneer Boy," etc. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co., 1864, 347 pp.

The popularity of the books for the young which Mr. Thayer has given makes it unnecessary to say that this book will be pre-eminently popular. Mr. Thayer knows exactly the wants of the large class for whom he writes, and supplies their wants admirably. He interests, warms and allures his young readers, who will all be delighted with his youth's history.

TOWN GOSSIP.

SHARING the fate of all other sublunary things, the Sanitary Fair is beginning to flag in interest, and, as the edge of public appetite is dulled, gradually ceases to be a nine days' wonder.

By this we do not mean to assert that the crowds are dropping off, or that the exhibition is any less attractive, but simply that the local population have been and gone and done it, and that the hundreds of fair ladies and clever men who threw their time and talents into the business at its start begin now to surfeit of the daily routine of amateur shopkeeping and dickering, and feel somewhat like resigning their duties—occasionally—into the hands of clerks and subordinates.

But still the stream pours in, and so far no time has been mentioned for closing. In some respects the expectations of its orig[illegible] and well-wishers have not been met, and som[illegible] rous errors have been made that militate fearfully against a success. The most important of these are financial. Firstly, in dividing the Fair into compartments, and making it necessary that nearly $3 should be spent by the visitor in going through all. We believe that if the uniform price on the first few days had been $2, until the rush was over, and then kept at $1, with no farther charge for viewing all the sights, advertising each day what exhibitions would be given, the amount of money taken would have been greater.

Another error is in asking exorbitant prices for goods. Thousands have gone there with an intention to buy, provided prices ruled the same as in stores, but have come away with their money unspent on the above account. This error is in most cases attributable to the contributors, who, for the purpose of enhancing the supposed value of their goods, have marked them with exorbitant prices, leaving them thereby unsold, and making it imperative that at the close of the Fair they should be sold at a real sacrifice.

So far, the greatest bargain we have heard of occurred at a jewellery stand, the lady attendant of which, having to be absent a few minutes, left a young miss in charge. During this time a lady made her appearance, and buying a few small articles, admired a set of ear-rings and pin. The price was asked, the label referred to, and $3 50 announced as the sum. The lady liked them, paid the money and departed. On the return of the principal of the stall, the younger lady, proud of her commercial transactions, made a return of sales, and in an instant was horrified by the discovery that, by a mistake in reading the label, she had sold an elegant diamond set, valued at $350, which she had read as $3 50. Without an instant's consideration, she started wildly through the thousands to find the purchaser, and, most singular of all, did so, recovering the gems, the purchaser being as innocent of their value as was the seller.

The sword contest, which proves the most exciting affair of the Fair, closed on Saturday night of the second week with these numbers:

Whole number of votes cast	10,800
McClellan	5,556
Grant	5,220
All other Generals	58

Leaving McClellan 320 ahead on the entire ticket. When the excitement is over, it will be well worth the while of those interested to inquire, not who received the greatest number of votes, but who received the votes of the largest number of people.

While the subject is on our minds, we would mention that, after one or two visits to the Children's Department, we have become a firm believer in Carlyle's theory, that all boys should, upon birth, be put in a barrel and fed through the bunghole until they are 16 years of age, or at least that they should never be allowed in crowds. The manner in which youths, ranging from four to 14, ranged through the room, upsetting and pushing through the midst of quiet groups, tearing ladies' dresses and wiping their feet on gentlemen's pants, unrepressed by the police, has made us a convert to this belief.

One of the most singular, as well as the most impudent items of the week, is the fact of the presentation by Charles Jefferds, who is now in States Prison for life, of the pistol with which he committed the murders of Mathews and Walton to the Fair, requesting that it should be sold, and the proceeds booked in votes for Grant on the sword question!

What has Grant done to deserve this?

As a showing of the hungry crowds that seek the restaurant department, this is a record of one week's eating: 320,000 oysters, 15,883 lbs. meats, 6,591 lbs. poultry, 3,240 lbs. fish, 5,953 quarts ice cream, and other edibles in proportion, shewing clearly that the angels, fairies, sprites and so forth that haunt the stalls and passages of the great Fair are strongly given to solids.

One of the impossibilities of a series of visits to the great exhibition is to give any connected account of the wonders. Its historian must have powers of analysis, condensation and arrangement beyond all human comprehension, and must lack everything of human passion that would prevent him from passing cool judgment. How can any narrator be expected to speak of the inanimate show, when from every stall and passageway eyes of every shade, from the heavenly blue to the raven black, gleam entreaty upon him, and lips that seem made only to utter perpetually musical poems plead the very last greenback from his pocket, to be replaced by loves of pincushions and unimpeachable knick-knacks? In a burst of admiration and enthusiasm, we even forgive the delicious damsel who took our hardearned greenback for a glass of sodawater, rendered absolutely necessary by our labors and the dust, and sweetly informed us that she gave no change!

Another matter worth mentioning is the sad lack of information on especial subjects, the catalogue not supplying every deficiency. One point on which we desired enlightenment is that of the mermaid exhibited in the Curiosity room. The question simply is whether it is the mermaid known to historic fame, as captured by Barnum, or whether it is merely a mermaid of unknown family, and having no interest to the general public, but the fact of being a genuine mermaid, which nobody will deny. If it is the first, then the public should know it, that they may view a creature whose fame is so identified with that of our country.

Another point on which we covet information is the private opinion of those Indians upon the whole matter. There is something so inconceivably wretched in the aspect of these Shoshones, something so evidently *blasé*, that we can compare them to nothing but the Happy Family at the Museum, which is, without doubt, the most unhappy gathering of living creatures on the face of the earth.

On Thursday an incident was made in the sale of Mr. Bonner's gift, the celebrated mare, Lady Woodruff. The mare is 12 years old, and is said to be the fastest trotter of her weight—1,100 pounds—in the country. She has done as well as 2.27 in harness, and is now represented to be capable of doing better than ever before. Under these circumstances it seems somewhat strange that she only brought $1,800, though she was resold immediately afterwards for $2,000. Before the sale there were rumors flying about that she was valued at $7,000, and that her giver would hand the Fair-managers $6,000 for her himself, rumors that did not prove realities.

Among the contributions of the week the most touching is that of a Spanish lady, who, having renounced the world, and became a nun, in the Convent of the Sacred Heart, sends all her earthly treasures, consisting of jewellery and gems, and valued at $2,500, to the Fair. They are exhibited on the Harlem stand.

Another is that of a book of autographs donated by Miss Fanny Kemble, containing that of Queen Victoria, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Palmerston, and a full assortment of other Dukes, Lords, Princes and Earls of celebrity. Side by side with this, and offered for $500, is a book containing a great number of autographs of American celebrities, among which are all the Presidents, from George Washington to Abraham Lincoln.

In the Trophy room we have many sights of pleasure and interest; among the first is the always goodnatured and earnest face of Mrs. McClellan, than the possession of which we can understand no greater privilege for the General, unless it be the warm-hearted and truthful admiration of his countrymen. Among the last is the presence of John Burns, the old Gettysburg patriot, who took his musket on the day of the battle, and went out to do a little fighting on his own hook. Burns is 71 years of age and a soldier of the war of 1812. At the outbreak of the rebellion he volunteered in a company bound for the field, but was discharged in a few days, because, as they said, he was too old, a fact that Burns did not see. Determined to take a hand anyhow, he was delighted when the fighting reached his own door, and took one chance at Gettysburg, which proved no prize, for the old man was badly wounded, a trifle that is being thoroughly made up to him by lionization.

Another living history, in the same room, is a soldier named William Mudge, whose sightless eyes are made the subject of especial appeal by a beautiful lady, who recites his services and condition to those who have hearts and pockets. A ball has stricken away the soldier's sight, affected his palate, and taken from him a large share of enjoyment for life. Such sights bring home to us the realities of our great struggle, and makes us see the earnestness of purpose and necessity that underlies all the dazzle, beauty, fashion, flirtation and poetry of the great Sanitary Fair.

One of the most brilliant affairs of the week, as connected with the great work, was the performance on Saturday afternoon of the children at Niblo's Theatre in "Cinderella."

The house was crowded to greatly uncomfortably fulness long before the hour of performance, and we hazard nothing in saying, with the most fashionable large audience that has been gathered in New York in many years.

The matter was concocted very quietly, the outside public knowing nothing about it, until within a day or two of the time, and then only by a modest advertisement in one or two papers, which even neglected to mention such particulars as the price of admission. The performers—their first appearance on any stage—were all from Fifth Avenue, Madison Square, and their belongings, and not even a supe was allowed but could date from a brown stone front.

The play itself was a rendering of the story of "Cinderella" much cut up and much cut down, and could have been much improved by the substitution of Planché's version of the same exquisite tale. Of the performers we are obliged to admit that they rather excited our astonishment; every one, from the leading lady to the lowest subordinate, showing a coolness and presence of mind that would have made the fortune of any debutante, and almost argued that they had been inhaling the perfume of the footlights for the period of their natural lives.

The leading lady, Miss Minnie Cropsey, who did Cinderella, was as charming in her acting as she was in person, and brought down the house and bouquets frequently. Whenever her brown stone front and dividends fail her, the stage will be a vocation on which she can fall back with perfect safety.

Miss Katie Sinclair, who did honor to the reputation of the fairy Serena, is a charming little blonde—we never knew a Kate who was not a blonde—of twelve, who did her fairy business in an airy way, and interpolated it with a minuet—a dance that all fairies perform—assisted by a nameless youth, in very grandmotherly style.

One son of General Fremont—Charley by name—did up the Prince in a princely way, and seemed rather to enjoy his acquaintance with Cinderella; while another son of the General, the youthful Frank, acted as Herald, and blew a windless blast from an unimpeachably bright trumpet, that stamped him at once as an actor of uncommon power.

During the ball-room scene—which was really beautiful—being done by about a hundred well selected and elegantly dressed children; a lad of about nine years old played a solo on the violin, which, on his encore, was followed by a *melange* of national airs, and deservedly elicited earnest applause.

The whole affair was one of the most noticeable and pleasant items of the season, and netted to the treasury within a trifle of $3,000.

The receipts of the Fair up to the close of the second week are $800,000, and the average daily increase $40,000. We trust that the managers will not be hurried into closing prematurely, because the fair shopkeepers weary of their self-imposed burdens, but will appeal for fresh help as well as fresh contributions.

And now for the theatres.

The sensation of the day seems to be Avonia Jones, and we are more than surprised that one so much talked of, both by the press and the public, putting out of the question all criticism on ability, does not draw fuller houses. By this we do not mean that the houses are poor, but that they lack that fulness which always greeted other artists of a high order or much talked of. Through the week Miss Jones has given us more Judith, interspersed with Medea, Bianca and Juliana, and we think has gained upon her audience at each representation.

On Monday night, according to promise, Mrs. Wood produced "Loyaline," a reconstruction of Planché's "Fortunio," by Oakey Hall, our District Attorney. Whether Mr. Hall has improved the structure is a difficult problem to solve, but certainly some of the local hits, puns and allusions are excellently well done, and, coupled with the manner in which it is put upon the stage, makes a most attractive hour's laugh. Especially would we commend the dragon's head after decapitation, and its performance in the chorus, only wondering that the property-man was not called before the curtain to receive the reward of pre-eminent genius, and the performer on the string connecting with the dragon's jaws to share it with him, the same as the author and the leading actor are called out to receive the plaudits of a pleased public.

Preceding "Loyaline" a neat little comic drama, by Morton, who never does anything bad, has run the week, and has given an opportunity for the debut of Mrs. Winter, whose name is already familiar to the public as one of the most delightful story writers of the day. Mrs. Winter, during the first few nights, could not help but show the natural trepidation of a debutante, but that wearing off, she carries with her all the essentials of a charming actress. There are nature and beauty, and with the education that time will bring upon the boards her success is certain.

A suggestion comes to our mind as connected with an incident in this house a few nights since, though equally applicable to every other theatre. It is in reference to the rise of the audience before the conclusion of the piece. We especially speak of it here because we believe that Mr. Duff is a reformer of theatrical abuses, and has the nerve to do it. If he will reform such an abuse as we mention, he will deserve not only the thanks and gratitude of the respectable part of the public but of every actor on the stage. We hardly see how it is to be done but by an iron hand, and its power should be exercised by closing the doors of the house five minutes before the fall of the curtain, and refusing to allow any one to leave the premises until it is fully down. This last should be announced to the public, and then it would be understood, and the admission accepted with the condition. If any one violated it by rising and bustling in his seat during the last five minutes, let him be handed over to the police for disturbing the audience, and cool his heels in the station-house for that night. We hardly think he would repeat the experiment.

The promises for the week are Booth at Niblo's as Raphael, in the "Marble Heart," and Hackett on Saturday, in "Henry IV.," for the benefit of the fund to erect a monument to Shakespeare in the Central Park. At Wallack's we have "The Clandestine Marriage," "The Wonder," "The Stranger," and more "Rosedale;" while on Saturday, 23d, the tercentenary of Shakespeare's birth, a Shakespearian comedy will be given for the Dramatic Fund. Barnum will run "Cudjo's Cave," with a plentiful sprinkling of patriotism, as connected with American citizens of African descent—which, of course, doesn't mean darkeys—miscegenatic effects, loud tableaux and tall acting. Robert Heller opens his new theatre on Monday, opposite the Metropolitan, to give us "Music and Magic," having inaugurated himself before the children at the Sanitary Fair on Wednesday last.

Among the gossip of Wall street is an explanation of how the gold excitement was caused during the past week, it having touched 190 at one time. It seems that the panic was caused by certain Philadelphia brokers and speculators, who after securing several millions of the article, telegraphed to their correspondents in this city to buy for them to the extent of $100,000 at any price at which it could be had within 15 minutes after the reception of the dispatch. The receipt of such an extraordinary commission, as soon as it leaked out, naturally excited Wall street to the highest pitch, and instantly on the demand the price advanced. For a while it was perfect madness, no one being able to tell the reason why. As soon as the excitement had reached its highest figure the originators quietly commenced selling out, and the result was that each one connected with the scheme cleared about $100,000, and gold next day was down to 172, just 18 per cent. less.

One of the exciting topics of the week, that appeals to every man, woman and child in the community, is the rise in omnibus fare. A step so sudden as almost a doubling of the fare is not warranted by any circumstances. The proprietors of these lines are already growing rich, even with the high price of food and labor, but if it had been necessary for them to rise, two cents would have been the highest justifiable point. The result of their attempt at extortion is that the stages are almost totally deserted, and the cars more wretchedly overcrowded than ever. The hardworking man and woman, who depended upon the ride to lighten somewhat their daily toil, are obliged to walk or take the cars, which possibly do not go near their domiciles.

These things are trifles, but yet, as interfering with our daily peace and comfort, they should be forced down. We are obliged now to hear with almost every species of outrage from the drivers and proprietors of these public nuisances, and this one more seems only like heaping the last feather that is destined to break the camel's back.

Every person ought to refuse to ride in them, and every good citizen ought to report at the Mayor's office every dereliction he witnesses of the drivers, even though it be only the running over and killing of a helpless old woman or young child.

The five hundred Universal Wringing Machines presented by the proprietors to the Sanitary Commission are nearly disposed of, and will net $3,500. These valuable household assistants—which were almost unknown three years ago—are now selling at the rate of one hundred thousand annually. The manufacturers claim a combination, under eight different patents, of all the advantages that can be desired in a Wringing Machine. They are durable and in every way satisfactory.—*Journal of Commerce.*

"Nigger, who am de' fuss man dat introduced salt porwishuns into the navy?"

"Der, now, you's too hard for dis colored indiwidual."

"It was Noah, nigger, when he took Ham 'board his ark."

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The maple sugar crop of 1864 will greatly exceed that made in previous years. In all probability it will reach 25,000,000 pounds, worth, at the low estimate of 16 cents a pound, nearly $4,000,000.

—— Mrs. Gen. McClellan is to have charge of one of the most interesting departments of the Buffalo Sanitary Fair, which is a collection of the torn and stained battle flags brought home from the war by the returning regiments. She has written to Quartermaster-Gen. Aiken for the flags of Connecticut, and they are to be sent to her. The collection will be arranged upon stands in groups and will form one of the most absorbing attractions of the Fair.

—— The amount appropriated in the law for the service of the Post-Office Department for the year ending June, 1865, for inland service, is nearly $8,000,000; for foreign mail transportation, $250,000; and for ship, steamboat and navy letters, $8,000.

—— On Thursday, the 14th April, gold reached the highest point yet—189¼. This, with exchange on London at 200, caused considerable excitement in the money market.

—— The famous trotting mare, Lady Woodruff, presented by Robert Bonner, the publisher, to the Sanitary Fair, was sold to Mr. Howard for $1,800, who again sold her to Mr. Irving, her original proprietor, for $2,000. Mr. Bonner bought it of Mr. Irving, some years ago, for $3,300.

—— The season commenced on the trotting course on the 14th April. The unfavorable state of the weather prevented a very large attendance, but the races were conducted with great spirit, although there was little betting.

Western.—A terrific tornado swept over Bureau county, Central Illinois, on Monday, the 11th. Fences were flattened, buildings tumbled into ruins, and trees torn up by the roots. The towns of Knoxville and Galesburg were seriously damaged.

Southern.—Even in North Carolina, where comparative plenty abounds, the prices of food are enormous. Bacon is $5 a pound, butter $6, eggs $3 a dozen, corn $28 a bushel, flour $250 a barrel, molasses $30 a gallon, potatoes $15 a bushel, sugar $12 a pound.

—— The Raleigh *Confederate* says: "Gen. Morgan is about to make his greatest raid—if successful it will be the greatest blow yet aimed at the North."

Naval.—The French papers publish an article taken from the *Opinion Nationale* of Paris, which includes official documents, and proves that the French Government is quietly conniving at the efforts of rebel agents to have ironclad war vessels built in France for the rebel service. From the revelations of the *Opinion*, it appears that firms at Nantes and Bordeaux have been for months at work building war vessels, ostensibly for China, but really for the rebels. Mr. Deyion, last fall, laid before the French Government proofs of the real destination of the vessels, and after much delay, the work was stopped by Government orders. But during the last two months, as the *Opinion* declares, the work has been resumed, and two of the vessels are now ready to be passed over to the rebel agents. Lieut. Maury and Capt. Bullock have been prominent in these negotiations. These vessels are ironclad, and the rebel authorities have ordered an entire fleet, which the Government of Napoleon III. seems willing to have built at French ports, in spite of its reiterated desire to maintain a strict neutrality.

Personal.—Judah P. Benjamin, who is now playing a most conspicuous part in the grand drama of the rebellion, delivered a lecture in San Francisco before the war, in which he said, on the subject of disunion, that those who prate of and strive to dissolve this glorious Confederacy of States are like those silly savages who let fly their arrows at the sun, in the vain hope of piercing it, and still the sun rolls on, unheeding, in the eternal pathway, shedding light and heat and animation upon all the world.

—— Mrs. Lizzy Campbell Winter, already favorably known to our readers as a very popular novelist, made her debut at the Olympic on the 11th, as Rosina, in "Our Wife." Her performance was characterized by great vivacity and expression. She has every requisite to make a very charming actress. Her figure and face fit her admirably for parts requiring personal attractions, while her mental qualifications enable her to depict with force and precision the author's meaning.

—— Gen. Robt. E. Lee, the present Commander-in-Chief of the Virginia Confederate forces, was the Colonel who captured Ossawatamie Brown, at Harper's ferry, and handed him over to the Virginia State authorities.

—— Mr. Chase, of the Treasury, arrived in New York on the 14th, and returned on the 10th to Washington.

Obituary.—G. T. Ticknor, the well-known Boston publisher, died suddenly at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, on the 10th of April.

—— Mr. A. A. Lovett, the Superintendent of the People's Line of Telegraph, died on the 13th of April, of apoplexy, at his office, No. 21 Wall street. Mr. Lovett had long been identified with the telegraphic interests of the country, and during his useful career had endeared himself to a large circle of friends.

—— John C. Rives, of Washington, proprietor of *The Congressional Globe*, died on April 10, aged 68, of congestion of the lungs. Mr. Rives began to reside in Washington in 1824, having come from Edwardsville, Ill., where he was a bank cashier. He received a clerkship in the Fourth Auditor's office, and afterwards was engaged in Duff Green's newspaper office. During the early part of Gen. Jackson's Administration he, with Frank Blair, sr., founded the *Globe*, of which he had been sole proprietor for three years at the time of his death.

—— The Hon. John Banks, of Pennsylvania, died on the 3d inst. He was born in 1793. In 1813 he commenced law. In 1833 he was sent to Congress. In 1836 he was appointed by Gov. Ritner President Judge of the Third Judicial District of the State, in the fulfilment of which office he gained the esteem and good will of those with whom he was brought in contact. In 1841 he was the Whig candidate for Governor, but was unsuccessful, and in 1847 he became State Treasurer, retiring from the Bench and returning to the Bar, where he at once attained a very large and lucrative practice, which he held to the time of his death.

—— M. M. Marmaduke, formerly Lieutenant-Governor and ex-officio Governor of Missouri, died at his residence in Saline county, on the 26th of March, aged 73 years. Of his three sons, John S. joined the rebel army, H. M. is now in the rebel "navy" and Vincent was banished for disloyalty. The old man, however never faltered in his devotion to the Union, but remained a loyal and true man to the day of his death.

Accidents and Offences.—Daniel Brooks, who was tried for the homicide of Smith, McKinley's bartender, and convicted of manslaughter in the third degree, is sentenced to the State Prison for 4 years.

—— In the case of James Nixon, the lame soldier, tried for the murder of Wm. N. Brown, keeper of the Pewter Mug, the jury find a verdict of manslaughter in the third degree.

Foreign.—In the southern provinces of Russia large discoveries have been made of petroleum.

—— Near Gournay, in France, three large and deep pits have been discovered filled with early Gaulish war hatchets. They were covered over with immense quantities of flints.

—— Mr. Smith O'Brien declined presiding as chairman at a recent meeting of Nationalists in Ireland, alleging that their behavior was more like that of a "mob of ruffians" than that of reasonable men and patriots. In his letter he advises the misguided young men who have joined the Fenian Association to abandon it.

—— The Swiss are at last entering into the ice trade and are exporting large quantities to Paris. The ice is carried over the Central railway, some of the blocks weighing 1,500 pounds.

—— A priest, when returning home in the evening, was stopped by a band of thieves, who began to rifle his pockets. While so occupied, the rascals, perceiving a French patrol approaching, compelled the priest to intone a portion of the Litany, which he did, they kneeling round him meanwhile, and devoutly responding *Ora pro nobis!* The soldiers taking them for a group of devotees, many of whom thus pray in public, passed on, and the moment they were out of sight the thieves completed their operation, and left the priest without a single bajocco.

—— The Re d'Italia arrived at Gibraltar from New York, after a splendid run of 14 days and 20 hours. Her behavior was admirable.

—— The serfs of Poland have refused the Czar's offer of freedom.

—— The Japanese Ambassadors, with a suite of 50 persons, are telegraphed from Suez. Besides Paris, where they are to apologise to the Emperor for the misdeeds of the Tycoon, they are to visit London, Vienna, and also Switzerland, whither they are going to see an existing republic.

—— An Episcopal clergyman near Durham, England, has been handed by the police out of a Methodist New Connection chapel, having forcibly entered and loudly denounced the worship, not being under his charge, as sinful.

—— Prof. Tigri, of Sienna, Italy, has addressed a paper to the Academy of Science of Paris, wherein he declares that he has again found on the bodies of persons who had died of typhoid fever infusoria of the genus Bacterium.

—— A crazy man has been proposing marriage to the English Princess Helena. He is a gunner in the Royal Artillery.

—— Rebel two cent postage stamps are selling in London at two shillings each.

—— A man appeared recently in the streets of Paris clothed in a complete suit of medieval armor. He had been a collector of such things, and his calling had turned his brain.

—— The Sultan lately paid a state visit to the opera at Constantinople. The managers doubled the prices on the occasion, so the indignant Ottomans staid away.

—— Four millions and a half pounds sterling worth of cattle die in England by disease—pleuro-pneumonia the malady generally.

—— It is stated that Field-Marshal Von Wrangel has sent to the Crown Princess of Prussia a Danish cannon-ball which fell near to the Crown Prince while he was making a reconnoissance, and that her Royal Highness has caused the ball to be placed in her drawing-room at the Potsdam Palace.

Art, Science and Literature.—At the recent periodical meeting of the British Electric and International Telegraph Company, it was stated, among other things, that the best marine cables were perishable, and there was a necessity for providing means for replacing them.

—— "Our Mutual Friend" is to be the title of Mr. Charles Dickens's new serial novel. The first number will appear 1st May.

—— Mr. Sothern, the Dundreary of the play, is about to appear as David Garrick, in a play of that name, written for him by Tom Taylor.

—— A deputation, headed by Mr. Charles Dickens, is to wait on the Dean of Westminster, relative to a statue or bust of Thackeray in Westminster Abbey.

—— Louis Napoleon's private secretary, Mocquard, has composed a tragedy, entitled "Julius Cæsar." It is to be performed about the same time that the Emperor's life is published.

—— Dr. Mosenthal, the author of "Leah," has written a new play for Miss Bateman.

—— Chlorine decolorizes precious stones, but the diamond, ruby and sapphire resist its influence.

—— Mr. Boucicault has just finished a new drama, called "The Rapparee." It is of the sensation order.

—— Francois Hugo's French translation of Shakespeare has realised for him 50,000 francs.

—— Prof. Hofman, of London, has patented a process for making a new coloring matter by means of iodine, extracted from seaweed, and which produces a beautiful violet, blue violet, or red violet. The patented process consists of mixing, in certain proportions, the substance called rosaniline with the iodides of ethyl, methyl or amyl. This dye may be used in the same manner as the aniline colors, and is already in the hands of practical people in all the manufacturing districts, and bids fair to be the "color of the season."

—— A Belgium paper says that petroleum oil lamps are affected by music—a certain note on a brass instrument puts them out. M. Duhem extinguished eight lamps in succession by the sound of a trumpet. He was one of the late M. Jullien's band, and is professor at the Conservatoire of Music.

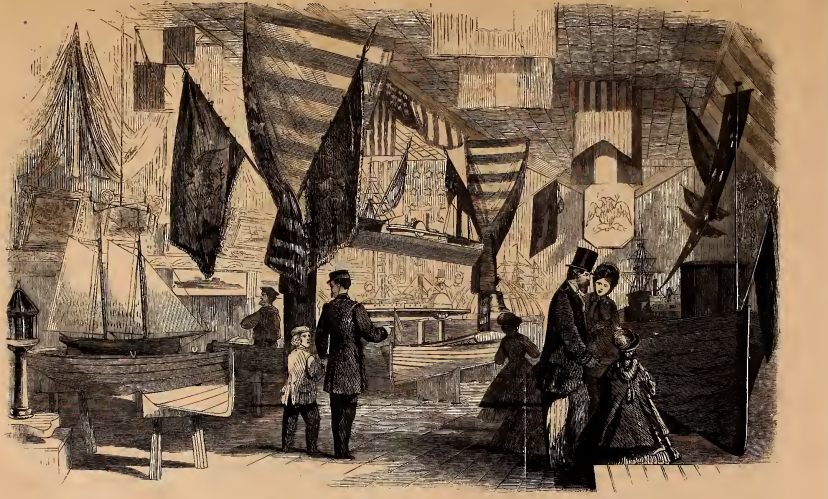
Chit-Chat.—The *Evening Bulletin* of San Francisco, California, issued at 5 o'clock, P. M., each afternoon, has news from New York and the Eastern States up to 8 P. M., or three hours later.

—— A startling "sensation scene" at the Surrey Theatre, Lon., in a drama called "Ashore and Afloat," has been received with a most lively expression of enthusiasm by the transpontine audience. Ruth, the heroine of the piece, is induced by a ruffian to descend into a deserted mine, there expecting to meet with her lover, Hal Oakford. Scarcely has she discovered the deception played upon her, when the water—real water—rushes in upon the scene, and there seems no chance of escape from destruction. At this moment, however, Hal descends in a basket, takes her into it, and calls out to his friends above to pull away. But a beam falls across the shaft, and further ascent seems impossible. There is no time to lose. Another effort. A slash with the sailor's knife cuts away the basket, and the lover and his love, clinging to the rope, are drawn up as the curtain falls amidst uproarious plaudits.

—— The Springfield *Union* tells the following story: The other evening, while waiting for the train, Henry Ward Beecher lectured some newsboys at the depot for making such a loud noise, in crying their papers. "There's no use making such a noise," said he. "Announce your newspapers in a plain but not boisterous manner, and you will sell them much more readily." His remarks were listened to with respect, and he seemed to have made quite an impression, when he asked, "What is the news tonight?" "Oh!" said one of the urchins, "give me three cents and I'll show you!"

—— There is now in Paris, France, a very lovely and charming young lady, who, from some strange fatality, is destined to go singly through the world, despite all of her attractiveness and exertions. She is a dark beauty, with magnificent eyes, a glowing cheek, a lively expression, a graceful figure—in fact, altogether endowed with every attraction, even to that of having in her own right $500,000, and being an only daughter, with the prospect of inheriting millions. This fair lady is now about 26 years old, and has been engaged to be married 12 times. Each time the seemingly fortunate lover has died within a few weeks of the time appointed for the nuptial ceremony. Yet no suspicions of the dagger or bowl can be cast upon the fair one; a dark, mysterious fatality has carried them away. Several died of typhoid fever; one was killed in a duel; one was thrown from a horse; two were drowned; two were killed by railway accidents, and one hung himself! The lady has survived all these shocks.

—— To enjoy to-day, stop worrying about to-morrow. Next week will be just as capable of taking care of itself as this one is.



THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR—THE BOAT BUILDERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE STRASBURG CLOCK.

THE priests and military have retired, and I am now sitting in a chair facing the gigantic clock, from the bottom to the top not less than 100 feet, and about 30 feet wide and 15 feet deep. Around me are many strangers waiting to see the working of this clock as it strikes the hour of noon. Every eye is upon the clock. It now wants five minutes to twelve. The clock has struck and the people are gone, except a few whom the sexton or head man, with a wand and sword, is conducting round the building.

The clock has struck in this way: The dial is some 20 feet from the floor, on each side of which is a cherub or little boy, with a mallet, and over the dial is a small bell; the cherub on the left strikes the first quarter, that on the right the second quarter. Some 50 feet above the dial, in a large niche, is a huge figure of Time, a bell is in his left, a scythe in his right hand. In front stands a figure of a young man with a mallet, who strikes the hour quarter on the bell in the hand of Time, and then turns, and then glides, with a slow step, round behind Time; then comes out an old man with a mallet and places himself in rest.

As the hour of twelve comes the old man raises his mallet and deliberately strikes twelve times on the bell, that echoes through the building, and is heard all round the region of the church. The old man glides slowly behind Father Time, and the young man comes on ready to perform his part as the time comes round again. Soon as the old man has struck twelve and disappeared, another set of machinery is put in motion, some 20 feet higher still.

It is thus: There is a high arch with the image of Christ on it. The instant twelve is struck one of the apostles walks out from behind, some in front, turns, facing the arms, bows and walks on around to his place. As he does so another comes out in front, turns, bows and passes in. So twelve apostles, figures as large as life, walk round, bow and pass on. As the last appears an enormous cock, perched on the pinnacle of the clock, slowly flaps his wings, stretches forth its neck and crows three times, so loud as to be heard outside the church to some distance, and so naturally as to be mistaken for a real cock. Then all is as silent as death.

No wonder this clock is the admiration of Europe. It was made in 1551, and has performed these mechanical wonders ever since, except about 20 years, when it stood out for repair.

A LETTER from Paris to the Manchester *Examiner* tells of a visit paid to Madame Grisi, who, with her husband, Mario, is now residing in the magnificent mansion they have recently built and had furnished in the Champs Elysees, at a cost of something like 2,000,000 francs. The great artist, we are told, was to be seen "wandering about the splendid mansion, attired in brown velvet, *a la* 'Lucrezia Borgia,' looking the very personification of royalty—the furniture of the saloons, all after the old fashion, with oak carvings, sombre tapestries and massive gildings, assisting to complete the illusion." In the midst of so much luxury, which a long and arduous career has secured, Grisi still sighs for the excitement of public life. Her voice is wonderfully fresh, and in person she appears she is equally remarkable. "*Ah voglio cantare*" is the leading theme of her discourse; and she declares that as soon as the time expires under the arrangement made with Gye, by which she bound herself not to sing in London, the voice of "Norma" shall again be heard in the great city. This will be at the end of 1865.

DR. WHEWELL, walking in Hamilton's garden at Cobham, expressed his surprise at the prodigious growth of the trees.

"My dear sir," replied Hamilton, "remember they have nothing else to do."

THE CROW A PINE TREE PLANTER.—J. Thomson, of Lees, says, in the *Gardener's Chronicle*, that "In one of the principal straths of the Highlands of Scotland I have frequently seen great numbers of crows pass over my head, carrying in their bills to a neighboring hill something like a pota-o. I first thought that they did actually carry potatoes there for the convenience of eating them; but on a closer observation I saw them dig a hole in the ground with their beaks and then deposit what appeared to be a potato, but which, on examination, proved to be cones from fir trees. For what purpose they planted them there I am unable to say, but the result was that in a few years young firs began to spring up in all directions. A inclosing tine made, the hill was planted and inclosed, and is now covered with a beautiful and thriving plantation of firs."

AT a recent ball in Paris the Marquis de Boissy, who married the Countess Guiccioli, appeared in his grandfather's coat. The Emperor said, "Marquis, that coat makes you very conspicuous?" "Yes, sire," returned the crazy old aristocrat, "and if your Majesty were to appear in your grandfather's coat you would be as conspicuous as I am." This allusion to Louis Bonaparte's humble origin caused only a smile.

THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR—THE CURIOSITY SHOP.—SEE PAGE 81.

THE NEW SONG.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

We must have a new song: but of what shall it be?
Of the pitchfork at twilight beside the lone tree?
Pressing hands, breathing vows, sheening all things with gold,
Doing just as the world did in ages of old?

We must have a new song: shall it ring with the fight—
Rounding on, burning on for the wrong and the right,
While the Earth shudders wild at their terrible tread,
And the proud sun, uncaring, looks down on the dead?

We must have a new song: shall it bubble with mirth,
Like a fountain's coil leaping to sunlight from Earth?
Or with sorrow shall all its long measures be breathed,
Like a lone, rayless river through caves darkly wreathed?

We must have a new song: yet, oh, try as we will,
The themes will but bear the same old burdens still—
Truth, battle, ambition, star-breathed or cloud-hurled,
Since the Devil and Michael fought for the world.

We *must* have a new song: then, a theme give in this—
But one moment of love o'er the whole of Earth's sod:
Oh, then may you hear a New Song of such bliss
That its stream might have burst from the mountain of God!

Oh, Vision of Glory!—Beam, Spirit of Love,
With the red sabre broken, Heaven's bow round thee curled,
Looking up, without tears,' to the WHITE HOME above,
From the rose-wreathing homes of a war-wearied world!

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM PRESENTED BY THE EMPLOYES OF MESSRS. E. & H. T. ANTHONY TO THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR.—SEE PAGE 81.

Rudolph Bosler's Pipe;

OR, THE MYSTERY OF THE BLACK BOAR.

By John L. Zisber.

THERE were assembled one evening at the Black Boar Tavern, at Heidelberg, some half dozen cattle drovers, who had just profitably disposed of their stock, and had come to the tavern—their usual resort—to count their proceeds.

They were all acquaintances, although they did business separately. The room they sat in was a sort of private apartment; not strictly so, but to which no stranger had access, especially during the meetings of the drovers.

On the evening mentioned only one other person beside themselves was present; a sleepy-looking fellow, named Rudolph Bosler. He was about forty years of age, and known to the inhabitants of Heidelberg. Rudolph was a constant visitor at the Black Boar, and, consequently, was well known to all who resorted there. He was an especial favorite with the cattle drovers, to whom he usually related tales and legends of the Black Forest and Hartz Mountains.

Bosler was never seen without his pipe, a long-stemmed and broad-bowled one. He usually sat at one end of the table smoking, while the drovers occupied the other end. He watched them intently as they heaped their coins of gold in piles of equal amounts on the table before them, and occasionally he would take the pipe from his mouth, and touch one of the piles of gold with the bowl, and say:

"There are but eleven on that pile."

Sometimes the drover imitated there were a dozen, and to prove his words he would count them, and the result was always in Rudolph's favor. He then gave a quiet chuckle at the perplexity of the man, and replacing his pipe—the stem in his mouth, and the broad, heavy bowl in his right hand for support, he would resume his smoking and watching, ever and anon correcting the counters, always indicating the deficient pile by touching it with the bowl of his pipe. He was enabled to do this by reason of the extreme length of the stem. He could not have reached the money with his hand from where he sat. He had always maintained a respectable distance from the piles of coin while the drovers were engaged in counting it. After that was over they always had a merry time over some Rhine wine with Herr Rudolph, who always paid his way with the rest, and repaid them with his inexhaustible stock of stories.

Rudolph Bosler was the life of the Black Boar, and an ever welcome companion to all who knew him. He was a bachelor, and might have remained one to his dying day had not the black eyes of the daughter of mine host of the Black Boar played the deuce with his heart and taken it captive.

Mina Casper was a pretty brunette of twenty summers, and secretly loved a young man of her neighborhood, who waited till he could call a hundred guilders his own, when he would demand Mina's hand from her father.

Heinrich Casper, her father, knew nothing of her attachment to the handsome Fritz Wolff, and when Rudolph Bosler asked to pay his court to the pretty Mina he received the full consent of her father, to the overwhelming grief of the daughter.

"Father," she would say, "I cannot think of marrying a man old enough to be my father. He is good enough, I don't doubt, but I can't love him."

"So you think now," her father would reply, "but once his wife you will soon learn' to know your duty."

But Mina was as firmly resolved not to marry Herr Bosler as her father was that she should. She at once wrote a letter to her lover, who served in a town some two days' travel from Heidelberg. She stated how matters stood, and urged him to come to her aid, if he could do so without incurring the loss of his place.

Fritz needed no second bidding, but at once resigned his situation, and returned to his native place.

He and Mina met, and held a serious consultation, which ended in Fritz obtaining a situation in the house of Heinrich Casper, who did not know that he had voluntarily admitted an enemy into the camp. The young folks had kept their loves a profound secret from all, and now being inmates of the same house, they took care not to arouse the suspicions of the landlord, which might mar all their plans for the future and hasten the catastrophe they so earnestly strove to avert.

"Resist all his advances," Fritz would say to his sweetheart, "and if it comes to the worst, and the old fellow is determined to marry you, I'll manage to serve him a trick which will at least delay his wedding-day."

Fritz had been a servant at the Black Boar about two months when our story opens.

The drovers had nearly completed their counting on the evening in question when one of them remarked:

"Rudolph Bosler has a quick eye, and can detect miscounts well. I should like to have him tell us now how he does it, by the size of the pile or by seeing us count wrong?" Then addressing the man directly, he said, "Tell us, Rudolph, how is it?"

"I have nothing to do but watch you and discover the mistake," was the quiet reply.

"Could you detect one among a dozen or more placed in a row, if all had an equal number save that one?" was the next question.

"Yes," replied Bosler.

"From where you sit?"

"Yes."

The drover arranged some fifteen piles of gold in rows, and asked Rudolph to point out the one that had eleven. The smoker touched six of them before he hit on the pile containing the odd number. His guesses were at an interval of a minute or so. After placing his pipe on one, and a shake of the head from the drover would indicate that it was the wrong one; Rudolph would place the stem in his mouth and the bowl in his right hand—as was his custom—and giving a few whiffs, he would repeat the operation until the right pile had been touched.

Several days after the last-named drover came to the landlord of the Black Boar, and made the following mysterious inquiries:

"Have you any suspicious persons attached to your tavern?"

"Explain yourself," was the response.

"I have lost nearly one hundred guilders since I stopped at your house last, and I can't for my life see how it could have happened. I must have been robbed in your house."

"Such a grave charge is hard to bear," remarked the landlord; "were it known that a robber visited my tavern I should lose all my custom. Let me hear your reasons for thinking the robbery took place under my roof."

"I had twenty packages of gold, each one containing twelve pieces, save one. When I came to pay them away for cattle yesterday five of the rolls contained but eleven pieces!"

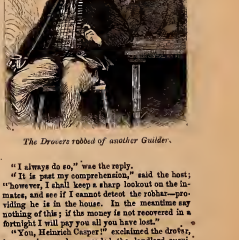
"And are you certain you counted them right?" asked Casper.

"Quite certain, for Rudolph Bosler was present, and nothing escapes his quick eye," was the reply.

"You slept in your old room?" queried Casper.

"Yes."

"And bolted your door inside?"



The Drovers robbed of another Guilder.

"I always do so," was the reply.

"It is past my comprehension," said the host; "however, I shall keep a sharp lookout on the inmates, and see if I cannot detect the robber—providing he is in the house. In the meantime say nothing of this; if the money is not recovered in a fortnight I will pay you all you have lost."

"You, Heinrich Casper!" exclaimed the drover, in surprise, as he regarded the landlord suspiciously.

"I've said so, and I'll keep my word," said Casper.

"But why should you do so?" asked the drover.

"To save the reputation of my house," replied the landlord.

"Very well," was the rejoinder. "I hope you may discover the robber, for your sake as well as my own."

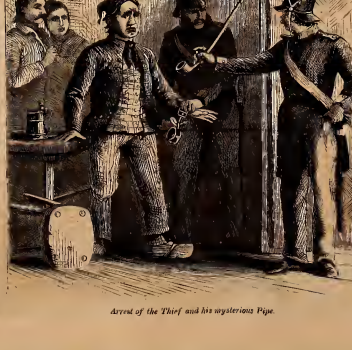
The drover left the house, half suspecting the landlord of the Black Bear for the robber himself, a suspicion he subsequently imparted to his companions in trade, who, with one accord, agreed to patronize some other tavern should they meet with a similar loss during their sojourn at the Black Boar.

A month later eight of them met on the same evening at the tavern of Heinrich Casper, and he, not having discovered the thief, and consequently not recovering the money stolen from the drover, paid that person one hundred guilders out of his savings.

The drover took the money, and was more firmly convinced that Casper was in some manner connected with the robbery. They agreed to lay a trap for him that night after retiring.

After supper they went to the room to count their gold, Rudolph being present, and, as usual, with his unwieldy pipe in his mouth and hand. The robbery was made known to him, admonishing him to keep the affair a secret. Rudolph was astonished at the disclosure, but he stoutly took the part of Heinrich Casper. "No man more honest than he could be found in Heidelberg."

The gold lay in piles on the table before the men and the process of counting began. Rudolph



Arrest of the Thief and his mysterious Pipe.

smoked and watched as usual, occasionally indicating a short pile, and never making a mistake.

One of the men was an expert fellow, and he prided himself on his accuracy in counting. One pile touched by Rudolph as short of the required number the man insisted on containing twelve.

"Count them," said Rudolph, quietly replacing the stem of his pipe in his mouth.

The pile was counted, and there were but eleven! The man looked perplexed; he was positive he had counted twelve; however, there were only eleven, and no one had touched them to remove any; in fact, it could not have been done without being seen by all around the table.

The drover grew suspicious of some trick about the table, and proceeded to examine it thoroughly, but the innocent piece of furniture was only an ordinary table, and contained no secret recesses or spring-traps. Rudolph laughed when the drover had concluded his search, and said:

"No, no, Herr Klein, it is no fault of that poor table, it lies in your wrong counting."

"I usually count right," replied Klein.

"That no one gainsays," said Rudolph, "but the best of us err sometimes."

Klein finished the counting of his money, packed it up and left the room, bestowing a curious glance on the smoker and his pipe. Calling the landlord on one side he held a whispered conversation with him for some ten minutes, the landlord shaking his head as if incredulous at what Klein had said to him. The drover went out into the yard, and encountering Fritz, drew him into conversation. The eyes of the young man sparkled as the drover appeared to explain something to him, and finally they parted, shaking hands on some bargain they had evidently made.

That evening Fritz was unusually animated, and meeting Mina he announced to her that he had a fair prospect soon to claim her hand.

"It must be soon then," said she, with tears in her eyes, "for my father said this morning that Rudolph was getting impatient of delay, and demanded my hand within two weeks."

"Put it off that long," said her lover, "and one of two things I'll promise you; either Rudolph will give up his pretensions to your hand or I shall run away with you, and marry you in spite of him and your father."

Mina smiled a little at Fritz's earnestness, but she saw nothing short of a miracle that would save her from the impending misery her father had planned for her.

"Trust in Providence," was the parting salutation of her lover, as he left her in tears.

* * * * * * * *

It was the night before the wedding between Rudolph and Mina was to take place. The drovers, ten in number, arrived at the Black Boar.

Rudolph was in a merry mood this evening; he had evidently been drinking freely during the day.

The drovers had all learned of the contemplated wedding, and they congratulated him, wishing him many happy years and a numerous family. Klein insisted on drinking a bottle of wine with him, and Rudolph, nothing loth, consented.

After the bottle was finished the ringing of gold was heard, as the drovers laid their respective piles on the table.

Rudolph, as usual, pointed out short piles, and amid many laughs at their own stupidity the merry drovers packed up their gold, and stowed it away in bags, which they then secured about their persons.

Klein was the last one to remove his money; he had ten piles, and putting them in a circle, he asked Rudolph could he point out the short one. The smoker touched eight of the ten before he guessed the odd one.

"Now I shall count them over again," said Klein, "in order to make sure of being right."

The drover did so, and found seven of the piles with only eleven pieces! and the short one had but ten instead of eleven pieces; the two piles that had not been touched by Rudolph's pipe had twelve pieces. Here was a mystery!

Klein looked at his companions, who in turn looked at him, while Rudolph Bosler sat smoking his pipe, regarding all with a quiet demeanor.

Klein cast an anxious glance at the door leading into the bar-room, as if he expected the entrance of some one. Presently the door opened, and Fritz entered, followed by two policemen. Before the party could recover from their surprise the officers had seized Rudolph Bosler, and taking his pipe from him placed a pair of handcuffs on his wrists.

"Gentlemen," cried he, pale as a sheet, "what can you mean to offer me this violence?"

"You'll find out presently," was the reply.

They took him before a magistrate, where his person was searched and some two dozen pieces of gold found on him. The pipe was handed to the magistrate, who, after examining it, gave his head a solemn shake, and darted a furious glance at the prisoner.

Rudolph Bosler was at once committed to prison.

Now to explain the mystery of Bosler's arrest.

The drover Klein felt a sort of dislike to Rudolph, and had it not been for the rest of the drovers would have objected to his presence during the counting and packing of their money. Finally, it entered his head that it was a strange occurrence that he and his companions should make so many miscounts, which should always first be detected by Rudolph Bosler.

The more he thought of it the stranger it appeared. Resolving not to say anything to his comrades, he closely watched the sleepy smoker one evening, and although he could detect the mode adopted by the thief, he could not positively swear that Rudolph took the money.

However, he saw enough to convince him that Rudolph Bosler had made it a practice to pilfer from them at every meeting, and he vowed to lay a trap for him and bring the thief to condign punishment.

To do this effectually he made a *confidante* of the landlord, and had great difficulty in convincing that person of Rudolph's guilt.

"I can scarcely believe it," remarked Casper; "but if you are sure of what you tell me I shall afford you every aid in my power to detect the rogue."

"Have you time to watch him to-night for me?" asked Klein.

"No," replied Casper. "I am all alone in the bar, but any other time I am at your service."

"Have you any one about the house that I could rely on to take the part of a spy on him?"

"I have," was the reply. "Fritz Wolff, my man-servant, a likely lad; he will answer your purpose, I'm sure."

Klein sought the lover of Mina, and during the interview learned how matters stood between Mina and him. Klein obtained Fritz's promise to aid him in catching Bosler in the act, then gave him a promise to effect a compromise with Casper, by which he, Fritz, should become the husband of Mina Casper, with the full consent of her father.

This is what caused the young man to be in such good spirits when he met his sweetheart shortly after.

On the evening of Bosler's arrest Fritz took a position behind a covered chair, from where he could witness every movement made by Rudolph, and this is what he saw:

Rudolph's pipe—as we have stated—was broad in the bowl, and on the bottom of the bowl he had placed a substance of a remarkably adhesive nature. When he placed his pipe on a pile of gold one of the pieces adhered to the bottom of it, and then replacing the pipe in his mouth, and dropping the heavy bowl in his right hand, he was enabled to remove the coin and stealthily drop it into his breeches' pocket, after which the pipe was in order again for another journey to the money heaps. When the harvest of gold was over for the time, Rudolph would fasten a false bottom on the bowl of the pipe, effectually concealing the trap.

Fritz Wolff saw all this plainly. Klein had only suspected something of the kind.

When Klein had made the discovery of the theft he gave a preconcerted signal, which, being understood by Fritz, that person quietly crawled from his place of concealment and left the room by a door near him, leading into another apartment.

Two policemen outside were ready to do their part in the play, and Fritz soon joined them and announced everything ready. They entered the room, and the reader knows the result.

The eight pieces of gold Bosler stole from Klein had all been marked underneath by the drover. The marks he exhibited to the two officers, in the presence of Fritz Wolff and the landlord.

Those pieces were subsequently found on the person of the adroit thief.

Rudolph Bosler was imprisoned for life. He had, previous to his incarceration, made a full confession of his guilt. He had carried on this nefarious practice for fifteen years without detection, and in the meantime had accumulated five thousand guilders, all of which he returned to such as he had at different times robbed.

Through the intercession of Herr Klein, Casper gave the pretty Mina to him who had so nobly won her, and Fritz became a partner in the business in a year afterwards.

The Black Boar became famous after that; many came there out of sheer curiosity, after the mystery of the Black Boar had been unravelled.

The pipe of Rudolph Bosler was placed behind the bar, and many a customer examined the ingenious article with admiration.

"AT THE LAST."

"Man goeth forth unto his work;
And to his labor, until the evening."

The stream is calmest when it nears the tide,
The flowers are sweetest at eventide,
The birds are most musical at close of day,
And saints divinest when they pass away.

Morning is lovely, but a holier charm
Lies folded close in Evening's robe of balm;
And weary man must ever love her best,
For morning calls to toil, but night to rest.

She comes from heaven, and on her wings doth bear
A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer;
Footsteps of angels follow in her trace,
To shut the weary eyes of day in peace.

All things are hushed before her, as she throws
O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose;
There is a calm, a beauty and a power,
That morning knows not in the evening hour.

"Until the evening" we must weep and toil,
Plough life's stern furrow, dig the weedy soil,
Tread with sad feet our rough and thorny way,
And bear the heat and burden of the day.

On, when our sun is setting, may we glide,
Like summer evening, down the golden tide;
And leave behind us, as we pass away,
Sweet, starry twilight round our sleeping clay.

A LITTLE FLIRTATION.

How it Began and How it Ended.

By William Wirt Sikes.

CHAPTER I.

To-night I have been again to the opera. The music has pulsed as beautifully as of old through the wide auditorium of the great theatre. Beauty has shone to-night beneath the gleaming groves of chandeliers, as brilliantly, as thrillingly. I have seen the bouquets showering from fair hands at the prima donna's feet, and bursts of applause have been stirring the perfumed waves of the lighted air.

There was a time when this gay scene was full of attraction for me. Why was it different to-night?

I looked for her face. She was not there! Oh, my beautiful, my bird!

Ten years ago my heart leaped into the life of love beneath the starry gaze of Berthene Broughton. It was at Saratoga I met her; the reigning belle of the season; the queen of ball and promenade.

One day I was walking arm-in-arm with my friend Joe Beecher, smoking a fragrant cigar, when we were passed by a carriage, in which were seated two ladies and two gentlemen. The pair that occupied the back seated I did not see, for their faces were hidden as they swept by. But the lady on the front seat turned upon me, I thought, a peculiarly ardent glance from her deep brown eyes—a glance that seemed to take in my whole being with its fiery sweep, and to read my heart to the core. Her companion I recognised as a member of the last Legislature at Albany; a man with whom I had some dealings during the late session, and for whom I had little respect. I saw her turn to him, and from the look he intently bent upon me I knew she had asked him who I was. I did as much for her.

"Who's that, Joe?" I asked my companion.

"What? Who?" said Joe, who was looking another way.

"In that carriage with the Honorable Snodgrass. Who is she?"

"Is't possible, now, you don't know the Broughton—our belle this season?" with an emphasis on the "our."

"Your belle?" said I, inquiringly, for I was but a day or two arrived.

"Why, certainly, our belle. There's two parties you must know, as usual—with a blonde and a brunette—blue-eyed and dark-eyed. I go the brunette every time. I've a passion for brown eyes."

"Have you?" said I; "well, now, my favorite color is blue. Violet eyes and all that, you know. Highly poetical. Did you ever hear of a dark-eyed angel, my boy? It's incongruous. Azure skies, blue eyes, and angels, always go together, you know."

"Oh, I suppose it's all right. Tastes differ. I don't go poetry very strong, you're aware; and as for angels, why, so long as I'm in the flesh I prefer a woman to an angel any day. But if you want to enlist in the ranks of the blue-eyed belle, I'll take pleasure in introducing you."

"When?" I asked, following the brown-eyed belle with my eyes.

"To-night, at the Congress hop. You'll find her a lovely creature, I confess. I do justice to the enemy. I expect you to fall in love with her.

"I am crazy to know her," said I, enthusiastically, my gaze still bent on the receding carriage of the brunette.

"They say she's quite a taste for your style of fellow, too—fond of talking art and poetry, and all that. Swillis is very sweet on her, they say." (Swillis was a poet.)

"Ah, a blue-stocking? Would that I were by her side!" and I heaved a little sigh, for the carriage and the brown eyes were out of sight.

That night Joe was as good as his word. I danced with the blue-eyed. Her name was Belle Smith. She evidently thought me a rather shallow young man, for I was *distroit*, and talked out-and-dried nonsense at her without the least idea what I said. The fact is, I was looking for the brown-eyed.

I found her at last, surrounded by a circle of admirers, among whom was the Honorable Snodgrass.

Joe led her on for the quadrille, presently. When he had seated her again, I rushed to him.

"Introduce me!" I whispered, eagerly.

"Why, I thought I had!" said he, opening wide his black eyes.

"Yes, I know—to the Smith. But I want to be introduced to the enemy."

"Oh! certainly," and we walked that way.

"Wait until that confounded Snodgrass is out of the way," I whispered.

"Oh, don't mind him. Come on! Miss Broughton, Mr. White."

She raised her queenly eyes and gave me a thrilling look.

"I warn you!" said Joe to the lady; "White's a spy in our camp. He's a believer in blue eyes, angels and poetry."

The impudent scamp! I pinched his arm fiercely; and then tried to rally my wits for a counter-stroke to this ugly hit. But before I had opened my lips her voice fell on my ear, sweet as a bell, soothing and low.

"So am I, Mr. White. We shall agree capitally."

Thought I, that's done better than I could have done for myself; and I held my peace accordingly.

She turned away from me almost at the instant, to listen to Snodgrass. Hang the fellow!

I found before the week had ended that Miss Broughton had selected me for a flirtee. I was not vain enough to ascribe this honor to any other cause than the peculiar manner of my introduction; for I knew what trifles will often give direction to the feminine fancy.

I led a happy life.

"By George, Ned," said Beecher one morning, "you're a deserter. I leave you safe in the blue camp, and the next I know you are one of the most faithful of the browns. How's this? Angels are succumbing to flesh and blood—eh?"

"Pshaw, Joe," I replied to this sally; "don't you place too much faith in my loyalty to your queen. I am a student of human nature, you know; and being prettily grounded in the angelic, don't wonder if I take a notion to look into the 'earth-earthy' a little. Have you a cigar?"

"Beware lest you become a convert to the new faith, then," said Joe, as he took the weed. "Give's a light, will you?"

One evening, at twilight, we sat—the brown-eyed and I—by one of the windows of her private parlor, holding delicious chat. This was early in our acquaintance. Presently a dark shadow loomed at our side, and the coarse voice of Snodgrass broke the sacred quiet.

"Chawming evening, Miss Broughton! How are you, White?"

I nodded to him.

"How you startled us, Mr. Snodgrass!" said the belle. (Yes, she said "us.") "Won't you be seated?"

"Naw, thank you," said he; "been taking a nap; dawn't feel very tired; stretch my logs."

Then he began a dawdling conversation on one thing and another of no interest or consequence; and Miss Broughton talked to him without addressing a syllable to me.

There was something in the fellow's air which jarred harshly on my nerves—a sort of an indefinable assumption of authority there, as if he had a right to monopolise the lady's conversation; while she, on her part, actually seemed to be quietly recognising his right, and doing her best to please him.

Finding that I was being quietly ignored, I was about to withdraw, when I felt a gentle tap on my hand, which rested on the window-ledge. The lady was slipping her closed fan to and fro between her fingers, and every time it fell it touched my hand.

The twilight deepened. Snodgrass suggested lights.

"Oh, no! Pray, don't," said Miss Broughton. "I do love the twilight, so."

"But it's actually getting dark."

"Oh, it's no matter. Let us enjoy it a little longer—do."

And as she said it I felt her little hand creep along the window-ledge, till its soft side rested against my own, while she tapped away idly with her fan.

Mischievous little hand, how its soft touch thrilled me! Remember, I was already adoring her. Already her warm eyes had built a fire in my heart; and now to have this velvety bit of her touching my fingers! Flesh and blood! Oh, Joe, Joe!

Of course she was utterly unaware that her hand was against mine. Or did she do it purposely, to hold me by her side—at her feet, as it were—while she chatted charmingly to Snodgrass? "You wretched little coquette," I murmured to myself, "is that it?"

I resolved to test the matter. Emboldened by the darkness I raised my hand an inch or so, and rested the side of my hand upon the back of hers. She instantly moved it nearer, and nestled the bit of warm flesh under my eager palm, at the same time spreading her fan so as to hide the performance. I gave one gentle downward pressure of my palm—upon my life I could not help it!—and then rose abruptly.

"Going out, White?" said Snodgrass, taking my vacant chair.

I stammered something about an appointment, and left the room.

"Good evening, Mr. White," in her sweet voice, came through the open door as I disappeared.

"Confound the arrant flirt!" I muttered to myself, and strode out into the street.

The first thing I did was to get a position where I could see that window. "Snodgrass's hand comes next, I suppose," thought I.

But I found that my departure was the signal for lights. They had withdrawn from the window.

Our flirtation got on swimmingly. It was not long before I had reached the point which allowed me to take that fairest of hands in my own and press it to my lips.

Oh! happy memories!

Did you ever flirt at the Springs with the reigning belle, reader? Well, then, you know. As for those who have not, I despair of conveying any adequate conception of the fascinations of the amusement.

All things have an end, and the time came at last for departure from the Springs. How well I remember that last evening with her I loved! Yes, I did love her; and she professed to love me, too, though not with the deep enthusiasm of my own stormy nature, I fancied. We were in her drawing-room alone; and it was another twilight. We sat on a *tête-à-tête* in shadow, but not to-night before the window.

"Eddie," she said, "we must part now, and I cannot see you alone again. Others will be here this evening, and to-morrow morning you know I take the early train for Albany."

"Yes, I know. I wish this hour could last for ever, my Berdie! My heart will rest in shadow after you are gone."

"You have my address. You will not forget me?"

"Forget you? Oh, Berdie! why will you not promise to be my wife?"

"I cannot promise. Wait till you see me in my home."

"You bid me hope?"

"I"—she hesitated. Then she said, "yes, I bid you hope. I can say no less."

She rose as she spoke, and I understood the meaning of the movement.

"Good-bye, Berdie. I love you—you know how I love you—and I may hope."

"Good-bye, dear Eddie, till we meet again."

Her head rested for a moment on my shoulder—her heart beat for a moment against mine—and then I left her.

It was my first parting with any woman that I had truly loved, and it shook me strangely. But I determined it should not be a long separation.

She lived in one of the beautiful villages on the Hudson side. My own home was in New York.

CHAPTER II.

Two weeks had elapsed when I visited Londale, booked myself at the hotel, and strolled up the street leading to the Broughton residence.

In a few minutes I sat in an elegant parlor by my Berdie's side, with her kiss warm upon my lips.

Half an hour later, as I held her hand in mine and looked into those deep brown eyes, I said to her:

"Berdie, I have seen you in your home. That condition is fulfilled. Now will you tell me—will you be my wife?"

She bowed her beautiful head upon my shoulder, but was silent.

"Tell me, my own," I whispered, with an expectant thrill, "does this mean yes?"

She raised her head quickly, and drew away from me with a strange, frightened look in her eyes.

"Oh, why do you make me tell you?" she said, distress in her tone.

"Tell me? What?" I whispered.

"I am to be married next month," she exclaimed, with an effort.

I started to my feet.

"To whom?" I asked.

"To Mr. Snodgrass," she answered, her eyes upon the floor.

I stood gazing on her, astounded.

She glanced up timidly at me, and smiled, as if she would disarm my face of its frown.

I turned to go.

She sprang forward and threw her arms about my neck.

"Eddie," she cried, "I cannot help it—indeed I cannot. Do not be angry with me. You will break my heart if you leave me so, for I can never see you again."

"And why should you care whether you see me again or not?" I asked, in a chilling tone.

"Oh, I do care! My heart is not dead! You must not go away and be angry with me. For pity's sake! Have you no forgiveness?"

"What need I forgive?"

"My deceit! I have deceived you, Eddie. I commenced a flirtation with you because at the Springs everybody flirts; and when I found out that I loved you I could not let you go till I was compelled to. I deceived you, for I was engaged to Mr. Snodgrass all the time. Oh, how wicked, how wicked I have been!"

She sank upon the sofa and burst into an agony of tears.

I stood silent, shaken by a tumult of contending passions. I could not at that moment bestow sympathy upon the woman who had so bitterly wronged me.

"No! Don't go away angry," she pleaded, raising her head and showing her brown eyes full of sparkling tears. "I cannot bear it. Be my friend still, Eddie. I know I am selfish to ask it of you, you whose rich love I have insulted; but you are good, you are generous, promise that you will not not be my enemy, not hate me. Oh, forgive me, for I am sincerely repentant; and believe me, in spite of all that seems, that you are dear to me, and always will be dear to me."

I could not but pity her—that queenly woman, bowed before me in tears, supplicating for the poor boon of my friendship. I gave it.

"Yes, I will be your friend," I said, "and I will think of you kindly. My loss I will bury deep down in my heart and try to bear the sorrow from which my life has been hitherto free. My friend, I forgive you all."

"Cold, cold word!" she murmured, dreamily, with clasped hands, and then she lifted her head and said: "I thank you—oh, how I thank you! You are good and true."

"And now good-bye," I whispered; I could not speak aloud.

She drew a brilliant diamond from her finger, and said, in a low tone:

"Eddie, will you take this ring and give me that upon your finger?"

It was a plain gold circlet that I wore, and I looked at her hesitatingly.

"Please do," she added; "and let this be a sign of our friendship. I may never see you on earth again, or if I do it may be in a position where we cannot exchange words. If such a meeting should occur look at my hand, and if you see your ring slipped half-way off my finger answer that mute sign of my continued regard for you by slipping the diamond partly off, as I do your ring. By that sign, whatever our circumstances, I shall know that you are my friend."

I acquiesced, and we parted so.

Years fled:

> "And no man can be always sad
> Unless he wills to have it so."

Time did the work of healing upon my wounded heart, and though I did not love again and did not marry I was at last able to remember her calmly.

CHAPTER III.

It was eight years before I saw Berthene Broughton again.

I returned in midwinter from a long, long ramble to the distant corners of the world. I had almost forgotten that early fancy at the Springs. Mrs. Snodgrass was now no more to me than any other woman of my past acquaintance.

One night I went to the opera—alone. The theatre was gay with fashion and beauty. Every color of the rainbow shone in the brilliant cloaks and hats, and fluttering fans waved the air, laden with a thousand perfumes. I looked listlessly around upon the sea of faces, but they were all strangers to me; eight years produce great changes in the aspect of the fashionable world.

In the box opposite me I noticed a particularly brilliant party, upon whom many a lorgnette was turned admiringly. Yielding to the prevailing sentiment, I raised my glass to scrutinise the party more closely. There was one woman who seemed to be the centre of attraction in the little group, and who wore a queenly beauty. There was something familiar about her manner which caused me to look at her still more closely; but I did not recognise the face. My gaze wandered over her faultless costume and graceful figure, and rested upon a hand from which she was withdrawing a spotless glove. The kid removed, a finger was raised and a ring slipped slowly half-way off!

Instantly the link was supplied. I looked at her face again. Yes, it was her.

She raised her hand to her hair, with the still loose ring upon the finger, and seemed to await a reply. I answered the signal with the diamond I wore. Then she faintly beckoned to me, and with her eyes she said even more distinctly:

"Come to me!"

As soon as the act drop fell I left my seat, and, crossing the theatre, I entered the box. They were all strangers to me in the box except herself. She said a quiet word of introduction to her friends, and offered me a seat that was vacant at her side.

There was no exhibition on either her part or mine of any other feeling than a commonplace friendship. We spoke on all the most ordinary topics of the season; I do not remember now exactly what they were; they were of no consequence. We called each other simply "Mrs. Snodgrass" and "Mr. White," just as any one would do.

"Is Mr. Snodgrass well?" I asked.

"Quite well, thank you. He will be here before the opera is through to attend me home. He could not stay; he has such a press of business."

"Then it is his seat I occupy?"

"Yes, sir."

In a few minutes I bade her good evening, to return to my seat.

"Good evening, sir," she replied. "I should be happy to have you call and see us. I will give you my address. Why, I have no cards with me! What a blunder! I will write an address on the corner of the playbill; that will answer for all practical needs."

She scribbled with her pencil a moment and thrust the playbill into my hand. When I had returned to my former seat I read it. She had written at a furious pace in that hasty moment, and I could barely decipher the words:

"If there still exists any bitterness in your heart towards me, forgive me now, for your injured love is avenged. Outwardly I am gay, but my laugh mocks the pain of my bursting heart. Oh, I would give worlds could I lay my head on your true breast and cry myself asleep like a little child. I cannot see you—dare not have you call. But if you feel any kindness for me, do me this favor: come often to the opera, and let me look upon your still dear form. This is all the happiness that remains for me on earth. Can you deny me, Eddie?"

I raised my eyes and glanced towards her. She was laughing gaily at Formes in that droll spinning-wheel scene—the opera was Flotow's "Martha." But she glanced towards me, and raised my ring to her lips, then let the fair hand flutter down upon her bosom, above her throbbing heart.

I made no answering signal, but the remainder of the opera fell unheeded on my ear.

Was this coquetry? I queried of myself. Or did she really love me so and live a daily lie and wear an hourly mask?

I was an idler, and every night found me at the opera. Each day I thought I should not go again; but each night I went. She was always there, and always pressed my ring to her lips as if to express her gratitude.

Was she only a coquette? How I revolved this question in my mind, and could not solve it.

At last the season ended, and I saw her no more, and was forgetting her again.

One day I received the following note:

"Eddie—I am free! Come and see me to-night, and I will return your ring, for which I soon shall have no further need. It is the last request of
"Berthene."

Her card was enclosed.

So Snodgrass was dead, was he? And now this woman, about to enter society in the *rôle* of a fascinating young widow, wished to divest herself of my friendship and give me back my ring and take her own. Did she think she could call me straight to her, as a master whistles to his dog? I resolved to wait a week or two before paying my respects.

But when night came and I strolled out upon the steps of my hotel, and pressing on my kids, debated where best to kill the time, a Fifth avenue 'bus drew up to the curb, and while a passenger entered the driver lifted his finger to me. Such trifling circumstances guide the movements of an idler, and I entered the stage, and left it again at her door.

The servant informed me Mrs. Snodgrass was at home to no one, but when he looked at my card his manner changed, and he said:

"Oh! would you be kind enough to wait a moment?" and ushered me into a drawing-room.

He returned in a minute, and asked me to follow him. Having shown me into a luxurious boudoir, he retired.

So my lady received me in her chamber? I began to feel something very like disgust for the boldness of the woman.

The light was dim, and I did not at first discern objects clearly, for the chamber was a spacious one.

Presently I became conscious of the gaze of a pair of eloquent eyes from a queenly head which rested on a pillow of the bed. She beckoned to me, and I approached.

She raised her snowy arms and folded me to her beating heart, whispering, "Eddie, Eddie! my own Eddie! I knew you would come! No, you shall not break away. I can tell you my love now. Hush! I can speak now, for I am dying. Your head is on my breast, your heart beats with mine. I am so happy—so happy!"

"Dying!"

It was all I could find voice to say.

"Dying! In my Eddie's arms. Happy—so happy!"

Her strength was gone, and her arms dropped lifelessly upon the white sheet.

I was drawing away, but she grasped my hand, and clinging to it, whispered—oh! how earnestly—"Do not leave me!"

Ah! blissful hour of thrilling pain! I can tell no more.

Before midnight her soul passed to the God who gave it. Not once had she relaxed her hold upon my hand.

And that night I knew how much of Berthene Broughton was coquette—how much pure woman.

I shall never forget you, lost Berdie!

EXEMPT.

BY JOHN W. WATSON.

"Gran'father! gran'father, hear the good news;
 Papa is exempt from the draft!
They gave him a paper to show it is so,
 And a man in a uniform laughed.
Now, gran'father, why did the officer laugh,
 And why did papa look so sad?
He has proven that he is a month too old,
 And it ought to have made him feel glad."

"Why gran'father! why do you knit up your brow,
 And frown when you hear the good news?
Had his name gone into the drawing wheel
 You wouldn't have father to lose!
There's mother, and you, and Nell, and me,
 We ought to be glad that the law
Has said that papa is too old to fight,
 And will let him stay home from the war."

"My boy, when the shout of the millions arose,
 To answer the tap of the drum,
And the boom of the parricide cannon was heard
 To echo the entreaty—'Come!'
Where now would we be had the strength of the land
 Unblushingly gathered aloof?
Our hearths would be drabbled in innocent blood,
 And the torch would have fed on the roof.

"Where now would the twenty score thousand have been
 Who camp on victorious fields,
And where would have trodden the merciless foot
 Of the traitorous foeman who yields?
The first would have bent to the stroke of the lash,
 Not freemen, but slaves to the slave!
And the last would have stood with his foot on our necks,
 Or spurned us, unwept, to the grave.

"My boy, when our homes are in peril and fear,
 And our hearthstones are threatened with blight,
When Freedom, endangered, is calling her sons,
 No man is too old for the fight!
These hands that are withered, and trembling, and weak,
 Had God not required their life,
Would have grasped the old sword in the glorious cause,
 And been first in the front of the strife.

"I battled at Erie, and Chippewa field,
 At Bridgewater, bloody and hot,
By the side of a handful of death-dealing braves,
 Who followed the footsteps of Scott.
We stopped not to think of exemption and home,
 We knew the invader was nigh,
And every man who went out to the fight
 Was determined to conquer or die.

"There were many among us, my boy, on that day,
 That were years upon years too old,
And many exempts by the hand of death,
 Who were left there stark and cold.
It was half a century since, my boy,
 And I had just turned twenty-one;
But the three-score years and ten of my race,
 And my battle of life is done.

"Exempt! if this crutch were a musket or sword,
 And this arm as it was years agone,
By the Lord, but I think that some traitorous skulks
 Would wish they had never been born!
Exempt! why the thought has put strength in my heart,
 My years seem a summer day song,
Too old! who says that a man is too old,
 As long as he's willing—and strong?"

FORT DE RUSSY, LA.

We give a sketch of Fort de Russy, on the Red river, captured by our forces on the 14th of March. The gunboats had ascended the river and opened a fire upon the fort, which was heard for miles. The 1st brigade (58th and 119th Illinois, 89th Indiana and 27th Iowa), 2d brigade (14th and 32d Iowa and 24th Missouri), then came up, and at once formed for action. The 1st brigade made the attack on the left, and the second on the front and right. In 15 minutes the action became severe, the fighting being mainly on the left and front. The regiments, although fatigued with a 30 miles' march, and but two hours' rest, pressed forward hurriedly for the contest. The rebel force, 300 strong, after an hour's fight, surrendered.

Had the fort been fully manned it would have been a difficult point to capture. The fort was intended for a large force. It consists of a very strong water battery, mounting four guns, and a bombproof battery of three guns, only two of which were really mounted. Both these batteries fully commanded the approaches, and were connected with a strong fort, about a quarter of a mile to the rear, by a causeway, protected by high breastworks, thus enabling them to pass from the battery to the fort in action with comparative safety. The bombproof was covered with two feet of solid timber and two layers of railroad iron of the T style, fitted into each other.

We took over 200 prisoners, six large and six smaller guns, and a large supply of commissary stores. Our loss was slight.

LAIRD'S SHIP YARD, LIVERPOOL.

English Members of Parliament in our day will stand forward prominently as types of British good faith. One has just been proved to have made his house a rendezvous for conspirators against the life of the Emperor of the French, another is no less famous for building rams and other steamers for the use of the rebels, who are endeavoring to overthrow the Government of the United States. Our paper to-day contains a sketch of Mr. John Laird's shipyard, at Liverpool.

The house of Laird was established by the grandfather of the present member in 1824, and the first iron vessel was launched from his yard in 1829. Iron shipbuilding may be said to have originated here, as the first were built for the United States. Since then the Lairds have built for all nations, and their vessels are found in every sea.

The Russian war added greatly to their wealth, the large orders from the English Government requiring them to enlarge their yards by establishing a new one at Birkenhead.

The yard is very extensive, and fitted with machines of a costly character, adapted for raising vessels and for turning out the various parts of the ship and the machinery connected with it.

The two rebel rams with Arabic names, about which so much has been said, are seen in the river.

THE WAR IN LOUISIANA.

Battle at Crump's Hill.

On the 2d of April our cavalry, advancing on Shreveport, came upon the rebels, in force, at Crump's hill, 22 miles above Nachitoches, where the roads to Manny and Pleasant hill branch off. Major Bassford, being in the advance of Lucas's brigade, skirmished with the rebels, who made a stand eight times, but could not hold their ground. The first line of our skirmishers was dismounted and the second mounted.

After their repulse here the rebels retired up the Manny road, pursued by Major Bassford. They made a stand and opened with artillery, but Rawles's battery silenced their guns and routed De Bray's Texas cavalry in confusion.

THE OCCUPATION OF ALEXANDRIA, LA

The capture of the rebel stronghold on the Mississippi, throwing the river into the hands of the National Government, divided the rebel territory into two distinct sections. The trans-Mississippi district had its centre of supplies and resources at Shreveport, La., and this is now assailed. Our Artist, accompanying the Red river expedition, sends a sketch of Alexandria, with Admiral Porter's fleet lying before it on the 26th of March.

Alexandria is a place of about 1,500 inhabitants, and is the county seat of Rapides parish. It lies on the Red river, about 150 miles above its confluence with the Mississippi. The advance of Gen. A. J. Smith's forces in transports, and Admiral Porter's fleet of ironclad gunboats, anchored before the red clay bluffs of Alexandria on the evening of the 16th March.

THE FIRST CHARITY FAIR.

Although it is not exactly necessary, in the explanation of the N. Y. Sanitary Fair, to follow the example of the venerable Diedrich Knickerbocker, and go back to the creation and investigate the theories of the chaotic period, still it may be interesting in this connection to know who conceived the idea of the first fair mentioned in history for benevolent purposes. The story reads almost like a romantic fiction, but it is nevertheless true. It is as follows:

In 1797 the Marquis de Avaza, manager of the Academy of Music in Paris—then known as the Theatre of Arts—was appointed the Government Commissioner of the three manufacturing establishments carried on by the old Government, known as the Gobelin tapestry, the Sevres china and the Savonnerie carpets. Upon going to look after his additional charge he found the workshops vacant, and that the workmen had been for two years almost in a state of starvation, whilst the warerooms were full of rich carpets, exquisite painted china and the finest specimens of Gobelin tapestry.

Greatly moved at the scene of misery he beheld, contrasted as it was with the beautiful productions, the result of the ingenious and patient labor of the now starving operatives, a "luminous idea," as he afterwards said, "burst upon his mind," that he would get the consent of the Minister of the Interior to make a display of that rich and brilliant collection of carpets, tapestry and china, in one of the large palaces, which all the inhabitants of Paris should be invited to come and inspect, as specimens of the native industry of France, in the expectation that sufficient of those costly articles could be sold to relieve the pressing wants of those whose skilful hands had wrought them.

The consent of the minister was obtained, and the humane and enthusiastic marquis set to work and got up a most attractive exhibition at St. Cloud; but on the very day it was opened the decree of the Directory went forth banishing all the nobility from France, in which, of course, the marquis was included. The fame of the forthcoming exhibition, however, had spread over Paris. The national pride had been awakened by the announcement of the display of these exquisite specimens of French industry. The courtyard of St. Cloud was filled with elegant equipages, its rooms thronged with admiring and wealthy visitors, when, in the midst of his triumph, the marquis received notice that he must instantly leave the country, and be in 24 hours 30 leagues beyond Paris, on pain of death.

With his departure the exhibition and the humane object that gave rise to it terminated. "I had in imagination," he afterwards said, "conceived the idea of an exhibition of every product of national industry and manufacture;" and when a man has once got in his mind an idea of something that the world never thought of before, it is not likely to leave it. This was the case with the marquis. During the three years of poverty and exile that bright thought never quitted him, and when, in 1797, he, with Talleyrand and others of the exiled nobility, were allowed to return, the first thing that he did was to devote himself to the carrying out of the project so long cherished, and now fully matured in his mind.

He succeeded in obtaining the use of the Maison D'Orsay—a large and beautiful building in Paris—and having done that he went among the leading artisans, manufacturers, and all engaged in the industrial arts, and, obtaining their co-operation, collected together a most attractive and aristocratic display of French manufacturers which he opened as a free exhibition to the public. It embraced the richest furniture, different kinds of inlaid work, the finest watches of the world-renowned L'Epine, the silks of Lyons, the superb porcelain of Sevres and Angouleme, rich specimens of bookbinding, the historical pictures of David, the landscapes of Valenciennes, and the flowerpieces of Pankouk, with many other things chiefly of a luxurious character. The experiment proved such a complete success that the Government determined to follow it up immediately by a more extensive exhibition under its own auspices.

THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—COMMODORE PORTER'S FLEET BEFORE ALEXANDRIA, M

COTTON IN TEXAS.

The occupation of Brownsville by our forces has only slightly checked, not stopped, the rebel trade through Mexico. An arrangement has been made by the rebels with the Mexican authorities, that cotton goes out and goods go into Texas as heretofore. When the compromise was made by the Commissioners with Vidaurri, not less than 6,000 bales of cotton had accumulated at Eagle Pass, 4,000 of which belonged to the rebel government or officials, and the rest to private individuals. Some 2,000 bales more were on the road from San Antonio, Texas, and still more would be on the way were it not for the fact that sufficient grass cannot be found on the premises for oxen, so the hauling for the time being has to be done with mule teams.

The contrabande at Matamoras estimate that not less than 30,000 bales of cotton will be got out of Texas, through Mexico (that is, by way of Piedras Negras, Guerrero, Mier, intermediate points on the R before the trade is broken can only be done effectuall vance of our forces from I San Antonio.

In the meantime, large trai with merchandise for the reb pecting to return laden with continually leaving Matamo points designated on the Grande, and especially for gras. The trade thus far ha diverted, not stopped, by the operations"—if they can wit be so termed—of the Depart Gulf. The only causes oper strain it are the disturbed Mexico, and the apprehensi there may be a general war i which will cause a falling price of cotton. It is to be not a few merchants who w for loyal citizens of the Un have been, are, and expect to be engaged in this trad rebels until it is finally br close. After that, and not b calculate on taking the bon President's amnesty, if that deemed necessary.

The planters in Texas have the half of their wagons seized by order of Magruc were paid for in Confederat such a rate as would not s the iron used in their co They have been much disc this and other matters, a sequence have planted no c only earn enough to produc themselves, their families Confederate paper, when it p in Texas, and it has long c current in the valley of the R gues at three cents per dolla

The rebels are said to be depot for Confederate cott Antonio, with the design of with permits to export it to sons as will take the risk of through Mexico. They hav agent stationed at Piedras N have established a custom Laredo, Mr. Latham, late since C. S. Collector at B being their collector at that p

THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—BATTLE OF CRUMP'S HILL, APRIL 2, BETWEEN GEN. LEE'S CAVALRY AND THE REBELS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.—SEE PAGE 87.

EXANDRIA, MARCH 26.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist, C. E. H. Bonwill.—See Page 87.

Guerrero, Mier, and other
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bels are said to be making a
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will take the risk of getting it
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tablished a custom-house at
Mr. Latham, late U. S., and
. S. Collector at Brownsville,
eir collector at that point.

An Old Title Upheld by a Western Court.—We are not accustomed to associate the idea of antiquity with anything Western, except when occasionally we are reminded of the travels and exploits of the French explorers of the 17th century. We see, however, in the Detroit *Advertiser*, a report of a lawsuit in the United States District Court for the eastern District of Michigan, wherein the Court sustained the claim of petitioners in a land case whose rights dated back to a grant of a Seigniory made in 1750 by Louis XV. then King of France, to two French officers. The grant included a large tract of land adjacent to the Sault St. Mary's river, six leagues in front and six leagues in depth, a very handsome domain. That a Court in the young State of Michigan should recognise rights to land founded in a grant of such comparative antiquity and made by a sovereign of France, is certainly a memorable fact and worthy of notice, not only as recalling the time when a large portion of the West was under French dominion, but as showing the disposition of an American Court to hold valid titles which originated under a system of jurisprudence in entire conflict with our own.

THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—FORT DE RUSSY, RED RIVER, CAPTURED MARCH 14.—FROM A SKETCH BY OWEN G. LONG.—SEE PAGE 87.

THE HARP AND THE POET.

BY ERNEST TREVOR.

The wind, before it woos the harp,
  Is but the wild and tuneless air;
But as it passes through the strings,
  Thrills into music there.

E'en so the poet's soul converts
  The common things that round us lie
Into a glorious world of song—
  Divinest harmony!

Sweet harp and poet! framed alike
  By God as His interpreters,
To breathe aloud the silent thought
  Of everything that stirs.

The Gulf Between Them.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

They were all going out to dine that day, and when Elizabeth came down into the library, dressed, she found her husband sitting moodily over the fire. He looked up as she entered, and it seemed to him that he had never seen her look so beautiful. Her dress was pink, relieved with falls of delicate lace that made her neck and arms look still whiter; her hair was decorated with jewels, and her brilliant dress and loveliness seemed to light the dull room as she entered. The constant excitement which she was undergoing during those days lent a rich crimson to her cheeks and a strange lustre to her eyes; she looked restless. This splendid beauty was very unlike the calm loveliness of former days, and his gloomy thoughts deepened as he watched her approach.

It seemed to him that her first impulse was to flee when she saw him sitting there, but if so the desire was quickly controlled, and she came up to the hearth, standing so near him that the folds of her dress brushed his arm.

"You are ready too," she said. "Goodness knows how long we shall have to wait for Elsie and Mrs. Harrington!"

He made no answer; she began clasping and unclasping her bracelets, playing with her fan, but watching him all the while from under her downcast lashes.

"Are you unwell, Grantley?" she asked at length.

"Oh! no; quite well."

"You are so silent, and you sit there in such a dreary way, I feared something was the matter."

He made an effort to rouse himself and shake off the oppression on his spirits, the heavy, heavy weight which had lain there all day.

"I am only stupid," he replied, with an attempt at playfulness. "I have been forced to talk so incessantly to those people that I have no ideas left."

"I am sure conversation with people in general doesn't consume one's ideas," she said, with a lightness which appeared almost as forced as his.

"How long does Mrs. Harrington stay?" he asked.

"Only till to-morrow. You don't like her, I fancy?"

"There is too much of her in every way," he said, peevishly; "she dresses too much, talks too much—she tires one."

"That is very cruel and ungrateful; the lady confided to me only a little while ago that she had a profound admiration for you, and was dying to get up a flirtation with you if I did not mind."

"Don't repeat such nonsense," he said, almost rudely, "you know how I hate it. I think either the married man or woman who flirts deserves to be as severely punished as if he or she had committed an actual crime."

"I am afraid you would condemn the greater part of our acquaintance," she said. "After all, with most women it arises only from thoughtlessness, nine times out of ten."

"Thoughtlessness!" he repeated satirically. "I can only say that the woman who endangers her husband's peace from want of thought is more culpable in my mind than a person who does wrong knowingly, pushed on by recklessness or passion."

"I have never thought about it," she said; "it may be so."

She was playing with her bracelets again; the action reminded him of the lost trinket. He did not speak, but a restrained passion broke over his face which might have changed a plan she was revolving in her mind had she seen or understood it.

It was too late!

At that moment Elsie came dancing into the room, her thin evening dress floating around her like a cloud, her fair hair wreathed with flowers, and everything about her so pure and ethereal that it seemed almost as if she must breathe some more joyous air than the pain-freighted atmosphere which weighed so heavily on others. She was holding her hands behind her, and ran towards them in her childish way, exclaiming:

"I have found something! Who'll give a reward? Won't you both be glad—only guess what it is!"

Mellen's face had brightened a little at her entrance, but as she spoke a sudden thought shook his soul like a tempest.

"What is it?" Elizabeth asked.

"Oh, guess, guess!"

"But I never can guess," she replied, seeming to enter into the sport of the thing.

"You try, Grant. Come, do credit to your Yankee descent!"

He rose suddenly and stood looking full in his wife's face, fixing her glance with a quick thrill of terror, which the least thing unusual in his manner caused her now.

Elsie was not noticing them; she was dancing up and down before the hearth, exclaiming:

"Oh! you provoking things—you stupid owls! Now do guess—oh! Grant, just try to tell what I have found."

Mellen's eyes had not moved from his wife's face.

"Have you found Elizabeth's bracelet?" he asked in a tone which made the unhappy woman shiver from head to foot, and startled Elsie out of her playfulness.

"Why, how did you think of that?" demanded Elsie; "did she tell you? Have you——"

She stopped short, the words frozen on her lips by the look which Grantley Mellen still fixed upon his wife. Without changing that steady gaze he extended his hand towards Elsie.

"Give me the bracelet!" he said, in the cold, hard tone which with him was the sure forerunner of a tempest of passion.

Elsie hesitated; she had grown nearly as pale as Elizabeth herself, but she looked only like a frightened child. Elizabeth did not speak or move, but though her face was absolutely deathlike her eyes met her husband's with unflinching firmness.

"Give me the bracelet!" repeated Mellen.

"Here it is!" exclaimed Elsie, nervously, putting the trinket in his hand. "What is the matter with you, Grant? I am sure there is nothing to make a fuss about. I found the bracelet among a lot of rubbish in one of Bessie's drawers—I suppose she forgot it was there."

Grantley Mellen turned furiously towards her.

"Are you learning to cheat and lie also?" he cried.

Elsie burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"You are just as cruel and bad as you can be!" she moaned. "You ought to be ashamed to talk so to me! I haven't done anything; I thought you would be so pleased at my having found the bracelet, and here you behave in this way. You needn't blame me, Grant—I don't know what it all means! I am sure your dear mamma never thought you would speak to me like that! I wish I was dead and buried by her—then you'd be sorry——"

"I am not angry with you, child," interrupted Mellen, softened at once by that childish appeal. "Go away and find Mrs. Harrison, Elsie. The falsehood and the treachery are not yours—thank God! at least my own blood has not turned traitor!"

Elizabeth sank slowly in a chair; Elsie stole one frightened look towards her, then the woman in her confusion and dizziness saw her float out of the room, and she was alone with her husband. He held the bracelet up before her eyes, his hand shaking so that the jewels flashed balefully in the light.

"Your plan was carried out too late; you should have had it found before!" he said, and his last effort at self-control was swept away.

She must speak—must try to stem the tide, and keep back a little longer the exposure and ruin which for days back some mysterious warning had made her feel was surely approaching.

"I don't know what you mean," she said. "You heard Elsie say that she found the bracelet——"

"Where you put it!" interrupted Mellen.

"Why should I have hidden it? What reason——"

"Stop!" he broke in. "Not another word—not a single falsehood more! You brought this bracelet back with you from the city—don't speak—I went to the pawnbroker's—it had just been taken away."

In the whirl of that unhappy woman's senses the words seemed to come from afar off; the lights were dancing before her eyes; the flashing gems blinded her with their rays, but she still controlled herself. She must make one last effort—she must discover how much of the truth he knew—there might this time be some loophole for escape—some effort by which she could avert a little longer the coming earthquake.

"Why don't you speak!" he cried. "Say anything—another lie if you will—anything rather than this black truth! That man; you know him! Speak, I say!"

"What man?" she faltered.

"That traitor—that wretch! He had the bracelet; he got it from you! Explain, I say—explain."

"I never gave the bracelet away," she said, desperately. "I have no explanation to make. I will never open my lips while you stand over me in that threatening way."

"Will you defy me to the last?" he exclaimed.

"You can only kill me," she moaned; "do it and let me have peace!"

He flung the bracelet down upon the table, crying out:

"I have loved you so—that I should find you false!"

"What do you suspect?" she demanded. "What do you know?"

The momentary weakness passed; he stood up again cold and stern.

"I know," he said, "that this bracelet was in the hands of a bad, wicked man; that only yesterday he took it from the pawnbroker's, and now I find it in your possession."

There was a hope; only by another deception; another lie; but she must save herself; while there was a thread to grasp at she could not allow herself to be swept down the gathering storm.

"And is there no possibility that I may be innocent in all this?" she exclaimed. "If I receive an anonymous letter, telling me I can find my bracelet by paying a certain reward, is it not natural that I should go? Knowing your strange disposition, is it not equally natural that I should keep the whole thing a secret, and try to make every one believe that the bracelet had been mislaid."

"Is this true?" he cried. "Can you prove to me that you speak the truth?"

She was not looking at him; the apathy of despair which came over her looked only like sullen obstinacy.

"I can prove nothing," she said; "if it were possible I would not try. Do what you like; believe what you please; I will talk with you no longer."

Mellen turned away, and walked up and down the room in silence. There was a fearful struggle in his mind; the love he still felt for his wife was contending against the horrible doubts in his soul, and almost threatening his reason with their force.

He could not tell what to think or how to act! For the moment at least he was glad to grasp at any pretext which might prove a sort of settlement to the question, whatever his thoughts and belief might be on after reflection.

He looked again at Elizabeth; her stony calmness irritated him almost to a frenzy. He was too much excited to perceive that her very quiet was the apathy of despair; it seemed to him that she was only trying her power over him to its full extent; if her story was true she would die rather than humble her pride by protestation or proof; if it was false! There was deceit somewhere, he felt that; but even in his madness he could not believe that Elizabeth had been guilty of anything that affected his honor; that was a black thought which had not reached him yet.

"Are you trying to drive me mad?" he exclaimed.

She lifted both hands with a strange gesture of misery and humiliation which he did not notice, and could not have understood.

"What have I done?" she cried. "What have I said?"

"Nothing! There you sit like a stone, and will not speak."

"It is useless to say anything," she returned; "quite useless."

"And you expect me to leave this matter here; to endure this mystery patiently?"

"I expect nothing—nothing!"

The same dreary, desperate wail pervaded her voice, but it was not strange that he mistook her coldness for obstinacy or indifference; the very intensity of the agony she was enduring made her appear thus.

"You won't explain—you won't—"

She drooped her head wearily.

"I have no explanation to make; there is the bracelet."

He caught up the bracelet, snatched her arm so rudely, and fastened the bracelet on it with such reckless haste, that she uttered a faint cry of pain.

"You hurt me," she exclaimed; "this is cruel, unmanly."

"Wear it," he cried; "wear it, and when you look at it remember that you have dug a gulf between my heart and yours! Wear it, and remember how you have perjured yourself; how your whole conduct since my return has been a lie, and if you have any shame or power of repentance left the gems will burn into your very soul when you look at them."

Elizabeth fell back in her chair cold and white. He rushed out of the room. She was not conscious of any thought; her brain was too dizzy; she sat there clasping her forehead between her hands, and seeming to see the whole world reel into darkness before her gaze.

"Has he gone; where is he?"

It was Elsie's voice; she had stolen into the room to learn how the matter had ended.

"Can't you speak, Bessie; what did he say?"

Elizabeth dropped the hands from her face, and rose from her seat.

"No matter what he said; the end is coming. I told you it would; the end is coming!"

"Don't look so!" cried Elsie, "you frighten me."

"Frighten!" she repeated in a bitter tone. "You haven't soul enough in your bosom to be frightened."

"Oh, you cruel, wicked creature!" sobbed Elsie. "Oh, oh! I'll kill myself if you talk so to me; I'll go to Grant; I'll—"

"Hush!" interrupted Elizabeth. "There—I will say no more! I don't blame you—remember that! Whatever comes, I won't blame you for this new danger."

"Oh, you good darling!" cried Elsie, drying her tears at once.

She made a step forward as if to throw her arms about her sister, but Elizabeth retreated.

"Don't touch me," she said, faintly; "don't touch me!"

"Should I poison you?" cried Elsie, angrily. "One would think I was some dreadful reptile."

"No, no; don't be angry! I need all my strength! Let me alone, Elsie; don't speak to me."

"The carriage is at the door," said Elsie, "and Mrs. Harrison is waiting; for mercy's sake don't let her think anything is wrong. I am going to find Grant; wait here."

She ran out of the room, and Elizabeth stood thinking of her words.

Very soon perhaps the whole world would know that she was a lost, ruined woman, without a home, a friend, or even a name.

Could she bear up; could she find strength to go on to the end?

The hardness and desperation died out of her face; she sank on her knees, and a prayer for help rose to her lips; low and faint, but bearing the intensity of her innermost soul.

She heard steps in the hall; they were coming for her. She sprang to her feet, moved towards the door and opened it; her husband, Elsie and their guest were there. She answered Mrs. Harrison's gay words; passed on with them through the hall, and took her misery out into the world as we all do so often, hidden carefully from every eye.

At dinner that day Elizabeth met two or three superior people from the city, men and women of note, whose presence at the board was like meteor flashes kindling everything with brilliancy, but among the most cheerful and most witty she shone forth prominent. Every word she spoke carried electric fire with it. Her cheeks were scarlet; her eyes were radiant. The lips that had been so pale in her husband's presence a few hours before glowed like ripe cherries with the sunshine upon them. In her desperation she was inspired.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Immediately after breakfast the next morning their visitor returned to the city, perhaps glad to escape from the unnatural mental atmosphere of the house, certainly much to the relief of all the inmates of the dwelling.

Grantley Mellen drove their guest down to the railway train, and as soon as they had departed Elizabeth and Elsie, as if by a common impulse, started in a different direction, apparently anxious not to be left alone with each other.

About an hour after Elsie was passing through the hall when her brother drove up to the door. She stopped him after he got out of the carriage for a few moments' trifling conversation, then allowed him to pass on towards the library.

She danced back towards the verandah, saw old Jarvis Benson approaching the house, and hurried out, crying:

"Oh, Jarvis, I wanted to see you."

Jarvis took the pipe out of his mouth, regarded her complacently and answered;

"Then thar's a pair on you, Miss Mellen."

"I want to have a pair of very light oars made to the little boat, so that I can learn to row it," pursued Elsie.

"That's easy done," said Jarvis. "I guess I've got a pair that'll answer. Only don't drown yourself."

"I'll take care of that," she replied, laughing. "But who else wants you, Jarvis?"

"Your brother told me to come up, and—oh, there he is."

Mr. Mellen had heard their voices, and came through the hall out on the verandah.

"Good-morning, Jarvis!" he said, in his quiet way.

"Good-morning, sir! You don't look very well, I think," observed the keen-sighted old man.

Elsie glanced at her brother; he was very pale, and his heavy eyes told a long, sleepless night.

Mr. Mellen frowned slightly; it displeased him to have his personal appearance commented upon, it wounded his pride to know that he had not sufficient strength to keep back every outward sign of the anxiety and trouble he was enduring.

"Be you well?" continued the pertinacious old man, who had a habit of expressing his opinions with the utmost freedom to people of every degree.

"Perfectly well," replied Mr. Mellen. "You have come up about that tree, have you?"

"Wal, yes," said Jarvis. "I hadn't much to do this morning, so I thought I'd come up. You hain't found no gardener yet?"

"No; I have sent to town for one. You have sufficient knowledge, so I want you to keep the greenhouse in order until one is found."

"Just as you say, sir; I'll do my best."

The gardener had seen fit to leave the place a few days before without the slightest warning, with the true, reckless independence of the Hibernian race. When a dilemma of this kind arose the people of the neighborhood were in the habit of sending for old Benson, who seemed, in some mysterious way, to have acquired a smattering of knowledge about everything that could make him generally useful about a house.

Elsie did not feel particularly interested in the subject of conversation, and was floating away in search of other amusement, when she heard old Jarvis say:

"It's the big cypress yonder, in the thicket, ain't it?"

She stopped short in the hall, and stood leaning against the door with her back towards them.

"Yes," Mr. Mellen answered. "I am afraid it is dying. I want you to dig about the roots and see if you can find out the cause."

"Loosening the earth a bit 'll maybe do a world of good," said Jarvis; "I've seen it 'liven a tree right up."

"We will try, at all events," observed Mr. Mellen. "First you may take those plants under the library window into the greenhouse; it is too late for them to be left out."

He walked to the side of the house to point out the flowers he wished to have removed. Elsie darted through the hall and up the stairs in breathless haste.

She paused at the door of her sister's room and tried the knob, but the key was turned in the lock.

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!" she called, in a frightened whisper, utterly incapable of speaking aloud. "Open the door—for heaven's sake, open the door!"

There was a terror in her voice which communicated itself to the woman sitting so apathetically in her chamber. She rose and opened the door, whispering, in a voice as full of alarm as Elsie's own:

"What is it? What is it?"

Elsie pushed her back into the room, shut and locked the door, and staggered to a couch.

"The cypress tree!" she gasped. "They are going there."

"Who?" cried Elizabeth. "What do you mean?"

"I can't speak—oh, I am choking!" gasped Elsie.

Elizabeth seized her arm, and fairly shook her in her frenzied impatience.

"Speak!" she exclaimed. "Speak, I say!"

"Grant has sent old Jarvis to dig about the roots," returned Elsie, in a shrill whisper.

Elizabeth Mellen sank slowly upon her knees, her limbs giving way suddenly, as if she had been struck with paralysis. She caught at Elsie's dress, the girl raised herself with a low cry, and there they remained for several moments, staring in each other's faces, with a white, sickening terror, which could find no relief in words.

After a time Elizabeth shook herself free from Elsie's grasp and rose; the power to think and act was coming back to her.

"You heard them say this?" she asked.

"Yes, yes!" cried Elsie. "Grant sent for old Jarvis to come up and dig round the tree; he thinks it is dying."

Elizabeth threw up her arms with a low moan, more expressive of agony than a shriek.

"It has come at last!" broke from her white lips. "It has come at last!"

Elsie cowered down upon the sofa and buried her head in the cushions, shaking with hysterical tremors from head to foot, and uttering repressed sobs.

"Exposure—ruin—disgrace!" moaned Elizabeth, as if repeating words that some secret voice whispered in her ear. "It has come at last! It has come at last!"

"I shall die!" shrieked Elsie. "I shall go mad!"

She beat the couch wildly with her clenched hands and gave way to a violent nervous spasm, but this time Elizabeth made no effort to soothe her; she stood there, cold and white, repeating at intervals, in that dismal whisper:

"It has come at last! It has come at last!"

"Do something," moaned Elsie, between her sobs. "Don't stand there as if you were turning to stone. Think of some way to stop them."

"What can I do?" returned Elizabeth. "I tell you it has come! I knew it would!"

Elsie gave another shriek and sprang off the sofa, threw herself at her sister's feet, clutching her dress with her hands, and crying, brokenly:

"Do something—anything! I shall go crazy—my brain is burning! I won't live—I tell you I won't live if you don't stop this."

Elizabeth shook off her grasp, not angrily, not impatiently even, but with a sudden change of expression, as if Elsie's despair had brought back some half-forgotten resolution and given her a sort of strength once more.

"You will not suffer," she said, drearily. "You are safe."

"But you—what will become of you?" groaned the girl.

"Let go my dress—get up, Elsie! See, I am calm. I tell you, no harm will come to you—get up."

Elsie staggered to her feet, and sat down on the sofa with a burst of tears.

"I'd rather kill myself than see you tormented so!" she cried. "I have the poison yet in my room—I've always kept it. If they don't stop, Elizabeth, they shall find us dead and cold——"

"Stop!" said Elizabeth. "I won't hear such wicked words! The danger is mine, the ruin and disgrace is mine—all mine; but I don't talk of killing myself."

"You are so brave," moaned Elsie, "and I am such a poor, weak thing. Oh, oh! This will kill me either way, I know it will!"

"I know what will happen to me," said Elizabeth, in a voice of unnatural calmness. "Do you know what this day will bring? Before two hours are gone I shall be driven out of this house, a lost, ruined woman."

"No, no! Grant will forgive you—he loves you so!"

"Does a man ever forgive?"

"But you will say you don't know—I will."

"Are you a baby? Don't you know there will be an exposure—we shall all be questioned—forced to give evidence."

"We will say anything—anything!" cried Elsie.

"We cannot satisfy Grantley Mellen. I tell you, Elsie, this is the last interview we shall ever hold in his house."

Elsie flung herself down in renewed spasms, shrieking and sobbing so violently that nothing could be done or thought of till she had been restored to composure by the strong remedies Elizabeth administered.

"Promise not to tell that I ever knew of it," she gasped. "Swear! I'll kill myself if you don't!"

"I have promised," returned Elizabeth, in a hollow voice. "I will bear whatever comes—ruin, death—and bear it alone."

Those words so solemnly spoken appeared to give the girl new life and energy.

"Go downstairs," she said; "stop them. You can stop them yet."

"How—what can I say?"

"Tell Grant the gardener said the tree must be left till spring—bribe old Jarvis to say so—oh, anything, anything; only try, Elizabeth. Save yourself if possible."

The woman walked to the window and peered out between the curtains.

"They are there," she said; they are going."

"Go down!" shrieked Elsie. "Go down, I say!"

Elizabeth took a few steps towards the door—caught sight of her face in the mirror, and stopped appalled at the haggard image reflected there.

"Look at me," she said; "my face tells the whole story."

"There is some rouge in that drawer," said Elsie. "Mrs. Harrington left it. I'll put it on your cheeks."

She could think now that Elizabeth showed herself ready to bear her danger alone. She got out the rouge, rubbed it on her sister's cheeks, and smoothed her hair, crying:

"Now you look like yourself—nobody would notice. Go quick—stop them—stop them!"

Elizabeth dared not pause an instant for reflection; she opened the door, walked downstairs, through the library, and joined her husband on the lawn.

He turned at her approach. She felt a mad sort of courage nerve her—she could speak now.

"What are you going to have done to the great cypress?" she asked, and even in that moment of supreme agony and fear she was conscious of a vague wonder at the composure of her voice.

"It seems to be dying," replied Mellen; "I am going to have the earth dug away from about the roots."

"I am afraid you will only kill it," returned Elizabeth; "it is so late in the season."

"I did not know that you were a gardener," he said, coldly.

He looked at her standing there with that unnatural brightness on her cheeks, that wild glitter in her eyes, and it seemed to him that she had only come out in her beauty and unconcern to mock him after the long night of wild trouble which he had spent.

"I know that is what Jones said," she went on. "He thought in the spring something could be done, but not now."

He was turning away—that action deprived her of all self-control—she caught his arm, crying:

"Don't touch that tree—don't go near it."

He stopped and looked at her in blank amazement; she saw the danger in which her impetuosity had placed her—dropped his arm and tried to appear composed again.

"What is the matter with you?" he asked. "The tree is not a human being that I am going to assassinate."

She forced herself to laugh; even then the woman's self-mastery was something astounding.

"I was a little theatrical," she said; "but I can't bear to have the old tree touched."

"Why, marm, it'll die if it aint," put in Jarvis, who considered that he had been silent quite long enough.

"You don't know anything about the matter!" cried Elizabeth, sharply.

The old man drew himself up, and looked so indignant that she felt sure he would oppose her now with might and main.

"I mean," she added, "you don't know how I feel about it, I want the poor thing left alone."

The old man relinquished his erect attitude and looked somewhat mollified.

"If it's yer whim, mar'm, that's another thing, but I thought I'd lived too long in this neighborhood for anybody to accuse me of not knowing a thing when I pretended to, especially about trees."

"Oh, no, no," interrupted she; "I always say that you are a universal genius, a better gardener than half the professed ones."

"Wal, I do' know about that," said Jarvis, his face beaming all over with satisfaction, for remarkable as he was, the old man was peculiarly susceptible to flattery.

"Then you won't touch the tree?" cried Elizabeth, turning again towards her husband.

Mr. Mellen had been watching her while she talked; he was growing more and more angry now he thought that she only wished to interfere unwarrantably with his least plan or wish.

"You will leave the tree till spring?" she continued.

"I shall have the earth loosened," he answered, "I don't choose to sacrifice the tree to a mere caprice."

"It is not a caprice," she exclaimed, forgetting herself once more in her excitement. "I ask you not to touch it—I beg you not to."

"Might I ask the reason of your extraordinary conduct?" he began; then remembering old Benson's presence, checked himself quickly.

"I think it the best thing for the tree," he added.

"But Jones said not; he ought to know."

"I fancy he said that to avoid the work."

"No, no! In the spring you can do it—not now—not now."

"By spring it will be too late; the earth must be dug away now."

She clasped her hands under her shawl—she resolved to make one effort more—a respite must be found—for a day, at least.

She looked out towards the tree—the lower part of it was hidden, where they stood, by a thicket of shrubs and bushes, but the stately top towered up dark and solemn, waving in the morning breeze and seeming to whisper an omen of dread to her half maddened senses.

"Not to-day," she exclaimed; "at least do not touch it to day."

His suspicious mind, so wildly on the alert since the strange events of the past days, was now fully aroused by the singular earnestness and trouble of her manner.

There was another secret! It was no desire to contradict him which actuated her—there was something at the bottom which he could not understand—a new phase of the mystery with which he had felt surrounded from the first moment of his arrival, and which during the past week had gathered and darkened so rapidly.

"Leave the tree at least to-day," repeated Elizabeth.

"I can't send for Jarvis to do work and put him off without a reason," he said; "he has plenty of work on his hands."

"It can't make no difference, Miss Mellen," the old man joined in; "'tain't no use to put it off—anyhow I couldn't come agin till the last of the week."

"Let it go till then," she said, eagerly; and a new life stole over her face at the bare hope of obtaining that delay.

"This is sheer folly," said her husband. "Go in—go in. You will catch cold—the grass is damp. Come, Jarvis, get your spade."

"It won't hurt the tree a spec, Miss Mellen," said he; "don't feel oneasy about it—I'll be as tender of it as if it was a baby."

He moved away as he spoke, and left the husband and wife together. Elizabeth was pale even through her artificial bloom—no matter what he thought she must obtain some delay.

"Grantley," she cried, "don't touch the tree—I ask it as a favor—you will not refuse—let it go."

He gave one look at her face and turned his head away to hide the expression of anger and doubt which he felt was in his own.

"Can you give any reason?" he asked.

"No, no! It is one of my fancies—only gratify it—let the tree alone for a day or two."

A fierce passion shook Mellen like a sudden tempest. His first impulse was to drag her into the house and force from her lips the secret and the mystery which surrounded her, but he controlled the impulse and said:

"As you please. I will leave it for the present."

He walked away from her, and Elizabeth went back into the house. She had to rest a few moments in the library; her limbs were shaking so that she could not stand. She was roused by the sound of her husband's voice in conversation with old Benson—he might come in and find her there.

She started up like a wounded animal that concentrates its dying strength in one wild effort for escape—hurried from the room and up the stairs.

Elsie was still lying on the sofa in the chamber; she sprang up as Elizabeth entered.

"Will he leave it?" she cried. "Will he leave it?"

"Yes, he has promised."

Elizabeth sank in a chair, regardless of the questions she poured out, so pitiable an object in her agony that it might even have softened the heart of one she had most deeply injured.

"Saved again!" cried Elsie. "Don't despair, Bessie—it will all end right."

"Saved!" repeated Elizabeth, in a tone of mental terror. "Have you thought what must be done this very night?"

Elsie gave a cry and hid her face.

"Be still!" said Elizabeth. "I will do it—be still!"

"Don't let me know—don't tell me—I should die of fright!"

"Think of me, then," she returned. "In the night—alone with that —— where can I carry it——"

Elsie interrupted her with another cry and her old appealing wail.

"You are killing me! You are killing me!"

"Be still," repeated Elizabeth, in the same awful voice. "I will do it—be still!"

CHAPTER XXX.

Mellen set old Benson about some other duties and went into the library. While he stood at one of the windows, looking gloomily out on the autumn landscape, he heard the voices of 'Dolf and his spinster inamorata in the area below.

"What's marster gwine to have done to de tree?' Clo asked.

"He's afeared it's deceasin'," replied 'Dolf, pompously, "and he wishes to perwent."

"Don't come none o' yer furrin lingo over me," said Clorinda, angrily. "Can't yer say what he's gwine to do in good, decent English, widout any of dem dern outlandish Spanish 'preesions."

"'Twarn't Spanish, lubly one," said 'Dolf, greatly delighted at the effect his grandiloquent language had produced. "Sometimes I do 'dulge in far away tongues jist from habit; it's trabeling so much, you know."

"Don't know nothin' about it, and don't want to," interrupted Clorinda. "Ef yer can't answer a civil question as it ontar to be, yer needn't stay round dis part of de house."

"Don't be ravagerous," returned 'Dolf. "Any question ob yours it is my delight to answer, only propose it."

"I does, plainly enough. What's marster gwine to have done to dat ar ole tree?"

"Have da airth dug up," said 'Dolf, deeming it wiser to use a more simple phraseology; "he's 'feared it's dying."

Mellen was just going to order them away from that part of the house—the veriest trifle irritated him now—when Clorinda's next words made him pause.

"I wish he'd hev it dug up by de roots," she said; "I do 'lieve dat ar tree is haunted."

"Haunted!" screamed 'Dolf, who possessed a large share of the superstition of his race. "Now what does yer mean, Miss Clorindy?"

"Jes' what I say," replied she sharply; "I ain't one ob de kind dat tittervates up my words till they haint got no sense left."

"But I never haerd of a haunted tree," said 'Dolf, gaining new courage as he remembered that it was broad daylight. "Haunted houses I've heerd on in plenty; but a tree——"

"Oh, mebby yer don't know eberyting yet!" said Clo', viciously.

Clo' had been rather short with her lover of late, on account of several private flirtations with Victoria, which she had interrupted.

"Do tell me what yer mean, Clorindy," pleaded 'Dolf, his eyes fairly starting out of his head with curiosity.

"Oh, mebby you'd better go to Vic," she retorted, "she's a heap outer dan what I be. I ain't coffee-colored, I'se only a nigger."

"Now, Miss Clorindy!" cried 'Dolph, seeing that this was an occasion when flattery and soft words were absolutely necessary. "Yer knows yer'e de most charming ob yer sex!"

"Don' know nothin' ob de sort," said Clo'. "I aint flirty and flighty about like some folks; but, anyhow, I ain't fool enough to put all my wages on my back. I guess marster oud tell what I've got in de bank."

That allusion to her golden charms made 'Dolf quite forget the youthful graces of Victoria; he grew more tender and submissive than ever.

"Yer's de pearl ob de creation!" he cried enthusiastically.

Mellen stamped his foot passionately, furious with their nonsense, upbraiding himself that he could listen to the conversation of his own servants, yet unable to move away before he had heard the revelation which Clorinda evidently had to make.

After a little more persuasive eloquence to restore her goodhumor completely, 'Dolph said:

"But do tell me what yer means 'bout de tree?"

"No," said Clorinda, mysteriously; "it's one ob dem tings as is best not talked about. I don't run and tell all I sees and hears."

"Jis' confide in my buzzom," said 'Dolf, tenderly.

"Men is so duberous," simpered Clorinda.

"Yer knows I'se de most faithful and constance ob my sect," cried 'Dolf. "Yer may speak freely to me."

"I 'spose yer'd say de same to Vic."

"Neber, Miss Clorindy! What, dat silly, giggling girl—don't tink it!"

His persuasions met with their reward at last, and when he pleaded again:

"Jis' tell me what yer means 'bout de tree bein' haunted?"

She yielded to his flattery and her feminine desire to tell all that she had seen or imagined, embellished by the powers of fancy so largely developed in her kind.

"Mebby 'twas two months 'fore you came back," she said, in the tone of a person trying to be exact in her recollection of events.

"What was?" cried 'Dolf, impatiently, "de hauntin'?"

"Ef I'm gwine to tell you my story I'll do it in my own way," said Clorinda, majestically.

"In course, in course," returned 'Dolf, eagerly. "I begs pardon for de 'ruption. Jis' go on, sweetest Miss Clo'."

"I tells yer dar's been somethin' agoing on in dis house," pursued Clorinda. "Dat ar bracelet losing was all of a piece wid what went afore. Missus was awful mad at me for saying so, but I don't care. She's very queer—stuck up like. There's Miss Elsie, sweet allers as a young kitten!"

"Yes, yes," 'Dolf said, ready to agree with anything in order to get at the heart of her mystery.

"Afore ever dat ring was lost I seed a man in de house in de dead ob de night—a man and a woman!"

"God be gracious!" cried 'Dolf.

"I'd had de toothache, and ben down to de kitchen fire a smokin' pennyryal, and awful sick it made me. I was gwine up the backstairs, when I heerd steps in de hall. I looked in and I seed a man and woman plain. I had de candle in my hand. I screeched right out, and shut my eyes, and let de candle fall. When I opened 'em again missus had come out of her room, wid a shawl over her and a lamp in her hand.

"'What be yer doin' dar?' says she, mad as a March hare.

"I up and telled her 'bout the man and woman, and she larfed in my face.

"'Whar be dey?' says she. 'Dar's nobody here but us.'

"'Twan't no use to say nothin', she flew off into one o' her tantrums, and scolded me like all possessed. I don't like her, and dat's all 'bout it!"

"But is dat all?" questioned 'Dolf, in a disappointed tone.

"No, it ain't all; jis' wait and don't go off de handle afore you knows which end you've got hold on."

"But de tree, Clorindy," said 'Dolf; "tell me 'bout de tree."

"I'se comin' to dat," replied Clo', growing eager again. "I'd ben down to see Diana Jameson, at de cross roads; it was real late; we'd had a prayer meetin' and I kindar forgot myself in de refreshin' season——"

"Yes," said 'Dolf, fearful she would go off in a long digression and lose sight of the all-important topic, "dey is refreshin'; as preserves is to de taste so is meetin's to de spirit—soothin', yer know."

"Jis' so," said Clorinda.

"Wal, yer was comin' home," suggested 'Dolf.

"Yes; two or tree on 'em came with me to de gate and dar dey left me. I heeled up de avenue jis' as hard as I could, but when I got near de house I thort, suppose missus should see me, she's a pokin' up at all hours, she'd scold me like smoke. I jis' cut out ob de road to take de path trough de thicket, I came in sight ob de ole cypress tree."

Clorinda broke off abruptly to recover her breath and to allow her narrative to have its full effect upon her listener.

"Go on; oh, do go on!" cried 'Dolf.

Could the pair have seen the face leaning over the balcony, straining to catch every word, they might almost have thought that one of the ghosts they so dreaded had started up before them.

"I came in sight ob de cypress tree," recommenced Clo', with great art working up her story to a climax.

"Yes, yes," said 'Dolf again. "In sight ob de tree——"

"I seed somethin' all in white a cruchin' down dar, a throwin' up its arms and moaning like. I jis' give one yell and danced away. When I got to de house, what do you tink? dar was missus. Whar she come from I don' know, and she give me go ose again for screaming; but la! she was white as a dead woman all de while."

"What could it all a ben?" said 'Dolf.

"I don' know more'n you. The next morning she sent for me, and she tolled me she'd hev to send me away ef I didn't quit dat habit of bein' up so late and skeerin' de gals wid stories 'bout ghosts; so I jis' hald my tongue."

"And hab you eber seed anytink more?"

"Laws, I wouldn't go near dat tree after dark for all de money on Long Island! I tolls you dar's sometin' queer somewhar."

"So dar is," assented 'Dolf, in a perplexed manner, "dar is, sure."

"Don't you say nothin', 'cause I'd get my walkin' papers ef you did. But ef you're so mighty wise, jis' tell me what yer makes ob all dis mysteriousness?"

"Clorindy," said 'Dolf, in a solemn voice, "ghostesses is a subject 'taint proper to talk on, and the queernesses ob our marsters and missesses is not tropics for us."

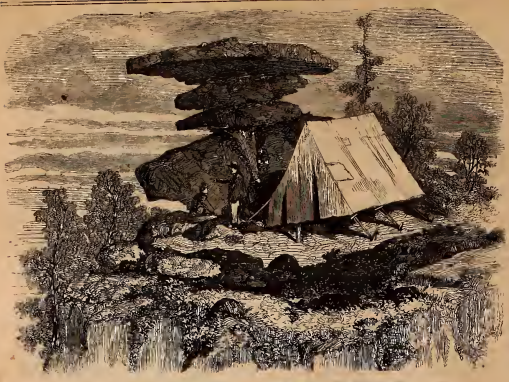
"A body must wonder, I s'pose, black or white," said Clo', angrily.

"But dat's all you've seen?"

"Dat's all, and it's 'nuff and more too."

Grantley Mellen stepped back into the library and closed the window. He had need to be alone. Every day, every hour, the mystery which had intruded into his home deepened and took more appalling shapes.

He walked up and down in the shadowy room, muttering to himself, forming a thousand futile plans, and utterly unmanned by the terrible fancies his morbid imagination conjured up.



THE PHOTOGRAPHER OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. B. SCHELL.

DEATH OF MR. WM. F. PORTER, THE PHOTOGRAPHER.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. LIGOWSKY, TOPOGRAPHICAL ENGINEER.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

Not long after the battle of Lookout Mountain one of our artists, not present at the battle, visited the spot, on his way from the Mississippi, and ascending to the spot where the rebels so long had their flag waving and their cannon thundering at Chattanooga, was no less surprised than amused to find on the then silent summit, which Hooker's men had so gallantly scaled amid fire and flame, the tent of a travelling photographer, who had pitched his tent here, with the true enterprise of a wandering son of New England, to take portraits and include a view of the famous scenery.

The view had been for some time ready for use, but we have now to add another sketch, sent to us by an officer of the 11th corps, showing the sad close of the career of the photographer, Mr. Wm. F. Porter, who, while placing a lady and gentleman, lost his foothold and fell down the precipice, a distance of some 200 feet.

EXPLOSION OF MERRICK AND SONS' IRON FOUNDRY, PHILADELPHIA.

Never perhaps have fires and explosions come more rapidly than within the last few months. The destruction of Colt's factory, the fire at Gloucester, and others in other parts, have crowded fast upon us. We give two sketches this week of a fearful explosion. Merrick and Sons' Iron Foundry and Boiler Manufactory was an extensive establishment in Philadelphia, situated on and entirely covering the ground bounded by Washington street on the north, Federal street on the south, and Fourth and Fifth streets on the east and west. On the morning of April 6th an immense boiler, of 75 horse-power, at the western end of the open space, formed by the square of the buildings, appropriated to the use of the different departments, exploded, and in an instant spread ruin around.

It was carried up into the air, and after making a circuit of some 40 feet dropped on the roof of the clipping-shop, demolishing it entirely, and crushing in the ruins, George Ward, one of the workmen.

The force of the explosion sent fragments of iron and bricks in all direction. A large piece of boiler was driven through the wall of No. 1,137 Fifth street, and a piece of girder traversed another house, fortunately without injuring any one. The streets around were strewn with bricks so thick that a person could walk on them.

Seven persons were killed in the foundry and a number injured, but no one in the street or neighborhood. Our Artist gives a view of the explosion itself and of the scene of ruin after the calamity.

HEADWATERS OF THE TECHE, LOUISIANA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. H. BONWILL.

HEAD WATERS OF THE TECHE.

The Teche, one of the most beautiful of the Louisiana bayons, commences in St. Landry parish, a few miles from Opelousas and flows through a rich and romantic country, now unhappily desolated by the war. It empties into Achafalaya Bayon, near Lake Chetimaches. Our Artist, while proceeding from one memorable point to another, has sketched the head waters of the Teche in all their charming beauty.

Geranium Leaves.—It is not generally known that the leaves of geraniums are an excellent application for cuts, where the skin is rubbed off, and other wounds of that kind. One or two leaves must be bruised and applied on linen to the part, and the wound will become cicatrized in a very short time.

The Explosion.

The Ruins.

DESTRUCTION OF MERRICK AND SONS' IRON FOUNDRY, PHILADELPHIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRED. B. SCHELL.

VIEW OF THE SHIPYARD AT LIVERPOOL, ON THE MERSEY, WITH THE REBEL RAM IN THE RIVER.—See Page 87.

I'M LOVE'S TINY CHILD TO-DAY.

BY KATE J. BOYD.

HARK! the bells of joy are ringing,
Hope once more illumes my way,
Sweetly sad my heart is singing,
Sunbeams glow more bright to-day;
Nature moves to graceful music,
Zephyrs sport with feathery spray,
Oh, my heart is softly breathing,
I'm love's tiny child to-day;
Ha, ha, ha, he, ha,
I'm love's tiny child to-day.

Freedom flings its rosy banner
O'er my heart so light and gay,
Bound no longer, free and happy,
Thro' the woodland I will stray;
List! the birdlings as they warble,
Thro' the branches lightly play,
Oh, my heart is softly breathing,
I'm love's tiny child to-day;
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
I'm love's tiny child to-day.

Rippling streams, and flowers blooming
Fling their fragrance far and near,
And they win us to their wooing,
With a welcome rich and clear;
Heed the joys they scatter o'er us,
As they greet the rosy day,
Oh, my heart is softly breathing,
I'm love's tiny child to-day;
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
I'm love's tiny child to-day.

A BATCH OF WHATS.

What word may be pronounced quicker by adding a syllable to it? Quick.

What quadrupeds are admired to balls, operas and dinner-parties? White kids; sometimes the goats go with them.

What is that word of one syllable which, if the first two letters are taken from it, becomes a word of two syllables? Plague—Ague.

What kind of a face should an auctioneer have? A face that is forbidding.

What wood makes the best pianoforte? Broadwood.

What bird is the greatest friend to agriculturists? The wheat-ear.

What sort of carpentry becomes a gem as soon as finished? A-gate.

What is the oldest tree in America? The elder tree.

What day in the month of the year is a command to go a head? March 4th.

What prevents the running river from running away? Why, it's tied up.

What is the tourist's best motive for travelling? A locomotive.

What kind of a man would you prefer on a dark night? A lantern-jawed man.

What word would give sorrow to the mechanic and joy to the prisoner? Discharge.

What fish is most valued by a happy wife? Herring.

What town in Massachusetts signifies "proceed with reproach"? Taunton.

What do we seek redress for? Injuries. Where do we find it? In juries.

What instrument does a man who deals in fiddles most resemble? A violoncello (violin seller).

What age is the most deceiving? The sausage.

What is that which by adding something to it will become smaller, but if you add nothing will grow larger? A hole in a stocking.

"What is it that sticks closer than a brother?" said a teacher to one of his class. "A Post Office stamp—by gum!" said the young incorrigible.

What was Eve made for? For Adams's Express Company.

What is that which belongs to yourself, yet is used by everybody? Your name.

What three words did Adam use when he introduced himself to Eve, and which read the same backwards and forwards? Madam, I'm Adam.

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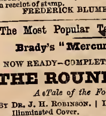

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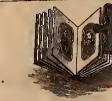

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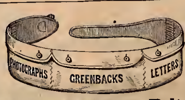

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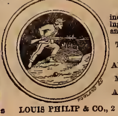

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ILLUSTRATED

NEWSPAPER

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THE WAR IN LOUISIANA.—VIEW OF NATCHITOCHES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. DONVILL.—SEE PAGE 102.

THE WAR IN TENNESSEE.—RUMEL MASSACRE OF THE UNION TROOPS AFTER THE SURRENDER AT FORT PILLOW, APRIL 12.—SEE PAGE 103.

Barnum's American Museum.

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FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, MAY 7, 1864.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 72 Duane street, between Broadway and Elm, New York.

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THE Publisher of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED PAPER invites his present contributors and others to send in before May 1st stories and poems suited to its columns, as well as ideas for comic sketches on subjects of the day.

Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

THE guerillas, the vermin that swarm in advance of the movements of the rebel armies, are now very active in Virginia. A body appeared on the 17th at Sulphur Springs.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The feeling of opposition to the Davis tyranny is spreading through the State. Rebel conscription officers in the western part of the State have been hung by the people. Holden's election as Governor seems almost certain.

To sustain its falling power, the rebel Government has made a tremendous effort to check the Union forces, if not to drive them from the State.

On the 17th, with a force numbering from 5,000 to 10,000, they made a sudden attack on Plymouth. The 12th New York cavalry met and drove back the rebel horse. Gen. Wessels is prepared to defend Plymouth to the last.

Fort Gray, two miles from Plymouth, on the Roanoke, was first attacked, but it was resolutely defended by Capt. Brown, 85th N. Y., and the Miami, Capt. Flusser, with the Eutaw, Whitehead, Lockwood and Bombshell steamed up and poured shot and shell into the rebel ranks. The enemy, after being three times repulsed with terrible loss, drew off.

After the attack on Fort Gray was repulsed the gunboat Bombshell ran up Roanoke river, to look out for the rebel ram, but was sunk by a rebel battery. On the 18th, about 3 P. M., the ram came down, passed the Union batteries, ran into and sank the gunboat Southfield. The gunboat Miami fired at her, but the shell rebounded, killing Captain Flusser. The ram holds the river. Plymouth is cut off from relief, and, as the rebels state, was carried by storm on the 20th. Brigadier-General A. F. Hoke, the rebel commander, is said to have taken 1,600 prisoners and 25 pieces of artillery, besides immense stores.

KENTUCKY.

Gen. Shackleford and several citizens were captured by Bennet's guerillas at Madisonville, but subsequently released.

From Eastern Kentucky we learn that the rebels have been defeated in two fights on the Licking river. The rebels attacked the Union forces at Paintville on the 12th and were repulsed, after which the Unionists pursued the enemy, and on the 14th surprised their camp at Half mountain. The result of the movement was the killing and wounding of 85 rebels and the capture of 70 others, besides 200 horses, 400 saddles, 300 stand of arms, camp equipage, etc. Col. Clay is among the prisoners.

A party of rebels attempted to enter Kentucky at Pound gap on Tuesday, but were driven back by the 45th Kentucky mounted infantry.

LOUISIANA.

After the affair at Crump's hill, Gen. Banks advanced on the enemy's position at Pleasant hill. On the 8th he came up with them at Sabine crossroads, where the enemy, under Kirby Smith, Magruder, Holmes and Taylor were defeated with a loss of 1,500.

Being short of rations Banks recalled the fleet, which was nearing Shreveport. On its way down it was attacked, and in this battle the rebels lost Gen. Green, and 600 men. Green's head was carried off by a shell.

Meanwhile Banks advanced to Pleasant hill, where, after a primary check, his troops under Gen. A. J. Smith finally routed the enemy, who lost very heavily, Gens. Mouton and Parsons being among the killed.

A fight took place at Gov. Johnson's plantation recently, in which the rebels were repulsed, losing 20 prisoners, four officers and $10,000 worth of smuggled goods.

ARKANSAS.

Capt. Phelps, of the gunboat No. 26, on the 4th of April, captured a rebel mail carrier near Crockett's Bluff, Arkansas, with 500 letters and 60,000 percussion caps for Gen. Price.

NAVAL.

The blockade-runner Alliance was recently captured on the Savannah river.

CONGRESS.

THE Senate, on the 18th, was engaged nearly all day on the Miscellaneous Appropriation bill. The appropriations for the Agricultural Department, which had been reduced $50,000 by the Finance Committee, were restored to the House figures. There was quite a lively debate between Mr. Fessenden, the chairman of the Finance Committee, and Mr. Sherman, chairman of the Committee on Agriculture, in reference to these appropriations. Mr. Fessenden lectured Mr. Sherman and the Senate generally for thwarting the efforts of the Finance Committee to reduce the appropriations. The salary of the United States Treasurer, Mr. Spinner, was increased to $6,000, and other salaries in his bureau to the extent heretofore recommended.

In the House, the National Bank bill was passed, by a vote of 78 against 63. The Internal Tax bill was was made the special order for to-day. Resolutions in favor of increasing the duties on articles of luxury imported from abroad and of domestic manufacture, and also in favor of repressing the circulation of State Banks by taxation, were agreed to, the latter by a vote of 62 against 46. Mr. Stevens made three attempts to obtain a suspension of the rules in order that a joint resolution increasing immediately the duty on imports 50 per centum for 60 days might be considered; but the opposition stubbornly opposed the motion, and the requisite two-thirds vote consequently could not be obtained. This proposition was designed to head off importers, who are draining the country of gold by large purchases abroad in anticipation of a revision of the tariff and an increase of duties.

In the Senate, on the 19th, several unimportant measures were discussed. The bill repealing all laws relating to the rendition of fugitive slaves to their owners was then taken up and passed to a third reading. When, however, the vote on the final passage of the bill was about to be taken, Mr. Sherman moved to except the law of 1793, and after considerable debate the motion was agreed to by a vote of 24 against 17. Mr. Conness moved to lay the bill on the table. This was negatived—9 yeas to 31 nays.

In the House, there was no business of any interest transacted.

In the Senate, on the 20th, a joint resolution was introduced by Mr. Harris, providing for the taking of an industrial census in 1865 by the States. The question of appointing a Committee of Conference on the Montana disagreement was discussed, but no conclusion reached. The bill repealing the Fugitive Slave law was taken up and discussed by Messrs. Foster, Sumner and Brown, until the hour of adjournment.

In the House, the day session was occupied in considering the Tax bill. No speeches were made, and 52 resolutions were considered and passed upon. During the evening session the bill for a new coinage of one and two cent pieces were passed. The bill for reconstructing overthrown State Governments was then taken up, and Messrs. Norton, of Illinois, and Broomall, of Pennsylvania, spoke in favor of the bill.

In the Senate, on the 21st, the House bill for the relief of postmasters robbed by rebel troops or guerillas was passed. The bill to establish assay offices at Carson city, Nevada, and Dallas city, Oregon, was taken up, and an amendment providing for a branch mint at Dallas city was adopted, when the subject was laid aside. The consideration of the bill repealing the Fugitive Slave law was then resumed, and Mr Van Winkle made a speech showing that West Virginia is legally and constitutionally one of the States of the Union. Mr. Howard moved an amendment to the bill, providing that no person found in any Territory or in the District of Columbia shall be deemed to have been held to service or to have been enslaved under the act of 1793, and that the said act be repealed. The National Bank bill, which recently passed the House, was reported by the Finance Committee with amendments, the only important one being the striking out of the provision relative to taxation of the capital, circulation and business of the banks by States, and substituting a duty of one-half of one per cent. each half year, and on and after January, 1864, upon the average amount of circulation, and a duty of one-quarter of one per cent. each half year upon the average amount of deposits, and a duty of one-quarter of one per cent. each half year upon the average amount of capital stock beyond the amount invested in United States bonds.

In the House, the Printing Committee made a report designed to secure the continuance of the publication of the *Congressional Globe*. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the Tax bill, and completed it as far as the 75th section. Several Amendments to tax stocks of domestic liquors on hand were offered, and rejected; but a proposition to make the tax $1 per gallon from the 1st of May, instead of the 1st of July, was agreed to.

In the Senate, on the 22d, a memorial from wool growers of Addison county Vermont, was presented, urging a revision of the tariff on wool, as the existing tariff neither affords revenue to the Government nor protection to the grower. The House bill establishing a bureau of military justice, consisting of Judge Advocate-General and two Assistant Judge Advocates, was passed. The Army Appropriation bill was then taken up and a number of amendments, including one giving colored troops, after the 1st of January next, the same pay and allowances, except bounty, as white soldiers, was adopted, and the bill was passed by a vote of 36 to 1—Mr. Powell, of Kentucky.

The entire session of the House was occupied with the Tax bill in Committee of the Whole. Amendments increasing the tax on wholesale and retail liquor dealers, commercial brokers, passenger vessels, bowling alleys and billiard tables, builders and contractors, illuminating oils, petroleum, soda water and other beverages, iron and numerous other articles were adopted.

The Senate, on the 23rd, was not in session.

In the House, a bill was passed creating an additional Supervising Inspector of Steamboats for New Orleans and Boards of Local Inspectors at Portland, Oregon, and at Memphis, Tenn. A resolution was adopted amending the fourth section of the Act of March 2, 1793, empowering United States Commissioners to take bail in criminal cases and providing them with seals. The Committee who investigated the charges against Representative Blair, of Missouri, of speculating in liquors, while in military command in the Department of Missouri, reported that Mr. Blair had not violated any law. Some remarks followed of a personal character from Mr. Blair and his accuser, Mr. McClurg. The consideration of the Internal Tax bill was then resumed, the House having resolved itself into a committee for that purpose.

FOREIGN NEWS.

IN the English House of Lords the Marquis of Clanricarde moved for the correspondence with the Confederate States in reference to the removal of the British Consols from Southern ports and the enlistment of English subjects in the rebel army. Earl Russell agreed to the motion, the words "so-called" being inserted before Confederate States, lest it should be imagined that Parliament had recognised the Confederacy.

The House of Lords had decided against the Crown in the Alexandra case, and the vessel would be restored to her owners.

The Earl of Donoughmore called attention to the case of the Kearsage enlistments, and asked Earl Russell if he had communicated with the American Government on the subject. Earl Russell thought the word of an officer of the United States navy, as to men having come on board the vessel without his knowledge, ought to be taken. He had, however, called the attention of the American Minister to the reports of the trial.

Mr. Stansfeld, M. P., had resigned his seat in the British Cabinet, in consequence of the French official repetition of his complicity with Mazzini and Grecco in the conspiracy against Napoleon's life. Lord Palmerston, speaking on the subject, said that the "personal" and "dynastic safety" of Napoleon were essential to the best interests of Europe.

The Duke of Newcastle resigned his seat in the British Cabinet in consequence of continued ill health.

Garibaldi was received with great enthusiasm in England. He made a short speech at Southampton, in which he thanked the people, and proclaimed the fidelity of England to the cause of Italy.

From Denmark we are told that the Prussians had bombarded Sonderburg without having given any warning; that 80 women and children had been killed and wounded; that 1 500 shells had been thrown into the town, which was deserted, and that 50 houses had been burned. The siege lines against Duppel had been advanced, and the town cannonaded for some days. Lord Palmerston stated that all the Powers had agreed to the assembling of a Conference in London. It is said, however that the Germanic Diet dissents.

Heenan, Sayers, Mace and other celebrities of the prizering pleaded guilty to the English indictment arising out of the late prizefight between Heenan and King. Judgment was suspended, and they stand discharged to appear for sentence when called on.

TOWN GOSSIP.

Talk about the Fair.

AFTER three weeks of a brilliant life the great event of the season settled into a thing of the past on last Saturday eve. It went out, not quietly, but honored by crowds, and lulled by the sound of soft music, crowds who dragged not listless feet through the vast buildings, but who were as lithe of step and as greedy of sight-seeing as ever. We cannot say that the brilliancy and earnestness of the affair was sustained towards the last, and perhaps may be making an uncharitable remark when we say that from the instant the 25 cent paying crowd was admitted, the interest and attendance of the aristocratic dames and damsels, who had improvised shopkeeping, seemed to flag, and the democratic portion of the people were left in many cases to stare upon empty stalls or neglected ones. We think this should not have been, when it is considered that the stock of goods still remaining on hand amounts to a quarter of a million, and that our city has thousands of beautiful women who would gladly have taken the places of those resigning, and kept up the interest and profit to the very latest moment. We will, however, drop all criticism and condemnation, and be disposed to regard the entire matter as a success, even though it is pretty generally admitted that its business management was not of the best, and that, with all the enthusiasm and chances of the beginning, the gross amount netted should have been increased by at least 50 per cent.

One of the Curiosities

Is the Police Department and its management, which is under the charge of Inspector Leonard. To the headquarters of this department, a room attached to the buildings, are brought all articles lost by the visitors, and found by the police or any one else. Here, labelled and sorted, were thousands of articles from an odd glove up to a camel's hair shawl valued at $750, and we believe unclaimed up to the closing of the Fair. A large safe contained considerable amounts of money, from a five cent currency stamp, up to roll of greenbacks, and boxes were filled with parasols, veils, books, furs and jewellery. To show that the fairer sex are not the only careless and forgetful ones, another part of the room is the receptacle for such odds and ends as overcoats, canes, handkerchiefs, gloves and matters appertaining to manly wear.

Among the Incidents

Of the week was the visit of Mrs. Grant, the wife of the General, who quietly took a look through the buildings, registered a vote for McClellan on the sword question, and melted away into the crowd without being run down by them.

As a balance to this woman, who loudly announced his name as McClellan, on Wednesday evening, voted a number of times for Grant, dividing his enthusiasm into various spasmodic jerks varying in size through two hours from $10 upwards, until it had reached 100, by which time possibly it boiled out.

A rather droll thing occurred at one of the stands in the refreshment-room on Tuesday evening. A stout, good-looking man, apparently a Britisher, looking with admiring eyes upon a young lady attendant, asked, in a half-joking way, the price of certain cakes, and received for answer, ten cents each. He said the price was low enough, and he should like to eat some of them, were it not for the trouble of taking off his gloves. The fair lady suggested that he should eat them with his gloves on, but to that he objected, as it would soil them. The next proposition emanating from the fair shopkeeper, who did not like to lose a customer, was that she should feed him, an offer that was accepted with an expression of countenance that plainly said, "You won't dare to do it!" But the damsel was not to be taken aback, and with delicate diamond fingers she broke up the edibles and put them piece by piece into the mouth of the eater until he had devoured five! This was a fair test of her daring, and as the job was done with perfect gravity, the purchaser could not help to be satisfied, and, after wiping his mouth, proffered a $5 greenback in payment, and received back $2 change. To the question as to how the last was performed he received answer that 10 cents each for the cakes made 50 cents, and 50 cents each for the labor performed in feeding, summed up $3! If he did not leave a wiser man he did a poorer one, by $3.

All about the Sword.

The voting upon the swords went steadily on through the week, until at the closing of the poll on Thursday evening 16,154 votes had been entered; 8,207 for McClellan; 7,824 for Grant; and 123 scattering. During the day the excitement seemed to rise, and among the voters were Mayor Gunther, who put down 26, and Mrs. James Gordon Bennett, who registered her name for 300, both for McClellan, while Mrs. John Jacob Astor gave 100 votes in favor of Farragut on the naval sword.

On Friday the excitement seemed to gather force, and it was only with the greatest exertion that space could be kept about the voting book for the enthusiastic admirers of either General who thronged up with greenbacks to the rescue. Opinion was freely expressed, but all in good humor, and whoever tried to make a political or ill-natured demonstration was soon joked down. Every ten minutes the crowd was eager for fresh bulletins to show progress.

"Give us a bulletin!" shouted a tall individual continually, who did more pushing and shouting than voting.

"Give him a bullet in himself!" is the response of a little fellow, who has been suffering by the trampling of the giraffe for the last quarter of an hour.

"Here, I go for $10," says an enthusiastic admirer of Little Mac, entering his name that amount, "but I know they won't let my man get it."

"Who's your man?" shouts a dozen voices.

"Little Mac, and I don't care who knows it," is the response.

"You may bet he won't," is the answer, "that sword was built on purpose for Grant. Can't you see by the shape of the handle that it'll just fit his hand?"

Through this day a great number of votes came in by mail, many from the army, almost all of which were for McClellan.

It had been arranged by the committee having charge swor., that on Saturday, at 2 o'clock, the book should close, and from that time until 8 o'clock the same evening, the votes must be sent in sealed envelopes and put in a box, at the end of which they would be publicly counted. This plan savored strongly of foul play, and created great dissatisfaction, from the belief of the McClellanites that something was on foot to defraud their favorite of the sword.

On the closing of the book the vote stood for McClellan 11,903, Grant 9,647, and scattering 154, McClellan's majority being 2,256.

From that time until about dark the interest flagged, but awakened again as the time drew near for closing the box. Mysterious looking personages were seen to make their way to it and drop in bulky envelopes that savored of large rolls of greenbacks. This brought back the crowds about the poll, and once more the voting and talking went on. One gentleman offered to bet $1,000 that McClellan had received the largest vote, counting each name only as a vote, but could get no takers. Several times in the course of the evening his offer was repeated, but none would accept.

Still these mysterious individuals would steal up to the box, and depositing bulky envelopes, would melt quietly away. The crowd seemed to have an instinct that some underhand influences were at work, and became proportionately excited.

As the hour of eight approached the crowd swelled and the buzz of voices increased. Above all was heard that of the member of the committee, who stood, watch in hand, announcing the time and encouraging the voting.

"Twenty minutes to eight, gentlemen! Come up and vote, now or never!" "Ladies, don't be backward in coming forward." "Only 15 minutes now to express an opinion. Don't say in after life that you hadn't a chance." "Now, then, only five minutes more."

Every one was at the highest pitch of agony, and half-frightened glances were cast around as though something might occur at the last moment to snatch the coveted weapon from either of the favorites.

The clock was pointing to the very hour, when a lady, pushing through the crowd, seized a card and pencil, wrote her name, enveloped it in greenbacks, sealed it, and with a smile dropped the last vote in the box as the chime rang out the last stroke of eight.

Then the committee retired and the counting began, while the crowd waited in almost breathless silence for the result. It was painted in large letters on a sheet of paper and displayed to the audience from the orchestra. It read: Total vote, 44 903; for Grant, 30,291; McClellan, 14,509; scattering, 103. Majority for Grant, 15,782.

The announcement brought forth a mingled flood of cheers, hisses, hootings and groans, and for some time it was feared that a serious difficulty would arise from the excited thousands, who seemed to give way to the most intense feeling. At the moment of the greatest noise and confusion the drum corps of the 22d regiment went through the building beating their loudest tattoo, and soon succeeded in drowning all other noise, acting with the same effect on the crowd as would a heavy shower, scattering them in all directions.

The mystery of the mysterious men who had so quietly stolen to the ballot box was soon explained, when it was found that nearly 20,000 of the Grant votes were only signed, "Loyal Men of New York," or "Loyal New Englanders," one vote being for $10,000 with the former signature.

So much for the swords, without further comment.

The navy sword registered 922 votes, and was awarded to Commander Rowan, by virtue of a majority of 130.

About eleven o'clock the excitement rose once more, and as discussion grew warm and difficulty was feared, the gas was turned down, the vast crowds wended their way into the streets, and the great Fair became a thing of the past.

The receipts to three o'clock on the day of closing were $1,011 415 49; but, when all the goods are sold, will, without doubt, foot up to $1,250,000.

And now for the Theatres.

The sensations of the week have not been great. Avonia Jones has been doing "Camille" and "Medea" to tolerable houses, and appears to be growing nightly on the public. This week she brings out an entirely new play, entitled "The Sorceress." The Winter Garden having passed into new hands, those of Messrs. Stuart, Clarke and Booth, great additions and changes will soon be made, and the theatre put on a footing with the best of the country.

Edwin Booth has been doing Raphael in that very French affair, "The Marble Heart," and has succeeded in crowding the houses, for which we are sorry, as we deem the play unworthy his genius, and fully capable of being replaced by something better.

Niblo's will run the Irish drama this week, another fact for which we are sorry, and deprecate the public taste.

Mrs. Wood sticks to "Loyalina" and "Our Wife," and makes out well in doing so.

Barnum has brought out "Cudjo's Cave," and a wondrous cave it is, big enough and deep enough to contain all who wish to gather in it for six months to come. Judging by the throng, we are afraid that another "Uncle Tom" mania is about to seize the public, and that we shall see Cudjo caved until life will hardly be worth bearing.

It will be with regret that her old admirers will hear of Mrs. Hoey's retirement from Wallack's, and possibly altogether from the stage, though we doubt much if her estimable spouse will join in the regret. Miss Jane Coombs takes her place, a clever actress and a pretty woman.

Saturday, the tercentenary of Shakespeare's birth, great things were done in all the theatres for the benefit of the Dramatic Fund, and to raise money for a statue to the bard in Central Park. The most prominent of these great things was "Romeo and Juliet" at Winter Garden, with Edwin Booth as Romeo, Avonia Jones as Juliet, and Edwin James, late Queen's Counsel, and now of our own bar, as

Friar Lawrence. It is unnecessary to say that the house was full and the thing well done. Mr. James has demonstrated that he would have made as good an actor as lawyer had fate so cast his lines.

Mr. Wheatley, at Niblo's, played Prince Hal to Hackett's Falstaff, while Mr. Wallack gave his cheque for $1,000, for the same good object. At noon upon the same day Mr. Hackett, assisted by representatives of the professions of art, literature and the stage, laid the corner-stone for the statue in Central Park.

Mr. Robert Heller inaugurated his new theatre of music and magic on Monday, and has drawn crowded houses. It is so long since New York has known a professor of the black art that one is now hailed as a novelty. Mr. Heller does his work cleverly, and has withal a pleasant, witty way upon the stage that is more than half the battle in entertaining an audience. He is a pianist of rare merit, and his opening night drew together many musicians of world-wide renown, curious to hear their brother artist, and pleased when they had heard him.

The Last Idea.

A joint stock company is about being formed in this city to construct a huge floating hotel. It is proposed to construct the monster on a flat boat 500 feet in length by 250 broad, and able to accommodate 1,000 people. This huge machine may be moored at one of our wharves, or be anchored in the stream. It may be towed up the river or down the bay, anchored beside the Palisades with planks ashore, or at the Fishing Banks with lines and bait on board. Having no rent to pay, they propose to take weekly or summer boarders low, and to publish in advance the programme of the week. A small steamboat and an abundance of row boats will be in constant attendance, and every convenience will be rendered those who have to attend business in the city. There have been worse ideas than this.

A New Sensation

is promised us in a few weeks in the shape of a wedding at the Academy of Music, under these circumstances: Before the breaking out of the war a young lady in this city was engaged to a Southern gentleman, who afterwards entered the rebel army and at length, after various vicissitudes, has found his way to Fort Lafayette, where he is now. The young lady is intensely Union, but also intensely in love, and has through influence got permission from the powers that be to take her rebellious admirer out of his cage for a week or two, just long enough to marry him. It has been resolved to celebrate the affair at the Academy, at $3 each admission, and give the money to the Sanitary Commission.

With which very probable piece of gossip we close.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—J. Lathrop Motley, United States Minister to Vienna, has presented $300 to the Boston branch of the United States Sanitary Commission.

—— On the occasion of his recent benefit in Boston Count Joannes was, unexpectedly to himself, held responsible to the amount of $75 for the services of policemen, whose presence had been requested to preserve order in the immense assemblage which it was expected would be present.

—— In the United States Court at Wheeling, on the 14th April, judgments were rendered against Albert G. Jenkins, the celebrated guerilla General—one for $5,525, and the other for $100,000. Capt. W. C. Thorpe testified that he was robbed by Jenkins in Jackson county, on the 3d of September last, of $5,525. The Captain exhibited the following receipt for the money which he received at the time:

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY BRIGADE, RIPLEY, Jackson county, Va., Sept. 3, 1863.

At the request of Capt. W. C. Thorne, of the Thirteenth United States Infantry, I certify that I have taken from him the sum of $5,525 in United States Treasury notes, the property of the United States Government.

A. G. JENKINS, Brig.-Gen., Commanding.

The other claim was for the destruction of Government property in Buckhannon, Upshur county, in September, 1862, during the Jenkins's raid of that fall. Several witnesses testified that Jenkins's men destroyed at least $250,000 worth of property, consisting of arms and Quartermaster and Commissary stores, and that the rebels left the streets of the town strewed with hundreds of bags of coffee and beans. As above stated, judgments were rendered for the Government in both cases.

—— According to the City Inspector's report, there were 441 deaths in the city during the week ending April 16—a decrease of 31 as compared with the mortality of the week previous, and nine less than occurred during the corresponding week last year.

—— The annual election of officers of the Tammany Society took place on the 18th ult at Tammany Hall. The following were the successful candidates: Sachems—Isaac Bell, Daniel E. Delavan, Charles G. Cornell, Matthew T. Brennan, Douglas Taylor, Peter B Sweeny, John E Develin, William M. Tweed. James B. Nicholson, Edward Cooper, John T. Hoffman, Albert Cardozo, John Clancy. Treasurer, Henry Vandewater. Secretary, Casper C. Childs. Sagamore, George S Messerve. Wiskinskie, Stephen C. Duryea.

—— The number of inmates in the public institutions of the city now is 6,337, a decrease of 14 for the past week. The number admitted was 1,427, and the number who died, were discharged or transferred was 1,441. The Commissioners of Charities and Correction have agreed to erect a county inebriate asylum, in pursuance of a law passed by the Legislature. The site of the institution will probably be on Ward's Island.

—— Jeff Davis would make a first-class publisher. The printers in Atlanta, Georgia, having struck for more wages, he immediately ordered them all to be conscripted into the rebel army at $15 a month, Confederate currency. The result is, that the four newspapers in which that city once rejoiced have been suspended.

—— Gov. Seymour has signed the Soldiers' Voting bill.

—— The gold market has remained in a very quiescent state all the week, ranging from 162 to 176. Exchange on London 191—thus nearly doubling the price of every imported article, without reference to the new tariff.

—— The London *Times*, which has been discouraging the emigration to America of the Irish, now says: "It is better to encourage emigration than to maintain these people at the expense of the Government." Just so, as an able bodied laborer can earn more in a day in this country than he can in a week in Ireland, the inducement to go abroad is not to be resisted. The bill before Congress to encourage immigration will add largely to the numbers already on the way here.

—— A new religious sect, called "Come-outers," has broken out in Pleasant Valley, Connecticut. Their belief is "perfect life, the only passport to immortality." The members generally consider themselves "elected."

—— The number of dead in the National Cemetery at Gettysburg is said to be 3,512. The highest amount of money found on any one person was $36. The various memoranda, diaries, etc., taken from the persons are under the charge of Mr. Daniel Weaver, the superintendent of removal. But two silver and one gold watch were found.

—— It is thought that Congress will remain in session until the 1st June.

—— Gen. Lee asked, by flag of truce, if the orders of Col. Dahlgren, as published in the Richmond papers, are genuine. Kilpatrick answered with a flat denial.

—— President Lincoln has approved the act extending for two years, from its date, the time within which the States and Territories may accept the grants of land donated for the establishment of colleges for the benefit of agricultural and the mechanical arts. West Virginia is included within the provisions of the law.

Southern.—The people of western North Carolina recently hung several Confederate officers and soldiers for attempting to enforce the conscription act.

—— The approaching gubernatorial election in North Carolina is causing considerable uneasiness among the friends of Mr. Jefferson Davis. The Raleigh *Confederate* says that its result depends altogether upon the success of the rebel armies in the approaching campaign.

—— As an evidence of the change in public opinion which this war has wrought, we need only refer to the parade, lately, of three colored regiments in Baltimore; and more, these same troops are a portion of Maryland's quota.

Military.—As a proof of how much accident has to do with the war, the Washington *Star*, of April 9, says: "Yesterday, Capt. E. T. Sullivan, of the 2d Texas cavalry, presented himself at the Provost-Marshal's office in this city, and asked permission to take the oath prescribed in the President's Amnesty Proclamation, which request was granted, and he was furnished with transportation to Philadelphia. Sullivan has a wife and one child residing in Texas, where he owns 46 slaves and a plantation of 600 acres. From his statement, it appears in March, 1861, he was commissioned a 1st Lieut. in the 2d Texas cavalry, and that in May, 1862, he was promoted to a Captaincy. He was in nine battles, and at Murfreesboro' was wounded and taken prisoner. On the 7th of July, 1863, he was exchanged, went home and joined his regiment; but hearing that three of his brothers were in the Union army, determined to fight no more against the United States Government. After repeated efforts, he succeeded in making his way into the Union lines at Frederick, Md., on Friday last, and from there proceeded to this city."

—— The President has commuted the sentence of death, recently passed upon several deserters, into imprisonment on the Dry Tortugas during the war.

—— Gen. Grant has been very busy inspecting the various corps of the Potomac army during the past week. He was highly pleased with their appearance and discipline.

Personal.—A Northern man, who has just escaped from Wilmington, gives to the editor of the *New Regime*, at Norfolk, the following statement respecting Mr. and Mrs. Mallory: "I lived within a few doors of Mr. Mallory, the Confederate States Secretary of the Navy. His wife, a Spanish lady, is most anxious to reach the State of Massachusetts, where her sister now is living. The Secretary and his lady are actually very poor, so poor that when guests were at their house they usually had to borrow from us table equipage, and that of the simplest. During a temporary absence I made the Secretary welcome to the milk of my solitary cow, and he esteemed it, for his wife's sake, an exceedingly great kindness."

—— Henry Ward Beecher has purchased of Mr. J. S. Abbott, of South Royalston, Vt., a fine pair of bay Morgan horses for $600.

—— Mrs. Gen. Grant visited the Sanitary Fair on the 22d April, and voted for Gen. McClellan in the sword contest.

—— Mrs. Douglas, the Senator's widow, has sent a written denial that she is engaged as clerk in the Treasury Department.

—— John Hoey paid $1,000 for a pair of vases at the Sanitary Fair.

—— Mrs. Jessie Fremont sent the following telegram to a gentleman in San Francisco, on hearing of the death of the Rev. Starr King: "Put violets for me on the coffin of our dear friend who sleeps."

—— Frank Vizetelly, the correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, has returned to England from the rebel States, where he has been for nearly two years. His opinion is that the South will never be conquered. The women keep alive the warlike spirit.

Obituary.—Mrs. Harriet D. Field, wife of David Dudley Field, died at her residence, in Gramercy Park, on the 22d April, of bilious fever, produced by exhaustion from her severe labors in behalf of the Sanitary Fair. It is only a few days ago that we were called upon to announce the death of Mrs. Kirkland from a similar cause.

—— Dr. Holmes, of Calais, Maine, a brother-in-law of Vice-President Hamlin, died suddenly, while visiting a patient. He had been troubled for some time with heart disease, which probably caused his death.

—— Julius Izard Pringle, Esq., who died recently at Rome, Italy, was a man of fortune, from Charleston, S. C., and one of the most accomplished luxuriasts of the last half century.

—— Alexander Calame, of Geneva, Switzerland, one of the grandest landscape artists on the Continent, is dead. Calame, though chiefly known in the United States by the lithographs and etchings of his remarkable "Studies in the Alps," was one of the most successful *paysagists*, as the Frenchsay, where mountains are concerned, in modern times. His *chef d'œuvres* are mostly to be found in the collections of the Emperors of Russia and of the French, of the Queen of England and the King of Prussia.

Accidents and Offences.—Hon. A. T. Galt, of Canada, was recently done out of $2,000 by H. T. Machin, an agent of his, to whom he gave a blank cheque, to be filled out to meet a draft for a small amount about due.

—— The Cincinnati papers report great excitement there in consequence of the disappearance, between two days, of Messrs. Bodwell & Co., commission merchants, who seem to have acquired unlimited credit in some mysterious way, and to have improved their opportunities by forgetting to pay their bills. They are supposed to have gone to Canada.

—— Rev. J. L. Jonson, a colored clergyman, who was arrested at Clifton, Canada, last January, upon a charge of trying to induce negroes to enlist, has just been released, for the very simple reason that no one appeared to prefer charges against him.

—— There was a large fire in Lowell, Mass., on the 20th, in the Wamiset Steam Mill, used for various kinds of wood work.

—— On Wednesday night, the 20th April, a passenger train on the Lebanon Valley railroad (Penn.) had an accident, at the junction of the North Lebanon road, in consequence of the malicious shifting of a switch. The locomotive was broken up and the baggage car and one passenger car thrown off the track. The engineer, Thomas Gabriel, was badly scalded. No one else was injured.

—— The Adamantine Candle Works of C. H. Grant & Co., on 23d and Hamilton streets, Philadelphia, were entirely destroyed by fire on the 20th. Loss, $100,000; mostly insured. The firm did an extensive business, shipping 18,000 boxes of candles per month to California.

—— A raft was recently discovered to be on fire while passing down the Susquehanna river. Persons from the shore finally reached her, when they found three men on board, one burned to a crisp and the other two insensible. Nothing could be learned of them; but it is supposed that the raft took fire while they were asleep, or under the influence of liquor.

Foreign.—The last foreign mail settles the question of the safety of Dr. Livingstone, the African explorer, who was reported to have been killed by the natives on the Zambesi. The British war sloop Rapid has brought a letter from Bishop Tozer, dated Murchison (at the Luebo, mouth of the Zambesi river), on the 21st December, which states that Dr. Livingston had come back from his expedition up the country, and arrived at the foot of Murchison falls in November, and they intended to come down the river as soon as the water rose sufficiently to get the Pioneer down. Dr. Livingstone and the Bishop and the party were well in health. The mission party also intended to leave the country, as it appeared an unsuitable field, and would return to England by the Cape. The Bishop and his clergymen, however, were to visit the Governor of Mozambique.

—— A livery-stablekeeper, of London, was recently swindled out of five shillings and two glasses of gin and water by a man who represented himself to be Lord John Russell, in a great hurry, and on his way to Windsor, to see the Queen.

—— Mazzini has addressed a letter to the London *Times*, in which he exonerates Mr. Stansfeld, Member of Parliament, from any connection with the recent attempts upon Napoleon's life.

Chit-Chat.—Lieut. James Hutchinson, of the Veteran Reserve Corps, tells a story of Gen. Grant. Lieut. Hutchinson is stationed in Washington, and a few days since was on duty as Officer of the Day at the War Department. An order was in force which forbade smoking in the building, and the sentries were instructed to enforce it. It so happened that among those who called to see Gen. Halleck was Lieut.-Gen Grant, who approached the door confidently, cigar in mouth, expecting, doubtless, to pass without question: but the veteran soldier on guard knew his duty better. Bringing his piece down to a charge, he barred the General out, and informed him, respectfully, that he couldn't go in and keep his cigar! The Lieutenant-General is too good a disciplinarian to dispute such a point; so he yielded, threw the obnoxious weed away and went in. After his departure an order came down from Gen. Halleck rescinding the order about smoking, so far as it affected army officers!

—— George Francis Train caused quite a flutter in the breast of the clerk who has charge of the sword voting. Going up to that sanguine individual he introduced himself, and saying he wished to vote for Gen McClellan, asked the clerk if he had a blank check. The clerk said he had not, but would get one, whereupon Geo. Francis said, "Never mind; I won't trouble you," and then magnificently taking out a dollar, voted for McClellan.

—— Two of *mots* Thackeray, not before in print, appeared in the last number of *Fraser*: "Being told that an acquaintance of his, who was notorious for his love of beer, had sailed for India, he said: 'He was a good fellow. Take him for half-and-half, we shall not look upon his like again!'" On his introduction to one of the Harpers in New York, Thackeray had joked with him on the American contempt for copyright, and when he went into the drawing-room he took a little girl whom he found playing there on to his knee, and, gazing at her with feigned wonder, said in solemn tones, "And this is a pirate's daughter!"

—— A daguerrean artist in Manchester, New Hampshire, one day last week, having overheard part of a conversation between two ladies, impudently intruded himself upon their privacy, and made himself so obnoxious that the ladies have sent a statement to the Manchester *Daily Union*, as a warning to those who might wish their pictures taken.

—— A Bavarian professor announces that in 1865 a comet shall come so close as to endanger this our earth; and should it not attach itself to the earth as one globule of quicksilver to another, nor annihilate us, the sight will be most beautiful to behold. During three nights we shall have no darkness, but be bathed in the brilliant light of the blazing train.

—— In one Rhode Island regiment are 14 brothers named Postly. Four of them are twins.

—— In a private letter to the editor of the Washington *Republican*, from the army, the writer tells a story of one of the farmers in the vicinity of Culpeper, whose possessions lay in a district where both armies have foraged. The old chap one day, while surveying ruefully the streaks in the soil where his fences once stood, remarked with much feeling: "I hain't took no sides in this yer rebellion, but I'll be dog gorned if both sides hain't took me."

—— The well-known romance in Nina, by Paesiello, better known to English readers as "Hope told a flattering Tale," is an arrangement of one of the ancient Italian melodies supposed to be of Greek origin, and sung by the half-savage peasantry of Southern Italy—a kind of music which Paesiello was wont to collect.

—— The annual report of the Department for Registration for Births, Deaths and Marriages mentions two cases where parties were married between 70 and 80 years of age, and one in which the happy customer was between 80 and 90. Surely this is encouraging to those who were heretofore looked upon as hopeless cases.

THE MASSACRE AT FORT PILLOW.

A MASSACRE, savage in conception, savage in execution, and savage in its bold endorsement by the rebels at the South and their minions at the North, has horrified the land.

Gen. Sherman telegraphs that after the capture last week of Fort Pillow, near Columbus, by Forrest's raiding rebel force, 300 of our colored soldiers, whom their commander had surrendered as prisoners of war, including those who had been wounded in the defence, were butchered in cold blood by their captors.

The Cairo Correspondent of the Associated Press adds that five of them were buried alive. Four of these were among the wounded; while the fifth was compelled to help dig the pits, and then tumbled in and covered up. The correspondent adds that Gen. Chalmers gave notice that no quarter was henceforth to be given to "home-made" Yankees—that is, to Southern Unionists, white or black.

The correspondent of the St. Louis *Union* telegraphs that of 350 colored soldiers who were engaged in the defence but 56 are left alive, and that every one of their (white) officers was killed. Also, that the rebels went over the field the morning after the fight, and killed every wounded negro who was not already dead. Many of our wounded, he adds, were shot in the hospital, which was finally burned. Gen. Chalmers told the *Union* correspondent that he had endeavored to stop this butchery of prisoners, but that it was contrary to the policy of his Government to spare negro soldiers or their (white) officers, and that he considered that policy right! Another rebel officer observed that our white troops would have been protected from butchery if they had not been found fighting side by side with negroes!

This correspondent was on board the Union steamboat Platte Valley, which was passing up the Mississippi on the day after the capture, and was hailed under a flag of truce by the rebels, and invited to take away such of our wounded as had been left alive. That white as well as black soldiers were massacred by the rebels after all resistance had ceased—that black women, and children not more than eight years old, were slaughtered like sheep—is attested by the passengers on the Platte Valley. Some of our officers on board that steamboat are reported to have fraternised with Chalmers and his murdering subordinates, treating them with abundant courtesy and whiskey. Fifty-seven in all, out of a garrison of 600, were brought away wounded by the Platte Valley—only seven or eight of them colored; but 200 in all are said to have been saved. Of the 57, eight died before the steamboat reached Cairo.

A correspondent thus describes the battle and its hellish afterpiece: "We have gleaned the facts of the fight from authentic sources, and they may be relied upon as truthful. The rebels, under Forrest, appeared and drove in the pickets about sunrise on Tuesday morning. The garrison of the fort consisted of about 200 of the 13th Tennessee volunteers and 400 negro artillery, all under command of Major Booth. The gunboat No. 7 was also in the river. The rebels first attacked the two outer forts, and in several attempts to charge were repulsed. They were constantly reinforced, and extended their lines to the river on both sides of the fort. The garrison in the two outer forts were at length overpowered by superior numbers, and about noon evacuated them and retired to the fort on the river. Here the fight was maintained with great obstinacy and continued till about four P.M. The approach to the fort from the rear is over a gentle declivity, cleared and fairly exposed to a raking fire from two sides of the fort.

"About 30 yards from the fort is a deep ravine, running all along the front, and so steep at the bottom as to be hidden from the fort and not commanded by its guns. The rebels charged with great boldness down the declivity, and faced without blanching a murderous fire from the guns and small arms of the fort, and crowded into the ravine, where they were sheltered from fire by the steep bank which had been thus left by some unaccountable neglect or ignorance. Here the rebels organized for a final charge upon the fort, after sending a flag of truce with a demand for a surrender, which was refused. The approach from the ravine was up through a deep, narrow gully and the steep embankments of the fort. The last charge was made about four P.M., by the whole rebel force, and was successful, after a most desperate and gallant defence. The rebel army was estimated at from 2,000 to 4,000, and succeeded by mere force of numbers.

"The gunboat had not been idle, but guided by signals from the fort, poured upon the rebels a constant stream of shot and shell. She fired 200 shells, and, as testified to by those who could see, with marvellous precision and with fatal effect. Major Booth, who was killed near the close of the fight, conducted the defence with great coolness, skill and gallantry. His last signal to the boat was: 'We are hard pressed and shall be overpowered.' He refused to surrender, however, and fought to the last. By the uniform and voluntary testimony of the rebel officers, as well as the survivors of the fight, it is certain that the negro artillery regiments fought with the bravery and coolness of veterans, and served the guns with skill and precision. They did not falter nor flinch until at the last charge, when it was evident they would be overpowered, they broke and fled towards the river, and here commenced the most barbarous and cruel outrages that ever the fiendishness of rebels have perpetrated during the war.

"After the rebels were in undisputed possession of the fort, and the survivors had surrendered, they commenced the indiscriminate butchery of all the Union soldiery. The colored soldiers threw down their guns and raised their arms in token of surrender, but not the least attention was paid to it. They continued to shoot down as they found. A number of them, finding no quarter was given, ran over the bluff to the river, and tried to conceal themselves under the bank and in the bushes, were pursued by the rebel savages, and implored them to spare their lives. Their appeals were made in vain, and they were all shot down in cold blood and in full sight of the gunboat, chased and shot them down as they would rage. I passed up the bank of the river and counted 50 dead strewed along. One had crawled into a hollow log and was killed in it; another had got over the bank in the river, and got on to a board that ran out into the water. He lay on it, on his face, with his feet in the water. He laid there when exposed stark and stiff. Several had tried to hide in crevices made by the falling bank, and could not be seen without difficulty, but they were singled out and killed.

"From the best information I could get, the white soldiers were, to a very considerable extent, treated in the same way. One of the 13th Tennessee on board—D. W. Harrison—informs me that after the surrender he was below the bluff, and one of the rebels presented a pistol to shoot him. He told him he had surrendered, and requested him not to fire. He spared him, and directed him to go up the bluff to the fort. Harrison asked him to go before him, or he would be shot by others, but he told him to go along. He started, and had not proceeded far before he met a rebel who presented his pistol. Harrison begged him not to fire, but paying no attention to his request, he fired and shot him through the shoulder, and another shot him in the leg. He fell, and while he lay, unable to move, another came along and was about to fire again, when Harrison told him he was badly wounded twice, and implored him not to fire. He asked Harrison if he had any money. He said he had a little money and a watch. The rebel took from him his watch and $90 in money, and left him. Harrison is probably fatally wounded.

"Several such cases have been related to me, and, I think, to a great extent, the whites and negroes were indiscriminately murdered. The rebel Tennesseeans have about the same bitterness against the Tennessean in the Union army as against the negroes. I was told by a rebel officer that Gen Forrest shot one of his men and cut another with his sabre who were shooting prisoners. It may be so, but he is responsible for the conduct of his men, and Gen. Chalmers stated publicly, while on the Platte Valley, that, though he did not encourage or countenance his men in shooting down negro captives, yet that it was right and justifiable."

The President, who overlooked previous massacres, has publicly declared that when official accounts of the affair arrive there shall be retaliation. We trust this shall be so; otherwise the troops, mocked by a Government that uses them and then allows them to be slaughtered, will rush on the places where the rebel prisoners are confined and wipe out in indiscriminate slaughter the account of Fort Pillow.

THE MUSEUM OF MONARCHS.—The Emperor Napoleon III. has established at the Louvre, already so rich in curiosities and treasures of art, a museum of monarchs. Here will be collected all the personal memorials which can be secured of the sovereigns who have ruled over France. Among those now to be seen in this interesting collection are the following: Arms and fragments of royal ornaments belonging to Childeric; a curule chair of Dagobert; the prayerbook, sceptre and sword of Charlemagne; the brevery and baptismal vase of St. Louis; the armor worn by Francis I. on the famous field of Pavia; the prayerbook of Mary Stuart, Queen of Francis II; the helmet and shield, splendidly inlaid, of the monster Charles IX.; the armor of Henri Quatre; the locksmith's tools of the hapless Louis XVI.; the crown worn by Napoleon I. at his coronation.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, on lending a book to a friend, begged that he would not fail to return it, adding, good-humoredly: "Although most of my friends are bad arithmeticians, they are all good book-keepers!"

This jest of Sir Walter's reminds us of some poet's witty verses, entitled "The Art of Book-keeping," from which we give a few stanzas:

"I, of my Spenser quite bereft,
Last winter sore was shaken;
Of Lamb I've but a quarter left,
Nor could I save my Bacon.

"They picked my Locke, to me far more
Than Bramah's patent worth;
And now my losses I deplore,
Without a Home on earth.

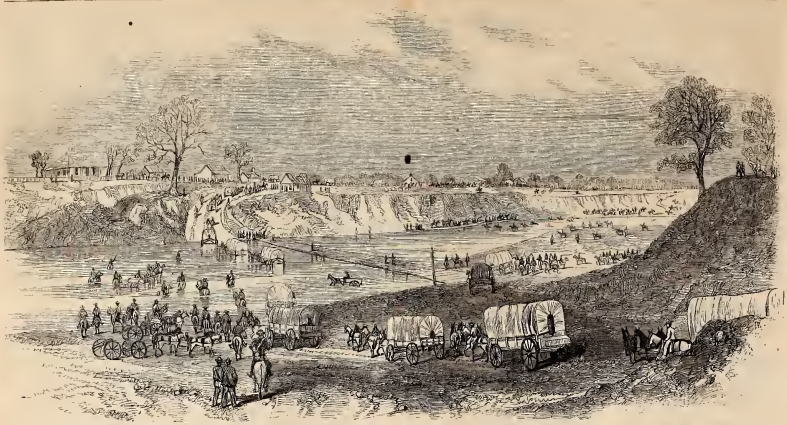
"They still have made me slight returns,
And thus my grief divide;
For, oh! they cured me of my Burns,
And eased my Akenside.

"But all I think I shall not say,
Nor let my anger burn;
For as they have not found me Gay,
They have not left me Sterne."

CORRECTING HIS ORTHOGRAPHY.—In a competitive examination held for the purpose of appointing fit persons to some of the Government offices, one of the candidates inadvertently spelt the word Venice with two *n*'s; thus "Vennice." The examiner, an Englishman, but not always a correct speaker, sternly inquired:

"Do you not know, sir, that there is but one *hen* in Venice?"

"Then, eggs must be very scarce there," was the ready reply. The candidate passed.



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—GEN. LEE'S CAVALRY FORDING CANE RIVER, MARCH 31.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BOWELL.—SEE PAGE 102.

THE PLAZA DE HIDALGO, MATAMORAS, MEXICO.

MATAMORAS has always been an object of interest to Americans since the time of the Mexican war. It became a town on our frontier, giving us the daily spectacle of civil war and commotion. During the present war it has thriven wonderfully, being the depot of a great cotton trade. While the rebels held Texas this traffic was carried on directly from Brownsville. The occupation of that town, however, compelled the rebels to cross with their cotton at Pedras Negras and Eagle pass, up the river. The cotton was then carted down to Matamoras. The recent occupation of Eagle pass will tend still more to break this up.

We give a sketch of the cathedral of Matamoras and of the square in front of it, called the Plaza de Hidalgo, in honor of the heroic priest who initiated the struggle for liberty. The signs of the stores show the mixture of Spanish and English. The sign of Ambler & Anderson and one with an inviting air, "Billiards," are relieved by one in the background, "Ropas Hechas."

MR. ROCK, the player, once advised a scene shifter to get a subscription on receiving an accident. A few days after he desired the man to show him the list of names, which he read, and returned to the poor fellow, who, with some surprise, said:

"Why, Mr. Rock, won't you give me something?"

"Is it me you mean?" says Rock; "why, sounds! man, didn't I give you the hint?"

SCENES OF ARMY LIFE—WEIGHING OUT RATIONS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE 103.

THE PLAZA DE HIDALGO, MATAMORAS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BOWELL.

THE SOUTH WIND.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

OH, the light south wind!
It brought us the odor of orange bowers,
Of citron trees and of all rare flowers,
As we sat by our doors in summery hours,
Did the light south wind.

Oh, the sweet south wind!
It brought us the oriole's love-breathing note,
The paroquet's praise of his pretty green coat,
The carole that rush from the mockingbird's throat,
Did the sweet south wind.

Oh, the loud south wind!
It brought the rude song and the African's feat,
It brought us—oh, shame!—his deep sighs of unrest,
When the foot of his master bore hard on his breast,
Did the loud south wind.

Oh, the wild south wind!
It brought us the murmurs of bitterness first,
Then threats of the traitor (for ever accurst),
And the hum of a tempest just ready to burst,
Did the wild south wind.

Oh, the mad south wind!
It brought us the surge of a battle maelstrom,
The cracking of rifles, the cannon's deep boom,
The crashing of mortars, the thunders of doom,
Did the mad south wind.

Oh, the sad south wind!
It told us anew the dark story of Cain,
Redeeming, to grieve us, again and again,
The groans of the dying, the dirge for the slain,
Did the sad south wind.

Oh, the glad south wind!
It brings the sweet hugle-note, piercing and strong,
Proclaiming the triumph of Right over Wrong,
And we lift up our voices to join in the song,
Of the glad south wind.

Married Four Days without Knowing it!

MARRIED four days without knowing it! Was such a thing ever heard of? I fancy not; it wouldn't agree with the eternal fitness of things. Nevertheless, I was married in broad daylight, in full possession of my senses, and was not aware of the happy fact until four days afterwards! How did it happen? Ah, dear reader, it is just my purpose to relate that:

My father's patronymic was Dimple, and I was the only little Dimple that he and my mother could boast of. My father died four years before I attained my majority, and I fell heir to The Willows, a goodly fortune and large share of inherent bashfulness; inherent, I say, because my worthy mother often told me that my father was the most bashful young man that she ever met with. From the time of my father's death my mother lived very retired; indeed, so secluded was I from the outside world, that when manhood's years were upon me, and circumstances threw me into society, I found myself incapable of assuming the position due to me. I was possessed of talents, had an excellent education and much information, for I had been a great reader—my books had been my chief companions—yet with all my studying and reading I had neglected the great book of society, that book of so many types.

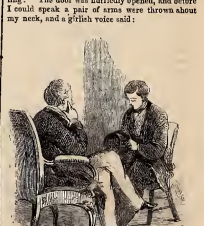
To be sure, I had some acquaintances—even a hermit knows somebody—yet these were made by no exertions on my part. I had no young lady friends; I belonged to no "set;" I knew no "jolly fellows" and if I mention our minister and a few worthy church members, my teachers, persons with whom I had business transactions, and some ancient friends of my mother's, I will have enumerated all who were honored by having me notice them. In my usual intercourse with men I could proceed without embarrassment, but when "out," when in company—as I found I had to be after I had taken upon myself the ownership and management of our home—I was ill at ease; my conversational powers were of the poorest description; I was not affable, even at commonplace; and, knowing my failings, I strove to be as retiring and unassuming as possible. My blushing, stammering and confusion in the presence of ladies made me a butt for their sly ridicule, and my impressions of them were not flattering; I conceived them to be a flirting, affected set, who thought it womanly to measure their abilities by their conquests and apply the term "soft" to goodnatured gentlemen of modest dispositions. Alas, the string attached to my mother's apron had had very strong ties for her dear boy!

According to Law—but no Clergyman.

As a matter of course such game as myself was not to be neglected; my wings were well fostered, and the people knew it. In my walks, bows from obsequious individuals were plenty; professional men were "happy to meet" me; elderly gentlemen shook my hand in a fatherly manner, asking me to call and see them at their houses: "And you know, my dear Dimple, if I should not be home, why, the ladies will be only too glad to receive you." Enterprising mammas, prospecting for gold, thought me as rich a spot as they could strike on, and although their daughters were happy in ridiculing my failings, they would have been much happier had I paid court to them. Did I ever think of marrying? Oh, yes; but I had never seen a reality that would approach my ideal of a wife, and sometimes I blamed myself for looking for too much perfection. Invitations to call and invitations to parties were alike neglected, although my mother strove to persuade me to accept some of them, that I might rub off some of the rust of disuse; and I became more of a bookworm than ever, wishing for no other world than The Willows, no other society than that of the speakers of the silent language—my books.

At last, however, a circumstance transpired which materially altered the monotony of my life. A serious trespass on my property gave me occasion to consult Judge Walker, of Salem, who had been one of the executors of my father's will, and who had always been his legal adviser. On calling at his office one afternoon, I found that he was at court, presiding at a murder trial. My business was urgent, it would be imprudent to delay the matter too long, and as it was impossible to confer with the judge then, I concluded to wait and see him at his house during the evening. The Willows was a mile out of town, and the judge's residence just half-way between. Eight o'clock found me at the wicket-gate that opened into the judge's garden, and there I stopped and shuddered—the judge had a daughter! I had forgotten that. What would I do? "Oh, never mind, my boy," said I, to myself; "ask for the judge, transact your business, and depart with a clear conscience." Certainly, just the idea.

Through the wicket-gate, up the gravel-walk, under the grapevine, and I was on the stoop. This was built in piazza style, and between its shadow, the darkness of the night and the want of a light in the hall, I had trouble in finding the knocker. A hard rap at this was soon answered by a pattering of feet, and a voice singing, "Charley is my darling!" The door was hurriedly opened, and before I could speak a pair of arms were thrown about my neck, and a girlish voice said:



"That little Affair of the Trespass."

"What detained you so long, father?"

And a plump, warm cheek was pressed against mine, as if the owner was waiting to receive the paternal kiss.

This was a predicament for a bashful man. I had never kissed a young lady in my life, and now to have a handsome girl's arms about my neck and a pair of lips so close to mine was rather—well, it was more than I had bargained for. I was embarrassed, yet I admit that I actually thought of giving her a loving hug and a kiss, and then beg her pardon and tell her that I mistook her for my mother. As I said, I was embarrassed, and it was not until the arms were taken from my neck, my fair embracer saying, "Why, father, what is the matter?" that I found words to explain myself.

"My dear young lady—a—that is, Miss Walker, your father is not me; you must—a—or at least I must—"

At this juncture the appearance of a servant with a light put an end to my elaborate apology, and discovered me with hat in hand trying to articulate something, and Miss Walker standing a beautiful picture of confusion. She had retreated a few steps, but had neither screamed nor fainted; her curls were slightly disordered; her cheeks were covered with womanly blushes; and a startled expression was on her face, which relaxed into a smile as she recognised me, and broke the awkward silence:

"Why, Mr. Dimple! Dear me, what a mistake I have made! I was sure you were father; you must excuse me, sir."

Excuse her! certainly I would. Such mistakes I thought very excusable, especially with such a fair offender. My embarrassment over, I stated my business, and knowing, of course, that the judge was not at home, I was taking my leave, begging a world of pardons, when a very pressing invitation to stay and await the judge's coming brought me to a halt.

My distrust of woman generally half persuaded me to decline, but Miss Walker's conduct after her little, and, to me, pleasing mistake; her unaffectedness and charming nonchalance had awakened my dormant admiration—I liked the girl. I sacrificed my distrust, entered the parlor, considering myself a doomed man, and was seated in an armchair before one of those grate fires that I loved so much.

She busied herself a few moments putting away some sewing, and as she flitted here and there I had a chance to observe her. She was of medium height, and her figure was perfection, well set off by a close fitting dress reaching the neck, and relieved by tasty linen collar and brooch, while linen cuffs terminated the sleeves. Her face had that quiet, modest expression of true beauty; her lips full and pouting, and her chin well rounded, both showing strong love and affection; her eyes large and blue, and her well-shaped head adorned with a profusion of chestnut curls. She kept chatting all the time, endeavoring to keep me at ease; but the little *contretemps* on my arrival, and her pleasing manner, had stolen away half my diffidence.

At length the clearing-up was finished, and she seated herself in a rocking-chair beside me.

"You know, Mr. Dimple," said she, as she shook back her curls, displaying a beautifully formed neck, "father is away usually most of the day, and I am always happy to meet him on his return and receive his kiss. Since dear mother died I have loved him more than I ever did, and I always feel sorry to part with him and always glad to welcome him home—that will account for my affectionate reception of you this evening," and she smiled pleasantly.

I stammerd out something about her having no occasion to excuse herself at all; then I coughed, and was near losing ground, but Tom Moore saved me. A volume of his poems was lying near, and I took it up and opened it.

The page before me bore the title of the second section of "Lalla Rookh," "Paradise and the Peri," and in pencil on the margin was written: "This poem contains the best sentiment of Lalla Rookh"—my own opinion exactly, and I mustered courage enough to express that opinion to Miss Walker.

From this remark sprung a conversation that lasted during a good part of my stay. I found that she was well read in both prose and poetry, and they had been my life study—English literature had been my particular hobby. I told her as much, and grew eloquent on my favorite theme. I reviewed the poets from old Chaucer to Tennyson, not forgetting our own children of the Lyre; I snubbed the classics and pitted Milton against them; I repeated Shakespeare's "Seven Ages," and even gestured in doing so; I gave Ben Jonson the cold shoulder; I praised Goldsmith for his truth and simplicity, and lamented poor Chatterton; I defended Byron, and challenged any poet to equal Moore for melody and sentiment. Then I glanced at the prose writers, winding up with Irving, and giving as a sample of his beautiful style his description of the Alhambra by moonlight. Here I dropped authors, but fearing that I would lose vantage if I quitted books altogether, I ran the risk of being considered a bibliomaniac, and took up biography and history; and found that Miss Walker was almost as well informed on the lives of eminent personages, and as well acquainted with historical facts, as myself. Mind you, I did not do all the talking myself; oh, no; my fair companion gave her opinions and expressed her views freely; and when we came down to commonplace (and I let myself down slowly, for I dreaded what was to me shaky ground), I found myself conversing as if I had known her for years. I was astonished at myself; I found that I had conversational powers that I had never dreamt of. And what had brought them to light? That is easy answered—I had found what I had long sought for, a person whose tastes sympathised with my own, a woman of education and liberal sentiments, who could converse on other subjects than the usual small talk of society. I need not say that she was my admiration, but it was not her intellectual acquirements alone that pleased me—her whole manner was pleasing; as she looked in my face while talking, her eyes had the open, honest look of the true woman; there was no affectedness in voice or action; and her smiles were much different from the quizzing ones I had been used to. I was charmed; I forgot the hours and my bashfulness; and the spell was not broken until a footstep sounded on the gravel walk—Miss Walker started—then a heavy foot on the stoop. "Oh, it's father, I'm sure," and she hurried to the hall, and I could hear the door open before the knocker sounded; then a kiss and tender inquiries from daughter to father as to what detained him; then a whisper about "the gentleman in the parlor"—which caused "the gentleman in the parlor" a flurry of the heart—then the door opened and the hale old judge himself entered, followed by his daughter. I arose and instantly commenced a hurried, stammering apology for intruding; but the judge stopped me as he grasped my hand warmly:

"Why, my dear boy, this needs no apology; happy to see you, sir—consider yourself at home. Where have you kept yourself? I believe I have not seen you since the settling-up of your father's will; snug property that of The Willows, sir. Sit down, sir; sit down. Sorry that I was not here sooner, but we had a long trial and a most obstinate jury. Threatened to lock them up until to-morrow, and—no, Lizzie, thank you, I have had some supper—and as I was saying, Mr. Dimple, that made them act like sensible men."

Here I managed to state the cause of my visit, but thought that he must be weary of law for one day at least, and that the affair of the trespass might lie over until some other time.

"Ah! yes, Mr. Dimple, it is rather a troublesome affair; but we can easily settle it some other time. I have to sentence the culprit to-morrow afternoon—sorry to have to do it, sir; clever, manly young fellow—did it all in a moment of passion—but the law must be satisfied, and I will be at leisure in the evening; suppose you call in the evening?"

Did I like the idea of having to call on the next evening? I think I did—I am very sure I did. On my way home that night I reflected on the change that had come over me within a few hours. Charles Dimple, Esq., of The Willows, had become an altered Dimple. Certainly Lizzie Walker was not perfection's self, but I resolved that seeking for entire perfection would no longer be one of my imperfections. Fancy was busy. Said she to me: "Now that you have broken the ice, your bashfulness will amount to nothing; you do not know your own worth; why, your money is all-powerful; and all you will have to do is to propose, and she will accept you without a demur." But my better judgment said: "If she's the girl you take her to be, she'll do nothing of the kind." "Spoken like yourself, my boy," said I; and buttoning my coat to the chin, I faced a penetrating nor'easter, and was at home in a few moments. My mother was sitting up for me.

"Why, Charles," said she, in a troubled tone, "where have you been? Did you see the judge?"

"Oh, yes, mother. Saw her as soon as I called, and it is all right. She says——"

"She says! Who?"

"Why, the judge, to be sure; he thinks it's a clear case, and I tell you she's splendid. Hold her well up, and she'll take hedge and ditch; give her fair play, and I'll back her against the field!"

"Why, Charles, are you crazy? What are you talking about?"

"Why, Miss Walker, to be sure. She is as fine a young lady as—eh! oh!"

Here I came to my senses, and related my evening's experience. I found in my mother a sympathetic listener. She thought, since she was getting well on in years, that a new mistress would be a good acquisition to The Willows. She would have broached the subject before, were it not for my backwardness, and now since I had met with such an estimable young lady as Miss Walker, she advised me to keep up the acquaintanceship. Believing that my mother spoke like a sensible woman, I then and there resolved that, if my spirits would keep me up, I would keep up the acquaintanceship. Sleep was long in paying her visit that night; my brain was too busy, and when at last I was under her influence dream followed dream; and when I arose in the morning I could have sang "Her bright smiles haunt me still." I was impatient until evening came, and when at last the curtains of night were fairly drawn I donned my sprucest attire, and with cane in hand took my way to the home of my legal adviser—of course only on business, just to settle that little affair of the trespass, you know. Through the wicket-gate, up the gravel-walk, under the grapevine, and I was again at the knocker. I confess my heart was fluttering, but wasn't I on business? Certainly I was. I was ushered into the parlor, the judge met me at the door with outstretched hand, and shook mine warmly. Lizzie received my proffered hand with a pleasant smile, and placed a chair for me between herself and father. That evening I shall ever remember as among the pleasantest of my life. I did not allow myself to become embarrassed during the whole of my stay; but perhaps I was just a little bit absent-minded, for several times I caught myself looking at Lizzie when talking earnestly to the judge; and I also remember that I forgot "that little matter of the trespass" entirely. Ah! yes; there had been a trespass committed on my property, but Lizzie had committed a greater trespass on my heart.

After this I often paid an evening visit to the judge's, and he soon saw the way matters were drifting. He would sit chatting awhile always after my arrival, and then, like a good old soul, he would steal off to his library or bed, and leave Lizzie and I to ourselves.

That was a pleasant time, that courtship of mine. It lasted a year, and seemed like a long dream. Lizzie's society was a world to me, and an evening not passed in her company seemed like a blank in my existence. I loved her with all the devotion of my ardent nature, and well I knew that she returned it "measure for measure." Ours was not like the love of two beings who meet by accident, become mutually affected, and from which springs a spontaneous love at first sight. No, it was deeper, holier; it was the love of two natures well met.

When I proposed marriage I was not accepted on account of wealth; it was out of pure love, and Lizzie told me so in such a confiding, womanly way that I pressed her to my heart, and—well, I hardly remember how many times I kissed her.

Of course I was aware that the judge would offer no objection to our union, nevertheless it was necessary that I should ask his consent, and this bothered me not a little. Many an off-handed fellow would have settled such a simple affair in a trice, and took it all as a matter of business; but I—ah, well, I had some of my backwardness left. I shall never forget the humorous scene that ensued when I tried to unbosom myself to the judge. Lizzie was in the parlor on my arrival, but she well knew the nature of my errand and stole away. My legal adviser was in one of his best humors, and I immediately went to business.

"I came down this evening, judge, to—to tell you that I have, or at least I would like to—to know if there could by any possibility be a flaw in the lease you had drawn up for my tenant yesterday?"

"Oh, certainly not, sir; certainly not. One of my best clerks drew it up, and I examined it myself."

"Well, there is another matter I wish to speak about—a—how do you find legal business, now, sir? But—a—as I was saying—you know, sir, in the course of human events it often becomes necessary for a man to—to—of course you understand me?"

"Perfectly, my dear boy, perfectly."

But that "perfectly" seemed to me as a matter of course, for in place of saying "God bless you, my boy," and asking which was the happy day, he kept silence, and I was just a little confused.

"Well, sir, you know that affair which must fall to our lot. You understand—"

"Oh, yes, perfectly. You object to a fair being held in your lot, and you desire me to—"

"No, no, sir; I was going to ask you for a—"

"You were about to remark that—a—"

"I was going to say—a—"

"Yes, Mr. Dimple—be cool, my boy—you were going to say—a—"

"Yes, I was going to remark that—"

"That you were about to—to—eh?"

"Eh? yes, that's it—or I mean—a—"

"Ah, my dear friend, that is it exactly. I have proposed to Lizzie, and we await your consent."

I got the terrible words out at last, and the judge laid back in his chair and laughed loudly; and when he recovered himself and tried to speak he relapsed into another fit, and laughed louder and longer, while I sat looking very sheepish. But the dear old fellow came to my rescue.

"Not over your backwardness yet, Charley? I thought you had acquired a good deal of assurance by this time, still I suppose you only acted as a great many do in like instances. Quite natural, perhaps, and very like human nature. You wish my consent; you have it, my boy, and always had it. Nay, it gives me pleasure to know that I am consigning Lizzie to your care, and I feel a load lifted off my heart; for my years are beginning to weigh me down, Charley, and I might be called away at any moment. Yet I will find it hard to part with her who has been the light of my home so long, but an old man must not be selfish. No, no, an old man must not be selfish—take her, and know that you are getting one who has never been spoiled by the affectations of society, and who knows how to make home happy."

The day we appointed for the wedding soon drew near, and as we were sitting chatting in the judge's parlor one evening about two weeks before the day, the judge proposed that, as I might get confused during the performance of the ceremony, he would put us through the marriage form, so as to give me a slight idea as to how I should act. To this we agreed; a servant was called as witness, the various questions put and answered, certificate signed, &c., and the judge pronounced me perfect. The day following I went to New York on business, and returned in three days, bringing with me a handsome piece of white satin for Lizzie's wedding dress. I was unfolding it to her admiring gaze when the judge came in.

"This is for the dress, sir," said I.

"What dress do you refer to, Charley?"

"Why, for the wedding—when we get married, you know."

"No man shall ever marry you to my daughter, sir."

The judge was looking "awfully severe," but I thought I saw a merry twinkle in his eye.

"Are you in earnest, sir? Did you not—"

"I am in earnest. You are a married man!"

Oh, the horror of that moment! My dream of happiness so rudely broken! I was almost speechless. Lizzie begged her father to explain.

"What is the necessity of an explanation, my dear, when you know that you are a married woman!"

Then there was a mingling of masculine groans and feminine screams, and I forgot my "retired disposition," and grew indignant.

"How dare you, presume, sir," said I, "to encourage my attentions to—"

"There, Charley, my boy," interrupted the judge, his frown giving way to smiles, "pray do not get into a passion. Every word that I said was true. You are both married—to each other. I am justice of the peace, you know, and can take a minister's duties—in the matrimonial way—upon myself. Excuse a practical joke, my children."

A light broke over me.

"And that mock ceremony was—"

"It was a real ceremony. You both gave your consent to everything, and committed matrimony unwittingly."

Lizzie and I looked at each other; to be married four days and know nothing about it was—well, it was too bad; the joke was altogether too practical. But after all I considered myself a lucky dog. Had it not been for "that little affair of the trespass" I should never have found my treasure; and the judge's way of marrying us saved me, very likely, from having to wade through a sea of blunders. So I took Lizzie home, and soon after that the judge sold his property, and then he and mother and Lizzie and I all lived together at The Willows.

NATCHITOCHES.

NATCHITOCHES takes its name from an Indian tribe that once flourished on the banks of Red river, but who have long since passed away. The French, who succeeded to them, reared their little village amid the pines, on the red clay banks of old Red river, about four miles from the present raft-clogged river. It was a place of wealth, and had of late years grown to be a place of trade and activity. As the Catholic Church had selected it as the seat of a bishop to rule over the flock in western Louisiana, this gave it an impulse, too, by adorning it with a cathedral and convents, which break the monotony so common in Southern towns, which seem to have none of the steeple-aspiring inclinations of northern villages. The population of the village and parish was, at the commencement of the war, about 15,000, less than half being freemen. The population of Natchitoches itself was about 3,000.

It was an important place for the rebels, and for it and Shreveport they will make great exertions. Nachitoches was entered by Gen. Banks on March 31st, after a brisk but short skirmish, in which he routed the enemy under Taylor.

Our Artist, who entered with Banks's army, sends the faithful sketch which we present.

Crossing Cane River.

We give, moreover, two views by our Special Artist of the crossing of Cane river, on the 31st, by Gen. Lee's cavalry, by fording, and in part by the bridges, which the retreating enemy had not time to destroy completely; and also of the Army of the Gulf, under Gen. Franklin, crossing by bridges and pontons on the same day. The point sketched is about 54 miles above Alexandria.

We gave last week a sketch of the action at Crump's hill, which followed, and will give hereafter views, taken on the spot by our Special Artist, of the terrible engagement which has made Pleasant hill a sad misnomer.

THE VIOLETS.

BY JULIE LEONARD.

DOWN where the river and little brook meet,
Under a tuft of bright green grass,
Hidden away from the wandering feet
Of any who chanced to pass,
Nestled a knot of violets blue,
That bathed in the sun and drank in the dew,
And saw in the river their own rare hue
Reflected as in a glass.

They bloomed in the sunlight, so warm and gay,
And smilingly welcomed each passing shower;
They laughed at the brook as it ran away
And past their little bower.
They loved the soft breath of the balmy air,
And breathed out a fragranse rich and rare,
So subtle it was—and it was not there—
In the heart of each sweet flower.

No rude hand plucked them from out their place,
Away from that cool and shady spot,
But the soft wind kissed them with soft embrace,
To show they were not forgot;
And day after day the sweet song of the bird
And the cry of the chirruping cricket were heard,
And the heart of each blossom with joy was stirred,
And blessed its quiet lot.

Which was the Guilty Cousin?

A MONSIEUR DE BOUGAINVILLE, who committed suicide at the Palais Royal, in August, 1789, in consequence of ruinous losses at play, left an only child, Julie de Bougainville, in a state but little removed from destitution. The young lady was in her seventeenth year; not at all attractive in person; and the only resource left her was to embrace the profession of a nun. Though piously enough disposed, she resigned herself with reluctance to a life for which she had no vocation; but ultimately, yielding to necessity, she entered an Ursuline convent, near Paris, the regular confessor of which establishment was Father Etienne Lafont, an aged venerable priest, who had from his youth officiated at the church of Nôtre Dame. Julie de Bougainville believed herself to have no relative nearer than a far-off cousin, M. Dupré, a notary in extensive practice, through whose influence she obtained admittance amongst the Ursuline sisterhood. Her father's only brother, Alexis de Bougainville, had emigrated when quite a young man, though a widower, to the Brazils, where he had remarried; but full ten years having elapsed since he was last heard from, he was concluded to be dead. His first wife had a boy-child when he espoused her—Alphonse Bertin, who was now a clerk in the notary's office. His, Alphonse Bertin's, cousin, Eugène Le Gros, the only son of the first Madame Alexis Bougainville's sister, had reached the grade of lieutenant in the 2d of the line. He had served with some distinction, in America, under Lafayette. To each of these young men M Alexis de Bougainville had frequently sent presents, though never such costly ones as those he forwarded to his niece Julie. Bertin and Le Gros were both on very friendly terms with Mademoiselle de Bougainville, whom they had accustomed themselves to address as "Ma Cousine."

The young Bertin was held in high esteem by M. Dupré; and an acquaintance which he had formed with a very pretty, very clever, very designing *modiste*, and daughter of a *modiste*, Josephine Ramon, gave the notary much uneasiness. He had often, and warmly, expostulated with the infatuated lover, but upon that point Alphonse was obstinate, inflexible, and there appeared no doubt that, sooner or later, he would consummate his folly by marriage. Eugène Le Gros was also an admirer of the fascinating *modiste*, though not to the extent of desiring to share with her and starve upon his lieutenant's pay. M. Dupré had always manifested what Alphonse Bertin deemed an unreasonable antipathy towards Le Gros. The notary knew more of the lieutenant than his cousin did.

Such was the state of things in general, when some twelve months after Julie de Bougainville entered the Ursuline convent, and, of course, many more before it would have been possible for her to take the irrevocable vow, a letter reached M. Dupré, from Brasil, which at once entirely changed the aspect of affairs. It was a communication, from a Brazilian lawyer, announcing the death, but a short time previous, of M. Alexis de Bougainville. He had died wifeless—childless. Madame Bougainville and their offspring, two girls, had been carried off by fever within a few days of each other. The suddenness of the stroke completely broke down the already failing health of the husband and father, who survived the calamity a few weeks only. He had some time before realised his property, with a view to investment in French or rather European securities, all of which, amounting to over six hundred thousand francs ($120,000), was devised by his latest testamentary disposition to Julie de Bougainville, his niece, with the exception of twenty thousand francs ($4,000), which were to be equally divided between Alphonse Bertin and Eugène Le Gros. Should, however, Julie de Bougainville die without issue, the bequest to her, which must be permanently invested in the French funds, would go to Alphonse Bertin—minus thirty thousand francs to be paid to Eugène Le Gros. And in case of Bertin dying childless, Le Gros would be general and unfettered legatee. The Brazilian lawyer concluded by requesting instructions as to the channel by which the legacy should be transmitted to Paris, &c.

Over this letter M. Dupré must have pondered long and anxiously; since, according to his own sworn testimony, it was not till a week after receiving it that he disclosed the important intelligence to Alphonse Bertin, and to Alphonse Bertin only. To neither Julie de Bougainville nor to Le Gros did he let fall a hint of the matter.

The notary, as already stated, felt a strong affection for Alphonse—could scarcely have loved him better had he been his own son; and he finally determined upon a scheme for breaking off the young man's connection with Josephine Ramon, and marrying him to Mademoiselle de Bougainville. A long conference with his protegé resulted in a promise on the part of Alphonse to give up the *modiste* and marry Julie de Bougainville, who was to be kept in ignorance of the bequest till some time after wedlock. At first it was settled that, as Julie de Bougainville had only taken the white veil, M. Dupré should take the necessary steps for withdrawing her from the convent, and she consenting, of which no doubt seems to have been entertained, celebrate the marriage openly. Two or three hours afterwards Alphonse Bertin, who, meanwhile, had seen Josephine, objected to such hasty proceedings. He himself required time for reflection—say a fortnight. Finding the young man had taken his resolution, the notary yielded, and advanced him a considerable sum of money; soon after receiving which, Bertin, "who was much flurried and excited," quitted the house. A few lines, traced in pencil upon a scrap of paper and left upon a table in his bedroom, apprised M. Dupré that he should not return till the fortnight's grace agreed upon had expired.

Two days after that period had elapsed Alphonse returned to the notary's late at night, on foot, and in a very strange condition; his clothes were torn and soiled, his face scratched and bloody. He was much agitated—said, in a confused, incoherent manner, that he had been assaulted and robbed by a woman and a man. He could describe neither of them; and upon being asked where, or near where, the assault and robbery had taken place, replied, after a hesitating pause:

"Near, or at least about a quarter of a league from a *cabaret* called Le Lion d'Or, where I passed the evening."

The next morning he informed the notary that he had finally decided upon marrying Mademoiselle de Bougainville, and it would be well that the affair should be put in train at once, lest he might change his mind. M. Dupré, much pleased, declared he would set off for the Ursuline Convent within an hour at latest. When the notary was about to depart the vacillating young man solicited a short delay, and being refused, for M. Dupré would be trifled with no longer, he turned pale as paper (*pâle comme du papier*), and but for a glass of brandy given him by the *concièrge*, would, the *concièrge* thought, have fainted outright. I should have before stated that Alphonse Bertin was a young man of an unusually sensitive, excitable temperament.

M. Dupré's cabriolet was not long in conveying him to the Ursuline Convent. The porter at the gate, one Jules Bart, who looked like a *vieille moustache* that had once belonged to a regiment recruited exclusively from the ranks of the ruffianry of Paris, received him with an impudent grin, and the remark, in an undertone, as M. Dupré passed on, that the mother superior would hear news of her stray lamb sooner than she expected.

Utterly confounding news greeted M. Dupré from the severe lips of the mother superior. Mademoiselle Julie de Bougainville—Sister Marie Agnes—had surreptitiously left the convent the previous evening, and had not since been heard of. A messenger was at that moment on the way to inform the notary of his ward's inexplicable, disgraceful flight.

Those words were scarcely uttered when a commissary of gendarmes was announced, and entered the apartment.

"Our search," said he, in a sad, feeling tone, "has been successful—too successful. We found the dead body of Mademoiselle de Bougainville in a wet ditch, about a mile away. She has been cruelly murdered. Upon the unfortunate's person," continued the officer, consternation and horror holding his auditors dumb—"upon the unfortunate's person I found this paper; and near the spot this newly-torn-off fragment of cloth. They may assist in tracing the assassin. Your name," added the officer, addressing M. Dupré, "is mentioned in the paper."

"My name!"

"Your name. I may not part with the note for an instant; but I will read it to you. The hand is evidently a disguised one:

"MADEMOISELLE DE BOUGAINVILLE—You are intended to be the victim of an infamous plot, arranged and the chief parts filled up, by the mother superior, the notary Dupré, and his favorite, Alphonse Bertin. The object is to secure and divide amongst them an immense fortune bequeathed to you by M. Alexis de Bougainville, your not long since deceased uncle. According to the terms of the will, you will forfeit the bequest should you ever become a professed nun—your uncle, though you may not be aware of it, having a rooted aversion to conventual institutions. The money—nearly a million—then goes to Alphonse Bertin. He has agreed to divide it equally with the mother superior (who, through some indiscretion, got scent of the secret) and the notary Dupré. It has been only by a providential chance that I have discovered it. I, you know, was a friend of your father, and I will see justice done to his daughter. Come to me this evening. You know the way to the Château d'Aix. It is long and solitary, but you will see a man in a green blouse, and wearing a glazed round hat, before you have come far. He will safely escort you. Say not one word to a living soul; I will acquaint you with cogent reasons why you must not, till you are safe with me; act openly.

"MARIE COULANGES."

"The infamous calumniator! the vile assassin! the lying impostor!" exclaimed the mother superior. "Madame Coulanges died more than a month since, and the Château d'Aix is untenanted. That, however, was not likely to be known here."

"True," said the commissary; "and the handwriting, though, as I have said, disguised, is evidently that of a man. Don't you think so, M. Dupré? And this fragment of cloth has been evidently torn from a man's coat; the color is a peculiar one."

"Great God!" exclaimed the notary with a shudder. "Alphonse Bertin is the murderer!"

* * * * * * *

The commissary and his aids did not find Alphonse Bertin at the notary's. He went out, the *concièrge* said, soon after M. Dupré, and had not since returned. But they found the young man's soiled and torn coat, from which the piece of cloth found near the corpse had unquestionably been rent. This proof of Bertin's guilt seemed conclusive, irrefragable.

A few hours later he was discovered in a state of semi-intoxication, at a low *cabaret* in the Faubourg Saint Marcel, seized and presently lodged in prison.

The trial was a mere formality. The accused, who at first had declared, in reply to the interrogatories of the judges, that he had not mentioned M. Alexis de Bougainville's legacy or legacies to any one, subsequently declared that he had to Josephine Ramon, to whom he was madly attached, in the hope that she would consent to share the wealth as his mistress, which he could only obtain by espousing Mademoiselle de Bougainville. He also stoutly averred that it was in compliance with a message delivered by a person unknown to him, and said by that person to be from Mademoiselle Ramon, that he had gone to the place where he was assaulted and robbed expecting to find her there. He also strenuously denied all knowledge of the letter found upon the murdered girl's person, or that he was the person who bribed Jules Bart, the porter at the convent, to deliver any letter or message to Mademoiselle de Bougainville. All these assertions were flatly contradicted. Josephine Ramon swore that he had never spoken to her of M. de Bougainville's legacy, though he had importuned her with improper overtures, which had led to a violent quarrel between them. As to her having sent him a message to meet her on the evening the murder was committed, that was a pure invention. Not only the experts, but M. Dupré himself, reluctantly gave his opinion that the note purporting to be signed by Marie Coulanges was in the handwriting, anxiously disguised, of the accused, and Jules Bart roundly swore that he was the man calling himself Monsieur Maillard, who gave him two louis-d'or privately to place a note in Mademoiselle de Bougainville's hand. He had once before seen the prisoner, and heard his name mentioned, and consequently knew, though the accused suspected it not, that M. Maillard was M. Bertin. Finally, the prisoner was convicted of homicide with premeditation, and sentenced to be guillotined.

Father Etienne Lafont, confessor of the Ursuline Convent, was a very anxious auditor of the trial. He had been heard to express a very decided opinion that the handwriting of the letter subscribed Marie Coulanges was not the handwriting of Alphonse Bertin, but a clumsy imitation of it. Not, however, being an expert, he was not allowed to give that opinion upon oath in open court. He had also declared (*hautement*) that he did not attach the slightest value to the evidence of either Josephine Ramon or Jules Bart—knowing both of them as he did well. After the condemnation of the prisoner, he, at his own instance, had several interviews in his character of priest, with Bertin, which strengthened his conviction of the unfortunate man's innocence. Lafont had intimate relations with several highly influential personages, and it was to his unwearied importunity that a commutation of the sentence was at length obtained—the galleys for life being substituted for death on the scaffold. Eugène Le Gros, who was reported to have been absent at Amiens at the time of the murder—reported only to have been there—eagerly supported, as did M. Dupré, M. Lafont's efforts to save his cousin's life. This did not involve any great sacrifice on his part; the civil death of Bertin sufficed to entitle the lieutenant to M. Alexis Bougainville's wealth.

The Bertin-Bougainville affair was fast dying out of public memory when it was revived by the marriage of Eugène Le Gros with Josephine Ramon. So strange a union excited much remark, and especially gave color and consistence to the vague suspicions which, since the trial, had haunted Lafont. He was bold enough, imprudent enough if you will, to endeavor to induce the public prosecutor to resift the whole of the circumstances. This, however, was refused, but the attempt, and and the offensive reasoning by which it was supported, must have greatly exasperated Eugène Le Gros and his wife. Father Lafont was quite aware that he had made a mortal enemy of the *parvenu modiste* and her uxorious husband, and he several times remarked to his friends that he felt sure he was watched whenever he left the church, especially when on his way to or from the Ursuline Convent, where, strange to say, at his earnest solicitation, Jules Bart still officiated as porter. The man was dying by inches of some internal complaint which of late had rapidly developed, and Lafont was anxious not to lose sight of him, in the hope that the close approach of death might terrify him into making a revelation that would be serviceable to Alphonse Bertin. The man, however, lingered on, making no sign, much longer than had been declared possible by the medical attendant. At last the summons came, and Jules Bart was told that, internal mortification having taken place, he had but a few hours at the most to live. The terrified wretch frantically entreated the mother superior to instantly send for Father Lafont. This was done, and Jules Bart expired in a few moments after having made his confession. Lafont, who appeared to be strangely agitated when leaving the death-chamber, spoke a few hurried words to the mother superior, the purport of which was, that the departed sinner had made important disclosures—not under the seal of confession, which, in fulfilment of the moribund's own request, he should communicate without delay to the criminal authorities. Bart had also warned him that he was constantly watched, and that as soon as the employers of those who dogged his steps knew, which they soon would, that he had been with him (Bart) in his last moments, the priest's life would be in imminent danger. Father Lafont said he believed that to be true, and he would therefore hasten at once back to Paris, so as to reach it before evening had quite closed in. The good father then left, walking at his fastest pace. I may here add, it was discovered that Jules Bart, or whatever his real name might be, was an escaped felon—the letters T. F. being branded on his shoulder. The fact was known by the surgeon before Lafont was sent for, and Bart, perceiving his secret was discovered, muttered a malediction upon Eugène somebody—the surname was not caught by the hearer—who knew that too, and long ago.

Father Lafont never returned to the cathedral of Nôtre Dame. Rigorous inquiries were instituted, but without any result: no trace of him could be found. The Revolution was fast lashing itself into frenzy of rage, especially against priests, and it was thought probable that he had been massacred in the streets, as on the same evening two other persons were. The objection to that surmise was that the body could not be found.

Another year rolled away; the population of Paris was drunk with blood, and amidst those who, from some cause or no cause at all, were strung up *à la lanterne*, was M. Eugène Le Gros. His wife was seized at the same moment, and would have shared his fate, but that she was recognised by an influential ruffian, and declared by him to be, instead of a bloated *aristocrate*, a hard-working *modiste*, one of themselves. She was released, and reached home in safety, but never recovered the shock sustained by her nervous system—never afterwards left the house. She survived the fall of Robespierre a few months, but for long previous to death her mind was completely shattered by horrible fantasies, to which in her sleeping and waking dreams she often gave shrieking utterance. Those distempered ravings were attributed by the physician that attended her, and who knew nothing of her antecedents, solely to the effect of extreme nervous terror; her talk—demons, murders, and similar pleasant topics—to a notion possessing her at such times that she was still struggling with the sanguinary ruffians from whom she had once so narrowly escaped.

Shortly before her death, and when it was evident to Dr. Petit that the end was very close at hand, that gentleman bethought him that the ministrations of a priest, tacitly permitted by the rulers who had succeeded Robespierre, might help to calm her troubled spirit. "I accordingly," states Dr. Petit, "asked my friend the Abbé Delmar, who, as it chanced, had once lodged at Madame Ramon's for a short time. He perfectly remembered the handsome, sprightly Josephine, but, having been several years absent from Paris, had never heard of her marriage. He was consequently much surprised to find that the mistress of the mansion to which I conducted him was Madame Ramon's daughter.

"Madame Le Gros was dozing," said Dr. Petit, "when I and the abbé entered the apartment, where she lay reclined upon a luxurious couch. The abbé was not in clerical costume, in order that she might be informed I had taken the liberty to bring a priest to speak with her gently, tenderly. It was not long before she opened her eyes, awaking in much calmer mood than usual. Her glance first rested upon me, and a faint, sad smile flickered across her pale, wasted features. Presently she noticed the abbé, and a slight scream escaped her; and half rising from the couch, she gazed with intense earnestness in his face, whilst muttering to herself, 'I know—I remember—the Abbé Delmar—the good Abbé Delmar. That was in the happy time—long—long for ever passed. Hark!' she suddenly exclaimed, breaking off abruptly, 'Hark! he is coming upstairs. You hear his stealthy step. Save me, save me! You are a priest also. Drive him away!' she added, falling back, shaking in every limb with terror, burying her face in one of the pillows. This fancy of some one ascending the stairs to drag her away was a frequent one, and when I happened to be present I always humored her by going outside the door, and peremptorily forbidding the intruder's approach. I did so upon the present occasion. '*Merci! Merci!*' gasped the wretched woman. 'He is going back. But he will come again when you are gone. Ah!' she continued, speaking with wild eagerness, 'you, the good abbé are a priest, and could sprinkle the dark, damp grave with holy water, so that he could never come out of it again. Go, go, at once! Not you—only the priest; you stay with me. Go—the cellar, that farthest off. Ah, the door is strongly barred; yet he can pass through; and why not you? Go, go, go!'

"The abbé at a sign from me left the room, as if to comply with her behest. She sat listening intently for a while; but before he returned dozed off again, and, summoning her attendant, we left. That night she died.

"The strange fancy which so constantly haunted her that some one was coming upstairs, always out of the cellar, to drag her away, struck me as so very odd that I at once asked the servant if there was a strongly-secured barred-up cellar. She said there was. I mentioned the reply to the abbé, and he, who had quickly ferreted out all about the De Bougainville tragedy, spoke of it to a commissary of police, that functionary to the officer of gendarmes who discovered the corpse of the murdered Julie, and who of course knew all about the mysterious disappearance of Father Lafont, with whose opinion of M. and Mme. Le Gros he was moreover well acquainted. The zealous officer broke his way into the cellar, found it empty, and set his men to work digging up the floor. A grave was found in which a human being, an aged man, had been buried. Quicklime had been thrown upon the corpse, which was probably interred in a naked state, and only a few bones were left!

"The next of kin to Eugène and Madame Le Gros divided amongst themselves the large sum which had been invested in the names of the wife as well as the husband, and threatened with the penalties of the law any and every one who should dare question the perfect innocence of their deceased relatives. As to Alphonse Bertin, to convince the Directory or the Consuls that the conviction in his case was wrong proved to be impossible. Probably neither of those exalted personages ever took the trouble of giving the memorials upon the subject forwarded to their mightinesses a conscientious, careful perusal. However that may have been, one thing is sure; Alphonse Bertin escaped from the Bagne, and ultimately from France, during the last year of the Consulate, and, I suppose, sought refuge and peace in the New World."

GOLD IN NEW YORK.

THE rise and fall of gold during the war has been a problem, and to enable some future investigator to study the reasons and causes, an enterprising man has got up a chart like a meteorological table, showing its variations. A table closely ruled with straight lines, and one single line—evidently not under the influence of sobriety—making a queer zigzag across, is not a very attractive picture. We chronicle the gold fever in our way, by giving illustrations of scenes on the street this week. Never had speculation run riot as it has lately done.

Gold had been forced up, up, up. But there came a crash. The precious metal which had reached the perilous height of 189, came down to 171, and on its fall dragged down stocks, real and fancy, spreading dismay in Wall street and filling it with lame ducks. House after house suspended. The speculation wavered, all was eagerness and excitement. Our Artist sketched the scene of confusion on Exchange place, the bidding, the offers of men in the street, on wagons, from windows; the financial storm on the surface not ruffling yet the ocean depths of the Brokers' Board, hermetically sealed from the prying eyes of the outside world.

How completely the spirit of speculation has invaded all classes may be seen in the fact that ladies have been the wildest speculators. A coterie actually met daily in one of our hotels, to discuss the stock market and make their purchases through some young brokers who attended regularly for the purpose. The ardor with which the fair wives and daughters of wealthy merchants embarked in the perilous traffic was characteristic, and more than one case of absolute ruin is known.

In the meanwhile a new fever arose among merchants. To secure the gold certificates issued by Government, crowds pressed to the Treasury building. The impatient seekers formed a long queue which extended for blocks. Men staid all night to secure an early place. Others sought to buy; some who had secured places for the purpose sold out, making a fair day's work.

Our sketches show not only the building and these scenes, but the consequences. The miser, the gold gambler in luck, the ruined man, the closed banker's, with the divine's reproving glance at all the vanity.

WEIGHING ARMY RATIONS.

ARMY rations! In all the reports of armies, campaigns, marches and sieges, do our readers often reflect on the hard fare to which, for three years and more, over a million of men have been reduced?—the hard biscuit, the salt meat, weighed out with scrupulous fidelity, as though too precious to be wasted. See the picture, true to life and carefully studied, which we give to-day from our Artist with the Army of the Potomac, whose merit the country will hereafter appreciate. There is nothing very delicate or *recherché* in the *tout ensemble*, nothing very alluring or appetising. Yet it is life, and as such will well repay the study and breed reflection.

THE U. S. 10-40 LOAN.—Instructions to the National Banks acting as loan agents were not issued from the Treasury at Washington until March 26th. The banks did not generally begin to receive subscriptions until one week later, and in distant parts of the country have yet hardly begun to work, but the subscriptions reported by mail to the Treasury up to April 22d, amounts to over $33,000,000, and the sum actually subscribed but not yet reported at that date is much greater. The attempts of interested parties to compel the Secretary of the Treasury to raise the rate of interest on this loan have signally failed. The experience of the last few weeks gives us every reason to believe that all the money the Treasury desires to borrow, can be obtained for five per cent. interest in gold.

BROOKS'S PATENT WRITING, WORK AND TOILET CASE COMBINED.—This is what has long been wanted, and Brooks has managed to put more into a small compass than any one of the time. It is light, compact and elegant, and contains all that is necessary for a soldier and traveller, as well as being very useful in a household. For all who live in country villages it is invaluable.

ONCE upon a time there dwelt in the village of L—— a fellow who was known as old Pete. He was noted for knowing everything that happened before any one else.

One day being in the village tavern—a favorite resort with him, for he could always find some one there to listen to his big yarns—a gentleman there spoke of a hydraulic ram that he saw in the city.

"What in thunder is that?" asked an old man who was present.

Now was the time for old Pete; so, drawing himself up, and assuming an air of importance, he said:

"Why, didn't you ever see one of 'em high drawlick rams? Why, down South, where I was several years ago, they don't raise any other kind; and I've seen 'em so big that they'd shear forty pounds of wool!"

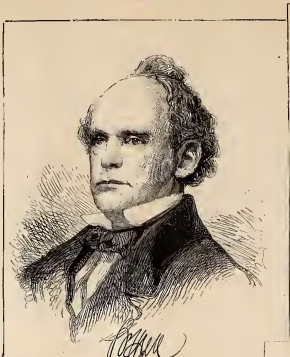
AN Irishman, who had borrowed some money of Lawyer L——, of our village, came one day to his office to pay it. After it was paid he wanted the lawyer to give him a receipt for it.

"What do you want with a receipt?" said L——, who wished to have some fun with Pat, as the office was filled with loungers.

"Why," said Pat, "ye see that whin I die, an' go up to Hiven and knocks at the gate, and one of the howly angils comes and opins the gate, and axes, 'Who's there?' I'll say, 'Pat Murphy, plaze yer riverence.' Then he'll want to know if I'm an honest man, I'll tell him to be sure I am. Than he'll want to know if I've paid ould Lawyer L——, and I'll tell him I have. Then he'll want to see the resate; and if I don't have it with me, I'll have to go back and phind all over hell to find ye."

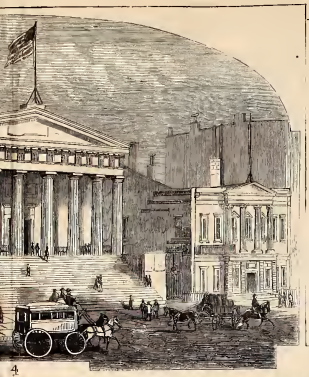
The "resate" was given as soon as the laughter subsided.

"A FROG," says Professor Bump, "is an amphibious animal, which lickers on cold water, and consequently lovented the testotal society. He always walks with a jump, he does; and when he sits down has to stand up. Being a lover of native melodies, he gives free concerts every night, he does, himself. He provides music for the million, which has been so called because it usually is heard in a millpond. He is a warmest whist [illegible] so bad when broiled on a gridiron."



1. Lady Speculators in Session. 2. Sold to a Profit. 3. Selling a Place in the Line for Gold Certificates. 4. Treas

THE GOLD FEVER IN NEW YORK—THE EXCITEMENT AMONG THE SPECULATORS AND BROK



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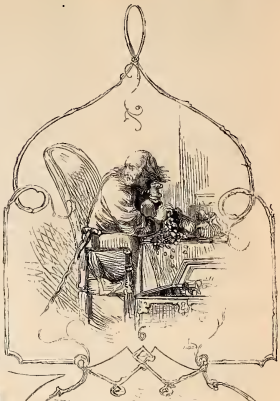

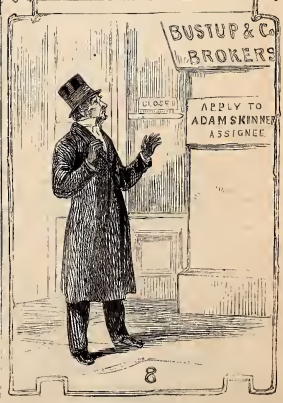

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4. Treasury Building. 5. Scene in Exchange Place. 6. Miser. 7. The Man that Lost. 8. "Burst."
BROKERS, THE RUSH ON THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT FOR GOLD CERTIFICATES.—SEE PAGE 103.

"OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

BY GRACE DE LA VÉRITÉ.

MEASURING time by agony!
Quivering, pierced humanity!
None to soothe me when I weep,
Nor one hour of vigil keep;
No, not one!

Measuring time by agony!
Chilling looks are cast on me;
None to touch my aching brow,
Loving words to whisper low;
No, not one!

Measuring time by agony!
Agony for harmony!
None to chide me when I grieve,
Nor the light with dark to weave;
No, not one!

Measuring time by agony!
Why unfold my misery?
None but strangers pass this way,
None who care with me to stay;
No, not one!

Measuring time by agony!
Look, O Jesus! where I lie!
Day is turned to night for me,
Sun, nor moon, nor star I see;
No, not one!

The Gulf Between Them.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

CHAPTER XXX.—CONTINUED.

THE pair of sable retainers went on with their conversation, totally unconscious of the listener, they had had, and when the interest connected with that subject had culminated diverging to themes more intimately connected with their own affairs.

One of the chief desires of 'Dolph's soul was to find out exactly how much money Clorinda had in the bank, but he had never been able, with all his arts, to bring her to that point of confidence when she would make him a partner in that dearest secret of her life.

The other servants and her friends in the neighborhood gave very contradictory accounts concerning the amount, and Victoria openly avowed her belief that—

"De whole ting was just gammon—didn't 'blieve she had no money nowhar—she know'd she was so old that it was her only chance of ketchin' a beau, so she tried it on."

But 'Dolph was too wise to be influenced by Victoria's sneers, and he had lately become convinced that the sum was a larger one than he had at first supposed. In that case 'Dolph felt the extreme folly of allowing his fancy to stand in the way of his interest. Already he had incurred Clorinda's serious displeasure by his behavior on different occasions; it had required a vast amount of eloquence to reconcile matters after his indiscretion with the strange young woman at old Mother Hopkins's, and his flirtations with Victoria were a constant bone of contention between them.

'Dolph felt certain that if he only came directly to the point and made Clorinda a bona-fide offer of his hand with his heart in it, she would melt like honey candy in the sun, but it required a good deal of resolution to make up his mind to that step.

Clorinda was not prepossessing in her appearance, that her most partial friends would have been forced to admit; probably even in her youth she might have passed for as ugly a young darkey as could easily have been found, and now that years and avarice and a not very patient temper had worn their furrows in her face, it really required all the glitter of her reported wealth to make her endurable in 'Dolph's mercenary eyes.

Then her color and her frizzed locks at which Victoria sneered so openly—that was a tender point with 'Dolph—he had the true contempt for the jetty hue which one is certain to find among those of his bronze complexion.

'Dolph stood there looking at Clorinda and revolving all those things in his mind, while she washed away at her vegetables and made herself busy as possible at the kitchen dressers.

"Dis life is full of mysteriousness, Miss Clorindy," he said in a meditative tone.

Clorinda snipped off the tops from the carrots she was preparing for her soup and assented.

"Dar ain't much wuth livin' for," she said gloomily.

'Dolph was frightened at once; when Clo got into one of her desponding humors she became very religious without delay; unless he could get her off that tack he would most certainly be condemned to Methodist hymns and a prayer-meeting that very night.

"Don't say dat, fair Miss Clorindy, now don't!" he exclaimed, pathetically. "You's de light ob too many eyes for sich renumerations—de luminary dat lights der hearts as de sun does de sky at noonday."

Clorinda simpered; with all her firmness and numerous other grim virtues, she was a thorough woman at heart, and never could withstand flattery thus adroitly administered.

"Go 'long with your poaty nonsense," said she, giving a coquettish toss to her head that made the little frizzed knobs below her gorgeous bandanna flutter about as if suddenly electrified. "Go 'way wid sich, I say."

"Don't call it nonsense, sweet Miss Clorindy," urged 'Dolph, in a more insinuating tone; "when a gemman disposes the tenderest feelins' of his bussom at your feet, don't jist at 'em."

To be called by such endearing epithets in two consecutive sentences softened Clorinda greatly; this time something uncommon must be coming—'Dolph certainly was in earnest.

"I don't see nothin' at my feet," said she, with a little giggle.

"Yes, yer does, Miss Clorindy," pleaded 'Dolph; "yes, yer does—now don't deny it."

"La!" said Clorinda, with another giggle full of delightful flurry, "you men is so confusin."

"I don't mean to be confusin', Miss Clorindy," said 'Dolph; "it's far from my wishes—leastways wid you."

There was a tender emphasis on the concluding pronoun which quite upset Clorinda. She allowed the carrots to fall back in the pan of water, and seated herself on a stool near by—if anything serious was coming she would receive it with the dignity she considered befitting the occasion.

Artful 'Dolph, profound in his knowledge of the sex, read her thoughts without the slightest difficulty, and his vanity chuckled inwardly to see how impossible it was for any female heart to resist his fascinations. Still he was in a condition of great perplexity; he had no intention of committing himself until he had learned the exact price Clorinda could pay for the sacrifice he was prepared to make of his youth and good-looks. On the other hand, he was sorely puzzled how to acquire the information he desired without laying his heart at her feet; he had tried various plans and they had all signally failed; in that respect Clorinda was astute enough to be fully his match.

But he must say something; in a moment more Clorinda might flounce off in one of her tempers, and 'Dolph could not afford to lose time in misunderstandings, particularly as he had lately discovered that the sable parson whose meetings she attended was becoming quite devoted in his attentions.

"Ah! Miss Clorindy," said he, "de sect is all resemblous in one leetle particlar."

"What do yer mean?" inquired Clo, in a languishing way, which she thought becoming in response to the tenderness of his voice.

"In yer cruelty," said 'Dolph, "yer cruelty, Miss Clorindy."

"Laws, nobody ebber said I was cruel," returned the matter-of-fact Clo. "I wrings de necks o' de chickens and skins de eels alive, 'cause it's a cook's lookout, but I hain't got a speck of cruelty in me."

'Dolph shook his head, then dropped it on one side with an air which he had found very killing in former flirtations, and replied:

"In course ye'll deny it—it's de way ob de sect, but de fact is dar."

"I don' know what yer mean," said Clorinda, beginning to resume a little of her usual rigidity; "if yer ain't a talkin' Spanish now, it's jist as bad."

"I alludes to de coquettations in which you all indulge."

"I don't," said Clo; "I leaves all sich foolishnesses to silly things like dat Vic—I hain't no patience wid 'em."

"Oh! Miss Clorindy, Miss Clorindy!"

"Dat's my name, fast 'nuff; yer needn't go shouting it out dat aways."

"When I'se seed wid my own eyes," said 'Dolph.

"What has yer seen? Jis' 'ticlarise—I hate beatin' round de bush."

Clo began to simper again; she really believed that 'Dolph was getting jealous; the bare idea filled her with a delicious thrill—triumphs of that sort were sufficiently rare in her experience to be exceedingly precious.

"But I don' know what yer mean," she went on, "no more'n de man in de moon."

"Dar it is!" said 'Dolph. "Why, I b'lieves dat ar's de only reason de sect looks at de moon, 'cause dar's a man in it."

"Oh, he's too far off," returned Clo, with a prolonged chuckle at her own wit; "too far off by a long shot."

"Bery good," said 'Dolph, "bery good indeed! Yer'a in fine spirits to-day, Miss Clorindy."

Here he sighed dolefully.

"Wal," said Clo, "if I be, 'taint no reason for you to be gwaning like a steam engine."

"Oh, yes it is," replied 'Dolph.

He certainly was in earnest this time—Clo felt assured of that. She forgot the half-washed vegetables, the unseasoned soup, and still tried to look more bewitching in his eyes.

"I don' see why," she said, in sweet confusion. "But any how yer didn't prove nothin' 'bout my bein' coquettious."

"Dar it is!" cried 'Dolph. "It all goes togeder."

"Oh, laws," cried Clo, lightly, "as ef dat ar would set you a sighin'; I knows a heap better'n dat, Mister 'Dolph."

"Yer don't do me justice, Clorindy," said 'Dolph, seriously, putting on an injured look; "yer neber has done me justice."

"Why, what have I done now?" demanded Clo, beginning to play with her apron string.

"Yer knows," said 'Dolph, prolonging the situation as much as possible, in the hope that some bright thought would strike him by which the conversation might be led round to the subject uppermost in his worldly mind; "yer knows very well."

"Why, yer's making me out quite a monster," said Clo.

"No, Miss Clorindy, no; don't say dem keerless tings—don't! I ain't a makin' you nothin', only de most charmin' and de most cruel of yer sect."

If Clo did not blush it was only because nature had deprived her of the dangerous privilege, but she fell into a state of sweet confusion that was truly beautiful to behold.

"Dar ye go agin," said she; "now quit a callin' me cruel, or else say why?"

"Didn't I see you a Sunday evenin'?" said 'Dolph.

"In course ye did; we was to Mrs. Hopkins's arter de meetin'."

"And wasn't Elder Spott dar, too?"

"In course he was; yer knows it well enough."

"I knows it too well," said Dolph, in a tragic voice.

"Law sakes, what has he done to you, Mr. Dolph?"

"Dar's whar de coquettations comes in," continued 'Dolph; "dat's jis' de subjec' I'm 'proachin' yer wid."

"Me!" cried Clo, in delightful innocence. "Laws, I didn't know yer even looked at me; I tought ye was fascinated wid dat Vic."

"I'se neber too busy to reserve you, Miss Clorindy," said Dolph; "wherever I may be, whatever my ockipation, I'se eyes fur you."

"Oh, laws!" sighed Clo. "Oh, lawsy me!"

"And I seed you," pursued 'Dolph; "I seed de elder a bending over ye, a whisperin' in yer ear."

"Oh, git out!" cried Clo. "He didn't do no sich."

"Oh, yes, he did, Miss Clorindy; dese eyes seen it."

"Wal, he was a axin' me if I was gwine to come to meetin' more reg'lar dan I had ob late."

"It took him a great while to ax," said 'Dolph, in the same gloomy tone.

Clo laughed a little chuckling laugh.

"He's a bery pleasant man, de elder," said she; "bery pleasant."

"Dey say he wants a wife," observed 'Dolph.

"Do dey! Mebby he do; I ain't in his secrets."

"But yer will be, Clorindy, yer will be."

"Me! Tain't no ways likely; don' 'spect I shall."

"Oh, yes, yer will," insisted 'Dolph.

He was serious, and Clo began to grow dizzy at the thought of so many conquests crowding upon her.

"I jis' b'lieve he's a sarpint in disguise," said 'Dolph, with great energy; "one ob de wust kind of old he ones."

"Laws, Mr. 'Dolph, don't say sich things; he's quite a shinin' light in de sanctuary, I'se certain."

"It's a light I'd like to squinch," cried 'Dolph, "and if he pokes himself into my moonshine I'll do it."

Clo gave a shrill squeal, and caught his arm, as if she feared that he was going to rush forth in search of the elder, and put his menace into instant execution.

"Don't kick up a muss wid him," she pleaded: "why should yer?"

"It 'pends on yer, Miss Clorindy."

"Laws, how?"

"Yer know; de 'couragement yer've ben a givin' him is 'nuff to drive yer admirers out o' der senses."

"Oh, dear me, I neber heerd sich nonsense!" said Clo.

"It's true," answered 'Dolph, "an' yer knows it. But ye're received in dat man, Miss Clorindy, yer is! He's got both eyes fixed on de glitterin' dross. I've heerd him talk 'bout de fortin yer had, an' how it wud set a pusson up, an' what good he might do wid it 'mong de heathan."

Clo gave another scream, but this time it was a cry of indignation and wrath.

"Spend my money 'mong de heathen!" she cried. "I'd like to see him do it! comes 'bout me I'll pull his old wool fur him, I will."

'Dolph smiled at the success of his falsehood, and made ready to clinch the nail after driving it in.

"Dat's what he tinks anyhow. Why, Miss Clorindy, he was a tryin' to find out jist how much yer was wuth."

"'Taint nobody's business but my own," cried Clo, angrily, "folks needn't be a pumpin' me; 'taint no use."

"Jis' what I've allers said," remarked 'Dolph, with great earnestness; "sich secrets, says I, is Miss Clorindy's own."

"Yes, dey be," said Clo, holding on to the sides of her stool as tightly as if it had been the box which contained her treasures.

"I've said sometimes," continued 'Dolph, "dat if de day shud eber come when dat parathon ob her sex made up her mind to gib her lubly hand to some true bussom dat lobed her, she'd probably whisper musical in his ear de secret she has kept from all de wuld."

Clo was divided between the tenderness awakened by his words and the vigilance with which she always guarded the outposts leading to her cherished secret.

"Ain't dat sense, Miss Clorindy?" he demanded.

"I hain't said it warn't," she replied.

"Dis wuld is full of mercenary men," 'Dolph went on, "searchin' for de filty lucre; I'se glad I nebber was one ob dem. I allers has 'spised de dross; gib me lobe, I says, and peace wid de fair one ob my choice, and I asks no more."

Clo played with her apron string again, and looked modestly down; he was going to speak now.

But 'Dolph did not know exactly what to say next without committing himself more deeply than he desired; indeed, he had been led on now considerably farther than he could wish, but that was unavoidable.

"Not but what fortins is desirous," he said, "cause in dis world people must lib."

Clo assented gently to that self-evident proposition.

"Do yer know what I'se often tought, Miss Clorindy?" said 'Dolph, seizing on a new tack.

"'Spect I don't," said Clo.

"I'se wished many a time, more lately 'n I used to, dat I could take some fair cretur I lobed to my heart, an' dat 'tween us we had money 'nuff to start a restauration or sometin' of dat sort."

Clo sniffed a little.

"In dem places de wuk all comes on de woman," said she.

'Dolph was quite aware of that fact; it was the one thing which made him contemplate the idea with favor.

"Oh, not at all," he said, "de cookin's a trifle; tink ob de 'counts; my head's good at figures."

"Dey kind o' puzzles me," Clo confided to him softly.

"Taint 'spected in de ladies," said 'Dolph; "dey nebber ort to trouble 'emselves 'bout sich matters."

Then 'Dolph sighed.

"Yer wonders what's de matter," he said; "I was jis lamentin' dat I hadn't ben able to save as much as I could wish, so dat I could realise my dream."

"Laws," cried Clo, so agitated and confused that she was about to speak the words he so longed to hear; "how much wud it take? Does yer tink dat if a woman had—"

"I say yer Clo, where be yer?"

The interruption was a cruel one to both the darkeys, though from different reasons; the voice was Victoria's, and proceeded from the kitchen.

"Clo!" she called again, in considerable wrath, "jis' you answer now, else I'll tell missus ef yer tricks."

Clo sprang up and flew at her vegetables with great energy, and 'Dolph mounted a couple of steps and appeared to be dilligently searching for something in a closet.

Victoria opened the door, looked out and tossed her head angrily when she saw the pair.

"I 'spose I might a split my throat callin', and yer wouldn't a answered," she cried.

"I'se 'bout my business," said Clo, grimly "jis' mind yours."

"Oh, laws! I 'spose Mr. 'Dolph's 'bout his business, too," retorted Vic.

'Dolph turned round from the closet and asked sweetly,

"Did yer speak to me, Miss Victory?"

"No, I didn't," said she; "but marster was askin' for ye, and he'll raise hot if yer stays here a gossipin'!"

"Who's a gossipin'?" cried Clo; "if he wants sometin' in the cuppard, mustn't he look to find it?"

"Don't be snappin' my head off as if yer was an old turtle," cried Vic, belligerently, "'cause I won't stan' it! Marster's got a gemman here, an' he wants lunch."

"Wal, it's your place to get de lunch," said Clo.

"'Taint," cried Vic; "it's Mr. 'Dolph's."

"I'se comin', ladies," he exclaimed; "I'se at yer service."

He winked at Clo, out of one eye, smiled at Vic out of the other corner of his mouth, and did his best to keep both goodnatured.

"I want to know whar dem cold ducks is," said Vic.

"Look whar dey be and ye'll find 'em," replied Clo, splashing her carrots about in the pan.

"Ef they hain't gone down dat ol' preacher's throat it's lucky," cried Vic; "but ye'll ketch it if they have."

"Don't 'cuse me of none o' yer own tricks," retorted Clo.

"Jis' find 'em, den," said Vic, "or I'll go up to missus."

You may go to old scratch, for all I care," said Clo, too much enraged to think of having been cheated out of an offer to be careful of language or consequences.

"Dat's pooty talk for a meetin'-goer," cried Vic. "I'll see what de elder tinks of sich."

Clo turned furiously upon her, but a violent ringing of the library bell checked the quarrel in the bud. They all knew that Mr. Mellen was growing impatient, and did not venture on another moment's delay.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE day was wearing slowly away; a day more terrible in its moral darkness and suspense than perhaps had ever before descended upon the old house.

Mr. Mellen was engaged with a succession of visitors on business, with whom he remained shut up in the library; Elsie took refuge at first in her own chamber, but either nervousness or a desire to talk drove her again to Elizabeth's room. Their dressing-rooms were separated by Elizabeth's chamber, so Elsie flung the door open and ran into her sister's room, exclaiming:

"You must let me stay; I can't be alone."

Elizabeth only replied by a gesture; she was walking slowly up and down the floor as she had been during all the morning; it was entirely out of her power to accept one instant of physical rest. She left the door open and extended her promenade through the second chamber into Elsie's, and then back, pacing to and fro till she looked absolutely exhausted, but never once pausing for repose.

They were undisturbed, except when one of the servants knocked at the door for orders, and at each request for admittance Elsie would give a nervous little cry.

"Tell them not to come any more," said she.

"They must have their orders," Elizabeth replied; "come what may, everything must go on as usual to the last moment."

Elsie shivered down among her cushions and was silent. She had pulled the sofa close to the hearth, gathered a pile of novels about her and sat there trying her best to be comfortable in her feeble way.

"If you would only sit down," she exclaimed, at length.

"I cannot," replied Elizabeth; and resumed her dreary walk.

Then there came more interruptions, and Victoria wished to know if they would have luncheon.

"Marster's got it in de library wid dem men—'spect missus don't want to go down."

"What is she talking about?" groaned Elsie, from her sofa.

"Luncheon," said Elizabeth; "will you have it up here?"

"As if one could eat—"

A warning gesture from Elizabeth checked her.

"You may bring the luncheon up here," Elizabeth said to the girl.

Victoria went out and closed the door.

"I believe they would come if we were dying to know if we would stop to eat," cried Elsie.

"Everything must go on as usual," was Elizabeth's answer.

"How can you stand there and talk so calmly to them!" cried Elsie. "It's enough to drive one frantic."

"It is too late now to be anything but quiet," she said.

Elsie began some shuddering complaints, but Elizabeth did not wait to hear them; she had resumed her promenade, walking with the same sort of eager haste, with her eyes seeming to look afar off and unable to fix themselves upon any object in the rooms.

"There is another knock," cried Elsie. "Oh, they'll drive me mad!"

"Come in," Elizabeth said.

It was Victoria with the luncheon tray, and it seemed as if she never would be done arranging it to her satisfaction.

"I brung you some apricot jelly, Miss Elsie," she said; "I knowed you had one of yer headaches."

But Elsie only moaned—perhaps at the misfortune of possessing no appetite when apricot jelly was at hand.

"Dar's only cold chicken and dat meat pie," said Vic; "I took de ducks in fur marster."

"There is quite enough," said Elizabeth; "you needn't wait."

"Yes, miss," returned Vic. "I hain't had no time yet to sweep de room Miss Harrison had—Clo's, she's ugly as Cain, to day."

"It makes no difference," said Elizabeth, while Elsie threw down her book in feverish impatience.

"Yes, miss, but 'taint pleasant," returned Vic, with her most elegant curtsey. "I likes to do my work reg'lar and in time, missus knows dat, but when Clo gets into one o' her tantrums she sets ebryting topsy-turvy."

"Then keep out of the kitchen," cried Elsie; "don't be quarreling."

"Laws, Miss Elsie," said Victoria, with all the injured resignation of suffering innocence; "I neber quarr'ls wid nobody, but I defy an angel to git along wid Clo! She's jest de most aggravatin' piece dat eber wore shoe leather! She's so mad 'cause she's gettin' ole dat she hates a young girl wuss nor pison, so she does."

Vic was now fairly started on the subject of her wrongs, and hurried on before Elsie could stop her with all the energy of a belated steam engine. Elizabeth had walked into the other room, and Victoria, standing much less in awe of Elsie than her, took that opportunity to pour out her sorrows with the utmost freedom.

"Miss Elsie, sometimes I tinks I can't stand it I wouldn't, nohow, if twarn't fur my affection fur you—you and miss," Victoria hastened to add diplomatically, fearful that her mistress might be within hearing and that the omission would be turned to her disadvantage. "Clo, she gits aggravatiner ebery day, and sence 'Dolph come back she's wuss'n a bear wid a sore head."

"Oh, you make mine ache," cried Elsie.

"Laws, miss, I wouldn't for de worl'."

"Then go along, and let me sleep, if I can."

"Sartin, miss; but let me do somethin' for yer head," said Victoria, out of the goodness of her heart.

"No, no; I only want to be let alone."

"If yer'd let me bathe it wid cologny," persisted Vic.

"I don't want it bathed," fretted Elsie.

"Laws, miss, it does a heap o' good! Pennyryal tea's good—"

Oh, do go away!" groaned Elsie.

"In course I will, miss; but I'd like to do something fur ye—yer looks real sick."

"Then just go away, and don't come up again for the next two hours."

"Yes, miss, I'll jest—"

"Go out!" shrieked Elsie.

"I'se only fixin' yer cushins," said Vic. "Dear me, Miss Elsie, yer allers says I'm real handy when yer has dem headaches."

"Oh, I can't bear anybody to-day."

"Dear me, ain't it a pity! Now, miss, I knows what 'ud be good for yer—"

"Elizabeth," groaned Elsie, "do come and send this dreadful creature away!"

This time Victoria deemed it most prudent to make a hasty retreat, for she stood in a good deal of awe where her mistress was concerned. She went out, reiterating her desire to be useful, and really very full of sympathy, for she was kindhearted as possible, except where her enemy, Clorinda, was in the question.

"They'll kill me, I know they will!" moaned Elsie.

But as Elizabeth did not pay the slightest attention to her complaints, she relapsed into silence. Finally, her eye was caught by the luncheon-tray; the apricot jelly looked like a great oval-shaped wedge of amber, the cold chicken was arranged in the daintiest of slices, and there was custard-cake, Elsie's special favorite.

She made an effort to fancy herself disgusted at the bare sight of food, and turned away her head, but it was only to encounter the fragrant odor from the teapot, which Victoria had set upon the hearth.

"Could you eat anything, Elizabeth?" she said, dejectedly.

"No, no; I am not hungry."

"But you never touched a morsel of breakfast, and you ate nothing all yesterday."

"I can't eat now—indeed I can't," was Elizabeth's reply.

"Oh, nor I!" moaned Elsie. "I feel as if a single mouthful would choke me."

She glanced again towards the tray, and began to moan and weep.

"Oh, dear me! This day never will be over! Oh, I wish I were dead, I do truly! Do say something, Bessie; don't act so."

But Elizabeth only kept up her incessant march, and Elsie was forced to quiet herself.

She rose from the sofa at last, stood by the window a few moments, but some magnetism drew her near the luncheon-tray again. She took up a spoon and tested the apricot jelly.

"I want things to look as if we had eaten something," she said, as Elizabeth entered again.

"You had better try and eat," said her sister.

"One ought, I suppose," observed Elsie. "I think I will try and drink a cup of tea—won't you have some?"

Elizabeth shook her head, and with renewed sighs Elsie poured herself out a dish of tea and sat down at the table.

"Oh, this wretched day! I'd rather be dead and buried! Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

In an absurd way she thrust her spoon into the apricot jelly again and stopped her moans for a second with the translucent compound.

"I wish I could eat; but I can't!"

She put a fragment of chicken on her plate, made a strong effort and actually succeeded in eating it, while Elizabeth was walking through the other rooms.

"I've tried to eat," she said, when her sister appeared in the doorway again, "but I can't."

She drank her tea greedily.

"I am so thirsty; I believe I've got a fever."

But Elizabeth was gone again, and Elsie sat staring at the paté—a magnificent affair, she knew it was—one of Maillard's best, full of truffles and all sorts of delicious things. She felt something in her throat, which might have been hunger or it might have been weakness; she chose to think it the latter.

"I feel so weak," she said, when Elizabeth returned on her round; "such a sinking here," and she put her hand in the region where her heart might be supposed to lie.

"You had better lie down," her sister said, absently.

That was not the advice Elsie wanted or expected, and she cried out, spasmodically:

"How can I keep still! Oh, I wish I had some drops or something to take!"

She moaned so loudly that it disturbed Elizabeth.

"Drink your tea," she said, "and eat something; you cannot go without food."

"Well, I'll try," said Elsie, resignedly. "I wish you'd come and sit down and have a cup; maybe I could eat then."

"Not now," replied Elizabeth.

The very sight of food was loathsome to her. She had hardly touched a morsel for two days.

After a good deal more hesitation and moaning Elsie attacked the paté, and the jelly, and the pickles, and the custard-cake, and some crisp little wafers, and, finally, made an excellent meal; all the while declaring that she could not eat, that every mouthful choked her, that she believed she was dying. To all these complaints Elizabeth paid as little attention as she did to the meal she was making.

Elsie went back to her sofa, feeling somewhat comforted, and prepared to take a brighter view of things. It appeared possible now for her to live an hour or two longer—a little while before she had declared that her death might be expected any moment.

"Do come and sit down, Bessie," she said, as Elizabeth entered, for about the hundredth time. "I'll give you the sofa; you must be tired out."

"No; I am not tired—I like to walk."

"But I am sure you have been for three hours march—march—march! Do sit down."

Elizabeth only turned away in silence, but Elsie felt so much relieved after her creature comforts, that she could not forbear attempting to inspire her sister with a little of the hope which had begun to spring up in her own narrow little heart.

"Oh, Bessie," she cried, "I feel as if this would get over somehow, I do indeed."

"But how?" she asked.

"Oh, I can't tell; but there'll be some way, there always is; nothing ever does happen, you know."

Elizabeth did not reply. She was thinking of the books she had read, in which women's ruin and disgrace were depicted; of the accounts in almost every day's paper of families broken up, their holiest secrets made a public jest; of terrible discoveries which had been made, shaking a whole community with the commotion, and dragging all concerned before the eyes of the whole world. Yet Elsie could say:

"Nothing ever does happen!"

She was thinking that perhaps in a few hours that quiet house might be agitated by a discovery, mysterious and full of shame as any of the occurrences in the novels she was recalling; only a few hours and she might be driven forth to a fate terrible as that of the unhappy women whose names she had shuddered even to hear mentioned.

Not for one instant did she delude herself with hope. She knew that the crisis was at hand now, the fearful crisis which she had seen approaching for weeks. This time there would be no loophole of escape—this last respite was all that would be granted her; and even now that she had gained that much, there seemed every hour less probability of her being able to turn it to advantage.

Then the task before her, the thing she had to do, a work at which the stoutest man's heart might have quailed, alone in the dead of night, with the fear of discovery constantly upon her, and the horror of an awful task frenzying her mind.

She clutched at her dress frantically as the scene presented itself, in all its danger, to her excited fancy. She saw the night still and dark, herself stealing like a criminal from the house; she saw the old cypress rising up weird and solemn, she heard the low shiver of its branches as they swayed to and fro; she saw the earth laid bare, saw——

The picture became too terrible, she could endure no more, and with a shuddering cry she sank upon her knees in the centre of the room:

"God help me! God help me!"

Elsie sprang off the couch and ran towards her with a succession of strangled shrieks.

"What is the matter? What ails you? Oh, oh! You frighten me so. Are you sick—did you see something? Is he going that way?"

But the woman neither saw nor heard, her eyes were fixed upon vacancy, an appalling look on her haggard face, which might well have startled stronger nerves than those of the girl by her side.

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!" shrieked Elsie, in a genuine terror which there was no mistaking.

"I must do it," muttered the woman; "I must do it! Alone—I must go alone! And all no use—no use—I tell you, no use!"

"Oh, Bessie, dear Bessie! Get up! Don't look so! Oh, for heaven's sake! Bessie, Bessie!"

Elsie threw herself upon the floor beside her sister, crying and shrieking, clinging to her, and hiding her face in her dress, as if fearful that some terrible object would start up before her gaze. Her agitation and wild terror recalled Elizabeth to her senses. She disengaged herself from Elsie's arms and staggered to her feet.

"It's over now," she said, feebly, with the weariness of a person exhausted by some violent exertion; "I am better—better now."

"Oh, you frightened me so."

"I won't again. Don't cry; I am strong now."

"What was the matter? Did you see anything?"

"No, no. I was only thinking; it all came up so real before me—so horrible."

"But it may be made all safe yet," urged Elsie. "If you can escape this time—only this once."

She did not connect herself with the trouble which might befall her sister. Even in that moment of anguish her craft and her selfishness made her remember to keep present in Elizabeth's mind the promise she had made.

"Only this once," she repeated.

"It is too late," returned Elizabeth. "I told you the day would come—it is here!"

"But he can't discover anything, Bessie, when everybody is abed."

"Have you thought what I must do?" she broke in. "The horror is almost worse to bear than exposure and ruin would be."

Elsie wrung her hands.

"Don't give way now. You have borne up so long; don't give way when a little courage may save everything."

"I shall not give way; I shall go through with it. But, Elsie, it will all be useless; the end has come."

"No, it hasn't! I'm sure it hasn't! Think how many secrets are kept for ever. It needs so little now to make us secure; only don't give way, Bessie—don't give way."

"Be quiet, child; I shall not fail!"

Elizabeth walked away and left her crouched upon the floor, went to the glass and looked at herself. The rouge Elsie had rubbed on her cheeks burned there like two hectic spots, making the deathly pallor of her face still more ghastly; her eyes were sunken and gleamed out so full of agony and fear that she turned away with a shudder. Her hair had fallen loose, and streamed wildly about her shoulders. She bound it up again, arranged her dress and recommenced her restless walk.

"Get up, Elsie," she said; "some one may come in."

Elsie took refuge on her sofa, and sobbed herself into a sound slumber, while Elizabeth, in her haggard anxiety, moved up and down, horrified by terrible reflections, which wrung her soul and left it dumb, with a passive submission, born rather of desperation than endurance.

At last she caught sight of Elsie lying asleep upon the sofa. She approached and bent over her. The girl had brushed her long fair curls back from her face, and they fell over the cushions in rich luxuriance, a feverish color was on her cheeks, lighting up her loveliness, and her whole appearance was so pretty, so singularly childlike, as she lay there, that it seemed impossible, even then, that she could have anything in common with the awful trouble that oppressed Elizabeth.

Elizabeth stood for a long time regarding her, and many changes passed over her face as she did so, but they all settled into a look of settled determination, and she turned away. Whatever was to be borne she would endure alone; she would keep her promise to the very letter. If ruin and disgrace came they should fall on her alone. Why attempt to involve that fair young creature in it?

She went to a cabinet in the corner of the room, opened a little drawer and took out a package of letters. They were those her husband had written to her during his long absence.

She drew an easy-chair near to the sofa and sat down, with her face turned towards Elsie, opened one or two of the epistles and read passages from them. One of the pages she read ran thus:

"Whatever may happen, no matter how long my absence may be protracted, I know that you will take care of Elsie. If the worst should happen—if death should surprise me in this far-off land, I know that you will fulfil for me the vow I made my dying mother and be a parent to that desolate girl.

"Forgive me if I pain you by writing so sadly. I do not believe that any misfortune will happen to me; something tells me that I shall reach home in safety, and find love and happiness once more awaiting me there.

"But the charge I have in Elsie's future is always present to my mind. I never can forget the words that my dying mother spoke; they are with me night and day, and have been since the hour when they were whispered from her pallid lips.

"It rejoices my heart to think how different from most girls our little Elsie is. If any harm were to come to her I think I should go mad; disgrace to one whose blood was kindred to that in my veins would kill me. You may think this pride a weakness, but it is too deeply rooted in my nature ever to be eradicated. When I look about the world and see girls disgracing themselves by improper marriages, elopements, often worse shames, which must blight their lives and those of all connected with them, I think what I should do under such circumstances.

"Elizabeth, I could not endure it. You are my wife; I love you more deeply than you are aware; but I tell you that I could better bear sorrow which came to me through my wife than through the weakness or dishonor of one who claimed my name by right of birth. It is an inherited pride, which has, I know, come down from father to son, and will go with me through life.

"But Elsie is safe—in your hands quite safe. I rest upon that thought. I remember her loveliness, her innocence, her sweet childish ways, and I am at peace again."

That was the letter Grantley Mellen had written during his long exile, and there his wife sat reading it in the presence of that sleeping girl.

After a time Elizabeth folded up the letters, kissed them passionately, and laid them away.

"Perhaps it is the last time," she murmured. "The last time! I won't think—I won't think! Let the day pass!"

She began walking up and down the rooms again, treading softly that she might not disturb Elsie's slumber, and trying to build up a hope in her desolation, only the next moment to be swept aside by the black waves of her agony and her fear.

"He will not feel it so very much when it is only me on whom disgrace falls," she thought, with mournful satisfaction. "For her at least I shall have done my best. I have struggled so hard to keep the fair creature he loves so much from harm. When I am swept from his path, like a black cloud that had no silver lining for him, he will be happy with her. I ought to be comforted by this. Yet, oh, my God! my God! this thought alone makes the worst of my misery. They will be so happy, and without me!"

BOOK NOTICES.

Life of President Lincoln. Philadelphia: J. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Gen. McClellan's Life and Reports. Philadelphia: J. B. Peterson & Brothers.

This enterprising house gives, in a popular and cheap form, the "Life of President Lincoln; embracing his Speeches, Proclamations, Letters, Messages, &c.," and forming a large volume of 200 pages, extremely useful for reference, and at a remarkably low price.

A "Life of Gen. McClellan," with a full history of his campaigns and all his reports, in the same style, is also offered, and cannot fail to meet an extended sale, although it has many competitors.

The Schoolgirl's Garland. Parts I. and II. By Mrs. C. M. Kirkland. New York: Scribner & Co.

Simultaneously with the death of Mrs. Kirkland appears the second part of her "Schoolgirl's Garland." The circumstances would disarm criticism, were there a field for it, but there is none. It would seem to be easy to make a good selection of poetry for the young; but in reality there are few competent to make a really good one. True poets have failed in this apparently simple task.

Mrs. Kirkland took up the subject as one accustomed to watch the unfolding minds of young girls, and her selections are graduated, beginning with the simple lyrics that you can read to the little miss of four years old, seated upon your knee, and find her an attentive listener, and rising to the noblest poems in the language. The pieces chosen are gems, and treated as such. The two little volumes, in type, presswork and paper, are of unexceptionable simple beauty. The volumes have no association in the girl's mind with tasks and schoolbooks. They cannot but be favorites and exercise a most beneficial influence.

The Chaplains and Clergy of the Revolution. By J. T. Headley, Author of "Washington and his Generals," "Napoleon and his Marshals," &c., &c. New York: Scribner, 1864, 12mo., 402pp.

Mr. Headley, who ranks among our most popular and graphic writers, has here brought together biographical sketches of the lives and labors of the most eminent chaplains and clergy of the Revolution: Jonas Clark, of Lexington, Duché, Dr Spring, Prime, Tennent, Muhlenberg, Allen, Rossburgh Benedict, Bishop White, Timothy Dwight, Dagget, Styles, Barlow, Caldwell, Trumbull, Kirkland, Gano Cummings, McCalla, Dr. Witherspoon, Avery, Evans, Smith, Champion, McWhorter, Allen, Pomeroy, Rogers, Duffield and others. We miss, however, Archbishop Carroll, whose services in his mission to Canada entitle him to a place in the list of patriotic clergymen.

The sketches are carefully prepared, not so much for the historical student as for the public, and it is needless to say are full of interest and eloquence.

As Mr. Headley remarks, the influence of the clergy in the great movements in America has been immense, and yet in written histories is almost ignored. The French and Indian wars were supported by the eloquent appeals of the pulpit; the patriot sermons of the clergy roused our fathers to action in the Revolution, and the influence exerted by that body prior to the present civil war is notorious.

My Cave Life in Vicksburg. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 196pp., 12mo, 1864.

We have not met a more interesting book on the war than this narrative of a lady caught in Vicksburg, and there during the siege. Our readers cannot forget the caves in the side of the hill, made by the inhabitants to escape from shells. The writer was the inmate of one, and describes the life of the people in their subterranean abodes, their hardships, their miseries, their fortitude, amid constant terrors, and death in every shape.

It is the work of a lady, and we purpose giving extracts, to enable our readers to enjoy it.

The Atlantic Monthly for May, 1864. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

We may well be proud of a magazine like the Atlantic, which, differ as we may with regard to the political views of some of the articles, is the embodiment of much of the finest, purest and best cultivated talent in the country. The present number contains: Gold Hair, a Legend of Pornic, by Robert Browning; A Cruise on Lake Ladoga, by Bayard Taylor; a continuation of House and Home Papers, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe; Wet Weather Work, by I. K. Marvel; the Reaper's Dream, by T. B. Read; the Rim, by Harriet E. Prescott, &c.

Phillips's Sterling Exchange, for the Reduction of Sterling into United States Currency, and Currency into Sterling at Rates varying from ½ per cent. from 50 to 100 per cent. By Alfred Phillips. New York, 1864.

These valuable, because accurate and well printed, tables we can recommend to our readers, who must in these days of unprecedented exchange cast aside the old books as no longer available.

THE WAR IN LOUISIANA.—BANKS'S ARMY, IN THE ADVANCE ON SHREVEPORT, CROSSING CANE RIVER, MARCH 31.—SKETCHED BY OUR [illegible], C. E. H. BOWEN.

THE WAR IN THE MISSISSIPPI—NEGRO RECRUITS TAKING THE CARS FOR MURFREESBORO.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, O. R. HILLES.

NEGRO RECRUITS.

THE sketch of negro recruits taking the cars to Murfreesboro' comes in sad contrast with the scenes at Fort Pillow. The negroes enter the service of the Government, under an implied promise of protection. But in spite of their voluntary enlistment, in spite of their bravery at Millikin's Bend and Fort Wagner, they are butchered in cold blood, and scarcely a word of indignation or sympathy is expressed, and Government is as inert to retaliate as though it were of no importance.

BRIG.-GEN. J. G. TOTTEN, U. S. A.

BRIG.-GEN. JOSEPH GILBERT TOTTEN was at the head of the corps of Engineers, the most thorough branch of the service, to which only the most accomplished graduates of the military are assigned. He was a veteran and a man of high attainments. He was born in Connecticut, in 1788, and entered the Military Academy on the 4th November, 1802, receiving his first commission, that of 2d Lieutenant of Engineers, on the 1st July, 1805, nearly 60 years ago. He became 1st Lieutenant in 1810, Paymaster and Captain in 1812, was Chief Engineer in the campaign on the Niagara in 1813, won a brevet of Major for his gallantry at Fort George, and of Lieutenant-Colonel for his conduct at the battle of Plattsburg, in 1814, for he was here, too, Chief Engineer. He received a Major's commission in 1818, a Lieutenant-Colonel's in 1834. Ten years after he was made Colonel and Principal Engineer. During the Mexican war his services were called into requisition; he was Scott's Chief Engineer at Vera Cruz, where he won the brevet of Brigadier-General, and in the third war of the country stood at the head of his important department, having been commissioned a Brigadier-General, March 30, 1863. He died at Washington on Saturday, the 23d of April, 1864.

The War Department has ordered appropriate honors to be paid to his memory. During the 50 years that he was at the head of the Engineer Department he administered with untiring devotion, spotless integrity and signal ability the varied duties, the financial responsibilities and professional labors of that arm of the service. Our extended line of coast and lake defences are enduring monuments to his memory.

THE CAVES AT VICKSBURG.

OUR readers will recollect the caves in which the inhabitants of Vicksburg took refuge during the siege, which we so graphically illustrated.

A Southern lady has just published a work entitled "My Cave Life at Vicksburg" (Appleton, New York), which gives a thrilling account of them and life in them. Speaking of the running of the batteries, she says:

"Some of the gentlemen urged the ladies to go down into the cave at the back of the house, and insisted on my going, if alone. While I hesitated, fearing to remain, yet wishing still to witness the termination of the engagement, a shell exploded near the side of the house. Four instantly decided me, and I ran, guided by one of the ladies, who pointed down the steep slope of the hill, and left me to run back for a shawl. While I was considering the best way of descending the hill another shell exploded near the foot, and, ceasing to hesitate, I flew down, half sliding and running. Before I had reached the mouth of the cave two more exploded on the side of the hill near me. Breathless and terrified, I found the entrance and ran in, having left one of my slippers on the hillside.

"Our dining, breakfasting and supper hours were quite irregular. When the shells were falling fast the stewards came in for safety, and our meals waited for completion some little length of time; again they would fall slowly, with the lapse of many minutes between, and out would start the cooks to their work. Some families had light bread made in large quantities, and subsisted on it with milk—providing their cows were not killed—from one milking time to another without any more cooking, until called on to replenish. Though most of us lived on corn bread and bacon, served three times a day, the only luxury of the meal consisting in its warmth; I had some flour and frequently had some hard, tough biscuit made from it, there being no soda or yeast to be procured. At this time we could also procure beef. A gentleman friend was kind enough to offer me his camp bed, a narrow spring mattress, which fitted within the contracted cave very comfortably; another had his tent fly stretched over the mouth of our residence, to shield us from the sun; and then I was the recipient of many favors, and under obligations to many gentlemen of the army for delicate and kind attentions, and in looking back to my trials at that time, I shall ever remember with gratitude the kind ness with which they strove to ward off every deprivation. And as I went regularly to work, keeping house under ground. Our new habitation was an excavation made in the earth, and branching six feet from the entrance, forming a cave in the shape of a T. In one of the wings my bed fitted; the other I used as a kind of dressing-room; in this the earth had been cut down a foot or two below the floor of the main cave; I could stand erect here, and when tired of sitting in other portions of my residence I lowered myself into it and stood impassively resting at full length—one of the variations in the still shall expectant life.

"Caves were the fashion, the rage, over besieged Vicksburg. Negroes, who understood their business, hired themselves out to dig them at from $30 to $50, according to the size. Many persons considering different localities unsafe, would sell them to others who had been less fortunate or less provident, and so great was the demand for cave workmen that a new branch of industry sprang up and became popular, particularly as the personal safety of the workmen was secured, and money withal."

Mrs. Fry on Umbrellas.

"AH!" said Mrs. Fry, "umbrellas have a good deal of character, after all. They express themselves very well; much better than their owners sometimes. I can tell, sitting at a window of a cloudy day, just where every passing umbrella comes from. People can deceive you by assuming false expressions, but umbrellas can't.

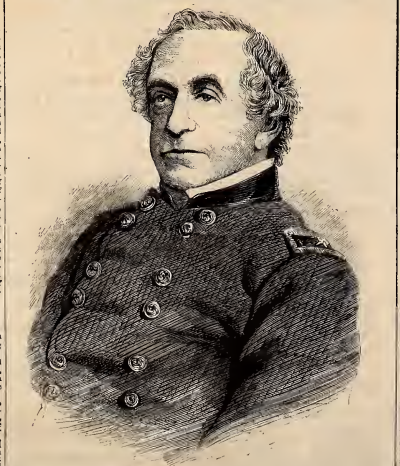
"That thin, black, genteel, silk umbrella, coming up the street, can't be more than a month old. It's a young umbrella, bought in a dry season, and only used out for the first time. If it was older, or had been seen by many friends, it wouldn't look as it does now; it would have been borrowed and smashed.

"That blue thing, now, with a hole in the top and stray bones sticking out of it, is the umbrella a friend lent you. It has the look; I'd know it anywhere. You were caught there in the rain, and she said: 'It's a shame to go in that sweet bonnet; I'll try to find an umbrella!' and you know of two black silks, a gingham and an alpaca, and hope for one. But no; the thing was the product of her researches. It is an umbrella kept to lend a friend. That is bad enough.

"But a neighbor's loan of an umbrella is always worse. Only two of the points are fastened to the whalebone; the top has been fastened on with a piece of old wire. The string, of course, is off; and when the sun comes shining out, and you want to shut it down, it forms a bulgy bag, at which people stare and smile. And the cloth is full of holes!

"The handle is broken short in the middle; and I have had one that had a long, sharp nail in it to hold it by! That was lent me by my landlady, a Jewess.

"The umbrella that has been stolen might as well have pickpocket placarded upon it. It is always shabby-genteel. People watch their umbrellas well in the first gloss of newness, and stolen umbrellas are not cared for as they have been, because they cost their owners nothing but a prick of conscience, and conscience doesn't amount to much in 1864.



THE LATE BRIG.-GEN. JOSEPH G. TOTTEN, U. S. A.

It generally has e white ivory handle—perhaps the handle is the temptation—and the present possessor is always very careful to put it in dark corners, or sit before it, lest, unawares, the owner should enter. Sometimes the stolen umbrella has a silver plate on the handle, from which the name has been carefully scraped with a penknife.

"Some people never lose their umbrellas, because they always carry them rain or shine, and choose such odd ones that they could be sworn to anywhere after a passing glance. Your Quaker aunt, from Philadelphia, has a sad-colored one, shaped like the half of a cantelope, with a large white ring instead of a hook. She has had it twenty years, and is never seen without it. The umbrella is as much a Quaker as your respected aunt.

"Then there is an old bachelor umbrella—umbrellas which never could stand side by side with feminine umbrellas, with ornamental handles. Where bachelors find them we don't know; no man ever has one before he is fifty. These umbrellas are very tall. They are of olive-green silk, thick to richness; they have a ribbed border about them, and a large ebony crook and a sharp metal ferule. The elastic confining them when in repose has a polished tag as large as a pea, and the owner's name is stamped in white on the black handle. It never leaves the old bachelor's hand. Some say he puts it under the pillow when he retires to rest, and one of my acquaintances does hook his on the back of his chair at breakfast as a regular thing.

"It is only equalled by the travelling missionary's umbrella in tenacity of life; but that, poor thing, is a brown cotton, with a handle like a broomstick, a button instead of a ferule, and big white blotches where it has been darned on.

"Oh, don't tell me," continued Mrs. Pry, "I know the character of an umbrella wherever I meet it as well as Mr. Fowler knows a man's disposition by his humps—and a great deal better."

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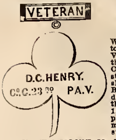

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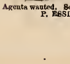

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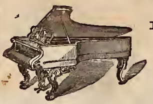

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Two Hundred Million Dollars

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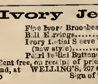

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FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED

NEWSPAPER

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No. 450—Vol. XVIII.] NEW YORK, MAY 14, 1864. [Terms: $3.50 Yearly, 14 Weeks $1.00.

The War in Virginia—The Prospect a Short and Decisive Campaign.

We are on the verge of the most momentous struggle of the war. Before this article shall have passed into the hands of our readers the chosen battle-ground of old Virginia, if not precipitately evacuated by the enemy, may be baptised anew in a deluge of blood, and her ancient hills may be shaken as by the throes of an earthquake. We believe that from the smoke of the conflict the flag of the Union will be advanced to the high places of the rebel capital; that the armies which Gen. Grant has summoned around him cannot be successfully resisted; that his plans and combinations are adapted to meet all possible emergencies; that he has the enemy within his powerful grasp; that the campaign will be "short, sharp and decisive," and that the fatal hour to the rebellion is near at hand.

We have not forgotten our disappointments resulting from each of the Virginia campaigns of 1861, '62 and '63. But all those reverses may be traced to that one grand mistake of scattering instead of concentrating our forces, and if the dearly purchased victories of our Potomac Army have been without substantial fruits, it has been in consequence of wasting delays in following up the enemy. This was the Austrian system of warfare against the little Corsican. The opposite or Napoleonic system of concentration and activity, which has reclaimed an Empire in the

SUGARHOUSE OF EX-GOVERNOR MOUTON, AT VERMILION, LA.—FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUT. S. S. DAVID—SEE PAGE 16.

1. Major C. Von Hermann. 2. First Lieut. Charles E. Sargent. 3. Col. James Grant Wilson. 4. Col. Horace B. Sargent. 5. Lieut.-Col. William S. Abert. 6. Col. E. G. Berkwith. 7. Brig. Gen. Charles P. Stone. 8. Col. John S. Clark. 9. Major Gen. N. P. Banks. 10. Col. S. B. Holabird. 11. Brig.-Gen. Richard Arnold. 12. Captain J. S. Crosby. 13. Brig.-Gen. A. S. Lee. 14. Capt. Wm. B. Lee. 15. Lieut.-Col. George W. Sapp. 16. Major G. Norman Lieber. 17. Major R. H. Alexander. 18. Captain Charles L. Bulkley.

MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS AND STAFF.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. JACOBS, NEW ORLEANS.—SEE PAGE 310.

West, has, with Gen. Grant, been introduced into the East, and with such advantages for aggressive operations against such drawbacks and embarrassments to the enemy, as the Army of the Potomac has never before commanded.

Through the year 1861 the armies and the people of the so-called Southern Confederacy were bountifully subsisted from the fruitful grain, cattle and swine-producing States of Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas, Western Louisiana and Texas. At the end of the year 1862, though dispossessed of Kentucky and Missouri, Western Tennessee and a part of Louisiana, their lines of communication from Texas to Richmond were still uninterrupted. But what is the present situation of their "Confederacy?" With the trans-Mississippi States completely cut off, it is now practicably reduced to Southern Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama and Mississippi, excepting those parts of each of these States occupied by the Union forces. This restricted and beleaguered Confederacy by land and sea, comprising some 4,000,000 of inhabitants (one-half African slaves), is now practically all that is left of a rebellious Confederation, originally comprehending 11,000,000 of souls.

The armies of Davis within this diminished empire, drawn from all the slave States, and variously represented as making a sum total of from 200,000 to 300,000 men—these armies are now mainly subsisted from the last year's Indian corn crop of Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi. And here lies the fatal weakness of Jeff Davis in undertaking, against all the adverse circumstances suggested, still to maintain the prestige of his authority at Richmond. For 100 miles around that city the country is exhausted, and North Carolina has been so impoverished by Confederate foragers that the scanty supplies still held by her planters are hardly equal to the extremest necessities of her destitute people. The armies of Davis in Virginia draw their supplies of food mainly from Georgia; and the capacities of their two life-sustaining lines of rickety railroads are taxed to the uttermost to meet the necessities of Richmond and Gen. Lee from day to day.

Under such a state of things the elaborate entrenchments which enclose the army of Davis on the Rapidan, and the formidable network of fortifications which encircle his capital are literally no defences at all. The protection of their railroad lines between the Rapidan and Richmond, and thence to Atlanta, in Georgia, is the first essential to the security of Davis and Lee in Virginia. Hence the mustering of all their available forces for the inevitable work of open field fighting; but the danger at Atlanta is also imminent. The army of Gen. Thomas, at Chattanooga is a powerful army, and with Longstreet removed from East Tennessee, Gen. Joe Johnston must be strengthened as well as Gen. Lee, or the evacuation of Richmond may be enforced upon Davis by the loss of Atlanta.

From the relative situation of the opposing forces in Virginia; from the decided superiority in numbers, equipment and efficiency of the legions of Gen. Grant, as compared with the highest estimates (90,000 men) of the enemy's strength; from the necessities which will compel Gen. Lee to abandon his entrenchments, to protect his lines of subsistence; from every point of view in which we have considered the subject, we are confirmed in our opinion that in the Virginia campaign of 1864 all the misfortunes of '61, '62 and '63 will be repaired, and that the grand object of a crushing blow to the rebellion will be fully achieved. The wisest combinations of war, we know, are frequently overthrown by the most trivial accidents or mistakes; but still, in this instance, we have no fear that our foreshadowings as a prophet will be marred by the facts of the historian. We anticipate an unexampled and exulting celebration of the coming 4th of July.

BOSTON, NEW YORK AND NEWPORT STEAMBOAT COMPANY.—Those accustomed to the conveniences and comfort of the old Fall River route, between New York and Boston, will be glad to learn that the new Company, into whose hands this popular line has recently passed, have spared neither pains nor expense in increasing the elegance and convenience of their boats. The Metropolis has been thoroughly refitted, enlarged and refurnished at an expense of $100,000, and the Empire State is soon to be hauled off for similar improvements. Mr. E. Littlefield, the Agent of the Company in New York, has his office at No. 72 Broadway.

HUDSON RIVER NAVIGATION.—Trips up the river have been resumed by the favorite steamer Mary Powell, under the charge of the popular Capt. Anderson. The boat will leave Jay street daily at 3½ o'clock P.M., stopping at West Point, Cold Spring, Newburg, Cornwall, New Hamburg, Milton, Poughkeepsie and Rondout.

THE NATIONAL LOAN.—Seldom has any loan been so welcomed by the monied world as the United States 10-40 loan. In one month 33 millions were subscribed for, and there is no doubt but every dollar the Government wants will be got at 5 per cent. interest, payable in gold. It is the best investment of the day.

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N. B.—To prevent counterfeiting, each package is accompanied by the proprietor's own autograph in *four* different languages, viz: Turkish, Armenian, Greek and English.

C. OSCANYAN, New York.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, MAY 14, 1864.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 538 Pearl street, New York.

Dealers supplied and subscriptions received for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, *also* FRANK LESLIE'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR OF 1861, *by* GEORGE P. BEMIS & CO., *Proprietors of the London American*, 100 *Fleet Street, London, England. Single copies always on sale.*

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NOTICE.

THE Office of this Paper is removed to No. 537 Pearl Street, a few doors from Broadway.

To Correspondents.

DECLINED.—Patrick Maglone—Old Age—Something New—Serenade—Drover's Leap—Amy Hazlewood—The Fisherman.

Stories of a high character, poems, and sketches for comic illustration are thankfully received. They will be read promptly, and returned if not accepted. Care should be taken to write legibly, and give the address especially with all distinctness.

Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

A cavalry skirmish occurred recently near Strasburg, Va., between 100 of the 1st New York and 300 rebels.

Seven of Moseby's men were captured on the 29th by a scouting party from Fairfax Court House.

The Union troops recently entered, and, it is said, burned Madison Court House.

NORTH CAROLINA.

A flag of truce was sent to Plymouth, but was not received.

Gen. Wessells and his little band of 1,500 fought like heroes for four days and nights, and the rebels admit a loss of 1,700.

A Union or "Buffalo" camp near Windsor was attacked and captured by the 62d Georgia, about the middle of April, and Capt. Hoggard, the commander, killed.

The Fort Jackson, Capt. B. F. Sands, with the Niphon, on the 21st, went up to Masonboro', near Wilmington, and destroyed valuable saltworks belonging to the rebel Government.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The suspension of hostilities here has been followed by the withdrawal of troops. Beauregard has proceeded to Virginia, as he did three years ago. He passed through Wilmington on the 21st.

The shelling of the city is kept up at intervals, and a broadside given to Fort Sumter.

LOUISIANA.

Our army is at Grand Ecore, fortifying. The large boats are above, but the smaller ones are below. Several of the boats have been hotly attacked by guerillas and troops on the bank. The Blackhawk had quite an adventure with them.

Gen. Steele is said to have captured Shreveport, and Banks has advanced on the 22d to meet the enemy.

Gen. Stone has been superseded by Gen. Dwight. A small Union force had gone up the Wachita river, and a cavalry expedition had been sent out on the north bank of Red river, near Alexandria, by Gen. Grover.

The rebels, under Jumel, have made a raid on Plaquemine, destroying a large stock of cotton.

TENNESSEE.

Our pickets near Nickajack gap were attacked on the 23d, and five killed, seven wounded and 19 taken by the rebels.

ARKANSAS.

Gen. Thayer joined Gen. Steele at Elkin's ferry, on the Little Missouri river, where the rebels were driven from their breastworks. The enemy then made a stand at Prairie de Anne, fortified by riflepits and epaulements, but Steele flanked their position, and Price retreated towards Washington. Steele then dashed on Camden, which Price endeavored in vain to reach before him. From Camden Steele moved on Shreveport.

MISSISSIPPI.

Forrest is retreating towards Alabama, followed by Gen. Grierson, who had a fight with him on the 21st near Hudsonville, Miss., and captured a number of prisoners, wagons, horses and mules.

KANSAS.

Quantrell is reported to have crossed the Arkansas and Verdigris rivers, on his way to Kansas.

Gen. Blunt has been ordered to Kansas for service.

MISSOURI.

A detachment of Rogers's Union troops at Charleston had a fight with guerillas, on the 19th and 20th inst., in which they killed 12 of them. Six more were killed by the State Militia.

KENTUCKY.

A detachment of the 45th Kentucky, under Capt. Adams, attacked the rebels in Brent Hill county, killing and capturing 20; he then pursued Everett's command, whom he also defeated, killing two officers and taking 35 men.

FLORIDA.

A party of refugees ascended Wetappoe river some 20 miles to White bluffs, and destroyed 2,000 bushels of salt. They captured a valuable barge. Some of the crew of the Restless destroyed another Government saltwork on East bay.

NAVAL.

Commander Fox, of the Potomac flotilla, recently ran up the Rappahannock and destroyed two ferries, seven large lighters, three pontoon boats, 22 large skiffs, white oak ready to build a sloop of war, 22 large boats.

The blockade-runner Mary Sorley, from Galveston, was captured on the 3d of April.

The rebels continue their torpedo attacks. The Wabash in Charleston harbor was recently attacked, but escaped.

Admiral Dahlgren has gone back to the command of Charleston harbor.

CONGRESS.

IN the Senate, on the 26th of April, a bill providing that no naval officer shall be retired until the age of 62, and whose name shall not have been borne upon the navy register 45 years after the age of 16, was referred to the Naval Committee. The rest of the proceedings were unimportant and preliminary.

In the House, the consideration of the Tax bill was resumed in Committee of the Whole. An amendment that incomes derived from the interest of notes, bonds or other securities of the United States shall be included in the estimate of incomes was adopted. Another amendment, providing that on incomes exceeding $600 and not more than $10,000, a tax of 5 per centum shall be imposed; on incomes of $10,000 and not exceeding $25,000, a tax of 7½ per centum shall be imposed; and on incomes of over $25,000, a tax of 10 per centum shall be imposed, was agreed to by a vote of 73 against 35. A proposition to tax the salaries of Members of Congress 10 per cent. was voted down by a large majority. At the evening session a number of bills giving away a large quantity of the public lands for Western railroads and other purposes were passed.

In the Senate, on the 27th, the National Currency bill was under consideration at length, but no conclusion was reached. Several bills of commercial interest were passed, and petitions presented from the wives, widows, mothers and sisters of soldiers, praying for an increase of the soldier's pay.

In the House, the Tax bill was taken up and considered vigorously, progress being made to the 119th section. The joint resolution from the Senate appropriating $25,000,000 to pay the expenses of the 100 day troops was passed.

In the Senate, on the 28th, after the transaction of some unimportant business, Mr. Fessenden reported the House joint resolution, increasing the duties on foreign imports temporarily 50 per cent., with an amendment making the increase 33⅓ per cent., and exempting goods in bond and in transit. A spirited debate followed the submission of this amendment, and after considerable manœuvreing the House bill was finally passed without alteration by a vote of 30 to 8, whereupon the Senate adjourned.

In the House, the Internal Revenue bill occupied the larger part of the session. A spirited debate ensued upon a motion to tax the circulation of all other than National Banks ⅙ of 1 per cent. per month, but the amendment was finally adopted by the close vote of 52 to 51. An amendment was offered by Mr. Fernando Wood repealing the act of March last, which imposes a tax upon liquors on hand; and Mr. Washburne moved, as a substitute, to tax domestic liquors on hand 50 cents a gallon, with some restrictions. This amendment was adopted by 72 to 62.

In the Senate, on the 25th of April, Mr. Sumner presented a joint resolution authorizing every road operated by steam to become a postal or mail route, and to carry the mails at such compensation as the Government thought fit to bestow. The disagreement on the Montaoe question came up, and was discussed by Mr. Doolittle until the close of the session.

The House sessions, both day and evening, were occupied mainly with the Tax bill, and considerable progress was made.

In the Senate, on the 30th of April, Mr. Sumner offered a resolution requesting the President to communicate to the Senate the opinion of Attorney-General as to the rights of colored persons in the army and elsewhere, but Mr. Powell objected, and the matter was laid over.

In the House, a resolution for a Special Committee to investigate the charges against the Treasury Department was adopted, and Messrs. Garfield, Wilson, Davis, Fenton and Jenckes, Republicans, and Brooks, Stewart, Dawson and Steele, Opposition, were appointed said Committee. The Army Appropriation bill was then taken up, the question being on agreeing to the Senate's amendment thereto. The amendment placing colored troops on an equality, as regards pay, rations and allowances with white soldiers, elicited a long and lively discussion, but finally the amendment was adopted by a vote of 81 against 49.

FOREIGN NEWS.

MAXIMILIAN accepted the crown from the Mexican deputation at Miramar on the 10th of April. The formality was conducted with great pomp. The new Emperor made a speech in reply to the deputation, stating that he was convinced that the throne was voted by a great majority of the Mexican people. After this he was addressed as Emperor and the Archduchess as Empress. The Mexican flag was hoisted at the castle of Miramar and saluted with 21 guns. The Emperor commissioned ministers to the courts of Rome, Vienna and Paris, and made quite a number of appointments for his staff and household. On the 11th of April Maximilian was seized with a low fever so that his departure was again delayed. It was thought he would set out on the 14th instant for Rome, where he goes to receive the benediction of the Pope, of which he, as he states himself, stands in great need. The Archduchess, his wife, after some very difficult negotiation in Vienna, and after renouncing her right to the throne of Austria and her income from the State, brought the Emperor Francis Joseph to Miramar to sign the great Imperial State paper of Mexico.

Duppel was still besieged and vigorously bombarded by the Germans. Its fortified works were almost silenced; but still the garrison defended the ruins with vigor. The Danes made a vigorous sortie on the Prussians, but were repulsed. The Conference had not yet assembled in London. The English House of Commons expressed some doubts of the prudence of permitting the English Delegate in the Conference to pledge the nation to any strict course of policy on the Dano-German question without the consent of the Parliament.

Garibaldi had entered London. He had a popular reception of the most enthusiastic description. The crowd in the streets was about equal to that which received the Prince and Princess of Wales. Mazzini was endorsed by the working men in their address to Garibaldi. The General had private audiences with Lord Palmerston and Earl Russell. He was afterwards entertained at a banquet given by the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. The city *fêtes* in his honor were to continue some days.

Lord Clarendon had gone on a private mission to Paris. It is said that he was to endeavor to allay an "irritation" which had sprung up in Napoleon's mind towards England since the Mazzini-Stansfeld *exposé*.

Twelve vessels, from Matamoras, Nassau and Bermuda, laden for the most part with cotton from the rebel States, reached Liverpool in two days.

The City of New York remained fast on Daunt's rock.

TOWN GOSSIP.

About May Time.

"PITY the sorrows of a poor"—landlord-ridden city.

In no other part of this wealth-bestridden land does such an execrable custom exist as that of making all renting and leasing terminate on a certain day, and that day the most uncertain of the year. To New York city alone belongs the insane custom, that could only have been derived from the King of Dahomey, of parading the household appurtenances and goods of mankind through the streets upon a set day, and inviting all the world to look upon his poverty or his wealth. We are, perhaps, doing the before-mentioned monarch an injustice in attributing to him so disgusting a fashion, when we remember that his celebrated "custom," as it is called, or holiday of "Parading the King's Wealth," is confined to his own property, which, upon the 25th of May, is taken from the palace and borne by an army of his slaves through the streets of the city of Ahomey, and then returned to its old quarters. In this "custom" the King merely parades his household utensils, but, wiser than barbarian whites, does not attempt to change their place of deposit. His civilization extends farther than that of New York landlords, and does not force upon his loving subjects a following of his "custom."

While in the country the day is ushered in

With buds and flowers, and sunny hours,
  And birds in gladness singing;
With loosened streams and lovers' dreams,
  And winds their perfumes flinging;
With laughing eyes and joyous cries,
  Through field and homestead ringing,
To failing age its life's first page
  In memoried beauty bringing.

In the city, as though intended to illustrate the old saying that God made the country and man made the town, it comes:

With smash and crash, and fearful dash
  Our household gods they're flinging,
And draymen's screams, the music seems
  Of loosened devils singing;
With careworn face and hurrying pace
  Each wretched cit is bringing
His weary limbs, where'er their whims
  His broken goods are flinging.

The enormous rise in rents, so utterly at variance with the small rise in the value of labor, has this year driven an immense per centage of New Yorkers to a change of domicile. Those who have been accustomed to pay $12 per month for rooms, find themselves charged $20, and have, consequently, sought less comfortable quarters, where they can live at the old price or somewhere near it. The same rule applies all the way up in the scale, and all classes suffer alike. There is one thing in connection with this matter at which we never fail to wonder, and that is why capitalists do not esteem it worth while to enter upon suburban building on a large scale, and offer inducements to men of small means and mechanics to live in

Country Houses.

To show how this can be done, let us enter upon a financial estimate.

Within half an hour's travel of the city by rail and steamboat upon Long Island, the Passaic river, the Raritan, the East river, and a score of other places, there is plenty of good ground that can be bought for $500 an acre. What is to prevent this being cut into acre or half acre plots, the first with a house costing $1,500 and containing six rooms, the last with one of $750 and four rooms, and rented to citizens? We speak practically when we say that these houses can be contracted for and well finished at that price, and allowing a liberal estimate, rented for 10 per cent. on the entire cost, which would be $200 and $100. To make the working of such a plan practical it must have the co-operation of the railroads and steamboats running to the spot, and while a low rate of commutation and swift time makes it possible for the humblest workman to stand the charge, and be at his city labor at the earliest hour, it will eventually reward them by increased travel. This can be done by an addition of $25 per annum to the family expense, and the time consumed in reaching this rural home will not be longer for the clerk and working man than now in reaching the City Hall from 40th street; time that in the cars or on the boats can be profitably employed in reading the morning papers or something else.

This is no dreamer's scheme, but only wants the action of a few practical men to become a reality.

What nobler charity could awaken the hearts of our Lenoxes, Astors, Blunts, and other rich and benevolent citizens, than that of relieving an over populated city, decreasing mortality and destroying the infamous tenant-house system, in which property we feel sure that none but Shylocks and money grabbers ever invest.

Posthumous Record of the Fair.

With the going down of the sun on the third week of its existence the Sanitary Fair went out, and the glories of its over-rated magnificence became among the things that were. A slight effort was made to keep the Union Square Department open for a few days at a tax of 50 cents per head for those who

ame, but the attempt was a failure, and scarce 100 visitors visited the "banquet hall deserted." Since that time auctions have been the order of the day, and the goods have gone at fluctuating prices, much of them at far less than their value.

Since the sober second thought has set in, after the grand splurge, our business men and shopkeepers are counting up the cost, and the opinion is generally arrived at that the great Fair has been a financial loss, and that the commercial interests of the city would have been largely gainers had a million and a quarter of money been raised and presented to the Sanitary Commission, to replace the Fair. No doubt this may be true in view of the great interruption to business it entailed, but then where would have been all the fun, flirtation, matrimony, manslaughter, memory and general happiness created by it.

The Last Come Down

is that of Broadway stages, a triumph of the public in which we believe they really rejoiced. The attempt of the different lines of omnibuses to raise their fare to 10 cents—even though it may have been warranted by increased rates of labor and produce—has met with the most signal rebuke that has ever been administered to any public wrong within our recollection. The public have contented themselves with letting them charge, and have taken to locomotion and increased overcrowding of the cars. The result has been that a Broadway stage became solitude personified, and the fact of an individual hailing one of the drivers almost terrified the deserted Jehu out of his wits, and proclaimed the hailer a countryman just arrived, or a citizen who rode once a year, did not read the papers, and darned the expense.

The Events of the Week,

in a dramatic way, are, firstly, the debut of Miss Jane Coombs, as Lady Teazle, at Wallack's, in which she made a pleasant impression, though somewhat lacking the life and fire that should be put into the gay young wife of the old Sir Peter.

Secondly, the production, by Avonia Jones, at the Winter Garden, of a new drama, entitled "The Sorceress;" the story of which is that of a mother, black Janet, the sorceress, having had her son stolen in infancy, finds that the secret of his whereabouts is known only to Miron, the King's physician, who refuses to reveal the secret. Attempting to revenge herself on Miron, she plots a fearful death for his dearest friend, Urban Delaval, but discovers that the young man is her son time enough to save him, which she does, firstly, from the hands of the assassin, and secondly, by rescue from an inundation, in which final scene she loses her own life. The piece is entirely sensational, and brings down the house. The coming week is devoted to Edwin Booth at this house, where he opens in "Hamlet"

The Olympic is running "Loyalina" on its fourth week.

Barnum announces the last week of "Cudjo's Cave," and a magnificent spectacular drama to follow it.

We are to have no more opera, perhaps, not until fall, in consequence of Maretzek's rebellion against the extortions of the chorus, who, not content with all the profit, want a bonus extra.

Another Sensation

for sightseers during the week has been the doings of the Davenport Brothers, at the Cooper Institute. These two young men have so outraged our common sense, and upset our ideas of probability and judgment, that we are forced to confess to a feeling of ridiculous non-belief in anything. The manner in which they—we beg pardon, the spirits—tie and untie their arms and legs from the strongest binding, done by such eminent binders as Judge Whitley, who has bound over a good many Jersey men, is somewhat amazing. What they do is indescribable, and will sound like nothing when described; but so far has puzzled all the wisdom and acumen of their audiences, and defied even a theory. We shall wait in patient hope for the debut of Simmons, who makes his first appearance at the New Broadway Theatre, Wallack's old house, which has been entirely refitted by Mr. Geo. Weed, late of Cincinnati, and who promises the public that he will do the same things as the Davenports, and expose the trick. Do hurry up, Simmons!

BOOK NOTICES.

LIFE OF EDWARD LIVINGSTON. By CHARLES HAVENS HUNT. With an Introduction by GEORGE BANCROFT. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1864, 8vo., 448pp.

We are in the new era of good books, well printed on good paper, with liberal margins. Hunt's "Life of Edward Livingston" is a racy, interesting, comprehensive life of a truly great man, who, strangely enough, seemed to be better appreciated in Europe than in his own country. The present work, which shows Mr. Hunt to be ably fitted for this field, will do much to make Americans of our day acquainted with the immense learning, practical sense, sound judgment and sterling patriotism of the great legist, Edward Livingston.

PLASTER OF PARIS FOR PAINT.—A writer in the *Register of Rural Affairs* recommends the use of plaster or ground gypsum, instead of white lead, to mix with oil for paint for outside work. If, as he says, it is equally, in fact, more durable than white lead or zinc white, it deserves to be widely known, as the plaster is very cheap and easily obtained. Take equal parts of the plaster and white lead with oil enough to make it the consistance of cream, and run it through a paint mill. This will have a good body and be very serviceable. For painting the roof of buildings, the plaster and oil answers a good purpose, as it is durable, and when rain water is collected in cisterns, it will be found to be purer than when it comes in contact with lead. Plaster is sometimes found ground very coarse, and it should therefore be run through a paint mill before it is used.

—— Dr. Biggs, of Mitchell, Lawrence county, Ind., was, about two months ago, called upon by two men, who, being admitted to a private room, locked the door, and producing a weapon, told him they had a warrant to arrest him for having counterfeit money, but if he would give them $1 200 they would release him. The doctor gave them $300 in cash and a note for the remainder, when they left. By advice of his lawyer, no action was taken until a few days since, when one of the men returned to collect the note, when he was arrested and made to give bail in $1,500, to appear at the Circuit Court. The trial over, the man said he was a U. S. detective, showed a warrant to arrest Dr. B., and did arrest him and took him to Indianapolis.

—— A few years ago a physician of Georgetown, West Indies, examined the body of a man that had been discovered under a heap of cane-trash, or the fibrous residue of the canes, and found that the body emitted no smell, and was dried up like a mummy. He did not at the time proclaim his discovery, but immediately instituted experiments on dead animals, which completely confirmed his observations. Convinced thereby that by the fermentation of fresh cane trash a disinfecting and antiseptic gas was evolved, he immediately turned his attention to the means of employing the sugar-cane as a preservative against epidemics and contagious diseases, and as a medicinal plant generally. There happened to be at the time a great number of patients suffering from ulcers at the hospital, and a contagious gangrene had declared itself; the physician caused several tubs containing cane-trash to be placed in the wards, and the supply to be renewed at intervals. In a short time the atmosphere of the hospital was purified, the contagion entirely ceased.

IF a man has nothing to say, he is sure to take much time and use many words in saying it.

JESSAMINE LEAVES.

SPRING in absolute earnest at last. Blue skies, balmy breezes and open windows; strawberries if you like to pay 50 cents a dozen for them, and other delicacies intended evidently either for Lilliputian appetites or Brobdignagian pockets; and bonnets—spring bonnets, with a spring in them—bonnets which should be called Excelsior! The milliners declare they are not so high as they were last year, but the lace and roses and African grass, and indescribable ornaments of jet—which our aunt Jerusha will call sproozels—attain an altitude calculated to strike the beholder with amazement. I have remarked them in church—don't groan and say "shocking!" I was attending to the words of the Rev. Creamcheese—but ours is a fashionable church, and sitting half-way down the aisle, I couldn't see anything but my neighbors' bonnets. I dodged one way, and my gaze was baffled by a maize-colored plume; another, and blue silk cap crowns baffled me. I stretched my neck, but that was useless, I am not a giantess; so I gave up the effort in despair, and naturally forgot theology in millinery.

A Man of Wax.

Flowers and fruit are very pretty in wax, and we presume masculine members of society of tender years admire wax beauties who turn about and wheel about in hairdressers' establishments, and wax widows who simper behind "grief-bordered" kerchiefs in mourning stores. But heaven defend us from man of wax! Whoever conceived the idea of moulding the counterfeit presentment of a military hero, three feet high, painting his cheeks pink, putting on his head a little wig, dressing him in uniform, hanging by his side a little sword, and putting him on exhibition in our fair? So he sold for $150 or so. There is something awful in it. We are told that the effigy is the gallant Ellsworth, and shudder. The poor young soldier has gone where it is impossible for him to redress his wrongs, otherwise we fear he would be as anxious to tear down this monstrously pretty likeness as he was to uproot the rebel flag. If it were a likeness of Little Mac, for instance, that gentleman could, if he pleased, take the presentation sword—which he didn't get—and cut it down, annihilate it, and bestow its value on the Fair. But a dead hero is helpless, and Ellsworth in wax is sufficient to make any soldier exclaim, "May I never be a hero, lest ladies innocently and horribly perpetuate me in wax!"

Two Cent Pieces.

Congress is considering the propriety of giving us two cent pieces. The description is glowing. 'They resemble gold coin in size and appearance," says the dispatch; "on one side is a wheat-wreath; on the other, the words, 'God is our trust.'"

Do not feel elated, however; we don't believe any brilliant dream on the subject will be realised. Government cannot issue any currency in these mysterious days that is not disgusting, that has not from the first a greasy and unpleasant feeling, and that does not stick to your fingers and pocketbook. Nickel cents were charming, and the plague-suggesting postal currency was better still We presume the "gold-resembling" twopenny pieces will cap the climax. We shall be obliged to have recourse to "tea bricks," white pebbles or tenpenny nails before long, unless Peace makes her appearance on the stage, with an olive branch in one hand and a bag of gold and silver in the other.

The Crisis.

People who are wise in such matters predict an awful crash before long. Everything will be blown to atoms. Everybody will be bankrupt. Every hotel will be closed. Every paper will go out like the snuff of a candle. Millionaires will retire to back attics, and make brooms for a living. Merchant princes will be reduced to the necessity of vending pins and shoestrings in baskets from door to door. Persons now residing in Fifth Avenue will wander over the world with hurdygurdies and hand-organs, receiving pennies to go away; and fashionable belles will be glad of their servants' cast-off calicoes. At first we were alarmed, but on calm consideration we remember such dire prognostications as long as we can remember anything, and are perfectly sure that, even during the worst crisis, everybody had as much to eat and to wear as they ever had before; consequently we do not believe in the approach of famine and rags, and expect that silk dresses will sweep the sidewalks for years to come, and that jewellery will glitter, and palatial residences will continue to grow, even in the midst of the impending crisis.

Broadway Policemen.

Broadway policemen are not impartial; we regret to say it, but it is so. Of course we don't mean to insinuate that if they see a gentleman with his hand in another gentleman's pocket, they do not immediately inform him of his singular mistake, whoever he may be. We merely allude to the acts of official courtesy performed by the uniformed guardians of the law upon street corners. If you doubt me take up your position at any window favorable for such observation, and watch one of them for an hour. There he stands, like the statue of Napoleon, on a corner, conscious of the fact that unenlightened strangers take him for a military man; and, over on the other side, Aunt Jerusha from the country waves her parasol and red cotton pocket-handkerchief in vain. She is "dreadful skeered;" he knows that well enough, but it is a matter of no importance to him. He waits until she scampers wildly into the middle of the road, and rescues her with majestic scorn from the feet of sundry impatient horses, muttering grimly as he does so: "Old women seem to want to get run over; why can't you look out, old lady?"

Returning to his corner and the Napoleon attitude, he waits again until a bevy of maids and matrons gather on the opposite corner. He scans them critically: very respectable, good sort of folks out shopping; a passably pretty face amongst them; the girl with the curls; rather betwitching.

This decides him. He forsakes the Napoleon attitude for the Seventh Regiment march—crosses the street—advances to the girl with curls—clutches her by the arm—says to the others—"You come on, now"—and escorts the trembling bevy to the other side, leading them into rather more danger than they could possibly have managed to get into without his assistance, and paying no heed to the small shrieks and ejaculations of those behind him.

Again, after a parting nip of the young lady's arm, monsieur reposes himself à la Napoleon the Great—and behold a matron—portly and tall—competent to subdue any number of horses and omnibus drivers—grim and obstinate, and strong-minded. She will be taken care of—not that she needs protection, but on principle—the officer must do his duty—and he does it, fiercely. Now he drags her through the mud—on the double quick—charging on vehicles so that they retreat in turn.

Ah! it is grand—we don't know who will be Commander-in-Chief of the Union army by the time this appears, but whoever it is couldn't do it better. The strong-minded lady clutches the nearest lamp-post and gasps for want of breath.

But behold! Somebody—something—in a tight basque all bugles—in sky-blue silk, rich as silk can be—with lace and velvet tacked on everywhere—with a scarlet scarf tied under one ear—with gloves of mauve and bracelet of gold—with jockey hat and sweeping plume—and dotted veil and rose-tinted cheeks—tresses in a head bagwig, all but one, which (since purchased at the hairdresser's) will escape—and with a parasol which turns into a gun—observe her—she pauses—'tis but a moment—he of the brass buttons flies to her rescue—he embraces her with one arm—he shakes a furious fist at presuming drivers—he kicks an infant sweep importuning for a penny—and smiling down into her eyes, places her safely on the sidewalk and turns to gaze after her while aunt Jemimas and grandma Smiths vainly beseech his escort—they cannot win favor in his sight. Yes, policemen are partial, there's no denying that.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The proceeding instituted by Judge Barnard against Horace Greeley for "contempt" was brought to a close on the 28th ult., by Mr. Greeley appearing in Court, and answering the interrogatories about his editorship and proprietorship of the *Tribune*. He protested against the jurisdiction of the Court, and against the whole proceedings as illegal, but admitted he was the responsible editor of the *Tribune*, and was willing to take the consequence of whatever contempt had been shown in the case. Judge Barnard said in substance, that the object of the proceedings was to correct the growing evil of abuse heaped upon public men by certain newspapers with which they differed in politics, expressing himself satisfied with Mr. Greeley's answere to the interrogatories, and ordered him to be discharged.

—— Tailors working on custom work are liable to pay the tax on manufactured articles, according to a decision lately given in the United States District Court at New Haven. This decision is highly important, as the principle covers a number of other occupations which have hitherto been regarded as exempt from taxation.

—— The net proceeds of the Cincinnati Sanitary Fair are officially stated at $234,500.

—— Shirt collars of linen, cotton, paper and steel, are common, but to this catalogue are now to be added shirt collars made from vulcanized India rubber. The new invention has just been patented in England.

—— It is rumored in Washington that Postmaster-General Blair will follow up his dismissal of Mr. Watson, a radical Republican clerk in his department, by similar acts—he having resolved to make war on Mr. Chase's friends.

—— The President, in a communication to Congress, states that Gen. Blair is a Major-General in the service of the United States, and that he had an understanding with Gen. Blair and Gen. Schenck, last fall, that they should not lose their places in the army by taking their seats in Congress.

—— The Pennsylvania Convention assembled last week in Philadelphia, and elected Simon Cameron and a strong Lincoln delegation to the Baltimore Republican Convention. Resolutions were passed against the adjournment of the Convention and in favor of Mr. Lincoln's nomination.

—— The stage fares on certain city routes were recently raised from six cents to 10 cents. They were reduced to the former rate of six cents on Monday, May 2. A daily parade of empty stages is not a paying business, as the proprietors have found out. The Board of Aldermen adopted a resolution that a Committee be appointed to inquire into the expediency of selling at public auction the right to carry passengers in omnibusses or coaches in this city. This looks like retaliation.

—— The school district of Moscow, Wisconsin, containing 101 inhabitants, over half of them under 15 years of age, has sent 28 men to the war, some of whom have re-enlisted. Help is so scarce that a good deal of land will have to go uncultivated.

—— The following battle-flags of New York veteran regiments were deposited in the Bureau of Military Statistics of the State on April 20: The 110th, 112th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 17th, 18th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 32d, 34th, 37th, 38th, 59th, 51st, 64th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 80th, 91st, 96th, 97th, 104th, 130th, 146th, 177th. 3d Artillery, 7th Battery N. Y. V., 11th Battery F. Y. V.

—— The annual meeting of the Religious Society of Progressive Friends will be held at Longwood, near Hamerton, Chester county, Pa., on Thursday, June 2, commencing at 10 o'clock. The meeting will probably continue for three days.

—— Mayor Henry, of Philadelphia, has ordered the ringing of the State House bell on every fire to be discontinued. The firemen are now summoned by telegraph only, and the new method is said to answer extremely well.

—— The police of Portland, Maine, have been very active in recovering from wreckers much property washed from the wreck of the Bohemian. Among other goods was a large stock of bogus jewellery, which was all washed ashore in one cove, henceforward to be called Jewellery Cove. Most of it was spoiled by sea water.

Western.—There is considerable uneasiness in the Western press concerning the coming campaign—several of the leading editors evidently having had their faith shaken in the War Department by recent events in the South-West. One says: "We have lost all faith in the military sagacity of a Government which leaves Kentucky at the mercy of a rebel raider like Forrest."

Southern.—The prices in Georgia and Alabama are—gold, $30 for $1; corn meal, $25 per bushel; meats, $4 per pound; butter, $10 per pound; milk, $2 per quart; flour, $200 per barrel; coffee, $25 per pound. No articles of any kind are sold for less than $5 or $10. If the purchaser has a note of either, he can buy, if not, he must do without. Articles like knives, forks, spoons, cups of all kinds, are not to be had.

—— The Southern press is jubilant over the recent disasters to our arms in Florida, Red river and North Carolina. From the tone of their articles we should infer that the rebel leaders have resolved upon some definite plan which, if carried out, will bring on a decisive campaign. Their journals make many allusions to what they expect to accomplish on the water—implying that they have been busy in building rams and gunboats. The recent events at Plymouth lend these suspicions considerable countenance.

Military.—Adjt.-Gen. Schouler, of Massachusetts, reports that that State has furnished 59,893 three years' volunteers; 17,744 nine months' men; and 3,742 three months' men, since the beginning of the war. Total, 91,379.

Personal.—Rev. Calvin Webster, sentenced to 15 years imprisonment for enticing slaves from Kentucky, and who had served 12 years of the time, has been pardoned by Lieut.-Gov. Jacobs.

—— Mrs. Gen. Fremont is at the Revere House, Boston. She is on a visit, with her children, to her many friends in that vicinity.

—— King Victor Emanuel, who is a great friend of the chase, has received 20 stags from California. They cost, voyage and all, little less than $600 a-piece.

—— Gen. Halleck is said to be an applicant for Chief of the Engineer Bureau, made vacant by the death of Gen. Totten.

—— The golden wedding of Mr. Joel and Mrs Abigail Converse, of Lyme, Conn., was celebrated on Monday, April 11, in the presence of a large party of relatives and friends. Many elegant and valuable presents were bestowed upon the venerable couple, and the occasion was a very happy one.

Obituary.—James Holbrook, the well-known special agent of the Post-Office Department, died at Brooklyn, Conn., on the 28th April, of consumption.

—— Mr. Edward D. Riley, Chief of Police of Jersey City, died at his residence, in Montgomery street, on the 28th April, of consumption, after an illness of nearly four months. Mr. Riley was a native of Jersey City, 33 years of age, and was an upright and highly-esteemed citizen. In 1861 he was elected a member of the Common Council; in the fall of the same year he was elected to the Legislature; and in the following spring was elected Chief of Police for three years.

—— Commodore William D. Porter died on Sunday morning, May 1, in New York. He was born in Louisiana, was appointed from the State of Massachusetts, entering the service Jan. 1, 1823, saw 15 years sea duty, over 5 years shore duty, and was 20 years unemployed. He was between 50 and 60 years of age at the time of his death. He leaves a wife, who was with him at the time of his death, one daughter, who is in Richmond, and two sons, who are in the Confederate service.

—— Com. Charles W. Flusser, who was recently killed in such a peculiar manner in the fight with the rebel ram Roanoke, was a native of Kentucky. He was one of the most promising young officers of the American navy. Brave and accomplished, of high moral character and elegance of manner, he was one of the most genial and companionable men we ever met with. His gallantry was always conspicuous. The writer of this was on board the gunboat Commodore Perry with him, at the furious bombardment of the rebel forts on Roanoke island, and there witnessed the bravery with which he ran his vessel close under the guns of the fort, and raked its batteries from his bow and stern pivot 9-inch guns.

—— The reported death of Col. Lewis Benedict is confirmed by letters from Grand Ecore, near the scene of the engagement. He was pierced by five balls and instantly killed, while gallantly leading his brigade in the final charge. Lewis Benedict was born in Albany, Sept. 2, 1817. He graduated at Williams' College, and studied law, in Canandaigua, with John C. Spencer. After his admission to the bar he became a partner of Marcus T. Reynolds, of Albany. He was Judge-Advocate-General on the staff of Govs. Young and Fish; was subsequently elected to the office of Surrogate of the county and also to the Assembly of the State. When the war broke out he was still engaged in the practice of the law, but, determining to give his services to his country, in June, 1861, he was commissioned as Lieut.-Col. of the 73d regiment, Excelsior Brigade, with which regiment he went into the Peninsular campaign, shared its earlier hardships, and fought bravely at Williamsburg, where he was captured. He was taken to Richmond, where, and at Salisbury, N. C., he was the companion of Cols. Corcoran, Wilcox, etc. After an imprisonment of several months he was exchanged, and in Sept., 1862 (one month after his exchange), he was commissioned Colonel of the 152d (3d Metropolitan) regiment. In October the regiment proceeded to New Orleans. In January, 1863, he was designated Acting-Brigadier, and in that capacity was actively employed, rendering important service previous to the siege of Port Hudson, where he was conspicuous in most of the terrible fights during that memorable siege. He was foremost in the fearful slaughter of June 14, and when it was decided to storm the fort Col. Benedict was given command of the 2d battalion, selected to serve as the forlorn hope.

Accidents and Offences.—A married woman, named Leesman, has eloped from St. Louis with a young man and $13,000 in certificates of deposit in the German Savings Bank, they being made out in her name, but belonging to her husband She is supposed to have gone to New Orleans.

—— A boat containing five persons has been drawn over the upper dam at Little Falls, N. Y., and all were drowned, their bodies passing down the rapids and not having been found. The party consisted of Mr. Vaughan and his son, Mr. J. P. Casler and two lads, named McHenry and Carr.

—— The bogus Capt. Sanford, who succeeded in marrying a Palmyra, N. Y., girl, she supposing that he was her lover, whose courtship had been conducted by letter alone, turns out to have had other wives already. He has been given up by the military to the civil authorities.

—— Ten vessels this year have been lost from the Gloucester fishing fleet, valued at $15,000; 78 men have perished with them, leaving 31 widows and 48 fatherless children.

—— Lieut. Burns, who absconded from Louisville with $13,000, Government money, has been arrested at Montreal, C. W.

Foreign.—The Sultan has appointed two Christians members of the Grand Council, and others have been promoted to high official positions. This liberal tendency on his part is a mark of progress, which predicts well for Turkey.

—— The Italian frigate Re Galantuomo, which recently sailed from this port, and was subsequently spoken at sea when in a supposed sinking condition, is not lost, as was reported but has arrived at Terceira, one of the Azore islands. Her guns were thrown overboard during the bad weather which prevailed on the voyage.

Art, Science and Literature.—Mr. Sprague has presented to the Senate the memorial of our Consul at Vienna, recommending the purchase by the United States of the invention of Dr. Auer, Superintendent of the Imperial paper mills and printing establishment of Austria, to make paper and linen out of corn husks and leaves.

—— A woman has, for the first time in England, passed a first medical examination. She had applied to the University of London and of St. Andrews, to the College of Surgeons of London and of Edinburgh, and to the College of Physicians of Edinburgh—but all in vain. Each of these learned bodies refused to allow her to compete for the degree which would have given her a legal qualification to labor in the cure of human ills, and finally she appealed to Apothecaries Hall, and having been examined in anatomy, physiology, chemistry, botany and materia medica—which she had studied for the prescribed five years—was successful in passing. A further course of 18 months study is required, when, if proved duly qualified, she will receive a license to practise.

Chit-Chat.—A little daughter of the owner of a coal mine in Pennsylvania was inquisitive as to the nature of hell, upon which her father represented it to be a large gulf of fire of the most prodigious extent. "Pa," said she, "couldn't you get the devil to buy coal of you?" He's been speculating on it.

—— A man in Cleveland, Ohio, fell asleep at church a Sunday or two ago, and woke just as the minister began to read in a loud voice the lesson of Scripture which begins: "Surely there is a vein for the silver, and a place for gold where they find it." Jumping to his feet in great excitement, the merchant stretched his arm and shook his book to the astonished minister, exclaiming: "I'll take five hundred shares!"

—— A Newburyport sugar merchant heard a few days since that sugar had gone up two cents, and telling no one what he was going to do, immediately rushed off and bought the whole stock of another merchant at 21 cents. He was so delighted with the operation that he treated the clerks all round on his return, and then learned that a man as clever as himself had bought all his stock at 20 cents while he was away.

THE SHAKSPEAREAN TERCENTENARY—LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF A STATUE OF SHAKESPEARE AT THE CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK, APRIL 23.

THE SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY.

AMERICA claims Shakespeare as part of the great English-speaking race, and has ever shown her reverence for the memory of the great poet. Yet we may look in vain for any testimonial that gives evidence of this feeling.

The tercentenary of Shakespeare's birth naturally aroused enthusiasm here as well as in England. The erection of a statue in the Central Park was soon suggested, and Saturday, April 23d, witnessed the interesting event of laying the corner-stone of a monument to the memory of Shakespeare.

The Century Club, which initiated the movement, yielded the direction of the affair to Mr. Hackett, the well-known actor.

The weather lent its pleasantest countenance to the scene. The Park wore its heightened and gayest look, and was still more beautiful by the presence of charming women. We noticed, among others, Mrs. Fremont, Mrs. Judge Daly, Mrs. John Wood, Vining, Davenport, Miss Rose Eytinge. The male portion were represented by the Rev. Dr. Osgood, Father Hecker, Judge Daly, Bierstadt, the artist, Launt Thompson, the sculptor, to whom rumor points as likely to be selected to execute the statue, the Hon. Henry J. Raymond, C. B. Seymour and Nicholson, of the Press, Stoddard, the poet, Augustus Sala, the author, Managers Wheatley, of Niblo's, Stuart, of Winter Garden, and Grover, of Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Messrs. W. H. Davidge, &c. In the evening benefits were given at Niblo's and Winter Garden for this object, Mr. Wheatley and Mr. Hackett playing Falstaff and Prince Hal in "Henry IV." at the former, and Mr. Edwin Booth, Miss Jones and Mr. Edwin James playing Romeo and Juliet and Friar Laurence at the latter. The receipts at Niblo's were $1,230, and at the Winter Garden, $1,546, the largest amount ever received on one night at that house.

It is intended to organise similar benefits in every town throughout the country, and doubtless when the Committee becomes more enlarged, and widens a little more the sphere of its exertions, large private subscriptions will be obtained. No design for the statue has been yet conceived, but the sum to be raised is estimated at $30,000—the cost of the statue to Washington on Union Square. About $4,000 is already raised.

The site of the proposed statue is at the south end of the Park, one of the most attractive and delightful within the limits of the grounds. A space staked off and surrounded with ropes protects the excavation, in which rest an oblong block of granite, bearing the following inscription:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,
April 23, 1864.

At 12 o'clock the ceremony commenced with a performance by the band, after which Mr. A. H. Green read the act of authorization. Judge Daly then delivered an appropriate address, and Mr. Hackett then laid the stone. This closing scene is sketched by our Artist. We trust that before many months it will be our pleasing task to present a view of the inauguration of the statue itself.

RESIDENCE OF EX-GOVERNOR ALEX. MOUTON, VERMILION BAYOU, LA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, O. E. H. BONWILL.

RESIDENCE AND SUGAR MILL

Of Ex-Governor Mouton.

As additional illustrations of the scenes of operations in Louisiana, we give two pleasing sketches of the residence and sugar mill of Ex-Gov Alexander Mouton, of Louisiana, the same we believe who, as the rebel Gen. Mouton, was killed in the recent battle with Gen. Banks. His fine estates are situated on Vermilion Bayou, on a rich and highly-productive tract, one of the richest sugar regions in the South.

A GENTLEMAN went with a friend to the Opera, and arrived before the doors were open. While waiting in the crowd standing behind his friend, he amused himself by picking the pocket of the latter, abstracting therefrom a handkerchief. Hardly had he done so when he was tapped on the shoulder, and on turning round he saw a gentlemanly-looking individual who handed him his own snuffbox, with a polite bow, observing that he never knowingly "operated on a brother professional, and was sorry that he had made such a mistake."

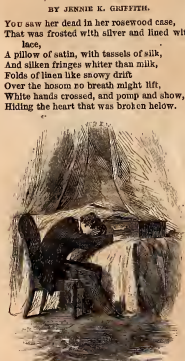
THE WAR IN NORTH CAROLINA—PLYMOUTH.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. VON GRIEFF.—SEE PAGE 119.

VIEW FROM PATTERSON PARK, ON BOUDENSLAGER'S HILL, BALTIMORE, MD.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. H. SCHELL.—SEE PAGE 119.

WHY.

BY JENNIE K. GRIFFITH.

You saw her dead in her rosewood case,
That was frosted with silver and lined with lace,
A pillow of satin, with tassels of silk,
And silken fringes whiter than milk,
Folds of linen like snowy drift
Over the bosom no breath might lift,
White hands crossed, and pomp and show,
Hiding the heart that was broken below.



Had I but known that the little hands
Held fateful dower of gold and lands,
I could have worshipped and walked aside,
Content in loving, my love to hide—
For their palms had touched me, and ever-more
Life would have brimmed with the extacy o'er,
As the Nile's love-valleys, caressed from sleep,
With tropical fervors the memory keep.

As star answers star in the twilight of earth,
So a love in her bosom like my love had birth.
I kneel to recall it, the love of that girl—
For the gift was an ominous, sad sea-pearl;
All of the wealth of her womanly soul,
Of her tenderness all, of her life the whole;
For how could they give her to such as I?
So my darling is dead, and that is why.

ENIGMAS.

By Miss L. M. Alcott.

I BOUGHT my roll that day of the quiet woman who kept the bakeshop near my poor lodging. I liked her ways; she always folded my purchase in a tidy paper, received my three cents with a little bow and a softly-spoken "Thank you," which dignified the paltry transaction and cost my pride no pang. At the corner I paused to decide where I should dine. A simple process, one would fancy, for the bread compassed my meal. But, not being a Franklin, I objected to consuming the roll in public, and had two free dining-rooms to choose from—the Park in fine weather, a certain reading-room in stormy. A drop of rain decided me, and I strolled leisurely away to the latter refuge, for hunger had not yet reached its unendurable stage.

The room was deserted by all occupants but the librarian and one old gentleman, consulting a file of foreign newspapers. I slipped into an alcove devoured my dinner behind a book, and then fell to breeding meodily over the desperate state of my finances and prospects, the first consisting of a single dollar, the last of slow star ation or manual labor, if I could bring myself to it. An abrupt exclamation from the old gentleman roused me, for it had a hopeful sound.

"Page, who copied this? I'd like to secure such a penman."

"Don't know, I'm sure, sir," responded Page. "Among so many clerks it's impossible to tell. I'll inquire if you like."

"No; I couldn't have him, if you did. But if you happen to hear of any good copyist who, for a moderate sum, would do a job for me, let me know, Page."

"I will, sir."

The old gentleman put down the list of newly-arrived books which he had been examining, and drew on his gloves. As he approached my alcove a sudden impulse prompted me to step out and address him.

"Pardon me, sir, but necessarily overhearing your request, I venture to offer myself for trial."

"Have you any references or recommendations to offer, eh?" asked the old gentleman, pausing.

I had an excellent one which I had vainly offered to many persons for the last month. He read the very flattering letter from a well-known scholar whom I had served as secretary for a year, and seemed inclined to try me.

"Hum—quite correct—very satisfactory. Give me a sample of your writing; here's pen and paper."

I obeyed, and laying a sheet of paper upon the open book I had been reading, dashed off my signature in several different styles.

"Very good; the plainest suits me best. What's this? So you understand Italian, do you?"

"Yes, sir; perfectly, I believe."

The old gentleman meditated, and while doing so scanned my face with a pair of keen eyes, in which I could discover nothing but curiosity. I gratified it by saying, briefly:

"Mine is the old story, sir. I am a gentleman's son, poor, proud and friendless now, in want of employment, and ready to do anything for my daily bread."

"Anything, young man?" asked the old gentleman, almost startling me with the energy of his emphasis on that first word.

"Anything but crime, sir. I am in a strait where one does not hesitate long between almost any humiliation and absolute want."

I spoke as forcibly as he had done; it seemed to please him, for the stony immobility of his face relaxed, and a curious expression of satisfaction crept over it.

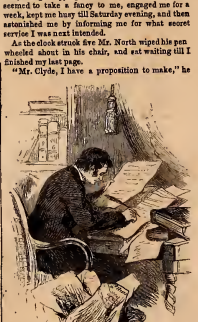
"Come to me to-morrow at ten. There is my address."

And, thrusting a card into my hand, the old gentleman walked away.

Precisely at ten o'clock on the morrow I presented myself at Mr. North's door, and was speedily set at work in his very comfortable office. The whole affair was rather peculiar, but I liked it the better for that, and the more eccentric the old lawyer appeared the more I desired to remain with him, though copying deeds was not exciting. He seemed to take a fancy to me, engaged me for a week, kept me busy till Saturday evening, and then astonished me by informing me for what secret service I was next intended.

As the clock struck five Mr. North wiped his pen wheeled about in his chair, and sat waiting till I finished my last page.

"Mr. Clyde, I have a proposition to make," he



Copying the Work on Italian History and Politics.

began, as I looked up. "It will surprise you, but I have no explanation to give, and you can easily refuse. I have not intended keeping you from the first, but desired to test your capabilities before offering you a better situation. A certain person wishes an amanuensis; I think you eminently fitted for the post. You wish independence, agreeable duties and the surroundings of a gentleman. This place will give you all of these, for the salary is liberal, the labor light, the society excellent. One condition, however, is annexed to your acceptance. If you will pledge me your word to keep that condition a secret, whether you accept it or not, I will mention it."

"I do, sir."

"For reasons, the justice and importance of which you would acknowledge if I were at liberty to divulge them, I desire a reliable report of what passes in this person's house. I think you are fitted for that post also. A week ago you told me you were ready to do anything for your bread which was not a crime; this is none. Do you accept the place and the condition?"

"I am to play the spy, am I, sir?"

"Exactly, to any extent that your interest, ingenuity and courage prompt you. It is necessary that I should have a daily witness of the events that occur in that family for the next month at least, perhaps longer. I know the task I offer you is both a mysterious and somewhat difficult one, but if you will rely upon the word of an old man who has little more to expect of life, I assure you that no wrong is meditated, and that you will never have cause to regret your compliance. Let me add that at the end of your service, be it short or long, you will receive five hundred dollars, and be subjected to no questions, no detention, no danger or suspicion of any kind."

"But, sir, am I to work utterly in the dark?"

"Utterly."

"Am I never to know what mysterious purpose I am forwarding?"

"Never."

"Can I, ought I to pledge myself to such blind obedience?"

"I believe you can and ought; it is for you to decide whether you will."

Not a feature of the old man's face had varied from its usual colorless immobility; his keen eye searched me while he spoke, and when he paused

The Author and his Amanuensis.

he sat motionless, with no sign of impatience, as I rapidly considered the strange compost offered me. I rebelled a little at the dishonorable part of it, yet I was conscious of a secret interest and delight in the mysterious mission. The place seemed a tempting one, the bribe a fortune, the security reliable, for Mr. North was as much in my power as I in his. As if cognizant of the doubt and desire between which I was wavering, he said, abruptly:

"You are well-born, well-bred, comely, discreet and acute. Too proud to beg a penny, too poor to be over nice. A man exactly fitted to the place, though others may be found as competent, less scrupulous and more eager for both the enterprise and the reward."

"Hardly, sir. I accept."

The only sign of satisfaction which he gave was a closer squeeze of the long thin hands loosely folded on his knee.

"Good! now listen, and bear these instructions carefully in mind. This place is ten miles out of the city; here is the address. On Monday evening go there, ask for Mr. Bernard Noel, and present your letter of recommendation. On no account mention my name or ever betray that you have any knowledge of me. Another thing remember, use your Italian as far as the comprehending of it when spoken by others, but deny that you possess that accomplishment if asked."

"Am I to be of being accepted, sir?"

"Yes, I think so. You have only to say that you saw and have answered an advertisement in last week's *Times*. Such a one appeared—stay, put it in your letter. Now look at this and give me your attention."

He turned to his table, produced a small locked portfolio and explained its purpose as I stood beside him. Several quires of particularly thin smooth paper lay within, a package of envelopes directed in a strange hand to A. Z. Clyde, a seal with a skull for its device, and a stick of iron-gray sealing-wax completed the contents of the portfolio.

"You will record upon this paper the principal events, impressions or discoveries of each day, beginning with your first interview on Monday. Every Saturday you will send me your weekly report in one of the envelopes directed to the imaginary residence of your own. Secure each carefully with this wax and seal, and post them as privately as possible, without attracting attention by too much precaution."

"I shall remember, sir."

"You are to ask no questions, show no especial interest in what passes about you, and on no account betray that you keep this private record. You have wit, courage, great command of countenance, and will soon discover how to use these helps. Let nothing surprise, alarm or baffle you, and keep faith with me unless you desire your instant dismissal. Now go, and let me hear from you on Saturday."

He rose, offered me a check, the portfolio and his hand. I accepted all three, and with our mutual brief but courteous ceilenx we parted, the old man to brood doubtless over his strange secret, the young one to hope that in the unknown family he should find some solution of this first enigma.

* * * * *

JUNE 1ST.—Having received no directions as to the form into which I am to put my record, I choose the simple one of the diary as the easiest to myself, perhaps the most interesting to the eyes for which these pages are written.

According to agreement I came hither to-night at nine o'clock, being bribed by an excellent on the way. A grave, soldierly servant ushered me into a charming room, airy, softly-lighted and exquisitely furnished, yet somewhat foreign in its elegant simplicity. It was empty, and wandering about it while waiting, I discovered a lady in the adjoining room. As she seemed unconscious of my presence, I began my surveillance by taking a careful survey. Leaning in a deep chair, I only caught the outline of her figure; for over her white and gray dress she wore a large white cashmere, as if an invalid, and forced to guard herself even from the cool night air. Gray hair waved widely over either side her pale cheeks, under a delicate lace cap, which fell in a point upon her forehead. A deep green shade covered her eyes, leaving visible only the contour of a rounded chin and feminine mouth. She was knitting, and I observed that her little hands were constantly busy in the finger-tips with quick, black silk mits, such as ancient ladies wore. There was something melancholy yet attractive about this figure, my instinct, or womanly, so sadly afflicted, for I felt that she was blind.

Absorbed in watching her, I was rather startled by a voice among the shrubs that grew about the open French window behind me, and turned to see a young man entering from the garden. Somewhat embarrassed at being discovered prowling, I hastily inferred that the new-comer was a son of Mr. Bernard Noel, and introduced myself rather awkwardly.

"I came in answer to an advertisement in the *Times*, sir. I sent my name to Mr. Noel; but it is late; perhaps, perhaps, is not disengaged?"

What a singular look flashed upon me out of the dark eyes that were scrutinizing my face, and what a singular smile accompanied the words:

"I am Bernard Noel."

I murmured an apology, presented my letter, and while he read it set examining my future patron, wondering the while that such a lad should need an amanuensis. I say lad, for at the first glance he looked eighteen; a second caused me to suspect that he was some years older. Every inch a gentleman, for high-breeding makes itself manifest at a glance. Of middle height, slender and bulky in figure, yet with no boyish awkwardness to mar the easy grace of his address or attitude. The light shone full upon his face, and in that momentary pause I studied it. Dark curling hair framed a broad, harmoniously rounded forehead; black brows lay straight above those Southern eyes of his, now veiled by sweeping lashes; the nose was spirited and haughty; the lips handsome and strong, perhaps rendered more so by a slight moustache that shaded it. Even his dress interested me, as if I were a woman, though nothing could have been simpler or more becoming. A black velvet paletot, dark trousers, collar turned over a ribbon; an artistically small cravat of lace, perfectly shod, and a single ring on a handsome hand that held the letter. An almost instantaneous impression of the resemblance of the two to each was both older than he looked and wiser than his years. Whether some deep experience had matured him, or the presence of genius thus manifested itself, I could not so soon decide, but felt instinctively attracted and interested by the unconscious person whom I had been set to watch.

Presently he looked up, saying in a peculiarly clear and sympathetic voice:

"This is entirely satisfactory, Mr. Clyde; let me hope that the situation may prove so to yourself for Mr. Noel has commissioned me to allow you to secure the services of a 'a fine scholar and an accomplished gentleman.'"

He bowed with a gracious air, turned the quotations to a compliment, then continued with a gracious gravity that was very charming, from the contrast of youth with the more dignified whole air so gracefully upon this boyish master of a household:

"It is too late for the return train; you will remain to-night, and perhaps send for your luggage to-morrow. I am impatient to see my work begun for time presses."

"I am entirely at your service, Mr. Noel."

"Thanks. You will find us a quiet family; we see no society but each other, and I presume it is for this, and my present pursuits require solitude. I hoped to have finished my task myself, but my health will not permit me to undertake anything

than brotherly affection? I confess the fancy charms me, for my own loveless life has been so bare of romance I am ready to find interest and pleasure in another man's experience, while the mystery which surrounds this strange youth and my relations with him make it doubly alluring.

As I rose to return to my work the act seemed to rouse him; approaching the table he carefully selected a cake and fruit, filled a glass with iced claret, and arranging them on a silver salver, added a handful of flowers from a vase near by, and carried it away, saying with a half-sad, half-mirthful look:

"Madame likes me to wait on her, and is as fond of delicate attentions as a girl."

Till nearly five I wrote, then dressed for dinner, and when summoned found my host and hostess waiting for me. A well appointed table, a well served meal and one occurrence at its close are all that is necessary to record of this episode. Noel sat beside his cousin, waiting on her with a quiet devotion beautiful to see. Pierre hovered about both with a respectfully protective air, which became the venerable servant who seemed to eye me rather jealously, as if he feared a rival in his young master's confidence. It was a silent meal, for Noel was not loquacious, and madame seemed sad. I did my best, but the rôle I had taken was not one to allow of much conversation, and long pauses followed short dialogues.

We were just rising when Pierre entered, bringing a basket of hothouse flowers, which he delivered to his master, with the message:

"For madame, with Mrs. St. Michael's compliments."

Madame uttered no thanks, made no gesture of pleasure, but every particle of color faded from her face as she seemed to listen for Noel's answer. He too was paler, and the hand extended for the basket trembled visibly, yet he answered with unwonted animation:

"She is very kind; cousin, I will take them to your room for you. Mr. Clyde, I have an engagement for this evening; but drawing-room, library and lawn are at your service."

"The last shall be first, thank you, and I will enjoy the sunset out of doors."

With that I took myself away; Pierre closed the door behind me, and as I turned into the passage to my rooms I fancied I heard the click of a key turning in the lock. I got my hat, passed out at one of the long windows of my little parlor, and strolled towards the lawn along the terrace which lay close before the house. My steps were noiseless on the turf, and as I passed the windows of the dining-room I snatched a hasty look, which showed me the basket overturned upon the floor, madame with her shade at her feet and her face hidden in her hands, Mr. Noel reading a letter aloud, and Pierre listening intently, with a napkin still over his arm.

They did not see me, all being absorbed, and with my curiosity still further piqued, I wearied myself with conjectures as I surveyed the exterior of the house, the occupants of which already inspired me with such interest.

A rambling English cottage in a nest of verdure. A lawn slopes to the road in front, a garden lies behind, a lane runs parallel with the garden-wall on the right, and a grove of pines rises soberly against the sky upon the left. Curious to locate the room of the unknown, I struck into the lane, scrutinising the left wing as I walked. To my surprise, no upper windows appeared. An ancient grape vine covered the western wall, trained away from the lower casements, but completely masking the space above and wandering over half the roof. Looking closer, I soon discovered a large aperture in the roof, half hidden by the leaves; the sash evidently lowered from within, and this explains the flood of sunshine and the odorous gust that floated down the stairway which I now long to mount. Having looked till my eyes ached, I roamed away into the fields which lie between the solitary cottage and the town.

As I came up the avenue on my return Mr. Noel passed me, driving rapidly; he did not see me, for his hat was pulled down low upon his forehead, but his mouth looked grim, his whole figure erect and resolute. I watched him out of sight, went in and read for an hour, then to my room and secret diary. It is past midnight now, but Mr. Noel has not yet returned.

June 3d.—Found the young gentleman in his alcove, and my work laid ready when I went to the study this morning. He looked up and answered my salutation as I entered, then seated himself behind his curtain, and I saw no more of him for an hour. At the end of that time the perfect silence that reigned in the recess arrested my attention, and caused me to suspect that he had slipped away through the window. I was just meditating a peep when accident supplied me with a genuine excuse. A little gust of air blew in from the garden, rustling the papers on his table; one was wafted beyond the curtain, and almost to my feet. I waited a moment for him to reclaim it, but nothing stirred, and quite sure that he was gone, I examined it. A closely covered sheet written in Italian it proved to be, and a moment's inspection showed me that it was a part of the work I was copying, though in a different and bolder hand. Stepping to the recess to restore it, I was startled by discovering Mr. Noel asleep in his chair. Very worn and tired he looked, though younger than ever in his sleep, and on the page upon his desk lay drops that looked like tears. Seeing that his slumber was deep, I ventured to look well about me. The half-written sheet on which his pen still lay, as it dropped from his drowsy hand, was a translation of the very page I held. Others lay on the table, and in the cabinet which now stood open I spied three piles of MS. A hasty glance showed me the missing chapters copied in his graceful hand, a heap of blurred and hasty translation, and a worn, stained MS. in the same bold writing, the same language as the truant leaf. Farther I dared not look, but crept back to my seat, and fell to wondering why the boy wrote in Italian, and suffered no one to translate it but himself. Were he other than he is I should suspect him of a literary theft or some double dealing with another's work. But Bernard Noel seems incapable of deceit, and his look, his manner when speaking of it assure me that it is rightfully his own, whatever his reasons may be for so laborious a process. My reflections were suddenly interrupted by hearing him rouse, and seeing him pull aside the curtain to ascertain if I was there. He looked half bewildered by sleep, but began to collect the papers, carefully arranged them in the cabinet, locked it, and stepped out into the garden, where I saw him pacing thoughtfully to and fro for half an hour. That was the last of him for to-day, for he and madame dined at the St. Michaels, as Pierre informed me when five o'clock found me the sole partaker of an excellent dinner. They returned at nine, and the invisible musician has been singing for a hour.

June 6th.—For four days nothing has occurred worth recording, as I have been almost entirely alone. Mr. Noel hands me a chapter or two each morning, receives my copy at night, and only the necessary directions are asked and given. Madame has not been visible; ill I am told, yet her cousin looks tranquil, and no nurse or physician has been summoned to my knowledge. Very brief and silent are our interviews at dinner, and not once have I found the drawing-room occupied of an evening. No one calls, but Mr. Noel drives out often and returns late. My days have been spent at the writing-table, my evenings in my own room or solitary walks about the country. Returning from one of these, I saw the window under the vines brilliantly lighted, and resolved to satisfy my curiosity the first moonless night. This ends my first week's record; I trust it is satisfactory, and that out of my own darkness I have given light.

June 7th.—To-day, being Sunday, I asked Mr. Noel, when I met him at lunch, in which of the three churches, over the hill, I should find his pew.

"In none; I go nowhere just now. My cousin cannot, and I join her in a little service here at home," he said slowly; adding instantly, as if afraid I should expect to be included in that domestic service: "My friend, Mrs. St. Michael, will be happy to do the honors of her husband's chapel. I have spoken to her, and she expects you."

I thanked him, went to church, found the pastor a dull preacher, though apparently an excellent and pious gentleman; his wife a grave, motherly lady, who received me with courtesy, examined me with interest, and, as we came out together, asked me how I liked her neighbors.

"Mr. Noel seems an eccentric but most charming young man, and madame a wonderfully cheerful sufferer," I replied.

"Genius has many privileges, and eccentricity is one, you know," replied the lady, adding, rather guardedly: "Madame Estavan is younger than she seems, and manifold afflictions cannot wholly darken her bright spirit. May I trouble you to give my regards to her, and tell Mr. Noel I will see him to-morrow?"

At dinner I delivered the messages; Mr. Noel turned graver than before on receiving his, and madame turned gay. I was glad to see her so, and did my best to interest her, observing that her cousin often took the word from her lips, and that Pierre's usually expressionless face wore an aspect of uneasiness. In drawing out her handkerchief madame dropped an ebony rosary. No one heard it fall, for it slipped noiselessly through the folds of her dress, and no one saw it but myself. Pierre was busy at the sideboard, and, stooping, I lifted and returned it to her. She received it with the exclamation:

"*Ciel!* How careless I am grown! I thought I put it by after mass."

"Madame is a Catholic, one sees."

The words slipped from me involuntarily, her answer seemed to do the same.

"Oh, yes; in truth I am, and so is——"

A heavy silver fork clanged down into Mr. Noel's plate, and madame started at the clatter, leaving her sentence unfinished.

"Pardon, cousin; if you are forgetful, I am awkward. You were about to say, 'and so is Pierre.'"

Noel spoke quite naturally, but I suspect madame caught some warning from his tone, for the color mounted to her forehead as she eagerly assented.

"Surely, yes. Whom else could I mean? Not you, my too Protestant and English Bernard."

Poor lady, she overdid the matter sadly, and that anxious emphasis upon the words "Protestant" and "English" convinced me that Noel was neither, though but for this I never should have suspected it. As if anxious to banish it from my mind, he led the way to the drawing-room, and, as all madame's spirits had departed, exerted himself to entertain us both. In conversation I found him witty, earnest and frank, but in the midst of an animated description of foreign life he checked himself, and going to the grand piano gave us fragments from the sacred music of the great masters, with an ease and brilliancy that captivated me. I was heartily enjoying this treat when, as if doomed to make scenes, madame suddenly gave a loud cry and darted out upon the lawn, exclaiming:

"He has come! *Mon père! Mon père!*"

For an instant Noel stared aghast, then sprung after her, looking as wild as she. I followed to the terrace, and, standing there, heard, through the stillness of the twilight, madame sobbing and her cousin chiding. He spoke Italian, but low and rapid as were his words, I caught them brokenly.

"I cannot trust you—you have no control of face, voice, mind or manner. You knew it was impossible—he cannot come for weeks yet—I will have no more of this."

"Forgive me. It is this life which destroys my nerves; it is unnatural. I cannot bear it. Let it end for me," sobbed madame.

"It shall," almost sternly answered he. "Rest content, I will ask no more of you; it is selfish, unwise. I can bear and do alone; you have suffered enough."

"It is not that; it is the suspense, the deceit, the danger that dismays me. I can act no part. Send me away for a little; you will be freer, happier, safer, without me, as you know."

"I shall, and so will you. To-morrow St. Michael will receive you, and a few weeks will end all. Now compose yourself, go to your room, and leave me to explain your flight to Clyde."

I slipped round to the hall door and met him there with, I flatter myself, well-acted concern. Madame passed me with a murmured:

"Monsieur, I have known loss, it haunts me; forgive the malady of a broken heart."

Noel gave her into the charge of a grave, elderly woman, whom I now saw for the first time, and who came hurrying up with Pierre. As she departed the old servant hastily explained that it was he who had peeped and startled madame.

"Then madame is not wholly blind?" I asked, quickly, for there he paused and looked confused. Noel answered, tranquilly:

"It is only a partial loss. You may go, Pierre; you are forgiven. But let us have no more of this, for madame's sake."

The old man gladly withdrew and his master added, as I bade him good-night:

"My cousin needs change. I shall take her to town to-morrow. We have friends there, and her state demands better care than I can give her. We shall leave early, but I will prepare matters for you, as I shall not return till late."

A long sigh of relief broke from him as he turned away, and on my soul I pitied him; for it is my belief that madame is not only a little mad, but some refugee whom he is befriending, and who, in spite of gratitude, finds it hard to lead a life of concealment under the same roof with some fair, frail lover of this fascinating boy.

GEN. BANKS AND STAFF.

With the present interest attending the movements of Gen. Banks, our readers will view with pleasure the group of the General and his staff, from a strikingly good photograph of Jacobs, of New Orleans. Of Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks, the General commanding the department of the Gulf little need be said. The bobbin-boy who steadily rose by his own efforts to the highest rank in Congress, who, as a General, has displayed many high qualities and deserved success, is too well known to need a sketch here.

Brig.-Gen. Charles P. Stone, his Chief of Staff, is an old army officer, a native of Massachusetts, who entered West Point in 1841, and after acting as professor there till 1846 won distinction and promotion at Molino del Rey and Chapultepec. He is in the regular service Colonel of the 14th infantry, and till recently was Brigadier-General, having been appointed May 17, 1861, although recently mustered out.

He commanded at Ball's bluff, and was then confined in Fort Lafayette for many weary months, to be at last discharged, untried, unheard and uncondemned.

Brig.-Gen. A. S. Lee, the Chief of Cavalry, led the van in the first of the three days' fights.

Brig.-Gen. Richard Arnold, Banks's Chief of Artillery, was a cadet in 1846, and in 1850 entered the service as Brevet Second Lieutenant in the 1st artillery, and became a First Lieutenant in 1854. He is now a Captain in the 5th artillery, his commission dating from May 14, 1861.

Lieut.-Col. William Stretch Abert, a son of Col. J. J. Abert, became Second Lieutenant in the 4th artillery, June 18, 1855, and First Lieutenant March, 1857. On the 14th of May, 1861, he was made Captain in the 6th cavalry, and holds the position of Inspector-General, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

Col E. G. Beckwith, the Chief Commissary, was a cadet in 1838, and in 1842 entered the 2d artillery; in 1846 he rose to the grade of First Lieutenant, and became Captain in 1855. He has held the rank of Colonel on the staff since 1862.

Col. Clark was appointed an additional Aide-de-Camp, with the rank of Colonel, Nov. 18, 1861.

Major Guido Normen Lieber, a son we believe of the celebrated professor, is by birth a South Carolinian, but was appointed from New York in May, 1861, First Lieutenant in the 11th infantry.

Major Richard H. Alexander, the Medical Director, is an experienced army surgeon, whose commission dates back over a decade.

Col. James Grant Wilson is a gentleman of fine education, who previous to the war edited a paper at Chicago. Since it began he has published a volume comprising biographical sketches of the Illinois officers.

The other members of the staff are Major Von Sherman, A. D. C.; Lieut. Charles E Sargent, A. A. A. G.; Col. Horace B. Sargent, A. D. C.; Col. S. B. Holabird, Chief Quartermaster; Capt. J. S. Crosby, A. D. C.; Capt. William B. Roe, Chief Signal Officer; Lieut.-Col. George W. Stipp, Medical Inspector; and Capt. Charles L. Bulkley, Chief of Military Telegraph.

All accounts attest the splendid conduct of the staff of Gen. Banks on the field, Col. Wilson and Col. Clark being specially mentioned.

PLYMOUTH, NORTH CAROLINA.

It is not an attractive subject, but we give our readers a view of Plymouth, N. C., made by an officer during a stay of more than a year at that post, which has now been, in a manner so disgraceful to our arms, wrested from us.

Plymouth is eight miles south of Roanoke river, and is connected with Albemarle sound by a small inlet called Nag's Head. It had, in other days, a population of about 1,000, and was rapidly increasing in trade.

The Loss of the Southfield.

Nothing can be more disheartening than the disasters at Plymouth. The Navy Department had long been aware that the rebels were building a formidable ram on the Roanoke. When at last Plymouth was menaced by an immense force on land and the ram was known to be descending the river, the Bombshell, an old Erie canal boat, was sent to meet her. A rebel land battery, by sinking her, saved her from being run down by the ram Albemarle. The latter came down stealthily under the shadow of the bank and ran into the Southfield, a Staten Island ferryboat, sinking it in ten minutes after her formidable serrated prow crushed through its sides.

The Miami, Capt. Flusser, lay alongside, and the commander, who had been actively shelling the rebels ashore, sighted and fired a gun at the Albemarle, but it rebounded in fragments from the sloping side, killing Flusser himself.

Capt Flusser is a loss to the service, for he was an active, energetic officer, and had prepared with his scanty means to do all that he could in the emergency. It was his intention to connect two boats firmly together, by means of chains and spars, and seek the encounter by advancing against the ram, aiming to strike her between both vessels and force her against the shore. At the same time a torpedo was to be so arranged as to cast it into her smoke stack, but owing to circumstances beyond his control, the arrangements were not executed. After his fall several steel-pointed shot were fired at the ram, but all failed to pierce her well armored sides.

BRIG.-GEN. T. E. RANSOM.

Gen. Ransom, recently wounded in the battles in the Red river country, was born at Norwich, Vt., Nov. 29, 1834, being a son of the gallant Col. T. B. Ransom, 9th U. S. infantry, who fell at Chapultepec, and who had, in his military school, trained many to the career of arms.

After completing his education, young Ransom removed to Peru, Ill., in 1851, and began life as an engineer, but gradually became an operator in real estate. When the war broke out he raised a company in Fayette county, where he resided, and on its incorporation into the 11th Illinois was elected Major. The regiment during its three months' service was stationed near Cairo and at Bird's point When it was reorganized for three years Ransom was made Lieutenant-Colonel, and as the Colonel, the late Gen. W. H. L. Wallace, was generally acting as Brigadier, the command of the regiment devolved on Ransom. On the 23d of August he defeated a rebel force under Major Hunter, at Charleston, Mo., receiving a severe wound in the shoulder. At Fort Donelson he again led his regiment into action and was again wounded. His services had prostrated him, and for a long time he could accompany his men only in an Ambulance, but he would not leave them.

He was then made Colonel, and at Pittsburg landing was again in command, and though wounded in the head early in the day, would not retire, and by his gallantry received the highest commendation. Gen. Grant and Gen. McClernand recommended his appointment as Brigadier-General, and he was raised to that rank Nov 29, 1862. He was Chief of Staff to Gen. McClernand and Inspector-General of the Army of the Tennessee, and next in command of the district of Cairo.

In the siege of Vicksburg he commanded a brigade and led it at Champion's hill and the other preliminary battles, and in the attack made on the rebel works, in May, 1863. After the surrender he was sent to Natchez, in July, where he broke up the supply system of the rebel army.

He has since been engaged in the Red river expedition, and, as we have seen, has for the fourth time come wounded from the field, having been struck down by a Minié ball in the knee while directing the fire of the Chicago battery, on the second day's fight.

COL. JOSEPH J. MORRISON, 16TH NEW YORK ARTILLERY.

Col. Morrison, now at the head of a fine artillery regiment, for which he recruited so successfully as to obtain nearly double the number required, is a native of New York city, born about 1832. On reaching manhood he became connected with the 6th company of the National Guard. Removing to St. Louis, he there was equally active in military matters and raised a militia company. When the President, in 1861, called for volunteers, he raised and drilled a company in St. Louis, but seeing little chance of service there he returned to New York and was at once chosen Captain of Co. A, 9th New York State Militia, and served with it through Gen. Patterson's campaign. After this he returned to New York and organized a light battery, with which as Captain he joined the 3d New York artillery, and fought under Gen. Burnside and Gen. Hooker through the North Carolina campaigns, distinguishing himself at Kingston, Whitehall and Goldsboro. At the latter place his battery was charged upon by three South Carolina regiments, whom he repulsed with a loss of over 700 men. His regiment was next sent to South Carolina, to reinforce Gen. Hunter, and while there Capt Morrison was selected to return to New York and raise a new artillery regiment. He was commissioned Colonel of the 16th, and is now in command of it at Gloucester point Va. He actually has 1,800 men, but his regiment is to be reduced to 1,100, the rest being assigned to other regiments.

THE SPELLING OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Various attempts have been made from time to time to reduce the horribly confused orthography of our language to some system and method. Ormin, author of a metrical paraphrase of the New Testament, who lived in the 13th century, wrote a work on a simple but most admirable phonetic system of his own, the principal feature of which is that the consonant after a short vowel is invariably doubled. No writer was noted after Ormin until the middle of the 16th century, when several arose to draw attention to the great and growing evil of a corrupt orthography.

Sir John Cheeke, "who first taught Cambridge, and King Edward, Greek," and Sir Thomas Smith were the two first to attempt a reform; but the latter far outstripped the former in his work *De recta et emendata Linguæ Anglicæ Scriptione Dialogus*, published at Paris, in 1668. In 1860 was published the "Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionarie," of John Baret, which contains many very valuable observations upon the imperfections of our alphabet, &c.; in one part Baret says: "Some sluggish hed perchance (which would have all men sleepe with him quietlie in sloth and securitie, becaus he would not have his idlenesse espied) will saie I am too curious about orthographie, and what need I beat my braine about so fruteles and trifling a matter; other some that wallowe in wealth and being in some fat office of writing have filled their barnes and bagges with old cacographie, sey all is well enough, and that it is impossible to amend it, and but follie to go about to make it any better."

The names of John Hart, William Bullokar, Richard Mulcaster, Richard Stanyhurst, Peter Bales, Alexander Hume, Alexander Gil, Alexander Top, Ben Jonson, Rev. Charles Butler, Richard Hodges, Owen Price, Bishop Wilkins, William Holder, Francis Lodwick, John Byron, John Jones, Thomas Crumpe, Dean Swift, James Elphinstone, Benjamin Franklin, Joshua Steele, Joseph Ritson include all the subsequent reformers.

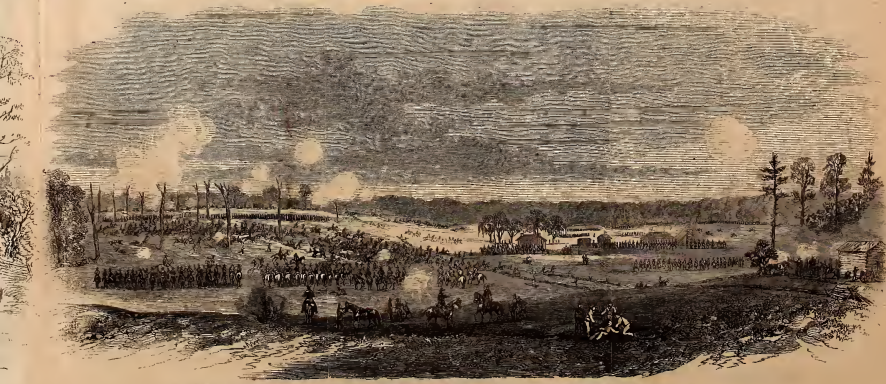
However, all other attempts at change sink into insignificance before the standard of revolt raised by John Pinkerton. Of him De Quincey says: "The monster Pinkerton proposed a revolution which would have left us nothing to spell." He proposed the letter "*a*" as a plural termination in place of "s," thus "pena" for "pens," "papera" for "papers;" the accented "*é*" for "*y*" final in all substantives; the "*i*" for "*y*" in all adjectives.

When we hear a novice playing the organ, we think the instrument has one stop too few.

THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—THE BATTLE OF PLEASANT HILL, BETWEEN GENERAL BANKS AND THE R

THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—BATTLE OF WILSON'S PLANTATION, BETWEEN GEN. LEE AND THE REBEL GEN. GREEN, APRIL 7.—SEE PAGE 115.

THE REBEL GENERAL DICK TAYLOR, APRIL 9.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist, C. E. H. Bonwill.—See Page 1.



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—BATTLE OF MANSFIELD, BETWEEN GEN. BANKS AND GENERAL DICK TAYLOR, APRIL 8.—See Page 116.

AT LAST.

BY ADA VROOMAN.

So I smile proudly, do I? Well, what then?
Sweet cause I have for smiling, since my crown—
My rightful crown of love—the flower of men
Has placed upon my brow—a blessing shaken down

From that bright tree which ever bloomed so fair
(But not for me); content I stood aside,
Nor thought of hate, that other brows should wear
Its starry blooms that crowned them wife or bride.

For what was I that he should strive to win
And wear me on his breast? A wayside weed—
No more; but still a weed unsoiled by sin
Of any worldly thought or selfish deed.

Perhaps that won him; no, it cannot be,
Nor good nor worth had I; I cannot tell,
I only know he bent and said to me
Those precious words my heart knows now so well.

Am I not right to smile, the happy queen
Of one true heart? the dear and chosen one
Of him I love! What marvel if my mien
Is proud? my woman's life is just begun.

The Gulf Between Them.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The day was passing—that long, terrible day in which the moments seemed to lengthen themselves into hours, while with every one the gloom about the old house deepened and pressed more heavily down.

Grantley Mellen was in his library still; it had been a busy day with him; it appeared as if every creature within reach who could invent a plea of business had chosen that time to trouble him.

He was alone at last, and it was well; he was literally incapable of enduring any farther self-restraint.

He rang the bell and gave strict orders to 'Dolph:

"Let no one else in to-day; I have letters to write; I will not see another human being."

'Dolph bowed himself out, and took his way to the lower regions, to communicate to Clo and Victoria the commands his master had given. Those three servants kept themselves aloof from the few others employed for tasks which they considered too menial for the dignity of their position, and these gaping youths and girls were strictly forbidden to enter the apartment in which Clo had installed herself.

They were perfectly well aware, those three sable emissaries, that something was wrong in the house; servants always do know when anything out of the common routine happens, and no pretence can blind their watchful eyes,

"Marster says he won't see nobody more," observed 'Dolph, as he entered the room where Clo was rolling out her piecrust, and Victoria busily occupied in watching her.

"I wonder what's come over 'em all," said Vic. "Der's missus a walkin' up an' down like a crazy woman—"

"An' she didn't eat no breakfast," interrupted 'Dolph, "an' she never teched a thing yesterday."

"An' Miss Elsie s retched out on de sofa, lookin' as if she'd cried her pretty eyes out," went on Victoria. "Says she's got a headache—go 'long; tell dat to blind folks! It's my 'pinion der's more heartache under dem looks dan anythin' else."

"Dat's jis' what I tink," assented 'Dolph.

Clorinda, from her station at the pastryboard, gave a sniff of doubtful meaning to attract their attention, tossed her head till her frizzed locks shook as if in a high wind, brought her rollingpin down on the board with great energy, and remained silent for the express purpose of being questioned.

"What does yer tink 'bout it, Miss Clorindy?" asked 'Dolph. "Yer sentiments is allers so conspicerous dat I be glad to have der 'lumination on dis pint."

Vic looked a little spiteful at hearing such eloquence wasted on Clo, but she was so anxious for anybody's opinion that for once she forgot to quarrel.

"I tinks what I tink," said Clo, with another toss of her head and an extra flourish of the rollingpin.

"Oh!" said 'Dolph, quite discomfited.

"Jis' so," said Clorinda.

"Any pusson could have guessed dat ar," put in Victoria, in an irritated way; "yer needn't make sich a mysteriousness jis' saying that."

"I shall make a mysteriousnesses or shall luff it alone, jis' as I tink best," retorted Clo, "so yer needn't go a meddlin' wid my dumplin', Miss Vic, 'cause yer'll git yer fingers burnt if yer does."

"Don't want ter meddle wid nothin' that reccrns [illegible]," cried Vic, jumping at the prospect of a quarrel, since there was nothing to be gained by amicable words. "[illegible] colored tings is ginerally too high scented for my taste."

"Jis' give me any of yer sarse," said Clo, "and I'll mark yer face smash wid dis ere dough, now I tells ye!"

"Don't lay a finger on me, 'cause I won't stand it," shrieked Vic; "yer a cross old catamount, dat's what's de matter."

"Go 'long 'bout yer business," shouted Clo, shaking her rollingpin in a threatening rage. "Dis 'ere's de housekeeper's room, an' yer hain't no business here."

"Much business as you, I guess; yer ain't housekeeper as I knows on; yer only potwasher anyhow."

"Missus telled me to use dis room for makin' pies and cakes in till she got anoder housekeeper, an' I'se gwine ter."

"I don't keer if she did, dat don't make yer housekeeper any more'n stolen feathers makes a jackdaw an eagle."

"Now, ladies, ladies!" pleaded 'Dolph, fearful of the extent to which the tempest might reach if not checked in time. "Don't let na comflusticate dese little seasens of union by savagerousnesses; don't, I beg."

"Den let dat old catamount leave me alone," sniffled Vic.

"Larn dat gal to keep a civil tongue in her yaller head if yer want peace an' composion," said Clo.

"Dat ar's religion wid a vengeance," cried Vic; "a callin' names is pretty piety, ain't it! I'll jis' see what Elder Brown says to dat ar de bery next time I sees him."

"Oh, yes!" said Clo, contemptuously; "yer allers glad of a 'casion to gabble to a man! How's a pusson gwine to hab religion when dey's persecuted by sich a born devil; wurs'n dem in de scripture as was druv into de swine."

"Laws!" said Vic, with a vicious sneer, "was yer roun' wid dat drove 'bout dat time."

"I'll drove yer," cried Clo; "I'll fix yer."

But 'Dolph interposed again, and luckily Clo's nostrils detected the odor of burning piecrust, and she rushed into the kitchen to see if the girl had allowed her pastry to burn.

'Dolph took that opportunity to soothe the angry Victoria, and succeeded so well that by the time Clorinda returned she looked quite amiable, only there was a broad wet spot on her cheek, and a corresponding rumple in her curls, which might have excited Clorinda's suspicions had she observed it.

"Now, Miss Clorindy," said 'Dolph, when she had relieved her feelings of abusing Sally for her carelessness about the pies, and was once more tranquilly occupied with her work; "now, Miss Clorindy, jis' glorify us wid yer 'pinion 'bout de 'fairs ob dis dwellin' which we has all noticed is more mysteriouser dan is pleasant."

"I ain't gwine to talk, jis' to be snapped up like a beetle by a Shanghai rooster," said Clo; "shan't do it, nohow."

'Dolph winked at Victoria, and that artful maiden condescended to attempt to mollify her for a little.

"Now don't be cross, Clo," said she, "it's bad enough to hab conflictions above stairs widout us a mussin'."

"Dem's my sentiments," cried 'Dolph, "and I knows fair Miss Clorinda 'grees wid dem—she coincidates, if yer'll 'scuse the leetle bit o' dictionary."

Victoria made a grimace behind Clo's back, but said, graciously:

"I'se gwine to give yer dat ar blue handkercher Miss Elsie guv me, Clo," she said, "so now let's make up and be comfoble."

"I don't want ter fight," replied Clo; "'taint my way—only I knows my persition and I 'spects to be treated 'cording."

The handkerchief was something Clo had coveted for a long time, and the gift quite restored her good-humor.

"Dat's as it orter be," said 'Dolph. "Peace and harmony once more prewails, and we's here like—like—de Happy Family at Barnum's Museum," he added, finding a comparison at length, and quite unconscious of its singular appropriateness.

"I'se gwine to mend dis tablecloth," said Vic, "and I'll set here to do it—when I go upstairs I'll git yer the hankercher, Clo."

"Oh! laws," said Clo, "yer want it yersef—don't be a givin' away yer truck."

"I'd ruther yer had it," observed Vic, "blue's allers becoming to yer, ain't it, Mr. 'Dolph?"

She made another grimace, unseen by Clorinda which nearly sent Dolph into fits, but he restrained his merriment, and answered with the gravity of a judge:

"Miss Clorindy overcomes whatever she puts on, but since yer wishes my honest 'pinion, I must say I tink blue's about de proper touch fur her."

Clo grew quite radiant with delight, but she worked away resolutely, only saying:

"Victy, dar's a leetle cramberry tart I jis' tuk ont oh de oben—it's on de kitchen table—I 'spect we might as well eat it, 'cause 'taint big enough to go on de table."

"I'll fotch it," cried 'Dolph; "to sarve de fair is my priv'lege."

He darted into the kitchen, bore off the tart from before Sally's envious eyes, and closed the door so that she could not be regaled even with a scent of the delicacy.

"I've jis' done now," said Clo, "so I'll rest a leetle afore I 'gina dinner. I'll jis' taste de tart to see ef it's good—it kinder eases my mind like."

"In course it does," said Dolph, and he cut the tart into four pieces, having an idea that the last slice would revert to him in the end.

They ate the pie and talked amicably over it, while in the end 'Dolph received the extra piece by earnestly pressing it on his companions, who in turn insisted upon his eating it himself.

"Mebby Sally'd like a taste," he said, virtuously.

"Sally, 'deed!" cried Clo. "It's nuff fur her ter see such tings widout eatin' 'em—a lazy, good-fur-notin' piece."

"Den ter 'blige yer I'll dispose of it," said 'Dolph, and he did so in just three mouthfuls.

"If yer wants my 'pinion 'bout what's gwine on," said Clo, suddenly, as she rose to pile up the dishes she had been using preparatory to making poor Sally wash them in the kitchen; "it's jis' dis yer! Dis trouble's all missus!"

"Missus!" repeated Vic.

"Now what does yer mean?" cried 'Dolph.

Clo nodded her head up and down several times with great gravity and precision.

"Yes, missus," she repeated, with the firmness of a person who meant what she said, and was fully prepared to defend her opinion.

"What's come over her?" asked Vic.

"Dat's jis' it," returned Clo; "now you've hit it prezact—yer might talk a week, Victy, and not cum into de pint agin."

Victoria looked at 'Dolph, and he looked at her, but, however convincing her words might have seemed to Clorinda, there was nothing to throw any light upon their minds.

"Yer's repeatin' wid yer usual knowledge," said 'Dolph, softly, "but can't yer sperficate a leetle more clear."

"Mr. 'Dolph," said Clorinda, rolling up her eyes 'till only the whites were visible, "when I lives in a house de secrets ob dat house is locked in my bussom—"

"But to feller domestics," put in artful 'Dolph.

"Jis' 'mong us," said Vic.

"I know, I feels dat, and so I speak," replied Clo. "I ain't gwine ter say Miss Mellen is a favoright uv mine, 'cause she ain't—but she's my missus. Her ways isn't my ways, dat's all I says, and I hain't recustomed to bein' brung up so sharp roun' de corners as is her way to do."

"'Tain't ter be 'spected," said 'Dolph.

"Mebby 'tis and mebby 'tisn't," returned Clorinda; "I only says I ain't recustomed to it, dat's all."

"But what do yer tinks happened to her to put 'em all in sich a to-do?" questioned Victoria.

"I ain't prepared to say ezzactly," replied Clo, "but I tink she's gwine crossways wid marster and dat lubly angel, Miss Elsie. Dar's a syrup fur ye! She nebber gubs a pusson orders widout even lookin' at 'em—she ain't so high and mighty dat de ground ain't good 'nuff for her to walk on! Not but what missus a mighty fine woman—she steps off like a queen, and I tell yer when she's dressed dar ain't many kin hold a candle ter her, and as fur takin' de shine off, wal, I'd jis' like to see anybody do dat."

"It's all true," said 'Dolph, "as true as preachin'!"

"Mr. 'Dolph," said Clo, gravely, "don't take dem seriousnesses so lighteome on your lips."

"I won't," said 'Dolph, humbly, "I begs to 'pologise—yer see in gazing 'bout de world a gemman 'quires some parts of speech as seems keerless, but dey don't come from de heart."

"I'se glad dey don't," observed Clorinda, "bery glad, Mr. 'Dolph."

"But what do you think missus has done?" demanded Victoria.

Such a straightforward question was rather a puzzler to Clorinda, so she said with a stately air:

"Der's questions I couldn't answer even to my most intemancies—don't press it, Victy."

Victoria's big eyes began to roll wildly in their sockets; she was astonished to find that Clo had for some time seen that things were going wrong, when the fact had escaped her own observation, and, for the first time in the course of their acquaintance, she felt a sort of respect for her usual foe but temporary ally.

"Does yer think dey's quarr'ling?" she asked.

"When I hears thunder," said Clo, sententiously, "I allers takes it for granted there's a storm brewin'."

Vic looked more puzzled than ever, and 'Dolph was not much better off, though he tried to appear full to the brim with wisdom and sagacity.

"Yer 'members the night missus lost her bracelet, Mr. 'Dolph?" asked Clo.

"I does bery well indeed."

"When missus bemeaned herself to shout out at me as if I'd been a sarpint," cried Clo, viciously. "Wal, if ever I see thunder I seed it in marster's face dat ar night!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Victoria, bundling up her work, "if you and Mr. 'Dolph has got secrets to talk ober, I'd better go 'way."

"Who's a destryin' the harmony now?" shouted Clo. "It's raal sinful, Victory, to give way to temper like you does."

"Oh, dat's all fine 'nuff! But I don't wish to stand in nobody's way. I'd better take my work upstairs."

"Set still, set still, Miss Victory," urged 'Dolph. "Der's no secret. We shall have de uttermost pleasureableness in making you 'quainted wid de pint in question."

Clorinda did not look altogether pleased at his eagerness to explain; she rather liked Victoria to suppose there was a secret between 'Dolph and herself; it seemed like paying off old scores, and though in a friendly mood, Clorinda was a woman still.

"'Splain or not, jis' as yer please," said Vic, tossing her head, viciously, "it's quite 'material to me."

But 'Dolph gave a voluble account of what his master and mistress had said and done the night the bracelet was lost, and ornamented the conversation beautifully, calling on Clorinda to set him right if he erred, and the points where Clo most loudly expressed her approval as being the exact words spoken were the places where 'Dolph embroidered most highly.

"Why, dar goes marster now," exclaimed Victoria, suddenly. "He's gwine out to walk."

They all rushed to the window to look, as if there had been something wonderful in the sight, and just then Sally rushed in with a cry:

"The soup's bilin' over, Clo; come—quick!"

The *séance* broke up in disorder, and Clo was soon engaged in pulling Sally's wool, too common an occurrence to create any surprise in the house.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The confinement of the house became so irksome to Grantley Mellen that he could support it no longer. He could not have talked even to Elsie just then, so he put on his hat and hurried out into the grounds.

Upon one point his mind was fully made up. The clue to the mystery appeared to be in his hands; he would follow it out to the end now—he would know the worst. He had strength enough left to bear another great trouble. He felt that if this woman had wronged him he could sweep her out of his life, even as he had done that false one in years gone by.

That thought drove him nearly mad, it recalled the recollection of that writing. Should it prove the same! If this man had again thrust himself into his life to blacken it with his treachery and his hate! Terrible words died, half uttered on Mellen's lips, his face was fairly convulsed with passion, a loathing and a hatred which this time only blood could wipe out.

Below the house the lawn and gardens led away into a grove, and towards its gloom Mellen mechanically directed his steps under the cold, gray sky. A chill wind was blowing up from the water, but he did not observe it; in the fever which consumed him the air seemed absolutely stifling, and he hurried on, increasing its excess by his rapid movements.

He was in the grove, rushing wildly up and down, with no settled purpose in view, striving only to escape those maddening thoughts which clung to him still.

The wind was shaking the few remaining leaves from the trees and blowing them about in rustling dreariness, the frost had already touched the grass and ferns, and though the place on a bright day would still have been lovely, it looked bare and melancholy enough under that frowning sky.

"It is like my life," muttered Mellen, looking gloomily; "like my life, with an added blackness coming up beyond."

Then his mood changed; again that fierce passion swept over his face, leaving it dangerous and terrible.

"If that woman has deceived me," he cried aloud, "this time I will have no mercy! She shall taste her degradation to the very dregs; there is no depth of shame through which I will not drag her, though I ruin my own name in doing it! But it can't be! it can't be! It were death to believe it! Oh, Elizabeth, Elizabeth!"

Every tender feeling of his nature went out in that last agonizing cry. For the first time he realised all that this woman had been to him, how completely she had united herself with his life, and what a terrible blank it would become if he were forced to tear her from his heart.

He tried to check those black thoughts, to invent excuses; he was almost inclined to rush into the house, beg for the truth and promise pardon in advance. Then he called himself a weak fool for the idea, as if any excuse were possible.

"More lies, only more lies!" he said. "I will wait—I have the clue—it will all be made clear soon."

He clenched his hands with a groan that was half anguish, half rage, and hurried more swiftly on.

He came out upon a little eminence, from whence he could look down on the paths leading towards the house, though the dwelling itself was hidden by the thick growth of trees.

He saw some object creeping through the bushes, moving carefully, as if to elude the possibility of observation. He was always keen-sighted enough, but just then the thoughts in his mind made his vision still quicker and more clear.

He looked again—it was a man, running very fast and crouching among the bushes at each sound.

Without pausing for an instant's reflection he darted down the hill—as he approached the figure it disappeared. On into the thicket Mellen rushed—grasped the intruder in a clutch so firm that there was no shaking it off, and dragged him into the light.

"Rascal!" he cried, "what are you doing here? Answer me, or I'll shake you to pieces!"

The man struggled violently, but Mellen was like a giant in his passion, and swung him to and fro as if he had been a child.

"Let me alone!" cried the man. "I ain't a doing no harm!"

"What are you prowling about my house for, then? Do you know that I am master here? I shall take you indoors, and keep you till I can send for a constable. Take care—no resistance, or I'll brain you on the spot."

"I wasn't prowling round," pleaded the man, gasping for breath in Mellen's hard grasp; "I thought these woods was public property."

"Then you shall be taught. But it's a lie! You had some errand here—speak out, or by the Lord I'll kill you!"

"Don't—don't! You're choking me!" groaned the wretch.

"Then speak! What are you doing here—who do you want to see?"

"Just let me go and I'll tell you," pleaded his prisoner. "I can't speak while you're throttling me."

Mellen loosened his grasp on the man's throat, but still held him fast. His hold had been a fearful one—the man was actually breathless—Mellen had almost murdered him in his passion.

"Will you speak now?" he demanded, with a terrible menace in his voice.

The man began to breathe more freely; but, though shaking with fear, he answered sullenly:

"I hain't got nothin' to tell; I was going to the village and took a short cut through here."

Mellen caught him again by the throat.

"Tell me another lie," he hissed, "and I'll choke the breath out of your body."

The man could both see and feel that he was in horrible earnest; he might easily have supposed himself in the power of an insane man—and for the moment Mellen was little better.

"Let me go, I say—let me go!" cried the man, struggling more vigorously; but Mellen only clung to him more tightly, and down upon the ground they fell in that struggle.

Mellen had his knee on the fellow's breast and called out:

"Now, will you speak?"

"Yes, faltered the man, as well as he was able. "Just let me up—I'll tell you."

Mellen rose, and pulled him violently on his feet; as he did so he perceived a note lying on the ground which had fallen from the man's pocket during their struggle. He loosed his hold of the fellow, and stooped for the letter; the man took advantage of his freedom, darted away like an arrow, and was out of sight before Mellen could recover himself.

"No matter," he muttered, "he'll think twice before he comes again—I have the letter."

The envelope bore no address—it was sealed, but he tore it open without a moment's hesitation. Even as he unfolded the sheet his hand faltered—in the very height of his rage he could not think of the woe its contents might bring to his heart without a sharp pang.

He opened the epistle and glanced at the writing—it was the same peculiar hand he had seen at the pawnbroker's.

"It is his," he exclaimed. "Oh, this time I shall have revenge."

He read the letter—read it slowly through, though every word seemed to burn and sear his very eyeballs—standing there motionless, unable, at first, to take in the full extent of his crushing anguish.

These were the contents of the letter:

"I expected you to-day—you were wrong not to come. I know it is difficult for you to elude the vigilance of your Cerberus, but this matter will admit of no delay. I have information that the stocks are disposed of—look sharp that the broker is not playing a double game.

"The letters are ready—bring the money, and I pass out of your life for ever—since you will have it so. Let it rest there. If I am hated by those I love, be it so; hate does not kill, and love cannot be expected to last for ever, with men or women. I must have the money. I can submit to no further delay. If I do not hear from you to-morrow I shall come to the house in the night—so be prepared."

There was no signature—it needed none. Mellen knew only too well who the writer was, knew it as thoroughly as he did the name of the woman for whom it was intended.

For a full half hour Grantley Mellen was a madman; it was a mercy that, during his paroxysm, he did not rush into the house and murder the woman who had so wronged him. The fever and the insanity passed at length; he lay upon the ground, staring up at the cold sky, the letter still clutched in one hand, the other dug deeply into the earth, in a wild conflict of passion that shook him to the soul. He raised himself and looked about; it seemed as if he had been suffering in a mad dream—he glanced down at the letter—that brought conviction back.

He sat there for a long time revolving vague plans in his mind, and deciding upon the course he would pursue.

"Meet craft with craft," he muttered; "so I will."

He read the letter again.

"If he does not hear from her he will come to-morrow night—he will get no message—let him come!"

There was a horrible emphasis in his voice which none could have mistaken. He rose from the ground, arranged his dress, and walked towards the house.

"Not a sign, not a word which can betray," he said aloud. "I will meet her with a duplicity equal to her own—wait—a little longer—only a little longer."

He walked towards the house, and again Victoria called out to her companions:

"Here comes marster as fast as fast can be."

But Clorinda's thoughts were now centred upon her dinner, and she had no time even for gossip.

"Get away from dat window and go 'bout yer work," cried the dark spinster, austerely; "what hev yer got to do wid de marster's outgoin's or incomin's? Beat dese eggs into a foam rite off, for I'se in a hurry. Mr. 'Dolph puts one back so."

Victoria cast one more glance through the window, for the wild agony on her master's face rather alarmed her. But Clorinda called out in a voice so shrill that it was not to be disregarded, and she was constrained to undertake the task assigned her without more delay.

The Opera in 1680.—An idea of the splendor of ancient operas may be conceived from the *mise en scène* of "Berenice," first brought out on the stage at Padua in 1680. It had three choruses. The first consisted of 100 girls, the second of 100 soldiers, the third of 100 knights on horseback. In the triumphal *cortége* were 40 huntsmen with horns, 60 trumpeters on foot, six tambours, together with 24 other musicians, a great number of flagbearers, pages, huntsmen, grooms, etc.; two lions with Turkish and two elephants with Moorish grooms. Berenice's triumphal car was drawn by six white horses; six other carriages, for generals, were drawn by four horses each; six others, for the booty and the prisoners by twelve. The transformation scenes represented a forest, in which were being hunted boars, deer and bears; an endless plain, with triumphal arches; Berenice's rooms; the royal dining-saloon; a picture gallery; and the royal stables, with 100 living horses. Towards the end a great golden globe appeared from the sky, which opened of itself, and threw out eight other blue globes, upon which sat Virtue, Generosity, Fortitude, Heroic Love, Victory, Courage, Honor, and Immortality, floating in mid-air, and singing a chorus!

Currants.—Dried currants of commerce, as they are miscalled, are in reality a grape, and free from stones or pits; they come from the Isthmus of Corinth and several places in the Indian Archipelago. A small Spanish currant is sometimes sold in their stead. It is the island of Zante which furnishes the largest amount of these currants, and their cultivation is materially lessening, as the jealousy of the Ottomans does not allow large vessels to enter the Gulf for their purchase. Those currants grow on vines like grapes, the leaves are somewhat the same figure and the grapes similar; they are gathered in August and dried on the ground; when kegged they are trodden down closely with the feet. Zante island produces enough to load five or six large vessels; Cephalonia, three or four; and other islands, one.

We have heard much of the power of a woman's eye, but the eyelids are still more powerful; they can wink down a reputation.

THE OLD BEGGAR.

BY ERNEST TREVOR.

I.

There was an old and crippled man
Who sat a begging, where
It was my wont each morn to pass
In weather foul or fair.
He seemed so steeped in woe and want,
I thought, as I passed by,
That it would be a happy thing
For such a man to die!
For in the scorching sun or rain,
When wintry blasts are keen,
In scanty garb and tattered boots
This wretched man was seen.
So that whene'er I passed the spot
And saw this beggar nigh,
I inly said, "A happy thing
For such a man to die!"

II.

It was upon the Sabbath morn
When church bells cheerly ring,
To summon all, both old and young,
To praise our Heavenly King,
That as with contrite steps and sad
To prayer I slowly trod,
This poor old man was also bent
Churchward to praise his God.
But what a change! his face was bright
And he was cleaner dressed;
His step had thankful life in it—
His spirit seemed at rest.
And 'twas my chance that morn to sit
Near to him in the aisle;
And now and then I saw his face,
And caught his kindling smile.
His voice was full of thankfulness,
Praise came with every breath,
And in his look I saw the hope
That triumphs over death.
And thus rebuked, with wiser thought
I said, half audibly,
"Great Father! what a happy thing
For such a man to die!"

The Fate of Duke Alberto.

Some two centuries ago there lived in Milan, in Italy, a certain Duke Alberto. His palace was in the city, almost within the shadow of the far-famed cathedral, while his enormous possessions covered leagues of land in every direction. In person he was remarkably handsome, a giant in strength; in mind he was cunning, shrewd, sufficiently well educated for his social position; in morals he was unscrupulous, wicked and revengeful. He had immured his wife in one of his country castles, in order to have her out of the way of his daring and licentious pleasures. In fact, it was rumored throughout the city that he had murdered her; but, owing to his wealth and power, the authorities never instituted an investigation. His days and nights were passed in revelling with lewd women and parasite courtiers. His amours seemed to be the turning point of his existence, the whole end and aim of his ambition.

Such, in brief, was the character of the duke. With his tenants he was careless and liberal, caring but little about the amount of his income, provided it was sufficient to enable him to support and gratify his three great passions of wine, women and play. His principal associate and companion was one Guido Tomaselli, a libertine and spendthrift of the first water. Whenever the duke proposed an adventure, Tomaselli was ever ready to assist and co-operate with him. If a lady was to be abducted, a nunnery broken into, or a castle sacked, he was ever willing to obey the behests of his master. In age he was about fifty years, while the duke scarcely numbered thirty. He was wealthy and powerful, and was even more dreaded than Alberto. The gray hairs that plentifully sprinkled his hair and beard brought with them no wisdom—his long experience brought with it no discretion. Perhaps it was to his fatal influence that the duke ascended the ladder of crime and wickedness. He had been married, but his wife had long been dead, and from the moment of her death he abandoned himself to the world, the flesh and the devil.

Such are the two principal personages with whom we have to deal in the following narrative. A more charming pair of Don Juans cannot be found in all history.

Returning home late one night they had to pass the cathedral. It was lighted, and from its vast depths poured forth the musical volumes of a requiem mass.

"By my soul, Guido," said the duke, "this is strange! What noble lord or lady has departed this life and now invokes the aid of the church in behalf of the repose of his or her soul? *Corpo di bacco!* Let us enter. We may, perchance, light upon some fair vestal offering up her vows for the defunct, and in such case the hour and circumstances are propitious for another journey to my walled chateau at Aventino."

The pliant Tomaselli assented, and they entered the cathedral. The church was draped in black, the priests were livid beneath the yellow light of the sacred candles, and the organ filled every aisle and nave with its melodious notes. High up near the altar was a splendid catafalque, richly draped with heavy black. A few mourners knelt beside it, while here and there throughout the vast building, and dimly visible in the semi-darkness, were a few of the devout and faithful. The duke and Guido, awestruck at the scene, pressed forward towards the altar, when the former, in a whisper, inquired of a verger in attendance as to the name of the deceased in whose behalf these solemn rites were administered. In a ghostly voice, and with a pallid face and demoniac expression, he was answered:

"'Tis for the soul of the wicked Duke Alberto, of Milan."

With an expression of horror the duke gazed upon the catafalque, and there, reposing upon it, with all the gilded trappings of princely rank, he beheld himself. With a cry of dismay he sank senseless upon the pavement. Guido raised him and guided him to the outer air—both conscience-stricken at the terrible ceremonial in which they had been participants. When they regained their senses they found themselves seated upon the stone steps of the entrance, and the gray dawn beginning to develope itself in the far East.

Both agreed in the same story, although the cathedral was closed, its lights had fled, and its organ was silent. How and when the spectral procession had passed out without their notice seemed past their comprehension. Moodily and gloomily they entered the ducal palace.

Alberto looked narrowly at his companion, who was dejected and stupified.

"Wine, my dear fellow, will dispel these illusions of the brain," exclaimed he, as he filled a pair of goblets to the brim with the ruddy liquor. They quaffed and quaffed until the morning sun entered the apartment with its golden effulgence. "And now to bed for a few hours, and to-night, my good guide, with your assistance, I shall clasp in these arms the beautiful Donna Isabella, the fairest and loveliest flower in all Italy. She will return from vespers shortly after dark, and generally unattended. You shall disguise yourself as a coachman, and drive me to the corner opposite the great square, around which she must necessarily pass in order to reach her residence."

Guido Tomaselli shuddered.

"Don't say that you decline to participate in the enterprise," said the duke. "It is full of love and danger, two condiments that give a spice to every adventure of the heart. Besides, remember that I acted as your coachman in your last little affair, besides acting as your second in your duel with the lady's brother."

"It is true, Alberto," said Guido, "but would to God these adventures as you call them were abandoned. My nerves have not yet recovered from that horrible dream of last night. However, more wine and then let us to bed."

Darkness was just beginning to cover the city with its sable pall on that quiet, holy Sabbath evening when a carriage hastily emerged from the ducal palace, and took the direction indicated by Alberto. Scarcely half an hour had elapsed when a female figure dressed in black was seen slowly wending her way from the cathedral. The duke stepped quickly upon the pavement, seized her as she passed, and the horses bounded on a full gallop in the direction of Aventino. The Donna Isabella was a captive, and Tomaselli was the coachman.

As soon as Guido reached the castle with the duke and lady, he immediately returned to the city, delivered the carriage to an attendant in waiting, and forthwith proceeded in the direction of the residence of his only daughter, Lucia, a young and lovely girl of scarcely seventeen summers. The existence of this child he had always kept a profound secret for two reasons. One was that he feared the duke and his rapacious desires, and the other was his sense of duty in preserving her from the contamination of the outer world, among whose wicked ones he modestly acknowledged himself chief. In her society he passed many pure and happy hours, gazing with parental pride upon the golden innocence that Providence had entrusted to his keeping.

Bold and bad as this man was, he nevertheless had a corner in his heart unspotted by crime, but that corner was alone reserved for his child. All others he grasped in his net as the fowler does his prey. As he passed beneath the shadow of the great cathedral, he fancied he heard again the solemn notes of its mighty organ pealing forth a requiem mass. This time he seemed to see his own corpse lying in state upon a costly bier. Shuddering at the figures that his imagination had conjured up, he entered the dwelling of his daughter.

But no lithesome step was heard coming to meet him, no merry voice uttering a silvery welcome as of yore. A dread misgiving overcame him, and he sank upon the pavement at the base of the stairs leading to his child's apartments. Again did the organ waft its spectral music across the square. Phantoms, livid and deathly, jeeringly pointed their skeleton fingers and glared from their cavernous eyes at the wretch as he lay prostrate. They thundered in his ears:

"Thou art the man! Await thy doom, for vengeance is sure, saith the Lord."

In this condition he was found by one of his daughter's servants, who gave the alarm and procured the necessary assistance to remove him to his couch. Bewildered and crazed, he groaned in spirit, and it was some time before he could be made to understand that Lucia had not returned from vespers, and that already her attendants had scoured the city, in different directions, hoping to obtain some clue to her whereabouts, but all had returned without success.

"It is no use," he exclaimed, "I know where she is, and miserable man that I am, I am her destroyer."

In his then condition he was obliged to keep his bed for the following day, for his mind was in a state of frenzy, bordering on absolute madness. Towards evening he recovered himself somewhat and ordered a coach and horses to bear him to the castle of Aventino. We will now return to the duke and the poor girl whom he had abducted and imprisoned.

He had long watched her, knowing only that her name was said to be Isabella, hoping for some favorable opportunity of seizing her and bearing her to his fastness in the mountains, where he could defy an army in case of siege or assault. Nor did he dream for a moment that she was the daughter of his friend Guido. Had he known that fact it might have stayed his impious hand, but as it was the deed was done. After thrusting her into his carriage, he threatened her with instant death if she cried out or made the least resistance. Overcome by fright and terror she fainted away, and it was in this state of insensibility that she at length reached Alberto's castle. When she recovered she found herself in a gorgeous apartment, with a young and handsome cavalier gazing at her with looks of passion and admiration.

"O God!" she exclaimed, "where am I? Noble sir, release me, and heaven will smile upon you. I ask this boon on bended knees."

"Heaven, it appears, has smiled upon me this very night, fair lady," said the duke, "in vouchsafing to my tender care and custody so young and beautiful a flower as yourself. Believe me that I love—aye, have longed loved you—and that I shall devote the balance of my life in endeavoring to make you happy."

Her great grief at length gave way to a flood of tears, when Alberto perceiving her condition left her, promising to return as soon as time had assuaged her sorrow. She found herself in a man's apartment. From the window she could perceive that the castle was situated upon the top of a lofty mountain, and only accessible by a bridle pathway. The winds swept through the dark forest with a melancholy sound, bearing to her ears the presaging notes of death—for to die she was determined, rather than be dishonored by a villain. She examined the room and found in one of the closets attached thereto a stiletto. This she concealed in her bosom, with a feeling of security such as the fierce pride of an Italian nature only can bestow. Late in the afternoon Alberto again made her a visit, but finding her obstinate, he again left, promising to see her on the following morning. He trusted that time and patience would work a change in her obstinacy.

She had now had ample time for reflection as to the best mode of escape. The bolts and bars she could not overcome, and she was ignorant of the intricacies of the castle. Still she did not despair. Hope at length pointed out a gleam of light. If she could disguise herself in one of the duke's costumes—of which there were many in the room—she might pass the sentries after nightfall without notice. Once having reached the bridlepath she would be safe. About sunset she hastened to complete her preparations. It was about this hour that an attendant opened the door to bring her an evening repast, and she determined to sacrifice his life if necessary with her dagger, in order to secure her escape. At length steps were heard approaching, the door opened and the attendant entered. She had previously lowered the heavy damask curtains by the windows, so that a quiet gloom or semi-darkness pervaded the apartment.

"My lord duke," said the servant, "I did not expect to see you here. I have brought the evening meal for the lady, according to your instructions."

"'Tis well," said the mock duke. "She is now reposing and must not be disturbed. Remain here until I return."

Saying which Lucy boldly gained the hall. Proceeding through various gloomy corridors, she at length reached one of the ramparts, where she paused a moment to survey the ground. The portcullis was lowered, and several persons attached to the duke were seen passing to and fro. Night was rapidly setting in, and now was the moment or never to carry her plans into execution. She reached the bridge without interruption, and in passing it she hummed a lively air from one of the operas in fashion at that day. And now she is on the bridlepath, and in half an hour more she will be in safety. She had nearly reached the bottom of the hill, when a tall, armed figure sprang out of the bushes and plunged his dagger to her heart. She fell and died without a groan.

"Thus perish," said the figure, "thou wretch and miscreant. Little didst thou know that it was Guido's child thou didst abduct."

Saying this he pulled the body into the forest and proceeded on his way to the castle to enforce, if need be, a return of his daughter.

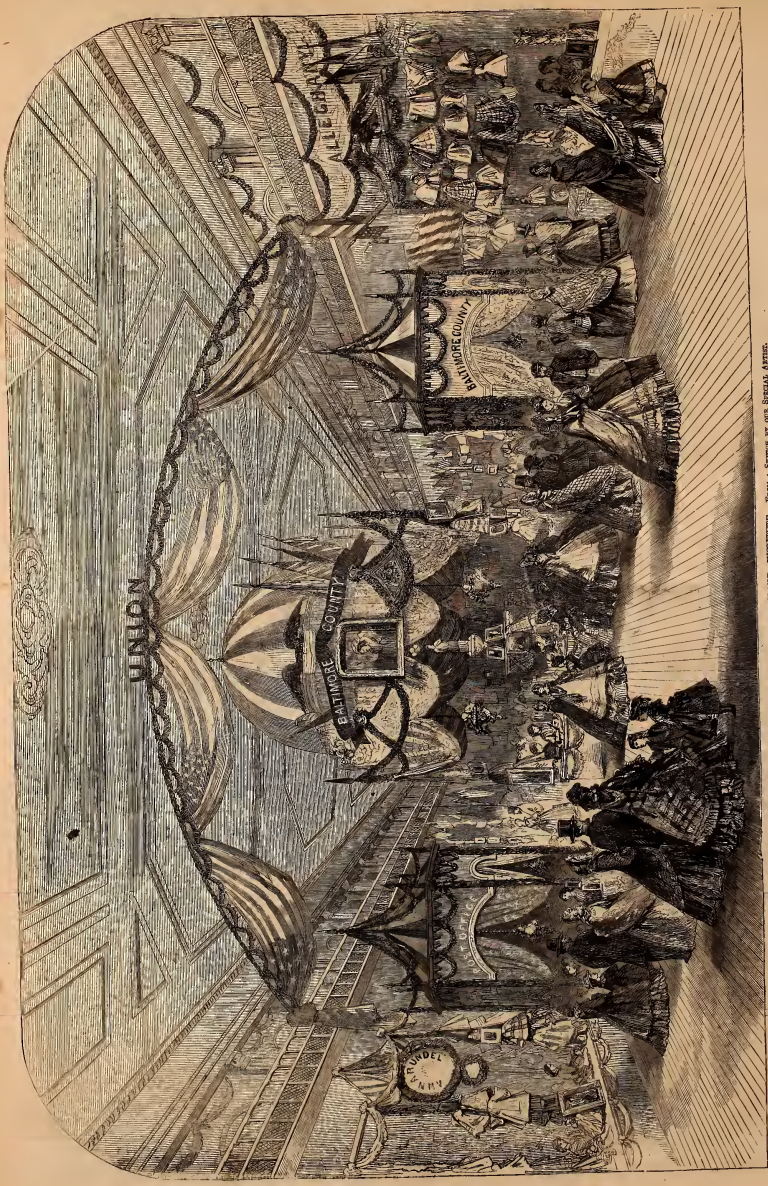
As he was well-known to all of the duke's retainers, he was gladly welcomed by them. To avert suspicion, he carefully asked where Alberto was? Some said he had not long before descended the mountain, while another averred that he had just passed him in the grand hall leading to his apartment. Guido knew well the direction to take, but first stepped upon the ramparts to cool his fevered brow. At this instant, to his great horror and astonishment, he perceived the duke advancing towards him.

"Ha! Guido, my pretty bird has flown; and that, too, within an hour," said he. "Just think of it; the jade donned one of my costumes and passed my guards without detection. But I will have her yet, for I have out parties to scour the mountain."

"Scoundrel! She is my daughter, and I am, unwittingly, her murderer!" exclaimed Guido. "The issue is now between you and me, and one or both must fall."

So saying he made a furious onslaught upon the duke, who, perceiving that he had to deal with a madman, began to call for assistance, at the same time defending himself with his sword. As this rencontre took place at a remote part of the castle, his cries were not heard. At length Guido closed with him and pressed him to the edge of the parapet, which overhung a depth of nearly five hundred feet. The bottom and sides of this abyss were jagged rocks, on which no one could fall and live. And now the death-struggle waxes furious. The parapet is reached; Guido, with the strength of a giant, presses Alberto over. 'Tis done! With a dull, heavy sound both are plunged into the awful darkness.

An Irishman describes metaphysics as follows: "Two men are talking together, and one of them is trying to explain something he don't know anything about, and the other can't understand him."



THE BALTIMORE SANITARY FAIR AT THE MARYLAND INSTITUTE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

BRIG.-GEN. T. E. BARRON, U. S. V.—SEE PAGE 119.

COL. JOSEPH J. MORRISON, 16TH N. Y. HEAVY ARTILLERY.—SEE PAGE 119.

THE SANITARY FAIR AT BALTIMORE.

The great success of the Sanitary Fairs in New ... and Brooklyn is stimulating other cities to renewed ...ertions. We give in the issue of this week a sketch of the Fair at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, made on the spot by one of our Special Artists. It was inaugurated on the 18th of April by President Lincoln, who went thither, accompanied by Speaker Colfax and Senator Wilson. The contribution of all kinds are very fine and attractive; and such is the change of feeling in Baltimore that the Fair cannot fail to command great success. As the Sanitary Commission extends its favors to all the suffering of either army, no consideration of politics should keep any one of charitable feelings away. In connection with this we give a view from Patterson's park on Londenschlager's hill, which will be readily recognized and admired by those who visit the City of Monuments to attend the great Sanitary Fair.

THE WAR IN NORTH CAROLINA—THE REBEL RAM ALBEMARLE SINKING THE SOUNDFIELD AT PLYMOUTH, APRIL 19.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 119.

RECENT BATTLES IN LOUISIANA.

Battle of Wilson's Plantation.

GEN. BANKS took camp at Natchitoches on the 6th of April. On the following morning at daybreak the cavalry again started, and came upon a body of mounted rebels before they had marched two miles. Fighting began at once, and the enemy were rapidly driven before our troops. This running style of fight was kept up for 14 miles until they had got two miles beyond Pleasant Hill.

Here a force of 2,500 rebel cavalry, commanded by Gen. Green, were found strongly posted on Wilson's plantation. The rebels were deployed along the edge of a dense strip of woods, with an open field in front, over which we had to charge in order to reach them. The only Union soldiers that had advanced far enough to take part in the fight, which was inevitable, was the cavalry brigade of Lee's corps, commanded by Col. Harai Robinson. As he had either to attack or be attacked, he decided to take the initiative, and he led his men in with such a dash and vigor that at last the enemy was completely whipped and driven from the field. This engagement lasted two hours and a half, and our losses amount to about 40 killed and wounded, the enemy's being at least as many. Col. Robinson pursued the retreating rebels as far as Bayou du Paul.

Battle of Mansfield.

On Friday a portion of Gen. Banks's forces was attacked by a superior force of the enemy, four miles from the town of Mansfield. Gen. Lee, with 6,000 cavalry, was cautiously advancing, when the rebels suddenly assailed his front in strong force, after considerable sharp skirmishing was indulged in. Finding the enemy were pressing him heavily, Gen. Lee sent for a brigade of infantry to reinforce him. A brigade of infantry of the best war material—tried veterans from the 13th army corps—were at once sent forward. The rebels fought vigorously and with desperation for several hours, driving back our troops with great loss, flanking both wings of our army, until a retreat was inevitable, if the enemy continued assaulting our right and front.

Our artillery, consisting of Nims's celebrated Massachusetts battery, six guns, Rawles's 5th Regular battery, 1st Indiana, and Chicago Mercantile Battery, together with two mountain howitzers, barked loud, long and furiously against the invading hosts; but notwithstanding the vast numbers of these savage messengers of death which mowed down the rebel lines, the enemy continued to advance boldly, evincing a desperate determination to conquer or perish in the attempt. After the enemy had inflicted a most terrible blow upon the gallant little band who nobly opposed their fearful progress, a retreat was ordered. The retreating force finding the road blocked up by trains got into confusion. A panic ensued, without a precedent since Bull run. The enemy pushed on in pursuit, capturing 18 guns, all Gen. Lee's wagon train, and driving the panic stricken mass for 10 miles to Pleasant Hill. Here Franklin opened his line-of-battle, and allowed them to pass. The 13th and 19th army corps then repulsed the enemy. Gen. Ransom reports the loss at 1,476 killed, wounded and missing.

The guns were not lost, however, without heavy cost to the enemy. The charges of grape swept them down fearfully, and amongst them the rebel Gen. Mouton fell, pierced by four balls.

Battle of Pleasant Hill.

On Saturday morning all Gen. Banks's forces were at Pleasant hill, and the rebels came on, cavalry in front.

The battlefield of Pleasant hill is a large open field, which had once been cultivated, but is now overgrown with weeds and bushes. The slightly elevated centre of the field, from which the name Pleasant hill is taken, is nothing more than a long mound, hardly worthy the name of hill. A semicircular belt of timber runs around the field on the Shreveport side. Gen. Emory formed his line of battle on the side facing these woods, Gen. McMillan's brigade being posted on the right, Gen. Dwight's on the centre, and Col. Benedict's on the left. Taylor's battery, L, 1st regulars, had four guns in rear of the left wing, on the left of the Shreveport road, and two on the road in rear of Gen. Dwight's line. Hibberd's Vermont battery was on the right.

In the rear of Emory were Gen. Smith's tried troops, formed in two lines of battle, 50 yards apart. The 13th corps was in reserve in the rear, under Gen. Cameron, Gen. Ransom having been wounded the day before. Gen. Smith was Commander-in-Chief of the two lines back of the crest, while Gen. Mower was the immediate commander of the men. The commander of the right brigade in Gen. Smith's first line was Col. Lynch; the left brigade was Col. Shaw's. The second line also consisted of two brigades. Crawford's 3d Indiana battery was posted on the right of the 89th Indiana infantry, and the 9th Indiana battery on the right of the line of battle. The Missouri Iron Sun battery, and others whose names and numbers we could not ascertain, were also in this section of the battle.

The skirmishing was kept up with considerable vigor until about five o'clock in the afternoon, when the rebels had completed their arrangements for the attack. At about this hour Gen. Emory's skirmish line was driven in on the right by the rebels, who appeared in large force, coming through the timber above mentioned. They soon reached the open ground and moved on to the attack in three lines of battle. Our batteries and infantry opened with terrible effect, doing great slaughter with grape and canister, while the enemy's artillery, being in the woods and in bad position, did scarcely any damage.

Col. Benedict's brigade on the left was first engaged, soon followed by Dwight's and McMillan's. The fighting was terrific; old soldiers say it never was surpassed for desperation. Notwithstanding the terrible havoc in their ranks, the enemy pressed fiercely on, slowly pushing the men of the 19th corps back up the hill, but not breaking their line of battle. A sudden and bold dash of the rebels on the right gave them possession of Taylor's battery, and forced our line still further back.

Now came the grand *coup de main*. The 19th, on arriving at the top of the hill, suddenly filed off over the hill, and passed through the lines of Gen. Smith. We must here mention that the rebels were now in but two lines of battle, the first having been almost annihilated by Gen. Emory, what remained being forced back into the second line. But these two lines came on exultant and sure of victory.

The first passed over the knoll, and all heedless of the long line of cannons and crouching forms of as brave men as ever trod mother earth, pressed on. The second line appeared on the crest, and the death signal was sounded. Words cannot describe the awful effect of this discharge; 7,000 rifles and several batteries of artillery, each gun loaded to the muzzle with grape and canister, were fired simultaneously, and the whole centre of the rebel line was crushed down as a field of ripe wheat through which a tornado had passed. It is estimated that 1,000 men were hurled into eternity or frightfully mangled by this one discharge.

No time was given them to recover their good order, but Gen. Smith ordered a charge, and his men dashed rapidly forward, the boys of the 19th joining in. The rebels fought boldly and desperately back to the timber, on reaching which a large portion broke and fled, fully 2,000 throwing aside their arms. In this charge Taylor's battery was retaken, as were also two of the guns of Nims's battery, the Parrott gun taken from us at Carrion Crow last fall, and one or two others belonging to the rebels, one of which was considerably shattered, besides 700 prisoners. A pursuit and desultory fight was kept up for three miles, when our men returned to the field of battle.

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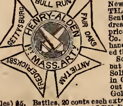

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The following correspondence will explain itself:

CINCINNATI, March 6, 1864.

E. Guenther Jr., Esq., Peru, La Salle Co., Ill.

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JAMES E. PAINTER.

REPLY:

PERU, LA SALLE CO., April 11, 1864.

Mr. Painter, Cincinnati, O.

Dear Sir—Yours of March 16th, just received, and contents noted. You say you want my opinion on the corrugated brass leg. In reply, would say:

1st. That if you get such a leg as J. W. Weston, 491 Broadway, New York, sent me, you will get a good, substantial leg.

2d. As you ask my opinion in a candid way, I will answer you candidly. If you get a leg made out of wood, you may be fitted for say at least a year; in that time your stump will get thinner a good deal, and you will have to pad the socket (the place where the stump goes in). In my experience with wooden legs, I have found this to be a great inconvenience. In the next place, the joints in a wooden leg are not made strong enough, for this reason: every time you step upon an uneven surface, it naturally sprains the ankle-joint, which, after a week or so, becomes loose, and is easily broken. In the metallic leg, this is done away with altogether, by a stout rubber that acts like a joint and every time you step upon an uneven surface, yields like your natural foot. You will see that the metallic leg is altogether superior to a wooden one, and costs only one-half what a wooden one costs. Another reason is, that the mechanism in the metallic leg is very simple, where in a wooden leg it is so complicated that, if anything gives out you will have to send it (the wooden one) back to the manufacturer's, and they will charge you a good round sum for the fixing of it. You will hardly believe it when I tell you, that when, after six months' wearing of my wooden limb, the hinges broke at the ankle, and I sent it up to the manufactory to get new hinges, they charged me $16 a piece or $30 for two hinges. I, for one, advise you to get a metallic leg for cheapness, lightness and durability.

If you should want any more information in regard to this subject, write me, and I will answer right away. Hoping you may be suited at less than it cost me, for I have paid out over $500 for limbs,

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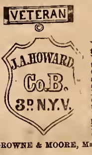

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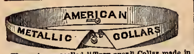

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NEWSPAPER

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No. 451—Vol. XVIII.] NEW YORK, MAY 21, 1864. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly. 13 Weeks $1 00.

The War—The Beginning of the End.

The results which have attended the opening of the grand campaign in Virginia indicate that our anticipations of last week are in rapid course of fulfilment. East and West, in Virginia and in Georgia, the armies and the combinations of Gen. Grant are moving with irresistible force upon the last remaining armies and strongholds of the rebellion.

The defeat of Lee and the capture of Richmond, or the overthrow of Joe Johnson and the capture of Atlanta, will be fatal to Jeff Davis and his Confederacy. In striking at Richmond we strike at the head of the rebellion, and in striking into Atlanta we reach the heart of it. The moral effect of the loss of Richmond among the armies and the people of the rebellious States must inevitably, we think, precipitate the final demoralization of their Confederate Utopia and bring it to a speedy dissolution. Their inflated financial bubble collapses at once, and with the military barriers of the James river broken down, the whole intervening country to Georgia is laid open to our victorious army of the Potomac. There will be no place of refuge for Davis and his Cabinet and Congress, where they can feel secure to the end of the summer, and no protecting line of defences which cannot easily be turned. In a word, ejected from Richmond and Virginia, Davis, his governmental establishment, his armies and his exhausted people, are all thrown into confusion and are all adrift. Thus the overthrow of Lee's army and the fall of Richmond will, even though Gen. Sherman were standing still meantime, be speedily fatal to the rebel cause.

On the other hand, if Gen. Grant's armies in Virginia were to do nothing more than to hold at bay the rebel forces enclosed within his converging lines, while Gen. Sherman's columns in the West are moving upon Atlanta, the rebel capital itself, and the States of Virginia and North Carolina, would in a very short time become untenable to the enemy, in being cut off from his supplies of subsistence, which are now mainly furnished from the last year's Indian corn crops of Georgia and Alabama and from the cattle of Florida. What possible contingency, then, can prevent the general dissolution of the so-called Southern Confederacy, when the Union armies, moving upon both Richmond and Atlanta, are too powerful to be successfully resisted or evaded?

We are writing in advance of any reported positive Union victory in Virginia, beyond the occupation of last week's battlefield of the Wilderness and the capture of Petersburg. We accept these great initial advantages, however, as clearly determining the final issue of the campaign. We believe that Lee has so far exhausted his strength in his desperate efforts to break the lines of Gen. Meade, that his only alternative is a hasty retreat to Richmond; and that should he reach the city without further interruption, his next step must be to abandon it, in order to recover his vital communications with the South. The campaign

REBEL ATTACK ON GEN. LEE'S WAGON TRAIN AT MANSFIELD, LA., APRIL 8.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.—SEE PAGE 135.

above and below Richmond opens auspiciously; all the advantages of the situation are with us, while the disadvantages entailed upon the enemy by three years of exhausted war are tenfold greater than in any previous campaign. The same contrast will apply with equal force to the campaign in Georgia. Richmond and Atlanta will surely be gained, and with the dispersion of the rebel armies defending these two vital points, the war will be substantially at an end. We believe that the dying struggles of the rebellion cannot be protracted beyond the month of July, and we are not without the hope that they will cease, or be reduced to a petty and short-lived guerilla warfare, before the close of this brightly opening month of May.

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WE need scarcely call the attention of our readers to our new and trim dress. The paper this week is printed entirely from new type, and cannot fail to please by its general beauty and interest, independent of its surpassing pictorial illustrations.

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Frank Leslie's Artists in the War.

THE Executive Committee of the New York Historical Society, in a recent Report, employ expressions which are, so far as FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER and "History of the War" are concerned, grossly unjust. "It is true," say the gentlemen of the Historical Society, "that the illustrated newspapers are full of sketches purporting to be pictures of important scenes, but the testimony of parties engaged shows that these representations, when they are not taken from photographs, are not always reliable."

Whatever poverty or a want of enterprise may have induced other papers to do, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER has always had its numerous Artists in the field. A selection of 200 of their sketches, made often amid the rattling shot and shell of the battlefield, were sent to the recent Metropolitan Fair, and if the New York Historical Society failed to secure them it committed an oversight. Private collectors readily purchased them, happy to be able to add to their albums such relics of the war. These sketches were made by Artists well known in the army, and though not sent to us or contributed by us to the Fair as finished works of art, are often of great merit even in this point of view. Their accuracy has been spontaneously attested by Generals in the highest command, as our readers are aware. Nor have our Artists performed their duties and won this approval without risk. Those who fought at Roanoke island recollect the Artist sketching in the forefront of the battle; the soldiers who fought at Chicamauga and Chattanooga remember the Artist who, with a party, was captured, and escaped by sending their captors down the rocky heights; the papers of a week back tell how another, at Pleasant hill, lost all his sketches of the line of march and incidents of campaign.

The sketches contributed to the Fair are but a few amid a host. If the Executive Committee of the Historical Society did not see those when open to all, we shall be happy to show the remainder to them, to convince them of their injustice to us at least. We may also bring to their notice "Frank Leslie's History of the War," every sketch of which was not only real but accurate and well studied. The Report closes with a blank form of bequest, but it inserts the word dollars. We shall bear it in mind, however, and if other counsels do not prevail, or some more upright Historical Society tempt us, make use of the clause one of these days and bequeath some of our remaining sketches to the venerable Society.

But be that as it may, and laying all joking aside, we assure our readers that our past enterprise has not exhausted or discouraged us. Other great army movements are at hand, and we have not been idle. Our Artists are with every important army; and not a movement of consequence in this, we trust, decisive campaign of the war shall take place without our receiving from our corps of Artists full, accurate and vigorous sketches, which we shall, as far as our limits allow, present to our readers, engraved in our best style. Our only difficulty will be to make the best selection; the sketches will be too numerous and valuable to give us even a temptation to invent.

In the campaign of 1864, as in those of the three preceding years, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER will contain the most prompt, truthful, graphic illustrations of the war, from the valley of Virginia, from the Peninsula, from Tennessee, from Charleston, from North Carolina, the Mississippi, Louisiana or Texas.

Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

THE fourth annual advance of the Army of the Potomac has been made. Three times has it recoiled in disaster from the rebel army; three times have the hopes of the country been blasted.

The grand Army of the Potomac crossed the Rapidan on Wednesday, May 4th. The 2d corps moved on Tuesday to the Mills, opposite Ely's ford. On Wednesday morning, at 4 o'clock, the cavalry crossed and drove the Rebel pickets from opposite heights, meeting with no opposition.

A position was gained, and the corps moved on at 7 o'clock, taking the road to Chancellorsville, at which place Gen. Hancock would establish his headquarters.

The 5th and 6th corps crossed at Germania ford in the course of the day, taking the road to the Wilderness.

On Wednesday night Gen. Warren's headquarters were at the Wilderness, Gen. Sedgwick on his right, and the general headquarters at Germania ford.

On Thursday morning the rebels pressed our pickets, and appeared to be in strong force on our right. The 5th New York cavalry, skirmishing on the Orange Court House road, near Perkins's tavern, were driven in with a severe loss, leaving many wounded on the field. Gen. Griffiths's division was marched forward on our right about 11 o'clock to feel the enemy's position, and were met by the rebel Gen. A. P. Hill, supported by Gen. Ewell.

A severe action took place, in which we captured about 300 prisoners, though it is reported that we lost two guns. Meantime, Gen. Hancock marched his corps to the right to connect with Warren, and had hardly got into position, his left resting on or near Chancellorsville, when he was attacked by Longstreet with his full corps, and a part of Ewell's.

Gen. Hancock, with the assistance of Getty's division of the 6th corps, held his position under musketed fire of two-and-a-half-hours duration, in which his command suffered severely, inflicting much injury upon the rebels.

Other developments showed Lee to have his whole force in our front.

It not being the purpose of Gen. Meade to advance upon the enemy, he ordered the line of battle to be held till morning.

The position of our troops on Thursday night was parallel with and a little in advance of the road from Germania ford to Chancellorsville, the two flanks resting on those points, and general headquarters at the Wilderness.

Meanwhile, in the afternoon the advance of the 9th corps crossed Germania ford, taking position on our right flank.

General Burnside drove the rebels through Thoroughfare gap, and came up in Meade's rear by forced marches from Warrenton Junction.

On Friday morning the battle opened with our line nearly parallel to the road between Germania ford and Chancellorsville. The battle continued all day, with but little intermission. The enemy failed in every attempt to break our ranks, and at night were driven behind their lines of intrenchment. Our losses during the two days engagements are estimated at not less than 6,000 killed and wounded, and may probably reach 8,000. The wounded were sent to the rear as promptly as possible, and dispatched to Rappahannock station. The enemy did not renew the attack on Saturday morning, and at noon were reported in full retreat, with our army pursuing. We have lost General Hays, of Pittsburg, General A. J. Webb, of New York, and General Wadsworth, killed; Generals Hancock, Getty, Gregg, Owens, Bartlett and Carroll, wounded.

Contemporaneous with the advance of the Army of the Potomac the operations began on the Peninsula. Gen. Butler ran up to West Point and White House, and by landing troops and commencing operations drew the rebels to that point, merely to re-embark, steam back and up James river. Here the troops under Gen. Smith and Gen. Gillmore landed at City Point, and destroyed the southside railroad between Petersburg and Richmond.

A sharp battle came off here, in which the rebels lost Generals Jones and Jenkins killed, and General Pickett wounded.

The rebels succeeded, however, in blowing up by a torpedo the gunboat Commodore Jones near Turkey Bend.

On the 5th instant the 1st and 2d regiments of colored cavalry, under Col. West, made a dash across the Chickahominy river, and two companies dismounted and charged into the camp of the 46th Va. cavalry, killing 30 men and capturing 35 horses. The horses were immediately mounted by our troops, who pursued the rebels to within ten miles of Richmond.

WEST VIRGINIA.

A party of 70 mounted men, under McNeil, made a raid on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at Piedmont, 28 miles west of Charlestown, and captured three trains, doing great damage.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Little Washington, being no longer deemed tenable after the loss of Plymouth, was evacuated by our troops and set on fire by some of the stragglers. The loss, which is very severe, falls on the Union inhabitants, who can of course expect no sympathy or even mercy from the rebels.

General Palmer has succeeded General Peck in this State.

The rebel General Hoke has been made a Major-General, and with Beauregard is preparing to attack Newberne.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Gen. Gillmore has been relieved of the command of the Department of the South, and succeeded by Brigadier-General John P. Hatch. The latter is relieved in Florida by Brigadier-General Wm. Birney of the colored troops. In the northern district General Schimmelpfenning succeeds General Terry. The disastrous system of change is consequently in full force.

GEORGIA.

General Sherman is pressing closer upon Dalton, and Tunnel Hill is already in the hands of Thomas. There are reports that Johnston has evacuated Dalton.

KENTUCKY.

Brigadier-General Prince has succeeded General Breyman in command of the district of Cairo.

The rebels again threaten Paducah, and the unfortunate inhabitants are chiefly encamped beyond the river.

MISSISSIPPI.

The gunboat Petrel was attacked by Wirt Adams's cavalry on April 23d, two miles above Yazoo city. Adams had about 200 men and two pieces of artillery. He sent a ball through the boiler after a brisk fight, and many of her brave defenders were killed. A few escaped, others fell into the hands of the enemy, who hung Col. Wooster, the commander of one of the negro regiments.

LOUISIANA.

General Banks had fallen back to Alexandria, after having a sharp engagement with the enemy at the crossing of Cane river.

Admiral Porter got all his gunboats down except the Eastport, which he endeavored to save by taking off her armament. This failing, he blew her up. Two transports were also destroyed, to prevent their capture by the rebels. In all, 13 transports and gunboats, it is stated, were blown up, to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy. Gen. Kirby Smith, in his official report of the Red river battles, claims to have taken from Gen. Banks 4,000 prisoners, 2,500 wounded, 8,000 stand of arms, 2,000 and odd mules, 250 wagons, 900 barrels of flour and 35 pieces of cannon.

ARKANSAS.

A skirmish took place recently between our cavalry and guerillas near Duvall's bluff. The enemy were routed and a number of prisoners taken.

It is reported from Memphis that Gen. Steele's army has returned to Little Rock. He was followed by Price's army and continually harassed. At Sabine fork the rebels were turned upon and repulsed after a severe battle, in which the loss was about equal on both sides.

NAVAL.

The Kearsage is ashore off the port of Ostend, having been run ashore by a pilot.

A blockade-runner, the schooner India, from Nassau, loaded with palm oil and cigars, and bound for Wilmington, was captured by the gunboat Vicksburg on the 30th April.

A PIOUS widow lady living in Lake county, Ill., has a wild son, a lad of some sixteen years, who lately enlisted in Farnsworth's new cavalry regiment. The lady, after the first gush of grief was over, consoled herself that in one branch of a soldier's duty her son was proficient, and would not have to learn, and that was, "he could swear like a trooper."

HE who goes through a land and scatters blown roses may be tracked next day by their withered petals that strew the ground; but he who goes through it and scatters rose-seed, a hundred years after leaves behind him a land full of fragrance and beauty for his monument and as a heritage for his daughters and sons.

THE celebrated David Crockett, on visiting a menagerie, was comparing the countenance of a monkey to that of one of his fellow-members of Congress. Turning, he saw the gentleman had overheard his remarks; so, to make matters pleasant, he said, "I do not know which to apologise to, you or the monkey."

LOVE is not love which alters when it alteration finds.

CONGRESS.

IN the Senate, on the 2d May, after multifarious business, the Joint resolution of the House, appropriating $25,000,000 for the payment of the 100 days' volunteers, recently called for by the Western Governors, was agreed to by 22 to 13.

In the House, the resolution calling on the Secretary of the Treasury for information as to the amount of debts incurred by the several States to aid in suppressing the rebellion, and declaring that such indebtedness should be assumed by the National Government, was referred to the Military Committee. A resolution offered in December last by Mr. Harding, of Kentucky, declaring that, whenever any rebellious State shall be subdued or voluntarily submit to the National authorities, it shall be restored to all its original rights under the Constitution of the United States and its own constitution, including the right to regulate its domestic institutions, was taken up, discussed and laid on the table by 67 yeas to 56 nays. The Secretary of the Navy was called on, by resolution, for information relative to the building by the rebels in North Carolina of the ironclad ram Albemarle, and as to why it was not prevented. A Message from the President, giving the information called for relative to the assignment of Mr. Frank Blair, jun., to the command of the 17th Army Corps, was received, and referred to the Committee on Elections.

In the Senate, on the 3d, the proceedings were of little public interest.

In the House, a bill was introduced to increase the pay of the army; the particulars we give in our Epitome, under the head "Military." The Senate's amendments to the Naval Appropriation bill were reported by the Ways and Means Committee. Those appropriating $7,200,000 for the completion of 16 screw sloops, $4,000,000 for the purchase and repair of vessels for Western waters, and $3,000,000 for the purchase and charter of vessels for blockading purposes were concurred in. The Senate's amendment, striking out the appropriation for the purchase of land adjoining the Charlestown Navy Yard was also concurred in, as well as the proposition to remove the Naval Academy from Newport, Rhode Island, to Annapolis, Maryland. The House then concurred in the Senate's amendment providing that no money appropriated for the Naval Academy shall be applied in the support of any midshipman who shall not hereafter be appointed in strict conformity with law. The bill was then laid aside, and the debate on the bill providing for the establishment of republican governments in the revolted States was resumed, and continued till the adjournment.

In the Senate, on the 4th, the resolutions of Mr. Sherman came up as the special order, that a quorum of the Senate consists of the majority of the Senators duly chosen; that, if a majority of the Presidential electors, duly appointed and qualified, vote for one person, he is President; that if the election of President devolves upon the House of Representatives, and the votes of a majority of the States represented in the House be cast for one person, he is the President. Adopted, 26 to 11.

In the House, the consideration of the bill guaranteeing a republican government to rebellious States was resumed. After a long discussion, the bill was passed—Yeas, 73; nays, 59. The bill provides for the appointment of Provisional Governors, and as soon as the military resistance shall be suppressed that measures shall be taken for calling a convention for the formation of a State Constitution. Certain classes of persons who voluntarily bore arms or held office under the Confederate usurpation are excluded from voting or being elected as delegates. The conditions on which such States shall be admitted include a provision that involuntary servitude shall be prohibited and freedom for ever guaranteed, and that no debts created under the sanction of the usurping power shall be recognised or paid by the newly created States. After some partisan speeches, the House adjourned.

In the Senate, on the 5th, the Committee reported a bill to prevent smuggling. It provides that after the 1st of August next all baggage, and effects of passengers, and all other articles coming into the United States from any foreign country shall be inspected, and if any dutiable articles shall be found, the trunk, valise or other envelope shall be confiscated. The same provision applies to car or vessel, and also provides they may be released by the Secretary of the Navy upon payment of fine. The House bill establishing a line of mail steamers between the United States and Brazil was discussed, several amendments of the Senate Committee on Post Offices adopted, and the subject was then laid aside. The report of the committee appointed to investigate the facts regarding the horrible butchery of our troops by the rebels at Fort Pillow was presented, and 25,000 copies ordered to be printed. The House National Bank bill was then taken up. Mr. Sherman offered an amendment to the amendment of the clause affecting the Bank of Commerce, New York city. It allows the Comptroller to close the affairs of the bank if at any time the capital shall be less than $5,000,000, with a surplus of 20 per cent. This was adopted. Mr. Sumner moved a substitute for the Finance Committee's amendment. It provides that every association shall pay to the United States a duty of one per cent. upon its circulation, one-half of one per cent. on its deposits, and one-half of one per cent. on its capital stock above the amount invested in United States bonds each half year after January, 1864. After some debate, without coming to a vote on the proposition, the Senate adjourned.

In the Senate, on the 6th, after some routine business, Mr. Sumner's proposition to increase the tax on banks, and urging that such institutions be subjected to national taxation exclusively, was rejected by 24 to 11; An amendment was adopted that every association may charge the rate of interest allowed by the laws of the State or Territory where the bank is located, and no more, except that where by the laws of any State a different rate is limited for banks of issue organized under State laws, the rates so limited shall be allowed for associations organized in any such States under this act. Another amendment, limiting the places for the redemption of the circulation of the banks to New York, Philadelphia and Boston, at a rate of discount not exceeding one-quarter of one per cent., was also adopted. Other amendments were offered, but without action on them the Senate adjourned.

In the House, the session was mainly devoted to the consideration of the Missouri contested election cases. The Committee on Elections reported two resolutions, which lie over for the present—one declaring that F. P. Blair is not, and the other that Mr. Knox, the contestant, is entitled to a seat in the House as the Representative of the First Congressional District of Missouri. The resolution of the committee, declaring that neither Mr. Loan, the sitting member, nor Mr. Bruce, the contestant, is entitled to a seat as the Representative of the Seventh Congressional District of Missouri, was called up, and led to an interesting discussion on the subject of military interference in elections. A report from the Printing Committee in favor of printing 40,000 copies of the report on the Fort Pillow massacre was agreed to. The House then adjourned till Monday.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GARIBALDI left London on April 22d, for the seat of the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland, and was to embark for Caprera on April 26th. On April 21st he was entertained by 200 members of the Reform Club. On April 22d he breakfasted with a party of American citizens at the residence of the United States Consul, and in emphatic terms expressed his regard for the United States, and his readiness to offer his services to President Lincoln against the Slave Power. Much dissatisfaction continued to be expressed at his sudden departure, and political motives were generally imputed to Garibaldi's advisers. In the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone had admitted that he had advised the

General to leave, because the tour through England might affect his health, and because "the magnificent national reception which had been given to him in London might lose some of its real dignity from being frequently repeated elsewhere."

The Prince of Wales travelled from Sandringham to London, on April 22d, for the purpose of paying a visit to Garibaldi. The Prince met the General at Stafford House, and remained with him, it is said, for upwards of an hour.

The King of Prussia has gone to the seat of war. The municipal authorities of Kiel have sent a deputation to meet him, and the same persons have requested all Holstein communes to join them.

According to a Hamburg dispatch, the object of the King of Prussia's visit to Schleswig is to sound the population, and "to pave the way for a vote in accordance with the views of the Prussian Government." M. Von Bismark has gone to join the King, and it is even stated that the Emperor of Austria will repair to the seat of war.

TOWN GOSSIP.

Broadway.

Paris is France, said Napoleon, and Broadway is New York, and New York is the United States, say we. On this great thoroughfare can be seen, at certain hours of the day, the representatives of all the world. Upon its *pave* move the most beautiful women, and the most *distingue* men, and through its mazes drive equipages that make the eyes of Parisians water with delight. Travelled men have pronounced Broadway the most brilliant street in the world, and we doubt not with justice. All principal promenades in principal cities of this country fade into utter insignificance before it, and the humblest denizen of the fields and forests of our land, even though a thousand miles removed, has heard of its fame, and dwells upon it as a child would upon some marvellous fairy tale, having all the reality of truth.

With this fact before us, it seems strange that our citizens and corporate authorities do not properly realise the pride of the great street, and try to preserve and beautify it. In any city of Europe this would be a national care, in this it is left to accident, or retarded by carelessness. In proportion to its amount of travel, Broadway has less care and more obstructions than any street of the town. Business is allowed to needlessly obstruct its pavements, and fancy policemen, of the Broadway squad, stand blindly by, while a jagged nail or an iron hoop, protruding from a box that has occupied perhaps 25 square feet of the sidewalk for half a day, tears a lady's velvet cloak, or commits some other damage that cannot be repaired, to say nothing of the discomfort it occasions.

We have seen a barrel of ashes emptied in the Corporation cart at the fashionable promenade hour, covering 200 people with dust, and doing more damage to clothes than would pay for the horse and cart, to say nothing of the Celtic driver, and no interference from the guardians of the law. We have seen an ancient Teuton, with hook and bag, allowed to scratch unmolested in an ashbox until he had covered every passer-by with the filth; and a man with a dirty or dangerous burden turn off the whole line of the pedestrians, through fear of coming in contact with him, without even a word of remonstrance from the spruce and well-dressed Broadway squadman, who only thought of saving his immaculate self and handing some particularly good-looking female across the street.

When will we have something approaching to system in the case of our streets, or when will our people think it may be worth their while to copy after the European cities, which have studied the matter longer than we have?

Dirty Officers.

While upon the subject of Broadway, it occurs to us how much that street and all others are disgraced by the presence of men wearing the uniform of the United States, and supposed to be officers in the service, who do not know enough to keep themselves clean. We have seen men who unblushingly wear their shoulder-straps, and the number of their regiment displayed upon their cap-front, who are guiltless of soap and water anywhere within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, to say nothing of a change of linen, that being an excusable matter when a soldier is not expected to possess a shirt. No man can be a good officer and be dirty and careless in his person; one of the first things he is called upon to teach the men he has to command being cleanliness, without which they cannot preserve health or military discipline.

Philanthropic Advertisements.

If there is anything the world has cause to congratulate itself on, it is the universal philanthropy that crops out everywhere, especially through the columns of the daily press. Honest and trusting countrymen must be delighted when they read of the many good young men who are about to vacate situations they have held for years, and bestow them on any moral and honest youth who will remit the sum of one dollar—merely to pay for the advertising—"which dollar will be certainly returned if the situation is not conferred," to Mr. Jeremiah Diddler, box 150, Herald office. Others have a valuable business, yielding $30,000 per annum, to which they will admit, as partner, "a young man of moral character—one from the country preferred—having the sum of $200 to deposit as security." Then there are wonderful inventions, worth millions, which, for the ridiculously small amount of a hundred or two, they are willing to give to enterprising youths; while again others will impart information to secure the fortune of its possessor, for 25 cents and a postage stamp, directed to J. G., New York Post Office.

Who would suffer for anything when it can be had through the medium of an advertisement?

The Sensation of the Week.

The positive sensation of the week, in the show way, has been the Davenport Brothers, at Cooper Institute. They have been crowding the immense lecture-room nightly with excited audiences, and we will venture to say that nothing that has been performed publicly in New York within recollection has excited more conversation and variety of opinion than their "manifestations." A description of an evening's performances can only give some idea of the matter:

On the stage, fronting the audience, is a large, black walnut box, having all the appearance of an ordinary domestic wardrobe. The agent having addressed the lookers on, calling their attention to the fact that it is raised on tressels two feet from the floor, and set in glass tumblers to prevent any electricity being used, and entirely disconnected with any part of the building, asks for a committee appointed from the audience to watch and report on what transpires in and about the box.

"Any one you please, ladies and gentlemen, will be acceptable to us."

The name of G. W. B. Tompkins is proposed by somebody, and received with shouts of disapprobation. Tompkins is voted out. Next came the name of George Francis Train, which was damned with faint praise, and Mr. T. was prevented from looking into the mysteries. Then the name of Mr. Fred Hudson, of the *Herald*, was proposed, and the house voted Mr. Hudson in unanimously, but Mr. H. silently and respectfully declined, possibly looking on it as an unpaid advertisement. The name next proposed was that of Mr. C. W. Fenno, an old and well-known actor, who, being voted in, took his place on the stage. Then came the name of the Count Joannes, who was also accepted by the audience, and stepping blithely on the stage, embraced Mr. Fenno, an embrace he explained to the audience by saying that Mr. Fenno had been his schoolmate in Boston, somewhat less than a century ago.

These gentlemen having examined the box critically, knocking its floor, back and sides, climbing to its top and looking beneath it, pronounced to the audience the judgment that it was all right, and what it purported to be—a simple box.

Then appeared the two Davenports, pale, quiet-looking men, somewhere about 25, and, without a word to the audience, entered the box. Cords were put into the hands of the committee, and the young men were bound in the box, fast to the seats, which were immovable, and with all the skill and double knots the committee were capable of making. Into this box were then put a violin, guitar, tambourine, trumpet and a bell, the gas turned down and the door closed. Instantly on its closing the sliding bolt was shot on the inside, and several violent knocks were heard, the instruments began to play and a general hubbub took place, in the midst of which the doors are thrown open, and a full glare of light let on, showing the Davenports to be still tightly tied as before. The door is closed again, and again the music plays, while the trumpet and bell are violently ejected through a hole about 12 inches square in the front of the box, and a hand and arm is seen waving out of the same place. The door is again thrown open, and, as before, the occupants are seen tightly bound, unable to move hand or foot. The doors are again closed, and in five minutes thrown open and the brothers step out unbound.

Once more they enter the box, the cords are thrown in, and in half the time it took them to be tied by Mr. F—— and the Count they are found better and more securely bound, with the ends of the cords entirely out of reach of their hands. Each of the committee then enter singly into the box, the music and knocking is faintly heard for five minutes, and the occupant comes forth to report that he feels human hands over his body and face, that the instruments seem to float about the box, and finally settle upon his lap, where they are found. Then a light and sealing-wax is brought, and the knots of the tying are sealed, the door is closed and the music again plays, the spectre hands wave from the aperture, the knocks come with violence, the trumpet and bell are ejected, the doors are thrown open, and the Davenports sit bound and sealed as before. The performances end by a last closing of the door, and in a few minutes they come forth free.

About Simmons.

Which reminds us that among those who so advertised was Simmons, who with prodigious puffs and enormous placards opened the Broadway Theatre on Monday. Mr. Simmons is excessively demonstrative, painfully so, we may say. He does nothing but talk, to the utter confusion of his audience and himself, and as Simmons has not a pleasant way of talking, it adds nothing to the pleasure of his performances. We cannot say that he does anything new, or, in truth, anything well; his principal feats, the blood-red writing on the arm and the *exposé* of the Davenports, being both failures, the first from its transparency, the last being no *exposé*, but simply an untying in the box, and not quickly done, without an explanation.

Heller also advertises an *exposé* for the coming week, which we earnestly hope will be the real thing and ease our troubled mind, especially as the Davenports, with an eccentricity for which we cannot account, have deserted New York and $1,000 houses to go into the provinces and thereby shut off our inquiring mind.

The Theatres.

The week has been singularly devoid of event among the professionals. There has been absolutely nothing doing startling enough to chronicle. Booth, at the Winter Garden, has been cramming the house with Hamlet, Richelieu and Shylock. Wallack's, always full, with English comedy and a sprinkling of "Rosedale" as an antagonism. Mrs. John Wood's Olympic has been passing through an eruption of benefits, not overcrowded. Niblo's is doing up the Irish drama to a tolerable business. And Barnum, finishing up "Cudjo's Cave" with last Saturday night, brings out a startling, strange, singular, spectacular spectacle, called "Belphegor" in which the dancing of Mdlle. Ernestine, who created considerable sensation at the Academy a short time since, will be a feature.

On the east side, the town is having just one more turn with a new fiery, untamed steed, and another Mezeppa in the person of Miss Kate Vance, a nice-looking, well-shaped little woman, who does up the flying steed business with reckless prodigality of limb, and suits the Bowery boys to such a degree that it will be hard to tell when the run of the fiery, untamed steed will end.

A NEW LUNATIC ASYLUM.

Shall we call the salesroom of Messrs. Bangs, Merwin & Co. a New Lunatic Asylum, or the New Sensation, or the New Place of Amusement? It is a marvel, or has been this week.

Antiquarians have known for years an old gentleman of the name of John Allan, a thorough Scot, a collector of books, coins, autographs, rarities, and fond of engravings, fond of illustrated books and of illustrating books. He lived away down in the Swamp, in a little street that half New York know nothing about, yclept Vandewater. He reached a very advanced age, and died not long since, having nearly seen a century.

His library and collection have been sold this week, and never in the annals of American bookselling was anything known to equal it. Prices perfectly fabulous were brought; the competition seemed to have no limit, as competitors seemed to have bidden adieu to common sense.

The first edition of Burns's Poems, printed at Kilmarnock, was knocked down at $106; Burnet's Life, illustrated by Mr. Allan, brought $160; Eliot's Indian Bible, a real rarity, one of the earliest books printed in America, and the earliest Bible, reached the immense price of $825; Dibdin's Bibliomania, very naturally brought a maniac price, some $720; while of two copies of Knickerbocker's New York, which Mr. Allan had extended to a folio, and very elaborately illustrated, one with 275, the other with over 100 engravings, the one brought the astounding sum of $1,200, the other the more moderate price of $400.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The following circular relative to the late law increasing the duties has been addressed to all collecting officers:

Treasury Department, May 6, 1864.

In view of the numerous inquiries as to the time when the recent enactment increasing the duties on imports went into operation, the following instruction is published for the government of collecting officers:

The joint resolution of April 29, enacting the increase, took effect from its passage, and it has been judicially decided by the Supreme Court of the United States that under the acts increasing duties from and after their passage, the increase provided for takes effect on the day of passage. The Secretary is constrained, therefore, to hold that the increase required by the joint resolution took effect on the 29th April, and that, consequently, that all persons who have paid duties at former rates on that or any following day are liable to pay the additional 50 per cent. All Collectors and all Surveyors charged with the collection of Customs will be governed accordingly.

S. P. CHASE,
Secretary of the Treasury.

—— Counterfeiters of postage currency and treasury notes have just been caught in Indianapolis, and their work stopped.

—— The Supreme Court of Illinois has decided that a married woman can sue alone to recover her separate property.

—— A Court-Martial has been ordered to try the publishers and correspondents of newspapers who have been guilty of promulgating news contraband of war.

—— Gen. Rosecrans has caused considerable excitement in St. Louis by issuing an order designed to compel the men who are on "strikes" to resume work.

—— The festival of the Ascension was observed by impressive ceremonies in Trinity Church on the 5th of May, and participated in by members of other Episcopal congregations. In the Catholic churches it was celebrated by high mass.

—— Tailors working on custom work are liable to pay the tax on manufactured articles, according to a decision lately given in the United States District Court at New Haven. This decision is highly important, as the principle covers a number of other occupations, which have hitherto been regarded as exempt from taxation.

—— The high price of ice during the heated term of last year induced a great many consumers to lay in large stocks of the article last winter, and so much is now stored away that it is not believed that ice can reach a very high price during the coming season. The production for this market has nearly reached 500,000 tons, while the average sales in good seasons only amount to 250,000 tons. The large companies have their usual supply, and persons who sell to the trade, but who bought of these companies last year, now have full icehouses of their own, so that, by the competition, the "Independent" dealers have controlled the price to its present low point of $2 a ton. This, it is stated, does not more than pay expenses; but the ice-dealers have the choice of selling or letting it melt on their hands. The retail price is now from one-fourth to one-half a cent per pound, and probably the rates will not advance much during the summer beyond the latter figure.

Military.—Gen. Hurlbut, in his farewell address to the 16th Army Corps, states that that body has been scattered and reduced until there are not enough for offensive operations; that they have lost no honor; and that when strengthened they will have a reckoning with the enemy.

—— In the House of Representatives the Military Committee has reported a bill increasing the pay of private soldiers from $13 to $18 per month; corporals, to $18; sergeants, to $20; orderly-sergeants to $24; sergeant-majors, to $26; and paymaster's clerks to $1,200 per annum. Some discussion ensued, and the bill was passed unanimously.

—— Brig.-Gen. Devens, who has been on a tour of inspection to the military department of New England, is ordered to report at Fortress Monroe, with the Army of the Potomac under Gen. Smith.

—— Three hundred and sixty-four Union soldiers have arrived at Fortress Monroe from Richmond almost in a starving condition. Among the officers is Col. Rose, who was the chief engineer of the tunnel by which so many of our officers escaped in February last, he having been recaptured.

—— The increase of pay of soldiers, passed by the House, May 2, will involve an additional expenditure of between $30,000,000 and $40,000,000 per annum. The increase is to take effect from the 1st of May.

—— A Nashville correspondent of the Chicago *Journal* estimates the number of Tennesseans who have taken the amnesty oath at 60,000, and predicts that by the 1st of July the number will reach 100,000.

—— On April 3, Cortinas, with his Staff, was present at a review of our forces in Brownsville, Texas, and, upon its conclusion, dined with Gen. McClernand.

—— The order directing the 4th regiment National Guard to garrison Fort Richmond for 30 days, has been revoked, and the 37th regiment assigned that duty.

Naval.—The pirate Florida and the sloop-of-war St. Louis have been at Madeira together. The latter sailed 24 hours in advance of the Florida.

—— The sentence against Admiral Wilkes is that he be suspended for three years and be publicly reprimanded.

Personal.—It is reported that the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, of London, a celebrated minister, is expected to be present at the 15th anniversary of the American Baptist Missionary Union, to be held in Philadelphia, the third week in May.

—— The Hon. Erastus Corning has resigned his position as President of the New York Central Railroad. He is succeeded by Hon. Dean Richmond.

—— The son of Queen Pomare, heir presumptive of Tahiti, has gone to France, to study two curious things in combination, namely cathedral music and military matters—the high roads to civilization, according to Tahitians.

—— M. Masseras, the editor of the *Courier des Etats Unis*, has been appointed, by the Emperor of France, Chevalier of the Legion d'Honneur, in consideration of the "zeal and talent with which he has defended French interests in America, and the care which he has constantly taken to enlighten public opinion in regard to the character and policy of the Imperial Government."

Obituary.—The Scotia brings the news of the death at Alexandria, Egypt, on April 10, of W. S. Thayer, the American Consul-General to Egypt. Mr. Thayer was born in 1830, at Haverhill, Mass., and graduated at Harvard College in 1850. For a long time he was attached to the editorial staff of the *Evening Post*, but temporarily left his post on that paper to go with Col. Kennedy to Nicaragua. After returning from that expedition he resumed his connection with the paper named, and in 1861 was appointed to the office which he held at the time of his death, the duties of which he has discharged with marked fidelity and ability.

—— Finley Johnson, the well-known poet and sketch writer, died in Washington, after an illness of but two days. Mr. Johnson was from Baltimore, but was employed in the Quartermaster's Department.

—— Rev. Israel Washburne, a well-known Methodist minister, died in Middleboro, Mass., aged 67 years. He enlisted as a private in a Massachusetts regiment in 1862, and was afterwards commissioned as a chaplain of the 12th Massachusetts regiment.

Accidents and Offences.—A married women is under arrest at London for placing her newborn child upon a bed of live coals on the kitchen hearth, where it was burned to a charred mass.

—— The memory of the famous Walton murder case was revived in the Surrogate's Court on the 3d of May. William B. Moore, the detective, presented a petition setting forth that Walton was murdered, and that his executors advertised a reward of $1,000 for the conviction of the murderer; that such conviction was afterwards procured through the petitioner, as certified by the then District Attorney, and the convict—Jefferds—is now awaiting execution; that the executors of Walton have not paid the reward, although there are abundant assets, and praying for an order for payment. The Surrogate held that this claim appeared to be neither a debt of the testator nor an expense of the administration of the estate, and denied the prayer of the petitioner.

—— A verdict of $3,000 damages was rendered against a butcher named James Harrington, in the Supreme Court lately, for running over a girl named Anabella Patterson, in the month of December, 1862, while the latter was crossing Dey street, near Broadway. This ought to be a warning to butcher boys with fast horses not to make a trotting course of our public thoroughfares.

Foreign.—Victor Emanuel had an apoplectic fit recently, induced by excessive eating after hunting all day, a sport of which he is very fond. Were he to die, Italia Una would at once fly asunder, for his influence alone stifles the jealousy ever prevalent among Italian provinces and cities. There is a fearful debt piled up too, since Victor Emanuel's rule comprised Lombardy, Naples, Sicily and the Roman States outside Rome's walls, making his financial position rather precarious among landers.

—— The Government of Nicaragua has concluded a contract with Capt. Pim to build an inter-oceanic railroad.

—— "Ashore and Afloat" is the title of a melodrama now being performed at one of the London theatres. To advertise the play, the managers adopted the following appropriate dodge: They chartered a good-sized and full-rigged man-of-war, which, mounted on wheels, and bearing a manly crew of some half dozen bill distributors, makes sail through the streets and does attract attention.

—— The Irish papers continue to report an extensive emigration from Ireland to the United States. No fewer than 350 persons, for instance, have left Sligo, that number including 40 from Lord Palmerston's estates. His lordship, it is said, provided for the passage and outfit of these 40 persons.

—— The beerhouses in London, if placed side by side, would make a row 39 miles in length.

—— A curious kind of ovation was paid to Blondin at Valencia, namely, the burning of his caricature, together with other celebrities, in what is called a *feu de joie*. It was done on St. Joseph's day; but what Blondin had done to make him obnoxious to St. Joseph is not clear. After all, it may be a compliment, as these Hidalgos have odd ways of expressing their admiration.

Chit-Chat.—Mrs. Jane G. Swisshelm, a clerk in one of the departments at Washington, says Mrs. Lincoln refused to sign a pledge not to purchase articles of foreign manufacture, and there is no doubt that in her lavish and expensive style of dress, she believes, from some cause, that she is thus maintaining the dignity of the nation in the eyes of the representatives of foreign countries.

—— A Paris letter says that a gentleman called lately on a well-known Legitimist of the Faubourg, who is badly distinguished for his wealth and avarice, and asked for a subscription to the *quete* for the Duke de Chambord. "My friend," replied *l'avare*, "I have no money, but I would give my blood for the Prince." "You mistake, Duke," was the reply, "the Prince does not want to make a black pudding."

—— At a London theatre lately, during a "ghost" scene, a spectral carpenter with shirtsleeves and paper cap made his appearance before the astonished audience, and calmly drank a mug of ale, being the first spirit on record who ever did such a thing in public. The man didn't find out what was the matter until the laughter of the audience and the arrival of the proper substance of the shadow in the play made the matter clear.

—— A man was lately tried in France for murdering his wife and mother-in-law. "Remember, MM. les Jures," said the man, who defended himself, "that I am 50 years old, was married very early, and my wife's mother has never left us, and yet I have never done this before." MM. les Jures were not convinced by this guileless defence, and found the man guilty.

—— A man advertises in the *Petites Affiches*, France, thus: "A widower desires to meet with a young woman who has been reared in the school of adversity. He asks no other dowry than an expressive physiognomy and an imperturbable character. An entire ignorance of the piano preferred. No lady of literary tastes or English parentage need apply."

—— It is confidently anticipated abroad, that at no remote period photography will be advanced so far as to be able to give to the eye the various colors of the objects it represents. The colors of the spectrum have been produced on a silver plate, immersed in a solution of chlorine, but the effect is but transitory. Fixation is now the great object of which many eminent operators are in search.

—— The New York *Journal of Commerce* says: "Some cities suffer from earthquakes, others from floods, others from plagues, others from an excess of beggars, but the scourge and chastisement of New York is its local government."

—— Mrs. Lincoln, during her recent visit to this city with her son "Tommy," is stated to have bought a splendid set of ear-rings and pins at one of the Broadway jewelry stores, amounting to $3,000. Her visit is understood to have been entirely for the purpose of shopping, and consulting milliners, mantua-makers and other artists in the department of female decoration. The object of the expedition, it is stated, on good authority, was successfully accomplished.

—— A physician of Massachusetts asserts that an attack of scarlet fever may be prevented by wearing a tarred string about the neck.

THE POET TO THE WORLD.

BY ERNEST TREVOR.

The world's cold malice—Mammon's bitter smile,
And Sleep's undreaming brother, stone-eyed
Death,
Wage ceaseless war upon the poet's breath,
And strive his holy mission to beguile
With fiendish mockeries! Poets, heed them not,
But with Thy Father's holiest music fraught,
Waste not one grain of God's Immortal Thought
On such abortions—Nature's foulest blot!
Then to your radiant harps, for had death sealed
Milton's grand lips ere he had tuned his tongue,
And that Olympian lay of Eden sung,
How had upon his dying moments prest
The unborn music stifled in his breast,
And all that weight of glory unrevealed!

CURIOSITIES OF COLORADO.

In an interesting article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Fitzhugh Ludlow gives a most entertaining account of the natural curiosities of Colorado, and among them are the fantastic creations of the wind, especially of a certain gigantic statue fashioned by the mobile air:

Wind Carving.—This novel statue (if its bulk forbid not the name) was carved out of a coarse millstone-grit by the chisel of the wind, with but slight assistance from the unfrequent rainstorms of this region. In Colorado I first began to perceive how vast an omission geologists have been guilty of in their failure to give the wind a place in the dynamics of their science. Depending for a year at a time, as that country sometimes does, upon dews and meltings from the snow peaks for its water, it is fuller than any other country in the world of marvellous architectural simulations, vast cemeteries crowded with monuments, obelisks, castles, fortresses and natural colossi from 200 to 500 feet high, done in argillaceous sandstone, or a singular species of conglomerate, all of which owe their existence almost entirely to the agency of the wind. The arid plains from which the conglomerate crops out rarify the superincumbent air stratum to such a degree that the intensely chilled layers, resting in the closely adjoining snow peaks, pour down to re-establish equilibriums, with the wrathful force of an invisible cataract, 8,000, 10,000, or even 17,000 feet in height. These floods of cold wind find their appropriate channels in the characteristic canons which everywhere furrow the Rocky Mountain system to its very base. Most of these are exceedingly tortuous, and the descending winds during their passage through them acquire a spiral motion as irresistible as the fiercest hurricane of the Antilles, which, moreover, they preserve for miles after they have issued from the mouth of the canon. Every little cold gust that I observed in the Colorado country had this corkscrew character. The moment the spiral reaches a loose sandbed it sweeps into its vortex all the particles of grit which it can hold. The result is an auger, or diameter, varying from an inch to 1,000 feet, capable of altering its direction, so as to bore curved holes, revolving with incalculable rapidity, and armed with a cutting edge of silence.

Woman must remember that she brought more sin and misery into the world by her eating than ever man has by his drinking.

Some rich men keep cross dogs around their houses, so that the hungry poor who stop to "get a bite" may get it outside the door.

THE PROVOST GUARD IN NEW ORLEANS TAKING UP VAGRANT NEGROES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. H. SCHELL.

TWO HUNDRED POUND RIFLED CANNON AT THE NAVY YARD, BROOKLYN

ARREST OF VAGRANT NEGROES IN NEW ORLEANS.

THE Federal occupation of New Orleans produced, as in other parts, a decided effect on the slave population. The bonds of the patriarchal institution were sensibly weakened. The slaves with the idea of freedom but not imbibed the idea of labor, and were in a state of perfect bewilderment. Many wandered around the streets, so many in fact as to become a growing evil. To set the floating population to work was soon a necessity, and the stragglers were regularly taken up by the authorities, and employed on Government works at a fair rate of remuneration, unless they preferred to enlist in the negro regiments. Our Artist graphically portrays the mode of arresting and its influence on the children of Africa, dazzled by the first glimpse of the sun of freedom.

Some countenances betoken fear, others amazement, others that ludicrous expression of fun which so often bears up the negro in the trials of life.

TWO HUNDRED POUND RIFLED CANNON.

THE recent articles given in our columns on the Rodman guns dispense with any elaborate description of the 200 pound rifled cannon which we illustrate. These terrible engines of war were received at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and guns like them we unfortunately supplied recently to the rebels by the unfortunately supplied recently to the rebels by the defeat at Plymouth. At the last accounts the ram Albemarle, already sufficiently formidable, was taking on board a large rifled cannon of this stamp captured from us.

BALTIMORE HARBOR.

THE recent Sanitary Fair at Baltimore drew many to it, and few could fail to mark the difference between the city in 1861 and 1864. In our last we gave a view of the interior of the Fair which has just closed, after a most successful course. We also give a view in the city, taken from Loudenslager's hill, still showing the works thrown up by Rogers's battery in 1814, and the fence-encircled magazine. The harbor, with Fort McHenry in the distance, could be seen as you looked over Canton. To-day we give a view of the harbor, showing Locust point, and the railroad wharf, as it was seen on an occasion of interest that drew numbers of boats to that usually more quiet and less stirring spot

THE STEAM RAM TENNESSEE, BUILT BY THE REBELS TO PROTECT MOBILE.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER.

THE REBEL RAM TENNESSEE.

AN officer in the blockading fleet off Mobile sends us an accurate sketch of the rebel ram Tennessee, built to defend Mobile, and a most formidable affair. Our readers will remember their exultations a month ago on reading the following paragraph, which, unfortunately, proved to be merely a *poisson d' Avril*:

"The rebel ram Tennessee was struck by a signal on the 1st instant, while lying near Grant's pass, causing the 1st instant, while lying near Grant's pass, causing her to keel over and sink. But two feet of her smokestack now remain visible. Her armament will prove a heavy loss to the rebels. It consisted of six 100-pounder rifled Parrotts and nearly as many small pieces."

THE hungry mouth no more readily finds food than the hungry mind finds truth.

BALTIMORE HARBOR, FROM FELL'S POINT, SHOWING LOOUST POINT AND THE LAZARETTO.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. H. SCHELL.—SEE PAGE 135.

ON BROADWAY.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

A WAVE of streamers—a stifled hum,
Then the ringing of cheers through the welkin high,
And the sound of bugle and fife and drum,
As proudly the troops came marching by.

Marching by with their measured tread,
All bronzed by the sun of the Southern land,
Bayonets gleaming and banners spread—
The dauntless of heart and the strong of hand.

Oh, the old blood warmed in my veins that day,
And the tears leaped up so thick and so proud
I scarcely could see the street or the crowd,
As home came the regiment up Broadway.

For you see it was two long years before—
Ah me! they had seemed so many more—
When the leaves were green on the tender thorn,
And the linnets were singing amid the corn,
When my boy Charlie went marching away
With the gallant hundred of Company A.
He was young of mien—he was slender and fair,
With his laughing eyes and his yellow hair;
But dauntless as any, as loyal and true,
The lad of my heart in his soldier blue!
'Twas a dark and dreadful day, you know,
And what could I do but to bid him go,
And pray that God would take care of the rest?
Though he was my all, and 'twas hard at best.

Ah, there was never a doubt or a pause
When he pledged his fresh young life to the cause—
'Twas a heart's free gift, but I knew, at last,
The pain was over—the waiting past,
And that was why I was glad that day,
When I heard the sound of bugle and drum,
When I saw them coming so gallantly home—
My brave boy's regiment up Broadway!

Steadily—steadily, ah, what a sight
For my old dim eyes, when the noonday light
Fell on them close in the crowded way—
I looked for the banner of Company A
It was there—high-waving, I saw it again,
From the battle's baptism of purple rain,
Pierced with the bullet, and rent with the hail;
And the faces beneath it—I looked at them all—
I looked at them all, but the sunny hair
And the eyes of my darling, they were not there.
They were not there with their sparkle and shine,
Nor anywhere gleaming along the line,
And reding backward to and fro
The street and the crowd they seemed to go.
I pressed through the ranks so brown and tall,
I asked where my gallant lad might be—
"Killed in the trenches!" they answered me
"Killed in the trenches!"—and that was all
Under the light of that noonday sky,
Where the cheers of the crowd rang long and high,
To the sound of the music, so gallant and gay,
On went the regiment up Broadway.

I never shall look on my darling again
When the linnets are singing amid the grain.
Oh gallant head, oh ringlets of gold,
Oh blue eyes hid in the trenches' mould,
All that the wide world had for me
I have laid at the shrine of Liberty!
And for her sweet sake to-day I stand
By the loneliest hearthstone in all the land,
Listening to hear his voice through the rain—
His voice that never will come again.
But I stand with my face to the golden west,
And I wait in patience for what is best,
And the white stars look on me as I pray
That unto my heart one boon be given—
Some happy morning to meet in heaven
My gallant soldier of Company A.

ENIGMAS.

BY MISS L. M. ALCOTT.

(Concluded from No. 455.)

JUNE 8TH.—Found the house silent as a tomb, and fancy the sound of carriage wheels which half woke me at dawn was the only farewell I shall receive from poor madame. A long, quiet day. Noel returned at dusk, and went straight to his room. I seized my hat, concealed myself in the lane and watched the leafy window. Presently it blazed with light, and lust for the appearance of Pierre in the garden I should have been tempted to execute my resolve at once. Hearing the rattle of the chain that holds the gate, I sprang into the footpath which turns into the lane from the fields. Pierre showed small surprise at meeting me, as these meadows are my favorite walk, and my assumption of simplicity has quite blindfolded this old watchdog. Anxious to see how he would explain it, I asked, as if just discovering the window:

"What is that light among the leaves, does the roof burn?"

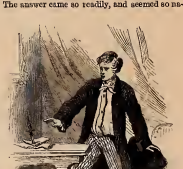
"Oh, no, monsieur, it is my master's studio. He paints as he does everything else—divinely. For that room he took the cottage; an artist built it, and though he does little now, he often lounges there at night."

The answer came so readily, and seemed so natural an explanation I could not but believe it, and saying I should go in and read, I left him. From my window I watched him far along the avenue, he and the maids chatting in the grove, knew that madame's nurse had gone with her from a word Pierre dropped at dinner, and felt that my time had come. It was a moonless evening, fast deepening into night; a light wind was blowing that filled the air with rustling sounds, and the house was quite deserted for the time. I had no fear—excitement is my element, daring my delight, and I desired to earn my liberal reward for this dishonorable but alluring service.

Leaving my hat behind me, I crept to the western wing, with every sense alert. Not by the vines did I ascend, but by a slender Norway pine, whose stem, being branchless for many feet above the ground, seemed to forbid approach by that means. Practice made me agile, and I was soon upon the first bough which touched the roof. With cat-like steps I picked my way, crouching low and making no sound louder than the whispers of the wind. The window was closed, and all I heard was a murmur of voices, his parting the leaves at one shaded corner I lay flat and looked down.

A long, lofty room was below, full of light, soft colors, lovely shapes, but how furnished I cannot tell, for its occupants absorbed me instantly. Stretched his full length on a couch lay Noel, looking like a luxuriously indolent young sultan, in crimson dressing-gown and Turkish slippers. He was laughing, and till then I had never seen the real beauty of his face; some cloud of reserve, distrust or melancholy had veiled it from me, but at last I saw the boy's true self, and felt that nothing was impossible to such as he. His white throat was bare, his black curls tumbled, his hands clasped above his head, and as he laughed he hummed a sprightly air, in which a softer voice joined gayly.

At first he alone was visible, but soon down the long room came a woman dancing like an elf. Great heavens! how beautiful she was! She wore some foreign dress, brilliant and piquante, a lovely neck and arms stone white against the gold and scarlet of her bodice, and bare rosy feet scarcely seemed to touch the carpet. Dark eyes glittered through a stream of rippling gold hair, a sweet, red mouth was smiling, and as she danced the bloom no art can give deepened beautifully on her cheek.



The Spy's Reward.

The Eavesdropper watching the Two Sisters.

With a deep obeisance and a ringing laugh she ended her pretty part of Bayadere, and dropping on a cushion beside the couch, talked vivaciously while gathering up her hair. Noel caressed the bright head which presently leaned against his pillow, exhaling slowly as the thoughtful look stole back into his face. Clarice—for this was doubtless she—seemed to chide him, to try and win the gay mood back again, but vainly; for rising on his arm how he began to speak earnestly, so earnestly that his companion soon grew as intent as he. I would have given worlds to have caught a word, but not one reached me, and but for the emphatic gestures of the pair should have gathered nothing of their meaning. He evidently urged something from which she shrank, yet in the end acceded to with tears and eloquently sorrowful eyes. Noel seemed satisfied, and with the fondest of gestures dried the tears, consoled the grief, and endeavored to make light of it. A deep lounging-chair stood before an easel, on which shone the image of this sweetvoiced girl. A dainty little supper was spread beside the chair, and drawing his mistress there, for now assured Clarice to be—into the velvet nest beside him, Noel made merry over it like one content, and yet not heartily at ease.

It was a prettier picture than any he will ever paint; both so young, so lithe and beautiful, so loving and beloved, so free and rich in all that makes life pleasant. I felt like one shut out from some sweet Paradise as I lay looking from the dimness of the night upon this happy pair. Now they nestled there together, drinking from the same glass, eating from the same plate, serving one another with each charming zeal, and forgetting all things but themselves.

Utterly oblivious of the outer world, Pierre's voice sounded me to betray myself, so suddenly did it break the hush.

"Catherine, has Monsieur Clyde come in?"

"Yes, long ago; his light is out."

The speakers were in the garden, and waiting till the door closed upon them I crept to the fine, half old, half frill in my haste, and safely regained my room.

JUNE 2TH.—Mrs. St. Michael came, had a brief interview with Mr. Noel on the lawn, which was prudent but unsatisfactory to me, for I learned nothing from it. Saw no more of him till dinner, when he told me he should pass the evening with Mr. At eight he drove away, and curious to know when he returned, I amused myself with a book till nearly midnight, then wearying of it, put out my light and sat musing in the dark. The night was cloudy, close and warm, and finding all still I presently went out into the hall, wondering if Clarice, too, watched and waited for his return. The window was dark, but just as I turned from it I was alarmed by the sound of wheels close by. I recognised the light roll of the pony carriage, though it was deadened by the turf, for to my dismay it was evidently coming not up the avenue but along the lane. Fearing to be seen if I attempted to get in, I sprang behind the hedge, and holding up breath, saw the carriage pass before the door in the garden wall. A man leaped out, seemed to listen, then admitted himself both to the garden and the house, as the sound of a cautiously lifted window suggested. Quite breathless with interest I waited, and somehow than I expected the man reappeared, not alone now, for a slender female figure clung to him. I could just see the outline of her figure, the white gleam of her face, and I knew them at once by the few words rapidly exchanged in Italian.

"How sad you are; have you no fear?"

"I have done with fear, Clarice."

"And I with captivity, thank God!"

"I shall soon set you safely, dear."

"Not for long, your wife will comfort you."

A little laugh accompanied the words, and the spectres of the shadowy hour, house, carriage, man and woman vanished in the gloom.

Here is a clue at last; Noel will marry, and for this purpose clears his house of all encumbrance. A poor madame and the lovely model must give place to some woman whom he unwillingly marries—if his face and manner are to be relied on. Why he does so is a mystery like himself, but I will yet fathom both.

JUNE 13TH.—It is well that I was prepared beforehand, else the announcement made to me this evening would have filled me with uncontrollable surprise. Mr. Noel wrote steadily all day, unusually taciturn at dinner, and amused himself at the piano till twilight fell. I had been pacing up and down the hall enjoying his music, when it ceased abruptly, and coming out he joined me in my promenade. The hall was not lighted, except by the scattered gleam of shaded lamps in the drawing-room. I instantly observed the anxious look I have learned to know, and by the slight embarrassment of his usually easy manner I inferred that he both wished and feared to speak. Presently fixing his eyes full upon me, he said slowly, as if weighing every word, and marking its effect:

"Mr. Clyde, as an inmate of my house, I feel that it is but right for me to tell you of an approaching event, which, however, will not materially change my mode of life nor your own—I am about to marry."

He so evidently expected me to be surprised that I instantly feigned what I should yesterday have really felt. Stopping in my walk, I exclaimed:

"Married! you are very young for that experience!" there I checked myself and began the proper congratulations. He cut them short by selling:

"How old do you believe me to be?"

"You look eighteen, your book says forty," I answered, laughing.

"I am of age, however, and though young to marry, have neither parents nor guardians to forbid it if they would."

"If it will be soon I infer, as you do me the honor of announcing it to me?"

"On Saturday."

"You mentioned that this event would make no change in my present mode of life—I am then to continue my copying as usual during your absence?"

"I shall be absent but a day. It will be a very private affair, and my—Mrs. Noel will return with me at once."

A little pause fell between us. I was contemplating his cool, quiet manner now with the intelligence he had worn when with Clarice, and felt more than ever convinced that for some weighty reason he was driving her from his own home.

He seemed conscious that, having said so much, he should say more, and presently added, still in the same measured tone:

"Madame's departure leaves me lonely. My establishment is so sudden one, for I have loved Hortense from her babyhood, that I shall be anxious and both being solitary, we see no wisdom in delaying to secure our happiness. Mrs. St. Michael is a personal friend, and at her home we shall be married in the quietest manner, for the few relatives we possess are far distant, and Hortense dislikes display."

Here Pierre came in, bringing a dainty little note, which he delivered with a smile. Noel took it, glanced at the pencilled superscription, and hurried away to the west wing. I wish that I, too, were a lover!

JUNE 12TH.—Since our conversation in the hall Mr. Noel seems to shun me. Twice I have attempted to have little to record. For an hour or two he has sat in his alcove, then dressed and driven away to the city. Each time I have returned to find the house has already arrived. To-day was the wedding-day, and I waited with intense impatience for the coming of the young bride, for I had promised to be invited to join them so soon, if ever, but because I was burning with curiosity to see the woman for whom he had thrown me off, I resolved to put all scruples about gratifying myself in any way that offered.

At five I went to my dinner, found Pierre polishing the plate, but no appearance of food.

"Master will dine at seven to-day, and hopes monsieur will not be inconvenienced by the change," he said.

"Am I to join them as usual, then?" I asked, surprised.

"Oh, yes; the arrival of young madame will alter nothing but Monsieur Noel's spirits, I believe."

At half-past six o'clock a carriage rolled up the avenue, and from behind a group of lordly old elms I watched the bridal party. Noel came smiling to the door as Noel led a lady up the steps. A slender, dainty little lady she seemed, but her face was hidden by the white veil which covered her blonde bonnet, and all I could discover of her figure, under a flowing white burnous, was that it was slight and graceful. She moved very young; for as she entered the house she clapped her hands and danced down the long hall, and I heard her gay, girlish laugh ring out as instant talking with his old servant, and I caught a glimpse of his face, and very little like the countenance of a bridegroom did it look.

As both went in I returned to my room, and half an hour afterwards was summoned to dinner.

Twilight had come on and lamps were lit. The table shone with damask, glass and silver, flowers covered everything, and the room filled the air with a festal breadth of light. But none of these things caught my eye on entering, for standing in the deep window seat, looking out into the night was about her, and leaning there as if content, he looked down at her as she held out an almost childishly beautiful hand, and showed the sparkle of the wedding-ring upon it. Both turned as I came in, and, with the color mounting to his very forehead, Noel said:

"Mr. Clyde, allow me to present you to—my wife."

Well for me that a bow was all sufficient, and that my command of countenance was great, or I should have betrayed myself beyond repair, for then Mr. Noel was Clarice's husband, and no doubt of it. The face was peculiar even in its beauty, and not easily forgotten. There was the rippling, golden hair, the dark eyes, and the same half-mocking cheek—even the smile was the same, brilliant and brief, the voice unchanged, vivacious, yet musically soft. The dress was of white lace, and above the flowers in the bosom shone the fair shoulders I had seen, and the round arm that lay on Noel's was bare, for the sleeve had flashed upon Clarice's but a little while ago. Noel eyed me narrowly, but I believe my face was impenetrable, as I passed about the room, and after the surprise of that first glimpse had passed.

Half shily, half daringly, Mrs. Noel glanced at me, and as I passed about her husband towards the table like an impatient child.

"Come, Bernard, Pierre is waiting, and I am so hungry. That is a most ceremonial admission for a bride to make, but it is true. Besides, I want to play mistress, and begin to-night, that I am free from all restraint after ten years, *mon ami*."

We sat down, and a most charming mistress did she prove herself. So gay, so graceful, so fresh, so full of love for husband, so sweet to me, and now and then, as if the novelty of her position overcame her, so evenly shy and blushing that before the meal was over I found myself forgetting all the past and full of admiration for this most captivating little creature. Noel seemed to even the chance as well. The cloud lifted, and again I saw the beautiful blithe nature which he seems to hide and hold in check from all. Both so gaily at me, and what I was, to make me one of them, and freely to shed the light of their new happiness upon the lonely stranger.

My heart reproached me for my treachery, yet I did not repent, nor shall I till my mission ends. Strange as all has been here, I am fast learning to respect and love this gifted boy, to look kindly upon his peculiarities, and even commend this bad act, whatever its causes and consequences may be.

It is evident that he loves his wife passionately, and she loves him with a confiding tenderness which will not be concealed. I felt like one in a fairyland, and when they went into the drawingroom longed to follow, yet dared not, till Mrs. Noel, looking backward, beckoned me with an imperious little gesture that was irresistible.

"There is no need of your deserting your old haunts because I have come, Mr. Clyde," she said, looking up at me with eyes that seemed to read my desire. I felt, Bernard and I have known each other for so many years, have been together so much, and loved each other from our childhood, that the putting on of this ring seems to make no change in us. We are nothing for the world's ways, and rule this little kingdom as we will. You are a gentleman, you like my——" she paused, laughed delightsomely, and added, "my husband's book, and help him in it, if you please; I shall follow you as our friend, as such you must live with us, and let two children profit by your age and wisdom."

This friendly speech, so warmly, gracefully delivered, quite touched and won my heart, and I at once accepted the position and the hand outstretched to me. Hardly waiting till my thanks were spoken, little madame danced away to the piano and began to sing. If anything were needed to convince me of her identity with Clarice this would have done it, for the marvellous voice could not be mistaken, a malicious fancy to see how Noel would bear an allusion to the falsehood he once told me, I said, carelessly:

Laughing at me instinctively at the time, Mrs. Noel's voice reminds me strongly of Madame Estavan's when she sang "Casta Diva."

Nothing else was spoken that I can recall, but he answered, with a mirthful look at the goldenhaired, white-robed figure at the instrument:

"Will it sing, Mrs. Noel? is a near relation of my little wife's, whose voice was trained by her, Hortense, come out upon the lawn, I want to show you your uncle's favorite star."

She came to him with the airy motion which seems habitual to her, and, hanging on his arm, went out, along the terrace, looking a fit inmate of this enchanting and enchanted place.

JUNE 18TH.—I take the liberty of noting only such events as seem important or mysterious, and therefore when my days are solitary leave them blank. Yesterday the young couple fully proved themselves "a pair of children," for they danced and sang all through the house, haunted garden, grove and lawn, and I, excluded and rested, always near and always happy. Mrs. Noel seemed like a bird let loose, her husband enjoyed her joy and gave himself up to it, for mind as well as heart is free, he never came into the study, but leaned in at the window, giving his directions while his wife sang, or sat on the window sill, chatting. He grows looked wistful; I suspect they did, for suddenly she stepped in and came to me, saying, sashe put a flower on my desk and then tripped away again.

"You, too, shall have one, because you are the wise and learned one, and give you the fully opened rose; it suits you best. Bernard must have the little white ones, because they are like me."

As I raised the flower to my face overcame, a few hours later, from the window I saw Mrs. St. Michael's servant come up the avenue and hand a packet to Noel, who, on perceiving there while madame dressed. "The man went back. Noel read a brief note, hastily unfolded the newspaper which contained the packet, seemed to dart at once upon some particular passage. I saw him grind monosilence and intent a moment, then drop the paper, turn as if to enter, call full, but face downwards, on the grass.

Darting out, I raised his head to my knee, loosened his collar, and while wondering at the smile still lingering on his pale lips, I snatched a glance at the note, for the paper was still crushed in his hand. It ran thus:

"I go at once to London. Be prepared at all times. Another week and your long task is over, you will be free."

It was Mrs. St. Michael's hand. I had seen it on laundry notes of invitation, but whatever else I might have learned by searching the paper was lost, for Noel opened his eyes the instant I touched his clenched hand. To my utter amazement his face grew almost fierce as he staggered to his feet and thrust me off.

"Have you read it? What have I done? How dare you—Clyde!"

He spoke as if hardly conscious of what he said; yet, through all the agitation of his manner and the unusual fierceness of speech, some strange happiness was plainly visible.

"My dear sir, I have read nothing. See, the paper is unopened, and the paper is in your hand. I saw you fall and ran to help you. Should I have left you here to startle Mrs. Noel?"

The explanation reassured him, but as if wonders would never cease, he clasped his hands before his face, and great tears fell between. Instantly he turned as he wept like a woman for a moment. I involuntarily put my arm about him, for he trembled, and, as if the act were overcome, he leaned upon me till the paroxysm passed. Presently he was himself again, and looking up half gratefully, half ashamed. His eyes fell upon mine; he saw the note at his feet, and, as if self were forgotten in some returning thought, he caught it up, saying, slowly, and with stilldowncast eyes:

"Forgive my folly and my harshness; I am not strong, and sudden tidings overcome me. Let me explain, for I hate mystery."

So, eager to learn, I did not refuse, and he added, after reading the note aloud, much to my surprise:

"This is from my kind neighbor; she goes to London about my book. I am to be prepared to deliver it at any moment, and that is the long task that will be ended in another week."

Nothing could be simpler, and yet I did not believe the explanation. Why? Because I have learned to know this young man's face so well that its expressions are familiar now, and one odor did his eyes meet mine while speaking, nor did he once allude to the paper still crumpled in the hand behind him. I could not but accept it, however, and as Mrs. Noel was seen coming out to us, her husband started, thrust both note and newspaper into his pocket, hastily smoothed his disordered hair upon his forehead, and said, facing on me a look that was almost stern:

"Oblige me by saying nothing of this to my wife at present. I will tell her later. Give me your arm, please, and be so kind as to attract her attention from me for a little."

I obeyed in all things, but Mrs. Noel was not deceived for a moment. Clinging to her husband's arm to turn as pale as he, but some look or gesture unperceived by me restrained her, and she endeavored to hide her unconscious of anything save Pierre also looked expectant, was unusually awkward in his duties, and evidently eager to get me away. Even a passing glance showed that my visitshed, yet not together, and with every appearance of anxiety to be unobserved.

JUNE 19TH.—From this one thing has absorbed the household for the last three days, and that has been the book. Such genuine interest and haste could not be feigned, and I must believe Noel spoke the truth. The study is no longer deserted, for not only has he written steadily himself, but Pierre has been summoned there also, and with pretty fingers with ink, flushing her sweet face with energetic struggles to keep up with our swifter pens, and making the once quiet room a bright and busy place.

"It must be done before the week is out, if we give our whole time as well as our desks," He began through this task, Clyde, and ask my recompense when it is done."

Mrs. Noel and Noel spoken to me with such energy, such familiarity; his eagerness seemed to put new strength into my hands, his confidence to warm my heart, that I was almost brokenby affection for him. We did work, silently for the most part, but how rapidly we may command when we care that to-night the book is done. I have just left the study very weary, yet beatifully sorry that my share is over, and that which will keep me there no more. My task is ended, and I am free.

and waited for her to speak. In a moment she recovered her self-possession, brushed away the larger footprints with a rapid gesture, and gathering her wrapper closer about her, she turned to me with a gentle dignity I had never seen in her till now.

"I have no longer any fear for him," she said. "These tracks show that Pierre is with him. They plan some surprise for me. Thank you, Mr. Clyde, and let me apologise for my foolish fright."

More mystified than ever, I was turning away, when Noel sprang in at the window, rosy, radiant and wonderfully altered. Wherein the change lay I could not tell, but I felt it so strongly that I stood staring dumbly, while his wife explained my somewhat embarrassing situation, and chid him for his flight.

"My dearest, I only went to the St. Michaels. The good gentleman had one of his sudden attacks near morning, and sent for me; Pierre would not let me go alone; I feared to distress you, so we slipped away, hoping to be back before you awoke."

This statement, like several others, sounded probable, yet I doubted it, and observed that while he spoke he looked steadily at his wife, who looked as steadily at him. Of course I retired after that, and nothing more was said, even when we met as usual.

All day I wrote, copying several fine poems, which I suspect have been lately written, as they are of love. Mr. Noel has seemed more unlike his former self even than he did at dawn, and his wife has been in a state of joyful restlessness which infected us all. Something wonderfully exciting had evidently happened, and something ardently desired was evidently to take place at night; for as I left the drawing-room this evening I heard Noel whisper, as if to check some impatient glance or gesture of his wife's:

"Wait a few hours more, darling. It will not be safe for him to come till twelve."

That was enough for me; out went my light, and having carefully tumbled my bed that it might appear to have been occupied, I sat down by my window, waiting till the house was quiet. At half-past eleven I crept out, and looked to see what windows were still lighted. None but the studio showed a ray. There, then, this joyful meeting was probably to take place. Up I crept, but before I could set foot upon the roof the wind brought me the sound of steps coming to the gate. Motionless I sat, hidden in the sombre verdure of the pine, as two tall figures entered, crept to the window of Noel's room, and disappeared. One was Pierre I knew, by a suppressed hem; the other was almost gigantic, seen through the pale mist that rolled up from the river. An unequal motion in the gait suggested a limp, and as they vanished I caught the faint echo of a voice very like Noel's, but far deeper and manlier than his.

Fearing that Pierre might stand guard, I remained where I was for some time, then crept to my former loophole, and looked down.

A magnificent old man was sitting in the easy-chair with Clarice upon his knee, both her arms were about his neck, and tears of joy were streaming, for she smiled as they fell, and seemed to have no words to express her happiness.

Another woman knelt beside the chair, her face uplifted, tearless, but how nobly beautiful! As I looked my heart stood still, then leaped with an excitement almost uncontrollable, for with a shock of recognition I knew that this was Noel, and that Noel was a woman. The black locks were parted on the forehead now, the dark moustache was gone, the loose paletot was replaced by some flowing dress, from whose deep purple sleeves came arms whose white grace would have convinced me had the face been hidden.

Dizzy with bewilderment and a strange satisfaction which I could not analyse, I stared down upon the three, seeing, hearing, yet scarcely comprehending for a time. This stately man was their father; it needed no words to tell me that, for Clarice's eyes were dark and lustrous as his; Noel's—I can call her by no other name—Noel's grave, sweet mouth was a perfect miniature of his, and the features of both have a strong though softened resemblance to those finer ones whose reposeful strength was beautifully touched by tenderness. An Italian evidently, for though his figure far exceeded the lithe slenderness which usually characterizes this race, there was the olive hue, the southern eye, the fire, the grace which colder climates seldom produce. Gray-haired, worn and old he looked; yet suffering, thought and care seemed to have aged him more than years, for his voice had a youthful ring, his gestures the vigor of a man still in his prime. The right foot was smaller than the left, and slightly deformed, as if by some accident, and one of the daughters had laid a cushion for this weak and weary foot, the sight of which confirmed my suspicion that I saw the midnight visitor whose tracks I had found beneath my window.

The first words that reached me after a pause were Noel's, and I held my breath to hear, for the flutelike tenor I had learned to love was softened with a womanly tone, and now I knew why the seeming boy had been so silent when I was by. As if continuing some subject dropped for a momentary overflow of emotion:

"*Padre mio*, I will tell you how it has fared with us since they drove us from your prison doors. Good old Annunciata took us home, but remembering my promise to you to fly at once to your old comrade Pierre in Paris, we went. He was all you believed he would be, father, friend, counsellor and guard. He feared to keep us there, begged us to come to England, and in some safe disguise wait here till you could join us, if your captivity did not end in death.

"As we planned what would be the easiest, safest disguise for each to assume, I bethought me that if we were searched, for when it was discovered that the proscribed book had disappeared with us we should be described as two Italian girls; if we separated each might be found, and apart, our apprehensions for each other would be unbearable. Now, if we could lose our identity altogether, and appear in a new land exactly opposite to what we had been in the old, we should be doubly safe, and could help you without fear. I recalled our wandering life before you knew Clarice's mother, when you and I roamed over Italy and France as a peasant and his little son. I made so excellent a boy, and liked the part so well, you know, I cried when forced to give it up; but in my strait I remembered it, and resolved to be, not a little lad, but a half-grown youth, and train myself to dare all things for your sake. Clarice could not if she would, having neither courage, stature nor voice, poor, timid darling as she is! therefore she should personate aunt Clotilde, whom she used to mock, and her French accent would serve her well. Show papa how perfectly you looked it, naughty girl."

Up sprang Clarice, ran below, and in a moment Madame Estavan appeared. Great heavens, how blind I have been! No matter, that is over now, and a light I never dreamed of has dawned for me. Let me finish speedily. The three happy souls within laughed gaily as the mock invalid repeated her graceful helplessness, and deplored her sufferings with the pensive airs with which madame had won my sympathy. Soon Noel, or Monica as I should now call her—ah, the sweet Italian name!—continued her narration, leaning on the high back of her father's chair, caressing his gray head with a fond reverence that was beautiful to see.

"Pierre was unknown, circumspect, and the dear soul insisted upon coming with us. He knew the St. Michaels, and had done them a service when they were in Paris years ago; he wrote to them, for they were true as gold; they prepared all things for us, and in this quiet nook we have lived through these weary months."

"But this young man, to whom I nearly betrayed myself last night, what of him? how came he here? You would only hear my story then, now finish yours, my man-hearted girl."

How her face glowed at that, half with pride at the praise, half with shame at the part she had played so well, as if with her woman's garb she had assumed her woman's nature.

"Papa, see what we have done while waiting for you. Here, translated, fairly copied and ready for your last touches, is the dear book, written with such enthusiasm, lived for, suffered for, and now to be enjoyed in this free land when all danger has gone by, and honor, fame and love are to be reaped at last."

What passed below for a few minutes I shall never know, for my own eyes grew too dim for seeing, as the daughter who had dared and done so much laid her gift in her father's hands, and her head upon her father's knee. When next I looked the precious gift was at his feet, the beloved giver in his arms, and with the two fair faces looking up into his own, the happy man was listening to that chapter of the romance in which I played a part. Clarice spoke now.

"This dear Monica nearly killed herself with working at it all last winter, and when the spring arrived Mrs. St. Michael and myself began to pray and urge and work upon her to consent that we should either put the copying out or have some person here. At length we prevailed; she would not part with her charge even then for a time, but having grown bold through many successful trials, she consented to have a clerk at home. We were dying for society; we dared not go out much, because I could not play my part well, and made sad blunders by forgetting that I was blind and ill. She might have gone anywhere in this dull place, for none would guess her, but she would not do that for fear of mishaps. Both longed for some change, and when we advertised were wild to see who would come. This Clyde appeared; Monica liked him; he seemed well-bred, simple, unsuspecting and sincere. In time we found him accomplished, assiduous and a most agreeable inmate. Was it not so, *cara sposa?*

Infinitely mischievous and merry looked Mrs. Noel, as she glanced up at her blushing sister, who half averted her face, and answered with a traitorous softness in her tone:

"Yes, too agreeable for our peace of mind, perhaps. Now let me finish, for I have ill things to tell of you and of myself. Papa, Clarice forgot her part continually; she never would be careful, and kept me in a fever of fear. The first night he came a lock of her bright hair nearly betrayed her, another time she dropped her rosary, and calmly owned that we were Catholics. I took refuge behind her, for in a Frenchwoman it was nothing strange, but in me who desired to pass for an English youth it was not to be allowed. Mrs. St. Michael often tried us by her over anxiety, and sent your letters in all manner of strange ways, till I bid her do it simply, for Clarice was always in a tremor when anything arrived from them, lest a letter should appear when least expected. I too was more than once on the point of telling all, for Clyde was very faithful, very kind, and oh! papa, I longed so for a wiser, stronger friend than either my good Pierre or the St. Michaels. When the paper came which announced the release of those who suffered for Italy, and your name was among them, I could not bear it. Clyde helped me, and was so patient, so unsuspicious and so tender that it broke my heart to tell another of those falsehoods. But till I knew how free, how safe you were I would not breathe a whisper of the truth."

"Poveretta! it was too hard a task, too heavy a burden for your loving heart. You shall be rewarded, my daughter, in this world if your old father can do it, and in the next where your mother waits to receive you into Paradise." A little pause, then the proud father asked with a smile so like his daughter's I seemed to see an elder Noel, "Tell me why this mock marriage was performed?"

"It never would have been had we known how soon you would arrive. But Clarice endangered all things; I could not send Clyde away when that part of my venture failed, for the book was not done; she would not leave me, yet pined here in confinement after madame's shadow departed. Nor could she appear as my sister, for I had said to various persons when I came that I had no family. Neither could she stay openly with me as a friend, because I would not have a breath of scandal or the faintest blemish on her maiden fame. We were in despair, when it occurred to me, that, as I assumed the role of a wayward genius—that I was forced to do, owing to the book and the secluded life I led—I might marry and play a little game of love and matrimony. It was foolish, perhaps hazardous, but I won them all to it, and brought my wife home, as happy as a bird when the cage is open and the sky cloudless."

"Lean nearer, my daughter, and answer truly. Did this shadow of love arise from any longing in your own heart for the substance? Have not these quiet summer days, passed in the society of this young man, been hazardous to something more valuable than my safety? Will you not find the same longing to lean upon, to confide in the new friend lingering under the woman's robe as warmly, as strongly, as when this gentle bosom hid itself behind a man's vest? Tell me, Monica, do you love this Clyde?"

There was no answer, but her face was hidden, and before the mute confession could be accepted she sprang up, as if pride struggled with maiden love and shame, and came towards me. Then I saw her face, and knew that the strange sentiment of affection, reverence and admiration I had felt for her when I believed her to be a singularly gifted and noble boy was unsuspected love; that the blushes, the reserve, the anxiety which I fancied arose from other causes, in truth proceeded from a like suddenly upspringing, swiftly growing passion, whose chief charm lay in its blindness. These thoughts whirled through my brain as I listened, and when I saw that familiar yet sweetly altered countenance unconsciously betraying to me what it struggled to conceal from those nearer yet not dearer I could scarcely contain myself, and some half audible exclamation broke from me. She caught it, looked up, seemed to see my face as it vanished. No sound betrayed that she had recognised me, and so brief was the glimpse that I flattered myself she could scarcely think she saw a human visage through the thickest growing leaves. Like a guilty yet most happy ghost, I swiftly, silently regained my room, and dashed into bed. Not a moment too soon, for barely had I got my breath when a light step drew near and paused at the door. My heart beat as if it would betray me, when the door opened, and the invisible being evidently paused upon the threshold listening. I bore the suspense till I could bear it no longer, and stirred noisily in my bed. Then quietly as it had opened the door closed, and the steps withdrew.

Mr. North, I am your spy no longer, and the record which I now dispatch is the last you will ever receive from me, for I break the compact and relinquish the reward your offer.

Those last words were written in the hush of dawn on that morning after the discovery, for I was eager to be done with my now insupportable task, and as Monica had said that her father was past all danger, I feared no harm would follow the delivery of that final record. I had waited impatiently for the first ray of light that I might make it, and when it was written paused for the page to dry. That pause was fatal, for worn out with a sleepless night and the excitement of the preceding hours, my eyes closed, my head fell on my arms, and lost I all consciousness in a deep slumber, which must have lasted for an hour, as when I awoke the sun shone in upon me. Intent on posting my letter unobserved as usual, I looked for it, and seeing it wished that I had never wakened.

There it lay with its infamous purpose clearly confessed in its closing lines, and on it a bank-note, a slip of paper, all three stabbed through by the tiny dagger that pinned them to their place. I knew the dagger, had seen it on Monica's study-table, and admired its dainty workmanship; I knew the sharp Italian writing on the paper, for I had seen it day after day; I knew whose eyes had read my words, whose hand had stabbed the treacherous sheet, whose contempt had spared me for a remorse sharper than any pang of death. The slip held these words:

"We are gone for ever, leaving despair for the lover, wages for the tool, a friend for the traitor."

How long I sat there I cannot tell. The sun came up, the world woke, and life went on about me, but mine seemed to have ended.

A dull hope woke at last within me, and I went wandering through the house, looking for that which I shall never find. Every room was deserted, but that of the grim maid, Catherine; and from her I got no help, but a curt request to breakfast and go, as she had orders to close the house, and return to her former mistress, Mrs. St. Michael. "Were they there?" I asked. No, they were miles away now, and she would have no questions put to her. My one refuge was Mr. North, and to him I hurried. His office was closed. I knew his house, and ran to it. Crape shrouded the knocker, and when I was admitted it was to find him dead. The day before a strange gentleman had called, had a long interview, and when he went Mr. North was found speechless in his chair. He never had revived, and died at dawn. His secret had died with him, and through all these weary years I have never gleaned a hint of it; never seen Monica; never regained my peace of mind, nor found rest from pondering miserably over these unsolved Enigmas.

IF men will but amuse the world, it will freely forgive them for cheating it.

WHEN men are long indifferent towards us, we grow indifferent to their indifference.

THINKING.

THROUGH the clouds of gold and purple
 Slow the sun is sinking;
Fetlock deep within the river
 Stand the cattle drinking;
On the bridge above the millstream
 Rests the maiden—thinking.

Nutbrown hair that mocks the sunset
 With its golden gleaming,
Hands above her pitcher folded,
 With the graceful seeming
Of an antique-sculptured Nereid,
 By a fountain dreaming,

As a tender thought had swayed her,
 O'er the stream she's leaning,
While her red lips curve and quiver
 With a sudden meaning,
And a quick nod shakes her ringlets,
 All her features screening,

For there comes a sound of laughter,
 And a merry cheering;
And the cattle turn their faces
 To a step that's nearing—
And she waits for words low spoken
 In a tone endearing.

Low behind the western tree-tops
 Now the sun is sinking,
Towards the bridge the weary cattle
 Turn themselves from drinking—
And they never guessed, as I did,
 What the maid was thinking.

CAPTURE OF GEN. LEE'S WAGON TRAIN, AT MANSFIELD, LA.

IN the late reverses in Louisiana one of the most disgraceful points was the loss of the wagon train of Gen. Lee's cavalry, which had been sent so far forward that it became impossible for the defeated cavalry to retreat. This led not only to the disgraceful rout of the men but also the capture of the train.

"Our forces," says our Artist, "were driven in confusion down the hill, through the clearing and into the woods. The overwhelming force of the enemy, attacking from every quarter simultaneously, prevented all effectual resistance. Gen. Lee lost 150 wagons, with 10 days rations, 900 mules, many horses, etc. The officers lost all their private baggage."

The attacking of a train is done systematically. In a narrow road like this one, running through a wood, it is merely necessary to kill the front horses or mules of a few wagons at the head of the line, and the whole are taken.

CHASING A BLOCKADE-RUNNER.

"WHAT is our Navy doing? Why is not Welles dismissed? Another blockade-runner has entered Mobile." Such are comments we often hear. Are we not unjust? The blockaders are known, their positions certain: the blockade-runners uncertain and everywhere, with friends ashore to guide and signal them. No sooner does a blockader have a chance to pursue a blockade-runner, cruise, get supplies or reconnoitre, than the fact is made known, and in the darkness the blockade-runner creeps in with lights extinguished, fires low and silence absolute. So great is the caution that two blockade-runners have been known, when fairly in, to have descried each other's dark hull, and each supposing the other to be a blockader, stole out to sea again. An officer doing blockade duty sends us the sketch of a pursuit of a blockade-runner at midnight, under these difficulties.

SECESSIONVILLE, JAMES ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA.

SECESSIONVILLE, as its name implies, is a place which has received its name since the war began, and if our present military operations do not miscarry, may soon adopt some other appellation, and its present name never be enshrined in a gazetteer.

It is on James island, and was one of the points strongly entrenched by the rebels to prevent our advance, and not far from the scene of one of our disastrous attacks. The sketch was made from a signal station on Long island, and beside the picturesque village, beyond the marsh and water, may be seen the frowning batteries of rebellion.

In the foreground is a redoubt for infantry with a dry ditch.

WESTOVER WELL.

THE advance of Gen. Butler up the York and James rivers brings our troops back to the spot which will never be forgotten in the American armies—West Point, the White House, Fort Powhattan, City Point, Harrison's Landing, the Chicahominy. Few of these points had a greater celebrity in the past than the Westover Mansion, near Harrison's Landing, which was renowned in the chivalric days of Virginia as the scene of many interesting incidents. Its well, also famous, has been sketched, and deserves a place before all the relics of the bygone time have passed away.

BOOK NOTICES.

FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE AND GAZETTE OF FASHION for May, 1864.

This universal favorite comes this month with something which drops out and proves to be full-sized patterns for a new Ceinture Parisienne, a Low Bodice for Evening Dresses and a Little Girl's Dress, sufficient and varied enough to gratify any lady: while the plate of colored fashions and the four-paged cut, the endless chemisettes, chemises, collars, fichus, sleeves, jackets, caps, paletots, are enough to perplex many a head, and create inordinate desires.

It is not easy to conceive of anything more ample in this respect, and the descriptions are, we are assured, correct and full.

The literary and artistic departments are not neglected. The Doctor's Wife is continued, and bids fair to prove the most exciting of Miss Braddon's stories. Camilla's Stratagem, A Romance of Hallowe'en, Aline la Mert, An Authentic Narrative of a Haunted House, excellent tales, finely illustrated, with poems and charming sketches, give a rich feast.

Two deacons were once disputing about the proposed site for a new graveyard, when the first remarked, "I'll never be buried in that ground as long as I live." "What an obstinate man!" said the second; "if my life is spared, I will."

COLUMBIA LEADING ON

HER SONS TO VICTORY.

SLEEP AND DEATH.

SAY, when the infant sleeps its wakeless sleep,
Its lifeblood cold—its heart can beat no more—
Its little eyes, erst bright, with hazy film
Are clouded o'er—
Say, is this death?
No, it is only sleep.

Say, when the warrior sinks upon the field,
The hardfought battle o'er, his duty done,
The last wild cry that strikes upon his ear—
"The fight is won!"
Say, is this death?
No! it is only sleep.

Say, when the old man having run his race,
And seen his friendships fade and loves decay,
Life's evening closes, and in heaven awaits
A brighter day—
Say, is this death?
No! it is only sleep.

Say, when the heart is fresh, and love's young dream
Together binds two hearts, two souls, two lives,
The loved one perishes, one memory lives,
One heart survives—
Say, what is this?
Ah! this is truly death!

The Gulf Between Them.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WHILE Mellen stood on the veranda at the front of the house Mr. Rhodes came up the avenue. There was no hope of escape for him; he had not perceived the visitor until it was too late to retreat, and a voice called out:

"Oh, there you are, old fellow; I'm in luck after all. You see I walked over to my farm on the back road," he explained, "intending to take the half-past three train to New York, but I missed it. So I said to myself, 'I'll cut across the fields, down the hill, and stop at Mellen's, beg a dinner, and get him to send me over in time for the nine o'clock train'—wasn't a bad idea, eh?"

"A very good idea, on the contrary," Mellen answered, struggling to seem hospitable, while the visitor wrung his hand again and burst into perfect shouts of laughter, as if there was some wonderfully good joke in the affair. "And how is your good lady?" he asked. "And the pretty little sister—quite well, eh?"

"Tolerably so," Mellen answered; "complains of headache and that sort of thing."

He conducted his guest into the library, and meeting 'Dolph in the hall, directed him to inform his mistress of the arrival.

Mellen made an effort to be civil as possible at so short a notice; and though the man was tiresome in the extreme, perhaps it was better to endure his society than to meet his wife without the restraint of a stranger's presence.

Indeed, without some of those social restraints to which all men are more or less slaves, it is doubtful if Mellen could have appeared so perfectly calm. As it was, the fire that consumed him raged unseen. 'Dolph carried his message upstairs, where it was received with a groan from Elsie, and blank dismay on the part of Elizabeth.

"I can't go down," she said; "Elsie, you must take my place at the table. Say that I am quite unwell, fainting, anything."

"Indeed I'll do nothing of the sort," returned Elsie; "if you don't go down I shall stay with you. I am nervous as I can be, and if you are not at the table I shall break down completely."

The girl was full of selfishness to the very last—not willing to yield her comfort in the slightest particular, but Elizabeth only sighed as she observed it, and said, quietly:

"After all, it is just as well—change your dress, Elsie."

These two women commenced the duties of a dinner toilet with heavy hearts, scarcely heeding what they put on.

But when the dinner-hour approached the two ladies entered, Elsie looking pretty as ever in her dark blue silk, with those bright ringlets floating about her shoulders, and her volatile spirits already rising at the idea of an escape from that shadowy chamber where they had dragged through the day.

Elizabeth was calm and self-possessed as ever. To a casual observer she looked pale, but her heavy black dress might account for that, and moreover, the delicate contrast it gave to her complexion made amends for any lack of bloom.

Mellen sat watching her while she greeted Mr. Rhodes, and listened patiently to his labored compliments.

"Is she stone—ice?" he thought. "Is there no touch of nature about her that she can be so calm?"

If he could have read her mind he might have pitied her even in the midst of his anger and fearful doubts. What she suffered in putting that restraint upon herself was almost beyond the power of belief; but woman-like, having formed her resolution, not all the tortures of the rack could have shaken her.

Elsie had seated herself on a low stool at her brother's feet, and he sat absently playing with her curls, and looking moodily into the fire, though he had been so silent and sullen by times during the past week that there was not change enough in his manner to be at all perceptible.

Sometimes Elizabeth glanced over at the pair, and then some sharp pain contracted her brows, but there was no other appearance of emotion; she would control even that instantly, and bend her head once more, quietly listening to her persecutor's verbiage.

'Dolph announced dinner, and the party passed into the dining-room, Mr. Rhodes honoring the hostess with his arm. Mellen and his sister followed, and Elizabeth heard Elsie whisper to him, in a low voice:

"Grant, dear, you are not cross with me?"

In the midst of Mr. Rhode's uproarious laugh at one of his own jokes, she caught Mellen's answer:

"Never, darling, never! You are my one comfort—my only blessing."

With her head more proudly erect, a faint crimson beginning to burn on her cheeks, Elizabeth Mellen swept on and took her seat at the table, appearing so completely engrossed in Mr. Rhodes's conversation that she did not once meet her husband's eye.

To all but one the dinner seemed interminable, but Mr. Rhodes was so busy with the delicacies Clorinda's skilful hands had prepared, and so full of himself, that he was in a perfect glow of content.

The lights danced before Elizabeth's eyes, every morsel she tried to take seemed choking, the wine was like a bitter drug on her lips, yet there she sat in patient endurance.

Occasionally Mellen glanced towards her, and her composure sent such a thrill of rage through his soul that it was with difficulty he could help from springing up and overwhelming her with the discovery he had made, on the spot.

The dinner was over at last, but long as it had seemed to Elizabeth, she would gladly have prolonged it; anything to lengthen the hours; to keep afar off the stillness of the night, when she must undertake that dreaded task.

But she would not think of that; she dared not; madness lay so near the dismal reflection that it must be swept from her mind.

They dragged through the evening; Elizabeth played cribbage with Mr. Rhodes, and Elsie gave snatches of desultory music at the piano; every time her fresh young voice rang out in joyous song Elizabeth started as if an unseen dagger had stabbed her very heart.

"You will all come and pass a day with us before long, I hope," Mr. Rhodes said, when the time came at last to order the carriage for his departure.

Elizabeth only answered with a wan smile. She could hardly stand. Mellen accompanied his visitor through the hall, and the instant they disappeared Elizabeth started for the door.

"Where are you going?" asked Elsie.

"To my room; I can't bear this."

"I'll go—"

"No, no, not yet; stay awhile, for heaven's sake let me rest alone one moment. She staggered through the dining-room and was gone; when Mellen entered the library again Elsie sat alone by the fire, teasing the old cat, and looking as pretty and childlike as ever.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE clock in Elizabeth's dressing-room had struck eleven, but there she sat desolately looking into the fire, just as she had sank into her chair on first entering the chamber.

She had heard her husband and Elsie ascend the stairs a full hour before, but Mr. Mellen went straight on towards his own apartments; he had not entered hers since the day the bracelet was found; she knew well that he would not intrude upon her then.

For two long hours she had been alone with her dismal thoughts, no sound broke the stillness, save the monotonous ticking of the clock or an occasional moan from the half spent wind without.

There was too much anxiety and agony in her mind for any of the nervous terrors which had haunted her during the day. Then, as she thought what the coming of the night would bring her to do, the heart in her bosom shuddered. Now it stood still and seemed hardening into iron. If some spirit had appeared with an articulate warning she could not have been more convinced that exposure and ruin were approaching her with rapid strides. She would do her best, but that she knew in her innermost soul would lead to destruction. She looked back on the past weeks, and tried to remember if her plans had failed through her own weakness. Before Mellen's return it had seemed possible to carry them out, to bury the past utterly and build a new palace of hope on its grave, but they had all failed. It was not her fault, she had borne up as bravely as any woman could have done under the circumstances, had been as circumspect and guarded as it was possible to be, but from the moment of his inopportune arrival some untoward event had occurred to thwart every project she had endeavored to carry out.

"It is fate," she muttered, in a cold whisper; "it is fate! Oh, my God, help me, help me, for I have yet a right to pray!"

But even the consolation of prayer was denied her; the words seemed to freeze upon her lips; she could only moan in that broken whisper:

"My God, help me, help me!"

As she sat there, the door opened and Elsie softly entered the apartment. She had taken off her evening-dress, and put on a loose white wrapper; over that she had thrown a crimson shawl, which made the pallor that had come over her face still more apparent.

There was no light in the chamber except that given by the fire.

Elizabeth had extinguished the lamps; the gloom and the shadows befitted her mournful thoughts.

"Bessie, Bessie?" called Elsie, unable at first to distinguish any object in the half light. "Are you there?"

"Here I am," was the hoarse answer; "come in."

"I was so afraid to be alone with Grant," continued Elsie; "I felt as if I should scream every moment."

"What did he say to you; what did my husband talk about?"

"Oh, nothing in particular; he said very little; he did not even ask where you were. I told him you had gone to bed with a headache, but he did not seem to hear. He sat and looked in the fire, as if he were reading something in the red hot coals; After a long time he asked me if I loved him, and kissed my forehead. That was all."

Elizabeth struck her hands hard together, choked back the groan which rose to her lips, and sat gazing still into the fire, as if she too read something terrible in the scarlet caverns into which it was breaking.

"I'm so cold," shivered Elsie; "there isn't half enough coal in the grate."

Cold! The chill had crept into Elizabeth's very soul which no power could ever warm, and close to her was that weak creature crouched, moaning out her petty complaints!

Even then, up to the last, while the glittering hands of the clock were seen in the firelight, creeping swiftly over the dial, and its solemn tick measured off the awful minute on which Elizabeth had agreed with her own soul to go forth on that terrible errand, the wretched woman was compelled to pause in that dim chamber, worse than dead herself, to comfort and soothe the creature who lay like a wounded fawn on the hearth.

"What time is it, Bessie?"

She raised herself and looked at the clock.

"Half-past eleven," answered Elizabeth, solemnly. "My hour has come."

"I thought it was later," groaned Elsie. "Will it never be morning?"

"Soon enough," whispered Elizabeth; "soon enough."

"I wonder if Grant has gone to bed; I asked him if he was sleepy, and he—"

"Well?"

"Oh, he only gave a queer sort of laugh, and said 'Sensible people always are sleepy when it comes bedtime.'"

Elizabeth had said truly her hour had come, but she could not go yet; she must wait until all danger of discovery was over—stand there breathless while her husband forgot his restless thoughts in temporary peace. They were both silent for a time, then Elsie began to shiver again, like some young bird lost from its nest in a storm.

"Oh, if it would only be morning!"

"Soon enough, soon enough," repeated Elizabeth, as before.

"Do talk to me; I shall die if you don't!"

"What can I say, child? I can only wait—wait."

"Wait! What do you mean? Oh, I know—I know!"

The girl broke off with a more violent shudder and buried her face in her hands.

"What made you remind me?" she cried. "I shall go crazy now. Bessie! Bessie!"

But this time, when she clung to her, Elizabeth removed her hands, not impatiently, but with quiet firmness.

"You must control yourself," she said. "I have upon me all that I can bear now. Be still, Elsie!"

"I will, I will!" she sobbed. "Oh, wouldn't it be better to be dead?"

"Better! Yes, a thousand times; but it is not easy to die."

Elsie checked her sobs again, and caught at the hope with which she had buoyed herself up all day.

"This is the last of it," she said; "this night once safely over and there is an end."

"One way or the other," muttered Elizabeth.

"What did you say?"

"Nothing—nothing."

It was worse than useless to agitate the girl's weakness afresh with thoughts which were in her own mind. Whichever way the end came Elsie was safe. Was the creature thinking that as she shut her eyes and leaned more closely against her sister?

"Yes, it will be all safe then," she went on. "The money is paid; we shall have the papers; there is nothing more to fear."

Elizabeth did not answer, she allowed her to think that the danger from that quarter was removed. It could do no good to fill her with added fears.

"There is the wind again!" cried Elsie. "Oh, if it would only stop!"

The sound recalled the horror which lay in the coming hours, and she was unnerved again.

"You are not frightened, are you, Bessie?" she asked.

"I suppose not; there is nothing to fear."

"But to do that in the dark—alone! Oh, I ought to go with you; I'll try—I'll try."

At that late hour some remorse woke in her mind for her unsisterly selfishness, but Elizabeth said:

"You will stay here; you could do no good."

"But I shall go mad while you are gone."

"You must get into bed again."

"How long shall you be away?"

"I can't tell. Stop—don't talk about it. I shall go through with it all; let me alone till then."

Elsie writhed to and fro in hysterical weakness.

"You must stop," Elizabeth said. "Suppose he should hear you?"

"Grant? Oh, I'll be still—I'll be still."

"What time is it?" Elsie asked again.

"Almost twelve; the clock will strike in a moment."

"How much longer shall you wait?" asked the girl in a whisper.

"I don't know; I must discover if he is asleep."

"Grantley?

"Yes."

"What was that noise?" Elizabeth exclaimed suddenly.

"I heard nothing," Elsie answered, lifting her head and allowing it to fall again on her sister's knee.

"It sounded like a step in the hall," said Elizabeth.

"It was only your fancy," returned Elsie. "This house is as still as death."

Elizabeth rose from her chair and walked to the window.

"You are not going?" cried Elsie.

"No; I only want to look. Be still!"

Elsie cowered down on the rug and muffled herself more closely in her shawl, lying quite still, with a sort of comfort in the feeling of warmth which began to creep over her.

Elizabeth pushed back the heavy curtains and looked out into the night. A stream of dim silvery radiance shot into the room and played like rippling water over the floor.

Elsie half started to her feet with a cry.

"What is that? What is that?"

"The moon is up," said Elizabeth, simply.

Elsie laid her head down again, Elizabeth stood leaning her hands on the window-sill, looking straight before her.

The moonlight was peculiarly clear, and millions of stars shone forth with the diamond radiance seen only in a frosty night. Every object was visible. Hoar frost shone up whitely from the crisp grass of the lawn, and long black shadows were cast downward by the trees, shaken up like drapery when the wind tossed the branches up and down.

From where Elizabeth stood she could look out over the withered flowerbeds and into the thicket beyond.

Suddenly her eye caught sight of the cypress tree, rising up gloomy and dark, its branches waving slowly to and fro, looking, to her excited fancy, like spectral hands that beckoned her forth to her task.

She uttered a faint sound and strained her eyes towards it with a chill feeling of horror. Elsie was roused again by the noise, and asked, quickly:

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing."

"What made you groan, then?"

"I am looking out," returned Elizabeth, in a low voice, leaning more heavily against the window for support.

"Come away, come away!" cried Elsie, muffling her face more closely in her shawl, as if to shut out some dreadful object. "Come back to the fire, Elizabeth, do!"

"Surely, if I can go out there," she said, "I have courage enough to look at the old tree."

Elsie only groaned anew. She sat upright and rested herself against the chair her sister had left.

"How does it look, Bessie?" she asked, in a low, scared tone.

"The moonlight is so ghostly," returned Elizabeth; "it looks frightened. No wonder—no wonder!"

Elsie trembled more violently, but it seemed as if some power stronger than her own will forced her to continue those questions.

"And the cypress, Bessie, how does it look?"

"Stern and dark," cried Elizabeth. "It beckons to me; the branches look like giant arms beckoning me out. I must go—I must go!"

Her voice was little more than a whisper, but it sounded painfully sharp and distinct. Elsie buried her face in both hands, once more to shut out the images it conjured up.

"Come back!" she moaned; "Elizabeth, come back!"

"I must go. It is time."

"Wait—wait—just a moment! Don't go yet—don't leave me—I shall die here alone."

Elsie dragged herself along the floor to where Elizabeth stood and caught her dress in a convulsive grasp.

"Wait a little—just a little?"

Her very weakness seemed to give Elizabeth a sort of insane composure.

"Let go my dress," she said; "I must be gone."

"I can't stay here—I can't!"

"Be still—you must!"

She wrenched her garments from Elsie's hands, and the girl fell helplessly on the floor.

"Let me creep into bed first," she moaned; "I shall run mad if you leave me here. Oh, I'll go—I ought to go! What an unnatural creature I am! I'll go!"

"Hush! You must stay; you would only hinder me."

"But it's so wicked of me——"

"Don't talk—don't think—it is too late," whispered Elizabeth. "If you can pray, do it."

"I can't—I daren't! Help me up, Elizabeth—help me up."

But there was no response. Elizabeth was bending towards the window again, looking straight at the cypress tree, but the dread which had been in her face before was weak compared to the horror that convulsed it now.

"He is going there!" she cried, in an awful voice.

Elsie caught hold of her and raised herself so as to look out of the window.

"Who—who? What do you mean?"

"See—see!" continued Elizabeth. "Some one is creeping towards the cypress. He has a spade in his hand. Merciful God, it is too late!"

"Is it Grantley?" shrieked Elsie. "Is it Grantley?"

"There he goes! I told you I heard steps! My God! my God!"

She fell on her knees by the window, still staring out into the spectral light. Elsie gave one glance, saw her brother running swiftly towards the cypress and then sank back, unable to venture another look.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ALONE in his room, Grantley Mellen had sat for hours with only stern thoughts for his companions, and they grew so black and fierce that the most terrible crisis would have been less hard to endure than that horrible suspense.

He waited silent, immovable, till the last sound in the house died away; waited still for slumber to overtake every inmate of the dwelling, that he might carry out the plan he had formed.

He was going out to the cypress tree; he would discover if his wife's agitation, when he proposed digging about it, was in any way connected with the mystery which surrounded her. He believed that it was so, though in what manner it was im-

possible to divine. Perhaps there were letters hidden there—some condemning evidence against her which she had found no opportunity since his return to make away with. Whatever it was, he would discover it, drag it out, and with this fresh proof of her treachery in his hands, rush in to overwhelm her with his knowledge of her guilt.

He, too, sat watching the clock, counting the strokes as the hours sounded, but to him the time appointed did not arrive quickly. It seemed as if the hands scarcely moved, in his mad impatience he thought the appointed instant never would approach.

It was a terrible vigil that he kept; the strongest man could not for many hours have endured that wild suspense, while tortured by such fiendish whispers as moaned in his ear.

The time came at last; the moonlight streamed pale and uncertain through the casement; no sound broke the stillness, even the wind had ceased its moaning. He could go forth now without fear of discovery.

He could go forth, but to what?

His very inability to form the least idea of what discoveries he might make increased the fever of his impatience, he could not wait longer—not a moment—not a second.

He opened the door and crept cautiously through the gallery, down stairs into the lower hall, undid the fastenings of the outer door and passed on to the veranda.

The garden tools were some of them in a closet in the area; he went down the steps, opened the door, took out a spade and hurried towards the cypress tree.

There he was, standing under the moaning branches, his head bare, digging wildly and aimlessly about the roots, peering at every lump of earth with his insane gaze, ready to believe that he had at last come upon that for which he sought.

And while he dug furiously into the earth Elizabeth Mellen knelt by the window-seat watching him, and Elsie lay upon the floor, too utterly prostrated to do more than cry out to Elizabeth at intervals in her sharp, discordant voice:

"Is he there yet—is he there?"

"Still there," she answered.

"What is he doing?"

"Digging, digging! He is on the wrong side of the tree."

Elsie gave a cry of relief.

"No, no," continued Elizabeth; "he stops to throw the earth back—he is going farther round."

"Has he found the place—has he?"

"Not yet."

Elsie could not even groan; her breath came in quick gasps; her hands tore madly at the carpet, but Elizabeth leaned motionless against the window-sill, watching always with her strained gaze.

"Where is he now, Bessie?"

"He has not reached it—he is near! No! he is digging again—he has not found the place."

"If we could only stop him," cried Elsie, roused to new courage. "If I opened my window and called out."

"Too late, too late!"

"But he will find it—he will find it!"

"Then God help me, I can do no more!"

Elsie sprang up with another shriek.

"You'll tell—you'll tell! I know you will give way—and Grant will murder you—murder us all."

Elizabeth caught her in her arms and forced her back on the floor.

"Lie still," she said.

"Let me go, I say—let me go! I want to die—I won't live after he finds you out. I'll kill you, Elizabeth, if you don't let me go."

But Elizabeth held her firmly in spite of her insane struggles, crying out:

"It is nothing to you—you have no cause to fear. You are mad, mad! I tell you the trouble is mine; whatever comes falls on my head; be still, Elsie."

"You promise. Swear it—swear not to bring my name in."

"I have sworn and I will keep my oath," returned Elizabeth. "Disgrace, infamy, death—I will bear them all alone. What should I gain by dragging you down with me?"

She fell away from the girl as she spoke, but Elsie did not attempt to rise; she lay still now, exhausted by her recent violence, and reassured by Elizabeth's words.

Again the woman leaned against the window-sill and looked out towards the tree. Mellen was at work still, more furiously than ever, throwing up great shovelfuls of earth and dashing them down with frantic haste.

"Is he there yet?" called Elsie.

"Yes, yes! How he works—dig—dig—dig!"

She stopped suddenly, the silence raised wilder terror in Elsie's mind.

"Has he found the place?"

"Not yet. He is standing still now, he is throwing the earth back."

"What now—what now?" called Elsie, when she paused.

"He is looking about—he is puzzled. There is only that place left—he will miss it. The shadows lie blackest there."

Another instant of intent watching, then a low cry.

"He is there—he is there!"

"Stop him!" shrieked Elsie. "Shout to him!"

And Elizabeth only moaned again:

"Too late! too late!"

"Is he digging?"

"Yes; wait—wait!"

She clutched the window-sill until her nails bent and broke in the woodwork.

"First on one side, then the other," she whispered. "He doesn't touch the right spot—I know it so well—night and day I have seen it——"

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"

She never heeded the mad cry, clinging closer and closer to the window-frame, staring out as if every energy of her nature was centred in that gaze.

"He has not found it! He stops again—he throws down the spade! He is stamping on the ground. Oh! once more!"

Then another pause, and at last Elizabeth cried in the same sharp whisper:

"He is throwing the earth back—he turns away!"

"Saved! saved!" shrieked Elsie.

Elizabeth watched his every movement still. He stood for some moments in quiet, then walked about the tree; she could feel the baffled rage that shook him.

He turned away at last, disappeared round the corner of the house. Then Elizabeth sprang to her feet.

"Where are you going?" cried Elsie.

"Lie still—don't speak on your life!"

She ran to the door and locked it, then threw herself down by the fire.

"He might come in and find us," she whispered.

Elsie crept across the floor again, seeking protection at her side. There they waited, hushing their breaths, listening for the echo of his step on the stairs. It came at last, muffled and cautious, but terribly distinct to their strained senses. He half paused at the room where they were, passed on, the door of his chamber opened and shut.

"He has gone in," said Elizabeth.

"Saved! saved!" broke again from Elsie's lips, but there was no answering echo from the woman by her side.

For a time they sat motionless, whether moments or hours neither of them ever could have told.

At last Elizabeth rose, moved noiselessly across the chamber, while Elsie raised her head to look.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"You know," Elizabeth answered.

"You won't—you can't! Oh, wait—wait!"

"And to-morrow have the whole house to look on while the work is done," the woman answered.

"Is there no other way?"

"None. This is the last hope; I shall try it."

There was no elation in her voice at the danger she had escaped, no hope rising up now that she might go through her task in safety, no dread either of what she had to do, only stern determination, the chill of utter despair, ready to struggle but not to hope. She wrapped a shawl about her without the slightest appearance of haste, and stood still a little longer. She was more like a marble statue endowed with the power of motion than a breathing, living creature.

"Are you going?" called Elsie.

"Yes; I shall not be long—not long."

But Elsie rushed after her and caught her in her arms, and cried:

"I can't stay; I must go with you."

"Stay here, I tell you. Will you lose our last chance? Let me go—let me go!"

"I can't—I daren't! I should go mad!"

"Every moment is worth a whole life," cried Elizabeth. "Let me go!"

She forced the girl to release her hold, and with one feeble wail Elsie fell senseless to the floor.

"Better so," muttered the woman. "When she comes to herself the medicine will make her sleep."

The excitement she was laboring under gave her new strength. She raised the insensible girl, carried her through the vacant chamber, and laid her on the bed in her own room. For an instant she stood regarding her, then drew the bedclothes over her inanimate form and turned away.

"I have kept my faith," was all she said. "I will keep it to the end—the bitter, bitter end."

She went back to her own room, closing the doors as she passed, then, without further delay, passed down the private staircase which led to the little entry off the library.

Once on the stairs she paused to listen, but there was no sound, and she hurried on noiseless as a spirit. One of the shutters was ajar, admitting a few gleams of light, by which she could see to unbar the door.

She was out in the air at last; the first step was taken in safety. She found the spade which Mellen had flung down in his angry disappointment, and she in turn flew towards the cypress tree. She was under its shadow, the branches writhed and moaned like living things, the moon shot in and out the gathering clouds, casting a flickering, uncertain light about that was more terrible than the deepest gloom.

She had no need to search, only too well she knew the place where she must dig. Night and day for weeks the dread spot had been with her, in every dream she had been digging, as she was now—digging—digging with frantic haste; and, as in her dreams, her strength seemed to fail, and some unseen power to hold her back, so now, in that frightful reality, her arms fell half paralyzed and the crusted earth resisted her efforts.

To and fro the branches swayed above her head, beating themselves about, moaning like evil voices. The wind swept up chill and warningly, but she toiled on.

Such a terrible face it was that bent over the work, such a pale, terrified face, lighted up with those agonised eyes! She worked with a strength that appeared superhuman, but it seemed to her that all her toil made no progress.

The cold nights had frozen the earth. She remembered, too, how carefully it had been packed down over the spot. For nights after the hollow sound of the spade had rung in her ears, and nothing could drown its echo.

Still she toiled on, she would not give up. A horrible fear was coming over her, a supernatural, ghostly dread, that made her flesh creep and her hair rise on her temples, but she never relinquished her efforts.

Spadefull after spadefull of earth was thrown out, but still the bottom was not reached. She had not thought it deep—so deep. If it should be empty—if there was nothing there!

That thought paralyzed her arm as if it had been struck by a hand of iron. If the place had been searched before, if the least possibility of removing that terrible evidence was gone beyond her power!

The idea was too maddening. She shook off the nightmarelike oppression which had been upon her, caught up the spade again, and resumed her task.

Suddenly the shovel struck some substance harder than the earth, and rang out with a dull, heavy sound. For one instant she started back. She was alone in the night, alone with that before her! She dared not even peer into the cavity. It was choked up with shadows, and their blackness seemed to warn her off.

The mighty strength that had carried this woman forward till now left her. The cold pierced her through and through; but she must not pause there, her horrible task was but just commenced. She took up the spade again, dropped it into the impalpable darkness of the hole, and pressed it down, leaning her whole weight upon it. A sharp pain shot through her chest, and she stood up struggling for breath. Shadows from the disturbed cypress boughs were falling all about her, breaking and forming again in a thousand fantastic movements. But one shadow, dark, solid and still, fell across a gleam of moonlight at her feet, freezing her to the heart. She looked slowly up and saw her husband.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

For several seconds the husband and wife remained looking at each other in utter silence; the moaning of the cypress boughs sounded louder and more weird; through the whirl of her senses Elizabeth heard it still.

"Come forward," she heard her husband's voice say at length, in the hard, icy tones of concentrated passion. "Come forward, woman, that I may see your face."

The words seemed to come from a great distance; looking over at him, it seemed as if that shallow trench between them was a bottomless gulf which no power could bridge over. The gulf between them for ever and ever.

"Come forward, I say."

She staggered slowly into the moonlight; the warning was fulfilled; ruin, disgrace had come; yet there she stood speechless, motionless, unable even to give utterance to a moan.

For a little time Mellen stood almost as still and helpless as herself. Suddenly, with a cry that sounded scarcely human, he snatched the spade, plunged it into the grave, and pressed all his force upon it. Slowly the edge of a box appeared. Mellen placed one foot on the handle of the spade to hold it firmly, bent down and dragged the box into the moonlight. Pulling the spade up from the crumbling earth, he raised it on high, and was about to dash the box open. Elizabeth lifted her soiled hands in mute appeal.

She hoped nothing from his forbearance. The action was only an instinct of her whirling senses, such as makes a drowning man clutch at straws, but with it her limbs gave way, and she fell upon her knees by the box, still lifting her white face to his.

"Do you think to stop me even now?" he exclaimed. "I wonder I do not kill you; I wonder I don't dig this pit, which has concealed your infamy, deeper, and bury you there alive."

"If you only would kill me," she moaned; "only kill me."

"Stand up," he cried again; stand up, I say."

But she stretched out her hands over the box; some insane idea of still preserving it from his touch rushed across her mind.

"I will open it; I will look on this dishonor with my own eyes."

"Don't open it; don't open it! Let us pass away from your sight for ever."

He caught her arm and pulled her roughly away.

"You shall not touch the dead."

She struggled on to her knees and wound her arms about him in a convulsive grasp; he shook her off with a loathing gesture, as if a poisonous reptile had brushed his garments.

He raised the spade again, and while a last despairing cry died on her lips dashed it heavily down upon the cover; again and again; till the frail board split, revealing a gleam of white underneath.

Elizabeth was lying on the ground; not insensible; no such blessed relief came to her; but incapable of a movement; watching him always with those insane eyes.

His passion had exhausted itself in this sacrilegious violence, and he stood over the shattered box, struck with remorseful awe. But the wind swept over it, lifting some folds of transparent muslin from a little face that Elizabeth had seen night and day in her thoughts and her dreams since the dreadful night when that grave was dug under the cypress tree.

She saw the face; saw her husband looking down upon it; saw all the shuddering horror in his eyes. Still she could not move.

"This has been a murder!" he hissed through his clenched teeth. "I swear that the guilty ones shall be brought to judgment."

"No, no," she moaned; "not murder; not that."

He caught her arm again and dragged her up.

"Tell the truth," he cried; "I will hear it!"

She could only stare at him with that affrighted gaze.

"I will bring the whole neighborhood to look," he went on; "I will drag this secret guilt out in the face of day if you do not speak! I will give you no time; no chance of escape; speak, or I will rouse the whole house, and let them see you here with this."

"Wait," she shivered; "wait!"

"Do you know what this is?" he cried. "The murder of a child! Do you know that to-morrow may find you a criminal in the hands of justice—you, my wife! You in whose care I entrusted not only my honor but the most innocent soul that ever lived. Speak then! Expect no mercy from me; not to save my own honor; not to keep my own soul would I lift one finger to help you! Think of it! Picture it to yourself! The eager crowd gathering about this spot; the hootings and execrations that will follow you forth to the prison! Think of the days and nights in your lonely cell; remember the trial; the sentence; the horrible death; you shall not escape; you shall not escape!"

"Grantley! Grantley!"

"Not content with one crime, you have added murder; tried to hide your guilt with a deeper sin!"

"This child was dead," she moaned; "it was dead."

"You will speak then, and tell the whole truth. Do it. But have no thought that even confession can save you; never hope for mercy from my weakness! You can have no enemy that can prove so relentless as I will; if there was a hope of your escape I would hunt you down!"

"It is only to die," she muttered; "only to die."

"Will you speak; will you confess? Tell me how you murdered it?"

"There was no murder."

"But you buried it; you and those who shared your guilt? Who were they; Speak that man's name; I will have it, and from your lips. But, oh, if you have let my sister share this secret; if you have blighted her innocence with a knowledge of your guilt—"

"Stop," she broke in; "stop! do not speak of her."

Even in that moment some recollections came back. She had borne on to the end; her work must not fail at the last moment.

"Elsie knows nothing," she said; "for her sake spare me."

"If you wish to escape having your shame dragged before the whole world, tell me the truth."

"For her sake, for Elsie's, have mercy! I don't expect it—but, remember, disgrace to me reflects not only on you but her! Think of that—don't blight her whole future in crushing me!"

"And I left her in your hands—she has been living in daily intercourse with you—you have stained her lips with your kisses—degraded her by your affection."

"I have not hurt her," she cried; "I tell you she never received harm from me."

There was only one thought in her mind now, to preserve Elsie from his anger—nothing could come to her now. Her present agony was too great for dread—the shame of the world—the most loathsome prison—nothing could bring such pangs as this wrenching away of hope and happiness.

She sat upright on the ground, folding her hands in her lap. Weaker women would have fainted, perhaps gone mad, but now that the first dizzy whirl had left her senses she could see and think clearly.

"And you buried this child?" he said. "Will you own it, or shall I charge the servants as your accomplices—will you carry out your guilt to the last, and let others suffer that you may escape?"

"No, no! I do not struggle. See, I do not defend myself. Let it all fall on me! But no murder, do not charge me with murder. Oh, I am not so bad as that—I could not harm any of God's creatures."

"Is not your sin worse than murder? Why, the blackest criminal has white hands compared to yours! You that I loved and trusted—you that have dragged a proud man's soul through the depths of your sin."

"I have not, I have not!" she broke in.

He pointed to the box—what could she say—how could she deny with that evidence at her feet.

"Oh, my God, have mercy!" she groaned.

"Don't take his name on your lips—don't curse yourself more deeply by a prayer!"

She crouched lower on the ground, her wild eyes were raised to heaven, but there was no help—no aid.

"That name," cried Mellen; "I will hear it from your own lips—speak."

She was silent.

"I know it—I have been on your track for days. It was not enough that you destroyed my life, trampled on my honor, but you must choose for the partner of your guilt the man who had most cruelly wronged me—the one foe I had on earth."

"No, no! I never saw that man—never!"

"Peace, woman! I tell you I intercepted yesterday a letter he sent you—I could not mistake William Ford's writing."

She did cry out then—this was a horror of which she had not dreamed.

"I never knew it," she moaned; "I never knew it."

"And you love this wretch? Through him you shall suffer!"

"I hate him, loathe him!" she cried. "Oh, in this one thing believe me—I never knew it was Ford. The name was changed to deceive me."

"I would not believe a word from your lips though you brought an angel as witness."

Then he looked down at the little coffin, and a fierce gust of insanity swept over him.

"I will send for some officer of justice."

She caught his coat and held him firmly.

"For Elsie's sake—don't overshadow her life with the shame you hurl on me. Let me go away—you shall never hear of me again—I will never cross your path! I do not ask for mercy, but for your sister's sake, for your own honored name, let me go away and die."

There was a wild struggle in his mind, but something like reflection came back at length.

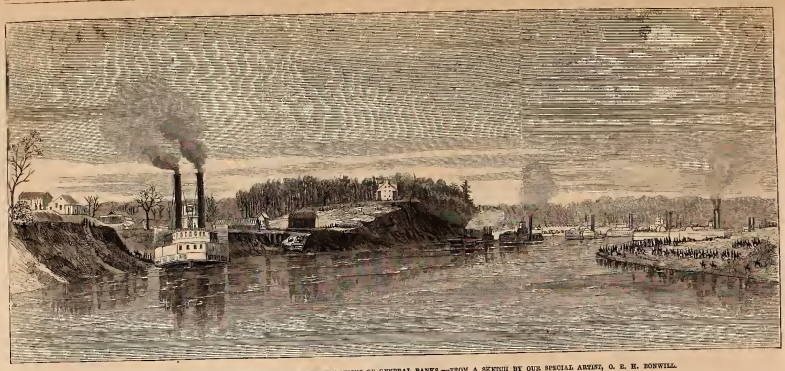
"Aleck," of the Tremont Hotel, is perhaps the most "fidgety" man in the Territory. Being a thorough-bred Democrat, he is sometimes pretty hard on the upper ten—or aristocrats, as he calls them.

"And what kind of an animal may an aristocrat be?" asked a bystander.

"What species of the genus Aristocrat do you mean? There are a number of them," said mine host.

"The Codfish."

"Well, sir, a codfish aristocrat is one of those customers who can pin a dried herring to his coat-tail, and imagine himself to be a whale!"



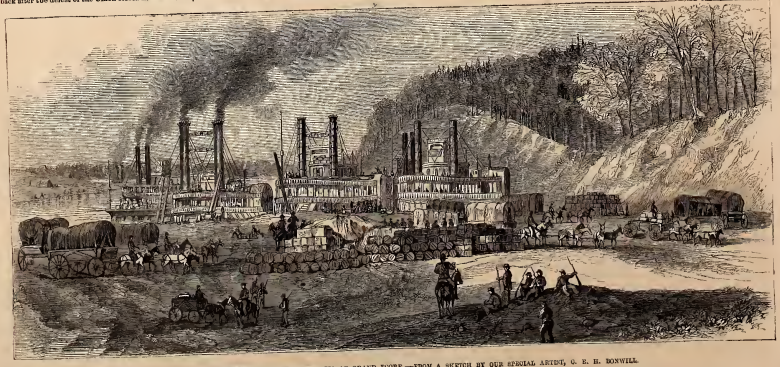
THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—GRAND ECORE, THE BASE OF OPERATIONS OF GENERAL BANKS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. E. H. BONWILL.

THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—THE FORTIFICATIONS AT GRAND ECORE—THE FIRST MISSOURI BATTERY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. E. H. BONWILL.

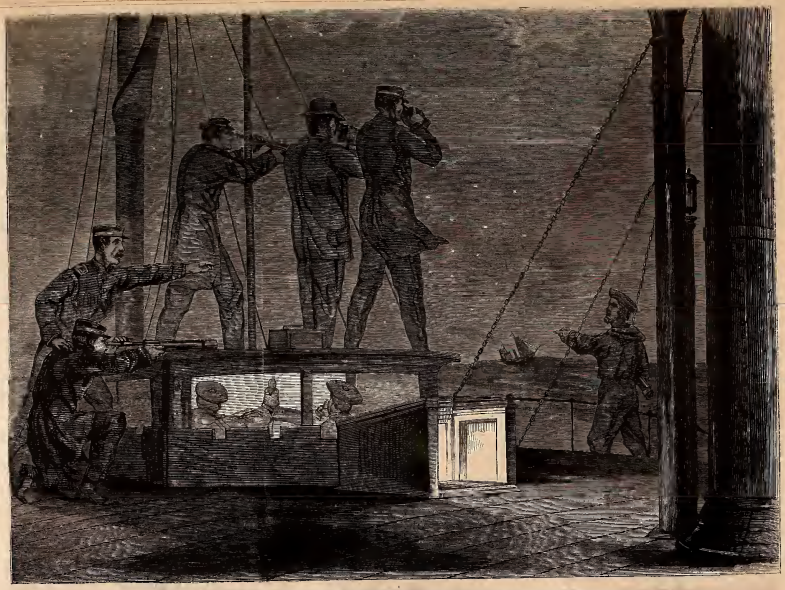
GRAND ECORE, LA.

THIS is the spot to which Gen. Banks fell back after the defeat of the Union forces and the battle of Pleasant hill. It is just above Natchitoches, on the Red river, and derives its name from the great bluff on which it stands. During his occupancy of the point Gen. Banks threw up extensive fortifications, a part of which the 1st Missouri battery, Lieut. Callahan commanding, protecting the road to Natchitoches, our Artist represents in his sketch. These temporary works were made of logs and sandbags.

The house on the bluff in the view of Grand Ecore itself is the residence of Col. De Russy, Chief Engineer of the Trans-Mississippi Department in the Confederate service.



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—LANDING SUPPLIES AT GRAND ECORE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. E. H. BONWILL.



THE BLOCKADE OF MOBILE—CHASING A BLOCKADE-RUNNER AT NIGHT.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. B. HODGE.

MINNIE GREY.

BY J. H. WEBB.

A VERY strange little being was Minnie, Parson Grey's daughter. So beautiful, yet so habitually sad. I see her now, in imagination, with her large, lustrous black eyes, shining ringlets and delicate little form; and I see, too, that expression of settled melancholy that always appeared upon her face.

Minnie and I had been friends, companions, schoolmates, almost from infancy. Our families were close neighbors, and as Minnie had no brother to guard her from harm during the school terms, I was only too happy to supply a brother's place. And I remember, too, as I now look back through the many years that have passed, how envious my male schoolmates were at my guardianship, and how often I received a bruised head for defending myself and my little lady from the taunts, the sneers and the jibes of larger boys.

Was it strange, then, that our friendship should grow with our youth, and strengthen with our strength? And was it strange that when youth ripened into maturity the friendship of schooldays should transform itself into a warmer passion—a more than fraternal feeling?

WELL OF THE WESTOVER MANSION, NEAR HARRISON'S LANDING, ON JAMES RIVER, VIRGINIA.

When I left the little country town, the home of my youth, to accept a situation in the metropolis, the old story had passed between minnie and me. She would patiently wait a few years for the realization of my dreams of worldly prosperity, and then——

But enough of that. Life in the city was anything but pleasant to me at first. My business seemed irksome and dull; everything was new and strange to me, and I heartily wished myself back in the little village with the friends of my youth—with Minnie. But I struggled hard to dispel these melancholy feelings, remembering the stake for which I was to play in the game of life—and conquered.

Those precious little missives which I weekly received from Minnie. What a comfort they were to me in my loneliness, and how they nerved me on to me every energy for advancement and ultimate success. And that tender, loving, yet half-melancholy sentiment which pervaded all her letters—how it reminded me of the little dark-eyed beauty's nature—a pen picture of her inner being.

But time passed on—one, two, three years, and with it my notions of city life underwent a gradual though material change. The strange scenes had become familiar; the bustle and confusion of city

THE WAR IN SOUTH CAROLINA—SECESSIONVILLE, NEAR CHARLESTON.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.—SEE PAGE 135.

life had lost their terrors; I had formed new acquaintances and pleasant associations, and had become, indeed, a thorough metropolitan. But another change occurred in my feelings at the same time. While being habituated to city life, and learning to enjoy its pleasures, my yearning for the little country home of my youth gradually ceased. My mind became estranged from the scenes of youthful enjoyments, and in the mental comparisons which I drew between city and rural life the latter was sure to suffer.

And the memory of Minnie Grey—that, too, suffered by the change. True, our correspondence was continued; the old love-story was retold on the occasion of my semi-yearly visits home. But to my eye Minnie had lost much of her attractiveness. She was so different from my city lady acquaintances; her ways, her manners, her dress were all so odd and so plain; and then her ignorance of fashionable life was so glaring. Indeed, my attentions to Minnie became solely mechanical. I talked gaily to her because I had always done so, and wrote affectionate letters merely from force of habit.

Another year went by, and one day I received a letter from my old home, telling me of the serious illness of Minnie, and requesting me, if possible, to visit her. I felt sorry that she should be ill, that she should suffer pain, nothing more. The image of the gay, the brilliant, the wealthy and the beautiful Flora Montague, by whom I had become infatuated, interposed between myself and duty, and the next mail told Minnie the lie that my business could not possibly permit me to be absent for a single day.

A few weeks more and another letter came, informing me that Minnie had recovered from her illness, but was blind, hopelessly, irrecoverably blind. The disease, I forget the nature of it now, had settled in her eyes and rendered her sightless.

I was glad. Yes—brute that I was!—I was absolutely glad that poor little Minnie, she for whom I would have at one time laid down my life, was blind! Why? Because it would absolve me from the obligation to marry her, and I could now offer myself at the shrine of the adorable Flora. I wrote a long letter to Minnie, hypocritically sorrowful and full of protestations of regard, but informing her that "in consequence of the sad calamity which had befallen her, it would not, of course, be expedient or proper for us to longer think of a marriage engagement." The reply which I received to this cruel missive—— But I have it here in my desk, written a quarter of a century ago:

"Dear Arthur—The postman delivered your letter to me this evening as I sat upon the veranda, trying to catch a glimpse of the sunset. You are quite right in what you say respecting our engagement—our youthful dreams can never be realised. God has seen fit to send affliction upon me for some good purpose, I am sure. Perhaps, dear Arthur, it may be for your good; if so, I will gladly bear it. The world to you looks cheerful, enjoy it and be happy; to me it is a blank—a dark nonentity from which I shall soon be free. If you will remember me in your thoughts with brotherly affection I will be very thankful. That a long life of happiness may be yours is the sincere prayer of your true friend, Minnie Grey."

The letter was written in a strange hand, but that every word was dictated by Minnie there could be no question. Not one word of censure for my cruelty, no upbraiding, no repining, but that same melancholy resignation which always characterised her, together with prayers for my happiness. For a moment my infidelity and perfidy appeared to me in their true colors, but one thought of Flora dispelled them. The blind infatuation which possessed me considered no price too dear for that which would enable me to make Flora my own.

A few weeks more and I was the happiest of mortals. Flora Montague had promised to be my wife. I was congratulated by my young friends, even by those whom I had considered as rivals, and who had fruitlessly hovered around the object of my adoration. True, a few had whispered words of warning in my ear, spoke of fickleness and the like, but I paid no attention to the suspicions of discomfited suitors.

A short time after our engagement a certain Count Somebody—I have forgotten the name—appeared in the city, and soon created a sensation in the fashionable world. He was so noble, so *distingué*—and then he was a titled noble, so the ladies said. This foreigner, whoever he was, procured an introduction to Flora—my Flora—and, to tell the result in a few words, he visited her at home, he went often, Flora became cold towards me, and, finally, our engagement ceased. The sequel to all this I read one morning in the *Herald*, among the marriage notices—the Count de Somebody to Miss Flora Montague, etc.

To say that this termination to all my bright dreams was a very severe blow to me would but faintly portray the actual state of my feelings. I was completely unmanned, crushed, and was so incapacitated for business that I determined to take a vacation and visit the little village of my nativity, with the hope that in its quietude I might forget the mental torment through which I was passing.

It was a warm summer day, and as I walked from the depot to the home of my parents in the little country village, I envied the birds their happiness as they sang merrily among the trees. All nature seemed smiling, as if in mockery of the chaos which seemed to dwell in my own heart. As I drew near the humble residence of Parson Grey, I perceived the aged minister standing upon the veranda, with his face buried in a handkerchief as if weeping. He recognised me as I approached him, and exclaimed:

"Arthur, I am very glad you have come—she has been asking for you."

"Why, Mr. Grey, what is the matter? Is Minnie ill?" I exclaimed, suddenly comprehending his meaning.

"Dying!" sobbed the old man, motioning me to go within.

Hastily I entered the house. In her own room, and lying upon her own bed, was Minnie. Death had surely marked her for his victim. But she was more beautiful than ever before. Her nearness to the celestial home had given her a pure, holy and angelic beauty, which is not of this world. The fanning by an attendant caused the jetty curls to wave, and revealed the pallid brow upon which I had implanted so many tokens of affection. Her pure soul was perhaps even then entering the portals of heaven, while I, self-convicted of cruelty, witnessed the transition from life to death. Need I say that in that moment all the old love for Minnie returned, even with tenfold power. Need I tell of the agony which filled my heart at the thought of parting with my little dark-eyed schoolmate, my youthful companion, and once promised bride?

"Minnie! dear Minnie!" I exclaimed in frenzied accents, "you must not die. Live for me. Oh! my God! how cruelly I have wronged you," and the tears of repentance and grief fell upon the little white hand which I had grasped in my own. The sightless eyes opened, the thin lips moved, and in a voice sweet even in the portals of death she said:

"Dear Arthur, I am so glad you have come. I would like to see you once more, but God has decreed otherwise. I have entered the dark valley of the shadow of death, and shall soon be in that land where the blind shall see the——"

Her voice faltered, her hand clasped mine, a heavenly smile irradiated her countenance, and she was gone.

* * * * * *

A quarter of a century has passed, and gray hairs now cover my head, but the memory of Minnie Grey remains fresh in my mind. Twice every year I visit the little village where we lived, and out in the churchyard I go to weep over the little green mound, and to view the plain marble slab bearing the simple inscription—"Sacred to the Memory of Minnie Grey."

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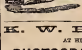

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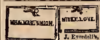

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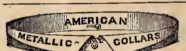

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No. 452—Vol. XVIII.] NEW YORK, MAY 28, 1864. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly. 13 Weeks $1 00.

The Clouds Lifting—The Day Breaking.

The stupendous military operations of the last two weeks in Virginia and Georgia, and the great and significant Union successes attending them, will admit of but one interpretation. They disclose a system of combinations and co-operative forces on the part of Gen. Grant, which, under his skilful and energetic direction, must speedily put an end to the rebellion. The clouds are lifting, the day is breaking in the East, and the golden hour of the nation's deliverance is near.

The dislodgement of the main rebel army under Gen. Lee from that extensive district of almost impenetrable jungle, south of the Rapidan river, known as "the Wilderness," though not a positive victory to us, was to him a fatal disaster. That difficult field to an invader, of hills and hollows, thick woods and

AN INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.—LIEUT.-GEN. GRANT AND MAJOR-GEN. MEADE IN CONSULTATION.—AS SEEN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 148.

underbrush grown up over old exhausted and abandoned tobacco plantations, Gen. Lee had deliberately chosen for a crushing surprise to his enemy. For this purpose, vastly inferior as he was in cavalry and artillery to Gen. Meade, this "Wilderness," inaccessible to artillery or cavalry, was shrewdly selected. In thus restricting the late battle there to infantry, the rebel army, behind its lines of abatis and earthworks, and familiar with all the inequalities of the ground, possessed advantages for defence and attack which it can never command again. Strategically turned out of that strong position, the last chance of success to the rebel chieftain was lost, his army was adrift, and the fortunes of the campaign were in the hands of Gen. Grant.

For weeks and months the deeply designing enemy had ostentatiously paraded their plans, involving a resistless advance into the loyal States, East and West. They had Longstreet mounting an immense force for a destructive foray into Ohio, and while a mere detachment would be employed to draw the army of Gen. Meade beyond the Rapidan, the main body of Lee's army, meantime, 100,000 strong, having swept around the Shenandoah valley and across the Potomac, would be thundering at the back door of Washington. To give color to these reports, squads of rebel guerillas hovered along the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, gangs of freebooters for a short time scoured the mountains of Eastern Kentucky, while the savage Gen. Forrest and his 5,000 savage rougbriders, with fire and slaughter in his track, lorded it over Western Kentucky and Tennessee. All these threatenings and demonstrations were simply intended to divert large bodies of Federal troops to the frontiers of the loyal border States, while the rebel chiefs were concentrating all their accessible forces into the army of Gen. Lee.

These impotent devices, however, were only amusing scarecrows to Gen. Grant. They signally failed to divert him from his own plans and combinations. He saw that the strength of the rebellion was in Lee's army, and that its citadel was Richmond; and so, from the day of his first arrival in Washington as General-in-Chief, Grant's energies were directed to the overthrow of Lee and the capture of Richmond. Now what are the plans of Gen. Grant for compassing these great objects? Comprehending the real designs of the enemy, he first proceeds to strengthen immensely the Army of the Potomac—horse, foot and artillery. Next, to cut off Lee's reinforcements and supplies from the South, a formidable movement, army and navy, is organised for active work at the James river. Next, to detach Lee's army and Richmond from the supplies of Lynchburg and the neighboring country, a strong cavalry column under Sigel is detailed up the Shenandoah valley. Lastly, to give employment to Gen. Joe Johnston in Georgia, and all the rebel forces in that quarter, the terrible Sherman, in overwhelming strength, with his face towards Atlanta, sweeps down upon the plains from the mountains of Chattanooga.

This is, indeed, a formidable military cordon, but it may all be broken up if our Army of the Potomac can be inveigled into a snare and cut to pieces, for then, yet once more, the danger to Washington will be the safety of Richmond. The battle of the "Wilderness" has settled that difficulty; and thus while Grant's combinations remain intact and are successful on every side, those of the enemy are thrown into confusion, East and West. Our momentous and inspiring successes which have followed the unearthing of Gen. Lee are too deeply impressed upon the public mind to need a recapitulation here. Let it suffice that his shattered army is between two fires; that his communications and scanty supplies are cut off on every side; that while Richmond must speedily fall unless he flies to the rescue, inevitable capture or starvation awaits him in seeking a refuge within that city's defences. Flying westward, from sheer exhaustion and destitution, his disheartened and despairing army will soon be dissolved, and in pausing to fight again he covets immediate destruction.

The final catastrophe to that gigantic imposture, the "Southern Confederacy," approaches. Its huge enormities, its monstrous pretensions, its reckless, self-sacrificing, savage and sanguinary resistance, its terrible punishment, only ending in its absolute extinction, will soon be among the records of past events. The historian, in defining it, will say that, among all the revolutionary conspiracies on record, this Southern rebellion stands in its revolting audacity without a parallel in the vicissitudes of any nation of modern or ancient times; that there never has been upon the face of the earth a more causeless, a more suicidal, a weaker and yet a more formidable rebellion than this; and that in its bloody overthrow, down to its very foundations of slavery, its appalling fate will stand as a warning, or as a beacon, to the ruling classes of every land under the sun till time shall be no more.

More law-suits than love-suits are brought on by attachments.

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FRANK LESLIE'S

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537 Pearl Street, New York.

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NOTICE.

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To Correspondents.

The Publisher will receive a few first-class stories, which will be read promptly, and if found worthy of acceptance, suitably compensated.

The manuscript should be legible, on one side of the paper only, and be accompanied with the address of the writer. Poems of a very high order and moderate length will meet with attention.

Declined. —Bessie Gray—First and Last Offer—Blue Blouse—Minnie Wallace—Ivonna—A Recipe against Poor Relations.

Summary of the Week.

We are now witnesses of a decisive battle, perhaps of the culminating struggle of the war. After three years of contest, with engagements in almost every State, both parties seemed to have gathered up all available resources, called in all minor armies, and resolved to make one tremendous effort on the Rapidan. Except the muttering of war in Louisiana, all operations seem suspended to concentrate in this great drama. The stage is a wide one indeed, as the operations extend from Dalton in Georgia to the banks of James river; but the movements are all guided by one mind, aim at one object, and advance as one man.

VIRGINIA.

In our last week's summary we followed the operations down to Friday, the 6th, when Grant held substantially the same line as on Thursday.

On Saturday, the 7th, he drew back and strengthened his right, and began with shot and shell. By noon it was evident that Lee was retreating to Spottsylvania Court House, abandoning Mine run for North Anna. Grant pursued, and a cavalry battle ensued on the Cross roads near Todd's tavern, in which Torbett and Gregg repulsed the enemy. Lee, with his infantry, faced from time to time to fight.

On Saturday evening Fredricksburg was occupied.

On Sunday, the 8th, Hancock and Burnside led the pursuit. Warren took the Brock road, and coming up with the enemy at Alsop's farm, a severe action took place, in which the enemy were again driven back. We, however, lost 300 killed and wounded, Gen. Robinson, of Griffin's division, being severely wounded in the knee. Towards evening Grant pushed the 5th and 6th corps forward again.

On Monday, the 9th, there was cannonading and skirmishing, during which Gen. Sedgwick was killed by a sharpshooter. Towards dusk Grant again advanced, Warren's 5th corps in the centre, Hancock's 2d on the right, and the 6th (now Wright's), on the left; a severe battle with artillery and musketry took place at the Po, which Hancock crossed, but recrossed at night.

On Tuesday, the 10th, our line was in a crescent on the north bank of the Po, with Burnside's 9th corps on the extreme left. The rebels lay north of Spottsylvania Court House, with his left on Glady run, and his right on the Ny. Between the two was a dense forest with underbrush.

Grant attacked the rebel centre, driving the enemy to his riflepits, but suffering severely and failing to take them. Here Gen. Rice was killed.

In the evening a second attack was made and Gen. Upton carried the enemy's works, capturing 1,000 prisoners and several guns.

On Wednesday, the 11th, there was heavy cannonading, but no engagement.

On Thursday, the 12th, Gen. Barlow, of Major-Gen. Hancock's corps, carried the rebel riflepits, capturing a whole division of the enemy, with Gen. Edward Johnson, Brig.-Gen. George Stuart and Robert Johnson.

On Friday, the 13th, Grant advanced, and occupied the crests of the hills over the Ny river.

At 7 P. M. on Saturday, the 14th, the 5th corps had a brisk engagement with the enemy, but no general battle took place.

Meanwhile Gen. Sheriden turned the enemy's right, and getting to the rear destroyed Lee's depot at Beaver dam, with locomotives, trains, 200,000 pounds of bacon, cut eight to ten miles of the Orange railroad, besides recapturing 500 Union prisoners.

On the 11th he destroyed a locomotive and train at Ashland station, with several storehouses, and six miles of railroad, culverts, bridges and telegraph. He met Stuart at Yellow tavern, and after a stubborn fight routed him, losing his life. Sheridan then advanced on the Brock road, and took the first line of the enemy's works around Richmond. He then crossed the Chicahominy, fought the enemy at Gaines's mills, and joined Butler.

Gen. Sigel is advancing along the Shenandoah, to add to Lee's difficulties by tearing up the railroad between Charlottesville and Lynchburg.

Gen. Butler meanwhile holds Beauregard in Petersburg, having cut off his communication by the Petersburg and Richmond railroad. He has blockaded the rebel ironclads in James river by sinking vessels in the channel at Turkey bend.

On the 29th ult. 22,000 men, consisting of infantry, mounted infantry and cavalry, with artillery, left Charlestown under Gen. Crooke, to cut the Virginia and East Tennessee railroad. At Princeton they captured a rebel camp.

GEORGIA.

Sherman's move on Dalton was perfectly successful. McPherson cut the railroad at Resaca; Thomas advanced on Johnston's front, and Schofield on his flank. After three days fight the rebels fell back to Rocky Ridge and Buzzard Roost. On this Johnston evacuated those posts and Dalton. We have taken 5,000 prisoners and 10 or 12 cannon.

ARKANSAS.

Marmaduke, on May 1st, had got so near to Little Rock that he threw shells into the city, but he was driven off by Carr's cavalry.

LOUISIANA.

At the latest accounts Gen. Banks had abandoned the Red river and was falling back to Franklin across the Teche country, and Porter is damming the Red river, so as to get his boats over the falls.

FLORIDA.

At the latest dates, May 2d, Gen. Birney had gone on an expedition into the interior.

NAVAL.

The Navy Department has information of the capture, by the gunboat Owasco, of the English schooners Lily, Fannie and Laura, of Velasco, Texas, the prisoners stating that they did not know the character of their cargoes. On the Fannie, however, were found eight cases of rifles for the rebel Gen. Magruder.

Official information had been received by Mr. Mallory, the Secretary of the rebel navy, from Fort Fisher, that the pirate Florida had attacked and sunk the United States gunboat Huntsville, one of the East Gulf squadron in the West Indies, together with another vessel. It is also reported that the Florida recently burned the Boston ship Avon, bound from China to the United States.

The rebel ironclad North Carolina, supported by four wooden vessels, made an attack on the Nansemond on the 6th inst., in the New Inlet, N. C., but was repulsed.

The United States gunboat Grand Gulf captured the British steamer Young Republic, of Nassau, loaded with cotton and tobacco, from Wilmington, N. C., on the 8th inst., in latitude 32.58, longitude 77.26. She had a crew of 40 men on board, and was commanded by Capt. Harris, formerly of the United States navy.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on the 9th of May, an adverse report was made on the expediency of changing the southern front of the Treasury Department. The bill for the erection of a Branch Mint at Philadelphia was passed. Mr. Howard reported a substitute for the Pacific Railroad bill. The Senate considered the Bank bill at length, but little or no progress was made. An amendment by Mr. Doolittle, to keep the circulation of the banks within certain bounds, was voted down. Mr. Wade, of Ohio, from the Committee on the Conduct of the War, made a report in reference to the returned prisoners at Baltimore and Annapolis. On his motion 25,000 copies were ordered to be printed for the use of the Senate. Mr. Collamer then read a dispatch from the Secretary of War, announcing a victory by Gen. Grant, when the Senate adjourned.

In the House, on motion of Mr. Rogers, of New Jersey, a resolution was adopted, instructing the Committee on Naval Affairs to examine into the expediency of locating the proposed Navy Yard on the west side of the Hudson river, nearly opposite Yonkers. The Missouri contested election case of Bruce against Loan came up, but, after discussion, was postponed, without any conclusion on the subject.

In the Senate, on the 10th, the bill to adjust the Claims of Aliens arising out of the present war was reported back from the Foreign Affairs Committee. A bill amendatory of the act regulating the grade of Naval line officers was introduced and referred. A bill to facilitate trade in the region of country drained by the Red river of the North was reported. The House bill for the organization of the Veteran Volunteer Engineers of the Army of the Cumberland and the bill to prevent smuggling were passed. The bill regulating Proceedings in Criminal cases was under consideration for some time, and a proposed substitute for it was taken up and amended in the section relative to treason, by giving the Government two and the accused five peremptory challenges in all trials. The subject was then laid aside, and the National Bank bill was taken up. Various amendments were offered and rejected, among which was that proposing that the banks shall be compelled to retain one-fourth of the gold received as interest on Government bonds as a reserved fund, until the resumption of specie payments. An amendment was adopted requiring each bank to make provision for the redemption of its notes in the city of New York, and the bill was then passed, by 30 yeas to 8 nays. The Senate then held an executive session, and on the opening of the doors adjourned.

In the House, the debate on the contest between Messrs. Loan and Bruce for the representation of the Seventh Missouri district occupied the greater portion of the session. Finally a vote on the matter was reached, and it was decided that Mr. Loan is entitled to the seat. The Senate bill authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to provide for the care, in States and Territories where there are no penitentiaries, of criminals sentenced by the National authorities, was passed. Gen. Butler's dispatch to the Secretary of War, detailing his successes in Virginia, was read from the Clerk's desk, and was received with applause. The Senate's amendments to the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill were under consideration for some time, but the House adjourned without disposing of them.

In the Senate, on the 11th, Mr. Lane, of Kansas, introduced a resolution directing the Committee on the Conduct of the War to inquire into the causes of the recent military reverses on the Red river. On this considerable discussion took place, and the resolution was so amended as to empower the committee to investigate the entire administration of Gen. Banks in the Southwest, and in that form it was adopted. A resolution condemning the President's action in the cases of Schenck and Blair was proposed by Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, but not disposed of.

In the House, after some unimportant business, the joint resolution to drop from the army all unemployed Generals was carried by 72 to 45.

In the Senate, on the 12th, Mr. Wilson offered a bill authorizing every railroad in the United States to carry freight, passengers, mails, troops and Government supplies, and receive compensation therefor. It was resolved that the Secretary of War be directed to furnish the Senate with a list of all general officers in commission at or since the beginning of the present war. The bill altering the charter of the city of Washington so as to allow every male citizen to vote without regard to color was brought up for argument, after which the Senate adjourned to Monday.

In the House, the resolutions of the New York Chamber of Commerce recommending the extension of telegraphic communication with the Old World was presented. The House renewed the consideration of the bill to give homesteads from forfeited or confiscated lands to soldiers and sailors, without regard to color. The bill declaring the Raritan and Delaware Bay railroad and the Camden and Atlantic railroad to be public highways of the United States was also considered.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

The Opposition in both Houses of Parliament made their long threatened attack on Lord Palmerston's Administration on the 28th of April, and were signally defeated, in the Commons by 34, while in the Peers they did not venture upon a division. The chief grounds of attack were subservience to the United States in the matter of the rebel rams and on the Danish question. In the former, Earl Russell very plainly told the Peers that the conduct of the Lairds was scandalous, for they had, merely for the sake of pursuing their own profit, very nearly involved England in a war with the United States. Lord Grey and Lord Derby had very little answer to make to this, but harped upon Mr. Seward's famous dispatch to Mr. Adams, who had the good sense not to deliver it.

Garibaldi had sailed for Caprera in the Duke of Sutherland's yacht; he was accompanied by the Duke and Duchess. It was generally conceded that the meeting of the Danish Convention would have been seriously interfered with had his receptions continued. The story that he was driven out by foreign influence is absurd, and merely shows how gullible some of our editors are.

The Danes had abandoned Fredericia, and had retired into the island of Alsen. It was openly stated that an armistice would soon be concluded between the belligerents. In the mean time popular feeling ran very strongly in favor of the Danes, both in France and England.

The Shakespeare Tercentenary festival had been celebrated in England, Germany and Russia, with great *éclat*. At the Frankfort celebration there had been considerable ill-feeling displayed between the English and Germans, on account of the Schleswig-Holstein war.

The Emperor Maximilien had taken leave of the Pope and was expected to sail for Mexico in the course of the ensuing week. He agrees to pay France an indemnity of about $25,000,000 for their expenses—rather a small amount, considering the enormous cost of their expedition. France would evacuate the country as soon as possible.

BOOK NOTICES.

Poems. By William Allingham. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

This most elegant edition of a popular poet comes very opportunely. Allingham's coming fame was recognised by several critics in advance of the public mind. Fifteen years ago Gilfillan, the word-painter of literary portraits, in a picture of the author of Festus sketched in the background the literary features of some whom he thought destined to illuminate the poetical world. Here he foreshadowed the effect of Sydney Dobell's "Roman," then in manuscript, and spoke, among others, of William Allingham as a young man of promise and ability. Gilfillan's views are not always reliable, and we only allude to his notice of Allingham to show that, as far back as 15 years ago, his verses of the latter had so commended their author as to win from a popular bookmaker a recognition as a rising poet. We have heard little of Mr. Allingham since, but his acquaintance through Ticknor and Fields' neat little volume will be valued by those who appreciate the poetry of the affections. His genius is quaint and musical, and enriches a sympathetic vein of poesy by the felicity with which it guides its utterance.

TOWN GOSSIP.

Somewhere—in some quaint old volume, studded full with ancient lore, have we met a pleasant legend, and have conned it o'er and o'er. Then, as eagerly we read it, pondering on its hidden store, this thought struck us, struck us squarely, and keeps striking us still more. Therefore will we tell the application after we have told the legend.

There was once a king, says the story, who was excessively fond of having stories told him. To cater for this taste all the ingenuity of the kingdom was at work, and many of the most marvellous stories, even surpassing those of Cobb, were poured into his ears, until at length the king wearied of their shortness and wished for a tale that should last for ever, promising the fortunate relator of such an article to share his kingdom with him, which, even supposing it to be no bigger than some German kingdoms, is better than telling stories, and writing them also for the newspapers.

To please the king in this matter there came glib-tongued penny-a-liners from every corner of his dominions, who were cunning in spinning out nothing to an indefinite length, but their stories, no matter how many columns long they were, always came to an end, even though they lasted for years.

Finally, there came a wretched person—no doubt an Irishman, for since the year one they have been the very deuce at storytelling—who proposed to gratify the king's wish.

"Do you know the forfeit?" quoth his majesty.

"No! an plaze yer worship," returned the Galt.

Then," thundered the king, "it is that he who faileth shall be hurried to the deepest dungeon beneath our castle's moat, there to rot in chains, fed only upon Dublin whiskey and codfish balls."

"I accept the sintince, yer riverence!" ejaculated the native of the gem of the sea, as prink as possible.

"Begin then," muttered the king, doggedly, settling himself on his throne for a few years listen. The Celtic relator began:

"Once upon a time there was a king who had a dream which troubled him exceedingly. He called together all his wise men, and the result of their deliberation was that a famine would beset the land in 10 years, and that until that time all the grain of the kingdom must be stored as a provision. Then the king built an enormous granary into which went all the grain of those years, the people in the meantime subsisting entirely on peanuts, round-hearts and taffy-candy.

"At the end of 10 years, one day the king was viewing his wonderful granary, which now was full to the top, when he observed a sparrow enter a hole in the top and carry off a grain of corn. And still as he looked there came another sparrow and carried off another grain of corn, and then there came another sparrow and carried off another grain of corn, and then there came another sparrow and carried off another grain of corn, and then there came another sparrow and carried off another—"

"What meaneth this blather?" shouted the listening king, after he had patiently heard the nine hundred and forty-sixth and a halfth repetition of the carrying process. "When will this portion of thy recital end, slave?"

"Your holiness must have patience!" responded the Milesian, "there are yet 10 years grain for the sparrows to carry away, and they have not removed the ten thousandth million of a million part. And there came another sparrow and carried away—"

"Enough! enough!" cried the king. "Take thy half kingdom and cut thy stick, and hereafter let it be proclaimed that no emigrant from Ireland shall enter my dominions, under pain of enlistment and being swindled out of his bounties. The court's adjourned!"

The story is not bad, but the application we shall make is not, perhaps, so good: which is, that the emptying of that granary and the telling of the tale is like the routine of a great city. A sparrow comes and carries off a grain of corn, and then another sparrow comes and carries off another grain of corn, and so on for ever. What happens this year happens the next, and there is nothing new under the sun.

There is one reservation to this fact, which is the all-absorbing interest in

The Week of Battles,

which has been one in which the very fate of the country hung trembling in the scale. Let us imagine, if we can, the possibility that our summer campaign should be unsuccessful, and the rebels should succeed in carrying out their programme for an invasion of the North; let us think of New York as occupied by the rebel army and under martial law; let us think of the tax that would be levied on our wealth, of the despoiling of our everyday commerce. Think what a figure Tiffany's, Ball & Black's, Stewart's and Lord & Taylor's would make under rebel rule. New Yorkers have never yet realised this war at their very doors. They have been disposed, all through, to treat it as a summer's day pastime, something of which they read and have an interest in, the same as they would a novel published in numbers, and for which they pay their money. Should the publisher of their weekly amusement find it necessary to raise the price they will grumble, but still go on paying and being interested. It is not until some incident comes into their very homes, some telegram announcing the fall of a son, a brother, or one almost as dear, some deprivation of their comfort or peace of mind, that they realise its real force, and are ready to feel its terrors. We could put our finger on thousands who, since the first breaking-out of the rebellion, have not done one act, uttered one word, or spent one cent to aid the land in its fearful throes—men, and women too (if we can call them so), who would not contribute ten cents from their abundance to aid a disabled soldier to reach his home, or send a nurse to the field in the most fearful emergency.

A Ladies' Meeting.

While speaking of this we are reminded of a meeting that comes off during the week at Cooper Institute, inaugurated by ladies, to take into consideration and adopt measures to stay the extravagance of the day in silks, laces, gloves and all articles of foreign make. However unpractical such a meeting may be in results, and we fear it will not achieve anything, we honor the motive, and trust it may succeed in making luxury of dress and living as unfashionable as it is now fashionable. With such names attached to the call as Mrs. Gen. Dix, Mrs. Ogden Hoffman, Mrs. Alex. Hamilton, Mrs. Daniel Le Roy, and hundreds of others of like strength, the appeal cannot be altogether a failure. They say in their announcement of the meeting: "It is not proposed to recommend the abandonment of any articles necessary even for comfort, but simply that the above-named luxuries, whose import creates the necessity of sending enormous amounts of gold out of the country, should for the present cease to be matters of daily use and purchase, and that the gold should be retained at home to strengthen our own Government. Elsewhere this movement has been already suggested. Women who have devoted themselves to the service of their country's defenders have paused in the midst of their labor and suffering to ask—Is there nothing now to be done? and they have been taught that a mightier help than any they have yet given may be rendered by simple self-denial in outward adorning. Can a right-thinking, patriotic woman hesitate to make so paltry a sacrifice?"

As *apropos* to this subject, we have heard, from good authority, and that in which we have faith, that

Mrs. Lincoln Refused

to curtail her adornments, when waited on last week by a committee of the Ladies' League, now existing in Washington, and working to the same end as the New York ladies propose. She gave a point blank negative to the idea, and rather took the matter in high dudgeon, and was not at all pleased with the ladies who made the unwholesome proposition. As the young and beautiful Presidentess has just been spending a few days in this city, earnestly and intently devoting her mind to shopping, and has, without doubt, secured many novelties of alarming beauty and cost, it stands to reason that it was rather a rough suggestion that she should not sport them at the coming *fêtes* and levees at the White House. It was beyond womanly nature to accede, and we cannot for an instant believe that the proposition was made by any other than some horrid old maid, who had nothing new to wear herself, and took this mode of being revenged on one that had. Another item in this connection comes to us from a Philadelphia friend, who is in the jewellery line. He says:

The Greatest Sales this Season

made by Philadelphia jewellers and drygoods houses have been made to the wife of one who, at the breaking out of the war, was a chiffonier. One who, if he did not actually carry the hook and basket himself, bought up the contents of other baskets. He got a contract, or permission, or something else, to follow the Army of the Potomac and gather up the debris of bones, fat, rags and offal, and the result is brown stone fronts, Steinway pianos, diamonds, velvet, lace and general fixings, to an astonishing degree. And now

A Word to Shopkeepers:

Gentlemen—and ladies, too—you have had a clear benefit for the last six months. Taking advantage of the unsettled state of the country, you have forced up prices to a degree not warranted by circumstances, in some instances almost 100 per cent. You have, in fact, acted much like some hotel and restaurant keepers, who have kept no account against a guest, but when asked "What's to pay?" answer with any amount that flashes through their brain, provided they have any, and then are dissatisfied when the swindled guest pays because they did not take advantage of his goodnature and charge more. We say to you that you have had your harvest, and that this week is fraught with mischief to your coffers. With the success of Grant—and that is a foregone conclusion—comes such a tumble in the prices of every commodity of daily food and wear, that you will rue the day when you laid in large stocks or invested in that which is as unstable as water. Those who have kept down their stocks have done wisely, and will have less cause to regret, but the heavy dealers will be the sufferers, with no escape.

How the City is Amusing itself.

And while all this is going on the city is still as gay and reckless as ever. Every theatre is full nightly, to say nothing of the numberless balls, concerts, readings, minstrels and other entertainments, that draw their hundreds and thousands. Wallack's, steady and conservative, does little to record, because it produces no novelties, but appeals to the quiet, good taste of New York with its fine old comedy, occasionally interspersed with Rosedale-ism. On Friday, the 13th inst., that play was performed for the 118th time, which, to say nothing of its dramatic merit, is a merit in itself, the merit of success.

Niblo's this week produces John Brougham's "Bel Demonio," with Vestvali as Angelo, Fechter's great character. The play should be a success if we can judge by its effect in London, and the fact that Mr. Wheatley has been several months agitating the subject among the company—scene-painters, carpenters, property-men and all. There will be a ballet in it, and the whole affair will be under the superintendence of Mr. Vincent, one of the cleverest stage-managers in the country, and a warrantee for something good.

At the Winter Garden Mr. Booth has closed his engagement, and the Florences come once more with that inevitable "Ticket-of-Leave Man." When that will end, judging by the past, is a mythical matter, but we may safely put it down for sixty nights.

This week Barnum has made a decided hit in the engagement of Mdlle. Ernestine, and the production of "Belphegor." In the second act of this play the dances are introduced, and Mdlle. Ernestine has stepped at once into the favor of the Barnumnian audiences by modesty of execution and force. She is pretty, and New Yorkers rarely have a chance to see more skill or grace than they can see now upon the Museum boards. "Belphegor" is a cleverly constructed play, cleverly done, and is well worthy a few hours' attention, even from the critical. The Olympic has given us "The Chimney Corner," through the past week, with Davidge's charming personation of Old Probity, and promises soon "Aladdin," which, though not a novelty, is decidedly better than producing bad new things. This week Mr. George Wood inaugurates the drama in the Broadway Theatre—once Wallack's—with something new, entitled "An English Tragedy," of which more anon; sufficient to say now that it was written by Fanny Kemble, and is at this house first baptised on the boards.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—There was a meeting of the American Christian Union, at the Cooper Institute, on Thursday, the 12th. The Rev. Dr. Kirk, of Boston, presided. The Rev. Mr. Duryea, the Rev. Mr. Lockwood, the Hon. Eli Thayer and others addressed the meeting.

—— The sale of Goupil & Co.'s collection of paintings realized $22,147. "The Bullfight," by Verboeckhoven, brought $3,000; "Going to School," by Frère, $870; and the "Standard Bearer," by Meissonier," $3,100.

—— The anniversary of the American Bible Society was held at Irving Hall, on Thursday, the 12th. The meeting was opened with prayer by Bishop Gates, and addresses were delivered by the Rev. Dr. Taylor, the Rev. Mr. Petit, the Rev. Mr. Thornton, the Rev. Dr. Sunderland, the Rev. Dr. Cox and others. The report shows that the Bible has been translated into 250 languages; the receipts amount to $500,578 60; number of books printed, 1,592,196; copies of Scripture granted to the army and navy, 2,000,000.

—— A special meeting of the Chamber of Commerce was held on the 12th May, for the purpose of considering a memorial, to be presented to Congress, concerning the additional 50 per cent. duty on imported goods, levied from the 29th of April until the new tariff goes into effect, a period of 60 days. A draft of the proposed memorial was presented, and called forth considerable discussion from Messrs. Sturgis, Opdyke, Bloodgood, Conkling, Ludlam, Low and others, the majority of the speakers opposing the document for the reason that it it imputed unworthy motives to the Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Low favored the memorial, but the discussion culminated in a motion, which was adopted, to refer the memorial back to the Committee.

—— The Alexandria (Va.) *State Journal* complains bitterly that Lieut.-Col. Fillebrown, formerly of the 10th Maine, and who was confined in the Old Capitol Prison for obtaining grain in Virginia, under the pretext of being a U. S. Deputy-Marshal, is now acting under a permit to carry $300 worth of goods into London county. The *Journal* says that the loyal inhabitants of the county are much embittered against him, as on the former occasion he sold the grain, which they sold him for half its value, not venturing to dispute his authority, to the Government at double what he obtained it for.

—— Butter leagues are forming in Philadelphia on a very extensive scale. The farmers complain of small sales in consequence.

—— Ballooning in the army has been voted a failure, and all the aerial apparatus belonging to the Government has been sold at auction.

—— The Report of the Eastern Penitentiary of Philadelphia says: Out of 4,271 prisoners who have been discharged, 405 have been reconvicted, some of them several times, making the total 490. In the course of 33 years only four prisoners have been convicted four times.

Southern.—The Richmond papers, despite the braggadocia of Lee's bulletins, which are finished specimens of lying, evince considerable trepidation. The *Examiner* announces that even now it is not too late for General Lee to carry out his original plan of crossing the Potomac at the head of a large army, and carry the war into the enemy's country. Lee's dispatches, one after another, contain a victory every day. The *Whig* says that Butler will be forced to remain pent up in City point under the protection of the Lincoln gunboats, contenting himself with an occasional raid into the country. From what deserters say it would seem that Beauregard has about 30,000 men with him.

—— The Richmond *Enquirer* gives this account of the death of the second son, Joseph E. Davis, aged four years, of the Rebel President. He fell from the east portico on the 7th of May, between three and four o'clock, a distance fully 15 feet, fracturing his hip and injuring his head. Mr. Davis and his wife were absent from the mansion at the time of the accident and the discovery of the condition of the child was made by the servant. The sufferer was taken into the nursery, and a messenger dispatched in haste for the President and his lady. Drs. Peticolas, Conway and Garnett, the family physicians, successively came in and applied their skill without avail. The child was insensible when picked up, and never recovered consciousness, dying in about three quarters of an hour after being taken up by the servant and carried into the house.

Personal.—Mrs. Lippincott, better known as Grace Greenwood, lectured lately in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, to a brilliant audience. The subject was The War. She is a very strong abolitionist, and considers that Abraham Lincoln and George Washington are two of the greatest men ever born. She urged a vigorous prosecution of the war, and denounced Copperheads in good set terms.

—— Miss Teresa Esmonde gave her farewell reading from the poets at Irving Hall on the 3d inst. The selections embraced The Famine, from Longfellow's Hiawatha; John Savage's Shane's Head; The Two Flags, by Anna S. Stephens, and others from O. W. Holmes, T. Davis, &c.

—— Miss Anna Dickinson, the well-known lecturer, has declared war against Abraham Lincoln and some of his Cabinet, on account of their not being sufficiently sound on the colored question. In her lecture at Boston she unsparingly castigated "the hall men of the times."

—— The Charleston *Mercury* gives an account of the killing of Miss Pickens, daughter of ex-Gov. Pickens. She was about to be married, and the wedding party had assembled at the house of Gen. Bonham, when a shell from the Union forces penetrated the house and wounded the bride so that she died soon afterwards. The marriage ceremony was completed as she lay dying on the floor. Lieut. De Rochelle was the bridegroom.

Accidents and Offences.—Henry Barneum, of Olean, N. Y., deliberately killed his wife and infant son as they laid in bed a few days since. He stunned the woman with an axe and then chopped her to pieces—the little boy awaking, screamed terribly and shared the same fate. Barneum, who has been arrested, says he killed them for fear they would suffer from hard times.

—— Capt. Morris, 11th Kentucky cavalry, of near Louisville, Ky., who last fall, while drunk, sent out a file of men to capture a neighboring farmer, named Johnson, with whom he had quarrelled, and not bring him alive, the man obeying him by killing Johnson, has been arrested in Chicago. The Government had offered $1,000 for his capture, dead or alive.

—— The First National Bank of Fentonville, Mich., has been robbed of $10,000 in United States money, beside a number of deeds and mortgages. The safe, a small one, containing the property was blown open. The main safe was untouched. There have been no arrests, though $1,000 reward has been offered.

—— A terrible railway accident occurred on the 5th, near Gallatin, Tenn. A construction train collided with one carrying 300 of the 10th Indiana cavalry, and three men were killed and 60 wounded, among the latter being Capt. Jones, badly; Lieut. Littlepage, arm and leg broken; Lieut. Kemp, badly; and Lieut. Couch, mortally injured.

—— The Palace Garden at Cincinnati has been destroyed by fire. There was a collection of rare animals, birds, etc., at the place, much of which, including a sea-lion, happy family, eagle, performing monkey, etc., was destroyed. The fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

—— A serious conflict ensued one day this week between two waiters of the St. Nicholas Hotel, in the kitchen of that establishment. O'Keefe becoming incensed, drew a knife and stabbed his fellow-waiter so severely that his life is despaired of. O'Keefe was arrested.

—— Another case of the knife occurred at a drinking saloon in Henry street, where a man named Hammel stabbed John O'Shay, a conductor on the 4th Avenue railroad. His recovery is very doubtful.

—— Holden, late postmaster of Malden, who was convicted of murdering Frank Converse, has been sentenced to be hung in June.

Foreign.—The number of political journals in Paris and the departments at present is 318, of unpolitical, 6,700.

—— Large numbers of English tourists have flocked to the seat of war in the Duchies, and their unnecessary exposure of themselves to shot and shell has excited the greatest surprise among the combatants. A youth of 17 perched himself on the top of a windmill at Duppel, "to see the fun," and could not be prevailed upon to descend till he saw all he wished in the way of bloodshed.

Items.—Some time since a man in Maine wanted to exhibit an Egyptian mummy, and went to the Court-house for a licence. "What is it?" asked the Judge. "An Egyptian mummy, may it please the Court, more than three thousand years old," said the showman. "Three thousand years old!" exclaimed the Judge, jumping to his feet, "and is the critter alive?"

—— A soldier of the 1st Pa. cavalry, in the Potomac Army, was a short time since found asleep near Warrenton, Va., having slept 24 hours. He stepped up to his captain and said, "Captain, I die to-morrow at four o'clock, and the war will end in June. You have no more for me to do." As the clock struck four on the following day he died without a groan.

CHIT-CHAT FOR THE LADIES.

When we sit down together to talk or write to each other, is it not sad to think that, instead of the old, silly lightsome topics—gossip about flirtations, guesses at probable betrothals, what was worn at Mrs. A's. last night, or will be worn at Mrs. B's. to-morrow; that handsome singer at the opera, or that lovely debutante in society, fresh from boarding-school, and said to be a fortune; or the weather, or the Central Park, or any of the subjects of which we used to converse; of that talk which skimmed from one thing to the other, like a humming-bird over a flower-garden; is it not sad that, instead of these, the first words upon our lips are of the war? "Have you heard that Willie Blair was mortally wounded in the last battle?" or that Lieutenant B.'s wife is a widow, or that that handsome fellow with whom all the girls fell in love last year at Saratoga has been so frightfully maimed and disfigured that his dearest friend would not recognise him? And then we wonder when this will end, and how, and speak of dear ones far away, and of friends from whom we may be called to part, and grow sad and sick at heart. I did not mean to write a word of war or of war's horrors when I opened my portfolio, and I think I should not but for the thoughts that would fill my mind of the sad fate of Anna Pickens, and which would be written down.

Have you wept as I have over the sad fate of that beautiful girl? Have you forgotten in your womanly sympathy that she was "a Rebel?" I think so; I am sure you have. I know that any one of you would have done much to stay that Union shell had such a thing been possible. The tenderest emotions of the soul are involved in this sad occurrence—human love blighted—human hopes crushed—a bride in the full flush of hope and beauty done to death. We were less than women if we did not grieve. Oh, cruel War, scourge of our once happy country, God banish thee, and send us, instead of thee, Peace, with her green olive branch.

Time was when we read such tales in old romances, or heard them from the lips of the aged, who, in their turn, had heard them from those old when they were young, and scarcely credited them, or, if we believed such things could happen, thought of them as we might of the cruelties of Nero, or the tortures of the Inquisition, horrors belonging to an age gone by, which we could never see repeated in our own.

We know a great deal about war now; but, dear readers, the Southern women know more; blood has not dripped on our doorsills yet, shells have not burst above our homesteads—let us pray they never may.

A Request.

We don't like to ask too many favors, but we wonder whether the members of the Academy of Design might not be induced by their gallantry to ladies, especially short ones, to keep step-ladders in the vestibule for their convenience; that, in case (odd things happen now and then, you know) any one wanted to see a picture not painted by one of the Hanging Committee, she might hire one, and with a lantern investigate the high places and dark corners. It would be a great favor, and would be appreciated.

Absent but not Forgotten.

Is cloth getting dear, or has a particular tax been laid upon coat-tails? or for what reason have the gentlemen discarded them for their little brothers' jackets? While the *toiles* of our basques have been growing longer and longer, theirs have been shortening until nothing is left of them.

Wicked slanderers declare that the fashion originated in the fear of an invasion by the Southerners, in which case the "Stay-at-Home Guard" determined to leave nothing for the enemy to catch them by as they ran away, but we don't believe a word of it. Do you?

Slander.

And talking of slander, I wonder why we should have the blame laid upon our shoulders. We do not indulge in half the scandal men circulate through the medium of the press. Our false witness of our neighbors is generally whispered in corners, not printed in black and white; but theirs, how it flies and how it grows? Don't they love to catch a woman in naughty tricks? Are they not delighted to write neat little paragraphs about her? And are they not always scissored out by other editors, and circulated from Maine to Georgia? And if the fair culprit is the wife or sister of some political enemy, or of some one on the opposite side of any question, is not the deed doubly delightful? And then after dilating and improving on the story, and rounding the sentences, and putting in the full names of unhappy relations, and doing all they can to make the miserable affair more miserable still, these good souls sit down and write a homily on scandal-loving women, and censure tea-table gossip and sewing-circle calumny, until to hear them one would say, "Listen to those who couldn't say a word against any one if they were paid for it (in gold)."

Women slander-mongers—nonsense! the name should be handed over to the men.

The Last New Chambermaid.

"Biddy," said a lady friend of ours to an Hibernian damsel recently engaged, "where have you been so long?"

"In your bedroom, mum," replied Biddy, "afther takin' a patthern uv a basque; I'm goin' to have one the loike uv it, only a bit more bugles an' lace; I allers takes pattherns from the missus if she's tasty, an' I tried the basque above on me yestherday, an' it fit like me skin; wouldn't you be tellin' me where ye buyed the silk?"

The end of the anecdote we forgot to ask, but probably the lady fainted, and Bridget received a month's wages in lieu of a warning that very day. "The girl," is just now an irrepressible individual. We heard of one lately who gave as her reason for leaving a place that the missus had only two bonnets, and she had worn them both three times already, and was not used to doing with so small a number. Poor thing! she suffered probably as much as the lady who went to Saratoga with only 50 dresses last summer, and was obliged to fly thence in two weeks on account of her slender wardrobe.

Ladies' Headaches.

Headache is as common to most of our sex as sleep, and when we think of the life most women lead we cannot wonder at it—from morning until night every possible effort seems to be put forth to produce the unhappy result.

The first performance is to squeeze the waist and the feet; the next to braid and twist and hairpin the hair to the last point of human endurance; the next to breakfast on nothing but very strong tea; the next to shut one's self up in a room with five or six children (one beating a drum, the other shaking a rattle, a third "tooting" through a trumpet, and the rest crying alternately), and work scallops on cambric muslin for several hours. Then, for lack of appetite at breakfast induces noontide starvation, a lunch of the most indigestible nature. After that a shopping excursion.

A woman's bonnet always hurts her somewhere. It is always—piquante though it may look—stiff and bristly with its buds and flowers, and lace, and crown lining; and the ears suffer, and the neck, and the poor, poor head. Air might prove of some avail, but the idea that women receive any of that blessing is preposterous. Very few ever attempt to walk, but are shut up in one disagreeable omnibus after another until they reach their place of destination.

If they make calls they are received in semi-darkened parlors, from which dust and flies are shut out by heavy curtains, and when they return home every room is in the same state of headache-producing gloom, save the kitchen and the nursery. Yet home is the only place where a woman can lay aside that torturing bonnet. At church, at all places of amusement—save the opera—at all times and seasons when men can remove their hats, we must keep our headgear on and suffer. Neither does night bring relief; what with hairwaves and curl papers, and hairoll, and a nightcap, torture only commences with that hour to very many. And the fashionable belle in these days of waved bandeaux could tell a direful tale of her midnight agonies. What bonnets and nightcaps and curl papers and tight lacing fail to complete, the piano and the latest novel finish; and the wonder is, not that the fashionable woman has such sieges of headache, but that she is ever without one.

Shall Have a Sword.

It appears that McClellan's lady friends are determined that he shall have a sword, if he could not have the one fought for by his partisans at the Sanitary Fair. All over the country they are making contributions of small sums for the purchase of a McClellan sword. We hope the General is properly thankful; he should be, for the ladies are all on his side. Even Mrs. Grant, they say, voted for him, and if it had not been for masculine politicians the sword would have been his. So cheer up, little Mac, you shall have a sword, so you shall, if we are obliged to buy you one out of our own shopping money.

Spiritualism.

We live in the days of "manifestations," that is certain. Witch-burning being no longer practised, a good many maids and matrons have professed themselves to be what the old Puritans would have called "daughters of Beelzebub." Every fourth lady of one's acquaintance is "spiritually inclined." Some can "tip tables," some have the power of producing raps; others can give you advice from your departed ancestor as to the cultivation of radishes, and a host read sealed letters with those specimens of the hairdresser's art styled "Grecians" and waterfalls. As for the gentlemen, always practical, they turn their endowments into money, charge investigators four shillings a head, and use each other for repeating patented manifestations.

The hat was passed round in a certain congregation for the purpose of taking up a collection. After it had made the circuit of the church it was handed to the minister, who by the way had "exchanged pulpits" with the regular preacher, and he found not a penny in it. He inverted the hat over the pulpit cushion and shook it, that its emptiness might be known, then looking towards the ceiling, he exclaimed with great fervor, "I thank God that I got back my hat from this congregation!"

THE CAMPAIGN ON THE JAMES RIVER—GENERAL BUTLER LANDING AT FORT POWHATAN—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 161.

GRANT AND MEADE IN THE WILDERNESS.

A CORRESPONDENT of one of the dailies, Mr. James C. Fitzpatrick, whose sketches our readers will remember, gives this interesting account of Grant during the battle of the Wilderness, which is a better description than we can give of the illustrations forwarded by our Artists:

Gen. Grant's headquarters were located in a field between the plank road and a small road leading to a little hamlet known as *Parker's store*. During the fight, however, he was principally with Gen. Meade, whose headquarters were on a piney knoll in the rear of Warren's corps. I had seen Grant at Vicksburg and in Tennessee, and his appearance was familiar; but as I strolled through the group of officers reclining under the trees at headquarters I looked for him some time in vain, such was his insignificant, unpretending aspect and conduct while the battle was raging in all its fury. A stranger to the insignia of military rank would have little dreamed that the plain, quiet man who sat with his back against a tree, apparently heedless and unmoved, was the one upon whom the fortunes of the day, if not of the age and country, were hinging. It was only when some aide or orderly rode up in hot haste with a communication from some portion of the battlefield that his eyes upturned to seek in those of the messenger the purport of the message. The combination with Gen. Meade or the direct suggestion or command—all took place with that same imperturbability of countenance for which he has always been remarkable. No movement of the enemy seemed to puzzle or disconcert him. Fertile in resources, the petitions for reinforcement was speedily answered. And while all this transpired he stood calmly in the group, at times smoking his favorite cigar—a more vigorous or a more frequent puffing only indicating the inward working of the mind. If something transpired which he deemed needed his personal attention, away he darted on horseback to the immediate scene, the one or two of his aides and orderly exerting their utmost to keep up with him. Arrived on the spot, he calmly considered the matter requiring his attention, with ready judgment communicated the necessary orders, and then galloped away to another part of the field, or to his seat beneath the pine tree, there to enter on the never-book some record of the battle's progress. It was amusing again at times to see him—the Commander-in-Chief—whittling away with his knife upon the bark of a tree, pausing now and then to throw in a word or sentence in the conversation of those grouped about, and then going to work again with renewed vigor upon the incision of the pine. The contemplation of this by those who were with him at Vicksburg will recall an incident of a similar character in that memorable siege. When the columbiads were mounted in front of Logan's line Gen. Grant was desirous of superintending the operations. During the preliminary work of cutting the embrasures he mounted the epaulment, and while the rebel bullets struck all around him, deliberately whittled a rail until the guns were placed in position.

BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS, MAY 5-6.

OUR sketch of the first of the great battles of Gen. Grant in Virginia will give a striking idea of the battleground, to be henceforth for ever famous like Marathon, Gettysburg, Pittsburg landing or Fair Oaks. The eye can take in the five mile line-of-battle, which for two days advanced and met hostile advances, gaining ground to be lost in a moment, but holding steadily to their line till the furious rebel charge on the 6th corps swept away Seymour's and Shaler's brigades of the 3d division, and had well nigh won the day.

Sedgwick, soon to fall, saved the right, but our loss in the two days was not far from 18,000, and we mourned General Hays and Wadsworth.

On the left in the Wilderness house, one of the few human habitations in this wild district. The house in the centre is Warre n's headquarters.

MANHATTAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—At a meeting of the board of directors of this company, held recently, the following important resolution was adopted after mature consideration: "There shall be added to each policy issued, or hereafter to be issued, the following words: 'This policy is incontestible after five years from its date, for or on account of errors, omissions and misstatements in the application, except as to age.'" No other American company, we believe, offers this important advantage to insurers. All policies in force five years at once become incontestible, under the operations of this rule, greatly enhancing their value to families and creditors. This liberal and just measure should secure to this company increased favor and patronage, as it exhibits the strong desire of the directors to throw every proper and safe advantage around the policies.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF GRANT'S CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA—MEADE'S ARMY CROSSING THE RAPIDAN, MAY 5.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE 151.

REY'S GRAND OPERA OF NOTRE DAME DE PARIS, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, PHILADELPHIA, MAY 4.—SEE PAGE 151.

MY RING.

BY MAUD L. CRIMSON.

Massive, golden,
Worn and olden,
But I love it
For the giver.
He so gladsome,
Eyes so madsome—
Madsome for their thrilling quiver,
Madsome for their melancholy—
He the giver!

On his brow white
Shone the starlight;
Fell the dew down
On his hair brown;
Soft as lip dents
Dropped his accents;
Linger, linger—
So he placed it on my finger.

Hot, hot kisses,
One long drinking—
Heart to heart seeme
Melting, sinking.
One long sweetness,
Then the starlight
Chased his shadow
With its fleetness;
Onward, onward,
Through steep gladeland,
Westward, starward,
Into shadeland.

Oh, that last long sweetness!
Clinging lips
Rich with love's completeness—
And now as then the dizzy moon
Swings and dips

Oh, boundless Heaven!
Oh, trailing stars!
Drawing dark Even
In spangled cars—
Can I ever note you above me,

The Betrothal.

Can I ever bask in your rays,
And recall not his face who loved me,
And with him that day of all days?

Ah, he's gone, gone!
Leagues, leagues away,
But woman's love
Is strong like day;
And this massive ring,
This circular thing,

The Mad Sculptor.

Is a link between us,
Is a bond between us,
And I'll never cease loving him, never,
Not e'en on the strand
Of the angel land—
On the strand of the land called For Ever.

The Serpent-Woman.

BY Z. W.

CHAPTER I.

He is deformed, crooked, old and sere,
Ill-faced, worse-boded, shapeless everywhere.
Comedy of Errors, Act IV., Sc. 2.

Thou hast entertained
A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lamb.
Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act IV., Sc. 4.

On a sunny afternoon in May, about twenty-three years ago, a man was walking up Broadway, in the city of New York, whose peculiar appearance fascinated the gaze of almost every person he met. He was simply and neatly clad; painfully sensible of the curiosity, mingled with repulsion which he provoked, and encountered the impudent stare with which the handsome fops regarded him with a glare of defiance. But he did not only suffer from the eyes of the promenaders as he passed; their tongues, busy with him ere they were out of his hearing, wounded him with wanton ruthlessness.

"Did you ever see such a fright?"

"I couldn't believe my own eyes!"

"Why wasn't he smothered in his infancy?"

"What havoc he would make in a looking-glass store?"

And so on. The subject of this exclamatory and running commentary, supposed by those who kept it up to be given beyond his earshot, had the sense of hearing almost preternaturally acute, and was pierced with many a shaft never intended to reach him. Those insulting references to his exterior were, however, made inexcusably loud, and the mocking laughs that followed them were as insensate as heartless. He entered a cigar store located behind a large wooden figure of a Scotch Highlander, then standing between Reade and Duane streets, but now in the front of St. Nicholas Hotel, and was served with snuff by a florid young tobacconist, who had the politeness to gaze at him neither more nor less than he would have looked at any other ordinary customer. Two dashing young fellows, dressed in the extreme of the mode, having just bought and lighted their cigars, were, however, present, and did their best to compensate for his want of rudeness by the excess of their own. They were hardly out of the shop ere they began the following coarse and remorseless dialogue. Its subject was close behind them, and heard every word of it:

"Charlie, that old fellow's mother must have seen a devil once upon a time."

"And she never forgot him—how could she with such a vivid remembrancer in the shape of a son?"

"What would you wear, through life, such a mug as his for?"

"Why, Ned, I wouldn't change my phiz for his for all John Jacob Astor is worth. The Man with the Iron Mask and the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan must have had countenances like this fellow's. Why is such a human blight allowed at all? If we subject the infected with pestilence to a quarantine, why should those afflicted with frightfulness be permitted free range in civilised society?"

"His parents neglected their duty, and he ought to fulfil it."

"How?"

"By hanging himself."

* * * * * *

Genuine sympathy is costly, for it shares and relieves the pains of others; but, without it, no one can be a true gentleman. To feel and act towards others as we would have them feel and act towards ourselves is the essence of real politeness and the etiquette of heaven. Have you never suffered with the mis-shapen and hideous man, as you saw how continually he was reminded of his deformity by the wounding stare of adults and children? Have you ever, in imagination, changed conditions with him, and endeavored to feel as you believe he does among the barbarians of civilization? If you have considered his case fairly, your mind is prepared to make allowance for the bitterness of spirit which impelled Mr. Gregory Grimgrip to mutter, as he crossed Broadway and turned into Anthony street:

"Why am I, who have done no murder, branded worse than Cain? God made me as I am, and fools find fault with his workmanship. They would have me destroy it. Would I had the power, as I have the will, to annihilate every man not uglier than myself! We would have a new standard of masculine beauty, and I—ha, ha, ha!—I would be the model. A sublime idea, if it were only practicable! Not the handsomest and grandest fop on Broadway attracts half so much attention as I do, yet am I not vain, not even flattered. I am stared at and stared after by every fool I meet. Every little brat curse them!—runs after me, with eyes and mouth wide open, and then scampers away screaming and howling its astonishment. If a man wants to stigmatize another he detests, what does he do? Growing hyperbolical, he declares his enemy to be 'As ugly as old Grimgrip.' That caps the climax. I am looked upon as a monster, and it is thought monstrous that I should lay claim to the common joys and consolations of humanity which make life endurable. It is regarded as a decree of fate that there is no amenity, no justice, no redress for me. I must be despised, wretched and content. I must bear contumely and the torture of the mind, peacefully and patiently, to the end. Where the delights of affection and the pleasures of beauty are concerned I am always omitted and forgotten, and only remembered as the ugliest of men. Shall I submit to these privations, and, like a worm, crawl that I may be trampled on? Not I. I will revel in all that the best, the bravest and the handsomest enjoy. I have wealth—plenty of it. I once bought beauty—surpassing beauty—it cost me dear, almost my life—but it was mine awhile, and for awhile I enjoyed it, triumphantly. I'll have it again, with love, too, as sure as I have more wealth than youth, more brains than beauty, more cunning than honesty, and more love for myself than for all mankind."

Gregory Grimgrip's green eyes gleamed with passion and excitement. Even in the vile neighborhood through which he was walking the rudest people moved out of his way, as soon as they caught sight of the intense expression of his face and heard the tone of his wild mutterings. Those who did not know him, observing that his carriage was too firm and equal for a drunken man, thought him mad, and others who recognised him knew how dangerous he was in his angry mood, and gave him "ample room and verge enough" as he passed them.

Mr. Grimgrip was collecting his own rents that day, and he proved a harder landlord than usual, which was needless. Bitter, sharp and menacing were his responses to the excuses of delinquent tenants, and his harshness made many a heart ache, for the year of 1837 was disastrous to the poor. He was tramping his way upwards in a dingy house in Mulberry street and had reached the second floor when he met a handsome, white-haired, old doctor.

"How is your patient, doctor?" he inquired.

"Worse; she will die before morning, I fear."

"Have you procured a nurse for her?"

"Yes; she will be with the invalid in a few minutes."

"Have you, as I requested, examined the child?"

"I have, and she is as healthy as she is beautiful."

Mr. Grimgrip bade the doctor good evening, ascended the narrow stairs, and, after knocking at a half-open door and receiving a double invitation to "come in" from one feeble voice and another clear and childlike, entered a miserable garret, containing a rickety bed, two broken chairs and a few other valueless articles of furniture. Upon the bed lay a dying woman, ghastly pale and emaciated, but still retaining the stamp of original beauty, as the storm-beat, war-rent, tattered flag its insignia of nationality. She was beauty in its last living stage, as her little daughter, sitting by her side, was loveliness in all its tender freshness and incipiency.

"Ma, Dimdip's tum!" exclaimed the little one, about two years of age, slipping off the bed and running up to the old fellow, who caught her up in his arms, kissed her, sat down near the bedside, with the child on his knee, and gave her the cakes and candy she had learned to expect from him. After making a few abortive efforts to cheer the sick woman, Grimgrip observed:

"Let us hope all will be well; but it is ever best to be prepared for the worst. Now, you owe me some months' rent and for money advanced. I have rendered myself responsible for the doctor's bill and other expenses, and see no prospect of a return for this past and prospective outlay, unless you are willing to bequeath me something. What will you do for me?"

"Anything I can. I have nothing. What can I do?" replied the dying woman, faintly.

"I am alone," said Grimgrip, with emotion; "I have no one to love me—no one to love. Shameful as has been your relatives' neglect of you, the conduct of mine towards me has been incomparably worse. They heaped contempt and contumely upon me, and gave me poison for food. I am rich, and would bequeath my property to one I love. Give me your little daughter, and she shall be my heiress."

The deadly pallor of the mother's countenance flushed and her eyes brightened for a moment with joy. She murmured her thankfulness to Heaven and then to her benefactor.

"I am content to die now," she said. "It was only for my child that I wished to live. Heaven reward you, sir, for your kindness to the poor orphan, and may you live long to enjoy the blessings of her affection and duty."

"It is a lovely child," observed Grimgrip, stroking the little one's golden ringlets. "She will soon monopolise my affections; but as soon as this bud has blossomed her relatives will, I fear, lay claim to my treasure. I wish to have a legal right to the child, that I may, without stint or apprehension, love and consider her my own daughter."

The mother intimated her willingness to sign any document calculated to strengthen his hold upon the child, and as Grimgrip had his legal papers in readiness, the nurse had no sooner arrived and another witness been procured than "the ugliest man alive," as he was called, became the sole guardian of about the loveliest little mortal ever ushered into this world of sin and snares, and had fortified his claims upon her by having her apprenticed to him till her majority.

Grimgrip gave the nurse money, and told her to procure everything her patient required. He then took his leave of the latter, kissed his little ward, and departed.

He reached his home in high spirits, and surprised his deaf and dumb housekeeper with a smile of genial grimness. She was seriously alarmed at the phenomenon, and it was not until her master had condescended to indulge her with a long digital explanation, which he afterwards elucidated by means of a slate and pencil, that she became at all reassured. Grimgrip rose very early the next morning and visited his dying tenant before he took his breakfast. He found the garret deserted by all save the mother, and she lay apparently lifeless. He thought she was dead, for death never showed more pure ghastliness than she did, awakening in the mind of the solitary gazer recollections and feelings that thrilled and harrowed his soul to its very core.

"How like and yet how unlike her corpse to Mathilde's!" he muttered. "Both so beautiful; but this so pure and hers so like—so like—like her crime. Shall I ever look in the face of beauty again without suspicion of deadly treachery? Never. Yet was this departed spirit [illegible] as her infant daughter's, for which I [illegible] trap. Little did this guileless creature divine the life I intend for her innocent, or she would rather have had her heart torn from its seat or her babe slain before her eyes than have signed it away to me. But treachery for treachery! What else do I owe mankind but hatred and revenge? I will gratify both without stint or mercy. I will pity none—spare none!"

As he uttered these last ruthless syllables he looked down upon the face of the corpse, and was horrified to perceive its eyes wide open and staring at him with an expression that froze his soul. He could not move or speak, he was petrified with horror.

The nurse entered the room with the child, the mother raised herself in the bed, stretched forth her arms towards her, screaming wildly, with a voice of terrible agony:

"My child! my child! Give me my child!"

The nurse rushed forward and placed the little one in the arms of the mother, who fell back the next instant, turning to the hue of ashes, a gurgling sound rose from her throat, her stedfast eyes, fixed to the last on her child, glazed, a faint convulsion shook her frame, and she was dead.

CHAPTER II.

> Life as lively mocked as ever
> Still sleep mocked death. Let no man mock me,
> For I will kiss her. *Winter's Tale, Act V., Sc. 3.*
>
> Out of my sight, thou serpent! That name best
> Befits thee. *Paradise Lost, Book X.*

A MAN named Mordaunt Elfstone, who had a remarkable "method in his madness," was confined in a *maison de santé* near Paris for many years. He had long enjoyed an ample fortune, when he met with an accident which deprived him of self-control. Having previously, from long study and love of the sublime art, become a proficient in sculpture, he continued to exercise his plastic skill after his misfortune, and being supplied with materials by his rich English relatives, wrought many beautiful works in marble. Most of them were, however, lost for ever to the world, through the perversity of their mad author, who had no sooner brought them near completion than, in some wild hour, he would imagine them to be possessed with the spirit of his deadliest enemy, and, in a paroxysm of fury, shatter them to atoms. Some few fine productions of his chisel were, in spite of him, snatched from destruction ere they were quite finished, but this interference with the Iconoclast of his own creations plunged him into the deepest melancholy and despair. It was most difficult on such occasions to prevent him from committing suicide, which he resolutely attempted, whenever thus cheated of his idol victims. Mordaunt Elfstone, despite his demented condition, was a grand sight to contemplate. Although not very old, his hair and beard had turned white as snow, and the latter flowed down to his waist. His figure was tall and graceful, and his features were inexpressibly noble and striking, impressing the beholder with awe and admiration. It was only in the occasional glitter and gleaming of his eyes, unnaturally brilliant, that his madness ordinarily betrayed itself. There was a dangerous winning tenderness in his voice that melted the hearer's heart with love and pity for him, and excited more melancholy wonder in the mind than could the most magnificent ruin of art the world ever saw.

When his friend Julien St. Croix introduced a very handsome young Englishman, named Bertram Hapswell to him, the haughty islander was for the first time awed by mortal presence, and thought that the august madman would have looked more at home among the gods of the ancient Grecian Olympus than even among the images of them scattered about his studio. The old sculptor in turn gazed at him with manifest pleasure, and seemed to be revived at the sight of his manly beauty.

"I heard you were melancholy, Mr. Elfstone," said Julien St. Croix, "and brought this blooming countryman of yours, in the hope that so pleasant a face would cheer you."

"I thank you, for he does me good," replied the sculptor. "He does me good, and yet he makes me sad. Young man, I was as blooming and fresh as yourself not many years ago, yet that reflection does not make me sigh, for my good looks were my curse, and brought me to what and where you see me. No; it is not that. It is because my art fails me. I revel in all color, but it is not given me to represent it. I can give the graceful waves of your chestnut hair, but not its hue, nor the happy blending of white and red in your transparent complexion. But even of these prettinesses the need I could well endure, but the eye, the glorious, life-illumined, soul-speaking eye, is lost to my art as to a blind man."

Bertram Hapswell answered not a word, but his frank, blue eye expressed sympathy with the sculptor.

"Which is your art?" demanded the latter.

"I have no art," said the young Englishman, simply, "but sculpture is my adoration; for, as far as its pretensions extend, it is perfect; but painting, assuming so vast a province, is rarely but a very partial and modified success."

The sculptor's eyes gleamed like burning stars upon the speak[illegible] examined him again from head to foot. [illegible] although appearing in the full bloom of health, evidently possessed a very delicate organization, and his countenance sometimes evinced a degree of nervous sensibility it was almost painful to observe. He was one of those beings who can stand unmoved amidst a crashing world, and yet at another time be overwhelmed by what many would consider a trifle.

"You shall see my lost love," said Elfstone.

He drew a curtain and displayed a magnificent piece of unfinished sculpture, representing a female of ineffable beauty, upon whose exquisitely delicate face the expression of longing for some one lost and dear was portrayed with touching tenderness and fidelity. The sweetness of melancholy and an atmosphere of gentle sighs seemed to encompass the figure, and the perfection of the proportions were unheeded and forgotten in the delicious sentiment of the masterpiece.

"Who is this?" asked Bertram Hapswell. "The marble is the seeming, for she lives and I love her. What is her name? tell me, for I will wed no other."

St. Croix looked at the ardent Englishman with surprise and wonder, and regretted that he had brought such a mental incendiary near the madman.

"Muta is her name, for she cannot yet speak," said the sculptor, gravely. "She is my daughter, and when she is as sentient and perfect as Pygmalion's creation she shall be affianced to you."

"She is lovelier now; I cannot wait," said Bertram with impatient imperiousness, ranging himself beside the statue and clasping its beautiful hand. "Betroth us now!"

"I do!" exclaimed the artist, carried away by the earnestness of the youth. "Call me father henceforth, for I will have no other son."

Julien St. Croix thought he beheld two madmen instead of one. But this scene of untempered enthusiasm passed like a dream. Bertram kissed his marble fiancée; the curtain that shrouded it from the gaze of the profane was drawn together, and rational conversation resumed with the most facile transition.

Elfstone talked with unusual brilliancy, and St. Croix congratulated him on his excellent spirits.

"You brought them with you, Julien, in the shape of your friend. I was fast sinking into the depths of despair, for my Serpent has deserted me. I have not seen her for seven weeks, and I fear she is gone for ever."

It was now Bertram Hapswell's turn to look puzzled and dubious. St. Croix replied calmly:

"She has been to Rome, I believe, but I think I saw her in the cathedral this morning. She will doubtless visit you to-day."

"She cares for me no longer, the ingrate," rejoined the artist, in sudden wrath. "Look at this beautiful Virgin and Child I carved for her! Since she does not think it worth a visit, thus I dash—"

"Hold! I am here!" shouted a voice behind them.

Turning round they all beheld the "Serpent" standing near them, tall, slender, graceful as the undulating sea, and smiling with a sweetness that seemed neither of earth nor heaven. Remarkable as was her appearance in every respect, it was impossible to see her for the first time and think of anything but her eyes. They resembled the sculptor's, but though not more penetrating, were softer, darker, and more alluring and fascinating in their gaze. They had not the hard, glossy brightness of the serpent's little orbs, but a lustre so warm and melting that they seemed intended merely to look love into the heart and dissolve it with their tender ardency. Bertram Hapswell, whose sensibilities were so acute as to embarrass him continually, felt the power of their glance and of the strange beauty's presence kindling in his being emotions unfelt before, and he no longer marvelled at her influence over Mordaunt Elfstone.

Her brow was low, broad, fair and indicative of great perception; her eyebrows strongly pencilled by Nature's graceful hand; her nose small and saucily chiseled; her mouth, though not diminutive, very beautiful; and her hair black as night and profusely redundant. But it was her swan-like neck, her slender form, lithe as a snake's, and her exquisitely rounded arms, tapering to hands of almost infantile size; and still more, the sinuosity of her address, so subdolous and ingratiating, that had suggested to the mad sculptor the idea of calling her his Serpent.

She burst into a low musical laugh at the start of surprise her effective entrance had caused, displaying two shining rows of small pearly teeth between her luscious lips, while her eyes danced with wild electricity.

"Come, thou truant Serpent of my bosom!" exclaimed the old artist, stretching forth his long arms to her. "Coil thyself about me, for my heart has grown cold from long want of thy young life."

She undulated into his arms, twined herself about him with fawning tenderness, murmuring affection and kissing him with filial fondness. Their mutual gaze was like a stream of light, and for awhile they were so absorbed with each other as to seem wholly unconscious of other presence.

The young men had withdrawn to the further side of the studio, and pretended to be examining and discussing the merits of an ancient torso, of which a cast lay in the corner; but Elfstone soon recalled them to him and introduced Bertram to his Serpent, as he called his beauteous protegée. She greeted St. Croix, with whom she was already acquainted, with winning grace, and bowed to Hapswell, to whom she was a stranger, with the elegance of the most refined lady. The Englishman, who at first hardly knew whether the passionate feeling she excited in him was aversion or attraction to her, now began to believe with a sort of vague terror that she would compel him to love her in spite of his own will and conviction.

He walked resolutely away from her several times, but soon found himself again by her side, listening to her half-murmured conversation, and gradually kindling under the magic effect of her sidelong glances.

"Am I permitted to know your real name?" he inquired of her.

"Are you not satisfied with the Serpent?" she replied. "Do you think I am like one?"

"I should certainly prefer another name for you," replied Hapswell, evasively.

"But you think it only too appropriate," said she, withdrawing herself, while a shadow crossed her brow and a gleam shot from her eyes.

"Heavens!" muttered Bertram to himself, "she could not have looked more like the creature she is named after if she had coiled herself up for a spring."

But she came back to him the next moment with a smile of quintessential sweetness, and, extending her little velvet-like hand, said:

"I forgive you for not telling me the falsehood I asked of you. My name is Marina Nitouche. Call me Marina, if you please."

As Hapswell raised her hand to his lips he felt a strange life thrill through him, and said:

"I am afraid of you."

"Why?"

"Because you are able to awaken feelings in me that had better slumber for ever."

"You are too young for such cold caution. Why should you deny yourself any great sensation? I never do."

At these remarks Hapswell opened his eyes rather wide, and the Serpent, thinking she had betrayed too much of herself, would fain have withdrawn into the thicket.

"You are right, Marina I suppose I ought to run the gauntlet of this world's heart-buffetings with the rest, but I begin to suspect that I am in this regard an arrant coward."

"You are, if you are afraid of me."

"I do not see that. We are, however, all cowards in one sense or another. I have too much perception not to be apprehensive of you; but if you will do me a favor—I dare you to do it—I will fear you no more."

"If it be honest, I will."

"Be yourself the judge. Look me truly and fairly in the eyes, and tell me you are not dangerous?"

In a moment the Serpent lifted her black orbs to comply, met the clear, frank, fearless blue eyes of the Englishman, and dropped her glance as quickly. Thus directly had she never stared at any one, except in hate or triumph. It was to her like outglaring the sun. What she had intended to utter was, too, she knew, a lie, which she could easily have spoken while glancing askance, but which she found very hard to tell while encountering the steadfastness of his pure, manly gaze.

"Try again," said he, tauntingly.

"I do not like to look into any man's face so boldly. If I were the Serpent I am called, I would gaze you into helplessness."

"Which is the coward now?"

"Not I. I will do it, wound my modesty as it may."

She lifted her eyes, flashing through their tears, to his, and said, steadily:

"I—am—not—dangerous."

"I will take you at your word, Marina; at least, if I cannot help doubting, I will act as if I trusted you implicitly."

"You break your bargain with me at once, but your countrymen are proverbial with us for perfidy; why should I look for an exception in you?"

St. Croix had been showing a book on gothic and emblematic architecture to Elfstone, and expressing his views of its merits, while the preceding dialogue, which now attracted the sculptor's attention, was in progress, and the old man called out:

"What! my son, are you flirting with my Serpent? Beware! she will coil about your heart, entwine with your affections, and make you her slave for life."

"I have just been telling her that I foresaw the danger, and entreating her to spare me."

"And I had just convinced him how harmless I am when you broke in, and with a word undid the good work."

"So much the better. "He is betrothed to Muta. An act of infidelity on his part would not only break her heart but shatter her to atoms, and the next time he came hither he would find her remains swept from my studio."

"Well," retorted Marina, as she turned with a mischievous smile to Hapswell, "I consent at your father's intercession to spare you, for fear of breaking the stony heart of your fiancée.

"Allow me," she continued in a tone of mock solemnity, taking one of his hands in both of hers, which sent her electricity quivering to his heart; "allow me to congratulate you on your narrow escape; for I now ingeniously confess that, like a siren, I did intend to lull you into the slumber of false security, in order that I might devour you at my leisure. I am not a serpent only—the serpent is only the lowest base of my nature; I am a royal Bengal tigress also; in fact, a menagerie. I am a crocodile in deceit, a fox in cunning, a monkey in mischief and a panther in stealth. I am ravenous as a wolf, obstinate as a mule, revengeful as an elephant, insatiable as a shark, and fatal as a cobra de capello."

A truce to irony," said the demented but cunning sculptor. "You would have done all you say if I had not forbidden it. Why don't you try your arts on this young saint here? The capture of the soul of St. Croix would be a victory upon which Satan might plume himself, but such prone sinner as we are fall, like over-ripe fruit, on the slightest provocation."

CHAPTER III.

Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
Hamlet, Act III., Sc. 1.

Snatch'd one-half out of the jaws of death.
Twelfth Night, Act III., Sc. 4.

The two young men took their leave of the sculptor and Marina Nitouche, and returned to Paris together.

"Bertram," observed Julien, as soon as they were fairly on their way, "I promised to introduce you to a remarkable man, and I think you will admit that I have kept my word."

"You have, Julien. Elfstone is a marvel. I never saw a being who looked so capable of receiving the highest degree of inspiration."

"He was very quiet and rational to-day. I cannot say as much for one of his guests, who passes for a sane person."

"Your humble servant? I assure you that I can no more than yourself account for the impulse upon which I acted so wildly. I have, however, as little of the phlegm and stolidity of my countrymen as Elfstone; and an intense nature like his, in its moments of exalted enthusiasm and frenzy, sweeps mine away with it like the flood of a cataract."

"You informed me, prior to our visit, that you are partially acquainted with Elfstone's history. In this respect you have the advantage of me."

"I once received from a relative of his a brief outline of the incidents supposed to have caused his insanity. He was so unfortunate as to fall in love with the fiancée of his elder brother Alfred, while the latter was absent with his regiment in India, and upon the report of Alfred's death, married the not inconsolable fair, who is said by some to have been the most beautiful woman in England. The elder brother was, however, alive, and returned suddenly to hear Mordaunt's conduct maliciously misrepresented to him, rushed to the house of his successful rival, gained access, and encountered our friend on the stairs, who gazed upon his brother like a man paralysed with horror. Alfred mistook his amazement for guilt, and in his rage hurled him to the bottom of the stairs. He seems to have made no effort to save himself, and fell upon his head, sustaining the injury which has so lamentably affected his reason. The young wife, hearing the noise of a fall, ran out of her room, beheld her former betrothed lover, as she fancied at the moment, risen from his grave, and swooned away. Imagining that he had killed his brother and perhaps frightened his sister-in-law out of her mind, Alfred Elfstone rushed out of the house as abruptly and madly as he had entered it, and was, I believe, never heard of afterwards. Some say be committed suicide, but I believe his fate has never been ascertained with certainty. Mordaunt attempted to trace him, but was himself found wandering among the Alps, as crazy and remorseful as Byron's Manfred, and was finally placed in the *maison de santé* in which we have just visited him. His wife was dispatched by some interested and mercenary relatives after him in a wrong direction, and died abroad, it is supposed, heaven only knows how or where. Such is the sum of my information concerning my father-in-law elect."

"My knowledge of his antecedents amounted next to nothing; but I have recently visited him almost daily, on account of a medical prediction of which I am told he was the subject in 1838, now ten years ago, according to which he will be restored to his nominal condition and regain the perfection of his rational faculty within a few weeks of the present time. I need not tell you how eagerly I hope that this scientific prophecy will be verified, or that I would not omit witnessing so great and glorious a phenomenon for the world."

"I never heard of this before, but I will watch the event with you, with an interest as deep and a hope as fervent as your own. But I have this day been introduced to a person who has excited my curiosity and interest even more than Elfstone."

"You mean Marina Nitouche."

"I do. I have read much in poetry and romance of the Snake-Woman, but she is the first genuine specimen of the species I ever beheld."

"You do not overrate this singular creature. Her mobility is marvellous, and I think it would be hard to tell what form she has not assumed. Of late she has been haunting old cathedrals, ancient altars, sacred places, and has just returned from Rome and an interview with the Holy Father of the Church, and passes for a saint with some of the most devout. When in the presence of Elfstone, however, she keeps her piety in the background, for any undue exhibition of it is certain to drive him into a bitter and caustic mood from which she well may shrink."

"Her intimacy with Elfstone is a strange one."

"Not at all. In another it might appear out of the way, but with her it is the most natural thing in the world. She has many friends by whom she is equally beloved. The Countess of Viandis makes an idol of her. That she has good cause I can bear witness. I had just paid a visit to Cardinal Wiseman and some of your Oxonian scholars, with whom I had long corresponded, and was returning by way of New Haven and Dieppe, when I first saw Marina. She was plainly dressed and thickly veiled, and would have escaped my notice but for her eyes, the remarkable fascination of which I need not describe to you. The Countess of Viandis was on board, and her lovely infant daughter was in the arms of her nurse, a lively girl, who, by way of amusing the child, had engaged in a little game with a handsome large dog that happened to be on board. The dog was a goodnatured but rough romp, and pursued his playmate to the bulwarks, where it raised itself on its hind legs, and with its forepaws and opened mouth threw itself upon the breast of the now terror-stricken girl, who leant back, and in her struggle to extricate herself from her rudely sportive assailant, lost her hold of her little charge, and dropped the innocent into the English Channel. The nurse's screams the next moment reached the ears of the countess, who rushed to the spot, fearing that the dog was tearing her child. When she became aware of the truth, she would, had she not been withheld, have leaped after her infant into the sea, and have been drowned. The count, who was no better swimmer than his wife, rushed to the captain and implored him to reverse the engines and save his daughter. The captain promptly adopted every measure calculated to effect any good, without entertaining the slightest hope that they would be of any avail. But Marina, who was standing near the nurse when she let the little one drop into the waves, without a moment's hesitation, and with action quick as lightning flung off her bonnet and shawl, snapped the strings that supported her skirts, and leaped into the sea. I rushed to the side of the vessel, and saw the beautiful woman rise to the surface with the babe in her arms. Her long hair was streaming down her shoulders, her black eyes burning with excitement, as she swam with the ease of a mermaid, and looked like one. With one arm she held the child and with the other made the waves sustain her, gliding through them as if they were her native element. A boat was lowered, and, after a delay that, encumbered as she was, would have exhausted almost any other swimmer, she was picked up and taken on board. The countess caught the babe from her arms and covered it with kisses and tears. Poor Marina stood before her with her long hair, almost reaching to her heels, streaming with salt water, her tight velvet bodice saturated and dripping, and her chemise clinging to her limbs in a manner more suggestive of their perfect symmetry than conducive to her comfort; and the count, taking the infant from its mother, bade the latter show some regard for its preserver. In a moment the countess sprang towards Marina, pressed her, wet as she was, to her heart, and kissed her neck, face and lips with a great and sudden affection, that, strange to say, seems never to have abated. Marina was led blushing into the cabin, and soon reappeared in dry attire, apparently, and, I really think, actually more unheedful of what she had done than any of the spectators. The countess would not, during the remainder of the voyage allow her out of her sight for a minute, and is now as enthusiastic about her as ever, maintaining strenuously that she has the loftiest soul and the tenderest heart of any of her sex."

"Are you of the same opinion?"

"No; I hold Marina to be one of the most dangerous women alive. She is a sad coquette, if not worse. She is in league with secret and subversive societies, and is as treacherous as the element after which she is christened."

"She is, then, in your opinion, a sort of sea-serpent?"

"She is a woman capable of all good and all evil, but sadly prone to the latter."

"She is indeed a terrific beauty, and I trust I shall have the prudence to shun her sweet society."

"You apprehend that you might fall in love with her, and that she would but mock you for it?"

"I did but jest; I fear nothing, for I have a talisman that will protect me against the fascinations of the basilisk."

"I wish I was as well provided. I believe, however, that her fickleness and indifference are our best and only actual safeguards after all. For who could resist Marina, if she once devoted her charms to his subjugation?"

BREASTWORKS OF THE FIFTH CORPS.

14th New York awaiting Attack.

The battles have not been in open field, as our readers know. The armies fought in dense woods, and used them for defence. At night trees were felled, and formed with earth into temporary breastworks. If time permitted a double line was made, as shown in the case illustrated in our engraving. Here our men would make a stand against the enemy, whose approach was heralded only by their presence.

The sketch shows the breastworks of the 5th corps (Warren's) on the left, where the 14th New York, the well-known Brooklyn regiment, were posted.

BATTLE OF SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE, MAY 10.

On Tuesday the incessant storm of battle culminated in the most terrific battle of the campaign Of this our Artists have sent us extended views. The court-house cannot be seen, but it lies about the centre of the view behind the woods. Hancock's 2d corps is on the right, Warren's 5th corps in the centre, Wright's 6th corps on the left. Dense woods, thick set with underbrush covered the enemy's position; masses of troops could be seen but in glimpses, except when they plunged into the woods, or meeting too fierce an opposition, recoiled.

Our sketch shows Hartraft's 1st brigade 3d division (Wilcox's) 9th corps going into action on the left, and on the right the remainder of Gen. Burnside's corps coming up in season to decide the day.

The rebel line is in the distance.

GEN. BUTLER'S FORCES LANDING AT FORT POWHATAN.

Simultaneously with Grant's advance Gen. Butler, the men of all others most hated by the rebels, advanced up the James river, after deluding the enemy by a false show. He seized Wilson's wharf landing and debarked a brigade of Wild's colored troops there. Our Artist shows the landing of two regiments of the same brigade at Fort Powhatan, an important position which the rebels used frequently for the purpose of annoying us with field artillery, never having thoroughly fortified and manned it. This is now held permanently by our troops, as part of the grand operations on the river.

FRY'S GRAND OPERA OF NOTRE DAME DE PARIS,

Represented at Philadelphia, May 4, to open the Musical Festival for the Sanitary Commission.

Philadelphia, to give her Sanitary Fair a new zest, initiates the entertainments by a representation of Fry's grand opera of Notre Dame de Paris, which has been crowned with perfect success. The opera itself is a proof of the immense stride made as a composer by the author since his opera of Leonora some years since, and brought out faithfully, and without the prejudice which prevails too generally, would soon be a universal favorite.

The gorgeousness of wardrobe, scenery and other accessories will prove another objection. There are actually few places where it could be properly produced. The representation in Philadelphia was eminently successful, and with all the difficulties of a first night, and a company by no means homogeneous or rendered so by practice, the music was given remarkably well.

To convey the merits of the divine art to our readers is not our province, but we give a fine and truthful sketch of one of the most striking scenes—the grotesque procession and march of the Hunchback.

The Pranks of a Jackdaw.—The visitors to Ilkley Wells have been much amused of late by the freaks of a tame jackdaw. Not a conveyance travels to the village but "Jack" is sure to be there to receive the visitors, acting, in fact, as if he were the master of the ceremonies for the place. "Jack" is a frequent visitor at the parish church, but his vagaries in that sacred edifice were so extraordinary as to lead to an edict being promulgated by the authorities that he was to be excluded in future. One Sunday morning "Jack" again appeared at divine service, to the disgust of several of the congregation. Intimation was given to Moses, the village bellman, and Blue, the rural policeman on duty in the township; and they were instructed to remove the bird. "Jack" was too sharp for them, however, for he actually took possession of the pulpit, and amused himself by taking an inventory of the contents. When the vicar went to the altar "Jack" alighted on the reading desk, and appeared to be busily engaged in studying the morning lessons until the sermon was nearly over, when his quick eye observed an elderly lady in an adjoining pew deposit her gold spectacles on her prayerbook. In a moment "Jack" was down on the prize, and flew with his booty to the altar table, where he stayed during the remainder of the service. Previous to the communion, Moses and the solitary Bobby again attempted to eject the sable intruder, but the daw was not to be done, for he took refuge on the top of the organ, and waited there until the sacrament was over. The churchwardens have since given strict orders that "Jack" is to be caged during church hours, or else that his life is to be sacrificed; but the villagers, on the other hand, declare that they could better spare old Moses or the policeman.

Those real gems of thought that shine like stars in the night, were not struck out at a heat, as sparks from a blacksmith's anvil are, but fashioned and polished with a patient, and a weary, and an aching head and heart.

LOVE'S FIRST KISS.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

Walking apart she thinks none listen,
  And now she carols, and now she stops;
While the evening star begins to glisten
  Between the lines of blossoming hops.

Sweetest Mercy! your mother taught you
  All uses and cares that to maids belong,
Apt scholar to read and to sew, she thought you,
  But she did not teach you that tender song!

A crash of boughs—one through them breaking!
  Mercy is startled, and fain would fly;
But e'en as she turns, her steps o'ertaking,
  He pleads with her—"Mercy, it is but I!"

"Mercy!" he touches her hand unbidden—
  "The air is balmy, I pray you stay—
"Mercy!" Her downcast eyes are hidden,
  And never a word she has to say.

Till closer drawn, her prisoned fingers
  He takes to his lips with a yearning strong,
And she murmurs low that late she lingers,
  Her mother will want her, and think her long.

"Good mother is she, then honor duly
  The lightest wish in her heart that stirs;
But there is a hand yet dearer truly,
  And there is a love which passeth hers."

"Mercy, Mercy!" Her heart attendeth,
  And the blush on her maiden brow is sweet;
She lifts her face when his own he bendeth,
  And the lips of the youth and the maiden meet.

An Amorous Aeronaut.

A late French journal relates the following story, which, it will be seen, is French all over:

While Monsieur Gadard was filling an immense balloon in the Champ de Mars he amused the spectators by sending up the small figure of a man, the perfect semblance of M. Thiers without spectacles. The little man being filled with gas rose majestically into the air and was soon lost to view among the clouds. His adventures, which became known the next day, were curious. Thanks to a strong and favorable gale, which impelled him on his course, the little balloon man arrived the same afternoon in sight of a fine country house in the neighborhood of Bievro. It was near the hour of dinner, and the lady of of the mansion, who naturally thought herself perfectly safe, was occupied in the mysteries of the toilet. It was a warm day, and she had opened one of the windows which looked out upon the park, and thought she was safe from any prying eyes. While tranquilly engaged, by the assistance of corset-lacing, in reducing her waist to a size and shape that would reflect credit on her husband's taste, she was suddenly startled by a blast of wind, followed by a strange noise, and immediately the casement was thrown open and our little balloon man entered her chamber unannounced. The lady utters a cry of terror and throws a shawl over her shoulders. The little man, driven by the wind, throws himself upon the unhappy woman, who, screaming louder than ever, pushes him off, and he conceals himself under the bed.

Just as the wife, in a supplicating voice, says to this novel Don Juan, "Ah, monsieur, go away or you will ruin me!" the husband furio[illegible] rushes in, crying, "Ah, the wretch, I hav[illegible] now!" and goes in search of his sword to run [illegible] through the body. The wife, more dead than alive, reiterates, in the midst of sobs:

"Fly, fly, monsieur, and save me the sight of a dreadful tragedy!"

The husband arrives, armed to the teeth, followed by the whole household, who seek to mollify his anger. While two of his friends hold the husband, a third, stooping down, perceives our little friend, who, for good cause, utters not a word, and catching him by the leg, draws him forth from his concealment, when, lo! Monsieur Balloon, no longer held down by the bedstead, raises himself erect, swells out and rises majestically to the ceiling, to the immense amusement of the spectators, while the poor jealous husband slinks away, sword and all, heartily ashamed of his causeless wrath.

A Witty Archbishop.—"Young Yorick" contributes to *Notes and Queries* some of the witty sayings for which Archbishop Whateley was famous in Dublin:

"What is the difference," he asked of a young clergyman he was examining, "between a form and ceremony? The meaning seems nearly the same; yet there is a very nice distinction." Various answers were given. "Well," he said, "it lies in this: you sit upon a form, but you stand upon ceremony."

Morrow's Library is the Mudie of Dublin, and the Rev. Mr. Day a popular preacher. "How inconsistent," said the Archbishop, "is the piety of certain ladies here: they go to Day for a sermon and to Morrow for a a novel."

At a dinner-party he called out suddenly to the host, "Mr. ———, what is the proper female companion of this John Dory?" After the usual number of guesses the answer came, "Ann Chovy!"

Dr. Gregg, the new bishop, and he at dinner. Archbishop: "Come, though you are John Cork, you mustn't stop the bottle here." The answer was not inapt: "I see your lordship is determined to draw me out."

On Dr. K——'s promotion to the Bishopric of Down, an appointment in some quarters unpopular: "The Irish Government will not be able to stand many more such Knocks Down as this!"

At a Lord Lieutenant's banquet a grace was given of unusual length. "My lord," said the Archbishop, "did you ever hear the story of Lord Mulgrave's chaplain?" "No," said the Lord Lieutenant. "A young chaplain had preached a sermon of great length. 'Sir,' said Lord Mulgrave, bowing to him, 'there were some things in your sermon of to-day I never heard before.' 'Oh, my lord,' said the flattered chaplain, 'it is a common text, and I could not have hoped to have said anything new on the subject.' 'I heard the clock strike twice,' said Lord Mulgrave.'"

A Woman with Horns.—The New York *Observer* of the 12th inst. contains a letter from its correspondent at Larnaca, in the island of Cyprus (Turkish dominions), describing a most remarkable *lusus naturæ* recently discovered there. It is nothing less than a woman with horns growing out of her head. She has one large horn on the side of her head of the size and consistency of an ordinary ram's horn, besides three or four cornicles on other parts of the head. The writer says that he has seen her, and that she has been visited by nearly all the Consuls and Europeans in that place, some of whom are making an effort to secure her for exhibition.

I. THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS BETWEEN GENERAL GRANT AND GENERAL LEE, MAY 5 AND 6.—FROM A SKETCH
BURNSIDE AND HANCOCK'S CORPS ENGAGING THE

F OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.—2. THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—THE BATTLE OF SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE, MAY 10—THE FIGHT ON THE LEFT. ENEMY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. BECKER.—SEE PAGE 151.

A WEDDING SONG.

BY ADA VROOMAN.

Oh, Love, though life's secluded ways
Allure us on with many a smile,
With many a sweet and tender wile,
We may not waste our precious days.

As sealights on a rocky shore
Illumine all the gloom around,
And guide the sailor homeward bound,
When dark and angry tempests lower,

So we, from our sweet height of bliss,
May be the blessed light which saves
Some toilworn battler with the waves,
Who never knew a love like this.

Sweet faith and trust shall be the crown
That brightens both our happy brows,
And faith in love and wedded vows
Shall cheat the world of worldly scorn.

And Love when envious storms assail,
Our hearts made by each other strong,
Shall do brave battle with the wrong,
And turn to love the bitter gale.

Our two souls, blended into one,
Shall walk in humble trust in God,
The way our blessed Saviour trod,
Until our earthly work is done.

The Gulf Between Them.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—CONTINUED.

Lost and guilty as this woman was, there existed still one human feeling in her soul—even in his rage he could feel that she spoke the truth—she was not asking mercy for herself—she was pleading for the innocent girl whose future would be destroyed were it known how vile the creature was with whom she had been the associate.

"Where will you go—what will you do?"

"Anything—anything! You shall never hear from me again."

"You are going to that man! I will shoot him before your eyes—you shall see him die at your feet."

"There is no life so horrible that I would not prefer it to his presence," she said; "no death so shameful that it would not be heaven compared to seeing his face."

There was a brief pause then; Mellen caught up the spade again.

She thought he was about to kill her. She sank on her knees, and a broken prayer rose to her lips. She would not have struggled; she would have knelt there and received death patiently from his hands.

"Do you think me lost and vile as yourself?" he cried, reading her thoughts in this gesture. "I do not want your life—do with it what you will! For my innocent sister's sake I will spare you—but go—go where I never can hear your name—let me have no reason to know that you exist! If you cross my path again nothing shall keep me from exposing you to the whole world."

She made an effort to rise, but he put out his hand.

"Sit still," he said; "I have work to do—you shall stand by and watch."

He began throwing the earth back into the trench, and Elizabeth sat still and watched him.

It seemed to her that she did not suffer—there was nothing in her mind save the blank feeling which one might experience sitting over the ruin an earthquake had made, after it had buried up home, love, everything the soul clings to. He filled up the chasm and smoothed the earth down over it carefully. Then, without a pause, he straightened the lid of the coffin—there was no haste, no recoiling—he drove back the nails that he had loosened into their place—then he raised the box in his arms, saying, only:

"Come!"

She rose from the ground—she did not ask a single question, but followed him slowly down the avenue towards the outer gates. They passed through, out into the high road, up the little hill, Mellen walking sternly on, and the woman following.

They reached the graveyard; the fence was broken in one place; Mellen wrenched off the picket and forced a passage. He passed through, and Elizabeth mechanically kept in his footsteps. At the lower end of the graveyard was a single grave, with the earth still fresh around it; not a tuft of grass had sprung on the torn soil, but dead leaves had drifted over it, and the frost crusted it drearily, turning its moisture to ice. Elizabeth might have recognised this grave as one that had been given to a fair woman who had perished in the late shipwreck, had she found any room for thought instead of her great misery. But she only saw a dreary-looking grave, at which Mellen paused. He set down the coffin and again raised his spade. Elizabeth stood by, silently turning to stone, as it were. She watched him dig a deep cavity, saw him lower the box down into it, then he began filling up the gap.

"It is done," he said; "we part, and for ever."

"We part here!" echoed Elizabeth.

"I have no more to say," he went on; "no words that I could speak would be able to change anything. If you can live, do so; but, remember, death comes at last—death and the judgment. I think, had your sin been other than it is, I could have promised you forgiveness in your last hour. But the horror of your crime in choosing that man——"

"I never knew it," she broke in. "Oh, believe that—do believe that! I ask nothing more—I have no right even to ask so much—but if you should one day hear that I am dead, believe that I have now told you the truth."

"You have the means of subsistence," he went on; "the stocks I settled upon you will be sufficient for your support."

"Only say that when I am dead you will pardon me—only say that, Grantley Mellen, for I have great need of one kind word."

"You will be careful that your name never reaches my ear," he went on, regardless of her appeal. "Hide yourself in some strange land, where no tidings of you may ever come near my home. I warn you, for your own sake."

"Give me your forgiveness in my dying hour," was all she moaned; "only that, Grantley, for I have loved you so!"

"I will not. This mockery is worse than your sin!" he exclaimed. "If it was to keep your soul from eternal torture I could not speak a pardoning word."

She fell forward upon the ground, moaning still:

"Only for my deathbed—your pardon for my deathbed?"

"Never! Never!"

The voice rang out clear and sharp, as steel striking steel. It was like the sound of prison doors shutting out the last gleam of hope and light from a condemned criminal.

"Don't be found here," he said; "don't ever be heard of again. We are parting now for ever. Go, look to the shelter of my roof, I will not send you forth in darkness—go, but we meet no more!"

He turned and walked away, she lay there and watched him threading his path among the graves.

He had reached the palings, he was passing through. She raised herself, her last expiring energy went out in one agonized cry:

"Your pardon—for my deathbed—Grantley—husband!"

He never turned, never paused—perhaps he did not hear—but walking steadily and firmly on, disappeared down the hill.

Elizabeth looked up at the cold sky; the moon was partially hidden, the dawn was struggling up grey and chilled in the east, the wind moaned faintly among the graves, and rustled her garments with a sound like the stirring of a shroud; there she sat among the graves of her world, as utterly helpless and lost as if eternity swept between her and the past, and there she remained during some minutes that lengthened out like years, with the wind moaning around her and dead leaves crackling under her feet. She could see her old home through the naked trees, with the dull smoke curling in clouds above the chimneys, and the great trees sweeping their naked branches over it. Oh, how her heart yearned towards it, how wistfully her eyes watched all those signs of her forfeited life through the leafless grove and the drifting leaves!

Grantley Mellen turned back to the miserable grandeur of his home. The proud heart ached in his bosom. But what if, from fear or weakness, she did not return to the house? What if she remained there among the cold graves or wandered off in terror of his wrath?

The graveyard was full half a mile from the spot where this thought struck him. He turned at once and went back, feeling how unmanly it was to leave the miserable creature alone, stricken with such anguish. He remembered how her uncovered head had drooped under his denunciations in the moonlight, that the cold wind had lifted the waves of her hair and revealed the dead marble of a face in which all hope was quenched. Notwithstanding his wrongs, notwithstanding the ache at his heart, he would go back and take her home for that one night—only for that one night.

He walked rapidly towards the graveyard, more eager now to find Elizabeth than he had been to separate from her only a brief time before. He looked to the right and left in search of her, but the moon was obscured now by thin gray clouds, and a fog drifting up from the ocean was fast obliterating the crowd of golden stars that had been so brilliant when he went forth.

Mellen walked on, growing more and more anxious, till he came in sight of the graveyard, then he paused under a clump of cedars; for he saw his unhappy wife forcing her way, in desperate haste, through the broken pickets of the fence, with her face turned homewards. The gray woollen shawl was floating loosely around her, giving a weird ghostliness to her appearance.

Mellen turned and went back, sheltering himself under the cedar trees. When he saw that she was safe a revulsion came upon his feelings, a sense of the wrong she had done him returned with bitter force, and when she passed along the outskirts of the cedars, making her way down the hill, he retreated deeper into the shadows, recoiling from contact with her.

"She will go home," he said, gloomily, "no one is more familiar with the paths through the woods. Thank heaven she does not know that I am weak enough to care for her safety! Let her reach the house first, we shall be less likely to meet."

With these thoughts in his mind he lingered in the cedars till Elizabeth was out of sight. The wind was dying away in low sobs now, smothered down by the fog, through which he could hear the moaning of the ocean afar off.

Mellen left the shelter of the woods and made the best of his way home, believing that his wife had already found a shelter there.

The house was dark and still as the grave when he entered it again. Instinctively he trod with caution along the halls and crept stealthily upstairs, for in the depths of his heart he was anxious to conceal Elizabeth's movements that night from the servants, and, above all, from Elsie. He paused and listened a moment in the square passage that led to her rooms, hoping to hear some movement by which he could be certain that she had come in safely. But there was no sound, and he turned away sighing, for compassion and the tender pity which every generous man feels for a fallen woman whom he had once loved was turning the bitterness of his rage into intense pain.

Hearing nothing, and with vague uncertainty at his heart, the unhappy man entered his own dark chamber, threw off his clothes and flung himself into bed, wretched beyond any power of my pen to describe.

But he could not sleep, could not even rest, the very effort at repose drove him wild. He got up again, dressed himself and sat down by the open window, looking out into the darkness. All at once he started and leaned far out of the window. Was it fancy, or had some wailing voice pronounced his name? Something gray and weird seemed floating from his sight through the gathering fog. At first it had the form of a human being, then it seemed as if a pair of wings unfurled and swallowed it up. Was it his wife? Could that winglike envelopment be her gray woollen shawl, tossed by the wind? Had her voice been engulphed in the far-off moan of the ocean? In this dreary state the unhappy and most wronged man sat all the rest of that gloomy night.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The day began; the sun was up; once more the old house awoke to life and activity.

Sitting in his chamber, Grantley Mellen heard the familiar sounds below; he knew that life must sweep in again, that he must rise once more and go forth among his fellow-men, hiding his misery as best he might, taking his place in the world and bearing the secret burden of his dishonored life. He went to the window, swept back the curtains which he had drawn over it, and looked at himself in the glass. If he had wished to know how his corpse would look after the ravages of time and disease, he could have learned in that prolonged gaze.

It was absolutely the face of a dead man; even the eyes looked lifeless—there was only a heavy, stony expression, which had neither life or humanity in it.

It was late in the morning when Elsie awoke from the heavy slumber which had succeeded her swoon. For a few moments she lay still, believing that the events of the past night had been only a dream. Suddenly she raised herself with a cry—she had caught sight of the shawl which Elizabeth had wrapped about her—she knew that it was all real.

She sprang out of bed, opened the door, ran through the empty chamber and entered her sister's room, crying:

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"

There was no answer—she looked about—the fire had died down in the grate, the room was empty and desolate as a grave.

She hurried through into the sleeping apartment, calling still in a voice which frightened herself:

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"

The bedchamber was empty too—the bed untouched.

"Gone!" cried the wretched girl. "Gone! Where is she? What has become of her? Elizabeth, Elizabeth!"

She shrieked frightfully in her anguish—cried out in such terrible anxiety that the sound reached the chamber where Grantley Mellen sat.

He went out into the hall and approached the door of the dressing-room. Elsie heard him—her first impulse was to flee, but her limbs refused to aid her.

She heard him try the door—heard him call:

"Elsie! Elsie!"

She must meet him—there was no escape.

Again the summons was repeated, and more imperatively.

"Elsie, open the door—quick, I say?"

She got to the door, she turned the key; her brother entered quickly, and there they stood, in Elizabeth's desolate room.

"Where is Elizabeth?" she cried. "I can't find her—I want Elizabeth."

Mellen felt a shiver of dread pass through his frame. He pushed the chamber-door open and looked in, pale with anxiety. She was not there—the bed was untouched, and gleamed upon him through the crimson light that filled the room like a crusted snowbank. There was none of that luxurious confusion which usually marks the apartment of a sleeping lady. The rich toilet service was in complete order. There was no jewellery flung down with half sleepy indifference, no garments laying ready for use on the chairs, or across the sofa. The silken window curtains were drawn close. The carpet looked like moss in the deep shadows of an autumnal forest.

"Gone, gone! Oh, my God, what has become of her?" he exclaimed.

"Where—what has happened? Is she dead? Oh, I shall go mad—I shall go mad now," cried Elsie.

She fell into spasms, but still preserved her senses sufficiently not to speak again—she dared not utter a word more, lest she should betray her knowledge of Elizabeth's sorrow.

Mellen carried her to the sofa and laid her down upon it, wrapped shawls and eider down quilts over her, holding her hands, which trembled like frightened birds, striving in every way to soothe her, as Elizabeth had so often done in the time gone by for ever.

She lay back at length, quiet but utterly exhausted.

"Where is Elizabeth?" she moaned. "What has happened?"

"Never take that name on your lips again," he said; "let even her memory be dead between us. That woman is no longer my wife—you will never see her again. She shall not suffer; I will deal gently with her; but to you, my dearest sister, she is dead."

"You have killed her!" shrieked Elsie. "Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"

"She leaves this house of her free will, Elsie—the only condition I have made is that she takes her name far out of our lives. Have you known—have you suspected this woman, Elsie?"

"No, no! I don't know anything but what is good of her—I don't believe anything! She is good and kind—send for her! You shan't drive her away—she shall come to me now! My dear Elizabeth—I love her! You shall not do this—you are mad, mad! She is the best woman that ever lived! Let me go to her—I will go!"

She was writhing again in hysterical spasms, but Mellen forced her back when she tried to rise.

"Be still, Elsie—try to understand me! I can't tell you the whole story—but we are parted. Do not plead for her. Do not mention her name."

"But, Grantley, Grantley!"

"No more, I say—not a word."

"She is innocent," moaned the girl; "she is innocent."

"I know what you suffer—think of all that I endure—let that give you strength."

"I tell you she is an angel—she has done no wrong!"

"I had the confession which separates us from her own lips—I tell you I would not have believed any other testimony. Don't struggle so, Elsie—be still."

But she fought with him like an insane creature—she had no control or reason—it was only her inability to speak which kept her from shrieking out in Elizabeth's defence. She could only gasp for breath, and when words did come it was only that broken cry:

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"

"You must try to understand me, Elsie! You are all I have left in the world—oh, Elsie, Elsie! She has gone for ever, and I loved her so—I loved her so. You and I must live on as best we can—it is only for you, child, that I live at all."

"Only bring her back—clear it all up—the truth—the truth at last! Oh, Grantley, I—"

Her words were so indistinct that he could not gather their meaning; she was struggling more fiercely than ever, and it required all his strength to hold her.

"If you love me, Elsie, strive to be calm! Oh, think of my trouble, my anguish—my sister, my sister!"

"Only send for her—call her here!"

"Be quiet and I will search, but she went off last night, I do not know where!"

Elsie gave one frightful cry and sank back in his arms insensible again, a swoon so deathlike that it seemed as if life had gone out for ever.

Just as Elizabeth had raised her and carried her into her own room, so did Grantley Mellen carry her now, stricken by a fear so horrible that his past agony paled under it—if she was dead—if she should wake a raving maniac, and all from the evil influence of that woman.

He called no assistance; he watched over her in that lonely chamber, trying every remedy he could find, but for a long time his efforts were unavailing; she lay there, white and cold, as if the snowy counterpane had been her winding sheet.

Just as he was calling her name in a last frenzied burst of grief she opened her eyes. She was too full for speech, but she remembered everything clearly—she made a vain effort to rise.

"You must not talk, Elsie; don't stir—you will hurt yourself!"

He searched on the toilet table, found a bottle of laudanum, and administered as large a dose as he dared; he knew that the effects could not be so dangerous as her present suffering.

He sat down by the bed, folding his arms about her, calling her by every endearing name that his tenderness and fear could suggest, striving to soothe her into slumber.

Elsie would lie quiet for a few moments, then she would begin to struggle and cry out in that dreadful way, till it seemed to Mellen that she would die before the opiate could take effect.

The potion worked at length; she lay back on the pillows white and still—her eyes stared drearily about the chamber once more and then closed—she had fallen into a heavy sleep.

For a long hour Grantley Mellen remained on his knees by her bedside, where he had fallen.

He rose at length. Victoria was knocking at the door, and warning her young mistress that breakfast was on the table.

Mellen went to the door and opened it, checked the girl's cry of astonishment with a gesture, and said:

"Miss Elsie is very ill—go downstairs at once, and let there be no noise in the house."

She crept away in frightened silence; he followed her down into the hall, gave orders to one of the men servants to get a horse ready, went into the library and wrote a dispatch to his physician in the city, and came out again.

By the time the man was starting off to the station, Clorinda and several of the servants, to whom Victoria had communicated her tidings, were assembled in the hall.

In their consultation they forgot their awe of their master, and asked a thousand eager questions, which he answered with brief sternness.

"Go back to your places, all of you," he said; "Miss Elsie is asleep, and must not be disturbed till the doctor arrives."

"Is missus wid her?" demanded Clo.

He turned upon her with a frown which made her spring back as if she had received an electric shock, and entirely checked any further desire to question him where his wife was concerned.

He turned towards the stairs again, but 'Dolph interposed with one of his profound bows.

"'Scuse me, sar, but de brekfus is on de table."

The self-restraint must be kept up; whatever suspicions might arise when the fact of Elizabeth's disappearance became known in the house, he must not expose himself to the curious eyes of those menials.

He went into the breakfast-room, drank the coffee 'Dolph poured out with a skilful hand, pretended to eat a few morsels, then shoved his chair back and hurried up to Elsie's chamber—he could not trust himself yet in the presence of his servants.

Below stairs all sorts of stories were rife. Victoria peeped into Elsie's room and came down with the information that

"She lay dar like a beautiful corpus!"

Everybody groaned in concert, but she added new astonishment to their feelings by saying:

"And missus ain't nowhars about. She ain't in Miss Elsie's room, and she ain't in her own, and her bed ain't been touched all night."

Clorinda began to nod her turban with a sapient air.

"What did I tell yer!" cried she. "Now what did I jis' tell yer."

"But whar can she be?" wondered 'Dolph. "What do yer 'spose has happened, Miss Clorinda?"

"'Nuff's happened," returned Clo', "and more'n nuff! I told yer de tunderbust would break, it has."

They urged and entreated her to speak; but it as difficult to speak when she literally knew nothing, so she contented herself with going about her work with unusual energy, while the rest stood round and watched her, deeming this an occasion when idleness was to be taken quite as a matter of course.

Clo nodded her head, shook her woolly knots, muttered to herself, and made dreadful confusion among her pots and pans, exciting her fellow-servants to a fearful pitch by her air of mystery, but not a word would she speak beyond vague and appalling hints.

While the servants below stairs wore away the morning in such conversation and surmises, growing every instant wilder and more improbable, Grantley Mellen sat in that darkened chamber watching his sleeping sister.

The physician arrived late in the evening; by that time Elsie was awake, and he looked a little grave while giving his medicines and examining into the case.

"Keep her very quiet," he said to Mellen, who followed him into the hall; "it is a severe nervous attack, but she can endure nothing more. Don't let her get up—I'll come back to-morrow. Where is Mrs. Mellen? she is so good a nurse I should like to give her my directions."

"She—she is not here," Mellen answered.

"In town, I suppose? You had better send for her, or give me her address and I will call and tell her how much she is wanted the moment I reach town. To-night I stay in the village."

"Thank you, I won't trouble you," replied Mellen. "You will be here to-morrow morning?"

"Oh, certainly! Don't be at all alarmed—Miss Elsie is subject to these nervous attacks. So I shan't call on your wife?"

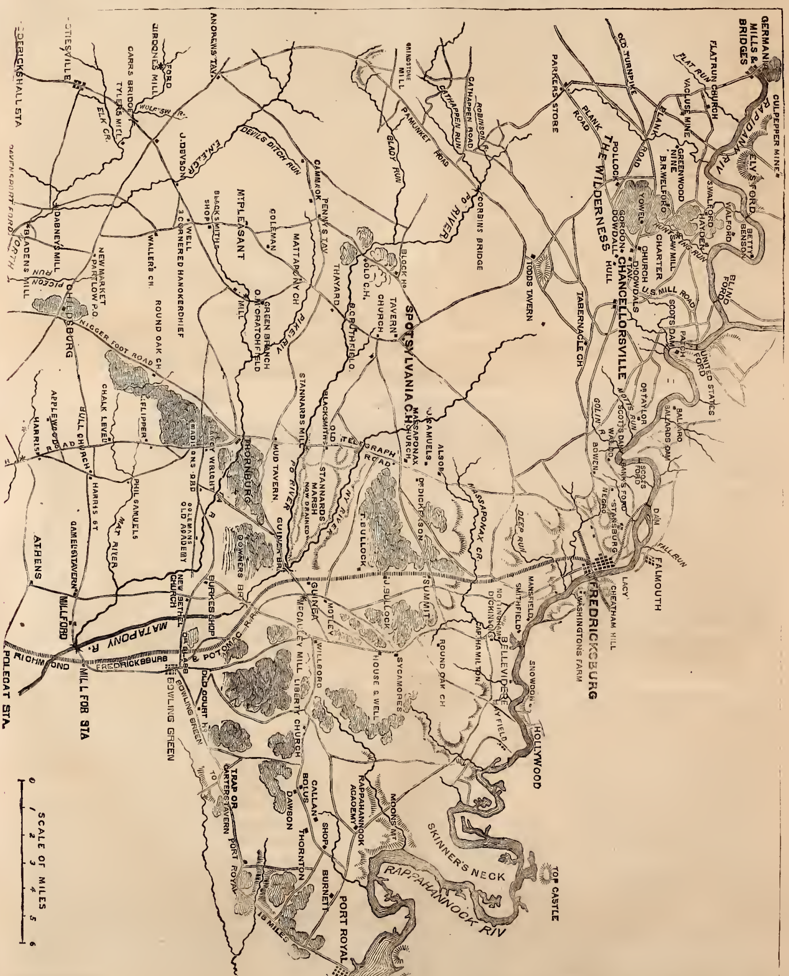
"No, sir, no;" he answered, impatiently. "I must return to my sister."

He bowed the doctor downstairs and disappeared, leaving the son of Esculapius to go on with all sorts of strange ideas in his head.

He had another patient in the village, and so drove over there in the carriage which had brought him from the station. As he was standing on the hotel porch old Jarvis Benson came up, caught him by the buttonhole and began a long story, to which the physician listened with such patience as he could find.

COMMENCEMENT OF GRANT'S GREAT VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.

Our series of war pictures would scarcely be complete without giving the initiatory movements of this great campaign, as well as its battles in general views and in detail. Hence we give the crossing of the Rapidan, a crossing that leads to victory. With what satisfaction may not we look on this passage of our well disciplined army, fully equipped, full of courage, trust in themselves, their commander, their cause and God.



MAP OF GEN. GRANT'S SEVEN DAYS' BATTLES.

STEINWAY & SONS' GREAT PIANOFORTE ESTABLISHMENT, 71 AND 73 EAST 14TH STREET, AND 62ND STREET, AND FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF STEINWAY & SONS' PIANOFORTE FACTORY AND LUMBER YARD, OCCUPYING THE ENTIRE BLOCK ON FOURTH AVENUE BETWEEN 52ND AND 53RD STREETS, N. Y.

MESSRS. STEINWAY & SONS' NEW BUILDING.

IT is only a year or two since we illustrated the magnificent new pianoforte manufactory erected by Steinway & Sons, on a block on Fourth avenue extending from Fifty-second street to Fifty-third street, and now we are called upon to record the extension of that great building and the erection of another splendid structure on East Fourteenth street, near Fourth avenue, designed by Steinway & Sons, for their own use as a warehouse for their pianofortes. The building is in a commanding situation, and is of such ample dimensions, and is so beautiful architecturally, that it is an ornament to our city, which can now boast of having the finest pianoforte store, probably, in the world.

The front on Fourteenth street is of white marble, and is 50 feet wide, with a depth of 85 feet. It has four stories above the basement. The first storey is in the Corinthian style, with a portico in the centre 17 feet wide, and projecting five feet from the face of the building. The portico is constructed with fluted columns and pilasters, with full Corinthian caps, resting on moulded and paneled pedestals. These columns support rich Corinthian entablatures with carved modillions. The part of the cornice over the portico is in the form of a segment. From the top of the cornice to the under side of the main cornice the front is in the Renaissance style, and is divided into three compartments by two rows of rustic blocks, extending from the top of the first storey to the main cornice. The width of the centre compartment compares with the width of the portico, and contains one large window in each floor, which are rather more ornamented than the side windows. All the windows are ornamented with attached columns supporting rich segment-formed cornices. The main top cornice is supported by handsome carved modillion blocks and carved trusses, with a handsome pediment over the centre part of the building. Over the cornice there is a handsome balustrade, with a vase on each end.

The four windows in the front storey have in each one single pane of plate glass. The interior finish is of the most solid and best kind; all the principal woodwork, such as doors, stairs and partitions dividing the office from the store, are solid black walnut, oiled and waxed. The main stairway is six-and-a-half feet wide; the entrance to the building is through a handsome vestibule, wainscoted and trimmed with black walnut. The floor is of Italian marble tile of mosaic pattern. To the left is the large warerooms, exclusively for the sale of square pianos; to the right is located a smaller one for upright pianos; and on the second floor is located the large room containing the grand pianos. The height of the ceiling from the floor is 15½ feet in the lower storeys. The two upper storeys are used for music-rooms and artists' studios. The whole height of the building is 72 feet from sidewalk to roof. In the rear of this building a plot of ground is also owned by the Messrs. Steinway, 100 feet wide by 125 feet deep, with a frontage of 100 feet on Fifteenth street, which is reserved for the erection of a large concert hall.

The building was designed and built under the superintendence of John Kellum, architect. It is certainly the finest building in the United States of its class and for the purpose for which it is designed, and we doubt if there is a pianoforte store in any of the large capitals of Europe or England that can in any way compare with it.

The Steinways' new store was officially and socially opened on Tuesday, the 24th inst., when a large party of distinguished literary and eminent musical gentlemen assembled at noon to inspect the building and visit the factory. Carriages drove up to the door at one o'clock, and conveyed the whole party up to 52d street, Fourth

THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—DOUBLE LINE OF BREASTWORKS THROWN UP ON THE NIGHT OF MAY 6, IN THE WILDERNESS, BY THE 5TH ARMY CORPS—THE 14TH NEW YORK AWAITING THE ENEMY. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. BECKER.—SEE PAGE 151.

avenue. The factory is a noble pile and is an ornament to the avenue. It comprises an entire block, fronting on the Fourth Avenue, and extending from 52d to 53d streets. The front on Fourth avenue has a length of 201 feet, with a depth of 40 feet. The wings on 52d and 53d streets are each 165 feet in length and 40 feet in depth. The whole building is six storeys high, including the basement. The architecture is of the modern Italian style, with brick lintel arches, brown stone trimmings, and brick dental cornices. It is very substantially built, the basement wall being grouted brick two feet thick; the first storey walls 20 inches, and the upper walls 16 inches in thickness. The main building covers 14 city lots, 11 other lots being used for the purpose of seasoning lumber, of which there is a stock of 2,000,000 feet always piled upon the grounds. In the yard there are four drying-houses, each of which is heated by 2,000 feet of steampipe, and contains about 60,000 feet of lumber, so that there are about 240,000 feet of lumber constantly under the process of kiln-drying. L. Burger is the architect.

After admiring the handsome exterior, the party entered through the office in 53d street, and came at once upon the store-room, which contains the actions, felts, hardware, ivory, cloth, pins, wire, etc., etc., used in the interior works of pianos. Of these materials there is a vast supply always on hand, amounting in value to over $30,000.

They next visited the engine-room. Here a splendid engine of 60 horse power, burnished as beautiful as the works of a watch, was moving, with easy regularity, the entire machinery of the factory. This room is situated in the spacious yard, where also are located three steam boilers of 50 horse-power each, supplying steam for power, heating and drying purposes. A supplementary engine of 20 horse-power is located in the basement of the 52d street wing, the better to guard against any interruption which might occur through accident or stoppage of the main engine for necessary repairs.

From thence to the front basement, which contains all the iron work, plates and frames, drilling machines, japanning works, and the rosewood veneers. Of the latter the stock on hand is rarely of less value than $12,000. No fire of any kind is used within the building. Every part of the factory is heated by means of steampipes, 40,000 feet of which line the interior. The wood-heating apparatus is also warmed by steam, which also heats the kilns for japanning, etc.

In the basement of the 53d street wing all the heavier machinery is located. Here are three large planers, one of which is certainly the largest instrument of its class existing, planing the largest piano tops or bottoms at once. There are also four up-and-down saws, several circular saws, besides turning lathes, etc. These wonderful and powerful instruments are constantly at work, shaping the rough plank ready for use in the first floor above, where the bottoms, blockings, wrest planks and other parts of the case are got up with the aid of moulding, jointing and other machinery.

From this department we ascended to the fourth floor, where the casemakers hold undisputed sway, and who take all the single parts made below, put them together, and veneer and finish the cases ready to go up to the top floor or varnishing-room, where every case remains about three months to be thoroughly varnished. On each casemaking floor there are three large warming boxes, constructed of sheet iron, and covered with wood, with sufficient steampipes in them to raise the heat to 200 degrees.

Higher up we reach the varnishing department, which extends the whole length of the front side buildings, in all 630 feet. Here we passed through avenues of cases, stacks of them piled up six and eight deep. There must have been many hundreds of squares, uprights and grands ready to receive the inner works. The vastness of the number conveyed to all the most convincing proof of the immense business done by the Steinways.

The sounding board, the stringing and the finishing rooms are located below, and were alive with busy men and the hum of work.

The department which excited the most intense interest was the room on the third floor, where all the finer machinery for scroll sawing, rounding corners and shaping the various parts of the mechanism is located. Groups crowded round each machine, and it was curious to watch the expression of interest and astonishment on the faces of the observers as squares became round in a moment, and unbroken surfaces were metamorphosed into the most *recherché* patterns of scroll work in a very few minutes. The operations are indeed simple and beautiful. Telltale clocks in the extremes of the buildings insure that the watchmen attend to their duty with unerring certainty.

There are over *four hundred men* employed in this factory, which, considering the immense aid given to them by the labor-saving machines, are fully equal to 600 fifteen years ago. This force enables them to turn out about 40 square and five grand pianos every week.

The statistics of the factory show that there are about 800 pianos constantly in course of construction. These represent, in connection with the stock of hardware, lumber, veneers, machinery, engines, &c., &c., the sum of at least $450,000, exclusive of the building, which cost, together with the ground, $150,000—making in all a represented capital of *six hundred thousand dollars*. This estimate is for the factory alone, while the superb building in Fourteenth street and the valuable lots both in that street and Fifteenth street are entirely unaccounted for. For these at least $200,000 more may be added—making, at a low estimate, a capital invested in the business of at least *eight hundred thousand dollars!*

Enormous as this result is, it seems to increase in importance when we remember that it is the growth of but nine or ten years, and that it all sprung from making one pianoforte a week. We doubt if the history of the piano business in any country can parallel such an extraordinary success as this.

The success of the Steinways has never wavered for a day since the tide of good fortune set in. The improvements which, from time to time, they have added to their instruments keep their reputation fresh and vigorous, and continue to increase their circle of purchasers. They fear no rivalry, for they have always gained the first prize over all others where their pianos have been exhibited, having received within the last nine years *thirty-two first premiums*, gold and silver medals. The fact, however, upon which they pride themselves the most is, that at the Great International Exhibition in London, in 1862, where 269 pianos from all parts of the world were exhibited, "they were awarded a First Prize Medal, for *powerful, clear, brilliant and sympathetic tone*, with excellence of workmanship, as shown in Grand and Square Pianos." Notwithstanding this immense competition, the special correspondent of the *Times* says, *Messrs. Steinway's endorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any other maker.* Such testimony as this is conclusive as to the superior excellence of the Steinway piano.

The private telegraph line which connects the factory with the store announced, we presume, that the party was on its way to Fourteenth street, for on its arrival a splendid collation, which was in fact a dinner, was found prepared, and was keenly enjoyed by all present, for the lengthened tour of inspection by no means served to blunt the appetites of the guests. Of course the success of the Steinways formed a marked feature of the speeches. To these just and flattering compliments Mr. William Steinway responded in an earnest and practical speech, which was very warmly applauded. The musical part of the entertainment was specially enjoyable, for the distinguished artists present played with infinite spirit and brilliancy.

The visit to Steinway & Sons' piano manufactory and new salesrooms was both instructive and pleasant. It gave to many an insight to a business which has assumed gigantic proportions in the past few years, and which is, even now, increasing daily; and the impression left upon the minds of all was, that the two magnificent buildings erected by the Father Steinway and his four Sons, were proud monuments of their industry, energy, probity and enterprise, and that they richly deserved the magnificent success which has crowned with prosperity their intelligent labors.

MEN cannot take a satisfaction for sin, though they seem to find satisfaction in it.

TRIADS.

BY JOEL BENTON.

Fate.

For God's event in patience wait,
Though bald and poor our best estate,
Until we choose there is no Fate.

Zephyr.

Sweet spirit of the halcyon West,
To cheek and heart a welcome guest—
Thine are the isles of balm and rest.

Bird.

Blithe voice of sweetest interludes,
Outlet of desert solitudes,
Beethoven of the fields and woods.

Silence.

When we the deepest truths would teach,
Which words no plummet have to reach,
Then, Silence, art the lips of speech.

Truth.

How vain are Falsehood's vagaries—
If there be one thing sure, 'tis this:
Vict'ry attends the thing that is.

Avarice.

If Love is cheated, bartered, sold—
Though piles of wealth I heap untold,
To basest dross turns all my gold.

The Rose.

Because no fairer blossom grows,
Whereon the day his radiance throws,
I am the flower they call the Rose.

DREADFUL ENCOUNTERS WITH BEARS.

THE following is from "British Columbia and Vancouver's Island," by D. G. F. Macdonald, C. E.

Three men were out hunting, and unexpectedly roused a grizzly. The bear charged upon the party. Two of the men were large and powerful. Instead of using their guns, however, on the enemy, they sought safety in flight. Their companion, though a small man, stood his ground; and as the bear advanced he fired at him, wounding him just enough to add tenfold to his ferocity. The snow being deep, the man was soon buried in it with the monster, furious and open-mouthed, above him. With great presence of mind he thrust his left hand into the animal's mouth and grasped his tongue, holding it with the determination of despair while he unsheathed his knife with his right. In making a stab at the heart the point of the weapon struck the animal's paw, broke off, and in consequence became useless. The tusks of the infuriated monster had by this time met through the poor man's left arm which fell helplessly from the brute's jaws all mangled and bleeding. He then thought that the only hope lay in counterfeiting death, which he did, and fortunately succeeded in inducing the bear to believe that he had won the victory. After licking the blood off his victim the grizzly moved away some distance, and was attacked by a dog belonging to the party; but paying no attention to his canine enemy, he again approached the man, who still lay motionless in counterfeited death, and having licked his face slowly retired. The two men who had run away, having viewed the whole fight from a safe distance now, when the danger was past, came up to their half dead companion, whom they found severely injured in many parts of the body, with a part of his scalp torn away. They carried him to a hut at a distance, where, by careful attendance, he in a few weeks had all but recovered from the horrible wounds he had received. A strong party armed to the teeth went early next morning in search of the grizzly, which being easily tracked by the spots of blood on the snow, was soon discovered and completely riddled with bullets.

Shortly before I left the territory another encounter occurred between a miner and a bear, upon which he came suddenly in a small canon. He had dismounted from his mule, his only chance of escape being to climb a tree, which he lost no time in doing. However, the grizzly soon followed him and seized him by the leg. With the desperate strength only known in danger, the miner had grasped the limb of a tree, and held on with one hand, whilst he fired at the bear with the other. This caused the animal to let go the man's leg, but not to give up the pursuit. Having paused for a few moments to examine how matters stood, it made another effort and seized the rifle, dashing it with great violence. The miner kicked the bear in the snout with his uninjured leg so violently that she fell, turning a complete somersault. Feeling somewhat disgusted with the state of affairs, she gave vent to her fury on the man's hat, which lay at the foot of the tree, tore it to shreds, and then coolly retired, but, alas! only to return when she could make more sure of her victim. The miner descended, thinking all danger over, when up came the bear behind him, and seizing him round the middle pressed him to death. This sorrowful scene was witnessed only by an unarmed pioneer, who unfortunately was so panic-stricken that he did not venture to aid of the poor miner. The day following the occurrence, this homeless and childless man was committed to the earth in a spot selected for its quiet beauty and the security from desecration which it promised. Thus departed the stranger miner, who had come to these lands so recently in the fulness of hope and joy.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A GENTLEMAN in Chicago had occasion to call at the house of a friend. He rang the bell, but before he could speak the buxom Dutch girl threw her fat arms about his neck, and fastened her red lips to his in a "long, long kiss," ejaculating:

"Ach, mein bruder! mein bruder!"

But the cool Chicagoian merely ejaculated:

"What the d—l!" and Katrine on discovering her error retired much redder in the face to her quarters in the kitchen. She "dink he vas mine soldier bruder, come home from de wars."

WOMEN keep a secret, but it generally takes a good many of them to do it.

THE paper containing many fine points—a paper of pins.

A MEAN man grudges a canary his sugar, and counts out grains of barley to his horse by tens.

OF what use is it that a woman can prate about Bacon, if she cannot cook pork?

THERE is a man out West so forgetful of faces that his wife is compelled to keep a wafer stuck on the end of her nose, that he may distinguish her from other ladies, but this does not prevent him from making occasional mistakes.

WHAT IS GOLD.

"What is Gold?" I asked a child;
In its ignorance it smiled.

"What is Gold?" I asked a boy;
"Pretty little yellow toy!"

"What is Gold?" I asked of man;
"I will hoard it while I can!"

"What is Gold?" I asked old age;
"An illusion on Life's page!"

"What is Gold?" I asked of Heaven;
"As a test to man 'twas given!"

"What is Gold, United States?"
"Seventy-three at latest dates!"

RHYMES that satisfy the eye but not the ear:

Wife, make me some dumplings of dough,
They're better than meat for my cough;
Pray let them be boiled till hot through,
But not till they're heavy or tough.
Now I must be off to the plough,
And the boys (when they've had enough)
Must keep the flies off with a bough
While the old mare drinks at the trough.

THERE are, or were recently, two families living in one house in Lynn, one of which was named Yell and the other Scream, and their next neighbor was named Ball. Mr. Noyes lived in the next street. Notwithstanding this it is said to be a quiet neighborhood.

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Instructions to the National Banks acting as loan agents were not issued from the United States Treasury until March 26, but in the first three weeks of April the subscriptions averaged more than TEN MILLIONS A WEEK.

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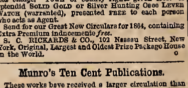

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No. 453—VOL. XVIII.] NEW YORK, JUNE 4, 1864. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY 13 WEEKS $1 00.

"If he Wins in Virginia he Wins Everything."

It has heretofore been the boast of the leading orators and oracles of the rebellion, that the independence of their Southern Confederacy is but a question of time. They have preached this doctrine of ultimate Southern success against all possible disasters and all the teachings of history. What, they have asked, does it signify, though King Cotton be dethroned, though England and France have betrayed us, though our Northern friends have been cowed into submission, though our cities and towns, from Richmond to Mobile, may be seized and occupied by the enemy, and

AN INCIDENT IN THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS—THE REBEL GENERALS BRADLEY JOHNSON AND E. STUART TAKEN TO THE REAR BY NEGRO CAVALRY, MAY 12.

though our armies in the field be broken up into guerilla bands?—we shall be strong enough to wear out the armed legions of our Northern enemies, and reduce them to the recognition of our nationality. This absurd Southern delusion, however, is at length dispelled. The Richmond *Examiner*, in a late commentary upon the present grand campaign of Gen. Grant, is constrained to the confession that "if he wins in Virginia he wins everything."

The impressive lessons of this destructive war to Secession theories and anticipations, and to the Southern people concerned, have satisfied them that, with a decisive defeat to Lee and the loss of Richmond, their Southern Confederacy is at an end. As one by one the false lights by which they have been led astray have been extinguished, their eyes have been gradually opening to their real situation, until they have discovered that there is a point, even in Southern endurance, beyond which further resistance is certain destruction. Hence this frank, though reluctant confession of the most prominent, the most unscrupulous and the most implacable of all the organs of the rebellion, that if Grant "wins in Virginia he wins everything." The veil is lifted; further disguises are useless; the army of Gen. Lee is the last hope of Jeff Davis. The prestige of invincibility which has hitherto been accorded to Gen. Lee, notwithstanding his past defeats and narrow escapes, is at length destroyed. His situation is admitted to be critical, and yet, as success on his part would repair all other misfortunes, we see that all the available forces and resources of the so-called Confederacy are being concentrated in his army.

What is the prospect? We have heard much of the triple lines of fortifications which encircle the rebel citadel; much of the chains of formidable defensive positions which will enable Gen. Lee to overmatch a vastly superior opposing army, in leisurely falling back to Richmond; but the developments of the campaign have already shown that, against the combinations of Gen. Grant, no line of retreat, however advantageous to Lee, and no system of fortifications at Richmond will avail to avert the impending catastrophe to the rebel cause. Gen. Grant has shown in his recent flanking operations that, when the way immediately in his front is blockaded by lines of destructive military defences, they may not only be avoided, but that the enemy may be dislodged by simply turning to the right hand or the left. Thus the elaborately strengthened position of Gen. Lee at Spottsylvania Court-House is rendered untenable, and so it must be with any other position commanded by an open country on either side. In fact, as was aptly said by the late rebel Gen. Sidney Johnston, when turned out of Bowling Green, Kentucky, by the capture of Fort Kearney, many leagues to the westward, "there is not a defensive position in the Confederate States between their northern border and the Gulf of Mexico that may not be turned."

In the next place, Richmond is but a *cul de sac* to the defensive army in occupation, unless secured from a siege by an abundant supply of provisions. Is Richmond thus provided for a siege? The testimony to the contrary from all sides, and in every shape, is overwhelming. It is doubtful whether the city's supplies would be sufficient, under a close investment, to subsist a garrison of 50,000 men for a single month; and yet through the channels which feed the city, and to a great extent by way of the city, Gen. Lee's army is itself subsisted. If defeated, then, in the open field, Gen. Lee will be utterly incompetent to defend Richmond within its encircling fortifications. The city, should he seek it as a place of refuge, will be to him what Vicksburg was to Pemberton—a trap, from which there will be no escape.

Profiting from the experience of Pemberton, Lee is evidently pursuing a different programme. We conjecture, therefore, that, if driven into the Peninsula, he will abandon the city to its fate, and fall back with his army into North Carolina, rather than run the double hazard of sacrificing his army and the city together. But the Federal occupation of Richmond, in connection with Gen. Sherman's descent into the heart of Georgia, will be none the less appropriately interpreted by the rebel confession we have made the text of this article—that if "Gen. Grant wins in Virginia he wins everything." That he will win in Virginia is as evident as it was that he would win at Vicksburg, when his lines were drawn around the city, and its otherwise impregnable defences were rendered untenable in being cut off from all hopes of reinforcements and subsistence.

Indian Seas and Birds.—The absence of seabirds forms a singular trait in the character of the Indian seas; scarcely a living thing appears in the sky above or the sea below, betwixt Bombay and the Indus.

The Human Machinery.—Man has in maturity and health 60 bones in his head, 60 in his thighs and legs, 62 in his arms and hands, and 67 in his trunk. He has also 434 muscles. His heart makes 64 pulsations in a minute, and, therefore, 3,840 in an hour, and 92,160 in a day.

Beefsteaks are very good things, but undoubtedly they sometimes used to be hauled over the coals.

Barnum's American Museum.

IMMENSE ATTRACTIONS.—Colossal Giants, Diminutive Dwarfs, Albino Children, Japanese Hog, Skating Pond, Wax Figures, etc., etc., Aquaria. DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES daily at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock P. M. Admission to all only 25 cents. Children under ten, 15 cents.

Oscanyan's Oriental Album.

The gift of a copy of the above to newspapers advertising the same has been withdrawn, as already advertised.

N. B.—To prevent counterfeiting, each package is accompanied by the proprietor's own autograph in *four* different languages, viz.: Turkish, Armenian, Greek and English.

C. OSCANYAN,
Second Avenue, 2d door from 50th St., N. Y.

Perry Davis's Pain Killer.

This great public benefaction, we are happy to learn, is still fulfilling its mission of relief, and alleviating many of the thousand ills that flesh is heir to. Its domain is the wide, wide world, and wherever a Yankee has set his foot may be found doing its work. Its virtues have been so thoroughly tested, that it needs no lengthy recommendation to entitle it to the public confidence. It is emphatically a household remedy, and if kept on hand and used as occasion may require, will save much suffering, besides very sensibly diminishing the expenses for medical attendance.—*Providence, R. I. Weekly Times.*

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

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NOTICE.

The Office of this Paper is removed to No. 537 Pearl Street, a few doors from Broadway.

Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA—GRANT'S ARMY.

The movements which we epitomized in our last were all, in fact, notwithstanding their bloody character and heavy loss of life, more flank movements, which have not brought our army nearer to Richmond. As Grant moved, so Lee moved confronting him. Grant now lies with one wing resting on Fredericksburg, while Lee lies before Spottsylvania Court-house, the pivot of his various positions.

On the 19th considerable skirmishing took place between the 5th corps and the enemy's entrenchments. The 2d corps drove the enemy from his first line of works. Our loss in these operations was 800, chiefly in Burnside's corps. Guiness station, on the Virginia railroad, was occupied by our scouts on the 19th.

On the 20th Grant began a successful movement to compel Lee to abandon his position. Longstreet's corps moved at one A.M. on the 21st, followed by Ewell, but Gen. Hancock had moved before him. Our troops occupied Guiness station, Milford station and the line south of the Mattapony.

BUTLER'S ARMY.

Gen. Butler has been compelled virtually to raise the siege of Fort Darling, and fall back to his entrenchments.

On the 14th Gen. Burnham's brigade carried the enemy's outerworks at Proctor's creek by storm, and the rebels fell back to a heavy line of earth works behind Kingman's creek, near the fort, scarcely answering the heavy cannonade which followed.

On Monday, the 16th, the enemy, in force, under cover of a thick fog, made an attack on the line of Gen. Smith, and forced it back in confusion, with heavy loss. When the fog cleared Smith succeeded in driving back the enemy. An attack was made on the right of Gen. Smith's line between two squadrons of colored cavalry, on the bank of the James, and Heckman's brigade, seizing the pickets and securing a splendid position, which had been left for their use. Heckman fought well, but was steadily driven back; he himself was killed or taken. Our loss was heavy, and two 22-pound Parrotts fell into the enemy's hand. Wistar, who received the attack after Heckman fell back, held his own for a time, but a grand rebel charge compelled the whole line to give way.

At eleven o'clock Gen. Smith advanced and recovered his former position, driving the enemy into his entrenchments. A force of 5,000, under Gen. Ransom, from Petersburg, at the same time attacked Butler's rear, but it was repulsed. Gen. Butler, however, deemed it prudent to retire to his former lines, as we have stated, and was all day on the 18th resisting the attacks of the enemy.

We hold, however, the railroad between Petersburg and Richmond, and Gen. Kautz has succeeded in cutting the Danville road, destroying the iron bridge across the Appomattox.

WESTERN VIRGINIA.

On Sunday, the 15th, Gen. Sigel was defeated at Newmarket, by the forces of Echols and Imboden, under the command of Maj.-Gen. Breckenridge, ex-V.P. of the United States. Sigel lost five guns, 600 killed and wounded, and 50 prisoners. He succeeded in crossing the Shenandoah and reaching Strasburg with the remnant of his six regiments.

He has been removed from the command, and Maj.-Gen. Hunter assigned to the department.

Gen. Crook was more successful in his operations near Newberne, having fought three battles with the forces under Gens. Morgan, Jones and A. G. Jenkins, completely defeating them, killing, wounding and taking nearly 1,000. His loss was 400 killed and wounded.

Gen. Jenkins fell into our hands mortally wounded. Averill reached to within 15 miles of the Salt Works in Tazewell county on the 7th, where he encountered a force of the enemy under Morgan and Jones, driving them on to the main body near the Salt Works. On the 10th Gen. Averill reached a point within four miles of Wytheville, where he encountered the enemy, 4,000 strong, under Gen. Sam Jones. He fought them for four hours, driving them, and killing and wounding many, and capturing some prisoners. Under cover of darkness the enemy retreated. Our loss was 120 killed and wounded, none missing. Near Blacksburg, Gen. Averill commenced destroying the railroad, which was most effectually done to a point four miles east of Christiansburg. At the latter place a small force of the enemy hastily left, leaving two 3-inch guns, which fell into our hands. Gen. Averill has fully accomplished the work assigned him by Gen. Crook.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Almost all the rebel forces have been withdrawn from Eastern North Carolina. The army investing Newberne received orders on Saturday, the 14th, to march North, and withdrew the next day.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

An extensive salt establishment belonging to the rebels at Cane Pitch, near Murrell's inlet, has been destroyed.

FLORIDA.

An expedition up the St. John's under Gen. Birney brought in 1,000 head of cattle, besides horses and other property.

GEORGIA.

Sherman, after two days hard fighting, compelled Johnston to evacuate Resaca at midnight on Sunday, the 15th of May. He had lost 1,000 prisoners and 10 guns.

Our cavalry, under Stoneman, defeated Roddy, destroyed a train and took two guns. Our loss at Resaca was about 3,000.

On the 19th Sherman reached Kingston, between Rome and Atlanta, occupying the former with Davis's division of the 14th corps. On the same day Sherman advanced, the enemy retiring. He found supplies and valuable machinery works at Rome.

ARKANSAS.

Advices from Little Rock to the 10th report Gen. Price retreating to Camden. He lost—by the admission of the rebels—2,000 in his engagement with Steele on the Sabine river.

Gen. Kirby Smith is said to be threatening Little Rock in strong force.

LOUISIANA.

Banks was at Alexandria on the 4th, and efforts have been made to clear the river of guerillas, so as to get the gunboats down.

Gen. Canby is making his way to the army, to assume command.

NAVAL.

Another American ship, the Avon, from Boston, was destroyed on the 29th of March by the rebel privateer Florida. Her captain has arrived at Plymouth, England.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on the 16th May, the resolution of Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, condemning the President's proceedings in connection with the commissions bestowed on Gens. Blair and Schenck, was referred to the Judiciary Committee. Mr. Wilson has proposed, as a substitute for this resolution of Mr. Davis, a preamble and resolution which, after reciting all the circumstances of appointment and resignation, claim that Gen. Blair is not entitled to his present rank and position. Bills were passed for the relief of the widows of Gens. Edward D. Baker, E. P. Whipple and Hiram G. Berry. The bill for the establishment of a line of steamers between this country and Brazil was considered for some time, and then laid over. The bill to equalize the pay of soldiers was taken up, and some amendments to it were adopted, but the Senate adjourned without final action on it.

In the House, resolutions, introduced by an opposition member, declaring that offers of peace should be tendered to the rebels, and that the President be required to make a proclamation of amnesty to any State which should lay down its arms and withdraw from the rebellion, with a guarantee that such State should be left to reorganize and determine its own institutions without interference from the Government of the United States, were laid on the table—76 to 53. Resolutions calling for the proceedings on the trials of Robert Taylor, of Tennessee, and Com. Wilkes were agreed to. Also a resolution requesting the Secretary of War to inform the House by what authority Brig.-Gen. J. M. Hubbel, Military Commandant of the city of Natchez, issued an order which forbid contrabands remaining in the city of Natchez, unless employed by some responsible white person, and forbidding any contraband from hiring or occupying any house in that city, under which regulation hundreds of the wives and children of soldiers in the field had been turned out of their homes. A bill granting 50,000,000 acres of land, in aid of the construction of a railroad and telegraph by the northern route to the Pacific, was passed.

In the Senate, on the 17th, the report of the Central Pacific Railroad Company of California was submitted, showing the cost of construction and equipment to have been $1,600,118. A resolution was adopted, making an appropriation to the State of California for the preservation of Mariposa Grove, as one of the wonders of the world, it being composed of trees of from 30 to 40 feet in diameter, and estimated to be 3,000 years old.

In the House, the memorial of the New York Chamber of Commerce was presented and referred to the Ways and Means Committee. The House then took up the Conference Committee report on the disagreeing amendments to the Naval Appropriation bill, and agreed to those appropriating $75,000 for the completion of the hospital at Mare island, Cal.; $15,000 for the purchase of a cemetery for the Navy and Marine corps near Philadelphia; and providing that out of the appropriation of $750,000 dollars for a floating dry dock and navy yard, approved March 3, 1863, the Secretary of the Navy may construct two dry docks at New York and Philadelphia, $200,000 for each. A resolution was adopted calling on the Secretary of the Navy for copies of the proceedings of the Admiral Wilkes court-martial. The resolutions declaring that Messrs. Joseph Segar and Lucas H. Chandler were not entitled to seats as Representatives from Virginia were discussed for some time and adopted. The House then adjourned.

In the Senate, on the 18th, Mr. Wilson reported the House bill defining the pay of officers on the staff of the Lieutenant-General; passed. The bill to expedite the public printing was taken up. An amendment was adopted suspending the printing of the offers received and contracts made for carrying the mails; the bill passed.

In the House, on the consideration of the joint resolution heretofore reported from the Committee on Commerce, proposing such action as will insure more perfect reciprocity of trade between the United States and British North American Provinces, Mr. Elijah Ward addressed the House at length on the subject. Various amendments were made, but of no special importance, when the Committee rose, and the bill was reported to the House, but not finally acted upon.

In the Senate, on the 19th, a report recommending that the Senate insist on the amendments to the Army Appropriation bill, and ask for another committee of conference, was agreed to. The report of the Committee of Conference on the Territory of Montana was agreed to by the following vote: yeas, 26; nays, 13. The Pacific Railroad bill was debated at length on its minor amendments.

The House passed the Senate bill amendatory of the Act authorizing Nevada to form a State Government. The Indian Appropriation bill was passed as amended. Mr. Dawes rose to a personal explanation, and spoke very bitterly of remarks made with reference to him by Mr. Loan. Mr. Loan, in reply, said he believed his speech to have been a just and legitimate defence, from an attack made upon him in a most unprovoked manner. Mr. Mallory rose to make a personal explanation, and caused to be read a reported colloquy between Mr. Julian and himself from the *Daily Globe*. Some very strong remarks passed between Mr. Mallory, Mr. Julian and Mr. Wadsworth.

In the Senate, on the 20th, Mr. Collamer called up the bill to authorize the establishment of an Ocean Mail Steamship Service between the United States and Brazil, the question pending being on an amendment of Mr. Wilkinson to carry on the contract between the Government of Venezuela and certain citizens of New York for a semi-monthly line from that city to Laguayra and other Venezuelan ports, touching at St. Thomas, the United States to pay $40,000 per annum for mails, &c. The amendment was rejected, and, after some discussion on the general merits of the bill, it was laid over.

In the House, Mr. Washburne introduced Mr. E. C. Ingersoll as the successor of the late Owen Lovejoy. Mr. Ingersoll was qualified and took his seat. Mr. Webster, from the Committee of Conference on the disagreeing amendments to the bill establishing a Territorial Government in Montana, made a report thereon, which, he said, struck out the Senate's amendment giving the right of suffrage to colored persons, and consigned it to every free white male citizen of the United States, and those who have declared their intention to become such. The report was concurred in by a vote of 102 against 26. The Senate had already agreed to the report. Mr. Cox asked leave to denounce the suppression of the *World* and the *Journal of Commerce*, but objections were made. The House then adjourned until Monday.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Mr. Cyrus W. Field, who returned to this country from England by the Persia, reports most favorably of the Atlantic telegraph cable. The Great Eastern has been chartered to lay it. We may mention, as an instance of scientific progress, that Mr. Field received at Queenstown a telegraphic dispatch, dated at Irkutsk, Siberia, on Sunday, May 8, at 8.10 A.M., at 10.10 the same morning, although the distance from Irkutsk to Queenstown is over 6,500 miles.

The war feeling against Germany was rising rapidly in France and England, especially the latter, where the Queen's German proclivities were freely and severely condemned.

There was no new movement at the seat of war in Denmark. The Danish Government refused to raise the blockade of the German ports. Very little hope was entertained of any important result from the London Conference. The British Cabinet refused to give Parliament any information as to the progress made by the Plenipotentiaries.

Sir Leopold McClintock, R.N., had taken the British Channel fleet to the north, with the avowed object of preserving the Danes from being overpowered in the Baltic by the Austrian fleet.

There had been a naval engagement between the Danish and German fleets, which, although a drawn battle, had resulted in considerable loss of life to the Germans, their killed and wounded being 170, while the Danes only lost 56.

It was said that Russia had concentrated an army of 60,000 men at the mouth of the Danube, that Austria had sent 25,000 men to the frontier of Servia, and that the Turkish army in the Roumelia was to be increased to 150,000.

TOWN GOSSIP.

Last week we made mention of a ladies' meeting, to be held at the Cooper Institute, to create a league sworn against silks, satins, laces and articles of foreign luxury. The meeting did come off, and that rather democratic stronghold, the lecture-room of the Institute, was crowded to repletion with a host of ladies who rolled thither in gorgeous carriages, with liveried footmen, but themselves rather subdued in dress. We are sorry that, in telling the truth—though the reports in the daily press do not admit the fact—the meeting, from the very beginning, showed incongruous elements; and before it had really advanced to business showed a division that was fatal to its success, ending, finally, in what would have been termed, had it been a gathering of men, a breaking-up in a row, and a clearance of the room by the police! A terrible ct ory to to ladies—but the truth—positively the truth.

A pledge was offered and a few hundreds signed it, bu the great majority stood aloof, and though the said pledge has remained at the rooms of the Sanitary Commission for signers ever since, it has been severely le alone by the mass of the lady population. As we said last week, the movement cannot be made practical. The desire for dress is so radical and deepseated, that nothing less than a convulsion of nature can affect it. Dress is with woman what drink is with men, and is equally productive of intemperance, shame, degradation and death. Heaven speed the time when a reform will come!

This has been somewhat a week of sensations in the dramatic line, instanced by the opening of a new theatre, made out of an old one, the production of a new play by Brougham, and various minor efforts and effects.

We will speak of the first, the inauguration of Mr. George Wood's Broadway Theatre, and the production of Fanny Kemble's play, "An English Tragedy." Of the theatre little need be said; it is already familiar to the world as Wallack's of ye olden time, and has, by th

new manager, had its chronic dirt and seediness scrubbed away, and with a new dress of blue and gold breaks forth with all the splendor of the past. Of the play produced as a baptism, we must say little. It is simply the crudity of one who mistook her vocation, when she believed that, because she could act, she could also make plays for others to act. The story lacks all moral and is simply repulsive, while the actual construction could not have been more faulty or lacked originality more strikingly had it been written, not, as the authoress informs us, "twenty or thirty years ago, and the only production of the kind since my schooldays," but during that bread and butter period of her existence.

With "Bel Demonio" the first fault we have to find is its obscurity. The story is not clearly made out, a fault that seems the stranger in anything emanating from the pen of John Brougham, who is certainly one of the best dramatic constructionists in the world. The character of Angelo lacks force; whether this lacking exists in the original, or whether Mdlle. Vestvali fails to give what the author intended, it is impossible to say. One thing is certain, that Mr. Hazan, as the Cardinal Montalta, comes out more strongly than Angelo, and in many points acts him down. In the first two acts Vestvali has much strength, but seems to fail in her impression after the delivery of her beautiful song, "You are the Star," which certainly she gives with such execution and feeling as really to deserve the encore she always gets. She sings it to Lena, not to the audience, a mode of delivery that the dramatic profession would do well to study more, whether it be in musical or elocutionary effort. Mdlle. Vestvali certainly has stage act'n, perhaps a little too much of it, and we would suggest would be improved by that study in which Miss Cushman so much excelled, the step and carriage of a man. We submit that no man ever walked as did Angelo, or stood on one leg, the other foot almost clear from the floor, as that youthful lover is made to appear.

Of the general getting-up of the piece, and the painting of scenery, too much cannot be said in praise. The opening scene, the ruins of the abbey, and the mountain torrent in the third act, where Mdlle. Vestvali makes the fearful leap down the rocks, were beautifully done, and show what may be achieved some day when a manager arises in our midst with the cash and ambition to rival London and Paris.

Last week Mrs. Wood made an attempt to transplant the Bowery to Broadway by producing "Satan in Paris," with Miss Henrietta Irving as her Satan. The piece is vapid and without sensational points, but to the idea of giving Broadway a taste of the Bowery we are a decided convert. What just now would create a greater *furore* than Mazeppa transplanted to the Olympic, with some one of the dashing, handsomely formed women who elicit the "Hi! hi's!" of the east side? Why not give us a touch of "Jack Sheppard," or "The Dog of Montargis," that kid gloves and opera glasses may for once see upon what dramatic food the bone and sinew is fed and grows so strong?

Mrs. Wood also brought out a new play, "Paul's Return," now acted in London with decided success, and with it gives us Mr. Charles Barron, who made a favorable impression in "Judith."

The Florences have failed to revive the popularity of "The Ticket-of-Leave Man." One week of rather poor houses convinced them of their folly, and the last week was devoted to Byron's—not the poet—burlesque on "Fra Diavolo," and like pleasant things.

Mrs. Henry C. Watson, whose name has become familiar to people of taste, gave another of her charming vocal and recitative entertainments at Dodworth's Rooms, on Tuesday last, to a larger audience than is usually seen at an intellectual soirée. We will venture to say that "The Bells" were never chimed with more musical emphasis than by this lady, or "When Daisies Pied" more sweetly and unaffectedly sung.

Maretzek has started for Europe, to bring a new company as soon as possible, including chorus and orchestra—everything new but Bellini.

Barnum drops "Belphegor," though still retaining Mdlle. Ernestine, and produces "Janet Pride," Boucicault's drama, which old theatregoers will remember as played at Burton's many years ago.

We shall drop the doings of the week with a short account of a Salamanderish individual, who made an appearance of a special kind at Jones's Wood during the week, and introduced certain novel and fiery effects worthy of chronicle.

Signor Christoforo Buono Core—so he calls himself, which, translated, looks like Christopher Goodheart, Esq.—made rather a successful attempt to show a crowd of savans, etc., that he could, unharmed, walk through blazes. Mr. C. G. had constructed for himself a species of iron cage, well plied about with inflammables, which were fired, and the signor, while the blaze was hot enough to make a long distance desirable, came forward, clothed in a somewhat diabolical suit of red, and deliberately walked into the midst of the flames, where he remained until the burning material was consumed!

The exhibition was interesting, not only in the light of an exhibition but as a scientific fact, something which we believe is to be demonstrated to the Fire Department, and used by them, the discoverer having offered, under certain restrictions, to impart the secret that will enable a fireman to walk unburned through a blazing building.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—A band of English operatives from Lancashire—some 40 adults, male and female, with a fair proportion of little folks—arrived at Waterville, Maine, the other day, on their way to the mills at North Vassalboro. They are shorter by a head than the Maine Yankees.

—— A large and spirited meeting of influential ladies was lately held at a private house in Boston, at which it was resolved to retrench expenditures in dress, in the household, and all superfluous luxuries; to give the preference to the products of our own country, and thus be enabled to contribute more largely than ever to the strength of our armies and the relief of the suffering throughout our land.

—— A meeting of sewing women was recently held at Philadelphia, at which the low prices paid for the labor of that class was under consideration. It was stated that army drawers, that were formerly made for ten, were now made for four and five cents each. They formerly received 25 cents for making shelter tents, now only 16 cents were received and only three could be made in a day.

Military.—Spottsylvania Court House, mentioned in the dispatches from the seat of war in Virginia, is the county seat of Spottsylvania county. It is a village of less than 200 inhabitants, situated on the Po (or Ta) river, a branch of the Mattapony. It is 20 or 22 miles east of Orange Court House, about 14 miles south-east of Fredericksburg, and by the course of the roads 65 miles north-northwest of Richmond.

—— On the 2d day of May, Gen. Kilpatrick, who had penetrated to Tunnel Hill, Ga., with his command, left there a note for the rebel Gen. Wheeler, saying: "I came out to meet you on Friday with 450 men, which you declined; to-day I come with 1,000; next time I will come with my whole command and annihilate you and your minions. Your classmate, W. H. Kilpatrick, Brigadier-General U. S. A."

—— Gen. Sedgwick was killed while occupied in making out a plan of the fighting ground for his command. His staff were around him at the time, when a sharpshooter fired three shots at him. One of his aides remarked that they were making a target of him, when he replied that there was no danger of his being hit at that distance. A moment after the fatal bullet struck him in the face, killing him instantly.

—— Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, whose recent brilliant exploits have formed so important a part of Gen. Grant's movement on Richmond, is a native of the Old Bay State, as appears by the official Army Register. He was appointed a cadet at West Point from Ohio. All the sketches of Gen. Sheridan which have thus far appeared in Western papers claim Ohio as his birthplace.

Personal.—Mr. Charles Hale, one of the editors and proprietors of the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, has been appointed to succeed the late Mr. Thayer as Consul at Alexandria, Egypt. The post was first offered to Mr. George William Curtis, who declined it.

—— The venerable Charles King, LL. D., for so many years President of Columbia College, has resigned, and the Rev. Dr. Barnard, formerly of the Mississippi University, has been chosen to fill the vacancy. Dr. Barnard is an Episcopal clergyman, and was born in Sheffield, Mass.

Obituary.—Adjutant Henry W. Bond, of the 20th Mass. regiment, who was wounded in the Wildcrocas, and afterwards shot by guerillas while on his way to Washington, died in that city on the 14th. He was a son of George William Bond, Esq., of this city, and was formerly one of the firm of Walker, Wise & Co. Adjutant Bond was a young man of estimable character, and a large circle of friends will mourn his early death. He was a graduate of Harvard College in the class of 1859, and his name adds another to the list of the alumni of this institution who have freely given their lives to their country.

—— The gallant Col. Griswold, of the 56th Mass. Vol., fell in the fight on the 5th of May. His servant states that the color-bearer of the regiment was shot down, and the front recoiling, the Colonel seized the colors, and waving it, calling to the men to advance, received a fatal wound in his neck by a sharpshooter. He died almost instantly. His officers buried him near where he fell, in the midst of the Wilderness, and many miles from any house.

—— Mr. J. S. Edgar, who died recently in England, was a favorite writer of books for boys, not unlike Mayne Reid in style, and but little behind him in popularity. His best known works were "Crusades and Crusaders," "Wars of the Roses," and "Footsteps of Famous Men." Mr. Edgar was 37 years old at the time of his death.

—— Capt. Wm. White Dorr, son of Rev. Dr. Dorr, the rector of Christ Church, Philadelphia, was instantly killed in one of the recent battles near Spottsylvania. The Philadelphia *Press* says: "As an officer he was cool, energetic, and universally beloved by his command. Though junior in rank to some of his fellow officers, he was recently recommended by them for promotion to the vacant majority in his regiment (the 121st Penn.), and was in command when he was shot.

—— Lieut.-Col. Waldo P. Merriam, commander of the 16th Mass., is among the killed in one of the recent sanguinary battles in Virginia. Lieut.-Col. Merriam was the son of Charles Merriam, Esq., and was 25 years of age. Educated to the mercantile profession, and traveling in Europe for the purpose of completing his education, he resolved to return home at the breaking out of the war and enter the military service. He commenced his career as Adjutant of the 16th. This was in 1861. On the death of Col. Wyman he was made Major, and was soon after promoted to the Lieutenant-Colonelcy. He led the 16th as its commander at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, in every engagement gaining fresh laurels, and in one of which he was severely wounded, and finally met his fate at the battle of the Wilderness, in a charge of Hancock's 2d corps, to which his regiment was attached.

Accidents and Offences.—The condition of the Malden (Mass.) murderer, Green, appears to be most pitiable. He is much depressed, and says little to any one.

—— A woman was killed in Newport, R. I., last week, while walking on the sidewalk, by a heavy carpet, which was thrown from a third story window. The coroner's jury rendered an extraordinary verdict, to the effect that they "are deserving of the severest censure who threw so heavy a carpet from so high a window!"

—— Several newspapers, our own among the number, lately fell into a mistake, which would be amusing did it not reflect upon a most estimable citizen, Mr. H. T. Machin, of Portland, who was reported as having "done" the Hon. A. T. Galt out of $2,000. The facts are that it was a clerk of Mr. Machin who defrauded his employer out of that sum. Mr. Galt has written to the editor of the New York *Times* to that effect, and speaking of Mr. Machin in the highest terms.

Foreign.—A London surgeon, it is said, lately put a dog to sleep with chloroform, and, taking out a piece of his skull, inserted a watch crystal, through which he can see the change in the brain produced by sleep.

—— The opinion appears to be gaining ground in England that submarine cables should be made of the lightest material. A copper wire, with a Manilla hemp insulator, is now recommended as the lightest and strongest, yet is heavy enough to sink. The Red Sea and Algiers cables are said to have been destroyed by their own weight.

—— M. Edmond About makes this odd calculation of the manner in which the taxes of a Frenchman who pays 1,750 francs a year (which he says are the taxes paid by the master of an income of 200,000f., $4,000, annually) go: The Emperor comes in for 25f.; the Imperial family, 1f. 50c.; every deputy, 3f. 4c.; the Legion of Honor, 8f. 55c.; the Imperial Library, 40c.; the Institute, 61c.; the 15th August, 20c.; scientific and literary subscriptions, 14c.; the improvement of the breed of horses, 3f. 87c.; the Conservatory and Imperial Theatres, 1f. 71c.; scientific missions, 5c.; the guillotine, 20c.; war (army, navy and Algeria), 528f. 29c.; public works, agriculture, industry and commerce, 72f. 8c.; cost of collecting taxes, 267f. 64c.; ministry of justice, 32f.; interior, 51f. 27c.; public instruction, 53f.; religious, 46f.; diplomacy, 12f. 62c.

—— The editor of the Berlin *Volks Zeitung* has received the honor of a public dinner, on the occasion of the last of a series of 5,000 leaders, which he has written for that journal on 5,000 successive days, a feat which appears considered at least equal to walking 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours.

—— At last accounts the cholera was prevailing in many places in India. In the city of Poona, near Bombay, 800 died in a week, and in a village, four miles from Melur, 100 died in about 15 days.

—— Abdul Azi, the present Sultan of Turkey, has but one wife, whom he loves, and the common people of Constantinople believe that he set fire to the palace in order to get rid of his harem—but the extra crinoline is adhesive.

—— A medal, commemorative of the French expedition into Mexico, has lately been struck in Lyons.

—— A new theatre, for comedy and opera, is to be built in Paris, with the appropriate name of Rue Scribe.

—— The Mayor of Liverpool, Eng., had all the theatres in his city free to the public on the evening of the Shakespeare tercentenary.

—— The London *Court Journal* says the published reports furnished by the commanders of Admiral Kuper's squadron of the behavior of the Armstrong guns during the bombardment of Kagosima must satisfy every one that, whatever excellence these guns may possess in other respects, they are not suitable for naval conflicts.

—— The heir of the Czar of Russia is about to propose for the hand of the Princess Marie Dagmar, sister of the Princess of Wales, and daughter of the present King of Denmark.

—— The Duke of Sutherland, one of the heaviest "swells" in England, belongs to the London fire brigade, never misses a fire, and is passionately fond of "contending with the devouring element."

—— Mr. Caleb Hodgson, Mayor of Carlisle, Eng., being asked for some aid to the tercentenary celebration, refused, saying: "Shakespeare was a clever man, but he might have turned his talents to better advantage!"

Odds and Ends.—A boy of eight years and remarkably retentive memory is making a sensation at Albany. He remembers everything he reads or hears, and is certainly deserving of pity and sympathy.

—— John Clancey, the editor of the *Leader*, was arrested on a warrant issued by District-Attorney Hall, at the suit of George Jones, and held to bail by Justice Dowling in the sum of $1,000, to answer the charge of libel. The *Leader*, of the 7th inst., contained an editorial article referring to the late testimonial given by Jones at the Academy of Music, calling him a "self-styled Count," and ridiculing the performance.

—— A Kentucky rebel cavalry soldier says he was much surprised when a woman in North Georgia put to him the following interrogatory: "Did you 'uns cum all the way from old Kaintuck on critter back to fight for we 'uns?"

—— English critics say that Miss Braddon is vastly improving in the style of her writing, and that her new story, "The Doctor's Wife," running in *Temple Bar*, is much superior to "Lady Audley's Secret."

—— On a tombstone in a churchyard in Ulster, Ireland, is the following epitaph: "Erected to the memory of John Phillips, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

—— A Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) business man, it is said, posted the following notice in his house recently:

"HEADQUARTERS, HOUSE OF——.

"GENERAL ORDER, No. 1.—JULIA: Until the price falls no more butter will be used in our family.

"JAMES."

He had hardly reached his counting-house when a special messenger handed him this:

"JAMES: Until butter is reinstated no more tobacco will be used in this house. JULIA, Chief of Staff."

It is said that butter won.

—— A pretty rebel spy, Emma Jones, who was sent North some time ago, has been banished, by Governor Andrew, to Barnstable, Massachusetts, to stay during the summer. She is a native of Massachusetts, but confesses her attachment to Southern institutions, although declaring she never was a spy.

—— An Ohio paper tells of one Capt. Stanton Sholes, who had been bald 50 years, but who at the age of 92, after a severe headache, had a new crop of hair, of rapid growth, which is now thick, silken, white and long—so long that it is combed back from the forehead, and tied with a ribbon at the neck.

—— T. Buchanan Read, the poet, painter and sculptor, has been drafted in the 22d Ward, in Cincinnati, and in the same regiment were drafted F. B. Plympton and E. Henderson, editors of the *Commercial*.

—— At a fancy dress ball in Paris, France, recently, a lady was seen in a very low-necked dress, while floating and waving an abundance of green gauze. She was politely asked by a gentleman what she personated. "The sea, monsieur." "At low tide, then, madame." The lady blushed and the gentleman smiled.

—— The London critics do not seem to relish Mdlle. Lagrua. They say she does not improve upon acquaintance. "Her Lenora in 'La Favorita' has scarcely a point in it which may be stamped as excellent—not any that is exquisite. Her acting in the first act is overstrained and unnatural. She flings herself about the stage and bends and contorts her body in a very exaggerated way, and it will certainly not make up for want of pathos of voice and finish of vocalization."

—— A gentleman, in speaking of somebody's wife, regretted she had no children. "Ah," said a medical man present on the occasion, "to have no children is a great misfortune, but I have remarked that it is hereditary in some families!"

CHIT-CHAT WITH THE LADIES.

MATTERS are coming to a climax. Soon all that will be left for us poor wearers of crinoline will be to return to the long-forgotten custom of sedan chairs, and, shut up in one of these, surrounded by a body-guard, proceed in state to Stewart's, Ball & Black's, or elsewhere, to do our shopping.

Time was when a lady might ride in a public conveyance without further inconvenience than the probability of being crushed between two stout neighbors, or pushed off the car by a surly conductor, or embraced by a gallant one under the pretence of polite assistance. But now the dangers thicken daily; armed policemen in every car; rowdies, half-intoxicated, who seem desirous of provoking their wrath; several soldiers with loaded muskets and glittering bayonets; an incipient riot at every other street corner, during which brickbats and cobble stones enter the car windows; and, to crown all, a collision with a Harlem or Hudson river freight car; or the discovery that some miscreant has placed an obstruction on the rails, throwing the cars off the track, laming the horses and forcing the passengers to descend in the mud and complete the journey on foot.

A New Amusement.

We see, from an extract from the Palmetto *Herald*, that some ladies, Mrs. Gibbens, Mrs. Dennis, Mrs. Dudley and Mrs. Hanford by name, have been working the guns, before which certain rebel scouts and pickets retreated, in the neighborhood of May river.

As there appears to have been no necessity for their so doing, and there were plenty of men and soldiers in the neighborhood, we presume the performance was merely a matter of amusement, submitted to as a lady's wish to "drive just a little way," or to "row a little," or to see if she "couldn't catch a fish," is gratified by a polite gentleman. It seems an odd sort of recreation, considering that, after all, rebels are men, and not birds or wild fowl. To fire, for fun, at pickets, and practice hitting scouts, is a novel method of passing time for a lady. But, we presume, it will become quite fashionable after this, and Gen. Bangemoff will take his lady, Mrs. Gen. Bangemoff, down to camp, and let her manage a gun a little, just to please her; and she will keep a little list of the rebels who have been shot by her, as she might of her New Year's Day callers or her partners at a ball. And when you inquire about Col. A——'s sister, you will hear for answer, "Oh, she's gone on a little pleasure trip with her brother to shoot at the rebels!" and will be asked, "Can you manage a gun?" as people now inquire, "Do you skate?"

A Dangerous Voyage.

Going to Brooklyn is, it appears, attended with nearly as much danger as an Arctic voyage or the rounding of the Cape. To cross from our city to Hamilton avenue is to dare the fire of all gunboats or vessels, full of armed men, lying at Governor's island, and run the risk of losing life or limb by a friendly Union musket ball. On Tuesday persons who had undertaken the perilous expedition were warned of their folly by the rattle of musketry and the fall of one of their number, shot through the leg, and will probably be deterred from again attempting the expedition until the possibility of being picked off like so many robins is at an end. We understand that this time the volley came from the steamtug Stevens.

The Children.

The children in the public schools in the 22d Ward gave their exhibition, in aid of the soldiers, at the Academy of Music, on Tuesday evening. It was a pretty sight to see, and strange enough it was to hear those piping baby voices where the clear tones of so many prima donnas have fallen upon the ear. On the stage, at least, the little creatures looked like dolls; and there was a tableau from Louis Lang's picture of "Mary Queen of Scots distributing her Jewels," which looked curiously like Minnie Warren dispensing toys and trinkets to the fairies. The larger boys, of course, were touched with the war mania, and gave us a Battle and "After the Battle," in two tableaux, which brought down the house, and drove the youth amongst the audience distracted with admiration.

Out of Town.

"When are you going out of town?" We begin to ask this question of each other as soon as the opposite shores begin to show a fringe of tender green, and Weehawken (through an opera-glass) looks like a glimpse of Paradise. As soon as Union Square grows verdant, and in our dusty city gardens the purple pansey and yellow crocus begin to blossom—Where are you going this summer, dear readers? Half of you will answer with a list of fashionable summer resorts, of course, and only one or two will say, "Ah, we shall find some cosy, quiet farmhouse, and enjoy freedom for a little while." To these we say, good—you are wise. But for the others, what a fate awaits them! Not only the customary smothering in small, close bedrooms, and all the miseries of continually dressing for inspection during sultry summer weather; those inconveniences our belles and their mamas are used to; but, oh, horror! this year, whoso goeth down unto the sea shore or elsewhere will be perpetually and irretrievably afflicted with Shoddy. Shoddy *père*, Shoddy *mère* and Mesdemoiselles Shoddy, the daughters, to say nothing of the worst of the lot, the youthful masculine scions of the House of Shoddy.

At Newport you will find them walking on the beach in hats like warmingpans of the olden time, and trailing robes and glittering bracelets, and all sorts of fluttering odds and ends, as though each had been dipped in some adhesive substance, and passed rapidly through a show window. At Saratoga you will see them opposite you at breakfast, and Mr. Shoddy will jingle his massive chain and seals, and roar to black John the waiter:

"Here, you smoky rascal, fetch me them there eggs, will you, and be quick about it? Who d'yer think I am, I wonder?"

And Mrs. Shoddy, in blue cap ribbons and diamond ear-rings, will exclaim:

"This here coffee ain't fit for nothin'; if my cook was to send it up I'd give her warning."

And Miss Shoddy, gorgeous to behold, will make a dead set at your young brother just from college, who will declare her "a fine girl for all," in his youthful susceptibility; and young Shoddy will stare you out of countenance by way of expressing his admiration; and having formed the acquaintance of young Tiptop—never very bright—over sherry cobblers in the mysterious places whither gentlemen retire to "smoke a cigar," that verdant youth will introduce him, and drive you to the verge of desperation.

You need not say you will not mix with such people, that the *élite* can frown them down and banish them from their old accustomed haunts. Nonsense! vulgar ostentation cannot be frowned down. Its quality is too hard and brazen, and having plenty of money, do you fancy Shoddy has not the key to the best rooms in the best hotels, the best places everywhere? Landlords and waiters are money-making people, and Shoddy will pay anything just now for admission into the haunts of Uppertendom.

If you desire to escape Shoddy (and who would not?) you must make up your mind to farmhouses and rustic hotels, and abjure, for this season at least, Saratoga, Newport, Trenton Falls, Lake George, &c.; and making a merit of necessity, enjoy the "real country" for once in your life. You will not lose by it.

A Bee in the Bonnet.

They say, who know, that the insignia of the Ladies' Loyal League is to be a black bee worn in the bonnet or hair. Why, we wonder has it anything to do with the "little busy bee," spoken of by Dr. Watts? Does it signify industry or honeylike sweetness? Why is the emblem of the Loyal League economy to be a bee? Of one thing we are certain; namely, that the insect, which is to be made of India-rubber, comes off of its legs, or separates its wings from its back, or its head from its body, as easily as all the black pins and ornaments hitherto manufactured of the same material. The adoption of the emblem will not greatly aid economy, though it may home manufacture. We know of two or three ladies who intend joining the League shortly, who are purchasing silks, velvets, grenadines, &c., sufficient to last for several years, in order to have them on hand, as ladies of the League are not expected to throw away goods previously purchased. It is a "cute" idea, enabling the fair originators to be at once elegantly dressed and extremely patriotic; and, besides, they can enter heart and soul into a plan for checking the purchase of imported goods after their own wardrobe is amply supplied, for think of the joy which must be experienced by Miss Augusta when she knows that her dear friend, Seraphina, cannot purchase a *facsimile* of her pet dress, and that another cloak of Lyons velvet is not to be procured. The bee—let us see—you know bees lay in a store of honey for winter, and, as the Loyal League ladies accumulate garments for future need, this may be the meaning of the emblem.

OUR SUMMER RESORTS.

The Fairfield House, Fairfield, Conn.

FAIRFIELD, with its fine sea air and its beautiful scenery, has long been celebrated, and is one of the few spots in America which poetry has embalmed in lengthened description, Greenfield Hill, sung by Dwight, being in its neighborhood. The village has a charming freshness, being all recently built, its destruction in 1770, by order of the English Governor Tryon, of New York, having swept away all relics of the past.

To this charming spot many of our citizens have already been in the habit of resorting during the sultry heats of summer, and they all attest the great advantages which it enjoys. We give among our illustrations to-day a view of the Fairfield House, a fine hotel, now under the direction of Mr. P. D. Carrique, a gentleman of great experience in catering to the public. The house is beautifully situated about a quarter of a mile from the beach, in the centre of one of the most agreeable villages in Connecticut, and will accommodate comfortably about 150 persons. That the house will be well kept, the table well supplied, and good wines and all attainable luxuries provided, we may, from the character of the proprietor, safely affirm. It is, too, within easy distance of New York, as it can be reached in two hours by the New Haven cars, and is but three quarters of an hour's ride from New Haven.

Amusements are not wanting; the sea gives its enjoyment of bathing and boating; while the drives in all directions, after passing through the wide street of the village, are of surpassing beauty.

Any undecided as to a locality for the warm weather should by all means give Fairfield a visit.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY.—A curious and interesting discovery of ancient church ornaments has been recently made at Douai, in France. According to the French papers, the students of the formerly celebrated college at that town secretly buried two coffers full of valuable church plate at the time of the great French Revolution. The secret, which was carefully kept for many years, has been divulged. A corps of engineers, who now occupy the buildings formerly used by the college, searched for the hidden treasures, and have succeeded in disinterring various silver vases bearing the names of the presidents of the college, and that of Philip Howard, of Norfolk, with the date 1744. The search is being prosecuted for other articles supposed to have been also buried.

"I LOVE you," is all the secret most women have to tell. When that is said, they are like crackers on the 4th of July.

THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—BATTLE OF SPOTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE, MAY 8.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FROM GEN. WARREN'S HEADQUARTERS.—SEE PAGE 167.

OUR SUMMER RESORTS—THE FAIRFIELD HOUSE, AT FAIRFIELD, CONNECTICUT

THE CHRISTENING

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

THE moonlight silvered all the balmy air,
The wind sang in the woodbine by the door,
And the young mother, swaying in her chair,
Her tender lullaby crooned o'er and o'er:

"Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!
Evening shadows are deep;
Close in my arms I fold you,
Softly praying, with tears,
That the Father of souls may hold you
Through all life's dangerous years.
Lovingly fold and keep—
Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!

"Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!
None but a mother would weep
O'er a babe as yet unchristened,
O'er a bud so yet unblown.
Eve baptism rains have glistened,
Like pearl-showers over it thrown;
For the worm in the heart I weep—
Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!"

The moonlight darkened in the draperied night,
And through the woodbine wailed the wind's low cry;
While by a marble face, serene and white,
The mother sang her tremulous lullaby:

"Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!
The shadows of Death are deep.
Out of my arms they take you,
Gird you in linens clean,
And never disturb or awake you;
What can this slumber mean?
Terrors over me creep—
Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!

"Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!
Angels your christening keep,
And the worm can never harm you,
That lies in the budding heart
But what to my arms can charm you,
When Death has driven me apart?
They have opened the grave so steep—
Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!"

The Serpent-Woman.

BY Z. W.

CHAPTER IV.

Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.
* * * *
Let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Our dreadful brother, Paris, burns us all.
Troilus and Cressida, Act II., Sc. 2.

BERTRAM HAPSWELL had a half-brother named Victor Kingsland, Lady Hapswell's son by her former husband. Victor was a handsome, daring fellow, restless, adventurous, mischievous and troublesome. He was always getting into or out of a difficulty, and at the time selected for his introduction to the reader was only in France because he had recently been engaged in an affair which hazarded his personal liberty in England. He was gifted, versatile, and could do almost anything—from the delivery of a sermon to robbery on the high seas—but keep quiet and out of trouble, or pursue a constant and consistent course in any undertaking. He had been almost everywhere; had attempted almost everything, but remained as cleverly foolish and as shortsively capable as he had been when comparatively devoid of knowledge and experience.

The Wounded Brother.

Parisian Revolutionists.

He accompanied his brother on his second visit to the mad sculptor's studio, and quite won the artist's heart by his display of connoisseurship. He had seen almost every great work of art in the world, and flattered the old man with discriminating praise. While viewing the statue Elfstone called "Lost Love," Victor whispered to Bertram:

"'Tis the image of his deceased wife. I saw her often when a boy, and have ever since formed my ideas of an angel from her."

As the trio turned from the statue, the presence of Marina Nitouche was perceived. Accustomed as he was to her sudden and singular appearances, she now startled even Elfstone with the oddity of her costume. She was dressed in a short blue tunic or blouse, worn over a red petticoat, and confined at her waist with a black leather belt. She had a scarlet Phrygian or Liberty cap on her head, and carried a gilt staff, bearing a tricolor flag, in her hand.

"What does this mean?" demanded the sculptor.

"You will know to-morrow," she answered, significantly. "Do I not look dangerous now, Mr. Hapswell?"

"The sanguinary spirit of revolution could not be more beautifully personified. What do you represent?"

"A daughter of the people. Father I never knew, and mother I have none; who has more need or right to claim the relationship?"

At this moment her gaze fastened on Victor Kingsland.

"Ha! a son of the people! a brother!" she cried, almost throwing herself into his arms and half embracing him.

Bertram Hapswell's brow clouded as he gazed on the pair, and he said:

"I infer from this there's mischief brewing in Paris, and you, Vic., are, of course, in the thick o it."

"He's jealous—never mind him," said Marina, curling her beautiful lip with disdain. "He has a marble mistress, and his heart and hers beat together, like two millstones."

Elfstone was now gazing at Marina with a trance-like wildness. He seemed to have forgotten, for the time, she was not what she represented. As his excitement increased, his tall form dilated, his eyes rolled and flashed with a strange fire, and his fingers twitched nervously. Suddenly, and with a motion quick as light, he snatched the cap off Marina's head, and the little flagstaff out of her hand. The profuse black hair which had filled the cap fell in a sable torrent to her feet, her graceful arms dropped and hung listlessly, and her large black eyes were fastened upon the venerable sculptor in mute amazement and awe. She had subsided in a moment into the mere luxuriant beauty, who had, from motives of vanity, been lending her voluptuous charms to grace a dangerous and subversive cause.

Elfstone held the cap in one hand and the flag in the other, at the full length of his long arms, gazing earnestly at them, and speaking with great rapidity and vehemence:

"Have they risen from the deep again, those emblems of liberty and blood? insignia of rebellion and anarchy! regalia of the ideal sovereignty of the people! Ha, ha, ha! These baubles are more delusive than the crown and the sceptre—away with them!"

He threw the cap and banner across the room, and continued with enhanced energy:

"Vain! vain the struggle! vain the victory! France attempts to leap at once to heaven, only to fall as low as hell. She must have perfect liberty or none. She rushes forward to grasp the fruition of the infinite future, tumbles blindly into the chasm of anarchy, and stunned by the fall, is bound by her tyrants ere she recovers her senses. To-morrow another earthquake of liberty will begin to rage, to shake the thrones and convulse the nations of Europe. The people will roar like the stormy sea, exhaust their strength in tumult, and after awhile let their despots, old and new, crawl to their thrones, and rule the groaning millions with a rod of iron, sharp and heavy as ever."

Here the old man began to weep, and his tone to soften and melt with sorrow.

"After all," he said, "all the agonizing, battling, bleeding and dying for liberty, is such the miserable conclusion? Are tuns of blood and hecatombs of lives squandered for a few days' saturnalia? Poor, beguiled, besotted humanity! Only bold in ensnaring thyself, only acute in suffering, only constant in complaining, and in worshipping fresh demagogues, thy worst and deadliest enemies! Unwieldy monster that thou art! I should despise, did I not pity thee—despair of thee, did I not hope for thee with all the strength of love. Thy capacity for suffering is infinite, and thy liberty cannot be bought of thyself without more blood and agony than would ransom another universe."

The rapt sculptor sank back upon a seat, and gave way to an excess of morbid sentimentality. Marina threw herself down by his side, embracing and kissing him tenderly. Suddenly she started up, exclaiming:

"St. Croix is coming! He must not find me thus. Weep not, father; France will be herself to-morrow. We shall meet in the streets of Paris again, brother. You will find me where the strife is fiercest. *Au revoir!* Adieu, Monsieur Timid. Take counsel of cold prudence, and hide in some cellar. Who would have so fair a face with a white heart? Bah!"

Marina caught up her red cap and flag and darted out of the room.

Julien St. Croix arrived soon after. He was much struck with Elfstone's appearance, and whispered to Bertram:

"The crisis has come. If he be carefully watched and tended now he may recover, but if not his reason is lost for ever. I devote myself to his cure."

Bertram promised his assistance, but his brother, under the plea of urgent business, took his departure at once, followed out of the room by his relative.

"What are you about, Victor? Having just escaped one lion's mouth, are you about to thrust your head into another's? There was some excuse for your intermeddling with English troubles, but there is none whatever for your entanglement in French conspiracies."

"I am your elder, Bertram, though not your father's heir, and object to your dictatorial tone. I can save you the trouble of interfering in my affairs by managing them myself."

Bertram Hapswell shrugged his shoulders.

"You might, I think, leave yourself one asylum in Europe. Your answer, Victor, is not what I deserve; but, I suppose, all I have any reason to expect."

He was returning to the studio, when Victor caught him by the hand, saying, in an altered and affectionate tone:

"I know I am an ungrateful dog, Bertram, and you are the best fellow in the world; but when I tell you there is no danger threatening me, and that I am in honor and oath bound to go, I trust you will be satisfied."

"Silenced, if not satisfied, Victor. All I ask of you is the exercise of caution and forbearance, for our mother's sake. She has sacrificed much for you, and merits a grateful and considerate return, which you can best make by keeping out of trouble."

At this the brothers parted, Bertram returning to Elfstone's studio, and Victor hastening after Marina.

CHAPTER V.

So sweet was ne'er so fatal.—*Othello, Act V., Sc. 2.*

Who cares for nothing alone is free.—*Winter.*

Victor Kingsland overtook Marina on his way to the railway station. She had altered her appearance so much that but for her glorious lightning eyes he would have failed to recognise her.

"Sister," he said, "may I not accompany you?"

"Have we not the same destination?" she replied; "and are you not a true Bohemian?"

"I have not seen you at the Court, and yet were our numbers complete."

"With an important exception."

"The Queen?"

"Yes."

"And you—"

I am the Queen of the true Bohemians."

"Accept my homage, beauteous sovereign."

"You are a new accession to our numbers, brother. A true Bohemian is a strange product for aristocratic England."

"My mother is French, and my father was as great a vagabond as Cain."

And Mr. Bertram Hapswell—is he not your brother?"

"My mother's son, but not my father's. My father was Victor Kingsland, who died during my childhood, leaving a widow, who married Sir Edmund Hapswell, Bertram's father."

"Your brother is very handsome."

"If you have any designs upon him forego them. You but waste your labor."

"Is he such a miracle of virtue?"

"Of indifference, rather. He worships only the ideal. He may adore this prima donna's voice, the poetic grace of that danseuse, or some other woman's beauty; but he is pretty sure to despise them all personally, as heartily as the Osmanli who believes them to be without immortal souls. Old Mordaunt Elfstone's suggestion in marble, which he calls 'Lost Love,' has supplied Bertram with an ideal, and he will hunt the world through in vain to find an actual woman resembling it. The original was Elfstone's wife, dead and gone, long ago."

"It would be a triumph to subdue such a nature."

"Yes; such a one as it would be to soften steel, and have a spoiled and stubborn material for your pains."

When Victor and Marina arrived in Paris they took a carriage, and instructed the coachman to drive to a certain house in the Latin Quarter, then the headquarters of the true Bohemians. As they were passing near the Morgue the driver stopped his horses of his own accord, and peering in at his "fares," asked them whether they would not like to see the corpse of the man who had thrown himself from the top of Column Vendome on the day previous. The expression on the driver's face was that of a man proposing a great treat, which he thought no mind not dead to curiosity could resist.

"Have you a taste for horrors?" inquired Victor of his companion.

"A most horrible one, I must confess," she replied, frankly.

"You have a famous opportunity to indulge it now, and I don't know but that it may be as well to harden one's feelings against the probable casualties of to-morrow. Why could not the fellow wait a day or two longer, and die in our glorious struggle for liberty?"

Victor and Marina entered the Morgue a few minutes after the widow of the deceased had recognised the body. She was, in spite of the brutal attempts made to silence her, lamenting wildly over the mutilated corpse, of which Marina no sooner caught a glimpse than she turned almost as pale as the dead, staggered, and would have fallen had not Victor caught her in his arms.

"Marina!" he exclaimed, with some derision, "you will make a pretty soldier, if the sight of one dead man can thus overcome you."

Marina, after making a desperate effort to rally her spirits, replied faintly:

"You misjudge me altogether. I am no such baby. But I behold in the mangled remains before me the corpse of a friend I parted with on Sunday last, after passing through a scene with him of the most painful nature. From the hour I first met him he continued to profess an absorbing love for me, and although I deprecated his munificence, loaded me with the costliest gifts he could procure. Discovering accidentally that he was not only comparatively poor but had a wife and children dependent upon him, I returned his presents, and insisted upon the discontinuance of his idle and hopeless suit. My coldness and determination excited him to frenzy. He trampled on his own gifts, and raged till I was compelled to drive him from me by assuming a violence greater than his own. He left me vowing self-destruction. I regarded his threat merely as the ebullition of disappointed vanity, and was glad to be rid of him in any way. Little did I dream of so awful a fulfilment of his words."

"I do not see that you are at all to blame in the matter."

"Would I could think with you. But as it was, I, who idly entangled his affections in the first place, am, I fear, accountable for the consequences."

"Do you enjoy this sort of thing?"

"God forbid! I wish I could banish it from my memory for ever, but I fear I never shall."

"Your remorse is vain, for it is too late. It is idle to indulge it now. What is one man's life to the many that may be lost to-morrow? Let us go."

As they were quitting the dead-house they crossed the bereaved woman.

"Are you left poor, madame?" asked Marina, with a half-choked utterance.

"Without means to bury the dead."

How comes that?"

"My husband spent all he had upon a wicked, artful, heartless woman, who no sooner found that he had no more than she drove him from her, and he committed suicide in despair."

"Do you know this woman?"

"No; and hope I never shall. If I saw her I feel that I should kill her. She shows no pity, deserves none, and ought to die. They say she has caused the death of some of the best men in France, and that she has deceived many more. Young Monsieur Dérayure drowned himself in the Seine for her sake; Eugene Bâche was driven mad by her cruelty, and is now in the *maison de santé*; old Pierre Ragot poisoned himself because she discarded him, and yet left all his property to her; Jules Cabron hung——"

"Enough, good woman! Spare your enumeration, for I am satisfied you are speaking of no human creature, but a demon. You must not believe such monstrous stories. The devil is not so black as he is painted, and the unfortunate you accuse so bitterly may be no worse than I am. Here is a purse for you. It contains enough to pay your husband's funeral expenses and something over. You are welcome to it all, only don't thank me."

Marina rushed out of the Morgue to avoid the woman's thanks, which would have hurt her like stabs, leaped into the carriage, followed by Victor, and was driven off rapidly to her destination.

"For all your talk," observed Victor, as soon as he was seated, "I little dreamed you were such a beauteous monster."

"Nor I. That I had my share in the death of this woman's husband, I admit; but young Dérayure was drowned simply because he could not swim, and would have seen me tortured to death ere he would have committed suicide on my account; old Ragot dabbled in chemistry and poisoned himself accidentally, and moreover never left me a sou; Bâche was always insane, and never ought to have been out of the madhouse; and the other party she mentions I never saw or even heard of before. I shall soon be held responsible for every suicide committed in Paris, and they are not a few."

"You have a dreadful character, Marina; but I unfortunately have no better, so that it would not become me to take you to task about it."

"I have different characters with different cliques and classes, but I know of none that estimate me truly—if indeed I can do as much myself. I sometimes wonder whether I am worse or better than I seem, but am, of course, apt to decide in my own favor."

"I suppose you have many such adventures as that I have just witnessed?"

"Too many, but few of so painful a character. I must see this widow again, and do what I can for her."

"Are you not afraid she will find you out and kill you?"

"Not I. I am afraid of no man or woman, and I can easily control a spirit like hers. No, we shall be the best of friends yet."

Upon the arrival of Marina and Victor among the Bohemians, they were hailed with a shout of delight from all. Their Queen bowed graciously, and gazed round upon her subjects with pride. They were not gipsies or natives of geographical Bohemia, but men and women of every nature and clime, who had either acquired or assumed the appellation of Bohemians from their love of an easy, wandering and irresponsible life. Some of them were rich, some poor, but they were, almost without exception, intelligent, intellectual and advanced in their ideas of art and nature. They were in the habit of making themselves at home in all places and with all kinds of people, and of adapting themselves to every condition with the pliancy of air and water. In Paris they associated for the purpose of mutual enjoyment and advancement in freedom of thought and action, but without any binding organization; and as every true Bohemian is witty, most of them possessed of talent, and not a few of them were gifted with a spark of true Promethean fire, the society was one of the most brilliant and agreeable that ever enjoyed either a durable or a transitory existence.

Queen Marina and Victor threw themselves at once into the war of wit and sparkling exchange of thought, and the vivacity and merriment of the meeting soon rose to the highest pitch. Signor Sceda, Prime Minister to Marina, was in his glory. His remarkable visage, so ugly in repose, grew quite handsome as he indulged in the wildest and brightest sallies that ever sprang from the human fancy. His example proved contagious, and the most felicitous repartee was sustained, as replete with *bonmots* as the heaven with stars on a clear and moonless midnight. Little would an uninitiated looker-on have divined that beneath this buoyant and glittering surface lurked imminent danger and fierce menace to the peace of the world. Many present were members of a terrible conspiracy against the Government, and the appearance at the door of the hall of ten gendarmes turned a score of faces pale and quenched the gaiety of the evening as suddenly as if death himself had stalked into the midst of the company.

One of the officers guarded the door, while the other advanced towards Marina and Sceda, and invited them to a consultation with the Prefect of Police. The prisoners seemed to take their arrest in good part, and Marina smiled on Victor with dreadful meaning, as she left the scene of recent hilarity under the escort of her stern captors.

"Their lives are not worth a sou," muttered Pierre Massue to Jacques Renvi, as both rose to follow the municipal guards.

"Whose?" demanded Victor. "Not our Queen's and Sceda's?"

"*Sacrebleu!* no—the bloodhounds!" said Massue, as he and his fellow darted out of the room.

CHAPTER VI.

Be women,
And suffer such dishonor? Men, and wash not
The stain away in blood?—*Milford's Rienzi.*

By the voice of him and his compeers,
Roused up to too much wrath, which follows o'ergrown fears.—*Byron's Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.*

What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells.—*Poe.*

Bertram Hapswell watched all night with Julien St. Croix at the bedside of the old sculptor, who had grown so much worse that his death seemed imminent. He improved towards the morning, but seemed to be excessively weak. On the ensuing day startling news came from Paris. The projected reform banquet, which the Government had forbidden, was relinquished, but the disappointed populace had begun to play at revolution, and needed but some fatal signal to commence the business in earnest. The people were erecting barricades for amusement, and to get their hands in, but the troops were allowed to demolish them. The rattle of musketry was, however, heard from time to time, and even the roar of cannon. St. Antoine and the Marais, towards nightfall, began to bite as well as bark, and at the Barriers several of the bureaus of the Octroi were illuminated by the incendiary's torch. On the morrow, Wednesday, gloom hung in the sky, and the heavens seemed to be taking part with the Government; but between nine and ten o'clock the clouds were rolled out of sight beyond the horizon, and the sun flooded Paris with gold, as if smiling on the turbulence of its citizens.

Elfstone was so much better during the day that Bertram, impelled by the anxiety of his brother, visited the metropolis late in the afternoon, and found the public comparatively quiet and pacific. He supposed the *émeute* had blown over, and was now only anxious to ascertain how far Victor had committed himself against the government. He had not shown himself in his apartments since Bertram and he left them on Monday, and his brother could ascertain nothing of his whereabouts from any other quarter. Bertram's anxiety and nervousness grew intense and unbearable, and he wandered about Paris with a vague and ardent hope of fortunately encountering the object of his search. He now met people running in every direction in a state of the wildest excitement, crying:

"The troops are assassinating the citizens! to arms! to arms!"

He was just turning out of Rue Lepelletier into the Boulevard des Capucines when he beheld a dismal procession approaching him, consisting of a throng of fierce "blouses," dragging a cart, and singing *Mourir pour la Patrie!* In the cart were ranged, so that the full glare of the torches fell upon them, half a dozen bloody and half-naked corpses, victims of the rash and dastardly massacre which had just been perpetrated opposite Guizot's hotel. Bertram thought he recognised in one of them the body of his brother Victor, and the sight filled him with the frenzy to which, in spite of his habitual calmness, he was occasionally subject. He clove his way through the dense crowd to the dead-laden car, threw himself upon one of the corpses, embracing and kissing it, and then standing erect in the vehicle, with a voice of terrible grief and passion, in his mother's native tongue, cried out:

"*Ils ont tué mon frère! Vengeance, vengeance!*"

The effect was never surpassed by the most magnificent oratory ever uttered. It went to every heart in that vast throng with the thrill which nature's intensest tone alone can give, and wakened their most dangerous passions to sudden, full and flaming life. The cry of "Vengeance!" was taken up on every side, and roared from a thousand throats. Nothing else was thought of now, all ideas of compromise with the government had suddenly become "too late;" vengeance must be taken, and a hated and murderous rule be broken and abolished for ever. That night the streets of Paris were plunged in darkness, and the sun rose upon a city of barricades.

When Bertram discovered the fatal mistake he had made (the resemblance of the corpse to his brother was surprising, and deceived him for several minutes,) he slunk away from the procession, ashamed of the mischief he had done. It was too late to attempt to mend it, and he felt that he had, without intending it, done more in one moment for the revolutionary cause than his radical brother would probably be able to effect in his lifetime. The conviction was a painful one to him, for the consequences of a French revolution were to his mind an indefinite and incalculable calamity. He relinquished his ill-omened search for his brother, got back, after encountering many difficulties and dangers, to his own room, and remained there all night, unable to sleep or find any source of comfort or composure to his distracted mind.

The longed-for and dreaded morrow came at last. Bertram's temperament was such that it was impossible for him to remain within doors, and he sought the scene of conflict, in the desperate hope of meeting his brother there, and of dragging him away from the death-perils that were flying so thick about the Palais Royal and the Chateau d'Eau. He found Paris in the wildest commotion, its excitable populace borne along by the torrent of revolution, and hunting down the bloodhounds of government with the vindictiveness of long-harbored hate and revenge. Among the fiercest of the armed rabble in conflict with the 14th regiment of the line he saw Marina, her dilated black eyes flashing madness from under her red cap, her long, beautiful arms and shrill voice inciting their boldest to renewed exertion and redoubled audacity.

Bertram remained a few minutes a fascinated spectator of the scene. Suddenly a troop of cuirassiers appeared and charged upon the people, who gave way and fled in every direction. Bertram was surrounded for a moment by the retreating throng, and was as suddenly left almost alone, facing the military. The cuirassiers, whose employment it afterwards was to escort the King to Neuilly, galloped on, heedless of the people, and were speedily out of sight. No sooner had they dashed by than Bertram beheld Marina lying in the street where they had just passed, and ran to her assistance. She was in the act of raising herself from the pavement when a Municipal Guard, who upon the flight of the populace suddenly became visible, rushed forward, and would have bayoneted her to the heart, had not Bertram sprang upon him, wrested his musket from his grasp, and

felled him to the earth with the butt end of his weapon. The close, crackling report of musketry, the whiz of bullets past Bertram's head, the rally, return and fierce charge of the mob quickly followed and Bertram and Marina were carried along with the torrent. The handsome Amazon and her preserver were placed in front of the fight, both weaponless, for he had dropped his musket, and were precipitated upon a platoon of weather-beaten soldiers of the line. They could only grapple with them for the possession of their firearms, which were resigned by the veterans with little affectation of resistance, and the people, who were but half-armed, delighted with their complaisance, at once supplied themselves with weapons by disarming their sham enemies. Elated with this achievement and eager for more decisive business, the mob hurried away in the direction of the Tuileries, in the sacking of which the coarsest *ouvriers* soon revelled awhile like madmen at a carnival.

Marina, who was as mad as the worst, was borne away by the distracted multitude, but Bertram extricated himself from such ungenial company, threw down his musket and returned to his rooms. Here he waited till midnight in a state of agitation. Wearied at last with long watching and mental perturbation, he had just thrown himself upon a couch and disposed himself to slumber, when he was aroused by a knocking at his door.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"Marina," answered a low, sweet voice, outside.

Bertram started, a shudder swept through his frame, and he turned the key and opened the door with a trembling hand, and a heart chilled with prophetic horror.

There stood Marina, pale and wearied, her large eyes dim and sad, but not alone. With his arm thrown round her shoulder, and held up by her clasp, stood, or rather drooped, Victor Kingsland, ghastly and bloody.

Bertram sprang towards him, caught him tenderly in his arms, bore him to his bed, laid him gently down, and proceeded at once to examine his wounds.

"Where is he hurt?"

"In the left side, dangerously. He has also a flesh wound in the right arm, and his temple, you see, has been grazed by a shot."

"Enough for one day's work. I see his wounds have been already cared for; what says the surgeon?"

"He has had no surgeon but myself. I found him lying on a barricade, carried him to my lodging, dressed his wounds, and would have provided for him in my own room, but he insisted upon being brought hither, and hither have I brought him."

"You are a noble girl, Marina, after all, and I thank you with all my heart."

Tears started to the eyes of the fair Serpent, but her heart was too full for speech. She kissed Bertram's hand and walked to the further extremity of the room, stood by the window and seemed to be gazing into the dark street; but she was only looking into her own agitated soul, the tumult of which prevented her from seeing anything distinctly even there.

Bertram carefully divested his brother of his bloody garments, disposed him as comfortably as possible in the bed, and sat down by his side. Victor pressed his hand, and murmured, feebly:

"Thanks, brother, thanks. If I live I shall be a better man; if I die tell mother I loved her and you to the last, and had her name and yours last on my lips."

Victor remained tranquil, his hand clasped in his brother's, and after awhile sank into the sleep his exhausted nature needed so much. Bertram stole quietly to Marina, who was now sitting in a languid attitude, her eyes downcast, and her mind lost in thought.

"Are you hurt—are you wounded, Marina?"

"I?" said Marina, starting from her reverie. "No, I am not hurt. I did not know enough to run when the troopers showed themselves, fancying that the people would stand their charge, and fell at the instant they were upon us, as I was attempting to get out of their way. My cap was struck from my head by a horse's hoof, and the only marvel is that I was not trampled to death. I should, however, have been butchered ruthlessly enough but for your brave and unexpected rescue, which even now appears supernatural to me. At the moment the glittering bayonet was almost at my heart, thirsting for my life, that you, of all men, should so suddenly stand between me and death, seems to me a miracle almost as great as the raising of the dead. What magnanimous payment was this for the words of scorn I flung at you on Monday! Even my thanks, my gratitude, burning in my heart of hearts, seems worse than idle, for what can I do in return for you?"

"You have done enough already in your service to my brother."

"He is a brother Bohemian, and I did no more for him than I was bound to do for any of the fraternity."

"You think too much of an act any man worthy of the name would have performed for one of your sex. If, however, you persist in considering yourself so much in debt to me, rely upon it I shall exact payment in full."

"Ask what you will, even to my life, it shall be paid."

"There are some things more hard to give than life."

"Whatever they be I will give them—whatever you bid me do I will do it—so live my hopes of heaven."

"I shall put you to the proof some day, but now will only entreat you to wrap this cloak about you, and seek sleep on this lounge awhile, for you look pale and exhausted."

"May I not share your watch?"

"Not now, for I presume you have had little sleep of late."

"Hardly any since Monday."

"Sleep, then, and when my wakefulness begins to fail I will arouse you, and you shall watch in my stead."

Marina was compelled to assent to this arrangement, and slept till long past midnight, when she awoke from dreaming that the soldier had his bayonet again at her heart. She sprang to her feet with a cry, rousing the drowsy Bertram, whose place she now insisted upon supplying. He had held out as long as he was able, and now, in his turn, resigned himself to the restorative oblivion of slumber. The Serpent looked from one to the other of the unconscious brothers, with feelings strange as her predicament.

"I have known these brothers but a few days," said she to herself, "yet within that brief space they have become—no, one of them has grown—more than all the world besides to me. This Victor is wild and heedless as myself, and I love him as though he were indeed my brother; but Bertram—there is music in his name, his voice, his touch, and I think that his soul, if it were visible, would outshine the sun. I love him with all the passion of my heart, but he will never love me; for he is not like other men, whose love is weakness, and he knows that my soul is dark and foul with crime. How came it so? I always loved the mind's beauty more than the body's. This they say I have, and that have lost; but not for ever—no, not for ever. God surely can purify it and make it even as bright as Bertram's."

At this moment the slightest of audible sounds was heard, but low as it was it turned Marina very pale. She rose in an instant and opened the door, facing two tall, gigantic men, whose countenances were expressive of the most sinister and dangerous purpose.

"Are they asleep?" whispered one.

"It matters not," she replied, in a tone of strong repulsion. "I guess your purpose, but the deed cannot be done. These men fought yesterday for freedom and France as bravely as the foremost of her sons; one lies here helpless, and perhaps dying from wounds received in her cause, and neither of them shall suffer harm in the sleep brought on by the fatigue of their heroic struggles."

"What's this? have you gone mad with the rest of the fools?"

"Fools! 'tis promoting you to call you such; you are mere brutes!"

"Stand aside, then, and let us do our brutal work."

"Stand back! or I'll wake Bertram Hapswell, whose pistols will send you into a sleep from which you shall only awake in eternity!"

"We'll make you pay for this."

"I will pay for it, and will pay you, and if you do not go this instant I will pay you now!"

"Marina, it is of no use. These Englishmen have twenty thousand francs in their trunks, and we must have the money."

"I tell you once for all, Jacques and Pierre, that Bertram Hapswell saved my life more than once yesterday, when you fled with the rest from the troopers, and if you advance one step, my body or yours shall be dead across the threshold."

"Oh, he's the fellow, then, that brained the gendarme for you. There's some sense in that, and I like you the better for it. I would do the same myself. Life for life is fair play. Where and when will you meet us to-morrow?"

"At the Hotel de Ville, at noon."

The ruffians disappeared, grumbling:

"Life for life is fair play, either way you put it."

FEARFUL PERFORMANCE BY A FEMALE.

The most curious exhibition at the great Paris circus is what the programme calls the "exercises of dislocation." The journalists try to imitate it by twisting the French language into all sorts of complimentary shapes in describing it.

"Imagine," says one of them, "a slender female, a brunette, with flashing eyes, hollow cheeks, black tresses streaked with bluish tints, of that exotic ugliness which must be a beauty somewhere, far away, under the tent or in the pagoda. She comes dancing or floating in a loose robe with red stripes. She throws herself down on a carpet spread out in the centre of the circus, and lo! she begins her chimerical exercises. She tears herself to pieces—unbones herself—she passes her leg, like a shoulder-belt, over her neck—she undoes, like hooks, the collar bone of her shoulders, and throws behind her back her arms, bent backward. The strangest of all is the haggard look inspired, almost prophetical, with which she accomplishes this frightful pantomime. It is not a mountebank at work; it is the convulsive devotee of some extravagant religion celebrating the rites of some cruel god, who delights in seeing his worshippers suffer. Her eyes supplicate, her gestures attest and her lips trace a distressing smile.

You are reminded of those Indian dancing-girls who writhe before idols; of those Almais, stuck through and through with poniards, that you see in Persian miniatures dancing on their heads before some pensive Shah, squat on piles of cushions, and caressing his braided beard with a hand covered with rings.

Nor is this all. A glass case is brought forward which would scarcely hold a robe carefully folded. She leaps on the edges of the fragile casket, twists, dislocates herself, recommences her gestures and mysterious appeals; then suddenly you see the body articulated apparently sink down like a tissue of which the tie is unloosened, and fold itself up in a jumble at the bottom of the box. It is no longer a body, no longer a form, no longer something organic or articulated. It is a packet of limbs loose, scattered, unboned, between which vegetates a tuft of dead hairs like a handful of seaweed on the spongy sedgments of a mollusk, or, (as Dr. Holmes says, "like seaweeds round a clam.")

You might believe that you see again that mysterious coffer of the Thousand and One Nights, drawn out from the depths of the Tigris by a fisherman, beneath the eyes of Haroun al Raschid, and in which the Caliph perceived with horror the body of a young woman cut in pieces. Then as quickly as she took herself to pieces she put herself together again, rearranges herself, mends herself, and lifts herself up at once entire, like the puppet of a snuff-box with a secret spring. The name of this astounding acrobat is Mme. Poulmarche.

The mercantile marine of Great Britain consists of 28,440 vessels, of 4,934,400 tons burden, and manned by 228,129 men and boys. There was an increase of 402 vessels in 1862, of 127,574 tons. The number of vessels belonging to the British colonies is 10,967, manned by 75,934 persons, and 1,107,690 tons burden.

MAY MOONLIGHT.

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

Haste, sister, haste!
The moon is shining bright,
And by its mystic light
We'll take our pleasant way;
The night is warm and calm,
The air is breathing balm,
From odors of the May.

Haste, sister, haste!
Companions young and fair,
With Maybuds in their hair,
Are dancing on the green;
Let's join the happy group,
The merry, laughing troop,
And swell the festive scene.

Dance, dance, dance!
Let's tread a merry round,
On green enamelled ground,
To music's gleesome tune;
We'll have no more such nights,
Such moonlight deep delights,
Till the leafy month of June.

Hark, sister, hark!
Along the quiet dell,
The solemn, tolling bell
Proclaims 'tis deep midnight;
To rest let all begone,
Good-night to every one,
Good-night! good-night! good-night!

GRANT'S BATTLES IN VIRGINIA.

We continue in our present issue our series of views of the long continued battles beyond the Rapidan, which, in their sanguinary character, are almost unequalled. The mind shudders to behold such a fearful and, to all appearance, unavailing effusion of human blood. For nearly two weeks two mighty armies have hurled at each other almost without intermission the deadliest missiles which modern ingenuity and science supply, and still no advantage of importance is gained—neither army defeated.

Our sketches are—a fine view of the battle of the Wilderness on Friday, May 6th, sketched from the headquarters of the 5th army corps. In the centre nearly may be seen Gen. Grant and his staff, the signal corps near at hand telegraphing the orders from moment to moment. To the right is Parker's store, around which some of the fiercest fighting took place. To the left the ruined farm buildings of the Wilderness farm, torn by shell and pulled down to build breastworks. Another view (page 164), shows the battle on the 8th as viewed by another artist from Gen. Warren's headquarters, and that on page 172 is a sketch on the line of the 2d corps on the 10th, showing the gallant men of that corps awaiting the enemy's attack.

These sketches, with the striking incident on our first page of negro cavalry carrying two rebel Generals to the rear, are made on the spot, amid a thousand dangers and privations. One of our artists lost everything on the rapid movements of the corps to which he was attached, including a portfolio full of sketches—the second serious loss of the kind to which we have been subjected within a month. Still, enough reach us to give our readers at all times prompt authentic sketches of the war.

THE WAR IN DENMARK.

Battle around Duppel, April 18, 1864.

The war waged on the petty kingdom of Denmark by Prussia and Austria has excited the utmost sympathy for that unfortunate realm, which, under its gallant King, has steadily battled against the invading host with its petty army, contesting almost madly each line of defence.

The Dannewerk was lost, and the allies then laid siege to Düppel, or Dybbel. Strong as this place was, it could not hold out against overwhelming numbers. Düppel was carried by storm by the German allies on the 18th of April, after a fierce conflict. The Danes evacuated the work and retreated to the island of Alsen. The Danish report shows that their army lost 400 officers, 10,600 men and 90 guns. It was said that the Prussian loss amounted to two Generals, 60 officers and 600 privates killed and wounded. The German troops were ordered to occupy the whole province of Jutland and to lay siege to Fredericia immediately.

A conference called previously may save the Danish nationality, and the noble-hearted King, in an address to his people, assures them that their sacrifices have not been fruitless.

The view of the decisive action which we give was taken from a hill in the Isle of Alsen, just behind the flank battery, looking over the narrow belt of water towards the steep eastern declivity of the Düppel range of hills. The Prussians made their grand assault after a heavy cannonade with 170 heavy guns. The works to the left and in the centre were soon enveloped by their numbers. The 1st Danish brigade held out and with the 8th drove the Prussians back, but both were at last overpowered, Maj.-Gen. Du Plat being killed.

The works on the right were defended as long as they were tenable, when a general retreat began, the Danes, under cover of the Rolfkrake, falling back into Alsen and destroying the bridges. In the foreground of the picture are the Danish troops marching into Sonderburg. Beyond is the Church battery firing at the Prussians over the water. The castle and church are on the left, and the flank battery on the right. On the face of the hill the Prussians and Danes are seen engaged.

AN HOUR WITH A SNAKE CHARMER

"Seeing is believing," so says the proverb, and if any one is anxious to have doubts removed on any subject, no process will be found so effectual as that of careful ocular demonstration, more especially when that evidence is sceptically examined before its reception as truth. Such was my intention when, for the first time in my life, I was lately introduced to an Indian snake charmer.

During a professional ride through the station in which I am quartered I felt somewhat fatigued with the heat of the sun, which was just then excessive, and ventured to call on a friend for a short shelter, despite the full conviction that I should find him indulging in that midday siesta so common a luxury to the Europeans living in this climate, and yet so fearfully productive of liver congestion, plethora and splenic disease.

I was not mistaken. "Never mind me; come in, old boy, was my friend's salutation, which I answered in person by entering his bedroom, darkened and cooled by artificial means. Making my way to his bedside, I was surprised at seeing two very bright objects glistening in the corner of the room. I advanced towards them, but more quickly retired on being assailed by a loud and unmistakable hiss. Involuntarily a scream in duet was performed by my friend and myself, and the native servants were somewhat startled by shrieks of:

"A snake! a snake! Get a gun!"

A consultation was held, of course outside the room, and, I need not say, some distance from the door. Various results were arrived at. Some suggested shooting, others smoking, one, apparently more courageous than the rest, proposed that the snake should be caught and then destroyed.

However, as the originator of this bright idea did not seem in haste to carry his suggestion into practice, and as none of us wished to deprive him of the honor, it was agreed to send to the native bazaar for an Indian snake-charmer. In the meantime we thought another look could do no harm. Carefully and slowly was that door opened. Nervously and tremblingly we peeped in, gradually advanced, looking everywhere, jumped at the least rustle or sound, presenting sorry spectacles of her Majesty's British soldiers. But soldiers don't like snakes. Why should they?

"Why, he's gone!"

"Take care!"

"Look in the bed, cupboard, drawers, nooks and corners!"

No snake! Then for the first time we laughed.

"Hallo! What's this piece of stick near the wall?"

"By Jove, it's his tail!"

"Phew!"

"Don't speak, we shall lose him!"

"Here's the charmer!"

He came, a tall muscular native, a slip of cloth round his waist, his hair long and matted, except on the centre of his head, which was shaved close in a circle, and a turban covering it, bearing over his shoulders two baskets and his musical instrument, made out of a gourd with a single bamboo pipe coming from its upper end, and two smaller from its lower, which, being pierced with holes, are played upon like a flute, whilst the breath is blown through the upper and single one.

Before he was allowed to enter the room he was searched, and his baskets and instruments taken from him. Nothing could have been concealed, for his clothing was reduced to its minimum, and he only carried a short iron rod.

He was shown the hole in which we supposed the snake to be, for now the reptile's tail had disappeared. He lay down on the floor, and placing his face close to the hole, exclaimed: "*Burra sap: sahib bahut burra.*" (Big snake, your honor, very big.) Without any more preparations he commenced digging round the hole, and moved some of the brickwork. In a few minutes he showed us the tail of the reptile, and with sundry incantations in Hindoostanee and curious contortions of his body, seized hold of the tail, and gradually drew forth the snake. It proved to be a fine specimen of the cobra—a black, shining, wriggling, hissing deadly cobra, about five feet long, at the thickest part eight inches round, with a hood measuring, when extended, five inches across. This reptile he handled freely whilst it was hissing and darting its tongue out every second. Taking it into the yard or compound, he released it. The brute wriggled towards him, and when within a foot or so reared itself up, spread out the enormous hood, and prepared itself to strike at its captor. But the charmer was not to be wounded. He seized his primitive musical instrument, and commenced very slowly to produce low and soft tones, very harmonious, but unconnected. The snake seemed astonished; his hood gradually collapsed, his head and about a foot of his body that was raised from the ground commenced to sway from side to side in perfect harmony with the music, and slower and quicker as the time was decreased or increased. As the man played louder the snake got more excited, until its rapid and unusual movements had quite exhausted it, and it subsided.

Again the charmer seized it, and quick as lightning ran his hand up its body, holding it firmly by the throat. By pressing on its neck, the cobra's mouth opened, and he disclosed the fangs, poison bags and apparatus complete; thus proving beyond a doubt it was not a trained or tamed reptile he had been treating like a plaything.

Doubts still arose in my mind, however, about the genuineness of the performance, for I could not bring myself to believe that a man would willingly place himself in such close proximity to certain death.

A fowl was now obtained and placed about a foot from the reptile, which was again set free. With the same movements it raised itself a foot from the ground, spread out its hood, and with a loud hiss apparently of satisfaction, darted upon and seized the fowl by the back of the neck. Hanging there for a few seconds, it let go its hold, and the man at the same instant seized it, as he had formerly done, by the head. The fowl almost instantaneously became drowsy, its head falling forwards, and the beak striking with considerable force into the ground. This convulsive movement lasted 10 seconds, and then the bird lay down as if completely comatose and powerless. In 15 seconds it gave a sudden start and fell back quite dead. This was the first time I witnessed death from a snake bite, and it is unquestionably a sudden, quiet and overpowering poison.

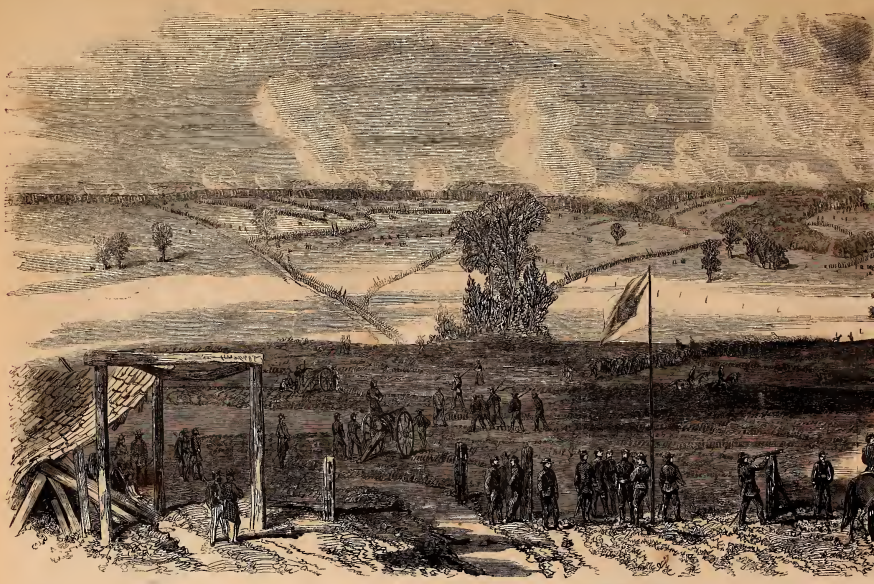
As no deception could have been practised in this instance, I was most anxious to see the reptile killed; but the charmer said he would not have it destroyed, that if it were injured the power he had over snakes would be interfered with, and the next one would no doubt bite and kill him. He accounted for his easy capture by saying that this was a great holiday for the snakes, and they had been enjoying themselves. "This one," said he, "is not living in this house. He has come from his own home visiting, and has lost his way. On this account he has got down a wrong hole, and I was enabled to pull him out. Nasty neighbors and abominable visitors, these cobras. I will take this snake home, and feed him and make him tame."

However, we insisted upon seeing him made harmless, or comparatively so, and directed the man to remove his fangs. This he agreed to do, and performed it in this manner—a piece of wood was cut an inch square, and held by the charmer to the head of the snake. The reptile seized it as he had done the fowl, and with a dexterous twist of his hand the most primitive performance of dentistry was accomplished. The four fangs sticking into the wood were extracted by the roots and given to me. I have them now, and look upon them as more suicidally pleasant than a pint of prussic acid or a cask of white arsenic.

Another fowl was now brought and attacked by the snake as before, but without any effect; it shook itself, rustled its feathers, and walked away consequentially. It is alive still, unless some enterprising culinary agent has converted it into curry or devil.

So it was proved beyond any doubt that an Indian snake-charmer was not a humbug and a swindler, as many suppose, but a strong-minded, quick-eyed, active, courageous man. The cool determination and heroism of the charmer in the present instance was rewarded by the sum of two rupees (4s), and he left the compound with an extra snake in his basket, thankful to the preservers of his children, as he styled us, and to whom, he said, he owed his life and his existence.

Banquet to the 79th Highlanders.—The New York Caledonian Club gave a banquet at the City Assembly Rooms, May 23, to the gallant 79th Highlanders. Geo. Mitchell, Esq., Chief of the Caledonian Club, presided. On his right sat Lieut.-Col. Moore, and on his left Brig.-Gen. Ewen. Col. Morrison was unable to be present on account of the wound in his right arm, received in the battle of Spottsylvania Court House. The Hon. Simon Cameron, who was set down in the programme, and was expected to reply to the second toast, "The President of the United States," sent a letter, which was read by the chairman, regretting and explaining his inability to be present. The returned veterans were welcomed home by Henry G. Thomson, Esq., in a warm and eloquent speech, in which he recounted the services rendered to the cause of their adopted country by "these brave men and good citizens" on so many hardfought battlefields from Bull run to the recent fight at Spottsylvania Court House. In the absence of Col. Morrison, Lieut.-Col. Moore made a short speech, in which he stated the interesting facts that the 79th was the first regiment to plant the Union flag on the soil of South Carolina, and that in all its battles the regiment has never lost a flag. All the speeches were characterized by the warmest patriotism; and the hearty welcome extended to the 79th showed that our Republic is not inclined to be ungrateful to its brave sons who have gone forth to do battle for its existence.



Ruined Barn of the Wilderness Farm.

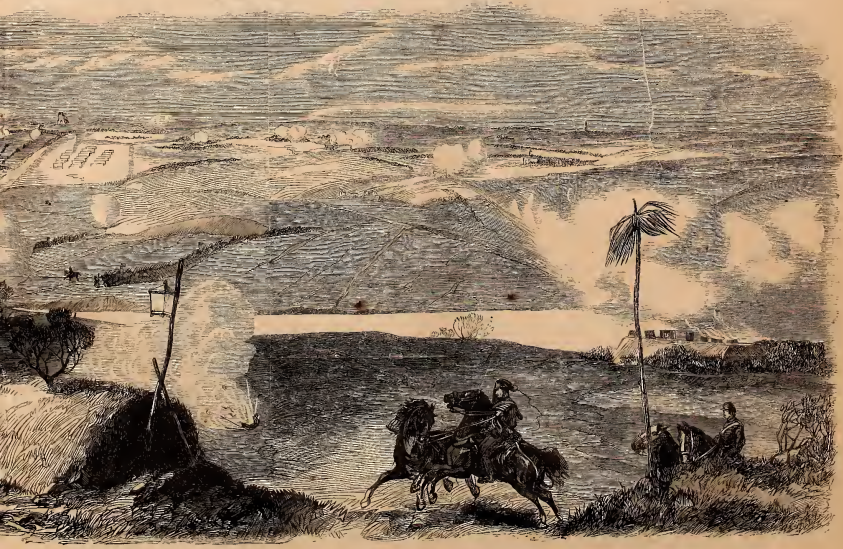
Signal Corps, 5th Army Corps.

THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS, FRIDAY, MAY

THE WAR IN DENMARK—BATTLE AROUND DUPPEL ON THE 18TH OF APRIL,

Gen. Grant and Staff. Parker's Store.

AY 6.—SKETCHED FROM HEADQUARTERS 5TH ARMY CORPS, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. BECKER.—SEE PAGE 167.



APRIL, VIEWED FROM THE ISLE OF ALSEN, NEAR SONDERBURG.—SEE PAGE 167.

WISHING.

Of all amusements for the mind,
  From logic down to fishing,
There isn't one that you can find
  So very cheap as "wishing!"
A very choice diversion, too,
  If we but rightly use it,
And not, as we are apt to do,
  Pervert it and abuse it.

I wish—a common wish, indeed—
  My purse was something fatter,
That I might cheer the child of need,
  And not my pride to flatter;
That I might make oppression reel,
  As only gold can make it,
And break the tyrant's rod of steel,
  As only gold can break it!

I wish—that Sympathy and Love,
  And every human passion
That has its origin above,
  Would come and keep in fashion;
That Scorn, and Jealousy, and Hate,
  And every base emotion,
Were buried fifty fathoms deep
  Beneath the waves of Ocean!

I wish—that friends were always true,
  And motives always pure;
I wish the good were not so few,
  I wish the bad were fewer;
I wish that parsons ne'er forgot
  To heed their pious teaching;
I wish that practising was not
  So different from preaching!

I wish—that modest worth might be
  Appraised with truth and candor;
I wish that innocence were free
  From treachery and slander;
I wish that men their vows would mind,
  That women ne'er were rovers;
I wish that wives were always kind,
  And husbands always lovers!

I wish—in fine—that joy and mirth,
  And every good ideal
May come, erewhile, throughout the earth
  To be the glorious real;
Till God shall every creature bless
  With his supremest blessing,
And hope be lost in happiness,
  And wishing be possessing!

The Gulf Between Them.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

WHEN Elizabeth Mellen quitted the graveyard she was for the moment insane. He had left her alone with the dead that had wronged him most bitterly. He had forsaken her there in that cold, desolate night, regardless that she had once been his wife, scorning to remember her even as a woman. This thought stung her proud soul through all its anguish. She would not return home; not a single hour would she rest under the roof which loomed up so gray and ghostly behind those weird trees. But where could she go? in all the headlands that spread away from the coast there was no shelter for her. Degraded, broken-hearted, abandoned to her fate, like a wild animal, she stood alone among the graves of those who had been happy enough to die. This terrible blow, long as it had been dreaded, came upon her suddenly at last. At the bottom of her heart there had been all the while a desperate hope of escape. But it was over now. The worst had come, and that was almost annihilation. She looked up to the sky. The stars were all out. The soft gray clouds which had floated over them only a little while before were turning leaden and heavy, so heavy that the ocean was one mass o blackness, as if the mighty deep had veiled itsel with mourning, while the throes of a coming tempest heaved its inner depths.

Never in this world had a human being been cast forth to such utter desolation. She looked down on the torn earth at her feet, and her poor heart ached to lie down with that other woman, who had found her rest so early, and be at peace. She thought of that woman with strange envy, remembering that the ocean had cast her forth when it moaned and heaved as she could hear it now. The grand, beneficent ocean, that could give death to a poor soul that pined for it as she did. She bent her head and listened to that far-off voice that held her with a sort of fascination.

"I will go," she said, "I will go. It calls me with ten thousand voices, it calls me."

She started away from the tombstone against which she had leaned, and swiftly threading a passage through the graves, forced her way out by the broken pickets. That moment Mellen stood in the cedar grove and saw her pass. Had he come forth all might have been well, but fierce pride rushed in and checked the noble impulse that had brought him back so far. She swept swiftly by him and was lost in the fog. Some strong impulse of love broke up through the insane fascination which drove her towards the ocean, and in spite of herself she drifted homewards. Once a break in the clouds sent down wild gleams o light, throwing up black vistas of gloom through every break in the woods, and revealing dense gray masses of vapor frowning over the waters. Then came darkness again, and she wandered on. Without knowing how, Elizabeth found herself on the lawn before her old home. The odor of dead leaves and late autumn blossoms rose up from the soil, and enveloped her with sickening remembrances. All at once the woman recognised the place. That huge pile with its gables and towers had been her home only a few short hours before. Why had she turned that way? What mocking fiend had driven her back against her will? Th thought maddened her, but she could not move. The passionate love in her heart anchored those weary feet. She flung up her arms towards a window through which a light shone dimly, the window of his room, and an agonising cry of farewell broke from her. It was his name that fled from her lips like a living arrow, and reached her husband in the gloomy stillness of his chamber. The window opened. She tore her feet from the earth and fled. Her husband, of all others, should not know that she was there, prowling about the home from which he had driven her. That cry of agony coming from her lips frightened back her pride. She darted away across the flowerbeds, through thickets and over the lawn, which lay moist and heavy under the fog. Her wet feet got entangled among clusters of dead heliotrope and crysanthemums, still blooming in defiance of storm and frost. The shawl blew loose from her hands, which unconsciously huddled it close to her bosom, and was torn by the thorny rosebushes. Fragments of her dress were left behind. She plunged into a swampy hollow where clusters of tall catstail, sweet flag and sedgy rushes grew around a little pond, swarming with trout and gold fish. Her feet sank into the marsh till the water gurgled over her gaiters. She stood a moment, looking out upon the black pool, tempted to throw herself in; but some water-rat or frog, frightened by her approach, made a great leap, and plunged into the black depths, giving thus a a horrible idea of reptile life.

Not there, not there; no one should find her after she was dead. The ocean, the great heaving ocean had called her; why was she lingering by that miserable pool of black water, full of living things? Again she plunged forward, broke through the tangled sedges, and trampled down the spicy peppermint, till she reached firm land again. Then on—on—on till she stood under the beetling cliff which frowned over the shore tavern.

It was the dark hour now which comes just before daylight. The gleam of a candle shone through one of the tavern windows, and this faint idea of warmth drew her that way. She crept up close to the building, and through the little panes of glass saw Benson with his daughter and her children at breakfast together. When the days grew short it had always been the old man's habit to eat his breakfast by candlelight. It was a pleasant, homely picture that the wretched woman looked upon. Her haggard eyes grew wild at the sight of so much warmth, while her teeth chattered with cold, and terrible chills shook her from head to foot. A noble wood fire blazed on the hearth, filling the small white-washed room with its golden glow. The soft steam from the teakettle curled up the chimney, broiled fish and hot Indian cakes sent a savory odor through the ill-fitted sash.

Elizabeth had eaten nothing for the past two days, and with the sight of this comfortable breakfast an aching desire for food seized on her. Food and warmth; let her have them and she was ready to die. This animal want drew her close to the window. A child at the table saw that white face with its wild burning eyes, and pointed its finger, uttering frightened shrieks.

Elizabeth darted away, crying out to the storm, "They will not have me; even his menials drive me forth."

The beach was not far off, and from it rose a sound of lashing waves, hoarse with the thunder of mustering storms. Afar off the moan of the deep had sounded like an entreaty, but now it came full and strong, commanding her to approach. She obeyed these ocean voices like a little child; all her powers of reasoning were gone; all consciousness of pain or danger benumbed; everything else had rejected her, but the great ocean was strong, boundless. With one heave of its mighty bosom it would sweep her away for ever.

She walked steadily on to the beach, forcing her way to the sands; through drifts of seaweed and slippery stones, on, on she walked, slowly, but with horrible firmness, through great feathers of foam that curled upon the sands; on and on through whirlwinds of spray, till a great wave seized her in its black undertow and she was gone.

CHAPTER XL.

ALL that day Elsie remained in bed, sleeping a a good deal, but so nervous and shaken that she would not permit herself to be left alone for a single instant. Her brother's presence seemed to fill her with dread, and she shrank with a strange sort of timidity from every tender word or soothing caress; still she was wretched if he left her bedside, and there he watched the long day through.

Evening came, and he was compelled to go through the pretence of another meal; indeed he forced himself to eat, for he began to grow angry with his own weakness.

He had thought when the first struggle was over to feel only an icy, implacable resentment against the woman who had wronged him; he was ashamed of his own nature when he found that stronger than his rage, more powerful than the horror with which he regarded her dishonor, was the love he had believed rooted suddenly from his heart, as a strong tree is torn up by a tornado.

Yes, he regretted her! It was not only that his life must be a desolate blank, he so pined for her presence that he almost thought he could have rushed out in search of her, and taken her back to his heart, sweeping aside all memory of her sin.

He roused himself from what appeared to him such degrading weakness by one thought; that night the partner in her guilt would visit the house secretly, as he had vowed in the note. Once more he and his old enemy would stand face to face, one of them only to quit the scene of meeting alive. She could not reach the villain in time to warn him, even if she had left in the night for that purpose.

That thought brought all the hardness back to his face, all the insane passion to his soul, but it centred now upon the man.

Alone in his library, Grantley Mellen wrote several letters; it was impossible to tell how that meeting would end, and he must make preparations for the worst. When all was done he rose to go upstairs again; a sudden resolution made him pause. He sat down at his desk once more, and wrote these lines:

"Elizabeth—I said that even in your dying hour I would never forgive you; I retract. If my pardon can console your last moments, remember that it is yours. I have made no alteration in my will; if you can accept the benefits which may accrue to you by my death, take them; but so surely as you ever attempt to approach the innocent girl who has been so long endangered by your companionship my curse shall follow you, even from the grave to which you will have consigned me."

He put the note in an envelope, sealed it carefully, and addressed it—"For Elizabeth."

He laid it inside the letter he had written Elsie, put the papers all away in the desk, and left the room.

These were only necessary precautions to make; Grantley Mellen's mind was so fiercely wrought upon that only his death or that of the man who had twice wronged him must pay the forfeit.

He found Elsie sitting up in bed. She shrank away among the pillows when he entered; he saw the movement, and it shook his heart with a new pang. This artful woman had drawn the spell of her fascinations as closely about that pure girl as she had around him. Elsie shrank from the brother who had deprived her of the love on which she had leaned. Elizabeth had left him nothing but bitterness.

"Are you feeling better?" he asked, sitting down by the bed.

"Oh, I never shall be any better," she murmured; "I shall die, and then, perhaps, you will be sorry."

He could not be angry with her; it only wounded and stung him to hear her speak thus, but he answered, patiently:

"When you are able to reflect, Elsie, you will see that I could not have acted differently. Few men would have shewn as much leniency as I have done; regardless of the consequences to themselves, they would have made that woman's conduct public, and wrenched from her the last hope."

"She wasn't bad," cried Elsie; "you are crazy to think so. She was the best woman in the world."

"Have you forgotten what I told you this morning—what I was forced to tell you or submit to your hatred? From yon window you could look out on the spot where she had buried——"

"Be still!" interrupted Elsie, with a shriek. "I won't stay in the house if you go on so—be still, I say!"

It required all his efforts to soothe the excited girl. He longed to question her, to know if she had left Elizabeth much alone during his absence to understand how she could have been so persistently deceived, but she was in no state to endure such inquiries then.

Elsie lay back among her pillows, refusing to be comforted, saying only:

"If you want to cure me send for Bessie—my dear, dear Bessie! Search for her—send the people out!"

"Elsie, she has gone to him; I cannot follow her there."

"No, no; she is wandering about in the cold. Go, search for her!"

"Anything but that, Elsie—ask anything else in the world."

"I don't want anything else."

"As soon as you are better we will go away from here," he continued; to Europe, if you like."

"But how will she live?" persisted Elsie. "What will become of her? No money—no friends. Oh, Bessie, Bessie!"

"She has enough to live on," he replied. "There are stocks enough deposited in her name to give her a comfortable income."

"But they are gone," cried Elsie. Then, remembering the danger to herself in that avowal, she stopped suddenly.

"Gone!" he repeated. "How do you know? Oh, Elsie, do you know more than you own—do—"

"Stop, stop!" she screamed. "You have driven Bessie away, and now you want to kill me! I don't know about anything—you know I don't. Just the other day Bessie spoke something about the stocks; I thought from what she said that you had taken them back for some purpose."

He was perfectly satisfied with her explanation, but the distress and fright into which she had fallen nearly brought on another nervous crisis. Great drops of perspiration stood on her forehead, and the slender fingers he held worked nervously in his grasp.

"Don't talk any more, dear child," he said. "Try to go to sleep again."

"I can't sleep—I never shall rest again—never! I feel so wicked—I hate myself!"

"Child, what do you mean?"

She must restrain herself, no danger must come near her. Even her sorrow for Elizabeth, her stinging remorse could not make her unselfish enough to run any personal risk of his displeasure.

"I don't know what I mean—nothing at all! But it drives me wild to think of Bessie. Where can she be—where could she go? Suppose she has killed herself! Oh, she may be drowned in the bay—drowned—drowned!"

She went nearly mad with the ideas which her fancy conjured up, but it was perfectly in keeping with her character that in the very extremity of her suffering no word for Elizabeth should be spoken that would implicate herself. Mellen must not guess at her knowledge of his wife's faults.

"You will have her searched for," she cried; "promise me that, if you don't want to kill me outright, promise me that."

"It could do no good, Elsie, none whatever. She has chosen her own destiny."

"It might, it would! If she has no money what will become of her?"

"I will inquire to-morrow," he replied. "I wil write to Hudson. If she has disposed of the stocks I will see that she has means to live upon; I promise you that. After this night she will need it."

"Really, truly?"

"Did I ever break my word, Elsie?"

"No, no; but you are so hard and stern."

"Never with you, darling—never with you."

She groaned aloud, but hastened to speak:

"I am only in pain—don't mind it."

"My poor little Elsie, my sister, my treasure!"

"Do you love me so much, Grant?"

"Better than ever; you are all I have now! Oh, Elsie, don't shut your heart against me, I can't bear that. Try to believe that I have acted as justly as a man could. To the whole world I can be stern and silent, but let me tell you the truth. I loved that woman so, my heart is breaking under this grief. Bear patiently with me, child."

"Oh, if you suffer so send for her back," cried Elsie. "Let her explain; you gave her no time—"

"Hush, hush! Have I not said all those things to myself?"

This man's pride was so utterly crushed that he was revealing the inmost secrets of his soul to this frail girl, scarcely caring to conceal from her how keenly he suffered.

"But try," pleaded Elsie; "only try."

"It is impossible; later, you will see that plainly as I do. Don't you see what a sin I should commit in taking a false, dishonored woman back to my heart; what a wrong to my sister in exposing her to the society of a creature so lost and fallen?"

"She is good!" cried Elsie. "Bessie was an angel! Oh, I wish I was dead—dead—dead! I can't hear this; it is too much—too much!"

Elsie rubbed her hands and sobbed piteously; she had wept until she had no tears left, and that choked anguish was more painful to witness than the most violent outburst of tears.

"She loved her so," muttered Mellen; "she was twined round that girl's heart as she enthralled mine; she has broken both."

"What are you saying, Grant?"

"Nothing, dear; I only pitied you and myself for loving her so."

"I will always love her," cried Elsie; "you never shall change me; nothing shall do that. She is innocent; I believe it; I would say so before the whole world."

Mellen was seized with a sudden fear.

"Elsie," he said, "if anything should happen to me; if I should die—"

She caught his hands and began to tremble.

"What do you mean? Die—die!"

"Nothing, dear; don't be frightened. But life is uncertain; what I mean is this—if you should outlive me promise never to seek that woman; never to let her come near you."

"I can't promise that; I can't be so wicked."

"You must, Elsie."

"I can't; I won't! No, no; I'll never be bad enough for that!"

"If you refuse me this, Elsie, you will sink a gulf between us which can never be filled up."

"Don't talk so; remember how sick I am."

"I do; I won't agitate you, but we must have an end of this subject. If I should die—"

"I won't hear you talk about dying," she broke in. "You frighten me; you'll kill me."

But he went on resolutely:

"Promise never to see or hear from her."

"Not that; it is too wicked—too horrible."

"Elsie," he cried in stern passion, "promise, or I will go out of this room, and though we live together it shall be as strangers."

He rose as if to fulfil his threat; she sprang up in bed; her cowardice, her selfishness mastered every other feeling.

"I promise. Come back, Grant, come back; oh, do!"

He seated himself again, soothed and caressed her.

We won't talk any more," he said, kindly. "Henceforth let everything connected with this subject be dead between us; that woman's name must never be mentioned here; her very memory must be swept out of the dwelling she has dishonored. You and I will bury the past, Elsie, and place a heavy stone over the tomb; will you remember that, child?"

"Yes, yes; anything! Do what you please; I cannot struggle any longer; it is not my fault."

"Indeed no, darling! You are tender and forgiving as an angel! Oh, Elsie, in all the world yours is the only true heart I have found."

She lay there and allowed him to speak those words; she suffered terribly, but she could not force her soul to be courageous even then. In time her volatile nature would turn determinedly from that dark tragedy; she would convince herself that she was utterly powerless; that, since it could do no good to grieve over Elizabeth and her mournful fate, it was better that she should dismiss all recollection of that season from her mind, drown her regrets, enjoy such pleasures as presented themselves, and build up a new world between her and the past.

But as yet she could not do that; she was completely unnerved and incapable of such resolutions. So she writhed there in her pitiable pain and caught at every straw for comfort.

"You won't forget your promise, Grant?"

"What, dear?"

"To send money—that she may live, you know."

"I will not forget, rest satisfied. I will attend to it this very day; don't think about that any more."

"How can I help thinking? You might as well tell me not to breathe; I must think!"

"The end has come; it can do no good to look back!"

Almost the very words Elizabeth had so many times repeated during those last terrible days; the recollection went like a dagger to Elsie's very soul.

It was a long time before she could be restored

to anything like composure; then Mellen forbade her to talk any more, fearing the consequences of such continued excitement.

"You can sleep, now, darling; you will be better in the morning."

"And you will take me away from here, Grant?"

"Yes, dear; whenever you like."

"I don't care about the place—the farther the better! I cannot stay in this house—I should die here. But not to Europe—oh, you won't take me to Europe?"

He only thought the sudden terror in her voice rose from a fear of the voyage or some similar weakness.

You shall choose, Elsie; just where you please. We will go to the West Indies—as you say, the farther the better."

"Yes, Grant, yes."

"Now shut your eyes and go to sleep."

"You won't leave me," she pleaded.

"No; I shall stay here all night."

"It is so dreadful to be alone," she went on, glancing wildly about the room; "I should go mad to wake up and find myself alone."

"You shall not, dear; indeed you shall not."

She grew quiet then; after a little time he heard Victoria in the hall, and went out to speak with her.

"You will lie down on the bed in the room next Miss Elsie's," he said, "and be near her if she wants anything."

He had not forgotten that he must be absent a portion of the night, and was careful to guard the cherished girl against every possible cause of fright or agitation.

He spent the evening in Elsie's sick chamber as he had passed the day. Elsie did not sleep, but she was glad to lie quiet and keep her eyes closed, shutting out the objects around her. Sometimes when her reflections became too painful to bear she would start up, catch his hands and shriek his name wildly, but his voice always served to calm her.

Towards midnight she fell into a heavy slumber. More than an hour before he heard Victoria enter the next room and knew that he could leave Elsie in safety.

He bent over the bed, kissed her white forehead, and stole softly out of the room.

He went down into the library and sat there waiting, starting at the least sound, in the belief that the wished-for moment had arrived—that he should stand face to face once more with his enemy. The hours passed, but there was no step from without, no sign of approach anywhere about the house.

He went to the window, pushed back the curtains and looked out—the first thing he saw was the cypress tree waving its branches as they had done the night before when their moans seemed inarticulate efforts to speak.

The moon was up now, streaming down with a broad, full light, very different from the spectral radiance of the previous night. How the recollections of those fearful hours came back as he stood there! He lived over every pang, felt every torture redoubled—started back as if again looking on the dead object which had shut out all happiness from him for ever.

Suddenly he saw the figure of a man stealing across the lawn; he did not wait to reflect, flung open the window and dashed out in pursuit. He was too late—the intruder disappeared, and though he made a long and diligent search his efforts were futile.

He returned to the house, livid with the new rage which had come over him.

"I will find him," he muttered; "there is no spot so distant, no place so secret, that my vengeance shall not hunt him down!"

So the night passed, and when the dawn again struggled into the sky Grantley Mellen returned to his sister's chamber, and sat down to watch once more that deep, painful slumber.

No sleep approached his eyelids—it seemed to him that he should never lose consciousness again—that never even for an instant would that crushing sorrow and that mad craving for revenge leave him at rest.

Printing without Ink.—A gentleman, one of the most successful inventors of the day, has succeeded in chemically treating the pulp, during the process of manufacturing printing paper, in such a manner that when the paper is impressed upon the uninked types the chemical particles are crushed, and a perfect black impression is the result. The advantage sought to be obtained is the discarding of ink and rollers; and, by revolutionising printing machinery, and printing from a continuous roll of paper, it is calculated that the time occupied in impressing large quantities of paper will be nominal in comparison to the requirements of the present day. Cleanliness in the printing office would thus become proverbial, and the time now occupied in making and distributing the rollers obviated.

The Piranha.—This fish, which contends for the dominion of the Brazilian portion of South America, is one of terrible voracity; there is hardly any animal that ventures into the water but suffers from its attacks. The victim of the piranha is generally surrounded by large shoals or swarms of them; they may be justly compared to a nest of water hornets. Horses and cattle do not venture to drink of the water below the surface, lest their snouts should be bitten off—an accident which sometimes befalls them. The cayman himself is forced to fly before this terrible enemy, and turns his unprotected belly towards the top of the water; the otter alone, whose hairy skin deadens the force of the bite, is proof against their attacks.

Chinese Superstition.—A recent traveller says: "If a house abuts upon or stands before the end of a lane or passage, the side looking towards that passage almost invariably has a small tile or slab of stone let into it, with an inscription which varies with the fancy of the owner, the opinion of the fortune-telling sage, or the locality from whence the tablet may have been procured. An inscription of this kind, on a large slab of blue slate, neatly cut and painted, as if it demanded care and attention, I saw in the wing of a brick building, at the foot of a by-lane, not far from the banks of the Peiho; and, curious to know its meaning, I obtained a translation of it. It was simply to the effect that 'This stone was brought from the province of Shantung, and placed here to prevent the evil influences of the lane coming near this house.'"

NIGHT AND DEATH.

BY JOS. BLANCO WHITE.

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
Thee, from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus, with the host of Heaven came,
And, lo! Creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
Whilst flower, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

Circumstantial Evidence.

AN INCIDENT FROM REAL LIFE.

BY F. E. BROCK.

How often I have been led to reflect on the probable number of innocent persons who are hung or otherwise punished. Connected as I have been with one of the criminal courts of England, I have had many opportunities of witnessing on how slight an evidence a man may lose his life.

At that dark period in my country's history when death by hanging was the penalty for forgery, sheepstealing and other minor offences, many men must have lost their lives merely through a curious chain of circumstances, through their own imprudence, or, sometimes, I am sorry to say, through the malice, envy or selfishness of others.

When I was a young man—for now I am fast hurrying to an old man's grave—a case came under my own observation for the truth of which I can vouch, and which will show how easy it is for mankind to be misled, prone as they are to jump at conclusions.

In the western part of England lived a family of large fortune and landed property, which was entailed, that is, secured to a certain succession of heirs. The present heir to the property at the time of which I write was a young man of about twenty-two years of age. I shall not give his correct name, but will call him Edward Langdon. He had a cousin, Arthur Langdon, who, in the event of the former dying without an heir, would succeed to the property. These two young men were extremely fond of each other, and had been constant companions since their childhood. They had always been as brothers to each other, and were never contented when apart.

Arthur had of late contracted debts of which he was ashamed to tell his father, and which Edward had, with his usual generosity, liquidated. The latter was extremely fond of roaming over the country, with his cousin as his only companion, and at the time of the events which I am about to relate had started on one of these excursions, and were intending to stop awhile on the banks of the pretty river Tamar.

While wandering through the woods on horseback Edward was attacked by a sudden dizziness and violent headache, for which he thought bloodletting would be the only remedy. He, therefore, called upon Arthur to perform that service for him, who demurred, fearing lest, in his ignorance, he might do more harm than good. But his cousin was resolute, and at last he consented, and after opening the vein with his knife and allowing the blood to run for a few seconds, bound up the wound with an extra handkerchief of his own. Edward then feeling better, they rode on till they came to an inn on the bank of the river. Here they stopped, avowing their intention of remaining for a week or two.

When night came they retired to the same chamber, and Arthur, tired and sleepy, was soon in bed, and quickly dropped off into a sound slumber. He did not awake until after daylight, and on opening his eyes found himself alone and the bed covered with blood. Almost at the same moment that he made this discovery, and while he was trying to collect his scattered ideas, the door opened and a servant thrust in his head. He gave one glance at the bloodstained couch with its solitary occupant and then retreated, but soon returned with the landlord and a gaping crowd, who immediately made Arthur their prisoner. The servant had found spots of blood at the river bank, and had traced them back to the door of the young men's apartment, where he had entered as I have narrated, and found what he concluded must be evidence of a foul murder. Arthur was kept by the landlord until the arrival of the proper authorities, when he was delivered into their keeping, and by them lodged in the common county jail. Everything was against poor Arthur, who, amidst his own grief at the loss of his beloved cousin, for he could not doubt that he was dead, and his horror at being suspected as his murderer, was nearly distracted. At the trial the proofs were overwhelming; the bloody bed, the stained handkerchief with Arthur's name upon it, the knife which was found in his pocket with the same stains on the blade, and his embarrassment when the servant opened the door, all these seemed to point conclusively to him as the murderer. Then, too, the fact that he was in debt to Edward, and moreover would, at his cousin's death, become heir to his vast property, worked against him; the bloodletting in the wood, offered as an explanation of the many stains, was received as a cunningly contrived plea to shield the criminal from his just punishment. It was concluded that he had murdered Edward in the stillness of night, and having carried the body down to the river had cast it therein. The river was accordingly dragged, but no trace of the body could be found. Not much time was allowed to slip by in the trial, for it was thought to be such an inhuman affair that retribution should immediately follow. Not one of the whole family of Langdons would visit Arthur in his prison, so strong was their belief in his guilt, except his poor mother, who, in spite of all the convicting evidence, maintained her firm faith in his innocence.

At last the sentence came, the terrible sentence, and the stern judge in his black robe of office, solemnly and with awful distinctness, pronounced the edict that on such a day (naming one not far distant) Arthur Langdon was to be publicly gibbeted for the wilful murder of his cousin, Edward Langdon.

This severest penalty of the law had not been inflicted on a criminal for many years, yet all felt that it was none too severe for the enormity of the crime.

The dreadful day drew near. Arthur, knowing himself to be innocent, felt that something would occur to procure his release. Perhaps even Edward, alive and well, would make his appearance, and account for all the strange circumstances. He could not think that he would lose his life for an uncommitted crime. His hopes were vain.

On the appointed day he was led forth to execution. Even then he did not despair. He still declared his innocence, but, notwithstanding his assertions, he was gibbeted in chains, there to remain a subject for the revilings of an indignant populace, until death should relieve his sufferings. But he was not so to die.

At this time the pressgangs were at work collecting men for the navy, and hearing of a man being gibbeted thought that here was a chance for them, and accordingly going to the place at midnight, they overpowered the guard, cut Arthur down and carried him and the guard away. No one could tell what had become of them, though many suspected the true reason of their disappearance. As for Arthur, brokenhearted and without a single aim in life, he did his appointed work on shipboard in moody silence; but when the vessel was engaged in battle he was the bravest of the brave, and won for himself great honors. He often wondered why he was not killed when he saw many men so desirous of life struck down at his side.

At last the vessel was so injured in an engagement that she was obliged to put into some port for repairs, and the commander concluded that he would return to England. But the pressed men had not all served out their appointed time; so, after waiting for another British vessel to come in sight, he hailed it, and put these men on board. Among this number was Arthur, and in his accustomed dejected manner he slowly walked from one vessel to the other. But scarcely had he stepped on board the latter when he heard the glad cry of

"Arthur! Arthur!"

Turning his head in the direction of the voice, he beheld his cousin Edward, for whom he had so nearly lost his life. Both these strong men wept like children.

The explanation followed: Edward had gone to sleep by the side of his cousin, but waking in a short time, found that the bandage on his arm had become loosened by his change of posture, and his arm was bleeding freely. After trying for some time to staunch the blood, he had tied his own handkerchief tightly around it (the other having become too much saturated), and having dressed, he had gone down to the river, to try the effect of cold water on the flowing blood. He had been there but a few moments when a boat landed, and some men jumping out came towards him. He discovered too late that it was a pressgang, and was carried away by them. He said he had often wondered what people would think had become of him, but that they should conclude he had been murdered seemed to him very strange, and he was indignant that the crime should have been charged upon Arthur, railing bitterly against all his countrymen when told of the cruel execution.

On the return of the cousins they were looked upon almost as men arisen from the grave. This circumstance confirmed in me a strong prejudice against capital punishment. I maintain the doctrine that there can never be a certainty in these cases except where a confession is made, and in many instances an execution has amounted to nothing less than murder.

Depth of the Sea.—Capt. Sir John Ross made some enormous soundings at sea, one of which, 900 miles west of St. Helena, extended to the depth of 5,000 fathoms, or 30,000 feet, or nearly 5¾ miles; the weight employed amounting to 450lb. Another, made 300 miles west of the Cape of Good Hope, occupied 49½ minutes, in which time 2,226 fathoms were sounded. Capt. Denham sounded, in the South Atlantic, 7,706 fathoms, or nearly 7.7 geographical miles. If the existing waters were increased only by one-fourth, they would drown the earth, with the exception of some high mountains.

Echoes.—The best echoes are produced by parallel walls. At a villa, near Milan, there extend two parallel wings, about 58 paces from each other, the surfaces of which are unbroken either by doors or windows. The sound of the human voice, or rather a word quickly pronounced, is repeated 40 times, and the report of a pistol from 50 to 60 times. Dr. Plot mentions an echo in Woodstock Park, which repeats 17 syllables by day and 20 by night. An echo on the north side of Shipley church, in Sussex, repeats 20 syllables. There is also a remarkable echo in the venerable abbey church of St. Alban's.

Freaks of the Russian Wild Horse.—In the steppes of Russia it is not rare to see a two-year-old colt rush singly to attack a band of four or five wolves, kill one or two of them, lame the rest, and spread the terror of his name throughout the country. The wild horse strikes with his forefeet, like the stag, and not with his hind legs, as is popularly believed. He draws himself up to his full height against his enemy, and pounds him beneath his murderous pestles, then seizes him between the shoulders with his formidable incisors, and tosses him to his mares, to make sport for themselves and their offspring.

French Method of Preserving Grapes.—The French preserve grapes the year round by coating the clusters with lime. The bunches are picked just before they are thoroughly ripe, and dipped in lime-water of the consistency of thin cream. They are then hung on wires, and when dry are dipped the second time, and then hung up to remain. The lime coating keeps out air, and checks any tendency to decay. When wanted for the table, dip the clusters in warm water to remove the lime.

Statistics of Infantry.—A young officer who was always "hard up," upon being asked by a lady whether he liked babies, replied he did not think them very interesting until they were able to stand a can.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

Witty Manœuvre.—The Duke of Grammont was the most adroit and witty courtier of his day. He entered one day the closet of the Cardinal Mazarin without being announced. His Eminence was amusing himself by jumping against the wall. To surprise a Prime Minister in so boyish an occupation was dangerous. A less skilful courtier might have stammered excuses and retired. But the Duke entered briskly and cried:

"I'll bet you 100 crowns that I jump higher than your Excellence."

And the Duke and Cardinal began to jump for their lives. Grammont took care to jump a few inches lower than the Cardinal, and six months afterwards was Marshal of France.

Why is a lovely young lady like a hinge? Because she is something to adore.

Marrying a disagreeable woman for the sake of money is swallowing a silver-coated pill.

A woman is not fit to have a baby who doesn't know how to hold it; and this is as true of a tongue as of a baby.

If this world is a free show, what's the price of admittance? Sin, sorrow, a small trifle of sunshine, and a good deal of shadow.

The experience of many a life. "What a fool I have been!" The experience of many a wife. "What a fool I've got!"

A young lady says that "if a cartwheel has nine fellows attached to it, it's a pity that a girl like her can't have one."

Somebody says that the oldest husbandry he knows of is the marrying of a widower in clover with a widow in weeds.

An acidulous old bachelor of our acquaintance says that he never hears a place called "Rose Cottage" without thinking of the lots of thorns there must be inside.

Dobbs, on being asked if he had ever seen the Bridge of Sighs, replied: "Yes, I have been travelling on it ever since I was married."

A Federal newspaper says that a man walked 40 miles to claim exemption from the draft, on the ground of inability to endure long marches and the hardships of camp life!

A certain editor gives his opinion in a recent number of his journal in the following terms:

"A talkative woman is one of the most agreeable companions in the world—the very soul of society. We like to hear a sprightly woman talk so fast and so incessantly that you cannot get in a word edgeways. It frees you from embarrassment, promotes sociability, and gives you heart to slip in a soft saying or two, whenever such a thing is possible; whereas silence is a bore not to be endured, breeding awkward embarrassments and restraints. Give us a woman who knows how to talk."

All mankind are not of this gentleman's taste. We know a few who are very averse to being talked to death even by a pretty woman.

Of all the dust thrown in men's eyes, gold dust is the most blinding.

Of all the Percy family, the noblest is Percy Vere (persevere); and the most cruel, Percy Cute (persecute).

"Anything to please the child," as the nurse said when she let the baby crawl out of the nursery window.

Buy fair, sell fair, and love fair. By so doing, you will stand a fair chance of leading a fair life.

Tompkins considers that a briefless barrister ought never to be blamed; "for it is decidedly wrong to abuse a man without a cause."

The profession of a clergyman is sooner learned than that of a doctor; it is much easier for most people to preach than to practise.

Most men espouse a party as an Indian espouses a wife—not to serve it, but to make it serve them.

A cook should have an eye to her pots; a writer to his pothooks.

Young lovers should remember that the most fiercely-burning firebrands are those kindled at the altar.

To defend a political editor against abuse is like holding an umbrella over a duck in a shower.

New York milkmen have the consciences to sell water at just as high prices in wet weather as in dry.

A Missouri paper says that the Digger Indians are never known to smile. They must be grave Diggers.

A fellow without credit finds it harder to get into debt than others do to get out.

An old angler says that no one by merely conversing with a fish ever succeeded in drawing it out.

Ladies are seldom troubled with the dumb ague, but are very subject to the kind that makes the jaws chatter.

A Difficult Question.—Are the minutes relating to an affair of honor always drawn up by the seconds?

Mrs. Partington considers that washerwomen are particularly silly people to attempt to catch soft water when it rains hard.

"I am surprised, wife, at your ignorance," said a pompous fellow. "Have you never seen any books at all?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, "in a number of cases."

Fact for the Faculty.—A bilious taxgatherer stayed at home last quarter-day, as he said that his head was going round.

A young lady being asked by a boring politician which party she was in favor of, replied that she preferred a wedding-party.

The following certificate of marriage was found among an old lady's writings: "This is to certify whom it may concern, that Arthur Waters and Amy Yurtley were lawfully married by me, John Higginson, on the 1st day of August, anno 1703:

I, Arthur, on Monday,
Take thee, Amy, till Tuesday,
To have and to hold till Wednesday,
For better for worse till Thursday,
I'll kiss thee on Friday,
If we don't agree on Saturday,
We'll part again on Sunday."

A dandy, smoking a cigar, having entered a menagerie, the proprietor requested him to take the weed from his mouth, "lest he should teach other monkeys bad habits."

"Now, then, Thomas, what are you burning off my writing-table?" said an author to his servant.

"Only one paper that's written all over; I haven't touched the clean," was the reply.

An Irish lad complained the other day of the harsh treatment he received from his father. "He treats me," said he, mournfully, "as if I was his son by another father and mother!"

"Jack," said Robins, "which Versity would you rather go to, Hoxford or Idelberg?"

"Hoxford, Robins, to be sure, you muff," answered Jack. "Coz vy, I prefers hindustry to hidleness."

THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—SKETCH ON THE LINE OF 2ND CORPS AT THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS, MAY 10—WAITING FOR THE ENEMY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. FORBES.—SEE PAGE 167.

EUROPEAN AGGRESSIONS IN AMERICA—SEIZURE OF THE CHINCHA OR GUANO ISLANDS BY A SPANISH FLEET, UNDER ADMIRAL PINZON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

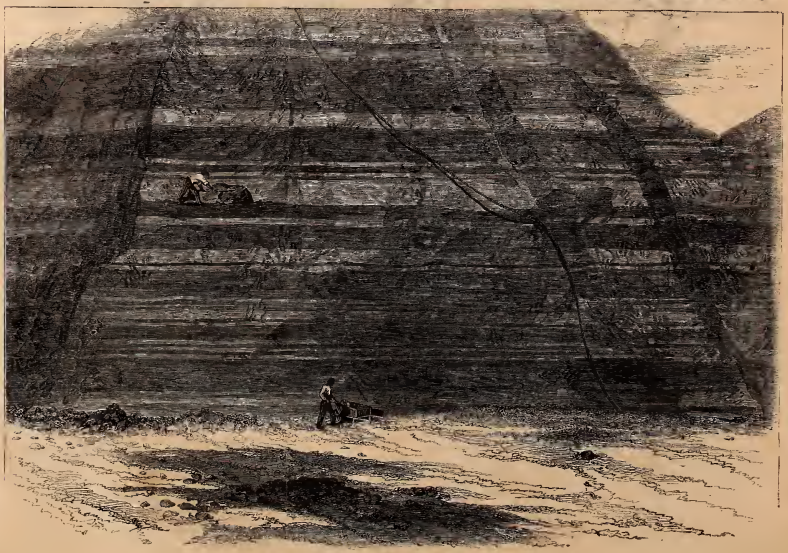
SPANISH OUTRAGE IN PERU.

The Chincha Islands.

THE United States alone, by its power and its success as a republic, held in check the monarchies of the Old World, who have ever looked with an evil eye on the republics of the Western world, and a longing one on their vast regions, rich in vegetable and mineral wealth. The temporary paralyzation of American power of arms by a great civil war seemed the moment when their bandit propensities could not be suppressed.

The spirit of monarchy, sprung from tyranny and rapine,
Forgetting that God wields the storm,
Would make all earth assume its form,
As Alexander did Mount Athos.

None can fail to have remarked, since the outbreak of the rebellion, a series of aggressive acts committed by European Governments against the States of the American Continent. Among these the Mexican Expedition and the subsequent proclamation of the Mexican Empire; the subjugation by Spain of the Republic of San Domingo; the conduct of England against the Emperor of



THE CHINCHA ISLANDS—FORMATION OF THE GUANO, SHOWING THE VARIOUS STRATA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

Brazil. We have now to add to these acts another, hardly inferior to any of those already named—the conduct of the Spaniards towards Peru.

A special Ambassador of Spain to Peru not having been able to settle a difficulty between the two Governments to his own satisfaction, the Admiral of the Spanish fleet off Peru at once, without any previous declaration of war, seized the Chincha islands, made prisoners of the Governor and the officers of the islands, and captured a Peruvian transport with its officers. He then made an attempt to surprise and capture the Peruvian squadron in the port of Callao, but this was fortunately frustrated.

Still more strange than these seizures is the declaration by which the Admiral tries to justify his course. Among the considerations which he says have led him to occupy the islands, he mentions that the independence of Peru had never been recognised by Spain, and that the Government of Peru has recently borrowed $70,000,000, a sum greatly in excess of the requirements of the treasury!

Mr. Robinson, our present Minister in Peru, may be an accomplished gentleman, but in our ignorance of his qualities, we may be permitted to express our regret that Mr. Squier, who so thoroughly understands the character, genius, language of the Hispano-Americans, and the diplomatic arts of their enemies, is not at this moment our Minister to Peru. In his hands we would feel certain that all that could be done would be done, and well done, for the interests of American liberty.

The pretext of the war thus summarily begun by Spain to revive in the Western Continent her iniquitous power was an affair at Talambo, in which a Spaniard lost his life.

It would be a parallel case were the United States to seize Nassau for the murder, by English subjects, of the engineer on the Chesapeake.

The Spanish Commissioner, Signor Mazarredo, took his departure from the harbor of Callao on the 13th April, in the Spanish steam gunboat Covadonga, to seek and join the Admiral. On the 16th the Spanish squadron, consisting of the screw steam frigates Resolucion and Triunfo, together with the steamer Covadonga, made their appearance off the harbor of Callao, and entered it at full speed, evidently with no friendly intentions. Only the day before they had forcibly taken possession of the Chincha islands, made prisoners of the Governor and all the other Peruvian authorities there, and captured the transport Iquique, which vessel happened to be there at the time.

After this exploit the steamed at all speed to Callao, in the hope of being able to surprise and capture with but small resistance the Peruvian squadron there assembled; but their manner of entering the harbor being manifestly so hostile, the Peruvian officers had time to get up steam and move their vessels close under the guns of the castle, where Pinzon and his three vessels did not care to venture.

The course of the Spanish Commissioner and Admiral drew out not only a firm and manly protest from Don Juan Antonio Pezet, the President of Peru, but strong expressions of censure from the foreign residents.

The Hon. E. George Squier, who had already in diplomatic service been so able in thwarting European aggression in America, was then in Lima, and was called upon to preside at a meeting of American citizens, Mr. E. W. Sartori being Secretary.

On motion, a committee of five was appointed to draw up resolutions, as follows: Messrs. Moore, Cashier, Thorn, Wendell and Colville.

The committee then withdrew.

During their absence remarks relative to the questions before the meeting were made by Messrs. Ross, Reedan and others.

The Committee on Resolutions reported the following, which were unanimously adopted *seriatim*:

Whereas the naval forces of Spain, in time of peace, without notice or previous declaration of hostilities, in a clandestine manner, and under false and fraudulent pretexts, have seized on an important portion of the territory of Peru, thereby, and without warrant, disturbing the commerce of the world, and seriously impairing the interests of citizens of all nations resident in this country; therefore,

Resolved, That the seizure of the islands, vessels and citizens of Peru by the naval forces of Spain is a flagrant act of perfidy, a grievous outrage on the rights and sovereignty of Peru, and a gross violation of the rules of international law observed by civilized nations.

Resolved, That we regard the guano islands as a trust held by Peru, to be administered in the general interest of mankind, and that their possession by any strong maritime Power involves the danger of an oppressive and uncontrollable monopoly, injurious to the agricultural world, against which it is the duty of industrial nations to protest, and, if necessary, interfere.

Resolved, That we see in this new act of aggression only another development of that unholy conspiracy against popular freedom which, not content with repressing the peoples of Europe, has fostered civil war at home, given up St. Domingo to the cruelties of Spain, plunged Mexico into the horrors of war, and seeks to impose on her a monarchical form of government, in hostility to the wishes and welfare of her people, and which has, for its final and cherished object, the destruction of republican institutions and the subversion and absorption of the American republics.

Resolved, That past agressions and impending dangers impose on the American republics the duty of immediately combining in an effective union for mutual defence and protection, and for the preservation of the institutions bequeathed to them by a Washington and a Bolivar.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathise with the people of Peru in this the hour of their trial, and that, while we commend to them the glorious example of the patriots of St. Domingo, we cordially extend to them all the aid and assistance in our power compatible with our international obligations.

Resolved, That in the recognition of the Monroe doctrine consists the safeguard and only defence of the sister republics of this continent; and that, whilst the true policy of each of them is to throw open its ports to foreign emigration, he who casts his future in a foreign land should be content to be governed by the same laws, and should, in times of public danger, hold himself liable to the same sacrifices as those who by birth or their own free election have become citizens.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be signed by the officers thereof, and a copy sent to the Presidents of Peru and the United States, and that they be published in the newspapers of Lima and Washington.

E. GEO. SQUIER, Chairman.

EDM. W. SARTORI, Secretary.

Lima, April 27, 1864.

We give in this paper a fine view of the seizure of the islands from a photograph, and also a view of one of the great guano deposits which make these islands an object of importance.

Guano (from the Peruvian *huano*, dung), is the manure of seafowl, deposited here for thousands of years, and in this rainless climate accumulating day by day unwasted and undeprived of the chemical substances it contains. While similar deposits in other climates are washed away or rendered useless, this has become of immense value, and the view gives some idea of the immense trade already carried on there.

The other sketch shows a side of one of these deposits with its various strata, the lower hardened almost to rock, the upper easily pierced by the guano and other birds, which burrow into it, filling it with chambers.

We shall give further illustrations, showing the manner of working and transporting the guano.

The Paris *Monde* says: "The Duke of Luynes is exploring the Dead Sea on board a small steamer, the Cigar, 35 feet long, which was built for him at Toulon, sent to Jaffa in pieces, and thence carried to the Dead Sea on camels. The Arabs in the neighborhood, struck with amazement at the sight of this tiny vessel moving over the water in a way inexplicable to them, firmly believe that it is a demon which has risen from the bottom of the accursed Lake of Sodom."

The commerce of the world requires 3,600,000 of able-bodied men to be constantly traversing the sea; of this number, probably 7,500 die every year. The amount of property annually moved on the water is from £300,000,000 to £400,000,000; and the amount lost by the casualties of the sea averages £5,000,000.

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Personal Identities.

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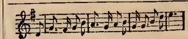

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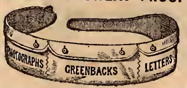

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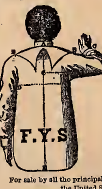

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THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—WOUNDED SOLDIERS CROSSING THE RAPPAHANNOCK AT FREDERICKSBURG, AFTER THE BATTLE OF SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE.—FROM A SKETCH BY R. FORBES.—SEE PAGE 184.

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"On to Richmond"—Gen. Grant and his Flanking Operations.

THE successful battles and flanking operations which have carried the Army of the Potomac, under Gen. Grant, from Culpeper Court-house down into Richmond peninsula, will, to the future historian, form the most interesting and important chapter of all the records of this gigantic civil war. We believe, however, that to the old routine, orthodox, and consistent, but erroneous calculations of Gen. Lee, in reference to Gen. Grant's base of supplies, all these late successful movements of our army in his hands may be fairly attributed.

First, over the utterly exhausted country of 70 miles, between Washington and the Rapidan river, our army, say, of 100,000 men with its thousands of horses, could be supplied with its subsistence only by the Orange and Alexandria railroad. This was evidently Lee's estimate of Gen. Grant's situation when he moved forward to the Rapidan—Gen. Grant would still need his railroad; but to secure it, the strongly fortified position of Gen. Lee at Mine run would first have to be carried. That this calculation was a mistake was proved by Gen. Grant's abandonment of the Orange road in the act of crossing the river. "Never mind," said Gen. Lee, "we will entangle this rash intruder in the Wilderness; and then by working round so as to threaten his rear, we will drive him back over the river to secure his base of supplies." The experiment was tried, the right wing of Gen. Grant in that "wilderness" of jungle was partially turned; but instead of repairing the break by falling back, Gen. Grant withdrew an entire army corps from his right under cover of the darkness, and moved it round to his left, which was equivalent to saying, "Gen. Lee desires to pass in between me and Washington. The way is open. Let him pass in." But with the morning's dawn, Lee discovered that in this accommodating movement our army was getting in between himself and Richmond, and so he lost no time in falling back to Spottsylvania Court-house, though compelled to fight over every foot of the ground.

What next? Gen. Grant had moved the line of his offensive operations from the Orange to the Fredericksburg and Richmond railroad, and in anticipation of this possible change of base, Gen. Lee had provided himself a strongly intrenched position, which, according to the old orthodox system of warfare, his adversary would be compelled to carry before he could advance another mile. This fortified position was so far tried by Gen. Grant as to satisfy him that it was not an improvised, but an elaborate and carefully constructed system of defences, which would require too great an expenditure of men and time to carry from the front. To abandon the roads behind him to Fredericksburg be must abandon that point as his base of supplies. It was done, and simultaneously his army, by a flank movement on our left, turned Lee's formidable defences at Spottsylvania, and compelled him to vacate them precipitately, and to push forward, night and day, with his whole army, to escape the danger of being cut off from Richmond.

And what then? Gen. Lee had provided another strongly fortified intrenched defensive position commanding the junction of the Gordonsville and Fredericksburg railroads, between and near the confluence of the North and South Anna rivers, which form the Pamunky. At this point be no doubt was satisfied that Gen. Grant would have no alternative but a destructive effort to the Federal army to clear away these new obstructions. How else could be maintain his communications even with his new base of supplies on the Rappahannock?

The problem was solved by another flank movement, which carried the Army of the Potomac around again to the left, and over the Pamunky river, to a point within 15 miles of Richmond, and conveniently near the White House water base of supplies, which, by way of the broad navigable York river or estuary, gives Gen. Grant all the facilities of the best possible communications with Fortress Monroe, Washington, the James river and Gen. Butler.

Thus, the old orthodox military idea that, in moving a great army overland to Richmond, Gen. Grant would find the difficulties obstructing his advance increase as be progressed, from the increasing embarrassments in his rear, is proved a fallacy. The strategist of Vicksburg has shown that, for a march of two or three days, a base of supplies may be dispensed with, even in traversing an exhausted country, by simply resolving that a certain point will be reached in a given time. This is the "Little Corporal's" idea of a forward movement revived; and we see that with a General who has thoroughly tested the strength of the enemy, and who has thus proved his own superior strength, the dangers of a flank movement on his part are purely imaginary, and that its advantages at every step are equal to a great victory.

Having established himself in front of Richmond, with a secure base of his supplies at his back, and having brought his main army into close *rapport* with the powerful co-operating army column of Gen. Butler and our heavy squadron of ironclads, gunboats and transports on the James river, and having the additional advantage over the enemy of an immensely superior body of cavalry, the reduction of Richmond, and the expulsion of the armed forces of the rebellion from Virginia assume the palpable shape of inevitable events. That Richmond and Virginia have become untenable to the rebellion will soon be made manifest; and, we still believe, without imposing upon Gen. Grant the labors and tedious delays of a regular siege. The hour of the nation's delivery draws near, and the knell of the rebellion will soon be sounded.

Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA—GRANT'S ARMY.

The advance of Gen. Grant's army, led by the second corps, under Gen. Hancock, drove the enemy before it to a point seven miles south of Bowling Green, where he was at 10 o'clock P.M. on the 22d May, and occupied the bridge over the Mattapeny. Hancock moved upon Bowling Green on Saturday by a forced march. The rebel cavalry and a battery of artillery opposed his passage at Guinees station, but they were dispersed and pursued by our cavalry. He drove a force of 13,000 rebels clear through the town of Milford and some distance beyond. An attack upon our headquarters train, near Guiness station, was made by the rebels (9th Virginia cavalry), but they were gallantly repulsed by the 114th and 68th Pennsylvania volunteers.

The 5th and 6th corps marched by way of Harrisburg to Jericho ford, and the 5th corps succeeded in effecting a crossing of the North Anna and getting a position without much opposition. Shortly after they were violently attacked, but handsomely repulsed the assault without much loss. We captured in all about 1,000 prisoners, in great part North Carolinians. Lee then took up a strong position between the North and South Anna.

During the night of the 26th Grant recrossed the North Anna, and marching with unexampled celerity, crossed the Pamunky at Hanovertown. Sheridan took possession of the town on Friday morning. The 1st division, 6th corps, arrived at ten A.M., followed during the day by the other corps. Lee, thus outflanked, has fallen back again on Richmond, as the rebel papers say—in pursuit of Grant!

Our wounded have been removed from Federicksburg.

Moshy is, as usual, prowling in the rear, and has been destroying the bridges and blockhouses from Union mills to the Rapidan.

BUTLER'S ARMY.

On the night of the 22d the rebels made an assault on Gen. Ames's line, driving in the pickets. The fight lasted about 35 minutes, and as soon as it was over our men proceeded to bury the rebel killed left on the field; 263 were interred by our forces. Our loss will not be more than about 10 killed and 50 wounded, as we had all the advantage on our side—constantly on the defensive and the enemy marching boldly up to our entrenchments.

The gunboats on the James and Appomattox rivers aided by shelling the woods and dispersing the rebel reserves.

An attack on Fort Powhatan the same evening was also repulsed with loss.

Gen. Kautz, in his second raid, found the rebels prepared for him at nearly all points, and had to fight his way pretty much all the way through. He visited Powhatan station, Mattaox bridge, Chula, Wellville and several other points, destroying large amounts of military stores, mills, locomotives, bridges, etc.

The torpedo division and gunboats have been clearing the Rappahannock and James of rebel torpedoes.

On the 24th, in the morning, Gen. Gillmore went on a reconnoisance, met the enemy, and, after a fight of an hour and a half, defeated them, with very slight loss on our side. The rebels made nine several attacks on our entrenchments, and were each time repulsed.

On the 25th Fitzbugh Lee made, with cavalry, infantry and artillery, an attack upon our post at Wilson's wharf, north side of James river, below Fort Powhatan, garrisoned by two regiments of negro troops, Brig.-Gen. Wild commanding, and was handsomely repulsed.

WESTERN VIRGINIA.

Maj.-Gen. Hunter took command of this department, May 25, relieving Gen. Sigel.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The rebels in Washington, N. C., set fire to the town on the 11th of May, destroying all but about 20 houses, and robbed all the women and children in the place.

Gen. Harland has been assigned to the command of the sub-district of Newberne.

The poor Union refugees from Plymouth and Washington, whose houses were burned over their heads, are at Newberne in great numbers, in a very destitute condition.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

A constant bombardment of Charleston and of Fort Sumter is kept up, but no other movement is taking place.

GEORGIA.

Gen. Sherman flanked Gen. Johnston's position at Altoona, on the Etowah river. On the 24th Johnston advanced to meet him at Dallas, and the armies met near Pumpkinvine Creek. Johnston was driven back to the forks of the Atlanta and Marietta roads, where he is throwing up defensive works.

LOUISIANA.

Our gunboats have escaped from their position above the falls at Alexandria. Admiral Porter, in a dispatch to Secretary Welles, gives great credit to Col. Bailey, of the 19th army corps, who built a dam of 600 feet across the river at the lower falls, thus enabling the boats to float over the shoals and obstructions.

Admiral Porter had arrived with his fleet of gunboats and army transports at Simmsport, near the mouth of the Red river, and the army had reached Bayou Rouge on the 14th May. The army marched by the old road, and reached its present position simultaneously with the navy's arrival at Simmsport.

Gen. Canby had arrived at Simmsport, and assumed the direction of affairs at that place.

No opposition was made to the exodus of either the army or navy from the Red river country by rebel army.

The route pursued by the army from Alexandria was down the river to the mouth of the Rappion, some 15 or 16 miles, and thence to Simmsport. It was delayed by the rising of the Atchafalaya, but crossed the Mississippi on the 21st.

NAVAL.

The rebel steamer Florida was at Bermuda on the 14th, and had burned a New York ship from Callao three weeks previously.

The U. S. gunboats Granite City and Wave have have been captured by the rebels near Sabine Pass.

CONGRESS.

IN the Senate, on the 23d May, there was no public business of general interest—the subjects discussed being entirely local.

In the House, the subject of debate was the suppression of the *Journal of Commerce* and the *World*, by order of Government. This illegal act was fiercely denounced by one side and defended by the other, on the plea that the public exigencies must overrule all legal technicalities.

In the Senate, on the 24th, the Brazil Mail Steamship bill was passed, by Yeas, 21; Nays, 14. The House bill to appoint an additional supervising and two local inspectors of steamboats for collection in the District of East Tennessee was passed. The Internal Revenue bill was discussed at length on the clauses regulating the duties and salaries of officers to be appointed under the law. The amendments of the Finance Committee, which were verbal, were generally agreed to.

In the House, the Reciprocity Treaty was debated, but without any result. Mr. Davis opposed terminating it.

In the Senate, on the 25th, Mr. Mayan reported a bill to prevent the discharge of drafted persons by the payment of commutation, with an amendment which enacts that the provisions of the bill shall not prevent the actual furnishing of substitutes. Boards of enrollment must make drafts of the required number and 50 per cent. in addition. The Tax bill was taken up. An amendment to the Senate Finance Committee's amendment to the bill, making the tax on a barrel of lager beer, ale, beer or other fermented liquors, $1 25 instead of $1 50, was adopted. The other amendments of the Finance Committee were agreed to, so far as the reading of the bill had progressed in the Committee of the Whole. Mr. Hale introduced a bill to promote the efficiency of the navy, which was referred.

In the House, the Speaker laid the reply of President Lincoln to the resolution adopted yesterday inclosing the correspondence between Secretary Seward and Mr. Dayton relative to the resolution adopted by the House against the invasion of Mexico by France. Mr. Seward says that it is practically an Executive question; that it does not belong to Congress to take action in the premises, and that while the President receives the unanimous declaration of the House with the profound respect to which it is entitled, he directs Mr. Dayton to inform the French Government that he does not intend to depart from our heretofore enunciated policy concerning the French occupation of Mexico. A report from the Committee on the Army bill was made, and a long debate followed on the equalization on the pay of soldiers. The House finally rejected the report, Yeas, 25; Nays, 121, and asked for a new Committee. [The effect of this is that the House insists upon its action that there shall be no distinction in pay in consequence of color.]

In the Senate, on the 26th, Mr. Johnson offered a resolution calling upon the President for information as to the delivery of Sr. Arguelles to the Spanish authorities. Mr. Powell offered a resolution characterizing the act of the Administration in suppressing the publication of the New York *World* and the *Journal of Commerce* as a violation of the Constitution. Mr. Fessenden reported the Legislative, Executive and Diplomatic Appropriation bill, with the disagreements of the House thereto. He moved that the Senate adhere to its position, and accede to a Committee of Conference, to be appointed by the chair, which was agreed to. The Tax bill was considered and the amendments of the Senate Finance Committee, so far as the reading of the bill progressed, were generally concurred in by the Senate acting in Committee of the Whole

In the House, the consideration of the Reciprocity question was resumed. The House first voted on the amendment of Mr. Arnold of Illinois, authorizing the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to appoint three Commissioners to confer with a like number of Commissioners duly authorized by the British Government to negotiate a new treaty based on true principles of reciprocity between the two Governments, with a view of enlarging the basis of the present treaty, and for the removal of the existing difficulties, provided, that in case one shall not be agreed to by both Governments, then the President shall give the notice for the termination according to the provisions of the present treaty. This was disagreed to—54 to 97. The House then voted on Mr. Morrill's substitute, authorizing and requesting the President to give the stipulated notice for the termination of the treaty. This was rejected—74 to 82. The original resolution as reported from the Committee on Commerce was next read. Mr. Stevens moved it be laid on the table. Disagreed to—73 against 76. The House agreed to the preamble to the resolution which recites a reason for a modification of the treaty. The question recurring on the passage of the joint resolution, Mr. Stevens moved its futher consideration be postponed till the second Tuesday of December. The result was, Yeas, 78; Nays, 72—so the resolution was postponed.

In the Senate, on the 27th, there was no business of general interest transacted.

In the House, the Senate bill was passed, providing that documents and letters may be sent to Government officers without the prepayment of postage. Mr. Smithers called up the report of the Kentucky contested seat. Mr. McHenry, the contestant, said that the certificate of the sitting member was obtained by depriving many citizens of the elective franchise through force, intimidation, violence and bloodshed. He characterized the interference of Gen. Burnside as unjust and tyrannical. A long discussion followed, Mr. Smith strongly upholding Gen. Burnside's conduct as just and proper. The House adjourned without further action in the case.

In the Senate, on the 28th, the joint resolution to amend the charter of the City of Washington was taken up, and the amendment allowing persons to be registered as voters who have heretofore borne arms, without distinction of color, was rejected by 20 against 18. The joint resolution was then adopted, and returned to the House. Mr. Doolittle introduced a joint resolution voting the thanks of Congress to Col. Bayley of the 19th army corps, and directing that a gold medal be prepared for presentation to him, under the direction of the President of the United States, as a recognition of the invaluable engineering ability displayed by him in devising and constructing works which enabled Admiral Porter's fleet to pass over the falls of Red river. The consideration of the Internal Revenue bill was resumed, and the clause taxing domestic spirits on hand discussed. Finally the clause was stricken out by a vote of 35 against 15. An executive session was then held, in which, among other appointments received from the President, was that of Col. Joseph Bayley of Red river engineering fame, for brevet-brigadier-general.

TOWN GOSSIP.

ONCE upon a time the annual showing of the works of artists constituting the National Academy of Design was an event of the year. Then—and not so many years ago—it was thought as imperatively necessary by the people and the press, that they should "do" the Academy Exhibition, as it was a few weeks ago to "do" the Sanitary Fair. Alas! how have the mighty fallen? Now, the doors are opened, and banners hung upon the outer wall, but the cry is not, "still they come."

We grieve to say it, but the truth is that the annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design has become almost a myth. In some measure this is attributable to outside causes, such as the fact that the public can look at better pictures without paying for the sight, but chiefly the fault lies with the artists themselves. They are behind the age. The food they have fed on hath made them too great. Prosperity, personally as well as a body, has so affected the institution, that it chooses to sneer at public taste, and force inferior food upon palates educated to the finest art Year by year the show of pictures has been growing worse in quality and smaller in quantity, until now in this blessed year of our Lord, 1864, the mass is little better than trash—absolute trash.

In a weary walk from end to end of a limited space we look in vain for a great picture, or for an idea. The walls remind us of the columns of the so-termed great literary newspapers. A little twaddling story of some forlorn maiden, who sat sighing under a mulberry tree, until a youth rode by on a black charger, and with a start of mingled love and surprise, born of the instant, cast himself and his large bank account at her feet, and eloped to the South Pacific in a tumult of contending emotion, or a lame screed of verse recounting the sorrows of Anna Matilda, who is violently suffering under a busted and blistered heart, and feels at the tender and delightful age of 17, that the world is all a blank, and that her coffin is ordered. Of this school are the pictures—with but few exceptions—of the National Academy of 1864. We will endeavor to name some, if not all, of these exceptions.

Among the first of these is May's picture of "Columbus making his will." It has breadth and boldness and in the face of Columbus there is strength artistically and physically. In giving this praise we are saying all, for a more absurd mistake cannot be made than in supposing eccentricity to be genius. The idea of this picture is the eccentric class; of that style that imagines a departure from the beaten track betokens a high order of talent. Was there no other incident in the life of Columbus, but that of making his will, and what especial force was attached to the act beyond that of Messrs. Smith, Jones or Robinson?

The next is "Faithful unto Death," by Thomas Nast. In Mr. Nast's picture there is something of an idea. We have noticed pictures of this artist before, one we especially recall, "Our Flag Victorious," a water-color drawing which has been for the past few weeks exhibited in Schauss' window. There is a strength of handling

and ambition, and time will bring some of the decision that is now wanting. Nast's shortcoming is color, when study has given him improvement in this point he will become an artist of a high order.

Among the landscapes are several, by Cropsey, taken at Greenwood Lake, a beautiful spot in Orange county, N. Y., little known, but destined to be under such penciling. "The South Mountain," Catskills, by Gifford; 259, a landscape; a bunch of brook trout, No. 129, by Mount, after which comes a cloud of land views and sea views until the sight sickens with the flat insensate pieces of canvas.

Edwin Forbes has a clever picture, somewhat crude, of "The Rear of the Column," a scene in the Army of the Potomac, while on the march. It has life and truth in it, that show at a glance they are the results of the artist's study from the reality.

As we predicted some weeks since, the woman's league against extravagance in dress is proving an utter failure. It started with a splash of something that looked like enthusiasm, but soon showed the cloven foot, as a movement savoring somewhat of interest, when it was seen that the strongest advocates of the cause were those who would be most benefitted, could such a movement be made fashionable. These interested parties were the manufacturers of domestic goods, who would, of course, find their reward in increased sales. There is something supremely ridiculous in the idea of the committee of ladies sitting in solemn conclave at their rooms, in Great Jones street, to receive deputations of manufacturers and approve of their goods. We fancy we hear the sleeve-laugh of the very drummers who are engaged in the harmless attempt to reach the sympathies and purses of the warmhearted ladies engaged in the absurd work. There is a touch of royalty about it—Queen Victoria doing something for the Spitalfields weavers by setting the pattern of a ribbon, or promising a deputation of lacemakers to wear their handywork at the next drawing-room.

To our innocent mind there is something fearfully like opposition—a deep political female move—to Shoddyism in this league. Its originators have found, for the last year or two, that they have been met upon their own ground by Shoddy, and if not defeated, have at least had a hard battle to fight. Shoddy has come into the market with a hungry grasp and snatched from under the very eyes of fashion the richest dress, the finest equipages, the most brown stoney of brown stone fronts, the rarest of jewels, and the most reckless of all extravagance. What refuge is there left for fashion but the old fabulous idea of the grapes that hung too high for Master Fox. They could not contend, and they could not vacate the field without some resistence, and what better than to throw, by a fashionable movement, Shoddy back upon its original ground, stripping it for the nonce of a large share of the benefits conferred by a plethora of cash? If this was the thought—mind we say "if"—it was a brilliant one, but, alas! we fear a hopeless; for Shoddy rebels, and headed by a fierce and well-fed army of tinkers and tailors, milliners, mantuamakers and drygoods traders, will in the end prove too much for fashion.

And now for the amusements of the people. Blessed is he in these days who was born or has become a theatrical manager, for in such a vocation shall he prosper. Go where we will, crowds are before us. Shake but the semblance of a novelty at the public, and straightway a beggarly account of empty boxes becomes an impossibility. Sensation, or heavy melodrama, rich old comedy, or creamy new burlesque, all is fish that comes to the public net, and all are devoured with equal avidity.

The first upon the list with a novelty was the Winter Garden, with the Florences and their new burlesque of "Fra Diavalo." The management have not gone to any wonderful outlay in putting the piece on the stage, but the doing of it makes up for any shortcomings on that head. Florence, as the heavy villain, who breakfasts, dines and sups on blood, is comic in the highest degree; while Mr. Vining Bowers, who does Lorenzo, the policeman, does it up irresistibly droll, ending off with the song of "Let me kiss him, Yankee Doodle!" in a style that brings the house down in a genuine way. Mrs. Chanfrau, as Zerlina, was charming; she is, without discount, the prettiest woman at this moment on the New York stage, and we are not sure but the cleverest actress in her line, always doing her work quietly and artistically, and leaving, upon her exit, a host of admirers.

Attached to "Fra Diavalo," they have been doing one of those monstrosities of the stage, a protean piece, entitled "Thrice Married," which is about as good as such pieces can be.

Mrs. John Wood has also been trying her hand at a novelty, with the ominous title of "Paul's Return," which turns out a capital cold weather piece, but is rather too exercising for the warm nights of this season. Nevertheless Paul returned every night for the past week, and topped off with "Easy Shaving," by the pretty barber of Islington, as we top off our juleps with a bit of pineapple, a slice of orange, or a strawberry: it seems to go down as smoothly.

Wallack, in a steady, conservative way, like some banker that trades legitimately on his bullion, goes on giving us English comedy, always a sterling dish, and "Rosedale" for the one hundred and twenty something time, as in the olden days when we wore all children, as it will undoubtedly continue to do when we become old and grayheaded.

Niblo's is still demoniac with "Bel Demonio," and still the grand Vestvali treads the boards with manly perseverance, and jumps from that fearful mountain night after night, to the intense delight of the multitude who expect nightly to see her broken into bits.

Heller fills his comfortable little *salon* nightly to an uncomfortable degree, and startles the public from its propriety every other day by the most fearfully sensational advertisements.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The bogus proclamation has already travelled as far as Illinois. The Quincy *Herald*, of the 19th May, introduces it as follows: "The *World* is the only paper which appears to have the following," and then publishes the proclamation in full.

—— A bill has just passed the Connecticut Legislature, providing for a fine of $25 upon railroad companies that neglect to carry a certain quantity of good drinking water in passenger cars.

—— The entire receipts of the Camden and Atlantic railroad on Saturday, the 28th May, were given for the benefit of the great Sanitary Fair.

—— The Japanese gunboat Puseyami was launched on Saturday from Westervelt's shipyard. She was built under the supervision of Capt. Joseph Comstack.

—— The *Express* says that the will of John Butler, brother to Major-Gen. Butler, has been offered for probate in the Surrogate's office in this city. He leaves an estate valued at $2,000,000, of which one-half is bequeathed to the Major-General. The particulars of the will cannot be made public till the latter part of the month, which is the first return day.

—— The Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the American Tract Society was held in the Tremont Temple, Boston, on the 25th of May, and gathered an immense audience. The annual report shows the cash receipts for the last year to be $124,500, being $17,500 in excess of the previous year. The entire amount expended for the army since the commencement of the war is $76,302. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the Rev. Mr. Savage, of Chicago, and other clergymen, addressed the meeting. Notwithstanding the weather, which was decidedly anniversary weather, all the meetings have been well attended, and the interest appears to be greater than in any previous year.

—— An order has been issued from the War Department forbidding the exhumation of soldiers' bodies until 1st of October next.

—— There are now only 22 Union officers confined in the Libby Prison, Richmond.

—— The solemn festival of Corpus Christi, which in the Catholic countries is always celebrated with a great display of civic, military and ecclesiastical ceremonies, was observed on the 26th May in New York with quiet solemnity. Our Canadian friends, on the following Sunday, gave it more of European pomp. The procession at Montreal is, to an American, a sight such as he would not dream of beholding within two days travel from Wall street.

—— A disgraceful fight occurred in Washington, on the 25th of May, between Senator Chandler and Representative D. W. Voorhees. Chandler and Voorhees, it appears, met at the National Hotel, when Chandler called Voorhees "a Copperhead," upon which Voorhees struck him. The fight then became more general, and a friend of Voorhees broke a pitcher over Mr. Chandler's head.

—— The Fifth Annual Commencement of the Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art took place on the 27th of May, before a large audience of ladies and gentlemen. The founder, Mr. Peter Cooper, presided, and Mr. Harvey Dodworth conducted the instrumental music for the occasion. Four hundred and five pupils, male and female, received certificates for regular attendance and devotion to their studies, and the following young gentlemen graduated with distinction: Messrs. Eugene Corbitt, Robert Scott, William L. Taylor, George Haitzen and William Forbes. The annual report was read by Mr. Abraham Hewitt, and from the financial statement which was given by Mr. Wilson G. Hunt it appears that the Institute is not only self-sustaining, but the funds have accumulated in the hands of the Treasurer. The exercises were very interesting, the singing by the female class being particularly excellent.

Military.—We are glad to see that the Government has resolved to purify the army, and has thus commenced. Major-Gen. Wallace announces the result of the court-martial recently convened in Baltimore for the trial of Major George Thistleton, of the 1st Maryland cavalry, that he was found guilty of the charge of "being in the habit of associating intimately and publicly with infamous women and prostitutes during the past winter and this spring, so as to bring disgrace upon himself and the service, and to subject his encampment to scenes disgusting and disreputable to his regiment," and that the sentence of the court is that he be "dismissed the service."

—— Great consternation has been created among a certain class of officers by the resolution of Gen. Grant to degrade to the ranks every officer, however high his rank, who leaves the field of battle without a satisfactory reason. It is said that after the seven days fights on the Rapidan, more than 300 officers left their posts and found their way to Washington, spreading the most alarming reports. Gen. Butler dismissed from the service on the spot a captain, who withdrew his company from a position he was told to hold.

—— The 9th New Jersey regiment suffered severely in the recent battles near Fort Darling. Among the most lamented is Col. Abraham Zabriskie, who was mortally wounded while leading on his men. Capt. Harris was also severely wounded, and is now a prisoner in Richmond.

—— A dispatch from Washington announces that the Court-martial on Surgeon-General Hammond has resulted in his conviction. Surgeon-General Hammond was arraigned on the following charges: Corruptly, fraudulently and unlawfully purchasing medical hospital stores and supplies, and falsehood.

—— Adjutant-Gen. Sprague has issued an order requesting officers of volunteer regiments from this State, who have left the service by resignation, expiration of term of service, or for other causes, to send to his headquarters their Post-office address, designating their rank and the regiments in which they served.

—— Brig.-Gens. Gibbon and Dodge have been nominated Major-Generals of Volunteers. Major-Gen. Oglesby has resigned, and Major-Gen. Buell has been mustered out. Gen. Oglesby has tendered his resignation three times, and it is accepted now for the purpose of making a vacancy for Gen. Dodge. Gen. Buell was mustered out for refusing to accept a command under Gen. Canby.

—— Lieut.-Col. Bayley, who saved the gunboat fleet by constructing a dam across the Red river, is a Wisconsin man. He entered the service as captain of company D, 4th Wisconsin regiment, July 2, 1861, was promoted to Major, May 30, 1863, to Lieut.-Col. June 15, 1863. For meritorious conduct in the field, and for highly distinguished services before Port Hudson, he was mustered in Lieut.-Col. of the 4th Wisconsin after the death of the gallant Col. Bean, who was killed in action before Port Hudson. Col. Boardman, who succeeded Col. Bean, having recently been killed in a skirmish, Col. Bayley will succeed to its command. Col. Bayley has been on the staff of Gen. Franklin since March 2, 1864, and is now Acting Engineer of the 19th army corps. His engineering qualities were obtained in the lumber regions of Wisconsin, where he learned how to navigate shallow creeks and rivers.

Obituary.—Some years ago there appeared in the Springfield *Republican* a series of letters from Europe, signed by "Dunn Browne," which were widely copied and much admired for their sprightly vivacity. They were from the pen of Mr. Samuel Fiske, a graduate of Amherst College, in the class of 1848, and the author of a well-known college text-book, a translation of Eschenberg's Manual of Greek and Roman Antiquities. Mr. Fiske was a clergyman, settled at Madison, Conn., when the war broke out; but he left the pulpit for the field, and dropped the "reverend" for a lieutenant's title. After fighting bravely in the several battles, he was taken prisoner by the rebels and detained for some time in Richmond. During the battle of the Wilderness, captain—for he was promoted from a lieutenancy—Fiske was mortally wounded. He was conveyed to Fredericksburg, where, in a private house, he received the attention of personal friends, and of his wife and other members of his family. His death has taken from the Union ranks a brave, intelligent officer; from literary circles a lively, versatile writer, and from the newspaper world, an admirable war correspondent.

—— Col. Geo. B. Hall, of the 71st New York Vols., died on the 24th of May, in Brooklyn. He was the son of ex-Mayor Geo. Hall, of Brooklyn, and was born in New York. He entered the United States service during the war with Mexico, and was a 1st lieutenant in the 2d regiment of New York Vols., under Col. Ward Burnett. He was also chosen quartermaster, retaining that rank until Oct., 1847, when he was promoted to the captaincy of Co. A. During the Nicaraguan expedition of Gen. Walker, the deceased held the position of chief commissary, and performed his duties with credit. At the commencement of the rebellion he was chosen captain of a volunteer company from this city, and was shortly after selected as the Colonel of the 2d regiment of Gen. Sickles' Excelsior brigade. In Gen. Hooker's division he took part in nearly all the battles on the Peninsula, and has since participated in the operations of the Army of the Potomac with his brigade, until sickness disabled him from active service. His military career during the present war has been a creditable one, and he has given up his life for his country.

—— Samuel S. Maffit, late Comptroller of the Treasury of Maryland, died at his residence in Elkton on the 24th of May, aged 45 years.

—— Giacomo Meyerbeer, who died in Paris, France, on the 2d of May, was born on the 5th of Sept., 1794. As a child he was extremely precocious, and his musical talent came to him so early that when only seven years old he was celebrated; and at nine a German critic spoke of him as one of the best pianists of Berlin. Under less favorable circumstances the lad would doubtless have been prematurely brought before the public as a prodigy, to contradict, perhaps, in manhood, the promises of his youth. But his father, James Beer, a Jew banker, was very wealthy, and Giacomo Meyerbear, as the composer afterward called himself, Italianizing his name, only appeared occasionally, principally at amateur concerts, and had plenty of opportunities afforded him for study. With what result he availed himself of them is known throughout the world. Meyerbeer did not, however, at once obtain a high position in music. His first opera, "Jeptha's Daughter," was represented at Munich, in 1812, with but indifferent success, but the numerous works he afterwards produced, and which extended over nearly the whole range of musical composition, secured for him a wide reputation, and proved that his talents were of no common order. Of these productions the "Crociato in Egitto," produced in Venice, in 1825, may be said to have laid the foundation of his European fame. In 1831 he produced his grand work, "Robert the Devil," and henceforth Meyerbeer was recognised as a master. The "Huguenots" followed in 1836, and the "Prophète" in 1849, both operas at once taking that commanding position on the lyric stage which they have ever since maintained. "L'Etoile du Nord," a work in a different style, but distinguished by the same charm of genius, followed in 1854, and the "Pardon de Ploermel" still more recently. It has long been known that the deceased composer had finished another work, "l'Africaine," and that his scrupulous and perhaps fastidious anxiety to secure for it a satisfactory interpretation has alone kept it from the public. Its production may now, it is to be presumed, be looked for at no distant date.

—— Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, Consul-General of the United States at Montreal, died suddenly in that city on the evening of the 27th of May. He was born at Athens, Oct. 6, 1795, but removed to Ohio in 1805. He served in the war of 1812. After the close of the war he studied law with the Hon. Elisha Whittlesey, and was admitted to the bar in 1820. He was a member of the Legislature of the State of Ohio in 1826, and in 1838 was elected to Congress as the successor of Mr. Whittlesey; here he was distinguished for his steady and determined opposition to slavery and the slave trade. In 1841 an American vessel, the Creole, sailed from Virginia for New Orleans with a cargo of 136 slaves; during the passage a revolt occurred, in which the slaves killed one man, took possession of the vessel, and entered the British port of Nassau. On the 21st of March, 1843, Mr. Giddings offered in Congress a series of resolutions, declaring that slavery was an abridgment of natural rights that the slaves in the Creole had violated no law of the United States in regaining their personal liberty, and that they were not legally liable to punishment. These resolutions brought down upon him the displeasure of the House, who, by a vote, severely condemned his conduct. Mr. Giddings then instantly resigned his seat, but was immediately reelected, and resumed his seat after an absence of only six weeks. His whole period of service in Congress was 21 years. He was a strong supporter of Gen. Harrison and Henry Clay, but on anti-slavery grounds refused to support Gen. Taylor. In 1850 he was conspicuous for his opposition to the enactment of the "compromise measures," especially the Fugitive Slave Law. In 1843 he wrote a series of political essays, signed "Pacificus," and in 1858 he compiled The Exiles of Florida. A volume of his speeches in Congress has also been published.

Accidents and Offences.—A fire was discovered about four o'clock on the morning of the 23d May, in the basement of the Maison Dorée, in 14th street. The damage to the building is about $1,000; furniture and fixtures, $1,500. It is fully insured.

—— On Saturday night, the 21st May, the 7½ o'clock through train to Washington, ran over three horses, five miles from Trenton, killed the fireman, and injured the assistant fireman and one passenger.

—— On Saturday afternoon, the 21st May, a Jew, name unknown, attended the funeral of his sister, Mrs. Rachel Lazarus, who was buried in the burial ground in 88th street, between 4th and 5th avenues; while standing over the grave he became very much excited, and, drawing a revolver, shot himself with such effect as to produce death almost immediately.

—— The express train going North, on the Cleveland, Columbus and Cincinnati railroad, was thrown off the track, near Crestline, on the 21st May. Mr. De Witt, of the firm of Younglove & De Witt, of Cleveland, was killed, and a number of others injured—none seriously.

—— The Kohnstamm case, which had occupied the attention of the court since Tuesday, the 17th, was concluded on Saturday, the 21st May, and resulted in the conviction of the accused of the crime of which he was charged, and for which he was indicted. There are 46 indictments against him which remain undisposed of, and it is understood that the case will go up on appeal.

Art, Science and Literature.—A letter from Rome says: "Miss Hosmer is engaged on a group of a Sleeping Fawn, whom a faunette (young faun) is tying to a stump of a tree. It is a charming composition, full of spirit and character, and will greatly increase her reputation. The attack upon Miss Hosmar in the *Art Journal* and the *Queen* was infamous, but she will live it down.

"Tilton is painting some beautiful landscapes, and is, I am most happy to find, laden with orders.

"Story has remodelled his Cleopatra, making many changes and improvements. Keeping to the same general conception, he has worked it out to a more elaborate and artistic completeness, embodying, as I think, all his artistic growth of the five years which have elapsed since the production of the first Cleopatra. He has also modelled a bust of Mrs. Browning, from memory, for her brother, which he has succeeded in rendering pleasing, without losing the characteristic likeness. This artist's Saul is going on rapidly, and is to go to London with Judith this week. His Bacchus and Venus follow shortly to the same destination."

Foreign.—London swindlers have a new method of thieving. They send a parcel of books addressed to any rich person who died the day before, and carefully selected according to his or her supposed tastes, with an invoice as from a respectable publisher. Messenger waits for the money, which the relatives pay without inquiry, under the circumstances always connected with a recent death. The invoice always contains trifling mistakes, such as charging four times the price of the books, and making the total come out rather larger than a good arithmetician would make it.

—— Fifty-two persons are to play a game of cards at the French Imperial Court, each one to represent a card. They should be selected for their activity in cutting and shuffling, or else there will be a difficulty in manipulating such an army. The anomaly will be, they will be all court cards, as the representatives of the fifty-two cards will be all court personages. The four aces and four queens will be represented by ladies; hearts and clubs by young ladies; spades and diamonds by matrons, though wherefore we know not; the four kings elderly gents; and the four knaves by juveniles, whose age vouches for their innocence.

—— The work of restoring the great cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris has resulted in some interesting historical discoveries. In lowering the soil around it remains of Roman houses were found, and the outline of the foundations of an old church which centuries ago stood here, dedicated to St. Christopher, as well as the plan of another church near by, dedicated to St. Stephen. Several marble columns, with fine Corinthian capitals, have also been unearthed.

—— In Prussia, not long since, there occurred an interesting case of detection of crime by scientific means. A quantity of gold, packed in boxes, was dispatched by a railway train. On arriving at its destination it was discovered that the gold had been stolen from some of the boxes, which were refilled with sand to make up for the deficient weight. Measures were at once taken for the discovery of the thief, and that no chance might be lost Professor Ehrenberg was requested to make a microscopic examination of the sand. The professor—who is a member of the Academy of Sciences at Berlin, well known for his researches into minute objects, and his comparison of volcanic dust from all parts of the world—asked that a quantity of sand from every station by which the train had passed should be sent to him. Examining these, one after another, he at last came to a sand which was identical with that found in the gold boxes. The name of the station whence this sand had been collected was known, inquiries were set on foot at that station, and among the persons there employed the thief was detected. The incident is one which an expert novel writer might make use of with effect.

Odds and Ends.—In Secessia they give a man liable to do military duty so many days' furlough for every recruit he brings in. One conscript went to work and procured enough men to entitle him to a furlough from Gen. Lee of 8,210 days, which is over 22 years.

—— Dr. Read reports to the Sanitary Commission from Nashville that preparations are making to build army hospitals on Lookout mountain, and that Gen. Thomas recommends the planting of a garden on the top of the mountain.

—— At the very moment when Gen. Wadsworth fell on the field of battle, extensive preparations were being made in Troy to celebrate the marriage of his only son with one of the most accomplished and beautiful ladies of that city.

—— Four military posts in the North-West, by general orders of the War Department, have been named in honor of Gens. Wadsworth, Hays, Stevenson and Rice, slain in the recent battles in Virginia. Thirty-six have been killed in battle during the rebellion, and 15 died of diseases contracted in the service.

—— The Washington *Republican* gets off the following: "The rebel capital is in a carpetbag, is in Jeff Davis's hand, and Jeff Davis is usually, during active operations, in a special car on a railroad. Wherever Jeff and the carpetbag are, there is the rebel capital."

—— The Buffalo *Express* has the following watchword and prayer for these momentous days: "God—Grant—Victory."

—— The arrival of Com. Maury, of the Confederate privateer Georgia, at Richmond, is noted, after an absence of 16 months.

FOREIGN NEWS.

IN England the chief topic was the ultra-liberal speech of Mr. Gladstone, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who had, in a recent debate on Parliamentary Reform, advocated Manhood Suffrage. Some supposed this to be an ingenious method of escaping from the popular odium, under which he now labors, for his surreptitious behavior in the Garibaldi *imbroglio*, which had so deeply roused public indignation as to compel him to give an explanation to a deputation from the Working Men's Association. The interview was chiefly remarkable for the stride it evidences in Ministerial dependency upon the people, which necessitated such a step, and from the Jesuitical nature of Mr. Gladstone's explanation. The Danish Conference was in a state of feeble progress, the only good it having achieved being an armistice for one month, from the 12th of May, between the belligerents. The naval engagement between the Germans and the Danes, on the 9th May, proved to be more humiliating for the former than was supposed, since the Austrian ships had to take shelter under the guns of the British fortress of Heligoland, to escape either capture or destruction. The fact that, when the victory was announced in the House of Commons, both sides should receive the news with loud cheers is very significant, and shows that Palmerston must adopt a more vigorous policy.

In France the feeling was also very strongly in favor of the Danes, but this results more from the national craving to create an opportunity to seize the Rhine than from any other wish to assist a weaker Power.

The Russian official paper states that England and Russia are decided and identical on their policy in the Danish question—the integrity of that kingdom will be preserved. There is considerable ill-feeling between the French and Russian Courts, on account of the very ostentatious manner in which the occupation of Paris by the allies in 1814 was recently celebrated at St. Petersburg.

Maximilian had touched at Madeira on his route to Mexico. The Mexican Loan had turned out to be a great failure, as the British press discouraged it. It was generally conceded that the Mexican Empire would tax the abilities of Napoleon and Maximilian to sustain it. The French journals are very jubilant over the alleged condemnation by Mr. Seward of the Congressional declaration touching Louis Napoleon's invasion of Mexico. They pretend it means a recognition of the Empire, when it only says that, while the vote represents the national feeling, it cannot take effect without the Executive, which at present will do nothing.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. By JAMES PARTON. Two vols., 8vo. New York: Mason, Brothers, 1864.

Literary men have long been aware that Mr. Parton, the most thorough and accomplished writer in the field of biography in our day, was conscientiously laboring on a life of Franklin. A real biography of one who occupied so prominent a position has long been needed, the autobiography of Franklin himself having in a manner prevented by its popularity all attempts to write his life.

Mr. Parton has a wonderful talent for the field which he has chosen. He takes his character up with sufficient enthusiasm to give his narrative interest, yet not to warp his judgment. He is essentially impartial, and handling his theme with a masterly hand, has given us a work that must take place in almost every household in the country.

THE LITTLE REBEL. Boston: Tilton.

All our new juveniles, juveniles that seem to catch the public taste, must savor of the war. This aroma seems necessary. The Little Rebel, has, however, only the title. It is a good story of the trials of a step-son, which with the amusing confusion of the two Dromios—David Vane and David Crane—make the story a very interesting one to the young.

THE WOMAN IN BLACK. By the Author of the "Man in Gray." Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Bro., 1864.

This is a popular novel, highly endorsed. The plot is well conceived, and the chief character very well drawn. There are defects in style and treatment, but it will be read and liked. The story is that of a sharp, handsome, unscrupulous dependent cousin, who has determined to obtain the hand of her noble relative, and shrinks at no crime to accomplish it. The interest is very well sustained, the pictures of life well drawn.

THE PORTRAIT MONTHLY, containing Sketches of Departed Heroes and Prominent Personages of the Present Time, Interesting Stories, &c. Vol. I., 4to., 188 pp. New York: T. B. Leggett and Co., 1864.

Biography always interests, and this work, while not pretending to be elaborate or exhaustive, is a cheap and attractive work, giving more than 200 portraits of prominent men of the time, in civil and military life, with biographical sketches prepared with care.

It contains also other interesting and entertaining matter, and cannot fail to please the public. As a book of reference for sketches of the men daily spoken of, it is valuable to all who have not made a biographical dictionary for themselves, and who has?

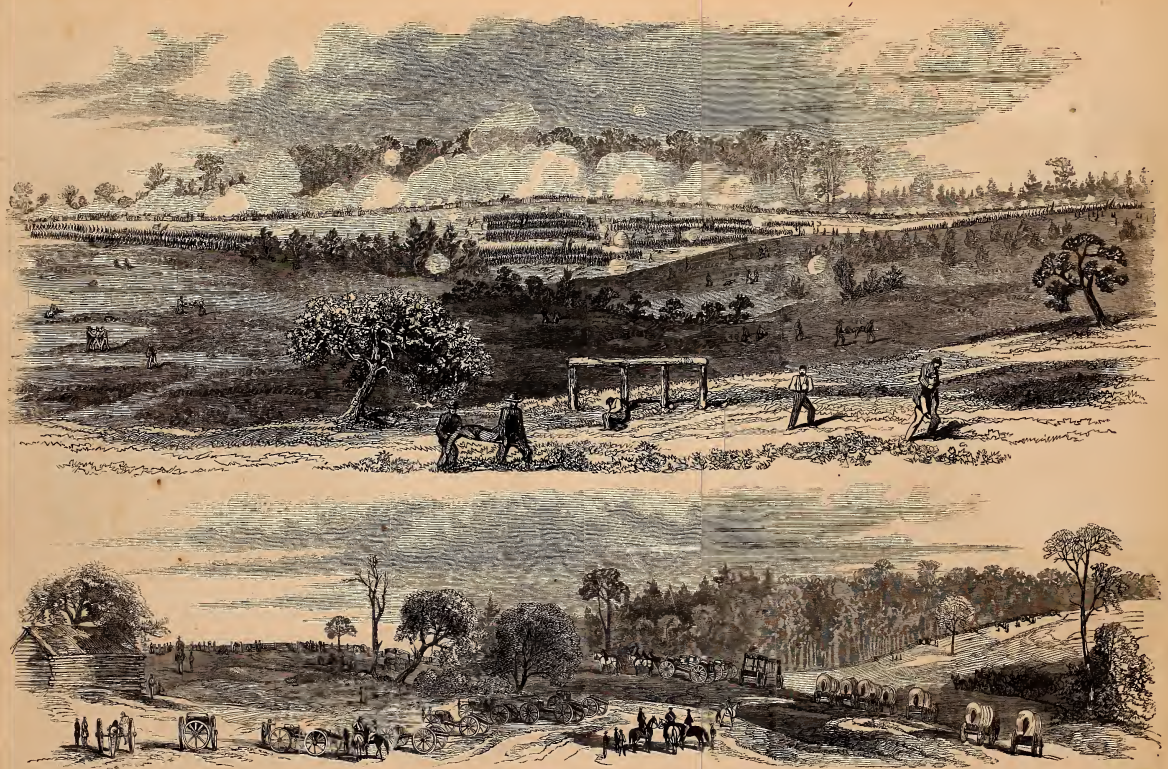
AFFECTION IN A BADGER.—As two persons passed through a hollow way, in company with a dog, the animal started and killed a badger. Being only a little way from a village, they agreed to drag him there, as the authorities of the district gave a reward for every badger destroyed. They twisted some twigs, and drew him along the road by turns. They had not proceeded far when they heard the cry of an animal in seeming distress, and stopping to see whence it proceeded, observed another badger approaching. They endeavored to drive it away with stones, but it would not be repulsed; it came close to the dead animal and began to lick it, continuing its mournful cry. The men had it not in their hearts any longer to repulse him, but still drew the dead one along. The other laid himself down upon his companion's body, clasping it closely, and was thus drawn into the village, where, to the shame of its inhabitants, it was speedily destroyed.

THE WATER OF THE DEAD SEA.—A French gentleman publishes a paper on the composition of the water of the Dead Sea, shewing that it contains about 9½ per cent. of the chloride of magnesia, 6 per cent. of chloride of sodium, 3 per cent. of chloride of calcium, 1½ per cent. of chloride of potassium, and traces of bromide of magnesium, sulphate of lime, hydrochlorate of ammonia, carbonate of lime, oxide of iron, alumina, and 79½ per cent. of pure water.

A LAD, ten years old, ran away from home and went to a tavern, where he was found by a friend with a cigar in his mouth.

"What made you leave home?" inquired his friend.

"Oh," said he, "father and mother were so saucy, I couldn't stand it; so I quit them."



GRANT'S CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA—1. HANCOCK'S 2ND CORPS CHARGING LEE'S RIGHT, IN FRONT OF SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE, MAY 12.—2. REBEL GUNS CAPTURED IN HANCOCK'S CHARGE.—SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. FORBES.

BRIG.-GEN. ALEXANDER HAYS, U. S. A., KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.—PAGE 183.

BRIG.-GEN. ALEXANDER J. WEBB, U. S. A., WOUNDED AT THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.—PAGE 188.

TWIN VISIONS.

BY A. F. BANKS.

THE YOUNG WIFE'S DREAM.

A rosy, girl-woman, n flower of the West,
Had a rapt, blissful vision of one far away,
(She dreamt it from midnight till dayn of the day),
And it all was about the young soldier she'd blest.

She dreamt he was near her, his dark eye
beamed o'er her,
She felt his warm breath 'mid her tresses of
gold;
The spell of her slumbers alone seemed to
thrall her
From clasping her first, only love, as of old.

THE POSTMAN'S SOLUTION.

And her dream was a true one; with cheek
Joy aglow,
She read how her dear one, on that very
night
(While on Death-dealing picket till morn's
graying light),
Had a sweet Waking Dream—not of fierce
prowling foe,
No of deadly assault, not of mangled and
slain—
'Twas his Mary's neat chamber the Patriot
Dream-trod,
His Foe was the Slumber he would not profane,
And he guarded the Heart he loved next to
his God.

Wrecked and Rescued.

BY CLAIRE CROFTON.

CHAPTER I.

It was a wild, wet, dreary and altogether disagreeable November morning that I rose from the breakfast table, and turning to the window, looked forth rather anxiously to see if the weather showed any signs of improvement. The appearance of the dripping eaves and leaden-hued sky was not encouraging. Mother Earth was taking her annual autumnal shower-bath, and all her pleasant colors had been pretty much washed out under the operation. I turned away and commenced making preparations for my long walk in the rain—for a schoolteacher's duties must be performed whether the sky smiles or frowns.

"Is it absolutely necessary that you should go to the village this morning, Lillian?" inquired my mother. "Surely Mr. Myers might dispense with your services while this storm continues."

"Quite impossible, mama. He has his hands full as it is, for the school is large, and to be absent from my post were to insure my instant dismissal. But don't fret about me, *ma chere mère*. I don't mind about the walk at all, and with my overshoes, waterproof cloak and an umbrella I shall be quite dry and comfortable."

"You always look at the bright side, Lilian," said my mother, with a sigh, as she passed her hand caressingly over the thick braids of my blonde hair. "What would your poor father have said could he have foreseen the life of hardship and privation that his darling must endure?"

"He would have said, mama, that he was glad his daughter had sufficient pride and energy to earn her own living, and not be dependent on others."

"Ah, child, had you possessed less pride, and more ambition, you might now have been placed far above the necessity of such drudgery." I colored deeply at my mother's remark, but pretended to be too busy clasping my cloak to notice it. "You are very like your father, Lillian," she continued, "and you inherit all his beauty; the pure Saxon type for which the whole family of Moores are distinguished. You have the dazzlingly fair complexion, the violet-blue eyes and the lustrous hair, wavering between gold and brown—"

"Oh, mama!" I interrupted, "modesty won't allow me to listen to any more; you will make me insufferably vain at this rate;" and kissing her cheek and bidding her good-bye, I ran off gaily, exchanging the inner warmth and comfort for the damp atmosphere of the outer world.

There were no repining thoughts in my heart as I wended my way through the mist and mire to the distant schoolhouse. I never shared my mother's regrets at our altered fortunes, or thought it hard that, like the great mass of my fellow-beings, I was condemned to earn my daily bread by my daily toil. I had youth, health and energy, and gloried in my power to help myself and others. After the bankruptcy and sudden death of my father some years before, his brother, my uncle John Moore, offered to provide for me so far as giving me an education was concerned.

My mother gladly accepted this offer, and for three years I attended the best seminary that the country afforded, at my wealthy uncle's expense. When I graduated he offered to receive me into his family as his daughter, but I promptly, though gratefully, declined a home that my mother could not share, and returning to Millbank, obtained a situation as assistant teacher in the high school of the village.

The Fracas.

I liked the profession I had chosen, for it insured me independence, was attached to my pupils, and, as I said before, indulged in no vain regrets for the loss of the luxurious home of my childhood.

I reached the foot of the long lane, where a gate opened on a nicely gravelled path leading through private grounds to the high road of the village. Here I paused and hesitated. All summer I had been in the habit of using this byway, but for the past three or four weeks I had avoided it. Should I avail myself of it now, and thus cut short my two miles walk by nearly one-half? I would gladly do so were I sure that I should not encounter the

Ellerslie House.

proprietor of the place. Not that the owner of Ellerslie (so the estate was called) objected to the use of this private road as a thoroughfare; he was liberal in the extreme, and the right of way through his grounds was open to all in the neighborhood who chose to avail themselves of the privilege. But I had my own private reasons for wishing to avoid a collision with him. A glance at the heavy-folded clouds, threatening a deluge of rain, decided me to run the risk, and pushing open the gate I entered the enclosure and took the well-known path. I had advanced but a few rods when the sound of hoofstrokes in the distance warned me that I was probably about to meet the very personage I had been anxious to avoid. I bit my lips with vexation, but it was too late to retreat. The next moment the steed and his rider were in sight.

The animal was as splendid a specimen of the genus horse as ever gladdened the heart of a lover of the equine race. Coalblack in hue, with a white star blazing in the centre of his forehead; his glossy coat shone like satin, and his flowing mane almost swept the ground, which he trod daintily, arching his graceful neck as though proud of the burden that he bore. Of the rider I will only say that he was worthy of his steed, of whom he seemed part and parcel, so perfect was his seat in the saddle.

I had caressed Black Ralph, the horse, a hundred times, and he knew the touch of my hand and the tone of my voice, as well as he did those of his master, but I felt no inclination to gratify him by my notice at that time. As they neared me I stepped aside to let them pass, and in doing so involuntarily lifted my eyes.

The rider doffed his cap and bowed low; but no

smile lighted up his dark, haughty, handsome face, or softened the smouldering fire in the dark eyes, that were fixed full on me with a stern, repellent look that roused all the resentful pride in my nature. I inclined my head slightly, in answer to his salutation, and passed on at a quickened pace, my cheeks burning so hotly that not even the chill, scudding mist, beating full in my face, could cool their feverish glow.

A turn in the path gave to view the mansion-house of Ellerslie, crowning the summit of a gentle eminence, a quarter of a mile distant. I could see the broad, sweeping carriage drives that led away to the stables, the stately elm-bordered avenue, and the parklike expanse of ground, dotted here and there with forest trees, that swept away on either hand.

The house itself was of stone, many-gabled, with quaint chimneys, and bay windows, and abounding in porticoes and piazzas. I am no student of art, and know not to what order of architecture it belongs, Gothic, Ionic or Composite; but it was an imposing pile of masonry, and accorded well with the grand and picturesque character of the scenery by which it was surrounded.

Seen beneath a summer sky, with the golden sunlight flickering through those dense masses of foliage, with such wondrous effects of light and shade; or when September had flung out her gorgeous, many-hued banner from the forest trees, and crimsoned the vines that draperied the east end of the building, till their long tendrils looked like blood-red streamers waving in the breeze, the whole place bore an aspect of enchantment that reminded one of fairyland. But now, with a leaden sky overhead, a brown and barren earth below, and the leafless boughs of giant trees, looking so like the gaunt arms of mighty skeletons flung up in terror or supplication towards the heavens, the sombre and desolate character of the scene affected my imagination painfully. Something, it might have been conscience, whispered in my ear, a fitting type of its owner's fate, is it not? and a pang of self-reproach smote my heart and chased the angry color from my cheeks.

CHAPTER II.

OLD Squire MacAlpine, the former owner of Ellerslie, had died suddenly, while his nephew and heir, Hugh MacAlpine, was abroad, making the tour of Europe. After the old man's decease the mansion, in which "free-hearted hospitality" used to preside, was closed up and left to silence and solitude for two years. At the end of that time the young heir returned from foreign parts, bringing home with him his beautiful Italian bride. A gay bridal party accompanied the newly-wedded pair, and once more the halls of Ellerslie rang to the music of young and joyous voices. A succession of *fêtes* followed. There were picnics in the grand old woods that bordered the estate, boating parties on the beautiful mountain lake, and equestrian excursions to the many charming and picturesque localities in the vicinity of Millbank. So passed the summer months in mirth and festivity, and with the first frosts of autumn the visitors departed. But ere the maple had cast her crimson leaf, or the beech doffed its golden coronet, sin, and shame, and sorrow had taken up their abode at Ellerslie.

The fair but frail wife of Hugh MacAlpine fled, in the silence and darkness of night, from the home she had desecrated and the husband she had dishonored. The companion of her flight was a young naval officer who had been a summer guest at Ellerslie. The outraged husband pursued the guilty pair, but he reached the distant city whither they had fled only to learn that they had escaped his vengeance by embarking the previous day for Europe. But the ill-fated steamer in which they took passage never reached her destined port. She was the victim of one of those fearful collisions at sea which chill the hearer's blood with horror, going down with her helpless freight of human beings amid the thick darkness of midnight, while the fearful howling of the storm drowned the shrieks of despair that rose from her decks. A few floating fragments of the wreck, a boat overturned, with the word "Albion" painted on her stern, were all that was left when morning broke to tell the melancholy tale.

Hugh MacAlpine returned to his desolate home, and for two years lived almost the life of a hermit, avoiding as much as possible the society of his fellow-men, and leaving his retirement only when the transaction of business connected with his estate rendered it absolutely necessary for him to do so. But in the second year of his seclusion a fatal epidemic broke out in the village of Millbank, sweeping off scores of its inhabitants. So many were prostrated by disease, that there were not enough left in health to tend the sick and bury the dead. Then the master of Ellerslie came forth once more, and forgot his own sorrows in his efforts to alleviate the sufferings of others. Day and night he watched by the bedside of the sick and dying, ministering to their wants and relieving the necessities of their families. Time, money and personal effort were lavished freely, and he well earned the title of "Good Samaritan" which was bestowed upon him. When the pestilence abated and men breathed freely once more he did not return to his former solitary life, but threw off the gloom that had so long oppressed him, and once more mingled freely with his kind.

He was universally beloved and esteemed, though sometimes, in allusion to the stately courtesy of his manners—the MacAlpines were always a proud race—he was jestingly entitled "Sir Hugh" or the "the Lord of Ellerslie" by his more democratic neighbors.

The most of these events occurred during my three years absence from home, and were related to me by my mother after my return, some four or five months previous to the commencement of my tale.

I had been at home scarcely a week when we were surprised by a call from Mr. MacAlpine. He was our landlord, the pretty, vine-covered cottage in which we lived being his property, and he called to speak to my mother about some needed repairs on the outbuildings. I was present at the interview, but did not open my lips after the first few words of greeting; for I felt something like awe in the presence of this grave, stately, aristocratic-looking man, whose searching glances seemed to penetrate the very thoughts of those with whom he conversed. More than once, on looking up from my sewing, I encountered those dark, unfathomable eyes fixed full on my face, and felt my color rise beneath that earnest gaze.

My mother noticed his glances and my confusion, and after his departure expatiated warmly on his many noble and generous qualities, with some guarded allusions to his great wealth. I think she had already begun to build *chateaux en Espagne* in my behalf. Somehow our landlord found it necessary to call on us a great many times in the course of the summer. At first some little matter of business served as an excuse for these visits, but at length he ceased to offer any pretext but his own inclination, and came and went at pleasure.

Having discovered my fondness for flowers, rarely a day passed without a choice bouquet from the gardens or conservatory of Ellerslie reaching our cottage. Then he began to join me in my homeward walk from the village after school-hours were over. Dismounting from his horse, he would walk by my side, with the bridle thrown over his arm, beguiling the distance by pleasant talk, stopping occasionally to gather wild flowers, which I would playfully twine in Black Ralph's glossy mane. Shy and reserved at first in his society, I found it impossible long to withstand the fascination of his manners and conversation, and learned to be natural and unrestrained in his presence. My heart had already learned to beat quicker at his approach, and it might have passed into his keeping altogether had not an unfortunate misunderstanding occurred between us, which resulted in our complete estrangement.

It happened at a nutting-party, held one sunny October afternoon, in those glorious old woods which I have before mentioned. Nearly all of the more youthful portion of Millbank were present on the occasion, and the hours sped by with song and laughter, and unrestrained enjoyment. But it chanced, in the course of the day, that the Lord of Ellerslie chose to take offence at the way in which I conducted myself with Frank Wollaston—gay, gallant Frank Wollaston, the pet and plague of all the ladies of his acquaintance, the dearest good-for-nothing that ever existed. We were second cousins, and had been like brother and sister to each other from childhood. But of course my lord was not aware of this.

On this particular occasion, Frank, actuated, I think, by a spirit of mirthful malice towards my lordly admirer, had chosen to make me the object of his most devoted attentions, all of which I received in the most quiet, matter-of-course way, little thinking of the tempest they were raising in the breast of Sir Hugh, until, on lifting my head, which had been bent to receive the pretty, trailing wreath Frank had insisted on fastening in my hair, I encountered a pair of flashing, dark eyes fixed on my face with a stern, reproachful look, and saw, by the lowering brow and compressed lips, what a storm was gathering in that quarter. There was something so absurd in the idea of his jealousy of cousin Frank, that I felt even more amused than annoyed at his unguarded display of the passion, and certainly took no pains to reassure him on the subject. To cap the climax of his audacity, Frank raised my hand to his lips with an exaggerated affectation of devotion as he assisted me into the carriage which was to convey me home. I bore this infliction with equanimity, and did not box his ears, as I might have done under other circumstances, for I saw that the action had been observed by a pair of eyes that were watching my every movement.

Mr. MacAlpine called that evening, and rather a stormy scene ensued between us. He commenced by demanding an explanation of my conduct that day in so haughty and offensive a tone that my pride was up in arms at once. Now a woman does not generally resent the assumption of a proper amount of authority on the part of a lover. In fact, it is felt to be rather agreeable than otherwise; our sex are submissive by nature, and prefer being ruled to ruling; but woe to him who, in his arrogance, shall presume to push authority to the verge of tyranny. On this occasion I coolly but emphatically denied Sir Hugh's right to call me to an account, and declined giving the explanation he asked for. His anger blazed out then in fierce, sarcastic words. He accused me of the most shameless coquetry, but added that in that respect I was neither better nor worse than the rest of my sex; they were all alike heartless, and he was a brainless dolt and self-convicted idiot, that after having been once so fatally deceived he could have been led a second time to place faith in a woman; he deserved all that he might suffer, as a just punishment for such stupendous folly.

I knew it was the memory of the bitter wrong he had suffered at the hands of one woman that made him so unjust to all others, and I heard his accusations in silence, attempting no defence of myself or my sex, confident that, in a calmer moment, his conscience would present the truth before him more effectually than I could do it. He mistook my silence for sullenness, and left me in the same haughty and bitter mood. He did not come near me after that. Black Ralph was no longer fastened at our gate while his master lingered within, and I had no companion now in my homeward walks from the village.

People said that Squire MacAlpine was growing gloomy and unsocial once more, and appeared like as he did in those two years following his wife's desertion. My mother mourned over our estrangement. I believe she had set her heart on seeing me the mistress of Ellerslie, but its master avoided me, as I did him, until our accidental meeting that November morning.

CHAPTER III.

I REACHED school in due season, but my encounter with the Lord of Ellerslie had not tended to tranquillise my feelings, and I was far from being in a comfortable frame of mind through the day. I did not love Hugh McAlpine, at least I was not conscious of entertaining such a sentiment for him, but I was by no means satisfied either with myself or my treatment of him. I might, had I chosen, have soothed and softened that haughty but noble nature; I might have drawn the poisonous arrow of distrust from the heart in which it had so long rankled, and taught him anew the lesson of faith in woman's constancy and purity; I might have charmed into oblivion the bitter memories of the past, and made his life a blessing to himself, as it was to others; I might have done all this, but the work I had accomplished was of a very different nature.

In a thoughtless hour I had given him reason to doubt my truthfulness, and then, in a moment of pique, had refused any explanation of my conduct. I had confirmed all his unfavorable impressions with regard to womankind. In short, I had done him evil instead of good. These reflections were not consolatory, and my pupils must have found me a very stupid and uncompanionable teacher that day.

The storm continued unabated a greater part of the day, but it ceased raining just before school was dismissed, and I hurried on my way, hoping to reach home before the clouds should pour down again. The storm had been of several days duration, and great quantities of rain had fallen. I had heard the farmers talking of freshets in different places, and expressing apprehensions of a similar visitation. As I neared the river on my homeward walk, I perceived that their fears were realised. The swollen stream had burst its bounds, and just below the bridge it had overflowed a large tract of meadow land, thus forming a miniature lake. Through the centre of this flowed the turbid torrent, bearing off on its bosom great masses of loosened soil, dead boughs of trees, floating islands of sawdust and all manner of debris. I paused and gazed on the scene for a few moments with a real sense of enjoyment, for there is something in an exhibition of the untamed forces of nature that always awakens a kindred chord in my own bosom.

A cotton factory and two or three sawmills were situated on the stream at some distance above the bridge. As I glanced that way, I perceived that the water was rushing over the dam with a force and volume that I had never seen equalled. A crowd of men and boys were gathered on the bank, near the mills, running to and fro, seemingly much excited, while, from their loud tones and eager gestures as they pointed towards the dam, I concluded that something was wrong in that direction. After watching them a few moments I turned to cross the bridge, and as I did so I saw that it shook and trembled in every timber, and seemed to bend and sway to the rushing current that threatened every moment to overwhelm it. It was a slight ornamental structure, intended only for foot passengers, and had been built by the owner of Ellerslie for the accommodation of himself and such of his neighbors as chose to avail themselves of a nearer route to the village than that by the public road. I hesitated a moment whether I should trust myself to this frail causeway or turn back and take the large public bridge above the mills. But to do the last I must go half a mile out of my way, and I decided to risk crossing where I was. Smiling a little at my momentary cowardice, I stepped boldly on to the bridge, which seemed actually to rock beneath my feet. I had nearly gained the centre when loud shouts and cries in the vicinity of the mills drew my eyes in that direction, and I saw that which blanched my cheek and chained me to the spot, my limbs so paralyzed by terror that I could neither advance nor recede.

The dam had given way, and the whole body of water, thus suddenly let loose, was bearing down towards the bridge with such tremendous force that the great logs and beams of the dam carried along with it were driven hither and thither, tossed and whirled about like so many nutshells. There was no time for action, scarcely even for thought, had I been capable of either. With a rush and a roar like that of a wild beast darting on its prey, the vast volume of water and the struggling mass of timber were hurled against the bridge, which shrank and quivered like a live creature beneath the blow.

Then came a terrific crash; the beams and girders of the bridge snapped like dried twigs; the structure parted midway, swayed to and fro for a moment, then swung heavily round into the current, and floated off, a mass of ruins. Instinctively tearing off my cloak to free my limbs, at the moment of collision, I grasped the railing of the bridge and clung to it for life. Blinded by the spray, deafened by the roar, gasping for breath, submerged almost to the waist in the ice-cold water, I was borne along in the swirling flood, only half conscious, for some minutes, of the full terror of my situation. When I could see and breathe a little more freely, I looked eagerly around, and my heart sank within me at the prospect. I was in the midst of a wild, surging waste of waters, thickly strewn by the spoils and trophies it had gathered in its way. Drifting piles of boards, huge logs and beams, young trees, torn up by the roots, fences swept away, and I know not what besides.

I glanced anxiously towards the shore to see if there was hope of rescue in that quarter, but I could discern no one. I tried to cry out, but my feeble voice was drowned in the mingled roar of wind and wave. I snatched the scarf from my neck, and waved it above my head as a signal of distress. Apparently it attracted attention, for I heard answering shouts, and presently saw several men running along the bank. They waved their hands and gesticulated to me, but the distance was too great for me to catch their words, and I was borne along with a velocity that soon swept me from their sight.

The wreck to which I clung rolled and pitched so badly that every moment threatened to bury me beneath the waves. Occasionally a log would plunge against its sides with such violence that it seemed impossible to escape going down at once, and I held my breath with terror until the danger was past. Still on and on I floated. How long could this continue? Every wave lifted my feet from the planks beneath them, but my desperate grasp on the railing never relaxed. But my hands were growing benumbed, and I doubted my power to retain my hold much longer.

Suddenly a terrible thought flashed through my brain. The Rapids! I was nearing them fast; only a mile or two below, in a bend of the river, and at this rate of speed a few minutes would place me within their vortex. I shuddered with horror as I thought how my lifeless form would be torn and mangled on those cruel rocks, and then I prayed. The fervent, agonising supplication that the human soul sends up in extremity, when the frail barriers that divide it from the unseen world are about to be broken down for ever, burst from my lips, "Be merciful to me, O God!" I was calmer after that, and tried to accept my fate with resignation. It were useless to tell what I thought and felt in that fearful hour. The sufferings of a lifetime may be crowded into a few moments, but neither tongue nor pen can depict them faithfully.

My straining gaze could already discern in the distance the long white line of foam that marked the fatal spot. I closed my eyes with a shudder, and awaited passively the coming doom. I opened them again the next moment, for the wreck of plank and timber to which I clung had struck full against some opposing obstacle, and after careering for a minute or two in a frightful manner it became stationary. The sudden shock and jar took away my breath, and almost wrenched me from my hold, but on recovering a little I found that the barrier that opposed my progress was a gigantic basswood tree. It had stood on the brink of the river, and the bank having caved in had borne along with it this lord of the forest. The great size of the tree and the mass of earth clinging to its roots had prevented it from being swept off by the current. One end of my raft had caught between its thick branches, and was thus held fast. I breathed again; my fate seemed postponed for a little while at least, and my eyes once more turned shoreward for the hoped-for help. Minutes that seemed like hours went by before the crowd that had followed along the bank appeared again in sight. They shouted when they saw my situation, but appeared incapable of doing anything to assist me. From their eager and uncertain movements I was convinced that they were at a loss what to do, and had no leader capable of giving directions. I felt an emotion of angry impatience at their imbecility, and then I guessed its cause. The boats had been swept away, and there was no means of reaching me. My heart sank like lead, and with a groan I abandoned myself to the fate which, for a few moments, I had hoped to escape.

My raft was working itself loose again; the tide swung it back and forth, and it was evident that it would soon break from its bonds.

Once more afloat and my doom was sealed. Hark! what sound is that? Had my peril sharpened my senses, or did I hear with the inward rather than the outward ear? I know not, but above all the roar and rush of waters, above the groaning and grinding of the timbers, above the tumult of voices on the bank, clear and distinct to my ear came the sharp click of a horse's hoof dashing along the gravelled path that wound around the base of the hill.

Ere horse or horseman were in sight my heart told me truly who the rider would prove, and oh, never yet came music to my ear so sweet as the rhyme of Black Ralph's hoofs!

I could have wept for joy as I saw Hugh McAlpine rein in his steed on the bank, and fling up his hand in token of encouragement. The men gathered around him, but he waved them off impatiently, while his eagle eye seemed to take in every detail of the scene at a single glance. There was not a moment to be lost. The wreck, impelled by the merciless force of the waves, was crashing and tearing its way through the stout limbs of the tree. A few minutes—seconds perhaps—would set it free, and once more in the power of that headlong current no human aid could avail me. He evidently comprehended all this instinctively, but what would he do to aid me? what could be done under the circumstances? I saw him rise in his stirrups and fling off his coat, then he caressed Black Ralph, and, bending over, whispered in his ear. The next moment with a ringing shout he loosened the rein, and the noble steed sprang forward with a bound, and plunged boldly into the swelling flood. How gallantly he breasted the waves; tossing them aside as if in scorn, yet obedient to the lightest touch of the rein, the slightest tone of his master's voice. Onward, straight as an arrow; they were nearing me fast, but would they reach me in time? The strength that had held out so long was deserting me now. My stiffened fingers still clutched convulsively the railing, but there was a strange darkness before my eyes, my head drooped, and my heart seemed to cease its beating. A voice at my side sent the sluggish blood coursing through my veins once more.

"Lillian, darling, are you dying? speak to me?"

The mist vanished from my eyes; I could not speak, but I looked up and answered the speaker with a smile. The sight of his face, the sound of his voice had given me new life.

"Loose your hold," he said, as he stretched out his arms to receive me, but I was powerless to obey. The strained muscles refused to relax their tension. He saw my helplessness, and slipping from the saddle, stepped cautiously on to the wreck, and with some difficulty unclasped my hands; then he took me in his arms and lifted me to the saddle.

"Black Ralph cannot bear the weight of both, but I will swim by your side," he said. "Can you keep your seat?"

I shook my head, and motioned to the scarf about my neck. He understood me, and drawing it off fastened me securely to the steed. Then he turned the horse's head shoreward, and with the reins secured to his wrist struck out boldly for the land. We had nearly gained the bank, already the horse's feet touched bottom, and he flung up his head with a joyous neigh. The men cheered and extended their arms to assist us, when a heavy plank came whirling and spinning down the tide. Black Ralph saw it and swerved aside, but it struck his master full in the breast. He threw up his arms, struggled wildly for a moment, then sank like lead. I gave one cry of anguish, and the whole scene vanished from my sight.

CHAPTER IV.

When I struggled painfully back to consciousness I was being borne in men's arms to my mother's door. It was Frank Wollaston on whose shoulder my head rested. I raised it feebly, and looked eagerly around. The question that trembled on my lips was answered the next moment. Several men passed me bearing a rude litter, on which lay extended the form of my preserver. I caught one glance of the deathly face, and the crimson stream oozing slowly from the white lips, and then insensibility mercifully came again to my relief.

Days and weeks of illness followed. I think I was delirious a part of the time, but at length I began slowly to recover. My first question, when I could understand what was passing around me, was of Hugh MacAlpine, and my mother hastened to relieve my anxiety regarding him.

He was beneath the same roof with me, having been brought there in the first instance as the nearest place at which medical assistance could be procured, and then my mother had insisted on his remaining that she might herself nurse him back to health. He had been severely—it was thought at first fatally—injured in the chest, but was now pronounced by the physician to be out of danger, and my mother added in conclusion that he was recovering so rapidly he bid fair to be able to leave his room before I did mine.

How fervently I thanked God for the mercy that had spared me the intolerable anguish his death would have occasioned me. In that hour of fearful peril I had learned the secret of my heart, and knew that I loved him well. And now I only asked to be permitted to devote to his happiness the life that he had preserved. Despite my mother's prediction, I was first able to leave my room. One morning she dressed me with more than usual care, and having arranged my hair to her satisfaction, declared, well pleased, that in spite of my paleness I was prettier than ever. Then she assisted me down stairs and to the door of the little parlor that her guest occupied. But her next movement was one for which I was not prepared. Having led me into the room, she retreated, and closing the door, left me alone with Hugh MacAlpine.

He sat in an easy chair, enveloped in the folds of a crimson dressing-gown. How pale and changed he was! The jetty masses of hair swept back from his broad, white forehead, and the dark, closely-curling beard increasing his pallor by their contrast. A glad light broke over his face as he saw who was his visitor, and rising hastily, before I could prevent him, he took my hand and leading me to the sofa seated himself beside me, still retaining my hand in his. I am not much given to tears or sentiment, and on this occasion I meant to be very calm, expressing my gratitude in the strongest terms, but guarding carefully against the betrayal of any warmer sentiment. But I was weaker than I thought, and the warm clasp of his hand, the softened look in his proud eyes, and the tone in which he pronounced my name, were too much for my composure. I attempted to speak, but choked, broke down entirely, and then, woman-like, burst into tears. I shall not tell with what gentle and loving words he soothed me, but I had grown very humble and childlike in my illness; and when he asked me to bestow on him for life the hand that he held in his own I answered frankly that, as my heart already belonged to him, my hand might as well accompany it; only, I added, smiling through my tears, that he must promise never to give way to jealousy again; and with something warmer and sweeter than a smile, he assured me that that demon was effectually exorcised from his bosom.

I am the mistress of Ellerslie now, and my husband's brow never wears its olden gloom in these days. I will only add that never was horse so petted and caressed as is Black Ralph by both master and mistress.

A Wonderful Hindoo Head.—The owner of it is between 45 and 50 years of age. He plays three games of chess at one time, blindfold, and wins them. At the same time he plays a game of cards—there are 120 different cards in a Hindoo pack—and wins. At the time when these games are going on he is given orally sums of multiplication to the extent of four figures (e. g. 9307x8999) and gives the correct result. At the same time a sentence of about 100 words, each word being numbered, is given to him irregularly (35 if, 92 but, 61 pitcher, etc.), and he gives the whole sentence. During the games a bell is touched every one or two seconds, and he gives the number of times it has been touched. A man stands behind and throws little pebbles, one by one, against his back; these too he counts. And after these games are over, and all these are told, he recites a poem in perfect rhyme, which he has composed during the sitting.

Proportion of Births to Population.—The proportion of births to population in various European countries is given in a bluebook of "Statistical Tables Relating to Foreign Countries." In England and Wales the annual births are 1 in 28 persons; 1 in 30 in Belgium, Holland and Norway; 1 in 32 in Sweden; 1 in 33 in Hanover, the Hanse Towns and Denmark; 1 in 34 in Greece; 1 in 38 in France; 1 in 26 in Wurtemburg; 1 in 25 in Russia; 1 in 24 in Austria, Saxony and Prussia, and in Poland 1 in 23.

GREAT NAVAL ENGAGEMENT IN ALBEMARLE SOUND, N. C.

The rebel ram, accompanied by the Cottonplant and Bombshell, made its appearance at the mouth of the Roanoke on Thursday, May 5, at two o'clock P.M. "He followed our boats," says our correspondent, "down the sound 12 miles, until the arrival of the gunboats Sassacus, Wyalusing and Mattabesset, when a terrific engagement took place, lasting from five o'clock until eight P.M. The Bombshell was taken, with 34 prisoners; the Cottonplant made her escape during the early part of the action. The ram fought six of our boats steadily, while slowly retreating up the sound. The captain of the Sassacus ran his boat upon the ram, striking him abaft the centre, but did not succeed in sinking him or apparently doing him any injury. The Sassacus retired with her forward rudder knocked off and a hole through her boiler, made by the 100-pounder of the ram. The ram finally escaped in the darkness up the Roanoke river, the Whitehead putting in the last shot. Our loss is one killed on the Mattabesset and several slightly wounded; one died on the Sassacus from the effects of scalds. Several on this boat were wounded and scalded, some of whom are in a critical condition."

THE BATTLE OF SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE.

The spot seen in our engraving is one on the right and centre of Grant's line, hereafter to be famous, having been repeatedly the scene of fierce strife, as the battle swayed to and fro. Here we give it, as sketched by our Artist, at a moment when our men were lying down, with skirmishers in the advance taking cover, while the enemy is firing from his rail barricade. Here a desperate contest took place.

As a sequel to this we give a view of the 5th corps' hospital on the field, and another of wounded soldiers crossing the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg, after the battle, a few of the many thousands who in sad procession streamed from the battlefield, some to be seized by rebel citizens and sent off to Richmond; some to be waylaid by guerillas, and left out amid a pitiless storm without food or means of advancing.

HANCOCK'S CHARGE.

The most brilliant operation in Grant's campaign is, beyond all dispute, the charge of Hancock on the right of the rebel position, in front of Spottsylvania Court-house, May 12. The night previous Gen. Hancock moved part of his corps to the left of the 6th, where the enemy had a strong position, and the guns from which annoyed our batteries exceedingly, and which it was determined to take, if possible. At daylight the charge was made; and, although our men were met with the most destructive fire, yet they gained the first of their works before the rebels could get out and run. The result was, over 3,000 prisoners were taken, including 140 officers, among them Maj.-Gen. E. Johnson and Gen. G. E. Stewart, besides, as reported, 18 guns, with their caissons, etc.

The rebels made the most strenuous exertions nearly all day to regain the position, but each time failed. They came impetuously charging towards it, but they were received with tremendous volleys and hurled back in great disorder.

We show also the captured cannon as they were brought in. Never before has the army of the Potomac made such a capture.

BRIG.-GEN. ALEX. HAYS, U. S. A.

Gen. Hays was the son of Gen. Samuel Hays, of Venango, Penn., and was born in Franklin, in 1820. He graduated at West Point, in 1844, in the class with Gen. Grant. He was appointed to a Lieutenancy in the 4th Infantry, and was distinguished at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, capturing the first gun taken from the enemy. Returning home, he enlisted 200 men, and with them joined the army at Vera Cruz in time to take part in the relief of Puebla. He was subsequently distinguished in contests with the guerillas while Aide-de-Camp to Gen. Lane.

He left the army after the war, but in 1861 again offered his military experience and skill to his country. On the 27th of April he left Pittsburg with the 12th Pennsylvania, in which he was Major. When their three months' engagement expired he raised the 63d Penn., and fought with it at Yorktown, Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, Peach Orchard, Glendale, Malvern, Groveton and Chantilly. He was wounded in the last of these battles, and on his recovery was appointed Brigadier-General. At Gettysburg he commanded a division with such skill as to elicit universal admiration, capturing 20 rebel battleflags.

He was next engaged at Auburn, Bristoe station, Locust grove, and finally fell in the battle of the Wilderness, just as he halted for a moment in front of his old regiment during the fiercest of Longstreet's attack.

BRIG.-GEN. ALEX. S. WEBB, U. S. A.

Brig.-Gen. Alexander S. Webb, severely wounded in the battle of the Wilderness, is the youngest son of Gen. James Watson Webb. He graduated at West Point in 1855, and was appointed Assistant Professor of Mathematics in 1857, a position which he retained up to the outbreak of the rebellion. He fought at Bull run as an artillery officer, was afterwards appointed to command an infantry regiment, in 1862 was on the staff of Gen. Fitzjohn Porter, and, being in 1863 appointed a Brigadier-General, fought with distinguished gallantry at Gettysburg, at the head of a command in the 2d Army corps. He fell while in command of the 1st brigade, 2d division, 2d Army corps, under Gen. Hancock. Although he has thus fought his way to one of the highest positions of the army, he is only 26 years of age.

THE REBEL RAIDER'S LAST FIGHT.

We give a sketch which our readers cannot fail to admire of the battle of the Yellow Tavern, May 11, where Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, whose fame began by a successful raid around McClellan, fell mortally wounded.

Mr. Bulkley, the *Herald* correspondent, says:

"We found the enemy strongly entrenched behind fortifications, composing the outer line of the Richmond defences. The position was a strong one, being situated upon a hill, commanding our whole corps, and our preservation depended on our driving them out. Gen. Sheridan was equal to the emergency. The enemy was already pursuing us closely in the rear.

"The General ordered Gen. Custer to take his gallant brigade and carry the position. Gen. Custer placed himself at the head of his command, and with drawn sabres and deafening cheers charged directly in the face of a withering fire, captured two pieces of artillery, upwards of 100 prisoners, together with caissons, ammunition and horses, which he brought off in safety. It was, without exception, the most gallant charge of the raid, and when it became known among the corps cheer after cheer rent the air. The rebels retreated behind the Chicahominy, destroying in their flight Meadow bridge.

"In the rear Col. Gregg's brigade, of the 2d division, and a portion of the 3d division, under Gen. Wilson, were hotly engaged with Stuart. Gen. Wilson sent word to Gen. Sheridan that the enemy were driving him slowly back. Gen. Sheridan sent word that 'he must hold the position at all hazards; that he could and must whip the enemy.' Col. Gregg's brigade, being reinforced by a regiment from the 1st brigade, charged the enemy, and drove them nearly a mile. The day was now ours. The enemy had disappeared from our front, and we succeeded in rebuilding the Meadow bridge, and the 1st and 3d divisions crossed, covered by the 2d division, which, in turn, withdrew, and also crossed without being annoyed by the enemy."

The Richmond *Examiner* thus describes it:

"In the meantime Gens. Stuart and Fitz Lee came up with the enemy at Yellow tavern, but, being terribly outnumbered, they managed to maintain their ground and inflict heavy loss upon the enemy. Here, in one of those desperate charges, at the head of a charging column, the gallant and chivalrous Stuart fell, mortally wounded—an irreparable loss to our cause. His many gallant and daring deeds and glorious exploits will challenge the admiration of the world. He was best known and loved by his troopers. His frank and agreeable face always cheered them in the camp, the march and the bivouac. His bright, flashing eye and clear, ringing voice inspired and nerved them in the hour of battle.

A noble soul to liberty born—
A noble soul for liberty died!

"In this engagement our loss was pretty severe. Col. H. Clay Pate and Lieut.-Col. Robert Randolph were also killed—both of them brave and accomplished officers."

MOUTON'S PLANTATION, VERMILION BAYOU, LA.

The devastation of Southern agricultural districts may be appreciated in the sketch of Gov. Mouton's place, on the Vermilion bayou. His son lately fell in action, fighting against the National army under Banks; and here we see the Engineers of the Corps d'Afrique, possibly some of his own ex-slaves, furrowing his ancestral grounds with earthworks, and throwing up riflepits. Such work, of course, disembodies all involuntary servitude.

BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS.

Brownsville took its name from the gallant officer who commanded the fort thrown up opposite Matamoras by order of Gen. Taylor. It was, before the present war, one of the most attractive places in Texas, as our readers may judge by this description, taken from the New Orleans *Daily Crescent*, of Aug. 20, 1860:

"We have more money, less trouble in collecting it, and less difficulty in keeping it; we have more people, less disorder and a better police than any other town in Texas. Our tables are filled with better and cheaper vegetables than those of any other town in the South, and we have them longer and at cheaper rates than anywhere else. A man and his wife can live here very comfortably, with fresh meat, vegetables, bread, milk, etc., for $25 a month, including house-rent."

It has of course suffered fearfully, and as the rebels under Bee retreated from it, on the approach of Gen. Banks, they set it on fire. One of the finest buildings destroyed was the U. S. barracks, of which the ruins are shown on the left of our illustration. The Rio Grande, with the Mexican shore, are seen on the right.

PORTO CABALLO, TEXAS.

The spot where our Rio Grande army landed, Porto Caballo, on Matagorda bay, is a point of historical interest. It was in this bay that La Salle, after missing the month of the Mississippi, entered, in his search for the great river. Here he lost one of his vessels, and built a fort near the Levace river, which derives its name from him. The tragic history of his settlement is well-known. A Spanish expedition sent to expel the French invaders, as they considered them, found only the smoking ruins of the fort and lifeless corpses. The Indians had butchered all.

FORT MONTGOMERY, TEXAS.

One of the defences on the Rio Grande will also be remarked. It stands on the bank of the Rio Grande, within sight of Brownsville, and is an earthwork, defended by a ditch and a natural abattis of thorny black bushes, which stand out spectral in the white sand. Since its reoccupation by the national troops, it has been strengthened to meet any exigencies on the frontier.

CHIT-CHAT WITH THE LADIES.

Why they Grumble.

Of course this column is intended for the eyes of lady readers only, otherwise I should never dare, oh! dear, no, to write as I am about to write, to touch upon the subject, which must be bad enough to bear without talking about it.

But the cares of my sex I have always striven to alleviate, and at any risk I must whisper this secret.

You must have noticed, my dear, that your husband (hide this paper before he returns, I beseech you) is remarkably cross, not to say bearish, in these latter days; that he fails to sympathise pecuniarily with your admiration of that "love of a bonnet" at Madame H.'s, and does not even seem to take an interest in the fact that "baby has cut two teeth." Perhaps you cannot account for the phenomenon? But listen to me a moment and you shall learn the truth.

The case lies between two B's—Beef and Brandy-and-water. Last week beef was sold at higher prices—we quote now—"than were ever known before in this market." And as for his favorite beverage, after all this taxation, what must it not cost him to do by Smith and Jones as he would that Smith and Jones would do by him? No wonder that the gentlemen are out of humor. Beef and brandy-and-water are as necessary to their happiness as icecream and spongecake are to ours. We need not expect smiles again until the tax is taken off liquor and the meat market falls.

Our Head-dresses.

What are we coming to? Where will the hairdresser's art pause in this time of fearful and marvellous inventions in the shape of rolls and puffs? What altitude will our tresses attain? How many locks of borrowed hair will it be necessary for a lady to add to her own braids and ringlets before her coiffure is considered completed?

The appearance of the heads of the unhappy slaves of crinoline on full dress occasions is something terrible to contemplate. They are braided, and frizzed, and waved, and powdered, and put over rolls and cushions, and bolstered up and combed, and hairpinned, until the human head divine is a thing of bumps and lumps and excrescences, and that of the buffalo presents a more classic *tout ensemble*. In fact, the shape, leaving out the face (of course), is much like that of a buffalo. It certainly is not human. We think with horror of the descriptions of the coiffures in the *Spectator*, of the frightful accounts which we used to read in a book of travels in our childhood, of the horn worn by the Druse women, about which their hair was bound in such a manner and with such toil that the unhappy belle was obliged to sit up all night rather than endure another hairdressing operation, and sleep bolt upright for weeks together. Shall we come to this in 1864? It seems likely.

A Naughty Story.

A very spiteful old bachelor (of course) tells a story which we don't believe. He declares that on the occasion of the meeting at the Cooper Institute he had the pleasure of walking behind a very elegant lady, who had appeared prominently as an advocate of calico and homespun, as she returned to her carriage, and that on the way she dropped a folded paper from her pocket, which he picked up just too late to return before the carriage drove off. Examining this paper, with some faint hope, we presume, of discovering it to be a *billet-doux* addressed to himself, he found it to be a drygoods bill for the sum of $1,000, receipted that morning, the principal item Lyons velvet. We don't believe a word of this, of course.

Out of Date.

We think it quite time that the complaints of the sterner sex in regard to the conduct of ladies in public conveyances were at an end. Perhaps they used to give up their seats without even the poor meed of thanks—so tradition says, but they certainly do not do so now. In stages and cars men lounge with hands in their pockets and boots outstretched, or sit sideways to read the last extra at their greater convenience, while women stand up, clutching the strap and reflecting sorrowfully on the remarkable curves and angles which compressed crinoline will assume. "Six-footers" sit still and grin, while feminine passengers of four-feet nothing split their Alexandre gloves and tear their cloak sleeves out of the armholes, trying to hand the fare to the impatient driver; and to alight, one must clamber over a maze of muddy boots, the owners of which never think of moving, but rather enjoy the discomfort occasioned by their graceful position, which is only altered when a lady has fairly alighted, and the gentlemen (?) find it necessary to thrust themselves out of the windows, in order to discover her claims to beauty, and amuse themselves by watching her progress over a sea of mud to the sidewalk. Yes, complaints on the score of women's rudeness and men's sacrifices at the shrine of politeness are out of date. The fact, if fact it ever were, is buried in oblivion; a thing of the past never to be brought to life again, and only remembered by some elderly gentleman, who, knowing what used to be in his youth, occasionally pens a paragraph upon the subject to the astonishment of his younger readers, who never saw anything of the kind.

Postmistresses.

It appears that Government has appointed a large number of ladies to fill the place of men hitherto employed as postmasters. We are very much pleased to hear it, because we are always pleased to hear of any new and remunerative field for woman's labor; but when the custom becomes general we shall have more hesitation in sending letters of importance, *billetdoux*, &c., through the post.

Imagine an army of postmistresses, assistants, mail-carriers, &c.; do you suppose a suspicious-looking document, directed in a delicate feminine hand to John Smith, New York, perfumed with night-blooming cereus, and sealed with a motto "forget me not" or "ever of thee," would reach its destination without being subjected to the most rigid investigation? Could any living postmistress resist the temptation of that scented and snowy envelope? or refrain from finding out "what that girl wanted to say to John Smith?"

And after the secret was discovered, could it be kept within the bosom of the traitress? No indeed.

The fact that Sally Brown had returned a lock of red hair and a valentine, and said to the culprit, "Johnny, farewell for ever," would be known all over these dis-United States; and, for "fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind," no one would ever discover the guilty party. Postmistress A would be positive that none of her assistants could or would do such a mean thing as to open a letter, and Postmistress B would have the greatest confidence in Postmistress C, and the culprit would be secure from detection, while all the secrets committed to paper would be brought to light in the most mysterious manner.

Those Dreadful Cows.

The pleasures of a walk uptown are at the best rather doubtful. What with new buildings, with outworks of clay-pits and mortar beds, and new streets, from which at the most unexpected moment laborers with red flags emerge, yelling, "Back, back;" while a shower of logs, stones, gunpowder, &c., fly up from some rock which they have been blasting; and the dogs, who regard all pedestrians as their natural enemies—a promenade near the Central Park is fraught with danger.

But these grievances are to guarded against and escaped, while the worst nuisance presents itself in a form terrifying to the unhappy wearers of crinoline, who are enticed into the so-called streets by the desire for fresh air and exercise. You are walking along quietly, expecting no danger, when suddenly you hear the sound of trampling hoofs, yells of "hi—hi—bo—yahip—yo," &c.; and, looking up, behold a drove of what appears to be mad bulls, being driven slaughterhouseward. Two unearthly-looking creatures, in ragged headgear and flannel shirts, with inexpressibles tucked into their boots, are shouting, dancing, waving sticks, and doing all they can to deprive the animals of their remaining senses; and the herd, with gleaming eyes and lowered horns, is scattered in every direction. If you turn to the right, a black bull of unpleasant countenance faces you; to the left, a red animal, like that in The House that Jack Built, with a crumpled horn, advances; cross the street, and a third, with dingy mottled hide of drab and brown, evidently regards the movement as an attack from an enemy; while the rest in a body dash around the corner, intent upon goring you, on account of the exasperating hue of a rose in your bonnet. For safety you might as well be a Matador at a Spanish bullfight, and no wary person would lay a large wager on your chances for escape with life. As a general thing, you do elude the horns, and gain nothing more than a severe fright and a pair of muddy gaiters, but now and then some one is gored to death; and at all events, it is not pleasant to present yourself on the double quick in the parlor of some stranger, or to bounce into the interior of some suburban Dutch grocery, where customers are drinking lager or playing dominoes, just in time to hear the foremost horned beast give a low of disappointment as he finds the doorway too narrow to enter. We understand that a movement is being made to rid the city of slaughterhouses entirely, and we hope it will be successful, for we own to being very much afraid of those "horrid cows."

The Stuyvesant Pear Tree.

The grand old Methuselah of pear trees, 225 years old, promises, they say, a magnificent yield this year. The old tree is certainly in its second childhood, or it would never condescend to bestow its fruit, tasted once upon a time by the most ancient of Knickerbockers, upon the degenerate generation in which we live.

Think of tasting pears from boughs which yielded the dessert of our grandmother's grandmother's great-great-grandmother! Certainly, we should regard the occurrence in the light of a miracle.

New York should give the tree over, during the pear season, to the Sanitary Commission, which might realise quite a sum by disposing of the fruit at such prices as antiquarians give for their musty treasures, and bibliomaniacs for the mouldy volumes now and then set temptingly before their avaricious eyes.

He who would not give a good round sum in greenbacks for a Stuyvesant pear is no true Gothamite.

THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—SHERIDAN'S GREAT BATTLE WITH J. E. B. STUART, AT YELLOW TAVERN.

TERN, MAY 11—THE REBEL RAIDER'S LAST FIGHT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. FORBES.—SEE PAGE 183.

TO ONE AWAY.

BY INEZ.

I'VE been rambling on the bank of the river,
Then rested beneath the old trees;
While through my dark ringlets came stealing
The breath of the sweet Spring breeze.
I heard it, up—up—in their tops,
Whistling a favorite song;
I saw it upon the bright water,
As it danced the waves along.

And I knew by the beautiful shadows
That played on the opposite side,
It was teaching the nodding daisies
The game of seek-and-go-hide!
It shook the delicate blossoms
So rudely, they fled with affright;
Then away to the waltzing May blooms,
It caressed them with wild delight.

It cuffed the youthful pines
That were bending far over the stream,
Trying to catch between the ripples
A glimpse of their coats of green.
Around me the landscape was glowing,
Tinged by the sun's golden beam,
With beauty like this lavished round me,
I could do naught but dream.

The birds they were soaring above me,
The wild bee hummed lazily by—
Yet alas! in midst of the beautiful,
My heart found time to sigh;
Not, not that I was weary,
For earth seemed all too fair;
But oh! I missed the footsteps
That so oft had loitered there.

With nature's carpet beneath me,
And heaven's blue dome above,
Such rushing memories came o'er me,
Memories of one beloved;
The tears sprang all unbidden,
The sigh leaped from the heart;
Ah! thou art not forgotten,
Of our life thou form'st a part.

When twilight deepens around thee,
And the stars are gleaming bright,
There ascends a prayer through the gloaming
To our Father who dwelleth in light,
To watch o'er and protect thee
Where'er thy feet may stray,
And remember warm hearts await thee
In thy home, far away, far away.

The Gulf Between Them.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER XLI.

ELSIE was better that morning. When the physician arrived he pronounced her much improved, and confessed to Mellen that he had at first feared an attack upon the brain, but he believed now it was only the result of a severe nervous paroxysm. This time he made no inquiries of Mellen concerning his wife; the manner in which they had been received on the previous day did not invite a renewal of the subject.

Elsie was crazy to get up, after her usual habit, the moment she began to feel better; but the doctor ordered her to lie in bed, at least for that day.

"But I want to get up so badly," she said; when her brother returned to the chamber; "I am so tired of lying here."

"Just have patience for to-day; the doctor would not allow of your making the least exertion."

"He's a cross old thing!" pouted Elsie, with a faint return to her old manner, which made Mellen both sigh and smile.

"You will soon be able to put him at defiance. But, indeed, you are so weak now you could not walk."

"Oh, that's nonsense! I don't believe anything about it. You shall stay here with me; if I have to be kept prisoner I will hold you fast, too."

"There is no fear of my attempting to leave the room," he replied.

Elsie felt much improved. She sat up in bed, made her brother play at various games of cards with her, talked and looked more like herself.

But into the conversation, in which Mellen did his best to hold a share, there crept some chance mention of that name which those walls must no longer hear. It fell from Elsie's lips thoughtlessly, and at once dispelled her faint attempt at cheerfulness, throwing her back on the gloom which she had succeeded in shutting out for a little time.

"Did you write that letter, Grant?" she asked, quickly.

"To Mr. Hudson?"

Elsie bowed her head.

"Yes; I sent it down to the village, to go by the morning's boat."

"Thank you, Grant, thank you!"

She tried to console herself with thinking she had done something in Elizabeth's behalf, but when her conscience compared it with all that she ought to do her coward heart shrank back at the contrast.

"I am tired of cards," she said, sweeping the bits of pasteboard off the bed with one of her abrupt movements, which would have been so rude in another, but seemed graceful and childish as she did them. "Cards are stupid things at the best!"

Mellen patiently collected the scattered pack and laid it away, trying to think of some other means of relieving her *ennui*.

"Shall I read to you?" he asked.

"I don't believe I could listen," she said, tossing her head wearily about. "I don't know—just try."

There was a pile of new novels and magazines on the table in the centre of the room, for Elsie always kept herself liberally supplied with these sources of distraction, though it must be confessed that she had always carried the recreation to an extreme, reading her romances to the exclusion of more solid studies, just as she preferred nibbling at sweets to eating substantial food.

"There certainly is opportunity for a choice," Mellen said, glancing at the pile. "What book will you choose?"

"Oh, bring a magazine; read me some short story."

Mellen seated himself, opened the periodical and commenced reading the first tale he lighted upon. It was a story by a popular author, beginning in a light, pleasant way, and promising the amusement his listener needed. But as the little romance went on it deepened into a pathetic tragedy. It was an account of a noble-born Sicilian woman who, during the Revolution, endured, silently, every species of suffering, at last death itself, rather than betray her husband to his enemies, and yet the husband had bitterly wronged her and half-broken her heart during their married life.

Elsie did not listen at first, but at length her thoughts became so painful that she tried to fasten her attention upon the reading. When she began to take notice Mellen was just in the midst of the account of her martyrdom in prison, bearing up with such serene patience, faithful to her vow, firm in her determination to save the man who had injured her.

Elsie fairly snatched the volume from his hand.

"Don't read it!" she exclaimed. "What made you choose such a doleful thing; it makes my flesh creep."

He saw the change which had come over her face, and reproached himself for his carelessness in having chosen so sad a tale; but the truth was, in his absorption, he had not had the slightest idea of what he was reading, his voice sounded in his own ears mechanical, and as if it did not in the least belong to him.

He went to the table to make a more fortunate selection.

"Here is a volume of parodies," he said; "shall I try those?"

"Anything; I don't care."

He commenced a mischievous travestie of a poem, but though it was wittily done, its lightness jarred so terribly on both reader and listener that it was speedily thrown aside. For some time they remained in gloomy silence, but when Elsie began to sigh and move restlessly about Mellen tried to rouse himself and be cheerful again.

The afternoon passed very much in the same way, till at last Elsie declared that she would sleep awhile.

"Anything to wear away the time!" she said.

Mellen wondered if he should ever find help to shorten the hours to him, but he held his peace.

"I have such an odd, horrible feeling," said Elsie; "just as if I were waiting anxiously for something—every instant expecting it."

"That is because you are nervous."

"Perhaps so," she said, fretfully.

He was waiting. Henceforth life would be but one long wait, just for his revenge, then to be free from the dull pressure of this existence.

"How white you are!" Elsie said suddenly. "I don't believe you have slept at all."

It was true. For two nights Mellen had not closed his eyes, but he felt no approach towards drowsiness even now.

"You will fall sick!" cried Elsie. "What shall I do then?"

"Don't be afraid; I am well and strong."

He said the words with a loathing bitterness of his own ability to endure.

The more powerful his physical organization, the more years of loneliness and pain would be left for him to bear. His mind flew on to the future; he pictured the long, long course towards old age; the dreary lapse of time which would bring only a cold exterior over his sufferings, like a crust of lava hardening above the volcanic fires beneath.

"Don't sit so, looking at nothing," cried Elsie.

"Yes, dear. There, do you think you can go to sleep?"

"I won't try, unless you go to sleep too. Draw the sofa up by the bed and lie down."

He obeyed her command, willing to gratify her least caprice. She gave him one of her pillows, threw a part of the counterpane over him, and made him lie there, holding fast to his hand, afraid to be alone, even in her dreams.

"Do you feel sleepy, Grant?" she asked, after a pause.

"Perhaps so; I am resting, at all events."

"Don't you remember when I was sick once, years ago, I never would sleep unless I held your hand?"

"Yes, dear."

How far back the time looked—he had been a mere youth then—what a fearful waste lay between that season and the present!

Suddenly Elsie started up again.

"You sent the letter, Grant?"

"Yes, yes; be content."

She was so much afraid even to go to sleep, that it relieved her to make her last waking thoughts turn upon some little good she was doing Elizabeth.

"Good-night, now," she said; "I can go to sleep. Kiss my hand, Grant. You love me, don't you?"

"Always, darling, always; nothing can part you and me."

She fell away into a tranquil slumber, and Mellen lay for a long time watching her repose; it was a brief season of peace to her, for her burning thoughts had not followed her into her dreams.

The extreme quiet, the sight of her placid face soothed him imperceptibly. A dreary weakness began to make itself felt after that long continued excitement. At length the lids drooped over his eyes, and he slept almost as profoundly as Elsie herself. For a long time there was no sound in the chamber; the brother and sister lay there in profound slumber, while the day wore on and the twilight crept slowly around.

But when Elsie did wake it was to rouse him with the cry which had been so often on her lips during the previous day—

"Bessie, Bessie!"

He started up, spoke to her, and his voice brought her back to the reality.

"I was so happy," she moaned; "I dreamed Bessie and I were gathering pond lilies—she was wreathing them about my head—then just as I woke I saw a snake sting her—before that it was all bright. Oh, dear, if I never need wake, never!"

CHAPTER XLII.

THE next day Elsie was still stronger and better. She consented to lie in bed all the morning, making it a condition that she might get up and be carried downstairs to pass the evening.

"That is the dreariest time," she said; "it passes so slowly."

Mellen promised her, and she was childishly happy.

"You shall have an early dinner, Grant, and then we'll take tea in the evening, and eat toast and jam just as we did when I was a child."

"Yes, that will be very comfortable."

He had tried to say pleasant, but he could not speak the word. The day was so warm and bright that a little after noon he took her out for a short drive, then she lay down to rest again, resolved to be strong and pass the evening below. The least idea of change was pleasant to her—she felt quite elated, as she always was in health, at the idea of amusement.

They got through the day much better than they had done the previous ones, and Elsie did not have a single relapse of her nervous tremors and agitation.

When she woke from her afternoon nap it was growing dusk. She cried out quite joyfully when she saw Grantley sitting by the bed:

"It is almost evening at last!"

At that moment Victoria appeared at the door.

"Come in," Mellen said; "what do you want?"

Victoria entered on tiptoe, though she knew plainly enough that her young mistress was awake, and called out in a doleful whisper she reserved for sick rooms:

"If you please, Mister Fuller's just arriv, and he's a asking after all of you in a breath."

Elsie started up on her pillows, and the brother and sister stared at each other in blank horror when they thought of the blow that must be inflicted upon the warm, honest heart of Elizabeth's cousin.

"Go and say that we will be down," said Elsie, recovering her presence of mind before Mellen.

Victoria departed, and Grantley cried out:

"How can I tell him? Poor Tom, he will nearly die."

"You must not tell him yet," said Elsie, "not one word—just say Bessie is absent."

"Such prevarication is useless, Elsie, he must know the truth."

Elsie began to groan.

"There, you are contradicting me already. I won't go down—I shall be sick again—my head swims now."

"Don't distress yourself so, dear, don't."

"Then let me have my own way," she pleaded.

"What do you wish? Anything to content you."

"That's a good brother," said Elsie. "Go down and merely tell Tom I have been very sick, and that Bessie has gone to New York—anywhere—not a word more."

"But he will wonder at her absence during your illness."

"No, he never wonders; it doesn't make any difference."

"I detest these white lies, Elsie."

"Oh, well, if you want to kill me with a scene go and tell Tom," she exclaimed, throwing herself back on her pillows; "I shall be killed at last."

Mellen was too anxious to soothe her not to submit.

"I'll go, darling; I'll go."

"Good Grant; kind brother! Send Victoria to me; I will be all dressed when you come back."

Mellen went out and called the servant, then he passed downstairs, and in the hall met Tom, who rushed wildly towards him, exclaiming:

"The woman says Elsie is very sick; is she better; what is it?"

"She is much better; don't be frightened; she will be downstairs in a few minutes."

"Thank God," muttered Tom, his face still white with fear Victoria's words had aroused.

Mellen was too much preoccupied to notice his extreme agitation, or speculate upon its cause if he had observed it.

"I only got back this afternoon," pursued Tom, "and I hurried over here at once. How is Bessie?"

"She—she is not at home," faltered Mellen.

"Not at home and Elsie sick?"

"She was gone," said Mellen, "and I did not send for her."

Tom was too much troubled about Elsie to reflect long upon anything else, and directly Mellen broke from his eager questions, saying:

"Go into the library, Tom; I'll bring Elsie down."

He went upstairs and knocked at his sister's door.

"You may come in," Elsie called out; "I am ready."

When he entered she was sitting up in an easy chair, wrapped in a pretty dressing-gown of pink merino, braided and trimmed after her fanciful habits, a gay shawl thrown over her shoulders, her long ringlets shading her face, and looking altogether quite another creature.

For the first time in all those days a feeling of relief loosened the oppression on Mellen's heart.

"You look so well again; God bless you, darling!"

"Am I not pretty?" she cried childishly, pointing to herself in the glass. "I shall make a nice little visitor."

"You will always be one, my sunbeam," he said.

She shivered a little at his words, but she would not think, she would have her old carelessness, her old peace back if she could grasp it.

"How is Tom?" she asked.

"Dreadfully anxious about you, poor fellow."

"Did he ask for Bessie?"

"Yes—yes."

"But you said nothing?"

"No, Elsie; he knows nothing."

"That is right," she said; "I can tell him better than you. Be kind to him, Grant."

"Yes, dear; he saved your life; Tom is very dear to me; poor Tom."

"I am to be a visitor, remember," she said childishly; "you must not forget that."

"I will forget nothing that can give you pleasure, you may be certain," he answered, kindly.

"Now you shall lead me downstairs," she said.

"You must not walk; I will carry you."

"No, no; I am so heavy."

But he took her in his arms and carried her downstairs, as he had so often done in her childish days, while Victoria followed with cushions and shawls to make her perfectly comfortable.

"I am your baby again, Grant! Don't you remember how you used to carry me about."

"Indeed I do; you are not much larger now."

"You saucy thing! I would pull your hair only I am afraid you would let me fall."

He carried her into the library and laid her on the sofa. Tom sprang forward with a cry of terror at the change his absence had made in her appearance, but a gesture from Mellen warned him that he must control his feelings lest his anxiety should agitate her.

"I am so glad to see you, Tom, so very glad," she said, clasping her delicate fingers about his hands, and so filling him with delight by her look and words that he could not even remember to be anxious.

"It has seemed an age to me since I went away," pursued Tom. "And you have been so sick, little princess, and Bessie gone! that is strange."

"There, there," cried Elsie; "you must not talk about my appearance or sickness or anything else! Just tell me how pretty I look, and do nothing but amuse me."

"You look like an angel of light," cried Tom, looking wistfully at her little hand, as if he longed to hide it away in his broad palm.

The fire burned cheerfully in the grate, the chandeliers were lighted, the tea-table spread, and everything done to make the room pleasant which could suggest itself to 'Dolph and Victoria in their anxiety to please the young favorite.

"It is so pleasant," she said, with a sigh of relief; "so pleasant."

Then Victoria brought her a bunch of flowers 'Dolph had cut in the greenhouse, and she strewed the fragrant blossoms over her dress and wreathed them in her hair till she made a beautiful picture, with her rich wrappings and delicate loveliness.

"Now we will have tea very soon," she said, "and bring all sorts of nice things, Victy."

"Yes, 'deed, dear Miss Elsie! Clo she's ben a fixin' fur ye, purty bird! Laws, it jis' makes my heart jump to see you up agin."

As the girl left the room Mellen said:

"How she loves you! Everybody does, dear."

"They must," she answered; "I should die if I was not petted. Oh, Grant, it's so nice here; don't you like it?"

"Yes, indeed; you make the old room bright again."

Her spirits had risen, she was really quite like her old self, and that without effort or pretence.

Then the tea was brought in, and she insisted on at least tasting of everything. Clo was well acquainted with her love for sweets, and the varieties of preserves and jellies she had brought out from her stores was marvellous to behold.

Elsie fed Tom with bits of toast, made him eat everything he did not want and beg for all that he did, and was so bright and peaceful that Mellen himself grew quiet from her influence.

While the evening was passing so pleasantly with them, the principal personages below stairs were holding a subdued revel in the housekeeper's room.

Miss Dinah had come up from the village, and her ebony suitor was expected, so, what with their delight at Miss Elsie's improvement, the whole staff was in excellent spirits.

"It's one of dem 'casions," said 'Dolph, "when we ort to do somethin' a little out ob de common run—what do yer say, Miss Clorindy?"

Clo smiled affably; certain explanations had passed between her and 'Dolph on the previous day, which made her inclined to consider any proposal of his with high favor.

She summoned her unfortunate drudge Sally, and ordered her to set the table at once.

"And don't spend yer time a gaupin' at Miss Dinah's new dress," said she, severely; "'taint manners, nohow."

The truth was Sally had not observed the gown, but its bright crimson had struck Clorinda's fancy, and because she stared at it enviously she concluded the girl must be doing the same.

"Jis' observe what Miss Clorindy tells yer," remarked 'Dolph, "and yer'll be on the road to 'provement; Sally, yer couldn't have a more reficient guide."

Clo bridled and grew radiant, threw a glance of triumph at Dinah, and only regretted that Victoria had not yet come downstairs to hear these benign words.

"I 'spect Othello won't get here till late," said Dinah, begining to fear that before his arrival the good things would all have disappeared. "Der's some of meeting at de hotel, and he'll be kept dar—de gemmen tinks nobody else can wait on 'em."

"He desarves deir 'preciation," said 'Dolph, loftily, with the air of a man so supremely great that he could well afford to allow ordinary people to claim their little virtues unchallenged.

"Wal," said Clo, "arter all it needs trabbel and the world to develop a man proper."

"Jis' so, Miss Clorindy; yer's allers rezact."

He gave her a very tender glance, and Clo giggled in delightful confusion.

"But I tell you, Mr. Othello mustn't lose his share of 'freshment," pursued 'Dolph, anxious to receive as many extra meals as possible. "Miss Clo, will you permit me to make a proposition?"

"I'll feel it an honor," said Clo.

"Yer does me proud," returned 'Dolf with a profound bow, while Dinah sat quite aghast at their stateliness and high breeding, and Sally began to think Clo must speak Spanish as well as 'Dolph.

"I moves we has our tea now," said 'Dolph; "it's a sort of delercate compliment to Miss Elsie to eat when she does, and later in de ebenin' arter Mr. Othello comes we might make a brile ob dat chicken in de closet—marster don't eat nothin', and I'se afeared it'll be wasted."

Clo was complaisance itself, and went to work while 'Dolph encouraged her with his smiles.

By the time Victoria came downstairs the table was spread with good things, and in order to carry out 'Dolph's extraordinary idea of complimenting Miss Elsie, there were sweetmeats and cakes of all sorts, hot muffins, cold tongue, and stores of eatables that made 'Dolph's mouth water.

The meal began with the greatest harmony, Miss Dinah was very affable, Vic really was the best-natured creature in the world, and just now she was perfectly happy from seeing her beloved young mistress better; 'Dolph was so circumspect in his conduct that Clo was kept in the state of high goodhumor befitting the glory of her new turban, and the first brightness of the change which had come.

The truth was, the day before, while she was peeling onions, 'Dolph grew sentimental, and was led on to the point beyond which there was no turning back. Clo had grown tender and confidential—he learned the amount of her fortune—five hundred hard dollars in the bank. After this the happiness of that sable pair was supreme. For the moment she really looked beautiful in his eyes, and with tears in their depths—the result of affection, not of the onions he assured her—he implored her to make him the happiest of men. He did it all in the most grandiloquent style, dropping on one knee as he had seen lovers do from the upper loft of the Bowery Theatre, and holding her hands fast, one of which grasped a knife and the other an onion.

Before they were disturbed matters were completely settled, though 'Dolph pleaded for the engagement being kept secret a little while.

"I jis' want to see what dat ole parson 'll say," he averred, though the truth was, 'Dolph had been so indiscreet in his protestations to Victoria that he was a little fearful of consequences if that high-spirited damsel learned the news without a little preparation.

"Nebber you mind de parson," said Clo; "laws, I wouldn't wipe my ole shoes on him, 'sides it ed be something wuth while jis' to denounce our connubiolity to de hull company dis ebening."

But 'Dolph flattered until she consented to comply with his wishes.

CONFIDENCE.

ALL is silent, lonely, free,
  Perfumed winds alone disclose
Where the startled hare, retreating,
  Dash'd aside the drooping rose.

Rest we on this fragrant bank,
  Harebells in the grass half seen,
Wide dark woods around us meeting,
  And a clear stream rolled between.

Happy scene! more lovely face
  Press'd near mine, above the stream.
"Love, what means thy heart's quick beating,
  Sighs more fit a troubled dream?"

"Full of happiness with thee,
  Beats this heart so close to thine;
Yet I sigh'd to think how fleeting
  May be the passion so divine."

"Looks, not hearts, may have a change,
  Changing face this stream does show;
Yet the same translucent current
  Tranquil ever flows below."

The Serpent-Woman.

BY Z. W.

CHAPTER VII.

Kean
As is the razor's edge invisible.
Love's Labor Lost, Act V., Sc. 2.

But France got drunk with blood to vomit crime,
And fatal have her Saturnalia been
To Freedom's cause.
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto IV.

DURING the stormiest days of the year 1848, in the focus from which revolution radiated over Europe, Julien St. Croix and Bertram Hapswell had a busy and anxious time with their patients. Both were in a most precarious state, requiring great attention and care, and the tremendous excitements of the period were calculated to retard and hazard their recovering, especially in the case of the sculptor, whose mind was of the most inflammable nature. To keep him as serene and equable as possible was St. Croix's main object, and he had to guard his patient on every hand against the tumultuous influences that flooded the whole Continent.

Elfstone's memory returned, and with it the painful consciousness of the mysterious disappearance of his beloved wife and child, who, as he had been given to understand, had followed him, and perished, it was thought, most probably in some remote part of the Continent. His whole mind was now bent upon ascertaining where they died, if dead they were, and he would fain have wandered over Europe to learn their fate. The agitated state of the Continental nations and the confinement to which he was subjected rendered the gratification of his longing an impossibility at the time; and St. Croix could only endeavor to quiet him with promises, from which the future may be drawn upon to infinity.

Marina was a constant visitor and assistant nurse to Elfstone; and, strongly as he had been prejudiced against her, she extorted the unbounded admiration of St. Croix. Her gentle patience, her admirable management, consummate address, the multiform and rich fulness of her nature, and the inexhaustibility of her resources, won his highest esteem, and rendered her, in his opinion, superior to any woman he had ever known. The variety of her charms, the tender softness and delicate voluptuousness of her tones and graces were intoxicating to all, and it was no wonder he was fascinated. He had been designed by his parents and was himself disposed for the Church, and Marina's magic influence raised him from a dream of placidity into the kindling, trembling, melting and burning visions of love. It was a second birth and another life to St. Croix.

When Elfstone first opened his heart to Marina and gave free vent to his thoughts and feelings touching his lost wife and daughter, she grew at first uneasy, then pale, and at last almost fainted. He attributed the emotion she manifested to sympathy, and for a while forbore to renew the subject. When, however, he did recur to it, she was much less affected than before, but sufficiently to induce him to say:

"What is the matter, child? Do you fear they are dead?"

"I do. The mother is dead, doubtless."

"If I only knew how and where she died, and could visit her grave, I could rest content till I could rejoin her in heaven. But a political earthquake is convulsing Europe, and I am confined in this asylum. What can I do? I am not lunatic indeed, but I am sure I shall go mad if I am not soon released."

Marina coiled her serpent arms about the old sculptor, and kissed him with great affection.

"Father, I'll tell you what to do; imitate me. Be as I am—cunning, very, very cunning; seem saner than you are; flatter your keepers, flatter your doctors, without letting them detect your policy, and set yourself free. Return to England, recover your estate and fortune, and when you have money you can do anything. Money and cunning can exhume the dead, and all but bring them to life again!"

"I will be cunning, my darling Serpent."

"But do not let your cunning betray itself. Seem blunt and honest as the broad and staring summer's day, and keep your cunning busy at the bottom of your heart. If you feel a madness, hide it, and promise it indulgence in the future, when you are free. Talk in a strain of free impartiality, calm ingenuousness and manly remonstrance; and by the consistent rationality of your conduct and skilful flattery of your captors, compel them, for shame's sake, to restore you to freedom. Take the advice of your Serpent, and remember that the Wisest and Best enjoined us to add the wisdom of the serpent to the harmlessness of the dove."

Elfstone promised compliance with his fair counsellor's advice, and the next day St. Croix was struck with the rational demeanor of his patient. After the continuance for several days of this gratifying semblance, he concluded his restoration was complete. Elfstone seemed fully aware of his position and of the various difficulties in the way of his release, and conversed about them with so much calmness and common sense as to impress all who heard him with the conviction of his perfect sanity. The medical faculty exposed him to many tests, but his equanimity withstood the severest, and his politeness and address won the hearts of all who conversed with him. It had been made the interest of his custodians to retain him in the asylum, and it required all St. Croix's sagacity, means and management to influence them to favor his views and lend him their aid. But St. Croix had determined to try all, risk all, rather than fail, and success promised to be the inevitable reward of his perseverence.

Bertram Hapswell had not so tractable a patient in his brother Victor, for the spirit of the latter was chafed by his durance, and grew restless and prone to desire the very things which were worst for him. His recovery was consequently long delayed, and it was May before Bertram, who had been recalled by imperative business to England, could set out on his journey. He left Victor in St. Cloud, in the care of Madame Dégaine, an excellent lady and an old friend of his mother's. During his brief stay in England he received the following letter, dated Paris, June the 17th:

"DEAR BERTRAM—Our brother Victor returned to Paris a week ago, and has been guilty of imprudence that has brought on a relapse and thrown him into a dangerous fever. This city now is no place for a sick man, for there is a storm brewing here to which the one you witnessed in February will be no more comparable than a typhoon to a zephyr. Victor favors the Montagnards, but I am beginning to hate extremes as much as you do. I wish you could get here in time to remove him before the explosion takes place, but fear that is impossible. Come at once, if you come at all. Yours ever, MARINA."

Upon the receipt of this communication Bertram immediately prepared to return to France. Before it was possible for him to start terrible news came from Paris, but it did not frighten him from his purpose. He arrived in the French capital late on Saturday, the 24th of June, while the ultra-republican insurrection was raging there at the height of its fury. Not doubting that his brother had occupied his favorite apartments in the Quartier Latin, he made a desperate effort to reach them; but after receiving a slight wound in the leg and a couple of bullets through his hat, he relinquished the attempt as impracticable. The locality was held by the enemies of the government, and he was compelled to wait till one or the other party proved victorious. On Sunday afternoon the Gardes Mobile, National Guard and troops of the line had so far prevailed over the fierce *ouvriers* as to afford him an opportunity to gain his old lodgings. He effected an entrance into the house in the most informal manner, and after a diligent search found its occupants in the cellar. From them he learned that Victor had lain in the house sick of a fever for more than a week past, but had, a few hours previous to Bertram's visit, while a fight was raging in the street close by, become excited by the fusillade and shouting, sprung from his bed, half-dressed himself, and grasping his sword, rushed forth and joined in the conflict. The Montagnards were giving way, when he dashed among them, rallying them with his voice and example. Heedless of odds and the many who made him their target, he fought like a madman, which he was at the time, and carried all before him, inspiring others of his party with superhuman courage and strength that enabled them to rout their foes with great slaughter. Victor's nurse had witnessed the contest from the window, but upon the return of the National Guard in overwhelming numbers had retreated with the rest of the household to the cellar, where she remained till summoned by Bertram from her hiding-place.

Bertram's dismay at this news was so great as to paralyse him for some time. He felt himself powerless, and gave way to utter despair. How could he expect his brother to survive this sanguinary fray? What chance was there that he would ever see him alive again? When he went forth, for he found it impossible to sit inert and passive, it was with a feeling of dismal hopelessness, and he scrutinized many a corpse with apprehensive curiosity, lest he should pass his brother unheeded. The sites of captured barricades were heaped with slain, and many of those still defended were fortified by the dead stacked upon them. As Bertram was approaching the Faubourg St. Antoine, the life and centre of the insurrection, and to which the fighting was gradually being confined, he came unexpectedly upon a formidable barricade, surmounted by two flags, one of them black and bearing the motto in white, "Bread or Death" (*du pain ou la mort*), and the other red, with those terrible words in black, painted upon it, "Rape and Pillage."

The struggle for this position had been most desperate, and the bodies of the dead and wounded were there strewn and piled about in awful plenitude. The defenders had dwindled to a dozen, three of whom, strange to say, were women. A party of Gardes Mobile, consisting of boys, from fifteen to eighteen years of age, now preparing to assault the *ouvriers*, suddenly surrounded Bertram.

"This man is English," said one, seizing him by the arm; "he is a staunch friend to the government." Then in a lower tone he demanded, "How did you find your brother?"

"I have not found him yet; he has joined the combatants."

"*Grand Dieu!* he is lost! Yet do not give up all hope; if I find him I'll bring him to you, dead or alive, as he may chance to be."

"You may fall yourself," said Bertram, gazing wonderingly at the handsome young soldier, and trying to remember where he had met him before.

"There will be none to lament me if I do. My life is worthless and may be well spared for my country. Adieu!"

"*En avant, mes enfans!*" shouted the captain of the little band. In a moment the guard formed and dashed at the barricade.

Bertram saw his unknown friend climb it with the agility of a cat on the instant after its defenders had fired, snatch the red flag, and then fall or rather roll down to the foot of the defence. The assailants met with the most desperate resistance from the sturdy *ouvriers*, or Montagnards, who hurled them back as fast as they scaled the stony breastwork; but they remounted it, and with others swarmed upon the "blouses" so simultaneously as to overpower and slaughter every one of them within a space of time fearfully brief. Bertram approached the barricade in the hope of assisting the guard he had conversed with, but found him on his feet among his fellows and active as ever. Of the female combatants two had been shot, but not before one of them had killed the captain of the guard, whom she stabbed to the heart with a knife. The third woman, closely followed by several soldiers, escaped with the black flag she carried into a house, from the windows of which vitriol and scalding oil were thrown upon her pursuers. The exasperated soldiery burst into the building, bayoneted its inmates, or threw them from the upper storeys headlong into the street.

Bertram left this scene of butchery in horror, visited his old lodgings again, and again sallied forth. In his wanderings he met Julien St. Croix, who had hastened to Paris as soon as he heard that its beloved archbishop had been fatally wounded. He had paid the venerable martyr his last visit, and was overcome with sorrow. The minds of the two young men were so much in sympathy, that they found it impossible to separate till they had mutually unburdened their minds, and they spent the ensuing night at the house of St. Croix's mother. On Monday, about noon, Bertram returned to the apartments Victor had left so abruptly, and was delightfully surprised to find his brother lying on the bed asleep. It seemed to Bertram that he must have been dreaming of his disappearance, so tranquil and natural did the sleeper appear. The mystery was, however, instantly solved when he looked round and beheld the young Garde Mobile who had promised to bring him back also lying asleep on the sofa. He approached him to examine his countenance, which had puzzled him ever since he beheld it, but as he drew near him, the soldier started to his feet and cried:

"*Qui vive?*"

Bertram laughed, and extended his hand.

"I have kept my word better than I could have hoped to do," said the young guard, recovering himself and grasping the Englishman's hand. "I found your brother in Père la Chaise, where the most obstinate of the Children of the Mountain took refuge when their game was up. He was much exhausted and quite out of his head, and I had to get a cabriolet before I could bring him hither; but his utter prostration fortunately rendered him as submissive as he was helpless. He seems little hurt, and is only in danger from the government. I had some difficulty this morning in preventing his summary execution by my fellows."

Notwithstanding the brusqueness with which the soldier affected to speak, Bertram began to recognise the richness and melody of his tones, and catching the full lustre of his black eyes, exclaimed:

"Heavens! Marina!"

A low musical laugh responded, avouching the truth of his discovery, and before he knew what he did he caught the military beauty in his arms and kissed her with a fervor that his gratitude served to palliate but not wholly to excuse.

"Marina, I can hardly believe you mortal. You seem capable of anything. Angel you cannot be, for I have just seen you fighting like a fury."

"I am much obliged to you for the inevitable inference. If, however, you take me for the devil, that, I suppose, accounts for your sudden outburst of affection. I doubt not that the roots of your family tree extend as deep as the infernal kingdom."

"Forgive me, Marina. Your rebuke is as deserved as it is severe. You are a mystery beyond my comprehension. I can only admire you, and, for your friendship to Victor, love you. Believe me, my gratitude is such that you can ask nothing of me I shall not be happy to grant."

"I ask nothing but your love. If you can waste it upon a piece of marble, you must have an abundance to spare."

"You have no brother, I no sister; I will be a brother to you—a true and affectionate one—if you will be my sister?"

"A genuine bit of Platonism, I declare! What an interesting relic of the early ages!" said Marina. "You, Bertram, are one in ten thousand, simple and sincere, and I accept your offer in the spirit it is made."

She gave him her little hand, while sweetly murmuring the last words, looked into his eyes with the deep witchcraft of her glance, and he drew her near to him, so near indeed that their lips met in a kiss, sweeter than Bertram had ever dreamt sweetness could be. The coils of the Serpent were wound round their victim, and his soul was yielding to their soft pressure, when their kiss was echoed by a profound sigh. They turned, and beheld Victor's keen gray eyes wide open and fixed upon them. The rich blood was instantly mantling in the cheeks and foreheads of the detected ones, the sudden dawn of shame before the rising of the sun of love. Marina, however, quickly recovered her self-possession, and said to her patient:

"How durst you awake, contrary to my prescription? You will never get well if——"

"My brother takes my medicine; certainly not," answered Victor, slily.

"Do you accuse him?"

"I saw him with it to his lips even now."

"Only to learn how bitter it tastes. There is no danger that he will repeat the experiment; he thinks me poison."

"You must be a powerful poison to dissolve his iron nature."

"He is only hardened by the warmth of affection, like clay in the sun. He has just given me an adamantine kiss in confirmation of friendship true as steel."

"Love is mutual ruin, you know; and friendship mutual aid."

"Oh, we speak as we feel. I am a woman; love is my element, and I perish, like a mortal in the chill ether, without it. The selfish are no doubt alone wise; but your frigid island blood and calculating philosophy are death to me. I cannot keep the flame of my life alive in an iceberg. I must breathe in a warmer clime, though the earth burn beneath my feet. I must go where the sun has strength enough to reach the hearts of men."

She caught from off the sofa a black and a red flag, which Bertram remembered to have seen waving over the barricade she helped to capture, flaunted them proudly before his eyes, and cried:

"Adieu!"

"Marina!" shouted he.

But Marina was gone and would not be recalled.

HOW A CAT IS ABLE TO SEE IN THE DARK.—The pupil of the eye of the cat is of an oval form, the transverse diameter being parallel to the nose; and cats have the power of contracting or dilating the pupil at pleasure. It is always contracted in the sun or before a fire. This prevents a painful sensation which would be occasioned by a number of rays of light falling on the pupil. But when a cat sits in the shade, or in the dark, she fully dilates the pupil, which enables her to see and seize her prey rather by surprise than by hunting it fairly down.

POWER OF A HORSE.—One horse can raise 150lb 220 feet high in a minute, eight hours a day; one horse-power is reckoned at from 30,000 to 36,000lb, raised one foot per minute; one horse's force, drawing horizontally, is estimated at [illegible]lb; one horse can draw on a level 4,480lb, two tons, equal to seven men.

POWER OF A MAN.—One strong man can raise 10lb 10 feet in a second, 10 hours a day; one strong man can raise 100lb one foot in a second; one strong man can draw on a level 640lb; one strong man can press with his hands equal to 110lb; one man's force, drawing horizontally, 110lb; one man can lift with both hands 250lb; one man can support on his shoulders 300lb.

GOLD FISH.—The beautiful little fish called in this country "gold and silver fish" were originally natives of China and Japan, where they are held in great estimation, and are called *kiuyu*. From China the English carried some of them to the island of St. Helena, and from thence the captain of one of the East India ships brought some of them to England in the year 1788.

THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—THE CORPS D'AFRIQUE (RED REGIMENTS) ENTER CAMP ON VERMILION BAYOU.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, O. E. H. BOWELL.

THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—THE U. S. BARRACKS AT BROWNSVILLE, DESTROYED BY THE REBELS.—FROM A SKETCH BY O. E. H. BOWELL.

THE WAR IN TEXAS—FORT CAVALLO, MATAGORDA BAY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, O. E. H. BOWELL.—SEE PAGE 181.

THE WAR IN TEXAS—FORT MONTGOMERY ON THE RIO GRANDE.—FROM A SKETCH BY O. E. H. BOWELL.

THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—THE 5TH CORPS HOSPITAL AT THE BATTLE OF SPOTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. FORBES.—SEE PAGE 183.

THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—BATTLE OF SPOTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE—RIGHT CENTRE OF GRANT'S LINE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. FORBES.—SEE PAGE 183.

A LIFE PICTURE.

Look on that little head,
Pillow'd on softest down;
Cambric and dainty lace
Shadow that baby face,
Safe from Life's frown.

Hush every waking sound,
Softly tread, whisper low;
See, sweet babe, how she sleeps,
Forth one dimpled arm peeps,
All in a roseate glow.

Here lies an infant form,
Rags are its only bed;
Dirty and scant its gear,
Dabbled with many a tear,
Life's baptism dread.

Hark! that curse, hush! a shriek—
'Tis but its lullaby;
Cradled 'mid odors foul,
Rock'd by a man's demon howl,
There let it lie.

See yon frolicsome elf,
Azure-eyed, golden-hair'd;
Six bright summers have shone,
Six of God's years have flown,
Since she Life shared.

Groping 'midst gutters foul,
Dirt-begrimed see her there;
Look at her tangled locks,
Eye that youth's gladness mocks,
Dull vacant stare.

Gay carol the joy-bells,
'Tis a bridal to-day;
And the golden-hair'd maiden,
With Love's blessings laden,
Goes forth on her way.

Why halts the procession?—
'Tis but a funeral;
A vile pauper soul
Borne forth to its goal
Without hearse or pall.

Famine-bred vice hath done
Nobly its work in her;
There she goes all unmourn'd,
Both in life and death scorn'd,
On her rude bier.

Children of Eve, by Fate
Sever'd how far;
The same hour gave ye birth,
Both shall moulder to earth—
Sisters ye are.

Listen, ye highborn dames,
Have ye no mission?
Can ye no little one,
Born 'neath the blessed sun,
Snatch from perdition?

Hear it, my countrymen,
Cruel tale, often told;
Ponder it carefully,
Wisefully and prayerfully,
Angels behold.

Ye have a stern duty,
Refuse it who will;
Each must his burden bear,
Christ's loving work must share,
Ere Life be still.

THE MOORISH BRIDE'S RESCUE.

A Romance of Tetuan.

Soon after the accession of the present Emperor to the throne of Morocco an officer in command of the fortress of Tetuan was suspected at court of plotting against the new Sultan, or being too rich. Either crime was enough to warrant his destruction. As he was deemed rather popular, it was thought unsafe to spare his life. A messenger from the Sultan stood before him one morning, politely wishing him a thousand years of life, and assuring him that his prosperity was the delight of the Faithful, and that the messenger was less than the dust before his greatness, he went on to say the most just and clement Sultan had resolved to dismiss him to Paradise, to receive the reward of his good works.

"God is great," ejaculated the officer, and, without murmur or remonstrance, he laid aside his pipe, and calmly submitted his neck to the bowstring.

In countries where life is under the guardianship of fixed laws a man regards it as a valuable capital, which he manages at his own discretion, and feels that he has the most direct interest in preserving. In despotic countries no one thinks his life is his own property. He holds it by the capricious, uncertain tenure of another's will, and learns not to calculate or value it. The mere instinctive fear of death is nearly all he has to contend with, and that their deep undoubting faith half disarms.

The officer had been raised from the lower ranks, and the fall of his family was utter—complete.

One of his wives fled with her children to a lawless tribe of Berbers near the Spanish fortress of Ceuta; another retired with her son, Achmed, to a small house close to the city walls, trusting Caled, the successor of her husband, and the Basha would forget their existence. She was mistaken in her hopes. Caled Bey declared he had the Sultan's order to convey the son of the late officer to Fez, where the imperial court was then held. The sanctuary of the harem could not be violated, but a close watch was kept on the widow's dwelling, in order to intercept the son when he left the house. The old lady took such care to spread a report that her son had escaped from the city, that it came to be generally credited.

In the meantime the youth pined in the close confinement he was subjected to. He was hardly sixteen, and the buoyancy of youth rebelled against being a prisoner. To give him the privilege of enjoying the evening air on the roof, where men dare not appear, and to disguise him more effectually from the reach of his enemy, Caled Bey, his mother dressed him in the costume of a Moorish maiden, and introduced him to her neighbors as the daughter of a deceased sister. As the widow was known to be unfortunate, she was not excessively troubled by the visits of friends. The house adjoining hers was occupied by an old priest, whose limited household consisted of one wife and one daughter, the youngest of his children, and perhaps a servant or two. With this daughter the pretended niece of the widow formed a close friendship. While the elder ladies enjoyed a pipe and a quiet dish of scandal, the young ones, each with an arm around the other, would walk the terrace and recite the wild legends or wilder love songs of the Arab poets.

Achmed grew more reconciled to his female trappings, at first so irksome, and daily expressed less impatience to join the Berbers, as he originally intended, though he insisted on attending his mother to the fountains when she went for water, and to the "Field of the Dead," when she went on Friday to water the flowers that grew on her husband's grave. Perhaps he thought the exercise necessary for his health; at any rate, he was sure to meet his pretty neighbor at the fountain and in the sacred ground. He found some other acquaintance among the fair dames of Tetuan, and everywhere the gay, witty niece of the widow was a welcome visitor. He had ceased to complain of the confinement of the harem, although nearly a year had passed away in its monotonous seclusion. He wore his haigue with such a grace, and was so sprightly and entertaining to his mother's friends, that more than one lady asked the supposed niece in marriage for her son, and were not a little surprised to find her so averse to matrimony. The good priest next door had hinted to the widow his disposition and ability to add another jewel to his harem, but his overtures were most unaccountably repulsed.

As a man never sees his wife's face before the marriage, they have to depend on the opinion of their old lady friends, who are regular marriage brokers in Moslem countries. These useful personages were not exactly agreed as to the respective superiority of Achmed or the priest's daughter, Amuna. Achmed was too tall, certainly, and not quite so soft in language as Amuna; but then in wit and gaiety he equalled Ayesha, the best beloved of the Prophet.

In short, the friends were the most celebrated belles of their quarter, and rivals, as it were, in spite of themselves. The old priest had caused it to be entrusted to Caled Bey, who had ordered some inquiries to be made touching the personal attractions of the rival beauties, that Amuna would bring a dower worthy of his notice, while the widow's niece would, according to the more usual custom, demand one. Caled Bey wished to appropriate both, and carried out this plan by making overtures to the priest for his daughter, and informing the widow that he wished, or rather commanded, her niece to attend his bride to his mansion as her future companion. The old lady flatly refused to part with her niece, and threatened to appeal to the Basha, if the officer persisted in his demand. Amuna, on her part, entreated and implored her father not to consign her to a man so notorious as Caled Bey unhappily was, for repulsive looks and domestic harshness.

The old priest was not so ridiculously indulgent as to refuse a rich son-in-law merely because he had a taste for killing his wives and his daughter detested him, and the marriage went on. The mother of Amuna exchanged presents with the senior wives of Caled, the day, dower, and jewels were fixed upon, and the bride ceased to lament, that she might examine her robes in company with her confidant, the widow's niece. Achmed, too, gave up all opposition to Caled's order, and submitted so cheerfully to an adoption in that officer's household, that his mother, in sheer disappointment, left the city the morning of the nuptials.

Attended by her faithful companion, Achmed, Amuna was conducted in state to her husband's mansion, where, loaded with gems and embroideries, she received the congratulations of her fair friends. Caled, according to the Moorish custom, paraded through the city with a gallant train on horseback, and at the lucky moment when his bride was lifted over the threshold of his house, amid music, and shouts, and the ringing of firearms, he turned his face homeward to meet his invited guests at the bridal banquet in the men's apartments.

When the hour approached at which he was to see for the first time the face of his wife, Caled withdrew to the inner apartments. A servant wished to interrupt him to inquire whether he had ordered a horse to remain at the door saddled for instant use. The bridegroom impatiently waved him away, and entered the chamber.

Before him, on a wide divan of crimson and gold, trembling through her gorgeous veil, knelt his unconscious bride, but nearer and between them flashed a gleaming blade in the hands of the stranger youth. It was Achmed who presented his sharp steel to the bosom of Caled Bey, and commanded silence. Indignant, yet wonder-stricken, he obeyed.

"Swear, by Alla and his Prophet, by the grave of your mother, and your hopes of Paradise, that you will neither prevent our escape or pursue us for the rising and setting of two suns, and live: refuse and die," was the brief alternative offered by the stripling.

It was accepted. Amuna, hastily throwing off the cumbrous trappings of the marriage ceremony, and honestly selecting from her jewels those only which were the gift of her father, passed forth with Achmed, amid the astonished household, mounted with him, unopposed, the fleet charger at the door, and in an hour had left the walls of Tetuan and the possibility of pursuit far behind. Ten days after a mounted Arab presented himself at the gate of Tetuan, leading a steed caparisoned in the rich trappings that had graced Caled's wedding-day.

"Achmed, my friend and guest," said he, as he transferred the bridle to a soldier at the gate, "the brave and prosperous Achmed greets Caled Bey, and wishes honor and increase to his house, and may every day be like the one in which they last embraced."

Our Vegetables and Flowers.—Almost all our corn, vegetables and flowers were brought from foreign countries. Rye and wheat are indigenous to Tartary and Siberia, rice was first brought from Ethiopia, buckwheat from Asia, potatoes from Brazil, gourds and melons from Astracan, cauliflowers from Cyprus, asparagus from Asia, cresses from Crete, parsley from Egypt, shalots from Siberia, &c. Jasmin came from the East Indies, the elder tree from Persia, tulip from Cappadocia, daffodil from Italy, lily from Syria, tuberose from Java and Ceylon, carnation and pink from Italy, aster from China, &c. In short, nearly every choice garden flower now cultivated is of foreign origin, and in general from a warmer climate than ours.

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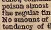

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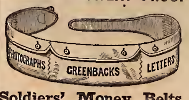

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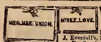

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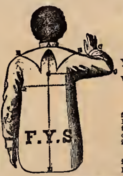

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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 455—Vol. XVIII.] NEW YORK, JUNE 18, 1864. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly. 13 Weeks $1 00.

The Campaign — Grant and Sherman — Richmond and Atlanta.

Another week of signal and uninterrupted successes has been added to the glorious record of our advancing armies, East and West. Grant thundering at the gates of Richmond, and Sherman sweeping down with his irresistible columns upon Atlanta, are the great historical facts of the day. The heart of every Unionist rejoices, while the chiefs, organs and oracles of the rebellion are amazed and confounded.

These treacherous guides of a deluded people are now beginning to realize their folly, and to hint at their hopeless situation. Their hitherto unfailing devices of audacious falsehoods and brazen deceptions have failed to account, to the satisfaction of their credulous followers, for the presence of Gen. Grant in front of Richmond and of Gen. Sherman at Atlanta. And why? Because the popular credulity of the South had been flattered with the promises of a crushing campaign through Maryland and Pennsylvania by Gen. Lee, and a sweeping invasion of Ohio by Gen. Jo. Johnston with an army of veterans 100,000 strong.

These royal promises, contrasted with the sorry performances of both Lee and Johnston, have demanded an explanation beyond the inventive faculties of the rebel leaders to make. But they have, nevertheless, tried, by the boldest misrepresentations and effrontery, to make it appear that Lee and Johnston are doing wonders towards the achievement of Southern independence. Thus, when a few weeks ago the people of Virginia inquired why Gen. Lee, instead of moving across the Potomac, was on the road to Richmond, with Gen. Grant close upon his flanks, they were answered that Gen. Lee is drawing the Yankees away from Washington. He will still entice them on to Richmond with a small force, so disposed as to appear a large army, while, with the main body

1. Private Lewis Klein, Co. A, 14th N. Y. Cav. 2. Private John Beehly, Co. G, 4th Ky. Cav. 3. Private George H. Wilds, Co. F, 9th Md. 4. Private Francis W. Beelle, Co. M, 8th Mich. Cav. 5. Private John Q. Rose, Co. C—8th Ky. 6. Private Charles B. Woodworth, Co. G, 8th Mich. Cav. 7. Private L. H. Parham, Co. B, 3d W. Tenn. Cav. 8. Private Edward Cunningham, Co. F, 7th Ohio Cav.

UNION SOLDIERS AS THEY APPEARED ON THEIR RELEASE FROM THE REBEL PRISONS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS MADE BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.—SEE PAGE 199.

of his troops, he pushes around into Maryland, captures Washington, liberates Baltimore, and next proceeds to levy his military contributions upon abolition Quakers of Pennsylvania. So in the West, as the famous retreater, Jo. Johnston, with the advance of Sherman upon him, was dislodged and fell back from point to point, it was proclaimed that his plan was to lure the Yankee army down into the heart of Georgia, that it might be the more effectually destroyed. But these shallow prevarications and excuses are now at an end, and from Virginia to Mobile the organs of Jeff Davis are beginning broadly to hint the truth that can no longer be concealed—that Richmond is in danger; that Jo. Johnston is powerless to stay the onward march of the Yankees, even at Atlanta, and that the "Confederacy" cannot survive the fall of Richmond or the loss of Georgia.

With such admissions as these from Richmond and Georgia, we cannot doubt that with the fall of the rebel capitel the whole establishment of the so-called "Confederate States," financial, political and military, will immediately collapse. With the fall of Richmond the prestige and the credit of Jeff Davis abroad will quickly disappear. He will get no more "financial and material aid" from English capitalists and speculators, ironclad shipbuilders, cotton loan takers or blockade-runners. From England to China Davis and his Confederacy will be regarded as exploded and extinct with the fall of Richmond. Nor will the immediate consequences among the people of the rebellious States be different. With their general Government expelled from Richmond, where is it to find a place of refuge? It becomes a vagrant, "without a local habitation or a name," and it then appears to its dupes in its true character of a swindling imposture, a hideous despotism and an intolerable nuisance. The moral effect at home and abroad of the loss of his capital will of itself be fatal to Davis and his hopeless cause. Otherwise the loss of Virginia and the cannon foundries, the factories for small-arms, the machine shops, the flour, cotton and woollen mills, the clothing manufactories, the sources of subsistence, and magazines of ammunition, etc., that will be lost to the Confederacy with the capture of Richmond, will, at this desperate crisis in the fortunes of the rebel Council of Five Hundred, bring their usurpations, their labors, their fears, and their hopes at once to an end.

They know it, they feel it, and they are at length constrained to confess it, that their model of a Southern Confederacy, founded upon the corner-stone of slavery, and set up in the name of King Cotton, has proved a deception, a delusion and a snare, and is vanishing like a castle in the clouds. The profound sagacity of Gen. Grant in making the rebel capital the principal object of all the combinations of this grand campaign, will soon be made apparent with the capture of Richmond, and the genuine collapse of the rebellion that will instantly follow, in every quarter, in every shape, and in everything, from Virginia to Texas.

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FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JUNE 18, 1864.

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Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

To make the situation of affairs more clear to our readers, and enable them to follow the operations of the armies, we have treated of Grant's and Butler's armies separately. But Grant, inexorable as death or fate, has pressed on till the army under Butler is at his immediate disposition.

On the 29th Grant's cavalry crossed the Pamunky at Hanovertown, routing the enemy in a spirited engagement south of Hawe's store. Here Grant took up his quarters, and soon had his army in line, extending from Shady Grove Church, where Warren took post in sight of Richmond, to beyond the head of Tolopatomoy creek.

Lee's position was behind the Chicahominy.

On Monday evening the rebels, apparently under Ewell, attacked Crawford's division, and crowded it back, but Warren brought up his whole force, and easily repulsed them.

On Tuesday Gen. Sheridan, at the other end of the line, routed the forces of Fitzhugh Lee and Clingman at Coal Harbor, taking many officers.

The next day Grant made an attack with his left, consisting of the 6th corps and Smith's troops, and finally, after dark carried the enemy's work in front; Smith's proved to be untenable however. The enemy, to divert attention, attacked other parts of our line, but were repulsed.

On Saturday night the enemy attacked Hancock, Wright and Smith, but were everywhere repulsed. Hancock is now within 40 yards of Lee's works, and Lee is throwing up entrenchments on the muddy banks of the Chicahominy. Grant has indeed failed to force the passage of the river, but his generalship is not exhausted.

On the Peninsula Gen. Gillmore is in command, and Beauregard, finding the offensive abandoned, has sent off much of his force to swell the ranks, and restore the spirits of Lee and Johnston.

The two great armies now confront each other definitely in the strip of country, some 10 miles wide, that lies between the Pamunky and the upper waters of the Chicahominy. Grant's line, from Cold Harbor to Atlee's, on the Central railroad, is fully seven miles in length; while Lee is somewhat more contracted.

On Friday, the 3rd of June, Grant's first battle before Richmond was fought, and the people of the rebel capital, as two years ago, heard the thunder of artillery and beheld the smoke of battle curling above the woods that skirt the city. There was less cause for sanguine hope now. It was not a Confederate attack on an isolated corps of the American army, but an attack by Grant on the entrenchments, to which Lee had been forced back from the Rapidan.

The attack began at half-past four A. M., and Barlow's division of Hancock's corps drove the enemy within his entrenchments at all points, but without gaining any decisive advantage beyond the capture of 300 prisoners, chiefly from Breckinridge, and gaining points nearer the enemy's line.

In the evening about 7 o'clock the enemy made a sudden attack on Smith's brigade of Gibbons's division, but were repulsed after a sharp fight of half an hour.

About the same time Wilson, with his cavalry, fell on the rear of a brigade of Heth's rebel division, and drove them in confusion.

NORTH CAROLINA.

A terrible catastrophe, by which 40 New York soldiers were killed, occurred near Newbern, N. C., on the 26th ult. Four torpedoes were accidently exploded as the train containing them reached the station. The signal tower, near by, was blown 800 feet into the air.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The rebels announce an advance of our troops on Secessionville and the danger of Charleston, now almost stripped of soldiers.

GEORGIA.

An engagement took place on the 28th between the enemy and McPherson's corps, in which the rebels were driven back, with a loss to them of 2,500 killed and wounded left in our hands, and about 300 prisoners. Gen. McPherson's loss not being over 300 in all.

The rebels made an attack on Sherman on the 31st ult., but were repulsed after a sharp and brilliant engagement. Gen. Thomas had reached Marietta, and Gen. McPherson was within 12 miles of Atlanta. Gen. Johnston is falling back with his demoralised army to Athens, and Gen. Polk is retreating towards Macon.

On June 2d Gen. Stoneman, by a skilful movement, got possession of Allatoona gap, a position of great importance.

ALABAMA.

Col. Long, commanding the cavalry of the 17th army corps, recently defeated Molten, a division of Reddy's horse, under Col. Johnson, killing the latter and several of his officers.

MISSISSIPPI.

Forrest is said to be at Tupelo, with 1,500 men, and predatory parties are hovering around various parts of Tennessee and Kentucky.

THE MISSISSIPPI.

The failure of Banks's operations in Louisiana has emboldened the guerillas, who, finding great numbers of troops withdrawn, have begun their depredations again.

The gunboat Curlew was attacked by a rebel battery at Gaines's landing on the 25th; but after returning the fire for an hour and a half the gunboat drove the rebels off. Rebel batteries on the Red river are giving much annoyance.

Advices from Memphis to the 31st ult., state that the tinclads Marmon, Juliet and Prairie Bird recently drove away the rebel batteries at Gaines's landing. The marine brigade boat Delta had her donkey-engine shot overboard and her engineer killed. The rebels are said to have had 12 pieces of artillery. They captured and burned the steamer Lebanon, taking the crew and passengers off as prisoners. The English Government had, on the news of Grant's victories, bought Laird's rams, and the rebels sold the Georgia. The Queen's Bench discharged the Gerety pirates. On Monday last the rebel Gen. Shelby captured Dardanelles, and took some 200 prisoners. Jacksonport and Batesville have been evacuated by our forces.

LOUISIANA.

A great fire at New Orleans, evidently the work of a rebel incendiary, destroyed, on the 27th of May, the steamer Black Hawk, and with it the Empire Parish, Meteor, Fawn, Time and Tide, Bell Lee, New Orleans and Bell Creole, with two schooners, all owned or employed by Government.

ARKANSAS.

Dispatches from St. Louis report the burning of a train and brutal massacre of some 80 men and women—Union refugees from Jacksonville—at Salem, Ark., by a band of 300 guerillas.

NAVAL.

The rebel privateer Florida entered the port of Hamilton, Bermuda, on the 12th of May, on a "flying visit" to obtain American newspapers and letters. She reported only one vessel—the Avon—as burned by her commander.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, May 30th, the proceedings were of no public interest, being chiefly confined to slight modifications in the Tax bill.

In the House, Mr. Schenck moved to bring in a bill for the summary punishment of guerillas. Mr. Yeaman was also decided to be entitled to the vacant seat for Kentucky by 94 to 26. Mr. Layear offered a Peace resolution, which was objected to. After some other unimportant business of a technical or local nature, the house adjourned.

In the Senate, May 31st, Mr. Davis submitted resolutions to investigate the character of General Butler. No vote was taken, and the rest of the sitting was given to the Internal Revenue bill.

In the House, the Ohio and East Tennessee bill was passed by 64 to 56. The House then took up the bill proposing to the several States an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of said States, shall be valid to all intents and purposes as a part of said Constitution, namely: "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except in the punishment of crime, of which the party shall be duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or in any place within their jurisdiction, and Congress shall have power, by appropriate legislation, to carry the foregoing article into effect." Mr. Holman objected to the second reading, and the question occurred, "Shall the bill be rejected?" This was determined in the negative, by yeas, 55; nays, 76. Mr. Wilson said it was not his intention to press the bill to a vote to-night; he would allow a reasonable time for debate. Mr. Morris addressed the House in favor of the passage of the bill.

In the Senate, June 1st, Mr. Sherman, Ohio, from the Committee of Conference on the disagreeing votes of the two houses on the National Bank bill, made a report. He explained that there were only six points of difference between the Senate and the House, the latter having generally agreed to the forms and amendments. The most material amendment was to require all banks, East and West, to redeem their currency at par in New York. The report was agreed to.

In the House, the Bankrupt bill was reported, and Mr. Jenckes supported it in a very elaborate speech. A motion to lay it over to December was negatived by a majority of 21.

In the Senate, on the 2d, the business was confined to the consideration of the Internal Revenue bill.

In the House, the Tariff bill was discussed, and the Pacific Railway bill was postponed for a short period.

In the Senate, on the 4th, after several routine matters had been attended to, the tax bill was taken into consideration and some progress made in it. The amendments proposed and adopted were, however, of no public interest.

In the House, the Bankrupt bill was debated, Elijah Ward speaking in favor of it, and Mr. Garfield against it; no conclusion was adopted.

In the Senate, on the 4th, the only subject debated was the Internal Revenue or Tax bill; little progress was made.

In the House, a very spirited debate occurred between Messrs. Spaulding, Garfield and Jenckes, relative to sharp remarks used towards each other by the two former gentlemen on the previous day, in the discussion of the Bankrupt bill. On the conclusion of this a motion was made to adjourn over until Wednesday next, to enable the members to attend the Baltimore Convention, which was voted down by a large majority, and the Tariff bill was again taken up in Committee of the Whole, and its consideration proceeded with to a conclusion, when the committee rose, and the bill was reported to the House, and passed by 81 yeas to 26 nays.

TOWN GOSSIP.

Cities are great sores upon the face of the earth. They are evidences of the struggle of man against the Almighty. He gives us the green fields, the waving trees, the rippling, murmuring streams, and we blot them out. We kill the green grass, and put in its stead cobble stones and Belgian pavements. We saw down the glorious trees, and build up tall, smoking factories and brown stone palaces, and the pure, sweet streams we turn into sewers and kennels, all of which is typical of man's mind.

Spring in the city—in our climate—is not provocative of a longing for the country. It requires a month or two to awake the sluggish blood of those who have been so long caged within bricks and mortar, living an unnatural life, and doing their best to undo what nature has done for them, and awaken the instinctive desire for a roll upon the grass, or a free romp under the broad heavens, where Mrs. Grundy cannot see, and where the senior member of the firm of Dildrum, Doldrum & Co., on whom we are dependent for "little accommodations," or "goods at six months," does not come.

New York is going out of town! We mean the sensible part of it. Miss Flora M'Flimsey does not go to Saratoga or Newport until late in August, and as to going in the country, the thing is pre-pos-tu-rous! The first day of summer has come, and carriages rumble out from up-town streets, laden with glad little men and women who have not yet reached the age to sigh after Saratoga and Newport, but who have some glorious ideas about catching and killing fish on a pin hook, and gathering all kinds of floral stuffs from all kinds of places. Carriages laden with stout trunks and inevitable band-boxes, and topped off with baby's chair, and possibly a small assortment of youthful wheelbarrows and garden implements, adapted in size for infantile hands.

Oh! for the early days when there was a real country about the city. When every farm-house was not occupied by a broken-down metropolitan boarding-house keeper, who lies in wait with promises of "plenty of vegetables, fruit, milk and eggs," to attract verdant city folks who would rusticate, and after charging them a little more than hotel prices, sends them back starved and disgusted to their comfortable and deserted homes. Oh! for the time when the sturdy farmer took a few boarders from town during the season, not because it was necessary plunder to allow him to exist through the coming winter, but from a double motive—firstly, that the cooped-up citizen might get a breath of fresh air for himself and family; and secondly, that he might have company through the season, and that wife and daughters might hear something about the fashions, and have something to talk about during the long winter evenings. Those days are gone never to return, and now the rurally disposed citizen must seek "John Brown's Tract," or the far Rocky Mountains, unless he is willing to be taken in and done for, by boarding-house keepers, who have played out the gamut in the city, or by farmers—Heaven save the mark!—who look upon all human nature as summer boarders, and count up how much greater profit can be made by allowing their ill-grown garden truck to be devoured on the premises, than by sending it to a city market.

Enough on that head!

As having some connection with rural subjects we incline to discourse slightly upon worms. Periodically New York is attacked by worms. The plague of locusts, or the grasshopper irruption upon Utah that threatened, a few years ago, to eat up Brigham Young and his 70 wives, was a mere flea bite in comparison. A quarter of an hour's walk in some localities, and the walker makes his appearance covered with the "varmints," not of the crawling kind, but long steppers, who, arching their backs like a Kilkenny cat at bay, stretch themselves out in a way that threatens at one stride to reach from the bonnet to the shoulder, to the tip of the nose, and then—goodness only knows where next. These inch, or measuring worms, are as a great a nuisance as this busy city is obliged to put up with. They are everybody's business and nobody's business. Easily destroyed, and yet suffered to live and thrive from year to year. They are an example of what men unwillingly submit to when the power to abate the nuisance is in their own hands. Why do men submit to rats? Why to cats, who prowl by night, and why to dogs who have no masters and only vagrants? Thinking of this we despair of the doing away with the worms.

No! the worms shall be with us always.

The 15th annual regatta of the New York Yacht Club came off on Friday, June 3. The day was splendid, with a fine sailing wind, and everybody felt exceedingly jolly. Two steamboats, the Matteawan, for the club, and the Meta, for the press and invited guests, accompanied the race. So many hard things have been said by the press and the public in past years about the miserable accommodation furnished by the club that we feel happy to say that the lessons have been of service, and the affair altogether was happily managed. As far as regards eating and drinking all was eminently serene, and appetites and drinkitites had a good chance of disappearing under the treatment of the accomplished physicians who presided.

At a little after ten the steamers floated away from the foot of 20th street, gay with streamers and full with happy freight, and sped to the spot where lay the fleet, waiting, like white-winged birds, for the first alarm that should frighten them to flight. It came soon through the silver speaking-trumpet wielded by Mr. Haswell, and away they slipped, as though gliding over the launch-ways, and out turned Jersey City, where, as though by appointment, a stiff southerly breeze was in waiting and the fleet ready to embrace it. Nine was the number; three schooners, the Julia, Juinata and Maggie, and six sloops, the Annie, Narragansett, Richmond, Nattie, White Wing and Geraldine. All craft cleared the way before the flying yachts and saluted them as they sped on. The start was made at half-past 10, and Robins's reef was passed by the leading boat, the Annie, at 39 minutes past 11. At 12 the wind slackened. The destination was the south-west spit buoy, which was to be turned. As we passed Fort Lafayette an enthusiastic individual was seen to wave his cambric from the grassy slopes outside, but in a moment, even before the glasses that were levelled at him could measure his identity, a cruel sentinel violently squelched the demonstration, though not before the reportorial tribe had decided that the squelched party was Howard of the *Times*, their old associate. At the south-west spit the Annie was still ahead, rounding it at 21 minutes past 1 o'clock, and away they all went for home, and then what a jolly dinner, or rather what jolly people to eat it.

The Annie led the whole way, and came up to the stake boat at Hoboken at 59 minutes and 20 seconds—mark the seconds—past 3, making the whole run in 5 hours 29 minutes and 20 seconds, and a merry run it was. And then how proudly the little sloop ran up her pennant in salutation to the complimentary cheers—bells and steam-whistles—and sailed round and round the stake-boat, and what waving of handkerchiefs and glancing of bright eyes there were, and how pleasantly every one went home to wait, though not patiently, for the next regatta.

One of the notabilities of the week is the advent on New York of Major (?) Pauline Cushman. This young lady was once, if we are not mistaken, an actress, but with the breaking out of the rebellion, changed her vocation to a different stage, and became a scout and spy for the Federal army. According to all accounts she has been several times at Richmond and at other points inside the rebel lines, and has passed through some queer adventures. Her present domicile is the Astor House, and any fine day the major may be seen riding in Central Park, surrounded by an escort of shoulder-straps, who like New York better than the tented field.

Volunteering, or rather the paying of bounties to volunteers, has stopped in New York, and under the advice of the powers that be, the draft is to take its course. Patriots who have heretofore contented themselves with fighting wordy battles in bar-rooms, will now have a chance to serve their country in a more practical way, either by donating their muscles to its service, or by substituting the muscles of somebody else

at a stipulated tax on their pockets. What a refreshing memory it will be to those who send substitutes to the field, to know in the evening of their days that having been elected to a place among its defenders, they sent a representative who fought, bled and died, and his bones whiten on the soil of Virginia. How much better this is than going ones-self and getting killed. It is so unpleasant to be shot.

The unexampled prosperity of theatrical matters at this time leaves little for the historian to record of ups and downs, or of gigantic efforts to attract public attention. The mere mention of an entertainment, provided it has anything in it worthy of notice, is sure to attract a crowd. New York audiences are proverbially the most indulgent in the world; the day has gone by when a play or an actor is condemned either by hissing, or, as was customary in the days of the old Park Theatre, by laughing them down. New York theatre-goers bear everything, and only show their displeasure by keeping away from the entertainments, sometimes not even so much as that. We honestly believe that in no other city in the world, professing taste, could such actors and such plays be gagged down the people as New York managers and showmen thrust continually. Especially is this the case just now, when plethoric treasuries make managers careless and easy to please audiences, teach them that it is useless to spend money in the production of novelties, when that said stupid and inane public are just as well pleased with the trash that is nightly dished up for them.

With this preamble we have little to record. Manager Wheatley sticks to "Bel Demonio" and Vestvali, and full houses are the result of the sticking. Thousands attend there every night, in hope that they will eventually be in at the time when Vestvali shall make the perilous jump from that perpetual precipice that shall break her into pieces, not five-act pieces. "Bel Demonio" for another week.

The Florences have made so great a hit with "Fra Diavolo" that they want nothing new for a week more. A rather funny burlesque of the Davenport Brothers has been introduced in it.

Last week Mrs. Wood produced "Aladdin," about which and its preparation so much had been promised. "Aladdin" is produced with lots of effects, songs, dances, jokes, quips, quirks and pretty women. Mrs. Wood played Aladdin, Mrs. Sedley Brown the Princess, while Stoddart does up the Widow Twankey in as funny a way as the law permits.

"Capt. Bland" was withdrawn at Wallack's, and justly. It was written for a Bowery locality, and pruned down to suit Broadway. This pruning, while it has not helped the morality or respectability of the piece, has cut away all the merit of it, supposing it ever had any, which is doubtful. The hero captain, done in his usual style by Lester Wallack, seems to have devoted the best years of his life to the pursuit of matrimony under difficulties. He has succeeded in his infantile years in contracting alliances with some 70 or a 100 females—more or less—and is still ardently pursuing other chances to perpetrate the same violation of the statutes. On this fact hinges all the action of the play, which has undoubtedly been written under the last literary idea, that nothing is safe for publication and public approval unless the hero or heroine commit bigamy.

All that a proper putting upon the stage, and a good company could do for "Captain Bland," was done, but we think we hazard nothing in saying the bigamistic captain is a thing of the past.

Barnum, with an eye to the patriotic tastes of his patrons, succeeded in making an engagement with Major Pauline Cushman, who daily and nightly recounts her exploits at twenty-five cents a hearing. To enable her to do this in a satisfactory way, the great irrepressible has arranged for an 11 o'clock, A. M. discourse from the major, who will, at that time each day, fight her battles o'er again. Mdlle. Ernestine, one of the prettiest and most finished *danseuses* we have seen on New York boards, still remains at the Museum.

A new Davenport sensation was brought out during the past week, at Cooper Institute, in the persons of two ladies, one a sister of the Davenport brothers, who undertook to do the same things as were done by the latter. The young ladies, who certainly showed great coolness for *debutantes*, as they were announced to be, amid all the excitement of the audience, did do the same as the Davenports, though they certainly did not do it as well. Whatever the secret is we can only say that the Davenport Brothers perform it deftly, and having had years of practice, must of course be greater adepts in it than two young ladies who are beginners. We have only to say, that if there is anything to discover, a New York audience, with all the natural prying disposition of the full-blooded Yankee, heightened by education, will have a better chance to discover it in the present case, than with the more skilled brothers, who know all the ropes, and are not easily caught napping.

NEW MUSIC.—We notice with pleasure, two new works by Franz Schlotter, a composer well known to our musical readers. The one is a song, "When other Friends are Round Thee," words by G. P. Morris, and published through Pond & Co. Mr. Schlotter's music accords well with the tenderness of the poetry; it is a charming composition, and will have, without doubt, great popularity. Mr. Schlotter's latest piano composition, "Le Martha de Noel," published by Beer & Schirmer, is a work both melodious and effective, without being difficult.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The first Normal School in our country was opened at Lexington, Mass., 25 years ago, and it is proposed to celebrate the quarter century anniversary in July. The Massachusetts Board of Education have made suitable arrangements for the celebration, which will take place at the Normal School in Framingham. Rev. Samuel J. May will deliver the address, and Rev. Eben S. Stearns the poem. The occasion will doubtless call together a large number of the teachers, graduates and members of normal schools and all others interested in education.

—— Last Sunday night the telegraph wires were connected through from Portland, Maine, to St. Louis, Mo., making a circuit of over 2,000 miles.

—— The amount of subscriptions to the 10-40 loan reported at the Treasury department up to the 2d of June was $100,036,000.

—— The Universalist Church in Stowe, Vt., is divided into Union and Copperhead factions, who have arranged to have preaching on alternate Sundays after their respective hearts. But the Copperheads took possession a Sunday or two ago, and refused to permit the abolition minister to enter, whereupon a quarrel ensued.

—— The 10th session of the American Pomological Society will be held in Rochester, N. Y., Sept. 13, and will continue several days.

—— The mass Convention met at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 31st May, and with great unanimity nominated Fremont for President and John Cochrane for Vice-President. No other candidates were talked about; it is considered by many to be a flank movement on Lincoln. Some Democrats, indeed, have gone so far as to recommend the same nominations at Chicago. The Baltimore Convention will be just as much in favor of Mr. Lincoln as the Cleveland one was for the great Pathfinder.

—— A subscription to our Sanitary Fair has been opened in London, to which Jos. Bates, of Baring Bros., subscribed $5,000: Mr. McHenry, $5,000; and Mr. Peabody, $10,000. Every loyal American is expected to put his name down for a handsome sum.

—— A correspondent says that education is receiving some attention in New Jersey. The recent appointments of teachers in Hoboken having been dictated with sole reference to their fitness for their positions.

—— There were only two bids to clean the city on the 2d of June, one for $575,000 and the other for $500,000. Some years ago Mr. Astor offered to do it for $100,000.

—— Considerable merriment was created in the law courts last week by the appearance of Count Joannes, who brought his hotel bills, duly receipted, in answer to John C[illegible]y's assertion that the Count was not pecuniarily responsible. Strange to say, the Judge was not convinced on the spot, but demanded a day to give his decision. The Count ought to indict the Judge.

—— On Saturday afternoon, the 4th June, a mass meeting was held in Union Park in honor of Gen. Grant. It was attended by about 20,000 persons; the principal speakers were Ex-Mayor Opdyke, C. P. Daly, Senator Pomeroy, Chauncey Schaffer, Magnus Gross, Rollins, Hiram Walbridge, J. T. Brady, a person named Tyler, who kept the meeting in a roar of laughter by his poetry, and Gen. T. F. Meagher, who spoke with his usual force and aptness.

Military.—It is a very remarkable fact that while the Union correspondents, in describing our battles, account for our small loss in some of them to the rebels firing too high, the rebel papers say the same thing of our men. There ought to be some instruction given to our troops in this matter.

—— Gen. Sherman having asked the superintendent of a construction train what time it would take him to replace the bridge near Resaca, and having been told that it would take at least four days, replied: "Sir, I give you 48 hours, or a position in the front ranks before the enemy!" The bridge was completed in 48 hours.

—— Major-Gen. Carl Schurz has been placed in command of the convalescent barracks at Nashville.

—— The 17th army corps, which, it will be remembered, was recently assigned to Gen. Frank Blair, has been thoroughly reorganized and strengthened, and left Huntsville, Ala., for Rome, to join Gen. Sherman's army. The corps is largely composed of re-enlisted veterans, who have seen hard service under their old commander, McPherson.

—— During General Birney's recent raid through Florida, a bright little girl was found alone at one house, her parents having skedaddled. She was rather non-committal, for she did not know whether the troops were Union or rebel. Two fine dogs made their appearance while a conversation was being held with the child, and she informed one of her questioners that their names were Gillmore and Beauregard. "Which is the best dog?" asked a bystander. "I don't know," said she; "they're both mighty smart dogs; but they'll either of 'em suck eggs if you don't watch 'em." The troops left without ascertaining whether the family, of which the girl was a hopeful scion, was Union or rebel.

—— Maj.-Gen. Fremont has resigned his commission in the army, and the President has accepted it, as it was not the intention of the Government to call him into service. The *Tribune* states that Gen. Fremont has handed over his pay since he has been unemployed for the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers.

—— The rebel Gen. Ed. Johnson was captured by Frank Totman, of the Maine 17th. He took the rebel by the collar and told him he was his prisoner, when Johnson replied that he should not surrender to any one but the commander of the force. His captor replied, "Don't know anything about that; you can't get away from me!" and he took him to Gen. Hancock.

Personal.—Mdlle. Patti has just come of age, and it is stated that one of the first acts of her majority was to settle an annuity of 6,000f. a-year upon her father, and another to a like handsome amount upon her mother.

—— Lord Brougham is said to have commenced writing an autobiography.

—— Belle Boyd, the famous rebel spy, has arrived in Montreal, Canada.

—— Major Pauline Cushman, the female patriot spy and scout, is now in this city, sojourning at the Astor House.

—— A correspondent requests us to insert the following: "William H. Gerbrick, of Dayton, Montgomery county, Ohio, is desirous of finding his parents, Jacob and Mary Gerbrick, whom he has not seen or heard from since 1846. Then they were living in Pittsburg, Penn. They had lived in Somerset and York counties, Penn. Any paper copying this notice will confer a great favor on a discharged soldier of the 15th Iowa Volunteer Infantry."

—— Dr. Robt. Shelton Mackenzie, of the Philadelphia *Press*, gave a lecture the other night, with great success, in Harrisburg, on the Irish Poets.

Obituary.—Schneider, the renowned organist of Dresden, considered perhaps the greatest of German organists, died on the 13th April, in his 75th year. Another distinguished organist, Mynheer Tours, of Rotterdam, has also died lately; he was one of the first musicians of Holland, and for 30 years the director of the Eruditio Musical Society.

—— At Elmira, 28th of May, Capt. Geo. F. Watson, of the 180th regiment N. Y. V., and formerly of the 12th regiment N. Y. V. He was a brave and able officer, and was wounded at the battle of Gaines' Mill. He was aged 35 years.

—— Lieut. Hart, commanding battery L, 4th regiment U. S. H. artillery, was drowned on the night of the 30th May, while on his passage down the James river. It is supposed that he walked off the transport in his sleep.

—— Chevalier Hulsemann, who represented Austria for several years at Washington, died on the 8th March, at Georgia, Illyria, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health. He was born in 1799. He will be chiefly remembered for his controversy with Daniel Webster on the Martin Koeta affair.

—— The Rev. Frederick S. Wiley was buried on Friday, June 3, in Greenwood cemetery. He died in Florence, Italy. He was for several years one of the ministers of Grace Church, New York, where he made himself much beloved for his urbanity and goodness. He visited Europe last December to recruit his health.

—— On Thursday, June 2, the venerable Francis Price died at his residence, New York, in the 77th year of his age. He was one of the most respected of our citizens, a man of wealth and influence, and has for many years been closely identified with the growth and prosperity of our city. Mr. Price was born in New Jersey, where he owned large property. He was the father of ex-Governor Price, of that State.

—— Col. Peter A. Porter, of the 8th N. Y. V. H. artillery, who was killed on the 3d June, near Coal Harbor, Va., was a native of Niagara Co., N. Y., and a lawyer by profession. He raised the 8th H. artillery in 1862, and has since been actively employed.

—— Col. Frank Haskell, 36th Wisconsin, was killed on the 2d June, while assaulting the enemy's works. He entered the service as Lieutenant and Adjutant of the Sixth Wisconsin regiment, commanded by Col. (now Gen.) Cutler. Subsequently he was selected by Gen. Gibbon for service as Aide-de-Camp, because of his excellent judgment, his great bravery and coolness in battle. He passed through every battle in the Army of the Potomac, escaping unscathed, save at Gettysburg, where he was slightly wounded. During Gen. Gibbon's absence while wounded, Lieut. Haskell remained in the field, serving temporarily on the staff of Gen. Warren, when he commanded the 2d army corps. During the past winter the 36th Wisconsin regiment was organized, and Lieut. Haskell was promoted to the post of Colonel, an honor he had most brilliantly won.

Accidents and Offences.—Andrews, the New York rioter, has been sentenced to three years in the State Prison. Others who took part in the riots of July have been condemned to 10 years' imprisonment. The apparent disparity between the sentences is explained by the fact that the rioters previously sentenced were also convicted of robbery, arson and other offences.

—— About eleven o'clock on the night of Wednesday, June 1, off Cape May, a fearful collision happened between the steam transports City of Bath and Pocohontas, from the effects of which the latter sank, carrying down with her 40 of her passengers and crew. The Pocohontas was on her way from New Orleans to New York, with soldiers on furlough, many of whom have thus perished. The City of Bath was on her way to Washington, with Government stores. The Pocohontas was a steamer of 800 tons, and a capital boat. The night was very dark and hazy.

—— Some light-fingered and light-footed "gentleman" entered the sleeping-apartment of Secretary Chase, on the night of the 1st of June, and stole his gold watch and portemonnaie, which, fortunately, contained only $40 in greenbacks.

—— The San Francisco papers give a most circumstantial account of a duel between the famous Billy Mulligan and a Mr. Coleman. Each was armed with a six-barrel revolver, and at a given word they both blazed away their six shots a-piece. Coleman lost a finger and gained a bullet in his thigh. Mr. Mulligan was unhurt, and wanted the sport to continue, but the seconds put an end to the affair, and the two heroes left the ground with their friends.

—— On the 31st May, Mrs. Dubois, of Brooklyn, was run over and killed, in Broadway, near Grand street, by a cart, driven by a man named Lynch. The ruffian, who drove at a most reckless speed, was arrested, and committed to the Tombs for trial. Mrs. Dubois leaves three children to mourn her loss. The police are much to blame for not enforcing the municipal regulations.

—— A drunken lieutenant assaulted a servant of Gov. Andrew Johnson, in Nashville, and when the Governor interfered fired his pistol at him. The ball grazed the Governor's side and passed through his coat. The Governor thereupon knocked the fellow down and wounded him severely.

—— A great fire had happened in New Orleans, on the 27th May, when eight steamers were destroyed. The news comes by way of Cairo.

—— The New York *Tribune* says that Capt. Sam Black, U. S. Quartermaster, who was recently convicted at Louisville of perpetrating enormous frauds on the Government, has been pardoned; and that Hall & Smith, Western horse contractors, who had likewise been found guilty of the same offence, have had their sentence suspended. This makes the *Tribune* fear that Kohnstamm may receive Presidential sympathy and clemency.

—— The trial of Edward Hunter for the murder of his wife, before Recorder Hoffman, at the Court of General Sessions, resulted in a verdict of murder in the second degree. The trial has occupied ten days, and excited unusual interest. The prosecution was conducted by O. L. Stewart, Assistant District Attorney. The counsel for the prisoner were J. F. Walton and H. L. Clinton. There was no question raised as to the prisoner's having committed the homicide. The jury were out 48 hours endeavoring to arrive at a verdict.

—— On Wednesday, June 1, the extensive steam sawing establishment of Mr. Crane, 29th street, was entirely consumed by fire, as well as two tenement-houses; loss, about $30,000. At the same time a fire burst out in 23d street, on the North River.

—— The smokestack of the U. S. steam revenue cutter Kankakee, lying at the foot of Horatio street, which was imperfectly secured in its place by means of guys, fell, on the 4th inst., on the deck of the schooner Marie, lying alongside, instantly killing Zeno C. Baker, the captain of the schooner, a deck hand named John Dunn, and seriously injuring John McIlvane and an unknown man.

—— A German lager bier saloon-keeper, named Otto Bittner, was, on the 4th inst. shot through the arm, by Officer Stevenson, of the 31st Precinct, in Broadway, near 70th street.

Foreign.—The Emperor Napoleon III. has established at the Louvre, already so rich in curiosities and treasures of art, a Museum of Monarchs. Here will be collected all the personal memorials which can be secured of the sovereigns who have ruled over France. Among those now to be seen in this interesting collection are the following: Arms and fragments of royal ornaments belonging to Childeric; a curule chair of Dagobert; the prayer-book, sword and sceptre of Charlemagne; the breviary and baptismal vase of St. Louis; the armor worn by Francis I. on the famous field of Pavis; the prayer-book of Mary Stuart, Queen of Francis II.; the helmet and shield, splendidly inlaid, of the monster Charles IX.; the armor of Henri Quatre; the locksmith's tools of the hapless Louis XVI.; the crown worn by Napoleon I. at his coronation.

—— It is asserted on good authority that there are in London 16,000 children trained to crime, 15,000 men living by low gambling, 50,000 by constant thieving, 5,000 receivers of stolen goods, and 150,000 men and women subsisting by other disgraceful means. There are not less than 25,000 beggars. So that there are more than 250,000 persons in the London district, of all ages and sexes, who prey upon the honest and industrious part of the community.

—— The Paris *Nation* notices a rumor that the Pope has received extreme unction; but false reports of the Pontiff's health have been so frequent as to render the phrase "under all reserve" more than usually appropriate to this news.

—— The excavations which led to the discovery of Pompeii were made during the reign of Charles III., the first Bourbon King of Naples.

—— The Liverpool *Albion* gives 34 forms in which the name of Shakespeare has been spelled.

—— A Paris letter-writer says: "The world of Paris is gone mad after the Japanese. This embassy, regardless of the 'happy dispatch' which may await them on their return, are enjoying themselves in the most reckless manner. Only last night I found several secretaries of legation—where do you think? Why, actually behind the scenes of the Grand Opera, surrounded with ballet girls! European secretaries of legation know better than that, at any rate, though they do not know much as a rule. As for 'Mabille,' and the 'Chateau des Fleurs,' they are there every night. On Wednesday they 'entertained at dinner.' I saw the *menu*, but it contained nothing worth recording; judging, however, from the list of wines selected, I should say that the very best of everything is nearly good enough for the dusky diplomacy of Japan."

—— On the day of Garibaldi's arrival in London, 573,000 copies of his photographs were sold. At the last interview of Earl Russell with the great Liberator, he exchanged walking-sticks with him.

—— The Italian people are very much delighted with the enthusiastic reception given to Garibaldi by the people of England, and have held numerous meetings to thank them.

—— The opera of "Merry Wives of Windsor," is now the leading attraction in London and Paris. It is composed by Nicolai, who died very poor in Germany in 1849. The "Merry Wives" was first produced in Germany in 1849, but was not successful.

—— A new tenor has been singing at Milan, in opera too, who does not understand a word of music, and has to be taught everything by ear. A year ago he was a journeyman mattrass maker.

—— A new opera house is to be built at the watering-place of Monaco, on the Mediterranean, for the poorer classes, the rates of admission to be four cents.

—— The yield of the French coal mines for 1863, was equal to 10,000,000 of tons.

—— Sir Thomas Judkin Fitzgerald recently drowned himself near his residence at Golden, Ireland, under temporary insanity from pecuniary distress.

—— The Venetian Chamber of Notarico has just rejected an invitation made by the government to admit to that body persons of the Jewish religion.

—— Carlotta and Adelina Patti, Nantier, Didiée, Tamberlik and Ronconi, and William Vincent Wallace, are among the latest musical arrivals in London.

—— Gazzaniga has been lately playing at the Carrano theatre at Milan. One night she was sick, and Zacconi, a substitute, sang, pleasing so well that she was enabled to make a condition that she should retain the rôle in place of Gazzaniga. This aroused the anger of the latter, a lawsuit was the result, and in the meantime the manager is obliged to close the theatre.

—— It appears from evidence taken in a criminal court that it is a common practice to place counterfeit money in the collection plates in the English churches.

Art, Science and Literature.—G. P. R. James, the well-known novelist, who produced about three or four novels per annum, and apparently had not written himself out, left a posthumous work of fiction, entitled "Bernard Marsh," which has been published, ere this reaches our readers, by Mr. Bentley, of London. It consists of two volumes.

—— M. Renan is understood to be busy with a Life of St. Paul, "the founder of Christianity."

—— A translation is in the press of M. Victor Hugo's recent work on Shakespeare.

—— Mr. G. W. Carleton has in preparation a volume by Mr. H. T. Tuckerman, entitled "American Artist Life: Sketches of the Painters and Sculptors of America, from an early period down to the present time."

—— Elihu Burritt, "the Learned Blacksmith," has published his "Walk from London to John O'Groat's, with Notes by the Way," and the English reviewers speak well of it. The journey, on foot, from the extreme south of Great Britain to the extreme north, will probably be supplemented by the author's walk from the Land's End to London.

—— In a long review of a work on America, which appears in the Paris *Moniteur*, the writer states that "Go to head!" is the favorite motto on the other side of the Atlantic. He mentions this twice in the course of his criticism.

Odds and Ends.—There are now gathered together in the Central Park, New York, over 200 varieties of birds, American and foreign. They are left free to build their nests in the Park and to make it their resort from generation to generation.

—— Misfits are sometimes lucky. The bandits in Mexico recently caught a colonel; he was in plain clothes, and denied his identity. In his trunk was a splendid uniform, but he declared it belonged to somebody else. He was made to try it on; and although it was really made for him, the tailor had so blundered that the coat was found to be much too large, and the bandits accepted the colonel's word, and neglected to shoot him, as they had intended, if he had been proved to be of the military persuasion.

—— The army contractors forward on an average 40 cavalry horses daily from St. Albans, Vt., to Washington.

—— "Bob," now called "Delmont Bob," is the body-servant of Gen. McClernand, and at the battle of Belmont, it is said of him, that when the retreat commenced he started for the boats. Reaching the banks, he dismounted, and slid rapidly down, when an officer, seeing the action, called out, "Stop, you rascal, and bring along the horse!" Merely looking up, as he waded to the plank through the mud, the darkey replied: "Can't obey, colonel: the major told me to save the most valuable property, and dis nigger's worf mor'n a horse."

—— During the summer of 1849, a Mr. James Wilson, of West Jersey, died with the cholera, while some 50 miles from his home. John Rogers was employed to convey the dead body in a wagon to his friends at home. By inquiry he learned the precise house of the deceased. On driving to the door he called to a respectable-looking lady, who was in fact the newly-made widow, and asked: "Does Mr. Wilson live here?" "Yes," was the reply; "but he's not at home to-day." "I know he's not at home now, but he will be very soon: for I've got him here, dead, in the wagon!"

GEORGE H. ELLIS'S MUSIC ROOMS, STATE STREET, ROCHESTER.

Presentation to Gen. Tom Thumb and Lady.

A VERY pleasing incident occurred at the handsome piano rooms of Mr. George H. Ellis, State street, Rochester, on the 6th of last month. Gen. Tom Thumb—Mr. Stratton—had been staying for some time in that delightful city, and the General being a member of the Order of Knight Templars, it was determined by his brother Sir Knights to take him by surprise, and to give him and his handsome lady a friendly ovation. Accordingly the details of the affair were placed in the hands of Sir Knight George H. Ellis, who invited the General, and by him was deputed to wait upon the famous Queen of Beauty, and to invite her to meet some friends at his beautiful piano and music rooms, in Ellwanger and Barry's building, State street. Mrs. Gen. Tom Thumb received the ambassador with that distinguished courtesy for which she is remarkable, and graciously accepted the invitation on behalf of the General, of her sister, Minnie Warren, and of Commodore Nutt, to whom the invitation was also extended. The preliminaries being arranged, and the day appointed, invitations were issued to the prominent musical, literary and other well-known ladies and gentlemen of the city, and quite an excitement was created in anticipation of the event.

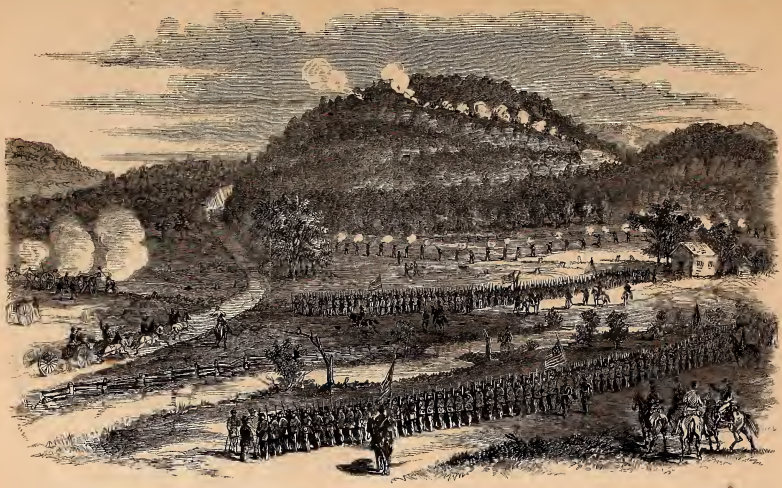
On the day appointed, the distinguished little party drove up to Mr. Ellis's store in a splendid carriage drawn by four spirited horses. On alighting, they were ushered into the music rooms, where they received the friendly greetings of the assembled guests. The saloon in which the meeting took place, is in every respect splendidly fitted up. Huge mirrors decorate its walls, and its whole area, over 60 feet by 30, is covered by costly carpeting. Here and there are pieces of rare sculpture and bronzes, in fact, every elegance that refined taste could suggest, has been gathered together to render Ellis's saloon fitted to receive the fair ladies of the city, who seem to make it their fashionable rendezvous.

The gathering was in every way a most social one. The little lions of the day talked freely with all around, but the Commodore was the very life of the party. He was in exuberant spirits, and sang and joked in an irresistibly amusing manner. Mrs. Gen. Tom Thumb sang several songs most charmingly; among them the "Captain and his Whiskers" made a great sensation. The fine grand pianos which Mr. Ellis constantly keeps on sale, were brought into requisition, and discoursed much charming music under the able manipulation of Miss Barton, Mr. Wilkins and Professor Ellis, while the vocal part was most ably sustained by Miss Jennie Bull, Miss Addie Hatch and Miss Barton. It was the opinion of all present that it was one of the most delightful impromptu matinées ever given in the good city of Rochester.

At the close of the musical exercises the special attention of the company was requested, and the ceremonies of the presentation commenced. Many of the principal officers of the Order of Knight Templars being present, the presentation was made under their sanction. Sir Knight General Lathrop, in an eloquent and appropriate speech, presented to Sir Knight Charles W. Stratton (Gen. Tom Thumb), on behalf of Sir Knight George H. Ellis, an [illegible]tely carved cigar stand, and to his wife, a cup, beautifully and elaborately cut from wood of the Charter Oak, by the blind poet, Mr. Robert Fenn. The General, though taken by surprise, replied with fluent ease, and accepted the gifts on behalf of himself and his wife with warm expressions of pleasure and gratitude. The General and his party then drove off, and the company separated highly gratified by the incidents of the day.

One word as to the gentleman who was the chief mover in this pleasant affair. Mr. George H. Ellis is one of the representatives of the earnest, pushing business men of the country. He despises the old fogy style, which crawls after popular taste, instead of leading it. He knows that if you show the public what they ought to buy, they will most certainly do so. His store is more elegantly fitted up than our New York stores; his collection of music comprises all that is new and popular; he keeps not only square, but grand pianos, a circumstance uncommon in the country, besides every other kind of instrument, including even Browne's celebrated harps. By his business tact and energy, he has extended his business all through the West, and it is no uncommon thing for him to ship off *four* pianos a day—an amount of business in one department, which would be considered first-class, even in this city. It is such men as this who spread musical taste through wide and hitherto unreached circles, and their success is not only well deserved, but it is a benefit to the community at large.

A WESTERN paper strikes the names of two subscribers from its list because they were recently hung. The publisher says he was compelled to be severe, because he did not know their present address.

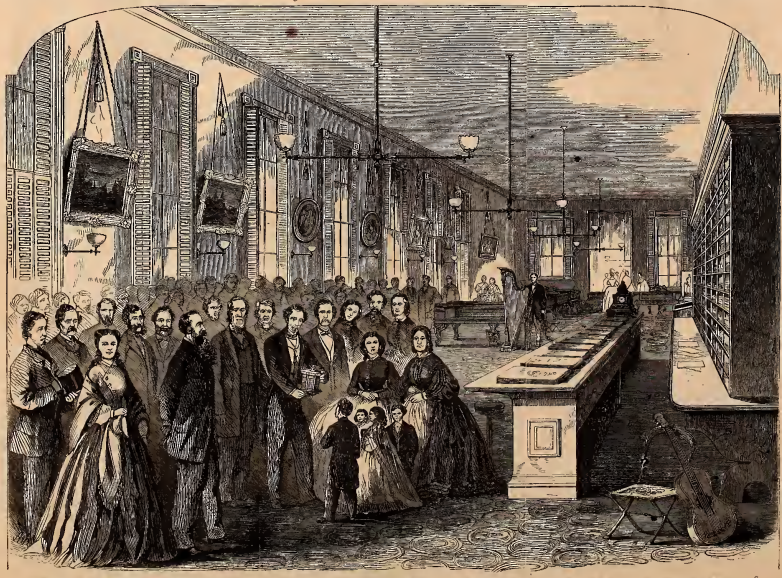


THE WAR IN GEORGIA—BATTLE OF RESACA, MAY 14—GRANT'S 2ND BRIGADE CHARGING UP THE MOUNTAIN.—FROM A SKETCH BY ASSISTANT-SURGEON J. S. TREXLER, 73RD PENN.—SEE PAGE ---

HEAT OF THE EARTH.—The increase of the earth's temperature, as we descend below the surface, is a subject which possesses great scientific interest, and is also of practical importance as determining the depth at which it would be possible to pursue the working of coal and other minerals. The deepest coal-mine in the world is the Monkwearmouth Colliery, in England, which reaches a depth of 1,860 feet below the surface of the ground, and nearly so much below the level of the sea. The observed temperature of the strata at this depth agrees pretty closely with what has been ascertained in other localities, and shows that the increase takes place at the rate of 1 deg. Fah. to about 60 feet of depth. Assuming the temperature of subterranean fusion to be 3,000 deg., and that the increase of heat at greater depths continues uniform (which, however, is by no means certain), the thickness of the film which separates us from the fiery ocean beneath will be about 34 miles.

ORIGIN OF THE GRAIN IN WEIGHT.—The grain, which is common to the troy and avoirdupois weights, has come down to us from olden times, and is mentioned in the "Magna Charta." It is described as "a grain of wheat gathered from the middle of the ear." This, of course, was exceedingly vague and arbitrary, but it sufficed for the simple wants of our ancestors, and since then its specific weight has been fixed on a firmer and more satisfactory basis.

A GENTLEMAN who had been spending the evening with a few friends, looking at his watch just after midnight, said: "It is to-morrow morning! I must bid you good-night, gentlemen."



GEORGE M. ELLIS'S MUSIC AND PIANO ROOMS, ELLWANGER & BARRY'S BUILDING, STATE STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y. ON THE OCCASION OF A PRESENTATION TO GEN. TOM THUMB AND LADY, APRIL 6. SEE PAGE 196.

THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—DESTRUCTION OF THE U. S. TRANSPORT JOHN WARNER BY CONFEDERATE BATTERIES ON RED RIVER, MAY 4.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.

THE BRIDAL AND THE BURIAL.

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

From the steeple of our village church a joyous peal rings out,
And past the gray old headstones, what a gay crowd threads its way!
And foremost 'mongst the merry girls was pretty gentle Ruth,
And at her side, her true, true-love, whom she will wed this day.

She was not dressed in costly silks, no bridal veil was there,
A simple white rose hid itself amidst her curling hair;
A modest dress of flowing white, a sash of orange hue,
And Ruth stood forth as fair a bride as mortal eyes could view.

She was the village pride, the pet, the darling of us all,
Her smile was love and charity, her voice a pleasant tune,
And she a simple orphan, poor, and in the world alone,
Was welcome to our hearts and homes, as sunny days in June!

The story of her life was one we often read in books—
The rich squire's son would seek our Ruth in all the quiet nooks.
But how he won that gentle heart, which beat for love alone,
Must still remain a secret, to their bosoms only known.

The village gossip, ever rife, was carried to the Hall,
And fiercely raged the purse-proud man, nor waited be a day,
The curse and disinheritance, the ban from home and heart,
Were placed against that one great love, in stern and harsh array.

Yet he would brave them all for her, and gave back scorn for scorn—
But sacrifice and wisdom dwelt with her, the lowly born.
He should not lose his home for her—no ban on him should lie.
The love that blossomed 'neath a curse would wither up and die!

And so they parted. Years rolled on, but their faith wavered not,
Till Time's great retribution came, and set love's prisoners free.

And here upon this sunny day, before the altar old,
The orphan weds the rich man's son, and proud of her is he.

Ah me! It was a blessed sight to see that youthful pair,
So trustful in their constant hearts, so humbly kneeling there;
To know how they had struggled, waited, hoped, and not in vain,
For now their hands are joined, and none can sever them again.

The closing benediction given, they take their homeward way,
The sunshine, glowing on their path, in golden gladness lay;
They knew not that it shone so bright, as they walked side by side,
The sunshine in their hearts eclipsed all thought of aught beside.

Blanche surprises Madame Euphrosine.

The Abode of the Witch of Fontainebleau.

And as we reached the grand old Hall, no longer grim, though gray,
Each window seemed a friendly eye that bade us welcome there;
And soon a merry throng was seen around the festive board,
Which not for many years had groaned with such a lordly fare.

The laugh and jest went round and round, and no one felt the thrill—
The shudder—the foreboding—the presentiment of ill.
With glasses filled up to the brim, with one accord we cried:
"A health! a health! and three times three, to bridegroom and to bride!"

Up rose the bridegroom full of joy—but sadly, deadly pale—
He slowly spoke, and painfully—"I know not what to say—
I thank you all—my wife—my heart—my heart is all too full—"
He paused—and in that solemn pause, his life had passed away.

From the steeple of our village church the tolling bell doth tell,
That he who three days since was wed now sleepeth passing well.
God help the widowed orphan, and soothe her heart's great pain—
Alone once more—we take her to our hearts and homes again.

THE WITCH OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

In a miserable house that seemed every moment ready to totter to the ground, in an obscure street in Fontainebleau, lived during the Reign of Terror in France one Madame Euphrosine. The venerable mansion was so loathed by the inhabitants, that all persons passed it with trembling

and a look of abhorrence, quickening their footsteps and almost holding their breath. In the night—particularly when there was a moon—the mansion, once the abode of wealth and beauty, wore an ominous aspect which would seem to repel the very bats, so that it is doubtful if they nested in any of its nooks. On one side it was stone and iron—a very fortress; on the other, the windows were shattered; great holes told where the bricks had fallen out; there were unseemly patches caused by the abrasing of time. Blinds hung by a solitary hinge—curtains there were none. The dismal grandeur that haunts nobility in decay seemed not to reign over these wretched premises; everything repelled, and more than all, the vicious, toothless hag that, doomed by her own vices to the most horrible seclusion, lived, or rather dragged existence out in the frightful house. Not far from this place rose that splendid structure, the hunting-seat of the kings of France, at which, early every morning, she who had once been the most beautiful ornament of a frivolous court, stood at her window and shook her shrivelled hands.

At the time when the guillotine was doing its deadliest work, and there was weeping in all the streets of Paris, a French nobleman laid dying. The sinking sun shone faintly in upon the splendors of an almost royal chamber, where, beneath coverlids of crimson and white satin, the Duke of Delisse quivered and gasped. On her knees, at the side of his bed, knelt a beautiful creature, whose eyes were filled with tears. The small crucifix held tightly in her slender fingers blazed with diamonds; the long fair curls that streamed back, leaving her white brow and colorless cheeks unshadowed, seemed in themselves almost a wealth of gold.

"Oh! my darling!" quivered the dying lips, "in this time of horror to leave you! And yet it is better. They will soon come for me when they hear I have returned—they would even drag me from this pillow to lay my poor head on the block. And you, my tender little Blanche, what can I leave you? Not safety—they hate our house; nor riches—they will sack this beautiful home which now, alas! it is out of my power to give you."

"Papa, never think of me," whispered the young girl, falling on her father's neck as she arose from her knees, "God will remember me."

"Yes, yes, it seems so; you are young, beautiful, innocent, yet neither of those will protect my darling, for alas! you are noble, There is only one thing I can think of, my child. In Fontainebleau lives a woman who once professed to love me. She is old and unhappy, but perhaps she has not lost all the goodness of her heart. Here is a ring which she will remember; she promised when she gave it me to do me a service if ever I should require it. I should advise you, after I am gone—for you will be alone then, my darling—Antoine has been obliged to flee for his life—to adopt a servant's costume, disguise your hands in thick gloves, wear a cap, and conceal a little money. Find your way to Fontainebleau, and in the house number fourteen, that stands alone in the midst of a garden quite neglected in the Rue De———, seek for one Madame Euphrosine. Do not tremble if her tongue is malevolent at first, she will not dare, fallen as she is, to forget her promise, and even her ill-nature and possible contempt will be better than the guillotine. Ah! you shudder, my poor darling. Thank heaven with me that you are spared that horror, that your old father is mercifully released by death."

The little clock, a trifle of exquisite workmanship on the mantel, struck six. Blanche looked pitifully up, with its last stroke had departed the soul of her father. The poor child—she was only sixteen—uttered a wild, despairing cry, and gazed around the room in terror. At that moment a coarse face looked in, its features troubled with a mute pity, then turned and beckoned. To the consternation of Blanche, a man entered roughly dressed; a workman's paper cap upon his head, a long, coal-black beard hanging from lips and cheeks that nearly covered the lower part of his face. Blanche thought herself betrayed, and shrank back shuddering, as she moaned, "Alas! pity me, my father is dead!" But in an instant the paper cap was dashed to the ground, the heavy beard followed, and a handsome, high-bred young man stood before her with arms open and outstretched.

"My darling!" he whispered, "see what I have risked to behold you again."

"Oh! Antoine, and your name is on the list of the proscribed."

"I know it, my darling, but I felt that I must make one more desperate effort if I died for it, so I procured this blouse and have disguised myself, my poor little dove!" and he caressed the fair brow that laid so helplessly against his shoulder.

"Antoine, I tremble while you are here; they may come in, those cruel men, at any moment. See you not that my poor father has escaped them?"

"What! dead!—the duke dead?" he cried, nearing the splendid couch. "I thought he slept. My poor little Blanche with no protector, what can you do? Oh, God! that I am powerless!"

"Hush! there is noise—they are in the street, that fearful soldiery. Oh! Antoine, we are lost!"

The young man had hurriedly thrown on his paper cap and beard. The girl who had admitted him now flew into the chamber, seized Blanche, who was nearly fainting, and dragged her from the room. Descending the stairs again, she had just time to enter the chamber where laid the corpse, when three gend'armes rushed in clamorous. They found the girl weeping, and the man in a carpenter's dress standing by. Fortunately the room was now quite dim, twilight was falling. Antoine's hands were stained ingeniously, and looked like those of a coarse, hard-working mechanic.

"So the duke is dead?" cried one of the fellows, glancing suspiciously upon Antoine.

"The girl was crying at the street door, and I came up here," said Antoine; "is this a duke in truth?" he asked awkardly innocently.

"Aye, and just escaped justice," cried another of the soldiers with an oath, deceived by his bad French. "But there are more of his family. Girl, on your life deceive us!" he turned threateningly.

"More of his family, indeed," cried the girl, looking up in apparent fright, "there's only the daughter that's in school in Valence, poor dear! A sore blow will this news be to her." The soldiers scanned her curiously, and evidently thought she spoke the truth.

Meanwhile Antoine was examining the pictures and beautiful trifles, as if he had never seen such things before in his life. They then went out, casting scowling glances toward the bed where the white, stern face gave back no response. Antoine made sure they were in the street, then exchanged a few low rapid words with the girl, who left the room. Presently she came down again and handed him a slip of paper, on which was written the words:

Rue De———, No. 14, Fontainebleau.

Antoine read the paper, his cheek paled. "That human tigress," he muttered; "well, well, in these times we will trust all to God," he added, reverently. "Now I must go, good-bye, Annette. Be assured if I live I will remember you. If ever I recover my fortune, or even a part of it, you shall see that I am grateful. Only do the best you can by your mistress. Poor dove! she goes indeed out of the ark to find, perhaps, no place for the sole of her foot."

"I promise you I will do what I can," whispered the girl, tears filling her honest eyes again. "I will be true to Miss Blanche, who has always been like an angel to me and mine. Ah! I wish the red republicans were only half as good."

"Hush! cried Antoine. "Now I must go. I will not trust myself to see the poor girl again—but if I live and these terrible persecutions cease, I will find her and you."

At that moment the place in which the guillotine stood was running rivers of blood. Deserted though it was, one old crone dabbled in the crimson stream, laughing hideously to herself.

"Off with their heads," she muttered; "the gilded fools—to perdition with all of them. Oh! I could dance about this monument of death, if only they would decapitate the Count D'Artois."

Presently the moon came up shining calmly on this ghastly spectacle. It shone also on two forms clad in the garments of servitude, quietly toiling out of the city. They had reached the great gate without molestation.

"Courage," murmured Annette; "it will not take us so many hours."

"But I am so tired, and my heart is so heavy," pleaded a faintly soft voice.

"I know it, mademoiselle—I am used to walking and you are not—there, hang on my arm as heavily as you can—it will not trouble me. See how beautiful the light shines—and the waters are so clear and still."

"Oh! Annette, I wish I could look—I wish I could feel that these things are beautiful—but think—think who I have left behind. *O! mon pere—mon pere!*"

"Hush, my dear mademoiselle, for from the shadows of these trees, these fences, there may somebody come who will listen. Though the great God has kept us so far and not even a soul has met us. You must try to think of the good duke as away up in the shining heavens, as indeed he must be—he was so charitable and so virtuous. Alas! that I dare not have masses said for the repose of his soul!"

"Oh! Annette—and he is lying there where fiends may pull him from his bed and insult his gray hairs; it is like death to think of it. Alas! how lonely I am! fatherless, motherless—it would have been better to stay—to die and go to heaven."

"Not in that horrid, horrid way, mademoiselle; don't talk of it—it makes my blood run chill even to hear that terrible name. No, no—please heaven the young count may escape; and you, after a little confinement, can come out again—and at least—if there is nothing else left—remember there is Annette who would die for you."

"Oh! my good girl," cried Blanche, weeping—"what should I do indeed without you? If you could only stay with me. Someway I am very much frightened at the prospects before me. I am going to Madame Euphrosine."

Annette, with an effort, repressed a shudder—that crone's name was known all over Paris. There was no danger there, to be sure, unless the woman herself should be revengeful—for her very baseness protected her. Nobody would think of searching that Bastile for perished beauty—child and man alike feared its very shadow. No officer of justice was dauntless enough to exist for a moment within its poisonous atmosphere.

"And how did your good father know so bad a woman?" asked Annette.

"Ah! it was when she was young and beautiful. Mama told me about it. She used to be the most splendid woman in France. Kings went to her levees—and even worshipped her. All the great men of the time ran after her. Papa was then young and a poet, and she fascinated him. But he was too good ever to be ruined by her. I believe he once did a good deed for her that made her grateful. But, alas! perhaps she has forgotten in these terrible times. No doubt she hates the nobility, as all such persons profess to do now. And if she refuses me, where shall I go?"

"We will wait and see," said Annette. "I will watch. If you go in, it will be a sign that you are safe. If you turn back, then we will walk further and further. I do not fear. I have a little money, and so have you, and I will work for you; keep up your heart, mademoiselle."

A heavy sigh and quiet pressure was the only reply.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Annette, in a low voice.

A man stood before them strangely habited, a blouse thrown over what appeared to be a frock coat. His face was dark and forbidding, and looked worse to them in their terror than it really was.

"Who are these?" he asked, gruffly, planting a gigantic figure in the way.

"Two poor girls," replied Annette, who kept her wits about her, "who are going to see their sick mother. Word was sent this evening, and we must walk because we have no money."

"Where is the mother?" questioned the man, still with his eye fixed upon Blanche, whose face was quite hidden.

"In Fontainebleau, on the outskirts," was the answer. "Oh! monsieur, don't detain us—for the poor woman may die without seeing us."

"Poor soul!" cried the man, with ironical emphasis; "and this is your sister. No doubt your words are true—but everybody is at liberty to question in these times. Let me see your face, mademoiselle?"

These dreadful words proved that he suspected. Annette lost her strength. Blanche lifted her young fair face almost as proud as it was resolute.

"Ha! no likeness—I should think," he muttered, sarcastically. "Now let me look at your hands, my little lady."

Blanche drew off the thick, coarse gloves, and displayed two small hands so snowy white and tapering, that the man evidently looked at them with ill-concealed admiration.

"Humph! my dainty lady, I don't think your mama will be blessed with a vision of your pretty face to-night—you'll have to come with me; you are an aristocrat."

Annette fell on her knees, dumb with terror, holding up her clasped hands beseechingly—but Blanche towered—the color came into her face.

"Very well," she said; "it is best. My father is dead—he is now waiting for me there," and her beautiful eyes were turned to the heavens. The man stood irresolute.

"Well, well, mademoiselle," he said again, "we won't be rude even with the pretty daughters of our nobles. Here, give me that ring on your finger and you may depart."

Blanche tremblingly removed the ring, and the two girls went on, scarcely able to breathe through fear.

"Alas! I am worse off than before," murmured Blanche; "that ring was my passport; I shall not dare present myself now."

Footsteps were heard.

"The horrid fellow has repented," gasped Annette; "he is coming back after us."

They stopped. Of what use would flight have been in that place—two feeble women against a strong-limbed, coarse ruffian.

The man came up holding something between his thumb and forefinger.

"Take it," he said; "keep your bauble. I stopped near a light—I read the initials—I saw the crest—I would not curse myself with keeping it. It belongs, or did belong, to Madame Euphrosine."

"Alas!" said Blanche, mournfully, after he had gone again—"even he rejects such a token—how can I enter her portals? how can I accept charity from her?"

"Courage!" cried Annette; "you are not to stay there only during these terrors. . Who knows but the day after to-morrow it may all be ended. Bear up with patience—we are now far on our way. Only to cross this wood—it is surely deserted at this hour. Yes, yes, it is better to trust to the tender mercies of the old witch of Fontainebleau than of the guillotine. Ah! mademoiselle, you have not seen it, else you would say so too."

"Stop!" cried Blanche, panting now with terror—"there is a man following us. See, that is him crouching near the tall post behind. Oh! how shall we dare to cross the wood. Annette, I believe I am a coward—I shall sink upon the ground with fear."

"Let us get into the wood and hide suddenly in one of its paths," whispered Annette. "I know we are two poor women, but I know also that God has not deserted us yet."

Blanche darted forward. She had never been so nervous, so much excited in her life. The thought of her dead father at home—of Antonie's peril—of the rude man who let them off, only perhaps, to recapture them after a momentary contrition, deepened her fears every instant. The moon was still bright as they stole into the wood, whose long arches looked solemn in the distance, and through whose treetops could be seen the silvery lustre of the moonlit sky. Still the stranger went on. He was evidently following them. Arrived at the entrance of the wood he took the same path they had taken, but his consternation was great when he no longer saw their floating dresses. He peered cautiously around—he stood still—then stopping again he cried, in a loud whisper:

"Blanche—Annette—do not fear—it is I."

Another moment and the two girls had emerged from their place of concealment. Half fainting with joy, Blanche recognised the voice of Antoine. Oh, what pleasure to be folded for a moment in his arms, to hear him speak her name!

"It will never do," said the more prudent Annette, fearful of listeners, of followers with far other intentions.

"Only for a few moments, my good Annette. I have reconnoitred the ground; for an hour I have watched and listened; I think there is no danger here, and this poor girl must have rest," he said, half bearing Blanche on his strong arm. "I know where there is an arbor on these grounds, a rude little spot, that has served for my own hiding-place. There we will stay until my poor darling feels stronger, for she leans as if all her strength was gone."

Annette did not oppose, fearful though she was. She had great confidence in Antoine's good judgment. So she followed where he led, to a rough seat, under some interlaced trees, in the thickest part of the wood. Here Blanche rested at last, only conscious of one happiness, that of being near Antoine. He sought among the rubbish under the seat and brought out a small tin box and a flask. From the box he produced some biscuit, very sweet and delicate, and insisted that both should eat. Then he made them swallow a little wine and chatted with them pleasantly.

"There will be worse work to-morrow than there has been to-day," he said, when they prepared again to depart; "and I am glad that you will be housed even in so revolting a place as that of Madame Euphrosine, though I am told there's no end of beautiful things in the old place, no end of silver and gold, which the old creature has hoarded for years."

"Every minute that we stay here fills me with distraction," murmured Annette.

"Wait till the moon goes down," said Antoine; "then I shall not fear to be your guide. Every inch of this forest is familiar to me."

"But will Madame Euphrosine let me in so late?" queried Blanche.

"I don't suppose that will make any difference to her, such people are light sleepers," said Antoine. "At all events, I'm determined to see you to the end of your journey."

In the course of an hour the three set out again, and it was not long before they gained Fontainebleau. Then Blanche's heart began to fail her. She was to take leave of the two best friends who remained to her on earth, one of them her lover and affianced husband. She refrained from weeping, though her heart was full.

"Annette, you will go back to papa?" she said, mournfully.

"Yes, I shall return to protect the property, if I can. Remember, that if you are spared to go again to Paris, I have buried money and silver under a plank in the cellar. They may not search the place, but if they do, that at least will be spared to you."

"And now, farewell, Blanche," said Antoine, tearfully. "It is already two in the morning. Before night I shall be leagues away from here. Keep up your heart, my darling. Madame Euphrosine cannot but be tender towards you, so young, so beautiful!"

He embraced her as they came in view of the building, which, in the gloom, looked like some fortress. There was no light to be seen.

"Go!" whispered Antoine, as he stood back and gently held her from him.

"Oh, I cannot—I cannot!" cried the poor child.

"Blanche, do you not see that before many hours it will be light, and it has been difficult already for me to escape detection? If I remain——"

"No—go—go!" cried Blanche, pressing forward with resolute steps. "Farewell, Annette! only stay till I enter."

She crossed the gloomy courtyard, guided by Antoine, and raising the antique knocker, gave three resounding blows on the oaken door. For some moments nothing could be heard save the prolonged echo of the noise she had made. Once again Antoine applied his strength to the knocker. Presently steps were heard inside, a great clatter, as if pans, boards and furniture were being overthrown. Blanche shrank back when the rattle of chains and bolts struck her ear. One after the other all obstructions were removed, and the door was opened, still chained, but admitting little more than a square inch of light. Most hideous was the face that looked forth, the tangled locks of hair falling over shrivelled cheeks and bare vein-knotted neck.

"What do you want? Away with you!" cried a shrill voice.

"My father sent me here," whispered Blanche, trembling, and half resolved to turn back.

"And who is your father, hussey, and who are you that disturb my slumbers?"

"He bade me give you this ring and remind you of a promise you made him many a year ago."

"I am very forgetful," croaked the old creature, accepting the ring, nevertheless, starting as she took it.

"Ah! Yes, yes! I remember him—the Duke Delisse—yes, yes—and I suppose the guillotine has done for him. It was a charming execution yesterday; I was there all day."

Blanche shuddered with horror.

"What did your father ask for you?" cried the witch.

"Protection," faltered Blanche—"shelter till the trouble is over."

"Protection — shelter!" muttered the other. "The child of an aristocrat comes to me, the old witch of Fontainebleau; the aristocrats, whom I hate with a mortal hatred, send their precious things to me! Well, girl, you shall have shelter. This man, your father, was a fool; but still he once did me a good turn, and I'll not turn my back on my promise, even if 'tis a bad one. Come in."

So saying she held the door open. Blanche cast one look behind her, almost ready to brave the wrath of the avenging populace, rather than face this terrible virago; but Antoine, unseen by all but her, beckoned her to go forward. She stepped into the great gulf of darkness, hardly brightened a foot on either side by the miserable candle. The door was bolted, chained and locked, and the broken, horrible voice bade her follow.

"You'll not find luxuries in this house, not to your mind at least, my fine lady. There's a couch that the poor old king has laid on for many a month, and there's a hassock that Marie Antoinette has honored with her feet, for a pillow. As for a nightdress, I've nothing very nice; but you can wrap yourself in this, 'twill keep you warm. I can't afford bedclothes."

As she spoke she threw the hassock on the couch, and catching something that hung near by flung it at Blanche, and hurried away to repeat her fearful dreams. Blanche felt the dress, whatever it was, was some soft and flexile texture. She was wearied and heartbroken, and yet so tired out and tortured that her eyes were heavy. Throwing the garment, which was thick and warm, over her, she composed herself to sleep.

The light of day never fully penetrated the house

of Madame Euphrosine, because of the hangings before the windows, or boards, or broken blinds standing against them. But Blanche was awakened by the familiar sound of the milk bells that penetrated even these thick walls. Ah, she had waked from a dream of heaven to find herself—where? All night she had been happy, sharing the love of her father, being blessed by his care, his smiles, his kisses; now this dark confusion of splendor, this squalor of sordid wealth greeted her eyes. For some moments she could not make out where she was. The room was immense, much larger than any in her father's palace, and covered with the richest and most beautiful carpets, spread apparently one over another, the entire length of the room, while heaps of brocaded satins stood in one corner, heaps of laces in another, and, piled against each other, the most lovely pictures, in costly frames, leaned, covered with dust and neglect.

From these strange things her glance wandered to the lounges, of which there were six of the most *recherche* and elegant patterns conceivable. That on which she herself rested was covered with crimson satin and brocaded with gold, so was the hassock, on whose soft velvet were worked the initials of royalty. The wrap which she had so carelessly thrown over her was of quilted white satin, among the folds of which gleamed hundreds of seed pearls; the laces around the sleeves were worth a small fortune, and the work upon its gleaming front must have cost many weary hours of labor. In unbounded astonishment she lifted herself upon one elbow, and began to inspect these strange premises. There was neither method nor cleanliness. The splendid colors in the Aubusson at her feet seemed coated here and there with filth, in other places cut and slashed, as if in some mad frolic. The pictures were so defaced in some parts that the mutilation seemed intentional. The Venetian mirrors, of which there were three, framed in ivory, inlaid with gold, alone had escaped the defacing hand of cruelty or time.

After a few moments Blanche lifted herself from the lounge, and moved around to inspect these beautiful things. Behind her dragged the rich trail of her strange night-dress. Wiping the dust from one picture and another, marvelling at their wondrous tints, she did not know how far the morning had advanced, for through the obscurity the sun gave only a dim, creamy light that much enhanced the sense of her security, while it played false with her reason. Not until she began to feel the faintness of hunger did she think that it might be past the breakfast hour, and then came to her a vision of that home in which her father lay; had they left him there? Did she dare to hope they had given him a Christian burial? Ah! no; that blessing was denied all the aristocrats, as they were called. Throwing herself down in the midst of that rotting and fading splendor, she wept and moaned unrestrainedly. No one heard her; no one came near her; the silence of the great house at last grew something frightful. Not even a mouse was to be heard; not even a fly sang in the charnel air. Blanche felt conscious of a coming terror that was even worse than the cries of the excited people for blood. Was she alone in this dreadful place? Had the grim creature given her the refuge she sought, and then left her to starve? The thought was not a welcome one, though she wished so ardently to die; the pangs of hunger must be even more dreadful than the sharp pains of the guillotine. She made her way to the door by which she entered; it was locked, but there was another door directly opposite, and down the great length she travelled in the midst of splendid but faded chairs, silk hangings, thrown into heaps, until she reached it in terror, for fear it, too, should be barred against her. But no; though it resisted her strength for a long time it gave way at last, and she stepped into a long dreary entry, from which the mouldering paper was literally dropping, but which, like the room, had long lengths of Aubusson carpet thrown carelessly down so that it lay in small hillocks. From this hall several doors seemed to open, but, one after another as she tried them, she found them securely fastened, all but one; this she entered and stood aghast on the threshold. It was a kitchen with a smoky, yawning fireplace, and was literally heaped with magnificent rubbish. Beautiful frames that had held masterpieces by the greatest painters were broken in splinters, and laid piled upon the hearth ready for firewood. A splendid panel of Watteau's laid across two broken chairs, and two or three sliced onions disfigured the rare coloring and outlines. Several porcelain vases that had been and still were worth hundreds of pounds contained the refuse of the table, or dirty water. Across the window was suspended a rare piece of Gobelin tapestry, and immediately under it stood a grand Erard pianoforte, the keys brown with dirt, and the rich bronze work disfigured by scraps of mouldy bread and meatless bone.

On the walls, over and between the pictures, hung dresses which had, no doubt, graced the forms of royal personages; brocades, satins, silks, crapes, laces from the most renowned artists, cashmeres; shawls of plush or beaver; robes of kingly fur; golden spoons, on which were stamped the crests of great but fallen houses; silver plate, tarnished, bent, put to the most degraded uses; here platters of wood; there splendid pitchers of cut glass; here goblets with pictures of princes engraved thereon; luxury, squalidness and filth, though the latter reigned paramount.

Was she alone in this fearful house? There was no food to be seen, save the crusts of mouldy bread—save the slices of raw onion, whose flavor always disgusted her. She could not eat. Clearing away the rubbish she touched the keys of the splendid instrument before her; a flood of harmony rolled round the narrow, high-ceiled apartment. The sound so voluminous, so grand, almost frightened her, and she recoiled, expecting to see the wrathful visage of the owner of all this blended wealth and misery. A heap of books next attracted her attention. They were thrown down regardless of the dirt, or the rich and costly bindings. Lifting them she found here also a collection for which some would willingly have spent a fortune. They appeared to have been shuffled and kicked from one place to another, and had been handled with no tenderness. Selecting one from the number, Blanche crawled back to the room in which she had passed the night, and endeavored to read. Wearily the hours passed on. The light grew deeper, then fainter, and finally, faded out. Blanche was very hungry; she could not disguise the fact from herself; she would even be willing to eat the onion raw, and disgusting though it was to her delicate taste.

At last there was a clanking as of chains, a clatter as of feet. Blanche felt her heart beat quick; she trembled violently from fear and weakness; from dread to see again the woman who had proved herself so utterly heartless. She needed not; the steps did not come near her, but were soon heard receding in the distance; Madame Euphrosine had gone to another part of the house with more spoils, the fruits of her horrid day's work.

How to pass another night without food Blanche scarcely knew. She who had always her daintiest wants supplied would scarcely have refused a broken crust. All the day before she had scarcely tasted food; that which Antoine had given her was the first that touched her lips. In this darkness she shivered and wept. If Antoine but knew what she suffered, and yet if he did, was he not powerless? Terrible fancies crowded to her view. At last she thought that this was Sunday. It gave her new hope. Perhaps the old madame had after all a piety of some sort, and she had gone to church; that was the cause of her absence; she might think of her, inquire after her yet. But no; the weary hours of another night succeeded, and sleep fled from her pillow. She even fancied that the old room was full of moving phantoms; that now and then a stern voice cried: "This was my picture; it was stolen from Versailles," or "This was my carpet; it laid in the royal saloon." At last the dusk morning broke again, and Blanche, nearly delirious with her hunger, pressed out of the room towards the loathesome kitchen. On her way she passed an open door; one of these that had been locked yesterday, and there saw Madame Euphrosine diving deep into an old chest. At the same time she thought she heard the clink of coin. Hearing a footstep the crone looked up; her face was instantly suffused with anger. She lifted herself; shut the trunk angrily, and turned with a menacing gesture to Blanche.

"What do you here—impertinent?" she cried, with a terrible oath.

Suffering had made Blanche reckless.

"I am hungry," she cried, pitifully; "I am very hungry. All day yesterday I had nothing to eat."

"Well, I did not tell you I would feed you," cried the old woman, still angry. "I have given shelter to a hated aristocrat; is not that enough?"

"Then you wish me to starve," cried Blanche, the tears running over her cheeks. "Very well; I had as lief die by one way as another, now."

"Food costs money," growled the old woman.

"Will you give me some food if I pay you?" cried Blanche, hope reviving.

"Perhaps so. But bah! aristocrats are fortunate if they have a few pence in these times."

"Well, I have more than a few pence. I have one eagle which I will give you to buy food for a few days, if you will not let me starve."

"Ah! that is talking something like it. What do you want?"

"Anything that will appease my hunger," said Blanche.

"Then perhaps milk will do, and a small baker's loaf."

"Oh! yes; that will be all I wish," cried Blanche, clasping her small hands; this small prospect of simple food seemed so delicious.

"Then come into my kitchen, and perhaps while I am getting them you will play me a tune," said the old woman, leaving the room. "There! that is the music-stool of Marie Antoinette. I got it at the sacking of the palace—oh! that was a brave day. I said once, long ago, that I would revenge myself upon that woman, and so at last—see—I have the cup she drank from, the dresses she wore, the carpets she trod upon—ah! I love to grind my heel in them," and she suited the action to the word.

"See, here is some milk—it is in my Antoinette-cup—you shall drink out of it yourself."

Blanche shivered from head to foot, but she dared not remonstrate, it would only make matters worse; so, with a sigh for the unfortunate queen, and a tear that fell within the watery beverage, she drank while the haggish eyes were fastened upon her. Then taking the bread, which tasted sweeter than anything she had ever eaten before, she finished the little loaf at once.

"Aristocrats are not, after all, mice with delicate appetites," cried the old woman. "Now that you are satisfied, let me tell you some news. What a pity I had not done so before, it would have given such zest to your pleasure. Ah; yesterday was a grand day, the grandest day I have ever seen."

Blanche grew pale and silent.

"You see they sacked some of the most beautiful houses in Paris."

"On the Sabbath!" cried Blanche.

"Ah! my little one, the hotter the day the better the deed. I was privileged. I saw many splendors; I possessed myself with a few—such a very few though—for I am old, and my arms are not as strong as they were. However I offered my gold, and some fellows remained who will sell me whatever I want. I expect them to bring it today."

Blanche sat like a statue. Her lips were dry and parted, her eyes wide open, yet she seemed to see nothing.

"In one house I met a very pretty procession. Several men bringing out the corpse of an old man."

"Oh!" shrieked Blanche, "what were they going to do with it?"

"Burn it or throw it into the Seine," returned the frightful old woman. "It was such an old man too, with long white curling hair."

"The wretches," escaped from between Blanche's set teeth.

"There, there—that will do for an aristocrat," cried the woman with a furious look.

Blanche was silent. She felt herself in this woman's power.

"Ah! yes, a white-headed old man, with a high forehead. They said he had been found dead in his bed."

"My poor father!" sobbed Blanche.

"Is it so, indeed? Very well, he escaped the guillotine."

"Yes, oh, yes! I am thankful for that. They did not at least have that consolation."

"Take care again," cried the old woman with the growl of a tiger. "And, my dear, I went all over the house—ah! indeed, it was beautiful. I have several little mementoes—among them this, which luckily no one saw but I. It was folded in the bedclothes."

"Ah! it is my cross;" and Blanche stretched forth her hand impulsively—"my mother gave it me."

"Too fast my little aristocrat—did I not say that these things are spoils for the people? How do I know it is yours. Would you turn thief too, as well as fine lady?"

Blanche shrank back while the diamonds were thrust eagerly into the woman's dirty neckerchief.

"Ah! that was a very fine house, but it was stripped. Its carpets went one way and its books another. There may be daintier amusements, but for the pretty excitement give me the sacking of a house. The silver makes such a fine show in the hands of a tattered wretch, who in it sees bread for his children—the rich carpets will look so well on the mud floor of the porter's apartments. Oh! 'tis beautiful. And then the guillotine—what brave work it did yesterday. Going, going, click, click, steadily—and young girls, stately women, men with an air of desperate pride, as if even there they were as good as their neighbors—oh! it was beautiful, beautiful!"

Blanche grew sick with horror.

"And did you hear any names?" she asked, trembling from head to foot.

"Of course—august names—names that have made all Paris tremble. Ah! but that fine young man! it was almost a pity. If he had not been an aristocrat I should have cried myself, I am certain I should."

Here she cast a sinister glance at her visitor, who sank back upon the splendid heap of finery.

"He was so handsome! just like a king. And he stood there with such grace. I was near enough to listen, and I heard him say only one word before the knife came down. That word was the name of his sweetheart, perhaps—perhaps of his wife. Ah! Blanche!" she whispered. "You are faint, child."

"A little," murmured Blanche; "there, I am better. And how did this young man look! what was the color of his eyes, tell me?"

"A dark blue—a very sweet dark blue eye—a rich head of auburn hair, approaching golden. His name—let me see—I have a ring of his hair." She took from the folds of her kerchief a beautiful ringlet. "Ah, I remember now—his name was Antoine, and he was a nobleman."

A half-stifled shriek; Blanche threw her arms up with a gesture of agony.

"Stop!" she cried, "stop—oh! men call you a witch. You are a devil; for all this time you knew that I was desolate. Inhuman creature—kill me if you will, denounce me to the authorities. I will meet you before the God of heaven and brand you there, fiend and murderer."

Madame Euphrosine staggered forward as if to strike the young girl. She foamed at the mouth and fell in terrible convulsions. At one bound Blanche threw herself out of the room, and returned to her prison chamber. There her torture commenced. There she might have been seen flying from picture to picture, singing, dancing, shouting in the hot fever and delirium. Days passed; she fed upon the disease that rioted through her brain; she took no nourishment, and at last she fell senseless on that beautiful couch, embroidered with the royal arms. She did not hear the shouts of rejoicing, the ringing of bells, the cannon that proclaimed that the terrible reign of the massacre was over. She did not hear the thundrous noises against the doors of the house; she knew nothing until ten days afterward, she opened her eyes feebly and smiled on Annette, whom she recognised.

"Does she really know you?" asked a voice that thrilled the girl from head to foot.

"I think she does," said Annette. "Perhaps it will not be best to try her too much."

"Poor darling!" exclaimed another.

Blanche tried to lift her poor wasted arms. She gasped as a light like a great glory broke over her face.

"My father! Antoine! Then I am in heaven."

This exclamation brought them to her bedside. Yes, it was indeed her father—it was also Antoine—whose reported death had been a cruel fiction. But her father—how was this double blessing to be accounted for? In this manner. Supposed to be dead, during that terrible Sunday they had dragged him to the river, and after some indignity thrown him violently in. In some almost miraculous manner, the body was caught amidst the sedges and weeds a mile lower down, and there found by some kind peasant woman. During his transit his head had struck some sharp projection—the blood trickled forth—he was partially revived from his dreadful trance. The work of the peasants did all the rest.

Blanche had passed through a frightful o[rdeal] but she soon forgot it in her supreme happiness of possession, where she thought all wrecked—all lost.

Madame Euphrosine was found where she had fallen, dead—and as recorded by the historian—for I have limned no creature of the fancy in this woman—with her hand clasping a volume of Voltaire. She was not allowed Christian burial.

THE DIABOLICAL BARBARITIES OF THE REBELS

In the Treatment of Union Prisoners.

AN irrefragable proof of all that has been stated of the rebel cruelties towards our prisoners will be seen on our first page in the portraits of eight prisoners returned to us by exchange. They are from photographs, and without exaggeration. It is not a case where any is needed. The London *Illustrated News* recently gave from sketches by its own artists views of the prisoners on Belle Isle, and the picture, drawn by one who sympathizes with the rebels, confirms completely the accounts of the prisoners themselves.

The Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War proceeded to Annapolis and Baltimore, and took the testimony of returned soldiers. In their report they say:

"The evidence proves, beyond all manner of doubt, a determination on the part of the rebel authorities, deliberately and persistently practised for a long time past, to subject those of our soldiers who have been so unfortunate as to fall in their hands to a system of treatment which has resulted in reducing many of those who have survived and been permitted to return to us to a condition, both physically and mentally, which no language we can use can adequately describe. Though nearly all the patients now in the Naval Academy hospital, at Annapolis, and in the West hospital, in Baltimore, have been under the kindest and most intelligent treatment for about three weeks past, and many of them for a greater length of time, still they present literally the appearance of living skeletons, many of them being nothing but skin and bone; some of them are maimed for life, having been frozen while exposed to the inclemency of the winter season on Belle Isle, being compelled to lie on the bare ground, without tents or blankets, some of them without overcoats or even coats, with but little fire to mitigate the severity of the winds and storms to which they were exposed.

"The testimony shows that the general practice of their captors was to rob them, as soon as they were taken prisoners, of all their money, valuables, blankets, and good clothing, for which they received nothing in exchange, except, perhaps, some old worn-out rebel clothing, hardly better than none at all. Upon their arrival at Richmond they have been confined, without blankets or other covering, in buildings without fire, or upon Belle Isle with, in many cases, no shelter, and in others with nothing but old discarded army tents, so injured by rents and holes as to present but little barrier to the wind and storms; on several occasions, the witnesses say, they have arisen in the morning from their resting-places upon the bare earth, and found several of their comrades frozen to death during the night, and that many others would have met the same fate had they not walked rapidly back and forth, during the hours which should have been devoted to sleep, for the purpose of retaining sufficient warmth to preserve life.

"In respect to the food furnished to our men by the rebel authorities, the testimony proves that the ration of each man was totally insufficient in quantity to preserve the health of a child, even had it been of proper quality, which it was not, it consisted usually, at the most, of two small pieces of corn bread, made in many instances, as the witnesses state, of corn and cobs ground together, and badly prepared and cooked; of, at times, about two ounces of meat, usually of poor quality, and unfit to be eaten, and occasionally a few black worm-eaten beans, or something of that kind. Many of our men were compelled to sell to their guards, and others, for what price they could get, such clothing and blankets as they were permitted to receive of that forwarded for their use by our government, in order to obtain additional food sufficient to sustain life; thus, by endeavoring to avoid one privation, reducing themselves to the same destitute condition in respect to clothing and covering that they were in before they received any from our government. When they became sick and diseased in consequence of this exposure and privation, and were admitted into the hospitals, their treatment was little, if any, improved as to food, though they, doubtless, suffered less from exposure to cold than before. Their food still remained insufficient in quantity and altogether unfit in quality. Their diseases and wounds did not receive the treatment which the commonest dictates of humanity would have prompted.

"In addition to this insufficient supply of food, clothing and shelter, our soldiers, while prisoners, have been subjected to the most cruel treatment from those placed over them. They have been abused and shamefully treated on almost every opportunity. Many have been mercilessly shot and killed when they failed to comply with all the demands of their jailers, sometimes for violating rules of which they had not been informed. Crowded in great numbers in buildings, they have been fired at and killed by the sentinels outside when they appeared at the windows for the purpose of obtaining a little fresh air. One man, whose comrade in the service, in battle and in captivity, had been so fortunate as to be among those released from further torments, was shot dead as he was waving with his hand a last adieu to his friend; and other instances of equally unprovoked murder are disclosed by the testimony."

The portraits which we have selected are those of, 1. Private Lewis Klein, Co. A, 14th New York cavalry, admitted from steamer New York from Richmond into West's building hospital, Baltimore, April 18, 1864. 2. Private John Breinig, Co. G, 4th Kentucky cavalry, admitted at the same time, and who died, in spite of every care, May 12th. 3. Private George H. Wible, Co. F, 9th Maryland, admitted at the same time. 4. Private Francis W. Beedle, Co. M, 8th Michigan cavalry, admitted to U. S. General Hospital, Annapolis, May 2d, and died May 3d. 5. Private John Q. Rose, admitted same day, died May 4th. 6. Private Charles R. Woodworth, Co. G, 8th Michigan cavalry, admitted April 18th. 7. Private L. H. Parham, Co. B, 3d West Tennessee cavalry, admitted May 2d, died May 10. 8. Private Edward Cunningham, Co. F, 7th Ohio cavalry, admitted into West's building hospital, April 18, 1864.

Is it possible to conceive of demons exceeding the treatment which, in a few months, could reduce able, healthy men to such a frightful state? And yet the authors of these barbarities have ever on their lips professions of piety and religion.

KINGS, who once held learning in such contempt that they didn't think it worth while to learn to write their own names, now aspire to literary honors. The Emperor of France is an author, the King of Holland edits a journal, and the King of Sweden has just published a collection of poetry. The latter Sovereign sometimes signs himself "Charles, a literary man," and it is said that recently on thus registering his name at a hotel in Gothland, the landlord not having a high opinion of literary men, could not conceal a slight grimace. The scribacious monarch, not relishing this sneer at his assumed profession, after his departure sent back the following note to the master of the hotel: "Sir—I intended to stay a week at Calmer; but seeing you did not consider yourself greatly honored by lodging an author, I have returned to Stockholm." The letter was signed, "Charles, a literary man, and King of Sweden." In this little transaction one hardly knows which to laugh at most, the King or the landlord.

"I HAVEN'T another word to say, sir: I never dispute with fools," said a gentleman, who was getting the worst of an argument.

"No," was the reply; "you are very sure to agree with them."

BUTLER'S CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA—FORT DARLING, ON THE JAMES RIVER, WITH THE REBEL OBST

THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—BLOWING UP OF THE U. S. GUNBOAT COVINGTON ON THE RED RIVER, ABOVE ALEXANDRIA, MAY 4.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.—SEE PAGE 199

AFFAIRS O
RIVE
Fort Dar

Fort Darling, bluff, with its lie of familiar to all since tained by our fleet late Com. Rodgers, on 1862.

The works were the since been greatly st were lately invested Public expectation a looked forward to its but it still stands o holds of the rebellio approach to the capital

We give a sketch ma Butler's scouts, who w the rebels planting th prevent our gunboats of spiles.

Rain, Snow, caused by a cloud m tum of cold air, by w are condensed, and ru heavy to float in the at is produced by the frozen before its partic into water. Hail is cau ing of the drops after as rain. Dew is the fal of the day when the motion in the cool of fog is a cloud floating the earth, and a cloud in the atmosphere.

"I would have I am a man of quality, to a financier. "And financier, "am a man

OBSTRUCTIONS AND THE TORPEDO BRIGADE AT WORK.—FROM A SKETCH MADE BY ONE OF GEN. BUTLER'S SCOUTS.

S ON JAMES RIVER.

rt Darling.

RLING, on Drury's line of spiles, has been since the repulse sus- fleet there, under the gers, on the 15th of May,

ere then slight, and have ually strengthened, and vested by Gen. Butler. ation and public hope d to its speedy capture, ands one of the strong- rebellion, guarding the e capital of Richmond. etch made by one of Gen- , who went up and saw nting their torpedoes to anboats reaching the line

NOW, &c.—Rain is cloud moving into a stra- ir, by which its particles , and run into drops too in the atmosphere. Snow by the cloud becoming its particles have collapsed fall is caused by the freez- ops after they begin to fall is the falling of the vapors when they part with the e cool of the evening. A floating on the surface of a cloud is a fog floating here.

D have you know that quality," said a marquis . "And I," replied the n a man of quantity."

THE WAR ON THE JAMES—THE UNION FLEET OFF CITY POINT, VA., READY TO MEET THE REBEL RAMS.—FROM A SKETCH BY B. S. OSSON.—SEE PAGE 199.

SUNLIGHT AT EVENING.

Weary and worn, and old and gray,
The light of my young life passed away,
But a trace of its radiance lingereth yet,
Like the western sky when the sun has set,
With the shadows of evening closing round,
And its dim mists veiling the dewy ground.
Yes! e'en on the verge of the lonely tomb,
One vision calls back youth's rosy bloom;
One memory still makes life divine,
The dream of the love that once was mine!

Star of my life! yet lead me on,
Till the twilight of sorrow is past and gone,
And the morning of joy and hope shall break
On the night of waiting, for thy dear sake.
The undying love in my heart that dwells,
Was sealed for thine own by our last farewells;
And still shall the name at morn and even
Go up on the wings of prayer to Heaven.
Then, e'en if we meet on this earth no more,
I shall wait for thee on the deathless shore.

The Serpent-Woman.

BY Z. W.

CHAPTER VIII.

If he be sad, he wants money.
Much Ado about Nothing, Act III., Sc. 1.

Things out of hope are compassed oft with vent'ring.
Shakespeare's Poems.

An envious, sneaping frost,
That bites the firstborn infants of the spring.
Love's Labor Lost, Act I., Sc. 1.

To preserve his brother from the consequences of his last outbreak, Bertram Hapswell was obliged to exert all the policy and influence he could command. To induce the authorities to tolerate his stay in Paris, under strict surveillance, till his recovery, with the understanding that he should, as soon as he was able to travel, receive his passports and quit France and Europe, was the best he could do for him. Accordingly, he no sooner became convalescent than he was furnished with ample means and sent to America.

He arrived in New York in safety, and was agreeably disappointed in that magnificent metropolis. Here he formed associations of the worst description, indulged in the wildest dissipation, gambled and lost his money, and in a few months was in debt for his board and a destitute wanderer in the streets. While hanging about the Post Office one morning, after having inquired in vain for his expected letters from Europe, he met an old acquaintance, whom he had not seen since boyhood, but whom, after having once had a fair view of his remarkable physiogonomy, it was impossible to mistake for any other than Mr. Gregory Grimgrip. Victor Kingsland was, however, forgotten by his former friend, and had to take a deal of pains to recall himself to the old fellow's memory, which proved inconveniently oblivious to the circumstances related for this purpose. Victor's perseverance was finally successful, and Mr. Grimgrip condescended to inquire after the young man's relatives and friends, more particularly about his father and Mordaunt Elfstone, in whose fate he seemed interested. Victor's need was great, and he had to make it known to the only person from whom he hoped for immediate aid, Mr. G., who, after condoling with him in the most ambiguous manner, assured him of his own poverty and utter inability to render him the slightest assistance, and wished him better luck and a good-morning.

Victor was convinced that Mr. Grimgrip deceived him, and eased his heart as much as he could by cursing his parsimony. Happening, however, a few minutes afterwards, to drop into an exchange-office, in Wall street, to ascertain to what extent it would avail him to draw for money upon his mother or brother, he beheld his old acquaintance at the counter, exchanging a thick roll of uncurrent banknotes for bankable money. When the latter looked up and caught Victor's eye, he smiled grimly, observing quietly, as he passed out of the office:

"I am a collector, Mr. Kingsland, and these funds belong to them by whom I am employed. If a portion of the money were mine, I should be only too happy to aid you."

Mortified as he was for the moment by this circumstance, Victor thought little of it till a few days afterwards, when he chanced to see Grimgrip enter a drinking-saloon, at the door of which several sots were lounging.

"Isn't he an ugly cuss?" asked one.

"Yes, but as rich as Crœsus," answered another.

"And as hard as granite," continued a third.

"And as pitiless as death," observed the first speaker.

"He owns more rum-holes than any other man in New York," said the second.

Victor walked on without overhearing any more of these dubious compliments to the niggard who had treated him with superfluous closeness and falsehood, but he was desperate, and muttered:

"Though it be impossible to get blood out of a stone, it shall go hard but I will get gold out of a miser. Why should the old skinflint refuse me? He knows well enough that my mother is good for ten times the sum I ask. By Jove, I'll ring something out of the moneygrubber, if I have first to wring his neck a little to get him into the lending vein. I'll beard the lion in his den."

Victor stood on the corner of the street till he saw Grimgrip come forth, and then diligently followed him from place to place till he saw him enter a dingy house in Mulberry street, which, upon inquiry he ascertained to be his residence. He ran up its dirty doorsteps and tugged lustily at the bellpull. He had to repeat the latter effort more than once ere the door was opened. It was slightly unclosed at last by a shrivelled old woman, with a cold inexpressive face, who shook her thin, grizzly locks at Victor. She had not heard the bell and did not hear him, now he spoke to her. Incensed by her rude conduct, he thrust himself into the passage. Seeing he was not to be got rid of without explanation, she handed him a little slate which hung against the wall, and at the top of which was written:

"Write your business."

He wrote on the slate:

"I want to see Mr. Grimgrip on business of importance, immediately."

She read what he had written, scribbled, with a tremulous hand, and returned him the slate, upon which he found these words:

"Write your name."

He complied with this injunction, and away the crone hobbled with the slate, but soon returned with it, with this additional sentence upon it:

"Mr. Grimgrip's compliments to Mr. Kingsland, and regrets that he is so much engaged that he cannot possibly see him."

Victor, determined not to be got rid of so easily, instantly wrote in reply:

"Mr. Kingsland will not leave this house till he has seen Mr. Grimgrip."

The old woman, who had been holding the door open to induce and facilitate Victor's egress, received the slate back with a bad grace, perused the added writing with a frown, hung up the slate, pointed to the open doorway, and even made an attempt to put him out. To convince her of the utter fallacy of any such endeavor, Victor shut the door, thrust the wrinkled dame aside, and walked into the house till he came near the foot of the stairs, where he stood looking up them, as if disposed to ascend to the storey above.

The old woman flew past him with speed surprising in such a cripple, disappeared through a backdoor, which she shut violently behind her, and left him, much amused by her impotent display of temper.

He whistled a tune, hummed an opera air, walked up and down the passage, scrutinized its dinginess, unrelieved by a single article of furniture, looked up the narrow stairs, lit by a dirty little round window, and saw, peeping down from over the balusters, on the second flight of steps, a face that sent a chill through his heart, like the apparition of a countenance from the grave.

It was a very white face, with large, pure, blue, vacant eyes, low, broad forehead, clear as immaculate snow, surrounded by waving auburn hair, had features matchless in their classic perfection, and the mouth, half open, beautifully formed, showed rows of teeth that glittered like white jewels. The lost, forlorn look of the countenance touched his heart, and he beckoned to it, smiling pleasantly. It remained for an instant, the mouth opening a little wider and the blue eyes distending. Suddenly it disappeared, and he thought he had frightened it away. But it returned, slily peeping, curious and smiling, and again he beckoned it. At this moment the sound of approaching footsteps was heard, the beautiful head was thrust forward, the long, lovely neck craned over the balusters, and then was jerked back and out of sight in an instant.

So absorbed was Victor with this apparition, that he hardly noticed the approach of Grimgrip till the latter addressed him in his harshest tones.

"And pray, sir, what do you mean by invading my house in this unwarrantable manner?"

Victor, without replying, examined Grimgrip from head to foot, as if it had suddenly occurred to him to make a study of his person, and then looked into his eyes with a keen, penetrating glare.

"Well, sir!" exclaimed Grimgrip.

"Mr. Grimgrip, I want to borrow money of you, which you know well enough my family will repay."

"I know no such thing."

"You do; and you know that you have already refused me under the false pretence that you are poor. You are rich, and can well afford to supply my need."

"Granting I am, do you think I am going to award a premium to your insolence by lending you money?"

"I want money and will have it!"

"Will have it—will you? It is just as I supposed; if I don't give it to you, you will take it from me."

"No; I will compel you to give it to me."

Grimgrip laughed, drew a revolver half out of his pocket, and said quietly:

"An ingenious way of saying you will rob me. I have had to deal with stronger and braver men than you, Mr. Kingsland, and have always found it easy to quiet the boldest. Quit my premises this instant, or I'll send for an officer and have you put out."

"Send for one, Mr. Grimgrip; I'll wait till he arrives. I am content to go to prison, if that be the penalty I must pay for my intrusion, for it is worth it. I have gained a secret worth thousands. I am master of the position."

"It is more than you are of yourself. You are crazy."

"My mind is lucid, and so can I make my meaning. What face was that which peered over the balusters at me just now?"

At this interrogation, the countenance of the old man became a fearful sight to behold, the like of which Madame Tussaud's famous room of horrors never contained. Ugly as he was by nature, the green pallor that now overspread Grimgrip's face, made him look ten times more abhorrent and devilish, and the writhing of his features in his effort to maintain composure, rendered them as horrific as the snakes in the lair of the Furies.

"What business have you to pry into my family affairs?" gasped he at last, hardly knowing what he said.

"I have business, Gregory," replied Victor, with cool familiarity, delighted to find that he had struck the right vein at last, "and authority, too; if I think proper to use it. I will, if you are at leisure, enter into full particulars; if not, I will recur to the business that brought me here."

"What, what is it?"

"The want of twenty pounds—I mean a hundred dollars."

"Will you let me and my affairs alone henceforth, if I give it to you?"

"Of course; I shall afterwards have nothing to do but to call and repay you the loan."

"Save yourself the trouble. I am not such a fool as to lend, without security, to spendthrifts. I give—pay you the money as the price of a full exemption from all remark or interference from you with reference to my affairs hereafter. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly."

"That you are not to breathe a word about my affairs, or to cross this threshold again."

"You give me a hundred dollars to do neither one thing nor the other."

"Exactly."

"Good."

"Here's the money," said Grimgrip, handing him two fifty dollar bills from his portly pocket-book.

"Thank you, Gregory. Good-bye!"

"Good-day to you," said Grimgrip, shutting the door after him, and muttering as he returned to his supper:

"I'll be the death of the scrapegrace if he ever ventures into this house again."

"I'll bleed the old miserly villain to death," said Victor Kingsland to himself, as he descended into the street.

CHAPTER IX.

One, whose voice was venomed melody
Sate by a well, under blue night-shade bowers;
The breath of her false mouth was like faint flowers,
Her touch was as electric poison flame
Out of her looks into my vitals came,
And from her living cheeks and bosom flew
A killing air, which pierced like honey dew
Into the core of my green heart.—
Shelly's Epipsychidion.

Julian St. Croix had succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations in seeing Mordaunt Elfstone re-established in his fitting position in society. The old sculptor himself, by his apparent clearness of thought and calmness of action, contributed principally to this happy result, and his relatives, much as they secretly wished to prevent his restoration to his former dignity and freedom, were confounded in their machinations by a quiet discretion and lucid foresight which put their own rationality and wisdom to shame. It was vain for any of them to deny his claims to perfect sanity, and the worst they could do was to predict (and even wish, alas!) the return of his madness. St. Croix rejoiced greatly in the triumph of his old friend, for whom he entertained a profound esteem and veneration, and though he longed to get back to France (for he had kept close to Elfstone till the latter took up his abode in his family mansion in Worcestershire), he delayed his return till Bertram Hapewell joined them.

Bertram had, to gratify Elfstone, been following up some imagined clue to the fate of the lost wife and child of the latter, but in spite of the most diligent and close researches, returned as wise as he went, and quite cast down with his failure. Marina was in France on a like mission, and Elfstone himself would have started on a similar journey but for the entreaties of his friends and the pictures they drew of the disturbed state of the continent, and of the schemes his relatives would contrive against him and attempt to carry out during his absence abroad.

Julian St. Croix took an affectionate farewell of the man he loved as he did his own father, and toward him he had shown a filial regard and duty and commended him to the friendly offices of Bertram Hapswell. St. Croix was not long in France ere he had ascertained the whereabouts of Marina and paid her a visit. He found her in an obscure village in the Cotes du Nord, residing with Madame Nitouche; a tall, dark and fairy-eyed lady of a malignant temper and pious turn, who expected, by charitable purchase, prayers and penance to atone for an evil life and win her way into heaven. Her religion was superstition, her superstition gross and grovelling, and her formal and laborious piety seemed rather to obscure than brighten her intellect, and to narrow rather than to enlarge her sympathies for her fellow-beings. Marina was her daughter, but she had never acknowledged her, and seldom received her, unless the latter bought her favor with considerable presents. Avarice and superstitious piety were now the ruling passions with Madame Nitouche, and poor Marina besieged her heart in vain for the smallest share of maternal love. The mother had already warned her daughter that the duration of her stay had nearly expired, when Julian St. Croix arrived and effected an entire change of manner in the former toward the almost discarded child. Madame Nitouche now treated Marina with apparent kindness, and made herself seem to St. Croix a very exemplary, if not saintly person. She had heard much of St. Croix before she saw him—of his eloquent defence of the church, and his many acts of daring goodness; had perused some of his writings, and looked upon him as a holy youth destined to canonization. Marina was delighted to perceive that his influence over her mother was very great, and hoped to profit by it.

She knew the struggle that was going on in the mind of St. Croix. She knew that he loved her and that he loved against a sense of duty, and therefore the more deeply and ardently. His resistance to the overwhelming passion that absorbed him only chafed and maddened it, rendering it the more intense and self-devouring. His heart and soul were filled with her, and the sweet dream of possessing her, was, he felt, to him worth all the world besides. It was intoxicating to delirium to think of her as one who was to become his own, but often as he would drive the delicious delusion from his mind, it came back to him again and again, more entrancing at each return.

On one occasion he had accompanied her to the ruins of the Castle Presomptueux, and while they were wandering about the crumbling walls and towers, her fascinating power almost drew the soul out of him. He trembled, and his voice betrayed in every tone the burning agitation of love that throbbed in his heart so tumultuously. Marina saw that her witchery had done its work, and that her victim was in her power.

They entered the ruined chapel of the castle. There was little left of it, and that was open to the sky and its influences. Its walls were crumbling to the earth, and the grass grew in its aisles. Opposite the remains of the altar, upon a sunken monument, half covered with verdure, they sat down and gazed upon the relic before them. They soon ceased to consider, or even to see the sacred fragment before them, for their thoughts were too busy with each other, and both felt that the moment of mutual revealing had arrived. Marina was neither agitated nor embarrassed, but Julien was both, indeed so powerfully wrought upon by his passion as to be lost to everything but one absorbing emotion. Marina had turned her magnificent gaze upon her lover, when he ventured to glance at her, and their eyes met. The tender lustre of hers drew him like a spell, and, with a sigh, the last sign of a struggle, he surrendered himself wholly to the o'ermastering weakness. His trembling and venturesome arm stole round her waist, and his burning and liquid soul rose to his very lips.

"Julien," said she, archly and tenderly, "are you resolved to become a priest?"

"I have no resolution at all, now, Marina. I once aspired to be the glorious instrument of restoring the true church to its pristine purity and perfection, which the wickedness of designing and evil men has obscured and impaired, but my enthusiasm has abated much of late. Can you not guess why, Marina?"

She leaned her beautiful arm on Julien's shoulder, looked closer into his eyes, and answered with apparent simplicity:

"You can entrust any secret to me with safety, my friend, for I am very fond of you. What has changed your mind, Julien."

"My love for you, Marina."

"I love you, too, Julien."

Marina felt the arm tighten that clasped her waist, and his frame shake with the violence of his feelings. His lips quivered, his eyes filled, and, pressing her to his bosom, he exclaimed impetuously:

"Marina, you are dearer to me than life, than heaven itself, and that is why I no longer wish to be a priest."

Marina was reared in the school of deceit, and was, both by nature and education, a Snake-Woman. She had much sympathy and esteem for Julien, but she did not love him. When his lips met hers she was conscious of repugnance, but she did not show it, for she had an object to gain.

"Julien, you know not who or what I am. You are aware that I am ignorant of my father, and that my mother has never yet acknowledged me. I have been an outcast from my birth, and have led an outcast's life. Your declaration has taken me by surprise, but I love you too well to ruin or dishonor you; and here, before this ancient holy altar, do I kneel and swear that no promise pledge, or bond of love shall be exchanged between us, till an honorable paternity is proven and acknowledged to be mine."

"Is not Madame Nitouche your mother?"

"She does not acknowledge me, yet I believe I am her daughter. She has my secret, and more than mine, but keeps them like the grave. If you love me, if you love Bertram, if you love Elfstone, make her your friend, for she knows all we most wish to learn. You have already great influence over her, for she deems you a young saint, and hopes that in you, for she is very superstitious, she will obtain an intercessor, who will persuade the recording angel to blot out her many sins and write her name in the book of eternal life. If she viewed you in any other light, you would have no more weight than I, who have to pay gold for the privilege of crossing her threshold."

"This is all involution, perplexity and mystery to me."

"To be plain, then, I am sure that my mother knows where Elfstone's wife died, and where his child is living."

"Why did you not tell of this before?"

"Because I was not certain of her knowledge as I am now, and because the least inadvertence might seal up her lips for ever."

"As they are for ever sealed!" exclaimed a voice near them.

They started to their feet, and from behind the ruined altar glided Madame Nitouche herself, her black eyes gleaming terribly, and her tall form threatening them like a towering anaconda.

"Wretch!" she cried; "is it not enough that you have offended every human law and plotted against all earthly peace, but you must lay schemes to abuse religion, to violate the sanctities of the church, and coil into heaven to pollute it? I always suspected you to be either a heretic or a hypocrite, and now I find you both. You are no child of mine, but the daughter of an idiotic peasant girl, and the meanest and most hideous man I ever beheld. I hate you, and never do you dare to cross my threshold again, for the vilest wanton shall be welcomed to my home before such a serpent as you are."

Marina threw herself imploringly at the feet of the fierce speaker, who spurned her with her foot, and stalked out of the ruin with the air of the sternest of the Parcæ.

The Camphor Tree.—This tree is indigenous to all parts of China, Japan, Formosa, Burmah and Chinese Tartary, and flourishes as far north as the Amoor country; but it is found in the greatest abundance along the eastern coast of China, between Amoy and Shanghal. In the districts of Kwangtung and Fu-chem it grows in dense forests, the trunk attaining a very great size. The principal market for camphor lumber is Amoy, where some boards are 30 inches in width. The camphor gum of commerce does not in any case exude from the tree, as has been so generally supposed; but it is obtained from the leaves, twigs and smaller roots by distillation.

A LOVE SONG.

BY ERNEST TREVOR.

My darling is the gentlest thing
  That breathes the blessed air,
Her smile is like a gleam of spring
  When the young days are fair.

And then her voice is sweeter far
  Than music in the night,
Her love is now the guiding star
  That fills my soul with light.

And when her loving glance is thrown
  Upon my heart to shine,
I joy to think she is my own—
  Mine only—only mine!

The Gulf Between Them.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER XLII.—CONTINUED.

Victoria had been so much occupied above stairs that she found no opportunity for observation, otherwise 'Dolph's manner and the mysterious air of importance which Clo assumed would have warned her that something extraordinary had happened.

Clo made Sally wait on her more than ever, boxed the girl's ears for her own mistakes, tried on new turbans, surveyed herself in the glass, and strutted about in the highest state of feminine triumph. 'Dolph tried his best to be happy, but it required a vivid recollection of the money he should acquire to make him at all comfortable. He kept repeating to himself:

"Five hundred dollars! One—two—three—four—five!"

Then he would remember Victoria's youth and yellow beauty, his own delicious freedom, and groan heavily. But he was sure to bring up his spirits again by muttering, vigorously:

"Five hundred dollars! One—two—three—four—five!"

But it was a season of holiday delight to Clorinda. The highest aspiration of her spinster soul was soon to be gratified—she would have a husband! No long engagement for her; she made up her mind to that on the moment. With the bird once in the cage, she was not going to lose time in closing the door—not she!

She fed her sable intended to repletion with dainties, and it spoke marvels for his digestion that after all the dinner he had eaten he could make such havoc among the cake and preserves, and still look complacently forward to the prospect of broiled chicken. Crisp crullers disappeared like frostwork in his nimble jaws, he laid in a very unnecessary stock of tongue considering his natural advantages that way, made a dismal cavern of an immense fruitcake, and softened the effect with a whole mould of apricot elly.

Dinah and Vic certainly kept him in countenance, but Clorinda rather trifled with the sweets, drinking so much strong tea in her pleasureable agitation, that to an observer given to ludicrous ideas, her jetty face would have suggested the idea of an old fashioned black teapot, with her pug nose for the chubby spout. Sally witnessed this dashing festival from behind the door, scraped the jelly left in the glasses, stole bits of toast and muffins on their road to the table, and solaced her appetite on various fragments, till at last, growing so bold and getting so hungry, that she crept to the pantry and purloined half a pumpkin pie. Until it had disappeared, like a train down a tunnel, she never remembered that Clo was sure to miss it in the morning, but she reflected, in her fright, that it was possible to shut the cat up in the closet at bedtime, and so escape detection.

After tea 'Dolph brought out a pack of cards—a pack which had mysteriously disappeared from the library table some time before—and inducted the ladies into the mysteries of sundry little games, winning their pennies easily and cheating them without the slightest scruple.

That was a point beyond Clo, she could not lose her money even to 'Dolph, and vowed that she would only play for pins.

"Gamblin's wicked," she said, virtuously.

So they played for pins, and 'Dolph allowed her to be the gainer. When she lost, Clo gave up crooked ones in payment, and thus her high spirits were preserved untarnished.

At last Othello arrived and made the circle complete. A great, shiny creature, uglier than a mortal easily can be, at whom Miss Dinah cast languishing glances and did the fascinating in a way which Clo copied on the instant.

'Dolph reminded her of the chicken, and proposed making a bowl of flip while she cooked the fowl, an idea which was received with unanimous approval.

They were gathered about the supper-table, 'Dolph was carver, and managed to secure an unfair portion of the delicate bits, proposing all sorts of trifles to suit Othello's palate, and then devouring them before the unfortunate creature could get more than a look at the dainties.

Othello was giving an account of his labors during the evening, and from his story it was quite evident that he had been the most important personage in the assembly, and Dinah shone like a housedoor knob with the triumph she had in his success.

"Oh, laws!" said he, suddenly; "I quite forgot!"

"What, what?" they asked.

"Why, what Mr. Moseby said. 'Spec it don't consarn nobody here; only, as Miss Clorindy's a lady of property, she naterally feels interested in what happens to oder folks wid fortins."

Clo bridled, and 'Dolph said majestically, feeling that he had already a share in her wealth:

"In course, in course; perceed, Mr. Othello."

"Wal, yer see de gemmen was talkin' 'bout de banks—I didn't hear de beginning, 'cause dat boy, Pete Hopkins, let de punch glasses fall, and I was a fixin' him."

"Did it break 'em?" cried Dinah, feeling an interest in the details not shared in by the others.

"Only two. I gave him six cracks for each, little limb!"

"Wal, 'bout de bank," said 'Dolph, impatiently.

"Yes, dat's what I'm gwine to toll. Mr. Moseby, he said—you know him—dat tall man——"

"Laws, we know him well 'nuff," said Vic. "Go on if you're gwine to."

Dinah looked reproachfully at her, and Othello continued:

"Mr. Moseby—he said de Trader's Bank had blowed all to smash—clean up."

A scream from Clorinda brought them all to their feet.

"Massy sakes," cried Vic; "what is it?"

"Have yer got fits?" demanded Dinah.

"Bring de peppermint," suggested Othello.

"Miss Clorindy, dear Miss Clorindy, what am it?" cried 'Dolph, with a sudden sinking at his heart.

Clo would have had hysterics if she had been a fine lady, as it was she gave two or three yells, kicked the table, pulled her frizzed hair, and shouted, amid her tears:

"You Sally, get my bonnit—quick!"

She rose, and they crowded about her.

"Whar be you gwine? What's up?"

"Git my bonnit!" she repeated. "Ise gwine to York, I is."

"To York, this time o' night?" cried Vic.

"Yes, I is—let me go."

'Dolph laid a hand on her arm.

"Only 'splain, Clorindy, 'splain!"

"Ise gwine to git at dem rascals. I want my money—I'll have it! Marster shall git it. Oh de villin scampeses! I want my money."

'Dolph dropped speechless in a chair, while the rest poured out floods of questions, which Clorinda was in no state to answer.

"Was yer money in dat bank?"

"Ise gwine to York; get my bonnit!"

They fairly shook her in their curiosity.

"Why don't yer speak?" said Vic. "Was yer money in de bank?".

"Yis; ebery red cent. Oh! oh! Five hundred dollars—and it's a—al g—gone!" she sobbed. "I'll hev it! I'll hev it! Call marster! Git my bonnit. Oh! oh!"

They made her sit down, they explained to her that nothing could be done until the next day, and finally she subsided into silent tears. All this while 'Dolph sat without offering one word of consolation; now he said:

"Mebby dar's some mistake, Othello."

"No, dar ain't," persisted the namesake of Shakespeare's Moor. "Mr. Moseby's lost ten thousand dollars; he'd orter to know. De bank's gone to smash, clar 'nuff."

Clo burst into a new paroxysm of distress, and 'Dolph, after a brief struggle with his own disappointment, turned on her:

"Yer needn't rouse de house wid yer hurlyburly," said he, savagely. "Better 'member Miss Elsie's sick."

Clo stared at him in tearless horror; a new fear struck her; he was going to prove false.

"Don't talk so," she said; "tink of yesterday, 'Dolph!"

'Dolph drew himself up, and looked first at her and then at the company with an air of profound astonishment.

"I tink her brain is turned," said he.

"'Taint!" roared Clo. "Oh, 'Dolphy, yer said yer loved me; yer knows yer did; dat yer didn't care for money; dat I was a Wenus in yer eyes—oh—oh!"

"Wal, I do declar!" cried Vic.

'Dolph flew into a great rage.

"Miss Clorindy, yer sorrow makes yer forget yerself; yer've ben a dreaming."

Clo drew her apron from her eyes and looked at him; lightning was gathering there which he would have done well to heed, but he did not.

"Does yer mean that?" she demanded, sternly.

"Sartin, I does."

"Yer denies kneelin' at my feet an' sayin', 'Wasn't de onions made yer cry; a pleadin' and a coaxin' till I 'sented to marry yer."

"In course I does," repeated 'Dolph, doggedly.

"Take care! Jis' tink!"

"Miss Clo, dis ere ain't decorous; I'se 'stonished at yer!"

With one yell and a bound like an unchained tigress Clo sprang at him. 'Dolph dodged, ran behind the startled group, in and out among the chairs, through the kitchen and back, and Clo at his heels. She had caught up a broom; once or twice she had managed to hit him, and her yells of rage mingled with 'Dolph's cries were hideous.

"Take her off," he shrieked; "ketch a hold of her!"

"I'll kill him," shouted Clo. "I'll break every bone in his finiken body! Oh, yer varmint, yer cattle!"

They laid hands on Clorinda at length, though it was a difficult operation; and 'Dolph took refuge behind a great chair, peeping through the slats at the back, with his eyes rolling and his teeth chattering like some frightened monkey in a cage.

The women were consoling and blaming Clo; Vic divided between conviction and anger, and Othello, like a sensible man, siding neither way.

Suddenly they were roused by a prolonged cry from the floor above, a cry so shrill and unearthly that it froze the blood in their veins. In an instant there followed a loud knocking at the outer door, and forgetful of their own troubles, they crowded together like a flock of frightened crows driven from a cornfield.

CHAPTER XLIII.

The evening had passed very pleasantly to Elsie; Mellen had humored her mood at whatever cost to himself, and kept her thoughts as much aloof as possible from the events of the past days. It was growing late, and he had several times reminded her that it was time she went to rest. Tom Fuller had taken the first hint and retired.

"Let me sit up a little longer," she pleaded; "I am not in the least sleepy; it is so nice to get out of that dull chamber."

"But I am afraid you will tire yourself so completely that to-morrow you cannot come down at all."

"There is not the slightest danger of that; I am stronger than you think. When this little dizziness in my head leaves me I shall be quite well."

They talked a few moments longer, then she began turning over the papers on a stand near her sofa. Suddenly she took up a letter, and glancing at the writing, exclaimed:

"This is from Mr. Hudson! You did not tell me that you had heard?"

"It came this afternoon while you were asleep."

"What does he say? Does he know where she is? Will you send him money for her!"

"There is no necessity,"

"But she must have it; she can't live."

"My dear, he has her money in his hands. He writes me that sometime since he sold out the stocks by her orders, and that he has been expecting her for several days to call on him for the money. She was doubtless preparing to leave the country with that man."

Elsie fell back on the sofa overwhelmed by the new fear which came over her. The money had not been paid; there was no safety, for Elizabeth's sacrifice had been in vain! What to do—how to act! Before the whirl had left her brain there was a sound at the door of the little passage already described.

"What is that?" exclaimed Mellen. "Some one trying that door."

"No, no," she cried. "Come back; it's nothing; I'm afraid; come back!"

He gave no attention to her cry, but hurried towards the door, while she was attempting to rise from the sofa; he had it open, she had heard a muttered curse, an answering imprecation from another voice, looked out, saw the outer door ajar and a man just entering the passage with whom Mellen closed instantly in a fearful struggle.

That one glance had been enough; she knew him; then it was her insane shriek rang through the house.

Mellen forced the man into the room, flung him against the wall, locked the door, and exclaimed in a terrible voice:

"At last! at last!"

A bell was rang at the front entrance, but no one in that room heeded it.

Mellen sprang towards the man again, but he cried savagely:

"Keep off, if you value your life, keep off."

"One of us dies here!" cried Mellen. "William Ford, one of us dies here?"

After that long shriek Elsie had fallen back helpless; she had not fainted, but a sort of cataleptic rigor locked her limbs; there she lay and could not stir, listening to their words.

"I did not expect to meet you here," said Ford, calling up a sudden audacity. "It's an honor I did not wish."

"I know who you expected to see; but the woman is gone; you must seek her elsewhere!"

Ford, or North, glanced towards the sofa; recognised Elsie lying there, and turned again towards Mellen.

"Twice you have broken up my life," cried Mellen, "but this time you shall not escape! Here in the home you have dishonored you shall meet your fate. Burglar, villain."

The other laughed sneeringly.

"So it has struck home, has it? Ah, ha! You are wounded, my friend."

Mellen remembered Elsie's presence.

"No," he cried, pointing to her, "that woman only had my heart; my blood did not run in her veins; if you had struck me there the blow would have been keener."

The man laughed again; Elsie heard both words and laugh, but she could not move; if she had been laid out shrouded for burial she could not have been more helpless.

"So you drove your wife away; out of the house?" cried the man. "I guessed as much."

"She is gone for ever, but you shall not live to join her."

"Before now she is dead! Listen to what you have done. Your wife was as innocent as an angel. She is dead, and I can tell you so, knowing how it will poison your life. If there was guilt or dishonor in loving me it belonged to that pretty heap of deception on the sofa. Hear that, and let your soul writhe under it, for your blood does run in her veins."

"Liar! Traitor!" cried Mellen.

Again came a violent ringing of the door-bell; steps in the hall; this time the two men heard the words.

"I am pursued," muttered Ford; "they've cornered me."

"I will give you up if these are enemies," cried Mellen; "there is no escape."

He took one stride towards the door, but Ford called out:

"You are giving up your sister's husband; remember the whole world shall know it."

There was bitter truth in the tone, but before Mellen could move or speak the door opened and two officers entered the room.

"You have him safe," said one of the intruders as he passed Mellen. "Caught at last, my fine fellow."

Ford started back—put his hand to his breast—there was a flash—a stunning report—he staggered back against the wall, shot through the chest.

"How often do you knead bread?" asked one housekeeper of another.

"How often? Why, I might say we need it continually," the other replied.

CHIT-CHAT WITH THE LADIES.

Are you afraid of worms? If you are, don't go to Brooklyn for the next two months. That city o churches ought to change its respectable *nomme de ville*, and call itself the "City of Worms." Mortal eyes never witnessed such a spectacle as the good, cleanly and fashionable Brooklynites, assembled in the sanctuary of a Sabbath morning, after a walk through the worm-bowered streets. Rows of ladies in the latest Parisian importations, white bonnets and black, pink bonnets and blue, all ornamented with these detestable objects, things that have—perhaps Buffon and I might differ—but things that appear to have two heads, one at each end, and a couple of tails joined in the middle.

On this lady's black lace bonnet, with corn-colored plumes, stands a green one, large, bold, of an inquisitive disposition. When the reverend gentleman arises this arises also, it looks about, it shakes its head at the congregation; it nods to a friendly worm perched on the blue bloomer of an infant near at hand, then it lies down and takes a nap, then it once more arises and looks about it, with both its heads erect. All over the church you may see them: on the floor of the aisles, on skirts of dresses and backs of hymn-books—nay, the disgusting things even climb the pulpit and take a peek into the great gilt Bible, in defiance alike of the sexton and the minister.

Visit a Brooklyn friend—and in this general exodus of New Yorkers most of your friends will be found now-a-days in Brooklyn—and the best part of the day will be spent in picking you, as though you were dried currants, and even then, when you retire, you will find a worm in every gather of your dress, one in each gaiter, and several done up in the waterfall on which you pride yourself. Your visit will be a succession of small shrieks, and your dreams will be troubled by visions of monstrous uncanny things, with two heads, who go about seeking whom they may devour.

People say that if the city fathers of the worm-plagued city chose to take the matter in hand, they could banish the torments for ever. If it is true, we wonder they do not do it. Probably they relish worms in their turtle-soup better than other Brooklynites do in their tea, where they are frequently discovered, dreadfully scalded, but not dead—such worms never die. What could be done we do not know. In other places the creatures have been driven away by energetic measures. Couldn't Mr. Henry Ward Beecher preach to them and represent the impropriety of their conduct? Plenty of them come to church. Couldn't a worm picnic be brought about, every Brooklynite to turn out to martial music and pick worms from dawn to sunset, the one picking the most to receive a gold medal? Can no one suggest anything?

Second Husbands.

Why is it, we wonder, that second husbands always turn out so badly? It is the most mysterious thing in the world that a widow of mature years and experience always makes a worse choice when she selects a spouse than the youngest boarding-school miss who ever eloped with the object of her affections, with whom she had been acquainted but a fortnight. No one ever feels surprised to hear of the most scandalous conduct on the part of selection No. 2. After the deluded widow has bestowed her hand and fortune upon him the most singular metamorphis takes place. From a gallant and adoring wooer he becomes a ferocious and brutal husband; his wife's days are spent in annointing the black and blue bruises on her arms with Russian salve; her nights in sitting up to see that he is safely escorted upstairs and does not retire in his boots; he turns her eldest son out of doors; insults her distant relatives from whom she has expectations; discountenances tea visits; refuses to allow her a pew in church or a visit to the opera; makes away with her money in the most mysterious manner; and caps the climax by eloping with the waiting-maid and all the deluded widow's portable property, leaving her to earn her own livelihood, or cast herself upon the charity of her relations. For our part, we wonder how any widow ever does marry again, with such dreadful cases staring her in the face on all sides, and cannot unravel the mystery which enfolds the remarkable fact that stepmothers, minister's children and second husbands never turn out well.

FOREIGN NEWS.

There is little news of interest from the Old World. The armistice still continues between the Germans and the Danes, but would expire on the 12th June. The Conference had met three times, but there had been no visible progress made towards a solution, and both the French and English press asserted that Austria and Prussia were pursuing a treacherous policy. The popular feeling in England in favor of the Danes was increasing, and it was fully expected it would force Lord Palmerston into a vigorous policy against the Germans. On the other hand Queen Victoria remains averse to taking any step against the native land of her late husband and mother, and the adopted country of her two eldest daughters, more especially as one of them will, in all human probability, be Queen of Prussia. This had doubtless strengthened the obstinacy of the King of Prussia, who, if he be not discreet, may yet precipitate matters so far as to force the British Ministers into war, in which case they would very probably purchase the alliance of France by permitting her to take the Rhine. Certainly Louis Napoleon can never expect a fairer opportunity of accomplishing one of the pet wishes of his people.

In England there is a lull, both social and political, the chief subject being Gladstone's ultra-liberal speech on the Manhood Suffrage question. Knowing the mean and jesuitical character of the man, many think that he has merely appeared to head the advanced guard that he may betray it, or head it off. It may be, however, that being a plebian, he may have that instinctive secret, hatred of aristocracy, which so many of his class cherish.

Pope Pius IX. was in a very precarious condition, and his death may be expected at any hour. There will be a great effort made by Louis Napoleon to get "a manageable Pope," to succeed him. In a recent speech Prince Napoleon said that the only chance for a united Italy was the having a manageable Pope to succeed Pius IX.

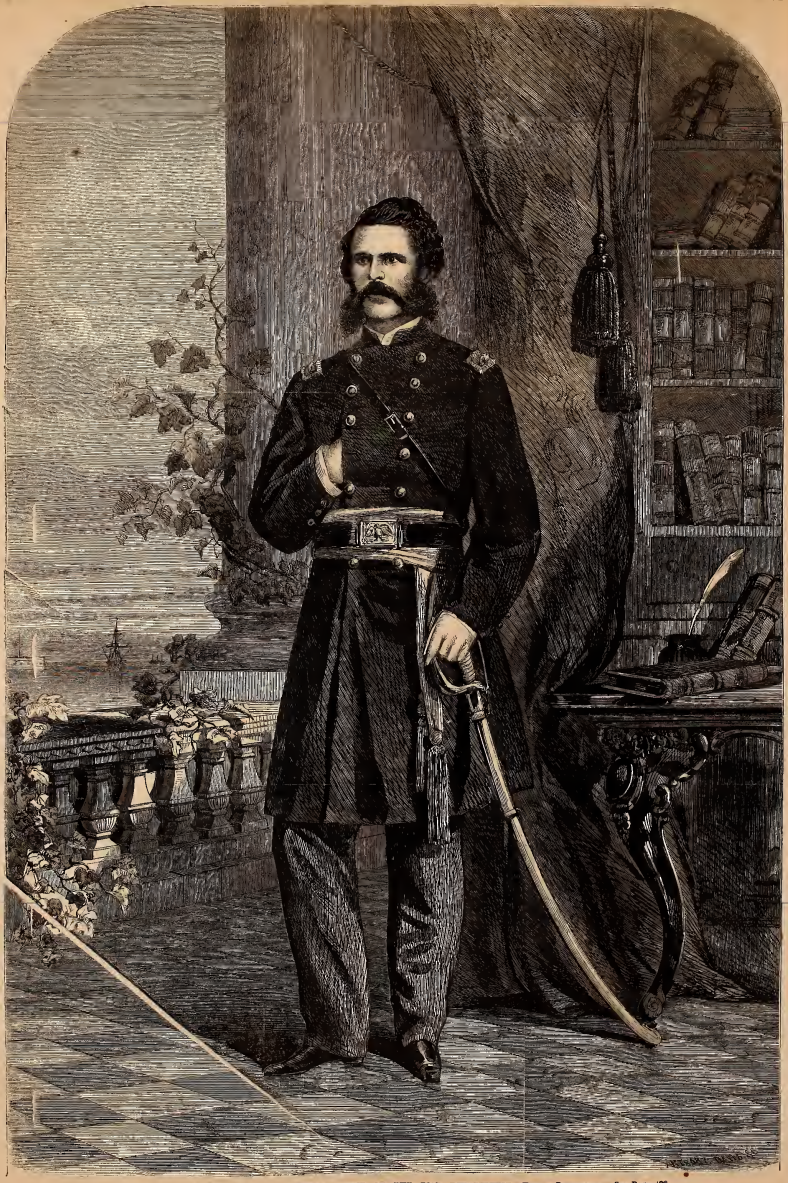
Great efforts were being made in Vienna to recruit the Austrian contingent for Mexico. It was ostensibly to be only 10,000 men, but the chances are it would reach treble that number.

The Chinese Imperialists had suffered a defeat, and the English commander of the Anglo-Chinese contingent was badly wounded.

The news from Vera Cruz is to the 21st May. Maximilian had not arrived—great preparations had been made to receive him.

From Peru we hear that the seizure of the Chincha islands by the Spanish navy had caused great excitement, and over 100,000 Peruvians had volunteered to defend the honor of their country. The Chilians had also taken up their cause, and sent their fleet to assist the Peruvians. Bolivar had likewise joined them.

From Panama we learn that the French Consul's house had been attacked by the mob, it being suspected that the Spanish Commissioner, who authorised the outrage on Peru, was in it. He had, however, managed escape on board the British mail steamer.



COL. L. C. BAKER, U. S. A., SPECIAL AGENT OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—SEE PAGE 194.

GRANT'S CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA—BATTLE AT JERICHO FORD, ON THE NORTH ANNA, MAY 23.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.

BATTLE OF JERICHO MILLS,

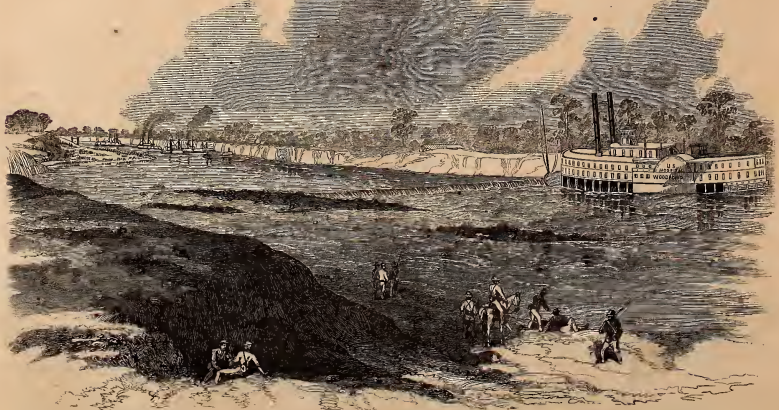
May 23.

WHEN Grant compelled Lee to leave his strong ground at Spottsylvania Court-house and fall back behind the North Anna, he pushed on to cross that stream and engage him.

Gen. Warren, on reaching Carmel Church, turned into the Spottsylvania and Hanover junction turnpike and proceeded to Jericho mills, or the ford of that name, on the South Anna. No enemy was found there to oppose them and Griffin's division crossed, the water not being deep, though the bottom is rocky and uneven and the current swift.

About four P. M. the entire corps had crossed the river, except the batteries, and was placed in position. Our skirmishers began feeling for the enemy. Nearly two hours had passed. Only occasional exchanges of shots occurred between the skirmishers. The impression grew that the enemy was in no force in our front, and that he had calculated on our crossing further down the river, where the second corps was then having its passage disputed, as we knew from the heavy cannonading heard in that direction. Our men were taking matters easy. Some had their arms stacked; many were cooking their coffee. The sixth corps were coming up behind us. Before pushing farther it was deemed prudent to await their arrival. Suddenly—a thunderbolt was never more sudden—the enemy assailed our line.

The fourth division for a moment gave way under the sudden shock, but it was only for a moment. They quickly rallied, and were unshaken after-



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—ADMIRAL PORTER'S FLEET ABOVE THE RAPIDS OF RED RIVER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.—SEE PAGE [illegible]

wards. General Griffin's and General Crawford's divisions met the assault with veteran firmness. As quick as had been the onslaught of the enemy, we were in readiness to resist the attack. For a while the musketry firing was incessant and terrible. Our batteries on both sides of the river opened in a moment. The first giving way of the fourth division compelled Col. Sweitzer's brigade to swing round a portion of his line on the right to protect his flank. Three regiments of General Bartlett's brigade—the 1st Michigan, Lieut.-Col. Troope; 16th Michigan, Major Elliott, and 83d Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Col. McCoy—were sent to his assistance, and, with the batteries on the right, resisted successfully the efforts made to flank us.

Here the 85th regiment, marching by the flank, met a rebel regiment marching also by the flank, and getting the first fire, put the latter to flight, but not until they had captured Col. Brown, commanding brigade, and a large number of other prisoners.

Only with darkness closed the contest. The fifth corps had behaved splendidly. It had the battle all to itself, and there could be no disputing the gallantry of the troops and brilliancy of the victory.

COL. L. C. BAKER,

Special Agent of the War Department.

The likeness on page 188 represents one of the most remarkable men in his vocation that has been developed by this war; and though we are pleased at having an opportunity of presenting it in our pages, we doubt the policy of giving the roguish contractors and public peculators, of whom the Colonel has been the unremitting scourge, such a favorable opportunity of studying with advantage the lineaments of the man whom it is their interest to avoid. Art, however, can have no scruple as to notoriety; so the Secret Government Agent must take his place in our gallery, among other celebrities of history.

Col. Baker was born in Central New York, in 1826, of old Revolutionary stock, and early developed those traits of sagacity and courage which were destined in maturer years to make him famous. He grew to manhood in the West, whither his father had transferred himself; but tiring of the monotony of a farmer's life, he, soon after he became of age, sought the more exciting occupations of the cities of the East. He was engaged in mechanical business in Philadelphia, for a long time, but finding that too slow for his enterprising nature he yielded to the prevailing fever for the North-West coast, and went to California in 1851.

The Vigilance Committee of San Francisco afforded Col. Baker the first opportunity to exhibit those peculiar aptitudes for detecting roguery and tracing crime which have since carried him to the head of his profession. He was one of the most prominent as well as efficient members of that remarkable organization, and such were his services, that when the committee disbanded, after having purified Californian society of its evil elements, the leading members of the body united to demand that Col. Baker should be received from them into the regular Police Department of the city.

It is not our purpose to detail the remarkable discoveries and captures which signalized the career of Col. Baker as an Agent in the Police Departments of the Pacific Coast. It is sufficient for our purpose to say that he served four years without a rival, and that, notwithstanding the excellence of the position he thus acquired, he promptly abandoned it at the summons of the war and went to Washington, to tender his services to the Government. His first impulse was to raise a company of infantry, but being introduced to Gen. Scott, with letters referring to his services in San Francisco, the old veteran determined to employ him as a secret agent to the War Department, and in a little while conferred upon him the most ample powers.

After a series of successes, which cautious history does not even yet permit us to relate, Col. Baker was selected, just previous to the first battle of Bull run, for the audacious enterprise of visiting Richmond as a scout, and bringing us news of the whereabouts and numbers of the enemy. In his first attempt to pass our lines, however, he was intercepted by Heintzelmen's pickets and sent into Washington a prisoner; but his next effort, which was made a fortnight later, proved successful. He crossed the Potomac by the way of Port Tobacco, and was soon captured by the troops of Gen. Benham, and sent to Beauregard's headquarters at Manassas. Beauregard, not entirely crediting Col. Baker's pretensions of neutrality, transferred him, with a file of soldiers, to Richmond, where he was temporarily incarcerated in an engine-house, until the so-called President of the Confederacy could find time to give him an audience. By certain representations which Baker had contrived to have laid before Jeff Davis this privilege was at last accorded to him, and he turned the interview that followed to such good account that he parted from "the presence" on parole, and soon afterwards obtained the further permission to leave the city and go down to Fredericksburg. Having thus possessed himself of full information of the rebel strength, he endeavored to return; but, unluckily, after having eluded the vigilance of the pickets, and while hurrying towards our lines, he was captured by a rebel scouting party and turned back. In the darkness of the night, however, he again effected his escape, reached the bank of the Potomac, found a boat in which he sculled across, and on the second day afterwards laid before Gen. Scott a complete map of the defences in and about Richmond, Fredericksburg and Manassas.

The success of this enterprise was so gratifying to Gen. Scott, that he commended Col. Baker to Mr. Cameron for permanent employment as a secret agent of the War Department, and he has consequently remained in the service of that department ever since. To enlarge the sphere of his usefulness, Col. Baker was created a Provost-Marshal of that department in September last, and to give him dignity as well as authority with his subordinates, he was raised to the flattering rank of Colonel of cavalry in the United States army.

It is not only against rebels in arms, Confederate spies and insidious traitors in the heart of our community that the talents of Col. Baker have been brought to bear, but corrupt officials, dishonest quartermasters, pilfering clerks and rascally contracters have alike felt the fatal incision of his inexorable shrewdness. We could enumerate numbers who are now expiating through his developments the penalty of their offences; and it would not be too much to say that he has saved over a million of the public moneys, but as he is still actively engaged, we leave his full record to some future time, satisfied at the present to refer to his likeness as that of an officer whom the loyal may admire, and whom it will be advisable for the dishonest and disloyal to avoid.

AFFAIRS ON RED RIVER.

The Fleet above the Rapids.

The retreat of Banks from before Shreveport has been attended with difficulties, losses, perils and triumph, which the participants will not soon forget, and which even amid the absorbing interest attendant on the operations of Gens. Grant, Butler and Sherman deserve illustration, and we, therefore, use some of our sketches sent on by our special Artist. The position of the Union fleet above the falls was one of great danger, and we sketch it as it appeared before the genius of Gen. Bailey.

The banks of the Red river are 15 feet high at boating stage, and are generally lined with cotton-wood trees. Back of these on both sides are cultivated lands, generally producing cotton. The dam was made just above Alexandria.

Three falls here interrupt navigation for three quarters of a mile. They are not, however, a body of water rushing over precipitous rocks, but water boiling through broken ones, the descent being gradual. There was at the time only three feet of water here.

Capture of the John Warner and Destruction of the Covington.

To extricate all the vessels was, under the circumstances, not to be expected. The rebels succeeded, on the 4th of May, in blowing up one of the ironclads, as seen in our engraving, and in capturing the transport John Warner, after almost completely destroying her and her passengers by a terrific fire of artillery and musketry from the shore. She was on her way down from Alexandria to Fort de Bussy. An officer thus describes the affair:

The Warner was the largest and strongest of the four boats we had on the expedition, and was well protected with bales of cotton around her engines, pilot-house and guards. She had a gunboat ahead to feel the way and one behind to protect the rear, and we had rather envied her apparent safety.

Just as she passed the bend around the plantation, three batteries opened upon her, one from the rear and in front, and one from the side. She was soon completely riddled, and drifted helplessly aground, a mark for a thousand muskets.

The gunboats attempted to return the fire, but it was found almost impossible to elevate the guns sufficiently to do any execution, as the banks of the river were steep and high, while the rifled Parrotts of the rebels—captured from us at Mansfield—sent balls plunging through the decks, which did fearful execution. The Covington was soon completely disabled. Her escape-pipe was cut, rudder shot away and wheel shattered. The pilot-house was demolished, two or three of the guns rendered useless, and many of the men killed.

In the meantime the Warner had struck her flag, and the Captain of the Covington sent some men to burn her; but the officer whom he sent found her decks so completely covered with dead and dying that he couldn't do anything with her. The Covington was finally abandoned by her crew and set fire to. She blew up in a few minutes.

The other boat, the Signal, was not much more fortunate. She was disabled after about an hour's fighting, and finally surrendered. The few that escaped from the Covington and the Warner had to run the gauntlet of a thousand muskets in running up the bank, and many were shot in making the attempt. The two engineers from the Signal jumped overboard, and reached the shore. Two of the pilots escaped, and all but one of the officers of the Covington escaped. But almost all the officers of the Ohio regiment, and a large number of the men were either killed or wounded. A few escaped to the woods, and such as were not recaptured by rebel cavalry were either picked up by our boats or made their way to Alexandria.

THE BATTLE OF RESACA, GA.

While Grant has been steadily driving Lee in on Richmond by stubborn fighting and well planned strategy, Sherman has been equally successful in forcing from before his front the able Johnston.

On the 14th of May he was in face of Resaca, a place situated in the Great Bend of Ostonula river, with the convex portion of the bend towards the east. Across the neck of the peninsula thus formed, extend continuous lines of rebel works, with strong field fortifications, especially about town. Both their flanks rested upon the river, and the line of retreat was completely protected by these fortifications. By the night of Friday our army was in position around the rebel works, except Howard's division and Wood's and Stanley's, which had occupied Dalton the day before, and were sweeping down the line of the Altoona and Western railroad to form a junction with the rest of the army.

On Saturday, the 14th, skirmishing began early in the morning and continued incessantly throughout the day all along the line.

Immediately in front of Gen. Hooker's position in the line was a hill commanding the road to Resaca, down which he was to pass. The country was very thickly wooded—a succession of ridges, ravines, mountain brooks and swamps. Butterfield's division was ordered up to do the work, supported on the left by the 2d division of the corps (Geary's). The foliage was very dense, and but little could be seen of the rebel position, although it was known they had a battery in an earthwork and a strong line of rifle pits. Butterfield moved to the attack about noon, and at the same time Geary moved up his left.

The charge up the hill was impetuous and grand, and was met by the rebels with a furious fire of grape and canister from their battery, and a storm of lead from their small arms. Part of Gen. Ward's brigade entered the works, grappled with the gunners and struggled for the guns. For a few minutes there was a fierce hand-to-hand encounter between steaming, powder-grimed men, the rebel gunners standing manfully for their pieces, though finally compelled to abandon four pieces and retire to another line of works.

An Advertising Puzzle.—The following advertisement, which defies the commonest principles of Lindley Murray, and would have sent poor old Cobbett into hysterics, is copied *verbatim* from the London *Times*:

"Wanted, at Tunbridge Wells, a young person, to wait on two ladies, who can work well at her needle, get up their fine things, and occasionally assist in waiting at table. None under two years' character need apply. The lady can be seen in town by applying at Mr. Barker's, 3 Bury street, St. James, on Tuesday, after 11, and Wednesday before two."

We have read this advertisement over at least 50 times without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion, as to whether the young person, or one of the ladies, or both the ladies, or all of them, including the young person, is expected to work well at her or their needle, get up their fine things, and occasionally assist, &c. "None under two years' character need apply." What on earth is meant here by the word under? Surely it does not mean that any one possessing a two years' character, and who may consequently be said to be suffering under the affliction, need apply? "The lady can be seen." What lady?—which lady? One of the two ladies, or the young person, or whom? "On Tuesday, after 11, and on Wednesday before two." Which 11—what two?—ante-meridian?—post-meridian?—morning, or night? How would you like it? In conclusion: we should feel extremely obliged if the advertiser or advertisers, he, she, or they, would consistently answer the following queries; Who?—which?—what?—when?—and where?

A college student being examined in Locke, where he speaks of our relations to the Deity, and asked: "What relations do we most neglect? he answered, with much simplicity, "Poor relations, sir!"

FORTY PRIZE MEDALS

OVER ALL COMPETITORS.

CHICKERING & SONS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Grand, Square and Upright Pianofortes.

THALBERG'S CERTIFICATE:

"Since my arrival in America I have constantly used the Pianos of Messrs. Chickering & Sons, and I can only repeat that which I have so often said before: The instruments are the best I have seen in the United States, and will compare favorably with any I have ever known. S. THALBERG."

Warerooms, 652 Broadway, N. Y., 246 Washington Street, Boston.

Mrs. Albro, of Warehouse Point, Conn., who has been suffering with a cancerous affection for several years, has been successfully treated by Drs. Babcock & Tobin, of this city. The successful treatment of this case reflects great credit upon the Doctors' skill. They can be consulted upon all diseases of a cancinamotone character at their residence, 27 Bond street. —*New York Express.*

Agents Wanted to sell the National ALMANAC AND ANNUAL RECORD for 1864. An indispensable work for every one. 10,000 sold the first week. Price $1 50. Specimen copies sent free by mail on receipt of $1 10. All in the Army and Navy should have a copy. Address

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453-4 628 Chestnut St., Phila.

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FAIRFIELD HOUSE, FAIRFIELD, CONN. This favorite and splendid Summer Resort was opened for visitors—either transient or permanent—on the 1st of May. The house is new and handsomely furnished—has all modern improvements—is lighted with gas throughout. The Beach for Bathing is the finest on the Sound. There is good fishing and elegant drives. Parties making early arrangements for the season will be taken on favorable terms.

000 P. D. CARRIQUE.

$10 AGENTS $10

And Dealers. Something New. Union Burner for Kerosene Lamps. Indelible Pencil, Egyptian Cement, Magic Tobacco Box, and 20 more Novel and Useful Articles. Send stamp for Circular.

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Letters inquiring about prices or other information about pictures promptly answered. 454-5

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Of Gold Watches, Diamond Rings and Elegant Jewellery,

Valued at $300,000.

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197 Broadway, N.Y.

CERTIFICATES, naming each article *and its value*, are placed in SEALED ENVELOPES, and well mixed. One of these envelopes will be delivered at our office, or sent by mail to any address, without regard to choice, on receipt of 25 cents.

We will send by mail the article named on the certificate drawn, for ONE DOLLAR, or will *exchange for any other article on our list*, of the same value as the article drawn.

NO BLANKS!

You MAY get a WATCH or DIAMOND RING.
You MUST get the VALUE of your money.
Entire satisfaction guaranteed in all cases.
To those acting as Agents the price of certificates will be 15 cents each, if ordering five or more at one time. Send stamp for circular.
Five Certificates for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5.
All Letters should be addressed to our Box 5706, Post-Office, New York. 454-5

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It is well known—cures Tan, Freckles, Pimples' Eruptions, Prickly Heat, Sallowness, Salt Rheum Chaps, Chafes and all cuticular deformities.

Gouraud's Poudre Subtile uproots hair from low foreheads or any part of the body, warranted, $1.

Gouraud's Lily White for flushed red faces.

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Gouraud's Hair Dye and numerous toilet accessories, found at the old established Depot of

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Also of Bates, 129 Washington Street, Boston; Upham, South Eighth Street, Philadelphia; Keyser, Pittsburg, Callender, Philadelphia; H. D. Robinson, Portland, and Druggists generally.

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Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine and GAZETTE OF FASHION. The best Family Magazine published. The reading portion is the cream of contemporary English literature. The Illustrations are unsurpassed in number and execution.

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To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1, and at the same time get our Circular containing full list and particulars, also terms to Agents, which we went in every Regiment and Town in the Country.

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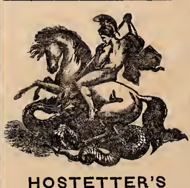

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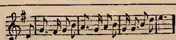

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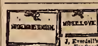

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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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Richmond—Gen. Grant's Progress—Patience and Confidence.

An attentive listener among the busy gamblers of Wall street any day during the week past, will hear witness that all of that class of operators concerned in "bulling" gold and stocks are making the most they can of Gen. Grant's detention at the northern outworks of Richmond. What do we hear from these birds of evil omen? Such croakings as these: "Grant is fading out;" "awfully cut up;" "nothing done;" "just where McClellan was when Stonewall Jackson pounced on him;" "Richmond is not Vicksburg, and Lee is not Pemberton," and numerous other flippant, impertinent and suspicious remarks of similar import. Unfortunately too, there are "on 'Change" many ignorant, timid and credulous men, or "lama dutchs," as we may technically define them, who are ready to listen to these croaking owls and ravens. Thus "one fool makes many," and the infectious elements of doubt and distrust are diffused from the heart through all the arteries and ramifications of our financial and political system.

There is not the slightest occasion, however, for any apprehension or doubt as to the result of the present struggle for Richmond. The inevitable issue of the campaign—and it is not far off—will be the occupation of the city by the Union army, and the dissolution, capture or disappearance of Jeff Davis to parts unknown. Had the co-operative detachments of Union troops in the Shenandoah valley succeeded in the outset in the part assigned them, and had the James river expedition made thorough work—as was generally expected it would do—in cutting the south side railway connections with the city, we have no doubt

THE INAUGURATION OF THE CENTRAL SANITARY FAIR AT PHILADELPHIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 216.

that Lee would have been compelled to evacuate the place without a struggle, if possible, and to abandon Virginia in order to subsist his army. But Gen. Grant, on reaching the suburbs of Richmond, found that the chapter of delays and accidents elsewhere had left Lee's communications still open and intact, with his depots of supplies West and South, and that thus he might, at least for a short time, challenge the Union army to the trials of a siege.

Accordingly, Gen. Grant has been reduced, as at Vicksburg, to the deliberate work of regular approaches against Richmond. Recent events, however, we think, will justify the opinion that the city will yet be captured without the tedious labors of a long investment, and without reducing the army of Lee, we apprehend, to the extremity of a surrender or starvation. Gen. Hunter, the new commander of the Department of the Shenandoah Valley, has recently gained a valuable victory over the enemy, and a very important point of occupation, in the capture of Staunton. He has gained the additional advantage there of a junction with the previously detached commands of Gens. Crooks and Averill. We may reasonably conclude, therefore, that with the junction of these officers and their troops, after the defeat and dispersion of the opposing forces of the enemy, Gen. Hunter will unquestionably accomplish the task of cutting off the supplies of the Shenandoah valley and the Lynchburg valley from Gen. Lee, and the connecting canal and railway lines of transportation.

This expedition will thus dispose of the sources of subsistence west and northwest of Richmond, upon which Lee's army and the city largely depend, and will render utterly impracticable another Northern raid by Gen. Lee, should Gen. Grant resolve upon a flank movement, which would place the rebel army between himself and Washington. Having broken up the roads and stripped the country between Richmond and the Shenandoah valley, and thence to the Maryland border, of its supplies, Gen. Grant may move the army of the Potomac down into North or South Carolina without putting Washington in jeopardy from another incursion by Lee. It would be idle to conjecture what Gen. Grant intends to do, although we may safely say that he does not intend deliberately to sit down for a regular siege until he has clearly ascertained that a siege cannot be avoided, and has discovered the strength or weakness of the city's defences on every side, east, west, north and south.

The Richmond journals do not believe the report which was circulated some days ago, in that very credulous community, that Grant was withdrawing to the White House. They remember that when he withdrew from Jackson, Miss., last May, it was only to fall upon the rear of Vicksburg; and so they shrewdly suspect this time that, if he is withdrawing from the Chicahominy, it is only to descend upon the city with crushing force in some other quarter. Such is the strength of his army that he may move by the enemy's flank with impunity, as he has repeatedly proved, and we are sure that he will shortly discover the way to "smoke out" his adversary, and bring him to the test of a ruinous battle to the rebel cause, or an equally disastrous evacuation of Richmond, under cover of the night. The alternative even now presented to Jeff. Davis is, shall Lee's army be sacrificed in the effort to hold Richmond, or shall the city and Virginia be abandoned to save Lee's army?

We undertake to say that certain movements will soon be accomplished by Gen. Grant, which, if they do not compel Gen. Lee stealthily to evacuate the city, will leave him no other alternative but to fight his way out, in order to obtain subsistence for his troops. The late battles, which have disclosed among his killed, wounded and prisoners, the soldiers of Breckenridge from West Virginia, of Beauregard from Charleston, of Hoke and Pickett from North Carolina, of Finnegan from Florida, and some from Joe Johnston in Georgia, betray the exhaustion of the reserves of the rebellion. Consequently, with the fall of Richmond, which is inevitable, as anything in the future depending upon human action can be, the Davis Confederacy must collapse, and the war will speedily come to an end.

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DECLINED.—The Worms upon the Trees—Unnerved—Penitent.

Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

The second siege of Richmond now begun by Grant continues without any further development of importance.

On the night of the 6th the rebels made an assault on Gen. Burnside's corps, but were repulsed.

Bowling Green, the county seat of Caroline county, has been burned, in punishment for the firing on a train from the houses.

On the 7th two divisions of the 5th corps attempted to get possession of a bridge on the Chicahominy, but found the enemy posted there in great strength.

Gen. Butler made a demonstration on Petersburg on the 10th. Gen. Kautz, with his cavalry, actually entered the city, but Gen. Gillmore found the enemy prepared, and the strong works too well defended to carry at a rush. Butler's plans had been communicated to Beauregard two days before. It would be well if in these attacks our commanders would take a lesson from Wayne's attack on Stony point. He took precautions to prevent any deserter reaching the enemy.

On the 9th the gunboats silenced Fort Clifton, near Petersburg.

On the 10th the rebels shelled Butler's signal-station at Fort Wisconsin, and their cavalry showed themselves at Turkey Bend.

The rebels made a dash into Wilson's lines, near the Lenny House, on the 9th, and Wilson sent out part of McIntosh's brigade, which came upon Field's division, near Bethesda Church.

Both Lee and Grant are busily engaged in entrenching.

It is rumored that Hancock carried Bottom's bridge on the 11th, but it is by no means certain.

WESTERN VIRGINIA.

The defeat of Sigel has been redeemed by Gen. Hunter, who succeeding to the command at once advanced on the enemy. He came up with Gen. W. E. Jones at Mount Crawford, 12 miles from Staunton, and utterly defeated him.

Jones was left dead on the field, and his successor drew off his army to Waynesboro.

Hunter then occupied Staunton. The fruits of his victory were 20 cannon, many prisoners and stores to an immense amount. He has penetrated so far into the enemy's country that communication with him is difficult, guerillas swarming in his rear.

KENTUCKY.

The guerilla war, renewed by the rebels, begins to develop in its usual forms. The attacks on steamers are now followed by cavalry raids into Kentucky. Mount Sterling was taken on the 8th June, by Gen. Morgan, Cols. Alston and Smith, with 3,000 men. They destroyed the bridges and railroad between Cynthiana and Paris and cut the telegraph. A train on the Louisville and Lexington railroad was also attacked, robbed, and in part destroyed.

They entered the State at Pound gap, and seem charged to destroy as many railroads as possible. Gen. Burbridge has pursued them, and on the 9th came up with them at Mount Sterling, and defeated them. They, however, entered Lexington on the 10th, and robbed many stores, after burning the Central Railroad Depot.

On the 11th, Logan, with 3,000 rebels, attacked Gen. Hobson at Cynthiana, and compelled him to surrender, with the 168th and 171st Ohio—1,200 men. On the 12th Gen. Burbridge came up with the enemy, and after a severe fight routed them, killing, wounding and taking 1,000 men. Morgan's force then scattered.

The rebels besieged Frankfort, but it held out and they abandoned their operations against it on the 11th.

THE MISSISSIPPI.

The attacks, by Marmaduke, on the Mississippi steamers have become at last a regular blockade at Greenville. He has destroyed three transports, capturing the cargoes of two, and has crippled three gunboats, at least, so the Richmond papers say. Accounts from New Orleans state that our gunboats have failed to dislodge the rebels.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The firing on Fort Sumter and on Charleston has been increased by Gen. Foster, who is busily engaged in reorganising his department.

Admiral Dahlgren is also putting his fleet into working order.

LOUISIANA.

The rebels on the 31st May attempted to surprise our pickets a short distance above Morganzia, throwing part of their troops over the Achafalaya, but Gen. Emory drove them back.

GEORGIA.

On the 9th Sherman's cavalry came up with Johnston's forces in a line of hills between Kenesaw and Lost mountain.

NAVAL.

The gunboat Water Witch was captured on the 3rd June, on the Ossebaw sound, by a number of rebel boats, which approached in the dark with muffled oars, and surprised the vessel completely. One negro escaped by swimming a mile, all the rest on board were captured.

CONGRESS.

IN the Senate, on the 6th June, after several matters of local interest had been transacted, the Internal Revenue bill was taken up, amendments were adopted apportioning assessors and collectors according to representation in Congress instead of by districts, at the discretion of the President, and taxing incomes between $600 and $5,000 five per cent., imposing a tax of seven and a half per cent. on all excess over $5,000 up to $15,000, and of ten per cent. on all excess over the latter amount. Several other amendments of less importance were adopted, when all the sections of the bill having been acted upon, it was read the third time and passed, there being only three votes against it to 23 in favor. The bill will now return to the House for action on the Senate's amendments.

In the House, there was much discussion on several subjects of no public interest. An attempt to censure the Government for delivering up Arguelles to the Spanish authorities ended in the matter being referred to the Judiciary Committee.

In the Senate, on the 7th, Mr. Sumner presented from the Foreign Affairs Committee a report on the subject of amending the neutrality laws and asking to be discharged from its further consideration, which was agreed to. He also reported favorably from the same committee on the bill relative to consular jurisdiction over the crews of foreign vessels in American ports. A number of petitions asking for the abolition of slavery were presented. The question of agreeing with the House in defining the 30th ult. as the time when the resolution for the temporary increase of the tariff took effect was brought up; but no vote on the matter was reached.

In the House, a bill authorising an additional loan of $400,000,000 for the support of the Government was presented from the Ways and Means Committee, and, after some discussion, was recommended to be reported complete. A resolution was adopted requesting the President to furnish the defence and papers of Gen. Curtis before the military commission in the inquiry relative to cotton speculations within the army lines. The bill to prevent speculation in gold was taken up, discussed for some time, and finally tabled, by 53 against 47. A motion was made to reconsider the vote by which the bill was tabled, and its reconsideration was postponed till Saturday next.

In the Senate, on the 8th, Mr. Davis urged the adoption of his resolution providing for the appointment of a select committee to inquire into the administration of Gen. Butler, but finally refrained from pressing the subject, and it was passed over. A communication was received from the President, enclosing letters from the Secretary of the War and the Provost-Marshal-General, urging a repeal of the clause of the Enrollment act whereby drafted men are exempt from military service on the payment of $300, whereupon Mr. Wilson called up the bill, heretofore reported by the Military Committee, designed to meet the views of the authorities on this point.

In the House, there was no business of any public interest.

In the Senate, on the 9th, Mr. Davis offered a joint resolution to restore peace among the people of the United States. Objection being made to its reception, the Chair decided that it was not in order. The bill relative to commercial intercourse between the loyal and disloyal States was then taken up for consideration. The bill to prohibit the exemption of persons from military duty by reason of the payment of money was then taken up. An amendment was offered that all calls for drafts hereafter may be for a term not exceeding one year; that the act shall not, however, extend to any district or sub-district where the quota on previous calls has not been filled; that no person drafted on further calls shall be liable to be again drafted until the present enrollment shall be exhausted, and that when men are furnished by any district in excess of the quota on calls previously made, the term of service of each man shall be considered and allowed to said district in calls hereafter made. After a lengthy argument the first branch of the amendment was adopted by a vote of 23 against 17, the remaining sections of the amendment were adopted.

In the House, the only proceeding of interest was the rejection of the Bankrupt bill by 65 to 64. This most judicious measure is consequently lost for the present.

In the Senate, on the 10th, a joint resolution was offered to the effect that Arkansas had now in operation a State Government, organized upon a true basis and Republican in form, gained by a full and untrammelled vote of the people, declaring that such laws of Congress as stated the people of Arkansas in rebellion should be declared inoperative and void, and ordering that the present organized Government in Arkansas be recognised, on the condition that, except as punishment, Slavery or involuntary servitude, shall not exist in the State. A resolution was also offered for the protection of overland emigration. The bill for the settlement of California private land claims was brought up; the consideration of the bill ceased at the expiration of the morning hour. The Indian Appropriation bill was brought up and several amendments acted upon, after which a report from the Committee of Conference on the Army Appropriation bill was heard.

In the House, the Missouri contested election case was brought up, and after considerable discussion it was decided that Mr. Blair was not, and that Mr. Samuel Knox was, entitled to a seat.

In the Senate, on the 11th, there was much routine and local business transacted, but it was of no public interest, the most important item relating to the new State of Arkansas.

In the House, the Bankrupt bill was reconsidered, but finally postponed to the 2d of December; and after much debate Mr. Tod was declared the sitting member for Dacotah.

TOWN GOSSIP.

It is a hard thing to say of our own people, but we believe it to true, that within the last three years we are becoming so familiarised to death in awful and sudden forms, that our hearts are hardened, and we have become careless to murder, accident and slaughter.

This thought came to us while reading the report of the Berkshire disaster, the burning of which boat on the Hudson hurried half a hundred people into eternity. Several years ago the occurrence would have been town talk for a week, and one could scarcely have gone a block without hearing something about the terrible affair. To-day the matter is chronicled in the press with a few dozen lines, and the eager public turns away from its half perused recital to something more piquant on the next page, where the clash of arms is recorded, and 10,000 men are hurried into eternity or left maimed and deformed for life. Beside these gigantic tales of slaughter, into what utter insignificance does the burning, scalding and drowning of half a hundred wretched humans fade.

The week has been particularly rife, in this city, with a species of crime not especial to this locality, but worthy of notice as offering here the best illustrations. We have reference to attacks upon the police, shooting, clubbing and general knockdowns, and dragging out. The press daily chronicles such affairs, and the public can do nothing less than accept the story as given, and sympathise with the guardians of the law upon their dangers and hairbreadth escapes, without looking deeper into the matter.

The truth is that in four cases out of five where such things occur they are brought on by the arrogance and assumption of these guardians, and could easily be avoided if they would exercise a small grain of firmness or common sense. Policemen are but men, and have certain duties to perform, which differ but little from those of every citizen, especially large employers. The contractor or manufacturer having hundreds, perhaps thousands, of people, under his charge does not find it necessary to go armed with a revolver or to club his employés at every provocation. The same rule applies to the police, and any departure from it only argues that the man is unfit for his position unless he can show positively that the pistoled or clubbed party was a known dangerous character, or too much for him physically.

There is no room in this column to discuss a subject so vital to every citizen, but we can only say that we have had so many flagrant cases brought to our knowledge that we think it full time that revolvers were taken out of the list of police equipments, unless upon special cases of danger, and that every clubbing and beating affair in which a policeman is concerned should be made the subject of an especial inquiry before the Commissioners. Confidence should be instilled in the minds of the people that these men are to protect us, not to shoot, stab and club men on the smallest provocation, or none.

This week gold has touched 200. Amid the clash of battles this announcement has attracted little attention, and yet how fearfully it comes home to the hearths and pockets of all. With gold at 200, no matter whether it be caused by the imperative course of events or by the working of speculation, the whole current of life is changed. The mechanic should have his wages doubled from what it was three years ago, to meet the necessities of gold at 200. Is it so? If not, he is a sufferer, and in poverty, notwithstanding the story of great prosperity. If, when he received $2.00 per day, it would buy more than $4.00 will now, and who will dispute the fact? and now he is receiving only $3.00, he is twenty-five per cent. poorer than he was, and is obliged to stint himself and family to that amount, all because gold is at 200.

There is something deeper in all this than people ordinarily see. This gold is the lifeblood running through the national veins, a subtle fluid not to be tampered with, and indicative of the national health. It may be quickened for an hour by stimulants, but must go back to a steady pulse in time. Bankers, brokers and financiers are schooled to an instinctive knowledge of events and effects. They learn their lessons from a sensitive book—the pocketbook—and consequently their movements during the time of great excitement are well worthy of study. In fact, Wall street is at this moment the best spot on the globe to become posted on the chances for and against us in our great struggle, and to learn the unbiased truth, ungarbled by political newspaper columns, or unmanufactured to suit a market.

From such serious subjects we fly at a bound to the light topics, mechanically persuading ourselves that it is a duty to be jolly, and that if we can't be happy we must be as happy as we can.

Mrs. Wood has produced "Aladdin," and without doubt will continue to produce "Aladdin" for some weeks to come. Let not interested, would-be dramatic auditors fall into the delusion that they are going to the Olympic to see the "Aladdin" of their infantile recollections as delineated by Planché, nor yet the later effort, punsterial and funny, of Byron—not the poet—but understand that the "Aladdin" placed before them is another "Aladdin" of the spectacular nature, done by somebody else unknown to the outside barbarians, and intended to show off fine scenery, gorgeous costuming and stage mechanism of the jolliest sort. Of the last we have some odd instances in the piece, one in which the entire scene, people and all, sinks away, and another where such a perfect conglomeration of flats, sidepieces, furniture, stage and everything else takes place, that for a moment the spectator feels that he is liable to be whisked off with the other traps whether he will or no. "Aladdin" is very cleverly produced, and a little more such care to the general make-up of the American stage as is displayed in it would be a point most devoutly to be wished for.

Wallack's was conscious of an overboiling house during the week on the occasion of a benefit to Moss, the treasurer. It was only natural that everybody should want to testify their half-dollars to one who has worked himself into their suffrages as has the treasurer, but the crowds who came were hardly prepared for the other crowds who came also, and the result was an astonisher on all sides. We take back our prophecy of last week relative to the death of "Captain Bland," and by way of atonement for the premature announcement of his demise, give out that he will offer himself once more to an indulgent public through this week. Good-natured public!

"Bel Demonio" still at Niblo's, and breathless crowds still await the time when Vestvali shall break herself to pieces over the rock.

At the Winter Garden "Fra Diavolo" has everything his own way, and "Thrice Married" has become about three score married, to the intense delight of the populace, who seem matrimonially inclined as the warm weather approaches.

Major Pauline Cushman has been a decided sensation at Barnum's, and consequently goes on in the same line for a while longer. She—or he—makes not a bad looking major. We have seen worse looking ones displaying their shoulder-straps upon Broadway, many a time. The lady's experience as an actress, before her debut in the military line, has done away with any little *mauvaise honte* she might have suffered under, had this been her first essay to the footlights.

Among the new attractions of the east side of the town is the building just erected by the Campbells as a minstrel hall, in the Bowery opposite Spring street. They open on the 20th, and will have the advantage of a fine building, constructed with every attention to sound, ventilation and view that modern theatre-building talent can give them.

At the New Bowery Mr. Lingard has taken bodily hold of one of Boucicault's dramatic attempts, or one that he claims, though its authors are supposed to be legion, and has fitted it for the Bowery stage in most excellent style. The piece will be remembered—"The Poor of New York"—as played at Wallack's old theatre, under

Boucicault's direction, in the olden time, and was a decided success. No doubt it will meet with the same favor under the hands of Mr. Lingard.

Heller struck out a new bill for the past week, promising something to astonish—if such a thing could be—even more than before. Heller's success in New York has been greater than that of any in his line before, and we see no reason why his music and magic cannot remain an institution of the city. The summer nights are coming, when the capricious public will desert the theatres, and seek some light and graceful entertainment such as he offers, and if the maker of the magic can only himself forego the thoughts of Newport and Saratoga, showers of greenbacks will be his reward. Among his performances for the week was a magic closet, which he promised should outdo the Davenports, even to the end of producing a live—or dead, we forget which—spectre.

Which puts us in mind:

That a few evenings since, attracted by a modest advertisement in the dailies that a meeting of army nurses would be held at Clinton Hall, and that Prof. Holcomb, of the 13th street Medical College, would address them on the eye, we strolled in to find about 150 ladies, young, middle-aged and elderly, all of whom are preparing to go to the field as nurses, listening to the professor's simple yet learned instructions.

But this not being the subject on which we started to speak as connected with the Davenports, we shall drop it, though first mentioning to those interested that on Tuesday and Friday nights these self-sacrificing women meet, without a flourish of trumpets, and under the instruction of such able men as Professors Holcomb, Raphael, Richards, and others, study and fit themselves for their duties, and are sent by the association, at their own expense, to the field and general hospitals as called for. And now for the Davenports, or rather their sisters:

In the rooms of the Geographical Society we found them giving a private *seance* to about 20 persons, and joined the circle. The ladies sat at either end of a table, beyond each other's reach. On the table were guitars, violins, horns, bells, accordeons, etc. Ropes were laid beside them, and the lights extinguished; five minutes elapsed, lights produced, and they were found tightly bound, enough to satisfy the most sceptical that if they did it themselves they must be a little smarter than can readily be accounted for. The audience, during this operation, had held each other's hands, so that none could leave the circle. Again the light is extinguished, and instantly all the instruments commence playing. Light! and the young ladies are found bound as before, their hands crossed upon the breast, the ropes passed about the necks, the feet and bodies tied to the chair, and altogether more tightly and uncomfortably tied than many persons would have liked to have secured them.

The agent steps up to the table and with a piece of phosphorus marks the instruments, and once more the lights are put out. Immediately phosphorescent lights are seen sailing about the room, and the declaration is made that these are the violins, guitars, etc.

We are selected to tie the fingers of the young ladies, which we do without compunction, feeling that our gallantry is nowhere beside our search after information, and so tie them that each finger was rendered immoveable. We are then requested to seat ourselves in a chair about five feet distant from them, which we also do. Darkness again, and several hands—how many we cannot tell, but we judge not less than six—ran all over our body and face, taking liberties with our hair and making desperate pinches where flesh could be found to pinch on. Then we experienced a tambourine beating a violent tattoo on the top of our head, and a guitar sailed quietly into our lap; a light was called, and the tambourine rested upon the head top, the guitar in the lap, and when we examined the finger-tying our knots were undisturbed.

The lights were extinguished again, relighted in a minute, and one of the young ladies was sitting, bound as before on the table chair and all.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—During the past week the deaths in New York were 440—118 men, 83 women, 112 boys and 129 girls—a decrease of 8 from the mortality of the previous week, and an increase of 93 as compared with the mortality of the corresponding week of 1863. Of the deceased 202 were children under 5 years of age. The mortality by the principal diseases was as follows: Consumption, 55; inflammation of the lungs, 37; scarlet fever, 20; measles, 21; diphtheria, 15; typhus fever, 16; small pox, 7; deaths from external causes, 44—among which were 8 deaths from old age; two from wounds received in battle; 0 drowned, and 11 killed by accidents. In the institutions there were 76 deaths, and 56 were buried in Potter's Field.

—— The House Military Committee, in pursuance of a resolution of the House, will next week commence an investigation to discover if any and what disloyal persons are employed in the Government Departments and in the cavalry corrals at Giesboro Point.

—— The British steamship Virginia, Capt. Grace, from Liverpool and Queenstown, arrived on June 6th, bringing 31 cabin and 977 steerage passengers. This is the greatest number ever brought over in one vessel, except by the Great Eastern in July, 1863, which had 1,012.

—— A committee from the Baltimore National Convention waited on President Lincoln and informed him of his nomination by that body. The President, in a very short speech, expressed his thanks and accepted the nomination. A committee of the National Union League subsequently waited on His Excellency to congratulate him upon his renomination.

—— The Chairman of the Committee on Commerce of the U. S. Senate has forwarded to Secretary Seward a copy of a memorial received from Perry McD. Collins, relative to the establishment of an intercontinental telegraph; which has called forth from Mr. Seward a very elaborate reply.

—— They have had a Democratic Convention in Maine, and appointed delegates to the Chicago Convention. Hon. F. O. J. Smith made the speech on the occasion.

—— The Rochester *Express* (Republican) says, the Fremont movement at Cleveland "is too formidable to be ignored by the leaders of the Union party."

—— The slaves in the counties of Davies, Henderson and Union, in Kentucky, are deserting the plantations by scores, and making their way to the Union lines. The Louisville *Journal* says: "The blacks are entirely demoralized, and cannot be controlled by their masters."

—— A land case has just been decided in St. Louis, by which John Maguire has recovered, after a quarter of a century of litigation, lands in the northern part of the city worth $500,000, together with the rents and profits which are to be assessed upon the tenants, and will be very heavy.

Southern.—The Richmond *Examiner* of Tuesday, June 7, has been received at the Navy Department. It contains some items of interest. It says: "Last night the enemy abandoned our left and part of our centre, apparently in great haste. Gen. Early followed them 10 miles, capturing 60 prisoners, who say that Grant has gone to the White House, because his men will not fight. The impression here is that Grant is making his way for the James river, to cross over to the south side."

—— A bill had passed the rebel Congress to increase the pay of non-commissioned officers and privates $7 per month, for one year. They have also passed a bill to exempt Quakers from fighting.

—— Major-Gen. G. W. Smith has been elected to the command of the State forces of Georgia.

—— The *Examiner*, in a financial article, says: "For the first time the Confederate Treasury has no money. It is in a state of constipation. All the salaries are unpaid except Mr. Memminger's, the Secretary."

Personal.—Gen. Buell having been mustered out of the volunteer service, for refusing to accept a command under Maj.-Gen. Canby, has now resigned his colonelcy in the regular army.

—— Gen. Butler has sent the following characteristic letter to Senator Davis of Kentucky, in response to the resolution of inquiry offered by the latter in the U. S. Senate, a few days since:

HEADQUARTERS IN THE FIELD, June 3, 1864.

GARRETT DAVIS, Esq., *Member of the Senate of the United States from Kentucky.*

SIR:—I have read your resolution of inquiry. You can do me no greater favor than to have every act of my political life, which began on the first Tuesday of November, 1839, and ended on the 15th day of April, 1861, most thoroughly scrutinized.

I will thank you also to have every act of my official life, which began as Brigadier-General of the Massachusetts militia, April 16, 1861, and will end when this war does, if not sooner, subjected to the like examination. I have no favors to ask, and but one act of justice—that the inquisition may not be *exparte*, that is, one-sided. Your obedient servant,

BENJ. F. BUTLER.

—— Col. De Channal, of the French artillery, is here with letters to distinguished Americans, asking a passport to Gen. Grant's headquarters, for the purpose of studying our vast movements of men and material, particularly artillery, and reporting to his Government.

—— Lieut.-Gen. Grant, in conversation with a friend, is reported to have said: "In this crisis there can be but two parties—those for the country, those for its foes. I belong to the party of the Union. Those who are the most earnest in carrying on the war and putting down the rebellion have my support. As a soldier, I obey the laws and execute the orders of my superior. I expect every man under me to do the same."

—— Cortesi, once so popular here, has left the stage, and is residing at Caraccas, at which place her husband is Italian consul.

—— The pianist Thalberg recently left Great Britain for Naples. His provincial tours through England, Scotland and Ireland during the years 1862-3 are said to have brought him a clear profit of $250,000.

—— Charles Hale, Consul-General to Egypt, sailed in the Persia from New York for Liverpool, June 1.

—— Madame Sarah Felix, the sister of Felix (the brother of Rachel), and the inheritress of a large portion of her fortune, has purchased an estate on the Breton shores of the Channel, and turned her attention to oyster culture.

——Mrs. Grant, in reply to the expression of a hope that her husband would succeed, said: "I have no doubt the General will succeed, for he is a very obstinate man."

—— Thomas Hughes, author of "School Days at Rugby," "Tom Brown at Oxford," &c., is going to be elected to the British Parliament. He is a liberal, and will join Bright and Cobden as a friend of America and American principles.

—— Major Halpine, the author of the Miles O'Reilly hoax, has assumed his old position of Assistant-Adjutant to Major-Gen. Hunter.

—— Miss Hawthorne, daughter of the author, has given two fine pictures, painted by herself, for the benefit of the New Hampshire soldiers. They are valued at $110.

Obituary.—David Austen, Esq., long and favorably known as a resident of New York, died at the house of his son at Clifton, Staten Island, recently, in the 80th year of his age. Mr. Austen was for many years one of the leading auctioneers of this city.

—— Major Dexter F. Parker, of the 10th Mass., died in Washington on the 6th June. He was wounded in the arm in the battle of the 12th inst. His arm was amputated, but he could not recover from the loss of blood and the shock to his system. Major Parker was a native of Boston, and removing to Worcester, soon became a prominent citizen of the "heart of the Commonwealth." He represented Worcester in the Senate and House of Representatives, and was one of the ablest debaters in either branch of the Legislature at the time he was a member. He was a marvel of industry, possessing more than ordinary natural gifts, enlarged by assiduous and untiring culture. Patriotic and philanthropic in his instincts, he has died in a cause which he accounted from the first as the chief glory of his life, that he was allowed to actively participate in its privations and triumphs.

—— Richard K. Crable, well known as the biographer of John C. Calhoun, and has having been connected with the Southern press, died very lately in Virginia. Mr. Crable edited a paper in Washington city during the administration of Martin Van Buren.

—— Major W. C. Morgan, 3d Maine, killed at the battle of North Anna river, was a practical printer, formerly residing in Augusta, Me., but more recently in Boston. He entered the service at the commencement of the war as Lieutenant in the 3d Maine, and passed unharmed through all the battles in which the Potomac army has been engaged. His soldierly conduct upon all occasions had secured him deserved promotion.

—— On Saturday, June 11, at his house in Newark, N. J., the Hon. J. C. Hornblower, Chief Justice of New Jersey, aged 88.

Accidents and Offences.—Another sad catastrophe occurred on the Hudson river on Wednesday evening, June 8th. The steamer Berkshire, while on her way from Hudson to New York, and when a few miles below Rondout, took fire and in a few moments was burned to the water's edge. She was run ashore as soon as possible, and most of the passengers saved. Between 30 and 40, however, were lost. The freight and live stock were all destroyed.

—— Michael Jameson, a lad 14 years of age, and Wm. Wood, aged 15 years, were arrested June 9 by the Sixth Precinct Police. Young Jameson, on his own confession, has been in the habit, almost daily for many months, of robbing his employers, Messrs. Lathrop, Ludington & Co., of large quantities of gloves, hosiery, needles, &c. Wood has also confessed that for a long time he has practised stealing the goods of Messrs. Benton, Willis & Co., No. 84 Leonard street. Wood was in the employ of another party, who occupied the same building as the Messrs. Benton & Willis. His time for taking valuable articles was in the morning, immediately after the porter opened the store, and while the latter was engaged in sweeping the premises. A man named Wm. Simpson, of No. 57 Centre street, has been arrested and committed to the Tombs as a receiver of the goods obtained by these extensive thefts. Many hundred dollars worth have been recovered, and the police believe they will succeed in finding much more.

—— A youth named Roth, formerly clerk to Boody & Co., bankers, of Wall street, recently by a trick got possession of nearly $7,000 of their money, and spent a great part of it in fitting up a baseball club-house and indulging in other expensive luxuries. The age of the culprit is only 15.

—— The hat store of Zugalla, in Chatham street, was forcibly entered one night last week, and a large quantity of hats stolen. The principal burglar was a boy of only 12 years old.

—— A youth named George Smith was arrested on the 9th June charged with having obtained, by means of forged orders, a large quantity of goods from Fowler & Chapin, of Broadway.

—— The splendid railroad bridge over the Wabash river at Attica, Ind., was partially destroyed by fire on the 6th inst. All the covered portion west of the draw, save one section, was burned. The burned portion, including the trestle work, was about a fourth of a mile long, and to replace it will cost from $50,000 to $80,000.

—— On the 5th inst. eight substitutes for drafted men, who had been placed at the Newport Barracks, Ky., for safe keeping, drugged the guards, and after robbing the other substitutes of all the money they had, made their escape.

Foreign.—The Amazons of the King of Dahomey were terribly routed in March last, in an attack on the tribe of Egbas. The martial women fought like furies, however, and didn't retreat until their King had fled.

—— In the French Senate lately, the Marquis de Boissy asserted that the Prince of Wales was drunk, "as his custom is," when he called on Garibaldi. He also insinuated that Queen Victoria is given to drink. The President of the Senate would not allow the outrageous remarks to appear in the printed proceedings. This wretched specimen of a French nobleman is the same who married a courtezan some 13 years ago.

—— It is said that the cathedral in Mexico is the largest building in America, it being 500 feet long, 400 feet wide, and seating 30,000 persons. One picture hanging on its walls is ornamented with pearls worth $14,000,000, and the most extravagant magnificence is displayed throughout the establishment.

—— Advices from St. Petersburg state that Gen. Mouravieff was seriously unwell on May 25.

—— Gen. Trepoff, who was summoned to St. Petersburg lately, has returned to Warsaw.

—— The Emir Abdel-Kader is at Mecca, to which place he went from Medina. As soon as he has fulfilled his duties as a pilgrim, he is to proceed to Djeddah, and take a steamer for Egypt, where he intends to stop and visit the works of the Suez canal.

—— M. Gonzales Bravo is to be appointed Spanish Ambassador at Rome.

—— The Duke de Malakoff, who was married in 1858 to a beautiful Spanish lady, daughter of the Marquis Paniega, leaves one daughter. The Marshal, some days before his death, expressed a wish that the sword which he wore at Sebastopol should be given to the chapel of Notre Dame d'Afrique, which is being erected under the superintendence of the Bishop of Algiers.

Odds and Ends.—Water is paid for by the gallon in Philadelphia, as gas by the foot—both registered by meters.

—— Speaking of the probability of ladies wearing pantaloons, an English writer says: "I hope they won't get into the habit of standing with their backs to the fireplace and their hands in their pockets."

—— The proprietor of a cheap daily journal in England, recently sent a cheque for £100 to Mr. Gladstone, asking a leader or two from his pen in return. What he did receive, and by return of post, was his cheque.

—— It is a noteworthy fact that an unusually large number of wounds received in the late battles in Georgia are in the hands and arms. This is accounted for by the fact that the troops were employed in skirmishing to a greater extent than usual, and received their wounds in the recumbent posture, and while raising their arms to load their pieces. The proportion of slight wounds is large throughout.

—— The Cincinnati dailies have raised their price to $9 per year and 20 cents per week. The increased cost of material and labor has rendered this course imperative.

—— English papers are telling a story about the Shakespeare Oak planting at Primrose Hill, London. The Committee had designed to call the locality Shakespeare Hill, which name was much buzzed about during the ceremonies. An eminently practical cockney, hearing this, exclaimed: "Shakespeare Hill? why, I thought he was dead!"

—— Additional particulars of the recent voyage of the Italian ship Re Galantuomo across the Atlantic show that the voyage was most hazardous. The ship sprung a leak, and the fires in the furnaces were extinguished, so that for three days and nights the vessel was deprived of steam power and entirely at the mercy of the winds. Everything that could possibly be spared, and even cattle designed for food, were thrown overboard, and by the abatement of the storm the vessel was saved.

—— Belle Boyd, the eccentric and over-loyal female, who was captured on the blockade-runner, Greyhound, and who has been discharged from custody by orders from Washington, has left Boston for Canada. She is good-looking, smart and 22.

—— The Princess of Wales at the last drawing-room wore a train of rich black silk, trimmed with crape and jet ornaments; a petticoat of black silk, covered with crape bouillonées of black tulle, ornamented with jet stars and butterflies. Head-dress, tiara of jet with black feathers and veil.

CHIT-CHAT WITH THE LADIES.

WHY do these terrible railroad accidents occur? We suppose every one must ask that question seven times a week, for it is impossible to open a daily paper without noting some disaster of greater or lesser importance.

People have grown so accustomed to the fact that, if it is not very terrible, they skim over the paragraph as they do the market prices, and forget it much sooner. But now and then painful circumstances are forced upon the attention, and as the thought this might have been myself or one dear to me rises in the mind, even the most indifferent begin to wonder whether something could not be done, whether skill and caution might not utterly prevent these fearful accidents. The late explosion near Syracuse is calculated to make one of nervous temperament eschew railroad locomotion for ever. Only four miles from its destination, with no sensible reason to be given for any catastrophe, a moment finds the great throbbing engine in fragments, the engineer and fireman in shapeless masses under the wreck, and the passengers more or less injured, some fatally. A young couple married that morning, both in all probability maimed for life, and the air filled with groans and shrieks of agony from lips laughing an instant before.

Who is to blame? Don't throw the blame on ill-used Mr. Nobody.

We appeal to those who understand the mysteries of the intricate machinery to decide whether there is not some way by which the safety of an engine may be tested, and whether such examinations should not be made before each trip, when lives and limbs of hundreds of human beings are in the balance.

If this cannot be, and steam is indeed our master instead of our servant, it would be wise to discard him, and go back to the slower and safer travelling habits of our forefathers.

Mothers' Boys.

Mothers have cause to watch their boys in these days truly. Imagine a youth of 15—15, when, though a girl may be a young lady, her brother is certainly only a boy—a youth, too, of respectable parents, and living with them, who could in the most artful manner rob his employers of $5,000 and a certified check for $1,085, put a portion of it in the bank, furnish a club-house, give a champagne supper, set up housekeeping with a member of the softer sex, and lead a life which might astonish many an older sinner! Almost incredible. Yet such an individual was arrested last week, according to the papers.

Taxing Dressmakers as Manufacturers.

High time indeed that there should be a protective union for working-women, when our sapient lawgivers take to taxing dressmakers as manufacturers! If ever there was an act calculated to make one woman's blood boil, it is that others should be so shamefully used by the lords of creation. Dressmakers, manufacturers! Absurd in the first instance, though according to Lindley Murray or Webster, any one who makes anything by hand might be styled a manufacturer. According to the absolute existing state of things, we believe one who never makes up goods of her own, but always those of other people, cannot be a manufacturer. How the law supports such a tax we do not understand.

But if the law does support it, it still remains one of the most meanly barbarous acts on record. A dressmaker, as a general thing, is a woman who finds it necessary to support herself or starve. Sometimes she begins early in life, sometimes late. In the first instance, she generally learns her trade of an established dressmaker who makes her the drudge of the establishment, and allows her to learn as much or as little as she chooses, and after toiling for nothing for a year or two, breaks loose from the bondage, puts out a tin sign,

"Fashionable dressmaking done here,"

and waits for customers. One and another drop in; she toils from morning until night, hears reproaches from round-shouldered Miss A——, because, her dresses "don't fit in the back" like Miss B.'s; is requested to take a dress to pieces, to make the most absurd alterations; sometimes is asked to wait until hope and a Sunday bonnet are both deferred indefinitely; and for the wear and tear of temper, strength and eyesight, earns at best the plainest board and a ladylike dress for the Sabbath, or some occasional evening, pressed from work at the cost of sitting up all the next night.

Such a girl it is, O Men! on whom your tax falls; your shameful, unjust tax, with a weight like lead, robbing her of the little comfort she possesses, and driving her to despair. Or your victim is a widow with a dozen children at her knee, and your tax takes the bread from their mouths and the fire from their hearthstones. Look you, men who spend your money so freely, who look forward to such a long life of carousal, there once were men triumphant in strength and wealth as you are, who lie dead now, and whose wives are dressmakers. Dressmakers, taxed down to beggery.

Often, of course by industry, or friendly influence, or "good luck," the dressmaker has, in the course of years, attained a sort of independence; has comfortable and even elegant surroundings, and is on the high road to a competence for her old age. And these hopes, earned by the sweat of her brow, you rob her of with your inhuman tax, and bring about anxiety and misery, which may be better imagined than described. Tax dressmakers! The Arch-fiend, with his friends gaunt Avarice and yellow Mammon, were at your elbows when that thought first gained entrance into your minds, good messieurs.

Shoddy.

The reign of Shoddy has done some good to foreign dealers in diamonds at least. Aristocracy has its grand, mother's jewels even here, but Shoddy felt obliged to buy new stock, the pewter rings and the pinchbeck pins of its old life not according with its present grandeur. Accordingly, foreign journals tell us that over $2,000,000 worth of diamonds were imported into the United States last year, and that demands still increase. No wonder Shoddy glitters in the sunlight of the Central Park or the gaslight of its own palatial residence; no wonder that the jeweller's hands are full, setting those precious gems; while the soldier's feet blister in his paper-soled shoes, and his bare elbows emerge from his worn jacketsleeves. It is a pity Shoddy may not take those gems into his grave with him, for he will take few prayers and many execrations.

The Present Coiffure.

If Nature had intended girls to have horns as well as cows and sheep, it is our belief she would have bestowed them. But it is plain the hairdressers do not think so, for the latest wrinkle is neither more nor less than an exact imitation of a ram's horn, crooked and narrow, curled from the temple over the ear, in a way that would make an uninitiated stranger flee in terror, with visions of Old Nick before his eyes.

We, who know that the effect is produced by "rolls" and "topseys," are not so easily alarmed, but whoever invented the fashion must decidedly have been insane. We always expect the wearer of this adornment to low and rush at us if we provoke her; and though there are some who cannot look ugly in anything, others, especially middle-aged ladies of spare countenances, lose not only all pretensions to good looks but all elegance and dignity. Hair rolled back is becoming to most faces, but hair rolled up over a horn was never intended to adorn the human face divine.

Late in Life.

Some people continue to sow their wild oats until they have little time to reap the harvest. Last week we are told the Circuit Court of Albany gave a verdict of $1,000 in damages to a young lady of eighteen, who accused a venerable gentleman, named Thomas Reed, of breach of promise of marriage. The gay deceiver is eighty-four years of age, and rather older than the grandfather of the broken-hearted damsel; probably the one thousand greenbacks will compensate for his mature heart, though it may not for his property.

False Hair.

A great deal of false hair is worn now-a-days. Every one must admit that, though no one of our readers ever wears any of course, and the funniest things happen, especially at dancing-parties and on windy days at the seaside. "It is no uncommon thing," a friend writes from a bathing-place, "to find a 'grecian,' or a 'waterfall' on the sand, and to miss a belle from table at dinner the same day, while a messenger is dispatched post haste to the nearest city on some mysterious errand. The other day, A——, who has been endeavoring to ingratiate himself with the rather middle-aged heiress, Miss B——, saw her pursuing some dark object along a garden path, and hastening to the rescue, picked up a round hat, lace veil, net and all those profuse ringlets which adorn Miss B——'s classic brow. A—— blushed scarlet. Miss B—— wondered at his impertinence, and the two have not even spoken to each other yet."

For the matter of false hair we hold a peculiar opinion; the folly is not in wearing it, but in being ashamed of it. No lady would blush at the confession of wearing a cap because her hair was thin. And if she desires to look well, or to be in the fashion, and her tresses are insufficient, let her apply to the hairdresser by all means, and say boldly, if questioned, "Yes; my curls are false, and so are yours." Only a horse's mane could produce hair enough to dress unassisted in the height of the present fashion. And every woman knows it, and every discriminating man also. And when you declare that any one's Ambrosia has produced twelve yards of thick hair in four weeks, no one will believe you. Own up therefore, and say outright, "I buy my hair of——," as you do "I buy my gloves of Stewart."

Spelling.

The schoolmaster is abroad and has not yet signified his intention of returning to those benighted heathens on the "other side of the Bowery." Shopping investigations in that neighborhood bring queer things in the way of spelling and grammar to light.

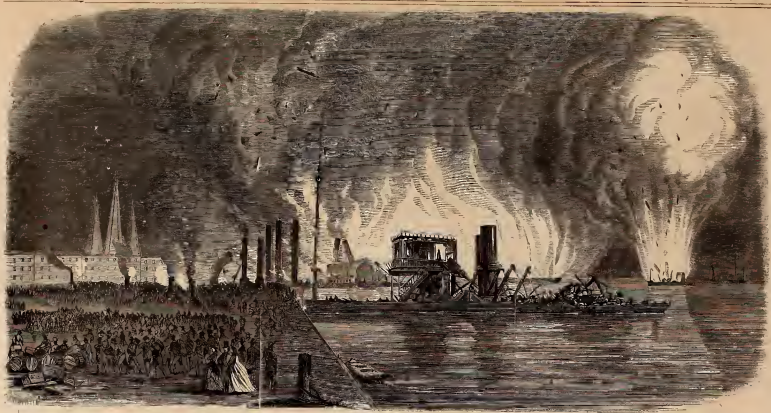
One business street, where the countenances of the merchants are of a decidedly Hebrew cast, is full of the most astounding placards. Behold a few of them:

"Flootin did here in the most excrable manner. Sewina on the masheen rasinabel."

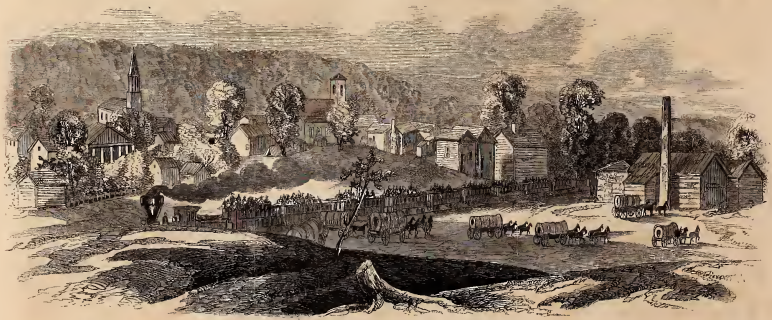
"Don't ask no more trust."

"Prunes, Pinapples and froots of all sorteses."

"J. Smith, kabinet maker, etc., etc."



BURNING OF THE COAST TRADER STEAMBOATS ON THE LEVEE AT NEW ORLEANS, LA., ON THE NIGHT OF MAY 27.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BOSWELL.—SEE PAGE 215.



THE WAR IN GEORGIA—KINGSTON, RECENTLY OCCUPIED BY SHERMAN'S TROOPS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. F. HILLEN.—SEE PAGE 215.

SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA—THE BATTLE OF RESACA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. F. HILLEN.—SEE PAGE 215.

SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—THE CAPTURE OF BUZZARD'S ROOST AT ROCKY GAP, GEORGIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. F. HILLEN.—SEE PAGE 216.

A WOMAN'S RESOLVE.

BY ADA TROOMAN.

LAST night my darling raid to me,
With flushing cheek and downcast eye,
"You men are always gay, while we
Can only sit and sigh.

"We laugh and jest, and lure you on
To say 'I love,' with many a wile,
But oh! beneath the jesting tone,
The glances and the smile,

"Our hearts are sad—a vague unrest
Fills all the pauses of our life—
Not always can a faithful breast,
And snored name of wife,

"Bring peace and joy; a greater good
Shines out afar on dizzy heights;
A hitter longing stirs our blood,
Through all the days and nights.

"As one within a prison chained,
Who sees his comrades fight and fall,
And weeps to see his share unclaimed
Of that which is for all—

"The right to do, the right to be,
A nobler thing than toy or slave,
A something great and good and free,
Whose rest is not the grave.

"E'en so we yearn—ah! me, you smile,
And I have shown my heart in vain;
But then, I've learnt this truth the while—
You care not for our pain.

"'Tis wiser far by stern control—
By hitter, rigid discipline,
To tutor woman's loving soul
To hopes and thoughts divine.

"'Tis better, nobler, to forego
A bride's delight, that sweet, vague dream,
Than waken up to married woe,
Which has no Lethean stream."

I stretched to her my loving arms—
I gave a pleading look and sighed,
"Come to your home!" She sank therein,
My own, my plighted bride!

BRUISES virtue may flourish best, but it is no reason why we should bruise it.

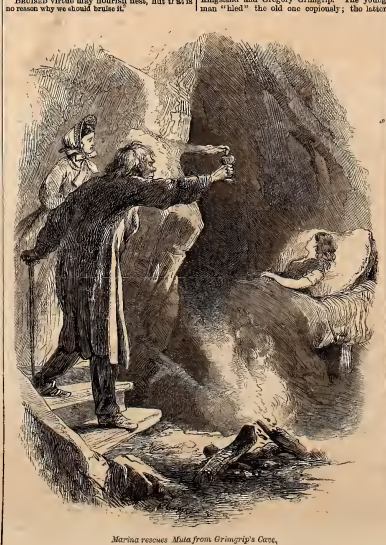
The Serpent-Woman.

BY Z. W.

CHAPTER X.

I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore, tremble and depart.
As You Like It, Act V, Scene 1.

A KEEN contest had commenced between Victor Kingsland and Gregory Grimgrip. The young man "lied" the old one copiously; the latter



Marina rescues Muta from Grimgrip's Cave.

Fire and Water.

winced not a little under the process, but submitted to it for the nonce.

Victor spent the money thus absorbed as freely as if its source had been inexhaustible, like a never-failing water spring. He fell into the ways of the New York profligates with the facility of instinct, and became a general favorite with them; for while he had money he was always willing to "treat the crowd," and when he was without a cent never dreamed of asking them for one. Gamblers, pugilists and the "fancy" delighted in him, for he could fight and play, and gain and lose with perfect *sangfroid* and goodnature. He revelled with the fastest women, bet on the fastest horses, and seemed to consider the sum of life to be a career of unremitted dissipation.

Old Grimgrip at first had hopes that he would drink himself to death, but when he found that he swallowed with impunity that liquid fire called "Jersey lightning," as if he were a salamander, and preferred this flaming drink as an ordinary beverage to tea and coffee, he relinquished all confidence in this slayer of thousands, and cast about him for quicker means to rid himself of this insatiable young vampire that was feeding upon his life.

"If I must be ruined," said Grimgrip to himself, "I will not allow another to revel in the pleasure of destroying me, but, like a spendthrift, enjoy the wasting of my own substance."

Knowing a powerful and desperate fellow named John McKill, who had already committed more than one homicide with impunity, Grimgrip sauntered the murderous hilly to rid him of the incubus that broke his rest and emptied his money bags. As he gave the ruffian a handsome earnest, and promised him a munificent reward when the work was done, the proposed assassination was undertaken without hesitation or reluctance, and with a cold-blooded and deliberate determination which augured fatally for the intended victim,

McKill dogged his man for several days, and "earthed" him at last in a cellar kept by the bloodhound's brother-in-law, the resort of characters of the lowest, worst and most dangerous description.

Victor was drawn into the place by the sounds of a violin and harp, and the shuffling and stamping of dancers' feet. The apartment was filled with rough men and coarse women, dressed in tawdry finery, and the young man, much amused, looked about him for some minutes ere he perceived a person present that inspired him with any feeling save disgust. At last he discovered a girl who had retired into the corner of the room and seemed to shrink from participating in the vulgar orgies of her companions. A burly, brutal-looking fellow was attempting to drag her to the middle of the floor.

"Come, Moll," said he, "you're mad because you're the last rum-blowen that's loft, and I'm bound to have a polker if I have to dance with the devil under the gallows."

"Let me go, sir; I have been dancing all day and night, and am tired to death."

"The poor girl looks tired," said Victor, compassionately; "leave her alone and let her rest herself."

The fellow turned fiercely upon the speaker and exclaimed, with an oath:

"Button your bonebox, Jack Dandy, and mind your own game, if you don't want to put your bowsprit in parenthesis."

"Every man's game," answered Victor, "is to see that no woman is forced to do anything against her right and inclination. If I were the girl I would not dance with such a slubber-degallion as you are at any price."

The ruffian cursed Victor's impudence, and swore that he would not be cheated out of his partner by a "Joskin."

Victor, who had been drinking and was ripe for mischief, told the fellow to take his hands of the girl if he did not want to be sent to a place somewhat warmer than a "ballum-rancum," for a partner.

There was a sharp decision, like the cocking of a pistol, in Victor's tone, that cravened the bully, and made him release the "slamkin," as he called the wearied dancer, with an oath to the effect that she was not worth fighting for. He went to the bar, where he remained for sometime talking and drinking with McKill. The girl thanked Victor for his interference in her behalf, and assured him, apologetically, that had she not been so exhausted as to be hardly able to stand, she would not have refused to dance.

"You have a perfect right to refuse when you please," replied Victor, "and I am only sorry there are brutes so unfeeling as to deny you the privilege. I am afraid you have a pretty hard life among them."

"Life!" exclaimed the girl. "Do you call this life I lead? My companions seem to think it life, but it is so many times worse than death I do not know what to call it."

"Why do you not quit it, then?"

"Because I know no way to get out of it, unless I kill myself, and that I am afraid to do."

Victor, who was familiar with this kind of talk from women of her class, and attached no importance to it, was about to reply to the desponding girl when Jack McKill approached her, and commanded, rather than asked, her to dance with him. The poor creature trembled as the ruffian addressed her, for she knew him too well as the brother of her female tyrant, and a match for her in cruelty and desperation. Before she could reply Victor said:

"This lady is too tired to dance at present, but is engaged to dance with me as soon as she has rested herself."

"This lady," said McKill, mimicking Victor, who employed an Americanism he knew to be so generally in use, "this lady has a standing engagement to dance with me whenever I please."

"And I," replied Victor, with a sneer, "have a standing engagement to beat any dog that thrusts his nose in my way."

The blurting of a volley of violent and indecent epithets at Victor followed this provocation, but in the midst of his scurrility the utterer received the contents of the other's glass in his eyes. He wiped his face deliberately, and then rushed upon Victor, who was ready for him, and with a blow, skilfully planted, knocked him flat upon the floor. All was confusion and uproar in a moment. Everybody present began to balloo or talk at once, and consequently nobody was heard. McKill gained his feet, and, mortified at his unexpected defeat, made another dash at his enemy, dodged his blow, and closed with him. Victor was a masterly wrestler, and could have easily thrown his man, but catching the gleam of a knife in the coward's hand, grappled for the possession of the weapon, and both fell together. McKill's brother-in-law and others attempted to interfere, and a desperate struggle ensued. When Victor rose from the floor and stood on his feet he had only received a slight cut in the hand, but McKill remained prostrate, unable to lift himself, bleeding copiously, stabbed to the heart and in the last agonies of death.

At this conjuncture the police, attracted by the clamor, descended into the cellar, and Victor was arrested on the spot. Mary Lee, as the girl was called whom he had so fatally defended, saw him taken off to the Tombs with heartfelt sorrow. He had shown her the first kindness she had received for many a day, and the last she ever experienced in this world. She took refuge in a little back room, where she remained awhile weeping, but this melancholy indulgence was soon denied her. McKill's sister found her there, and flew at her like an exasperated tigress. Heedless of her pitiful entreaties, she dragged her round the room by the hair, beat her till her face was covered with blood, threw her upon the floor and stamped upon her, and lastly, late and bitterly cold as it was, thrust her, half naked, into the street, and locked her out.

The homeless wretch sought an asylum in several places, but without avail. Few places were open at that hour of the night, and from those that were she was ruthlessly driven by their proprietors, who supposed her to be a drunken, dangerous person. Turning desperate at last, she went down to the river, hurried as fast as her trembling limbs would carry her to the end of a long pier, looked up to the countless stars, all twinkling, cold and bright, and uttering something between a prayer and a bitter murmur of complaint, the very dregs of despair, with eyes shut, for she durst not look at the dark water, she threw herself into the deep tide and quickly sank out of sight, and out of the reach of earthly suffering for ever.

Victor's awakening in the Tombs on the morning after the death of McKill was full of remorse. The acquaintance he had made in New York fortunately included a lawyer of talent and experience, and for him he sent at once. His friend responded to his summons without delay, and as soon as he had heard his statement informed him, frankly, of the danger in which he stood, and the slender chances of his escape, professing at the same time to be willing to undertake his cause and to do the best for him he could under the circumstances.

"What, do you think they will hang me?" demanded Victor.

"There is little danger of that; but it will be hard to save you from imprisonment in Sing Sing."

"I would rather die than live the life of a felon. The fellow first insulted and assaulted me, and then fell upon his own knife. Shall I suffer eternal disgrace on account of the accidental death of such a villain?"

"I hope not. But that depends not so much upon what actually took place as upon what we can prove."

About an hour after his lawyer was gone Victor was surprised by a visit from Gregory Grimgrip, who had thus commented upon the account of the homicide, in which he was so much concerned, after he had read it at his breakfast table, in the morning paper:

"The devil takes care of his own; the fellow has more lives than a cat. Neither poison nor steel will work upon him. Since the blunderer failed, I am glad he made sure work of McKill, for now we shall have no blabbing. If they would only hang my pest, now, I should be cheaply rid of both; but the jury will disagree or bring in a verdict against him of murder in the second or third degree, and the court award him the briefest legal term in the State Prison. Even that will be great revenge; but it would not prevent him from raising a hue and cry that will set the Elfstones and Hapswells on my track. I must double in the course and throw them out, but first will I see if I cannot gag this good-for-nothing."

Victor was inditing a letter as Grimgrip entered, and merely nodded to him without ceasing to write.

"So you are bound for Sing Sing, my young friend?"

"Verily, friend Gregory."

"Well, sir, you seem to feel little regret."

"I beg you pardon, Gregory, I feel much regret for your sake."

"What?"

"That you do not bear me company. It is unnatural to part us; for the fool and the knave have an inherent attraction for one another."

"It is impossible for me to see how they can be separated in you at all, Mr. Kingsland."

"'Tis hard; but you see your face makes knavery look so perfectly hideous as to frighten the very ghost of it out of me."

Gregory's green eyes flashed, but he refrained from replying, thinking to himself:

"The villain has his mother's wit, and hers was as keen as a surgeon's knife."

Victor continued to write, and the old fellow, after a thoughtful pause, observed quietly:

"Though I am not sorry for you at all, I am for your family. The letter you are writing contains, I suppose, large demands upon their sympathy and cash."

"No, Gregory; you are my banker at present, and in the day of adversity I scorn to desert you."

"You will never get another cent from me, unless you show me what you have written."

"You speak as if I could possibly have any objection to gratify your very natural curiosity. Read, friend Gregory, for the matter does indeed concern you nearly."

Grimgrip proceeded to read the letter handed to him, which he found to be a rather lengthy epistle, addressed to Bertram Hapswell, containing a brief account of the dealings of its writer with its reader, since his first visit to the latter's residence, and full particulars of the former's fatal encounter with McKill. Grimgrip tore the letter up in a rage and exclaimed:

"Sir, you have cheated me!"

"How so, Gregory?"

"You have already written to your brother, divulging the secret I paid you to keep."

"I never promised I would not tell it to my brother."

"What, then, did you take my money for?"

"For smashes, toddies, and other like compounds wherewith to drink your health. I beg of you, Gregory, not to torment yourself with the idea that your money has been thrown away, for I have enjoyed it vastly."

"You promised me again and again that you would never—"

"Breathe a syllable touching your secret to human creature, and I haven't, but have written a few, contained in a short letter to Bertram, describing my first visit to your hospitable domicile, and in the epistle you have just destroyed—that is all, on my word and sacred honor."

"You have dealt unfairly with me."

"On the contrary; I have phlebotomised you, because you were dying of the plethora of wealth. You were turning too sour, Greg, and I squeezed you as I would a lemon, and made whiskey skins out of you. You are not a very festive person yourself, Greg, but have supplied the means that have made many a poor fellow glorious."

"You are facetious."

"I am desperate, and desperation always makes me merry."

"You are a plucky fellow, and ought to be sent to California instead of Sing Sing."

"California? You have me there. I have the gold fever in its most exasperated form."

"You may find some of the precious metal in the granite you will have to cut in the State Prison."

"I shall find pity sooner in your harder heart. Did you come here to taunt me? Ye gods! must I be mured up in a cell while such glorious fun is going on outside?"

"Unless you find pity in my hard heart."

"Is't possible? I tell you, Greg, if you'll get me out of this scrape, and pay my voyage to California, I'll bind myself by bonds ten times stronger than a Freemason's, never to meddle with or speak of your concerns again,

> "And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
> As doth that orbed continent the fire
> That severs day from night."

"You must do more than this; you must undo what you have done; unsay what you have said—I mean written—to your brother."

"I'll not eat my own words to please you."

"To please yourself, you mean. I alone can save you. But if you prefer Sing Sing to California, I pity your taste, that's all."

"But how can you serve me better than my lawyer?"

"A lawyer can't save you. McKill's brother-in-law and three of the witnesses in your case are in my power, and will testify to anything I dictate."

"Let them swear to the truth—all I ask."

"The last thing they would think of doing unless compelled."

"I will think over your proposal."

"When I quit this cell, I quit it for ever."

"You are not out of my power yet."

"I am ready to defy you and yours to do your worst, and to give you all the slip. I wish to avoid the sacrifice of forced sales, but am prepared to make them. It is you who are in my power, for I alone can save you from a felon's doom."

"I'll send you your answer to-morrow."

"There is not an instant to be lost; the coroner's inquest will be commenced in an hour, and it would be childish to palter with you a moment longer."

Grimgrip looked Victor steadily in the face, with a determined and savage expression, and then said, sharply:

"You decline my proposal, eh? Then shall I have my revenge and escape you, too. I wish you a long and pleasant sojourn in Sing Sing."

Grimgrip was going, but Victor, seeing that he was in earnest, recalled him, and succumbed to his terms.

CHAPTER XI.

> How are ye joined with hell in triple knot,
> Against the unarm'd weakness of one virgin,
> Alone and helpless.—*Milton's Comus.*
>
> I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
> And deck my body in gay ornaments.
> Oh, miserable thought!
> *King Henry VI., Part III., Act I., Sc. 2.*
>
> Oh, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me. Now shall the devil be shamed.—*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act IV., Sc. 2.*

On Bertram's arrival in London he found letters of importance for him which had long required answers, among them several from his brother Victor, all of them soliciting remittances except the last, far the most important, which contained an account of his visit to Grimgrip's residence. Singular as the conduct of the old miser appeared, and strange as was the apparition Victor had beheld in his house, they formed too slight a foundation upon which to build confiding hope, and Bertram found Elfstone in a state of mind so agitated and dubious that he deemed it best to withhold from him the startling intelligence he had received, till his brother's impressions were confirmed by more reliable evidence. He waited long for further communications on the subject. He would have felt more annoyed and impatient at the delay had he not been used to his brother's habits of negligence, which, so long as money enabled him to pursue his career of pleasure, were indulged with utter recklessness. But there was a limit even to Bertram's patience, and he determined at last to follow his brother to America and ascertain the truth himself. He framed an excuse for leaving Ellingford, but Elfstone would not admit it.

"Leave me now," he said, "and I am lost. I cannot longer lead a life of idle suspense, and shall soon receive my 'Lost Love' from France. It will throw me into a great excitement I know, and if you are not by to sustain me, will, I fear, upset the balance of my mind."

As Bertram believed in the old sculptor's apprehension, he could think of nothing better than to write to Julien St. Croix a full confession of his secret, and to solicit him to take his place while he made his meditated voyage to New York, and cleared up the mystery connected with his brother's letter. St. Croix answered Bertram's proposal promptly, and met his views with ready compliance. When the two young men came together they found a world of conjectural wisdom to waste upon Victor's letter and certain mysterious hints dropped by Madame Nitonche. But Bertram's determination to visit America was not altered by the consultation, and received in the end the emphatic approval of St. Croix.

Bertram consequently started at once for Liverpool, to take his passage in the steamer first bound for the United States. On arriving at Liverpool he put up at the Waterloo, and was about to leave the hotel to engage his berth in the steamer, when he received a telegraphic despatch to the effect that a letter addressed to him, bearing an American postmark, had reached Ellingford, and had already been mailed to him. Bertram received this letter on the ensuing day, which, as he anticipated, was from his brother Victor, but brief and unsatisfactory, dissipating in a few seconds all the hopes the former had entertained of obtaining from America a solution of the mystery he had pledged his word to Elfstone to solve, if it were possible to human research. Victor informed him that he was on the eve of starting for California, with the determination to make money enough to repossess himself of the paternal estate he had forfeited by his extravagance, and to discharge all his other pecuniary obligations. In a postscript he expressed regret that he had possibly raised false hopes as to the discovery of Elfstone's lost daughter, for, upon a closer inspection of the person he had mistaken for her, he was, he said, compelled to confess that every trace of resemblance entirely disappeared.

This communication gave Bertram deep disappointment, which he tried to work off by wandering over the dismal town of Liverpool, with which he soon became disgusted, as indeed he was fast growing with everything. While returning through Lord street he passed a man he thought the ugliest he had ever beheld, and heard a sailor exclaim to his fellow:

"Ben, did you ever see a worse figurehead than that? I would rather sail with Jonah than in a ship with such a mug on board. It would bring foul weather from any quarter it was turned to. I don't believe a shark would swallow such a devil's knot as his face is tied into."

"Why, he came over with us. His name is Grimgrip. He is such a fright that he scared away all the headwinds, and we made about the shortest passage on record. Barber, the second mate, used to swear that old Grimgrip's face would turn a cannon ball or a flash of lightning, yet, would you believe it? he has the prettiest daughter that ever a father was proud on. He calls her Muta, because she speaks so little; but she'd talk fast enough if he'd let her, for the old fellow is as jealous of her as a Turk."

Bertram heard no more, for he had already turned about and was in pursuit of the subject of the sailors' remarks. He failed to overtake him, however, and for days after rambled over Liverpool in the hope of again meeting him. His sudden return to England, the name of Muta mentioned in connection with his, Victor's unaccountable pecuniary independence and dubious retraction, awakened Bertram's suspicions, and rendered him more determined than ever to sift the mystery thoroughly till not a grain of uncertainty remained.

One evening he had lost his way in an obscure part of the town, and was retracing his steps in a blind alley, through which he had attempted to pass, when he came face to face with the object of his search, and saw him enter an old, dingy, dilapidated and forsaken house hard by, a residence most appropriate for so hideous and misanthropical a being as Grimgrip.

Bertram watched the house into which Grimgrip had disappeared for hours. To avoid observation, he retired into the porch of an apparently uninhabited building opposite, and kept his eyes fixed upon the windows at which he hoped to behold the victim of the ogre he had hunted to his dismal den. At last a light gleamed through the dingy panes of the second storey windows, and a face appeared close to one of the sashes. It was not Grimgrip's, though almost as ugly, being old, thin, white and ghastly. This, thought Bertram, is the deaf and dumb housekeeper whom Victor described. The old woman looked up and down the alley, and seeing nothing stirring, retired, and presently the front of the house was black again.

"Now," said the watcher to himself, "if the girl would but try the same experiment, my time and vigilance would not be thrown away."

For this advantage he waited in vain. Presently two rough-looking men came up the alley, and excited his curiosity by pausing opposite Grimgrip's house, and gazing at it, apparently with an interest equal to his own.

*"Tout that casa!" said one in a loud tone, "Scavey where the frumper hangs out."

"A proper ken for such a foxy fogram!" replied his companion. "He's doused the glim, and is off to the land of Nod."

"The first jigger at the top of the dunan is where he lips, and stubbles his swag like a spung. He's a cocum cull and fly, but you see he's got the heavers and we've a hank on him, and 'll bite his ken and suck his honey—for he's as full as a jug—while he's being autumned to his lunan by Sniveling Jimmy."

"Why, does the bloke want to leap the book?"

"No, you see, the autum-bawler decked as

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*"Look at the house, and note where the sturdy old fellow lives."

"A proper residence for such a sly old rogue. He has extinguished his light, and gone to bed."

"The first door at the top of the stairs opens into the room where he sleeps, and guards his treasures with the jealousy of a miser. He's very sly and knowing, but he's in love, and we have ensnared him, and will rob his house and steal his money (for he is as rich as a bank), while he is being married to his girl by Sniveling Jimmy."

"What, does he want to deceive her with a false marriage?"

"No, but the regular clergyman, perceiving that the old rascal was fifty years older that the girl, refused to marry them without a licence. My mistress was to have been the bridesmaid, and she laid a scheme with Jim. The old fool accordingly went to the church-pickpocket. Jim, you know, is a hypocrite and a ranter, and has been converted, and is to marry them in the night."

"Is the girl so pretty who is to be married to the ugly old moneygrubber?"

"A perfect beauty, but a mere child and idiot. She was coaxing and crying half the day for a trousseau, silk gown, red ribbons, gold ring, white gloves, lace and shoes. She will flaunt in her finery, and if she don't make a perfect picture I wish I may be hanged!"

"What a hideous face the old devil has! Did you notice his huge mouth, his horrible teeth and nose? Ha, ha, ha! Is it not a pity that so disgusting a wretch should marry so handsome a young woman?"

"Oh, that's all made right. Intriguing Ned is his rival, who seduces a fresh girl every month, and will soon have this pretty one for his mistress!"

how the old scrub had half a century more stretchers than the bloss, and wouldn't noose 'em without a tickram. My jamer was to ha' been bridesmaid, and she put Jim up to the lay. So the old gooseecap padded the hoof to the kirk-buzzer. Jim, you know, is a groaner and swaddler, and has been japanned, and he's to switch 'em in the darkman's."

"Is the blowen so bleak that's to be yoked to the mooee face?"

"Dimber as a white ewe, but a chin and cranky. She was mandling half the lightman's, and coaxing so bienly for a cart of bong-up toge—squeeze cable, claret daube, jam, milky fumblee, peak and crabshells. She'll flash her wallflowers, and if she don't make a Jew's eye I wish I may dance at my death!"

"What a bracket mug the old Poger has! Did you twig his oven, tombstones and boko? Ha, ha, ha! It's a pity that such a scrubado should couple with such a bleak mort."

"Oh, it's all plumby. Rangling Ned is his rum prigotar, who breaks a leg once a month, and will soon be for pulling in with the ladybird."

Bertram now thanked his stars, that he had been taught slang by his brother. Much of this dialogue would otherwise have been unintelligible to him, but he could "patter-flash" well enough to have passed for a "crossman," and understood every word the burglars had spoken. They continued to hold a whispered consultation about the situations of the various rooms in the house, the likeliest places to ransack for plunder, the time of meeting, and the plan of procedure; and before they left their position near the porch Bertram was completely master of the details of their intended burglary. As soon as they were gone he hurried out of the alley, and found his way back to his hotel about one o'clock in the morning.

The next day was a busy one with Bertram. He had the police to advise with, and his own schemes to devise, and to him, the difficult task to perform of ascertaining the exact locality of the alley in which Grimgrip's abode was situated. In the evening, however, Bertram was at his post opposite Grimgrip's house, now feebly illuminated, and making an abortive attempt at cheerfulness, about as hopeless as the jest of the condemned on the scaffold. Still was it evident that the effort was not without sufficient occasion, and that something unusual was about to happen in its interior. When Bertram saw several men and women gather about Grimgrip's door, one of them knocking at it lustily, he stole over to them and contrived to be admitted into the house at the same time they were. The guests were received by the old deaf and dumb housekeeper, who beckoned to the company to follow her, and ushered them into the front room on the second floor.

The marriage guests had not long to wait for the bridegroom. He entered, gorgeously attired in a blue coat with brass buttons, a white vest and dark pantaloons. His collar was rigidly in the ascendant, and neckcloth voluminous. His watch chain was glaring and massive; his white hair tortuously dressed, and his white kid gloves and patent leather boots of excruciating tightness. The old housekeeper regarded him with looks and gestures of admiration, and endeavored to direct the attention of the young girl who accompanied him, to the unwonted splendors of his person. This girl was the bride, and was absorbed in the contemplation of her own costume. She looked down upon her pink silk dress with great complacency, and examined the gold chain suspended about her neck, and twisted it with her white gloved hands with still prouder satisfaction. Grimgrip's face, rendered the more hideous by his gay apparel, wore an uneasy and anxious look, and the bride's was now bright with gratified childish vanity, and now blank with an inanity, sad and even painful to contemplate. Her features, neck and arms were faultless in their snowy whiteness and entrancing symmetry; and at the first glance Bertram caught of her pale and classic face, he mentally pronounced Victor's last letter to be false, and the beauty before him to be no other than the daughter of the original of Elfstone's "Lost Love." His heart beat high, and it was with difficulty he restrained himself from snatching her from the ogre so bent upon wedding her loveliness and youth to his frightful senility. He thought he never had beheld so monstrous and insupportable a sight, and slipped out of the room unobserved, lest he should betray his rising indignation. After descending the stairs and opening the street door to admit the police, who were watching outside, he returned to the second floor and listened at the front room door to the marriage service which Sniveling Jimmy was intoning with extra solemnity. He heard footsteps approaching the door, and had barely time to step aside ere two men came out into the passage, and softly shut in the sham parson's sonorous nasality.

* "Who was that cove that kept so shady and just mizzled?" asked one of them.

"One of the old gripefist's pals, I fancy, who has hopped the twig for fear he should hasb."

"And no wonder, for 'tis like splicing old Grim to a pap-lap, and enough to histo any kid's middle piece."

"All's bob. I'll brush in, while you dub the old cull's figger, and touch his swag."

Bertram, who was crouched down upon the second flight of stairs, peeped over the balusters, as soon as he heard one of the men re-enter the front room, and the other tampering with a door at the end of the passage; and after watching awhile, observed the sudden eclipse of the light that had streamed through the keyhole of the apartment in which the grim farce was being played. The extinguishment of the light was quickly followed by screams and the noise of struggling, and when Bertram opened the door, he found the room in darkness and blind confusion.

* "Faggot the cull!" cried one.

"Screw up the bloke, and stubble his red rag from chaunting beef!" said another fiercely.

The next moment a female, rushing towards the door, was caught in Bertram's arms and clasped there, while he, with the most reassuring gentleness, said:

"Fear nothing, little one, I will protect you from all harm."

The police now burst into the room and turned the light of their dark lanterns upon the scene, disclosing to view old Grimgrip lying on his back, pinioned, gagged, and kicking desperately against overwhelming odds to prevent the gyving of his legs. The old housekeeper had fainted from fright, and was lying like a withered corpse upon the floor. On the appearance of the officers the burglars ceased from their efforts to secure Grimgrip, and made a bold dash for the door; but the opposing force was too strong for them, and they were all made prisoners, with the exception of one desperate fellow, who made his escape by leaping out of the window into the street.

Bertram's fair captive, after gazing into his handsome and benevolent face, instead of making an effort to escape, clung to him, which encouraged him to add in his most seductive tones:

"Little one, if you wish to be free, this is, perhaps, your only chance. One moment's delay may make it too late. If you want to escape that horrible old man, and be with your own father—if you want to be happy and marry one you love, come with me. Come, little Muta, your father is dying to see you."

The girl's beautiful blue eyes brightened and gazed trustfully into his, as she answered:

"I will follow you anywhere, as little Flora did me before she died."

Bertram spoke a few words to the captain of the police, and disappeared with his charming and innocent prize, just as the officers were proceeding to ungag and unbind the much abused and exasperated Grimgrip.

* "Who was that fellow who seemed so shy and just went out?"
"One of the old miser's companions I imagine, who has left in haste for fear he should be sick."
"And no wonder, for it is like marrying old Death to a baby, and enough to turn anyone's stomach."
"All's right; I'll hurry in while you pick the lock of the old fellow's door and steal his treasure."

* "Bind the man."
"Kill (or choke) him, and prevent his tongue from giving the alarm."

INAUGURATION OF THE CENTRAL SANITARY FAIR, PHILADELPHIA.

IMPELLED by the noble exertions of New York, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Brooklyn, Boston and other sister cities, in aid of the highly benevolent and charitable labors of the Sanitary Commission, Philadelphia has come forward with a determination not to stand low on the list of cities whose boast will be their charity.

A magnificent structure on Logan square has been fitted up for the Fair, and on our front page will be found an effective view of the inauguration ceremony, on the 7th of June. Hopes had been entertained that President Lincoln would in person inaugurate its labors, but unable to leave the capital, he deputed Bishop Simpson to represent him.

The opening ceremonies were highly impressive, though marred by an unfortunate accident, the breaking down of a platform.

After the firing of a salute, Mayor Henly formally opened the Fair, and a prayer having been said by Bishop Stevens, the building, with its contents, were transferred to the executive committee and duly accepted.

The address of Bishop Simpson was marked by his usual elegance and ability, and earnest words were then poured upon willing ears and hearts by the Governors of Delaware, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

As the inaugural procession, with the three Governors, moved down the main aisle of the Fair, beneath the banner-studded roof, where every State hung down its colors, the enthusiasm was intense and the scene inspiring.

The contributions to the Fair are rich and varied, the people of the city of Brotherly Love anxious to be worthy of their name and full of true zeal, so that every measure of success may be anticipated.

The Buildings on Logan Square.

Departments have been fitted up for the exhibition of every description of articles. The main buildings are the Art Gallery on the north side, running the whole length of the square, 500 feet, and 30 feet wide. On the south side there is a space of 90 square feet for carriages; 120 feet for cabinet ware and musical instruments; 80 feet for a stage exhibition room; 40 feet for a children's department. All of these occupy the south side and extend north 30 feet. On 19th street space of 250 feet by 30 wide have been allotted to New Jersey and Delaware.

On 18th street the department for furs, hats and caps occupies 30 by 30 feet; paper hangings, etc., 55 feet; booksellers' department, 25 feet; importations, 25 feet; India rubber, 25 feet; umbrellas, canes, etc., 30 feet; carpetings, 50 feet; architectural designs, 20 feet; builders' department, 85 feet; glassware, 50 feet; wines and liquors, 25 feet; tobacco, 50 feet. All these departments are located on the 18th street side. In the centre of the square will be located numerous other departments, the principal of which will be Union Hall, 500 by 64 feet, used for the exhibition of fancy goods, perfumery, &c. There will also be a Turkish Divan, 40 by 30 feet, and a Post Office in the centre of the ground.

The Horticultural Department is a circular building, 190 feet in diameter, and is furnished with a fountain and a fishpond. The restaurant building is the same size, and is connected with a kitchen and other necessary outbuildings. At the distance of every 12 feet in each building there is a window 15 feet high and four feet wide. There are three main entrances. The buildings are erected in the most substantial manner, and for beauty far surpass those that were used by the New York Sanitary Commission. The main buildings, if placed in a straight line, would stretch one and a half miles.

History of the Sanitary Fairs.

The credit of originating the Sanitary Fairs belongs exclusively to the patriotic and energetic people of Chicago, who held an exhibition for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission of that city, some eight months since, and which netted the handsome sum of $80,000. Next in turn, Boston held a similar fair, and almost doubled the receipts of the Chicago, the amount realized being nearly $140,000.

Cincinnati next entered the lists, with the Great Western Sanitary Fair, and beat Boston over $100,000, the total sum realized being $245,000. Albany, Brooklyn, Buffalo and Cleveland each opened Fairs for the benefit of the Commission on the 22d of Feb. last, which were highly successful. The receipts of the Albany exhibition is set down at $32,000; Brooklyn realized $400,000; Buffalo, $50,000; and Cleveland, $80,000.

Next in order was the great Metropolitan Fair, New York, which opened on the 28th of March, and the receipts from which, at last accounts, had reached $1,200,000. All the articles sent to the Fair had not yet been sold. Baltimore held a Fair in the Maryland Institute, on the 19th of April, the anniversary of the day of the mobbing of the Massachusetts troops, while passing through that city to the defence of the Capital. The receipts of the Fair are in the neighborhood of $28,000, and goods yet remain to be sold which will augment the amount. The Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair opened at St. Louis on the 17th of May, and thus far the receipts amount to about $400,000, with a prospect of a still larger sum being realized from the sale of articles.

The National Sanitary Fair was held in Washington city in the latter part of April, and realized about $50,000. The Pittsburg Sanitary Fair opened Wednesday, June 1, and the receipts up to that night were $124,611 93, with a very fair prospect of realizing before its close upwards of a quarter of a million. Other Fairs in different parts of the country are in course of preparation, the principal one of which opened in Philadelphia on June 7.

DESTRUCTIVE CONFLAGRATION

Of Steamboats at New Orleans.

THE rebel emissaries are constantly in the midst of the people who are loyal to Government, and seek especially in the Border States and reconquered territory to carry havoc and destruction by every art of the incendiary. The greatest loss inflicted by them has been in the recent fire at New Orleans.

On the night of May 27th a fire was discovered in the ladies' cabin of the steamer Black Hawk. Lieut. Moussier, in command, saw a man run from it, but was unable to overtake him.

By the time Lieut. Moussier reached the cabin, the whole of the after part of the boat, so far as the wheelhouse, was partially burned. The Meteor, lying alongside and close to the Black Hawk, soon caught, and the flames spread with such unusual rapidity and burned with such fury that in a few moments the Black Hawk, Meteor, Time and Tide, Belle Creole, Belle Lee, Fawn and New Orleans were a mass of flames. It appears that it was only through the most culpable negligence that the Empire Parish was burned. She was so far from the New Orleans and Fawn that a few buckets of water might have saved her.

The steamers burned themselves adrift, one by one, floating out into the stream. In a few moments the eight noble steamers were destroyed, nothing but their skeletons remaining. The chimneys of the Empire Parish beginning to totter and tremble, another stampede took place to avoid their fall.

Two schooners moored at the Picayune tier took fire from the Empire Parish and floated out into the stream. The scene afforded by the fire was sublime. The lurid glare of the flames, lighting up the horizon and reddening the black sky with their glow, afforded a magnificent spectacle. As the burning steamers left their moorings and floated down the river they looked like rafts of fire, and presented a scene of rare picturesqueness.

This fire is little short of a calamity to New Orleans and the coast parishes, interrupting, as it does, a large intercourse of trade.

The total loss, which falls on Government, is about $300,000.

THE BATTLE OF RESACA.

WE continue this week our series of sketches of Sherman's campaign, and among others a view of the battle of Resaca, by our Special Artist.

The battlefield, which lay 15 miles from Dalton, was a succession of steep hills and intermediate ravines, densely wooded, and almost impervious to the eye or foot of man. On the summits of the ridges the enemy had prepared formidable breastworks, with artillery planted on the commanding positions. A consultation was held in the morning by the leading Generals, Hooker, Howard, Scofield, Sickles, Williams, Geary, Ruger and Knipe, all sitting upon the trunk of a prostrate pine, and arranging the plan of battle.

Soon the columns of the 20th corps were in motion, and with quiet yet energetic movement entered the forest towards the rebel lines. All was hushed and the air seemed heavy with silence. The divisions of Williams, Geary and Butterfield took their assigned positions as nearly as they were able, and the work of blood began. The enemy opened upon us heavily with canister and musketry, but our men advanced steadily in columns of battalions, and with well directed volleys soon sent the enemy flying from their first lines of works to the shelter of their artillery and supplementary lines. Immediately in front of Butterfield and Geary was a battery of four guns, masked, behind a thick undergrowth of scrubby oaks and protected by an earthwork. It annoyed us seriously.

Directly behind it, within 50 paces, was a riflepit, on a slight elevation, which completely covered the guns and gunners. To capture this battery was very desirable, and the task was undertaken alternately by the men of both divisions. The contest was sharp and bloody. Our troops advanced to the roughly-made fort and gained the base of the parapet, but as they showed their heads above it and endeavored to reach the guns they were shot down by the men in the riflepits behind the batting. Thus the four brass pieces remained between the contending parties, inaccessible to either without almost certain death. Our men could put their hands upon the muzzles of the guns as they protruded through the embrasures, but no more. It was equally hazardous for the enemy to undertake to approach.

Our forces just under and around the fort were commanded by Col. Cobham, of Geary's division, as brave an officer as ever drew a sword. Things remained in this condition for several hours, until darkness approached. Col. Cobham then consulted with Gen. Geary, and was told that he must secure the guns at all hazards, and with as little loss as possible. A plan was devised by which the men dug away the earth on each side of the embrasures, and made an opening sufficiently wide to pass the guns out to the front. Ropes were attached to them, and some time after midnight they became ours. About this time the enemy gave us a parting volley, and their whole force retreated under cover of the night.

KINGSTON, GA.

AFTER the battle of Resaca, Sherman, with his whole force, followed in pursuit, penetrating into the more cultivated portions of Georgia, leaving the mountains behind. Most of the inhabitants had fled. A few of the wiser remained to meet us, and hailed our advance with joy. Fine farms and plantations greeted our vision, with stately mansions surrounded by shady groves and disciplined shrubbery. From Resaca to Kingston it was a running fight of several days. Approaching Caseville we found the enemy had made preparation for a determined resistance, and our arrangements were made to attack with vigor. There was considerable fighting on the 20th of May, but in the course of the night the enemy again fell back, and are now said to be fortifying the line of the Etowah.

Kingston is a place of some importance on the Etowah river, 79 miles from Chattanooga. It was occupied on May 14 by the 4th corps, which drove Cheatham out. Sherman immediately renewed railroad communication, and placed his hospitals here. After the battle of New Hope, the wounded in great numbers were sent to this point.

BATTLE OF BUZZARD'S ROOST,

May 8.

AMONG the strongholds selected by the rebels for the defence of Atlanta against the American army was Buzzard's Roost, carried in spite of all their endeavors on the 8th of May, by the indomitable courage of Sherman's men, full of the consciousness of a just cause. It is a high, rocky elevation, on Mill creek, a branch of the Oostanaula between Ringgold and Dalton.

Our advance engaged in some very heavy skirmishing, which lasted for several hours. At first our lines were slowly forced back by the vastly superior numbers of the enemy, who resisted with a stubborn desperation our attempted advance. From out their long lines of concealed riflepits they showered their leaden messengers of death with terrible effect upon our heroes. A charge was finally ordered, and then ensued one of those furious encounters that can only occur in a hand-to-hand conflict.

The difficulties to be contended with may be judged from the fact that the rebels, finding our columns advancing too distant to reach with rifle, sent rocks rolling down the mountain side, so as to crush them in the defiles through they were passing in order to get within reach of the foe; but neither iron, nor lead, nor rocks could deter them. They drove the rebels from the fortress, leaving only the dead and wounded in their riflepits.

THE BATTLE OF COAL HARBOR,

June 1st, 1864.

COAL HARBOR, the scene of a recent battle in the campaign of General Grant, is already familiar to those who have followed the operations of the war, as the point where Stonewall Jackson first struck in his flanking movement against McClellan before the Seven Days Fight. Virginia names are often delusive, and this one is no exception. Coal Harbor presents to the traveller's view neither coal nor a harbor: it is an antiquated rustic hamlet, comprising two or three houses, with barns, outhouses, &c.

On the 1st of June the enemy were in heavy force between Coal Harbor and Gaines's mill, in a strong position on the skirt of the woods, parallel to a road, and defended by riflepits and earthworks.

The 6th corps of our army was in a semicircle around Coal Harbor, and the 18th on its right, along the road, separated from the enemy by a belt of woods from 20 to 200 yards wide, and by a strip of open ground.

At half-past five the order was given to charge the rebel works, and the 18th advanced under a terrible fire of grape and canister, but in spite of terrible loss, drove Longstreet's rebels pell mell from their works through the woods. The enemy rallied at last, and were again and again brought up, but failed to regain the lost ground.

The loss on both sides was heavy, but we took many prisoners in the riflepits. Among our killed was Col. McConihe, of the 169th N. Y.

The 6th corps charged as gallantly as the 18th, and Rickett's division carried a line of breastworks, sustaining a loss of over 500, but inflicting severe punishment on the enemy, and taking full 600 prisoners.

Russell's brigade also gained part of the enemy's works, and held them.

Gen. Meade sent Gen. Rickett an order thanking him for his gallantry.

The 5th corps advanced at the same time, and was severely engaged.

BATTLE OF BETHESDA CHURCH,

May 30th.

EARLY on the morning of the 30th the 5th corps (Warren's) advanced across Tolopatemoy creek, a winding, narrow, shallow stream, with precipitous banks and marshy borders. Col. Harding, of Crawford's division, pushed forward to reconnoitre along the Mechanicsville road, but meeting a large cavalry force fell back. At two P.M the enemy attacked Crawford, and he, in accordance with instructions, fell back, and a line of battle was formed, Griffin on the right, Cutler in the centre, Crawford on the left, Gen. Burnside's corps being to the right of Warren's. At six P.M. the enemy assaulted our line. It was a general and sudden attack. They advanced in two lines of battle and heavy skirmish line. Simultaneous with their opening volley of musketry came solid shot and shell from the angry mouths of a score and more of hostile cannon.

Firm and unshaken as a wall of brass stood our men. In their haste the rebel assailants shot too high, and harmlessly whistled their missiles over our battle line. Schooled to such sudden attacks and ready for it, our men coolly waited to return the fire. It was a most murderous volley. The assaulting column were staggered and fell back. Lieut. Rittenhouse's battery, Co. D, 5th U. S. artillery, Lieut. Richardson's, Co. D, 1st N. Y. artillery, Lieut. Walcott's, Co. C, 3d Mass. artillery, and Lieut. Bucks, Co. L, 1st N. Y. artillery, which have been in position, opened responsive to the enemy's cannon.

Assault after assault was made by the foe, but each time our troops hurled him back. Upon Gen. Crawford's division the assaults were more repeated and more fierce. The enemy sought to turn his left, but here each time was handsomely repulsed; and more than special glory was won by the men meeting and expelling these assaults. The Pennsylvania reserves behaved magnificently.

In the division, and holding the extreme left, was Gen. Lockwood and his troops, most of them to-day for the first time under fire. They behaved like veterans. The post of danger and havoc was theirs, and they held it with unflinching tenacity.

In preventing the turning our left Buck's battery did inestimable service. The battery was posted by a house near Gen. Crawford's headquarters. Most persistent effort was made by the enemy to silence it.

The rebel sharpshooters essayed to pick off the cannoniers, and three rebel batteries turned their fire upon it. So hot was the fire that the house was burned and all the outbuildings adjacent, but neither battery nor men yielded their position. An idea of the severity of the contest at this point may be gathered from the fact that after the fight 130 dead rebels were found in front of Gen. Crawford's headquarters. But all the batteries did well and so all the divisions. Col. Kitching's brigade of heavy artillery—as yet novices in the field—stood their ground with the resoluteness of veteran campaigners. This brigade alone captured 80 prisoners.

HAWE'S STORE, VA.

Headquarters of Lieut.-Gen. Grant.

THE war has brought into prominence and endowed with immortality many insignificant spots in exhausted Virginia, places unheard of by the country at large, and unwritten, except in the privately printed histories of the first families of the Old Dominion. Among such spots is Hawe's store, which was Grant's headquarters after crossing at Hanovertown and pushing down on Richmond. It is in itself one of the insignificant hamlets, or rather houses, which in the South replace our busy Northern villages. Our Artist sends a picturesque view of the troops throwing up entrenchments at the spot on Sunday, May 29th.

HOW A SCOTCH SERVANT LASSIE BECAME A RUSSIAN GENERAL.—A female General is something wonderful to hear of, yet here is an instance. The fine family of the late Emperor Nicholas was brought up from the cradle by English nurses and governesses, under the superintendence of an old Scotchwoman, who was nurse to the present Emperor of Russia and Poland, Alexander II., in his infancy. This individual held (and may still hold) the rank of general officer (for everything in Russia is measured by a strict military scale), and has been decorated with the order of St. Andrew, ennobled and enriched. Some nine-and-thirty years ago she came a servant girl to Russia in a Scotch trader's family, who turned her adrift in St. Petersburg. A lucky chance procured her the situation of under-nurserymaid in the Emperor Paul's family, where she was placed about the person of Nicholas to teach him to speak English. His attachment to her was so great that when he married he raised her to the head of his nursery establishment, where she went through all the military gradations of rank, until she became a General.

GRANT'S CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA—THE BATTLE AT COAL HARBO

GRANT'S CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA—THE BATTLE AT BETHESDA CHURCH, BETWEEN CRAWFORD'S DIVIS

RBOR, JUNE 1ST.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE 215.

DIVISION, 6TH CORPS, AND THE REBELS, MAY 30.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES. SEE PAGE 215.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION.

BY THE GREAT CHINESE POET, LI-TAI-PE.

The sun of yesterday which leaves me,
No earthly skill can woo to stay,
To-day's pale gloom which chills and grieves me,
No human arm can hold away;
The birds of passage, ever flying past,
In countless flocks stream down the autumn blast,
I mount my tower to gaze far off, and fast
Fill winecups from the waning jar.

The mighty bards, long dead, seem rising
Around me in this lonely place,
I murmur through the old songs, prizing
Their matchless vigor, truth and grace—
I too feel powers that will not be controlled,
But cannot rival here the great of old,
Till to pure skies upsoaring, I behold,
More closely, each unclouded star.

Vainly our swords would cleave the river:
It keeps its over-living flow;
Vainly in winecups, mantling over,
We strive to drown the sense of woe—
Man, in this life, when stormy fate grows dark,
Must let her billows rock his wandering bark,
Give the wild waves their will, nor pause to mark
Too keenly how they foam afar.

The Gulf Between Them.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER XLIII.—CONTINUED.

For a few instants there was wild confusion; the servants rushed in, the wounded criminal was lifted up, but during all that time Elsie lay on the sofa quite unnoticed, not insensible yet, but helpless as ever, so blasted by the shock that mind and body seemed withering under it.

Ford sat on the floor in gloomy silence. In spite of his refusals they made an effort to staunch the blood which was trickling down his shirt bosom, but he said in a low, quiet voice:

"It is useless. I have cheated you at last—I am a dying man. It was my last stake, and I have lost it."

The change in his face proved the truth of his words; even the officers, inured to scenes of suffering and pain, recoiled before his stony hardihood.

One of them spoke in explanation to Mellen.

"We don't know what he wanted here; we have been on his track for days; he has committed a forgery, and was trying to get off to Europe."

"He's bound on a longer journey, that you cannot stop now," said Ford. "Mellen, I have something to say to you—better send these men away unless you want our secrets discussed before them."

After a few moments the men went out and left Mellen alone with the suicide—in his madness Mellen had not yet heeded Elsie's presence, or the dreadful state she was in.

"I am dying," said Ford; "I may live the night out—it don't matter! You are glad to see my blood run—that's natural enough! Man, man, the torment I go to isn't so bad as that I shall leave behind for you."

"Say quickly what you wish," exclaimed Mellen, forgetting even his hatred in the dreadful spectacle the man made, his garments red with blood, his face pale with the death agony, distorted with baffled rage and hate. "I believe nothing you say—you cannot move me."

"So be it," said the man. "These fellows have tied my hands—put yours in my coat pocket—you'll find three letters and a paper."

Mellen obeyed, shuddering to feel the blood drops warm on his fingers as he drew forth the package.

"Read them," said Ford, briefly.

Mellen opened one after another of the epistles and read—they were in Elsie's writing—they proved the truth of the villain's words. The smaller paper was a marriage certificate.

Mellen staggered back with one heartbroken cry.

"I have touched you," exclaimed the man; "you believe! There lies your precious sister in a dead faint—here I sit, dying, a criminal, but your brother-in-law none the less—stoop down, I want to whisper something."

Mellen bent his head soothingly, though his enemy was dying.

"It is a fair certificate you see, but I was a married man all the time."

As Ford whispered these words a fiendish smile covered the lips on which death was scattering ashes.

Mellen started forward with a wild impulse to choke the ebbing life from his lips, but he whispered hoarsely:

"You can't fight a dying man—you'll only put me out of this cursed pain if you choke me."

Mellen stood transfixed.

"I'll tell you the story," continued Ford; "novels always have dying confessions in them—hear mine. I tell you because it is too late to remedy what you have done—your wife is gone—I believe dead."

Mellen could not speak; he felt about blindly for support and sank into a chair.

"I always hated you," Ford went on, and the hatred of a life burned in his voice and convulsed his face. "When we were boys together I swore to pay you off for your wealth, and your insolent kindness, your infernal condescending generosity. I took away the woman you loved—I cheated you out of money—that was something, but not enough. I came back to this country just after you sailed from Europe, and even before I ever saw the woman who became your wife, or your sister, I had formed my plan—it succeeded. I met that girl—I made her love me—made her mad for me—that makes you wince. But mind me, I would not have married her after all but that I thought she had inherited half her old uncle's property. It would not have been worth while. Then came your turn to laugh if you had but known it. I was taken in—sold. The creature had not a cent, and no hope of one if she offended you. It was a hateful position, especially as I did not care for the pretty fool after the speculation failed, and what's better, she soon got over caring for me, just as the other did, and wanted to be off her bargain. I had given her a glimpse or two of my way of life. That did not frighten her, but the poverty did. This little sister of yours has luxurious tastes, and understands the value of wealth uncommonly well. But she had told me just how far you had made your wife independent in means. It was a pretty sum, and I saw a way of getting it. Elsie had told me a great deal about your wife, and I had made my own observations, to say nothing of certain wires that I had laid in the basement region of your house. The little goose yonder really believed that you had married that glorious woman only as a companion for her—that you did not love her in the least. I knew better; she was a woman to adore, worship for ever and ever: and you are no fool in such matters, I know that of old. Your wife adored you; I can say this now that you have killed her, but that little witch had convinced her of the story she told me, and it was breaking her heart, for that woman had a heart. To save you from trouble and the creature that you worshipped even in her presence from disgrace, I knew that she would give up everything, even her life, which you have taken at last. I told Elsie the truth, that I had a wife living in Europe, though it was impossible for any one to prove it against my will. The very day that I told her this I managed to convey some of her letters to me—fond, silly things they were, into your wife's room. Then I sent Elsie home.

"The girl was mad, went into hysterics, made an insane effort to kill herself, took poison and heaven knows what else in the presence of your wife—I knew she would, and set her loose for that purpose. These tragedies were kept up till your wife took a vow never to betray Elsie's secret, and to shield her from all harm with her own life if needful. I heard this and knew that my money was safe. Your wife came to me, for I was not permitted to enter the house. There was a woman! I swear the only creature of the sex that I ever respected. She was firm but grand in her generosity, ready to sacrifice everything so long as it took Elsie out of my power. I gave up more of the letters, reserving these three for use, unknown to her. She raised all the money in her power at the time, but I kept the certificate, resolved not to sell that without demanding the last cent she possessed. In telling my grand secret, I had been cautious to keep all possibility of proof to myself. They knew that my first wife, your old lady love, was living, but had no means of proving the fact or even that I had ever been married to her, otherwise my position might have been dangerous; as it was, those two women were like flies in a spider's web.

"Our child, your nephew, was born, and died, fortunately for us all. They were obliged to trust me a little then. Your wife summoned me to the house, for she was afraid to claim help from any other human being—I went, and with my own hands buried it under a cypress tree in your grounds. That heroic woman stood by and watched. She would not trust me out of her sight, fearing that I might attempt to see Elsie, whom she guarded like a mother bird when hawks are near. Noble soul. It was all useless; I had no wish to see her, and as for her, I dare say she was glad to get rid of me even at the bitter cost she was paying.

"Well, after this I got a little money from your wife now and then, under threats of claiming my wife, which always brought her to terms. But one day a new idea came into my head; I found out that you were coming home just as the steamer which brought you was on the coast. That your will had been made, leaving all you had to be equally divided between your wife and sister. If you should never reach shore Elsie would be worth claiming in earnest. But with that news came a letter from my wife; against my commands she was following me to this country, just when her presence was certain ruin."

The man broke off in his narration here, evidently convulsed with more than physical pain, specks of foam flew to his lips, great drops of agony stood on his forehead.

"Brandy; give me some brandy!" he cried out huskily. "Some brandy, I say."

Mellen poured some brandy into a glass and held it to his mouth. He drank eagerly and sank back to the floor again.

"What's the use of talking about that? I would have saved her at the last and tried hard enough, but the storm was too much for me. After all that, you baffled me and got on shore; the fiends must have guided that pilot boat. I got frightened too. It was not a part of my programme to go down with you."

"Wretch!" said Mellen, struck with a sudden idea, "you were the person who nearly lost me among the breakers."

"Yes," answered Ford. "We both had a narrow chance, but the risk was worth running—that is, if your will really was made—but when you once touched shore all hope for me was over. I must leave America; I sent word to your wife that I must have twenty-five thousand dollars or claim my wife.

"She was trying to get it; she gave me the bracelet as a bribe for delay, one night when I came. Now you have the whole story. I came here to-night because I had not heard from her, and had no idea that she was gone; now I believe she's dead. I thought I would see that girl there. Now, then, Grantley Mellen, are you satisfied? You have driven your wife away, you could believe her guilty, and pet that frivolous thing! Tell me if my revenge is not complete!"

Mellen ran to the door and opened it.

"Come in," he cried to the officers. "Carry that man away! Take him to the lodge; he shall not even die here."

"As you will," cried Ford. "Good-bye, Mellen. Take care of your sister, and if you can, forget your murdered wife."

He could not walk, so they carried him down to the lodge, and there, while waiting for a doctor to come, he sat looking death in the face with the same desperate bravado that had marked his conduct all the night.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Shriek after shriek from Elsie roused Mellen. She was raving in horrible delirium, and when assistance arrived it proved that she had been seized with brain fever, and there was scarcely hope of her recovery.

Standing there by her bed, this thought must have been a relief to Mellen; but he did not forsake her, his pride was utterly crushed. He longed to cast himself down by her side and die there.

The next morning, when nurses and physicians arrived, Mellen left the house. He was going out on an aimless search for his lost wife—the woman who had given up her last hope for him and his.

He learned at the lodge that the wounded prisoner had been carried to the village by his own command; that he was alive still, but could not last more than another day; that his name was North, and he was well-known among the sporting gentry who came to the shore tavern.

Mellen hurried to the city and commenced his task. He sought for Elizabeth in every place where there was a possibility of her having taking refuge, but without avail. He used every means in his power to make some discovery, but they were ineffectual.

When night came he returned home, only to hear Elsie's mad shrieks and laughter echoing through the desolate house, to pass the night with those sounds ringing in his ears, and that terrible remorse tugging at his heart.

The next morning he started again on his errand. He was told in the village that the man was dead. The story had gone abroad that it was a daring burglar, and that the officers had surprised him breaking into Mellen's house. He had found no strength to tell his story, so fear of open disgrace perished with him.

In the madness of his grief Mellen had forgotten that Tom Fuller was his guest. The young man's chamber was in another wing of the building, and he heard nothing of the wild turmoil that distracted the family. Tom was not a very early riser, and when he came down in the morning, sauntering lazily into the breakfast-room, expecting to see Elsie there in her pretty blue morning-dress and flossy curls, he found the room empty, no table spread, and no human being to greet him.

"Well, this is strange," said Tom; "but when Bessie is away things will go to sixes and sevens, I dare be sworn. And Elsie isn't well, poor darling! Hallo! there goes Mellen, riding like a trooper! What on earth does all this mean? I am getting hungry, and lonesome, and——"

Here Tom gave a jerk at the bell, and cast himself into an easy-chair.

'Dolph presented his woe-begone face at the door.

"What's the matter, 'Dolph? Isn't it breakfast-time? Where is your master going—and—and—Well, 'Dolph, can't you tell me why Miss Elsie isn't down?"

"Miss Elsie, oh, sah, she am sick."

"Sick, 'Dolph! You don't say that?" cried Tom, starting up, with his face all in a blaze of anxiety.

"Yes, I means just dat, and nothing else."

"No, no; not very sick, 'Dolph," cried Tom, trembling through all his great frame, "only a little nervous, a headache, or something of that sort."

"She's just ravin'—crazy—ask Vic if you don't believe me. The doctors come in before daylight; I went after em myself. Robbers broke into de house last night, sah, and frightened our sweet young lady almost to death."

"Robbers, 'Dolph!"

"Yes, sah. A gemman, too, as has been a visitor in dis 'dentical house. Marster catched him in de act ob takin' out de silver, and de gemman—robber, I mean—felt so 'shamed ob himself dat he up and banged a bullet straight frough his own bussom, afor Miss Elsie, too!"

"Poor thing; precious little darling," cried Tom; "Mellen's left her all alone, and Elizabeth away; dear me! 'Dolph, 'Dolph, what was that?"

"It's her a screaming."

"What, Elsie, my Elsie?"

"Yes, sah; dat am her."

"'Dolph, I say, cried Tom, in breathless anxiety, thrusting a ten dollar gold piece into the negro's hand; "'Dolph, would it be very much amiss, you know, if I was to take off my boots and just steal up?"

"Well, I doesn't 'zactly know; de fair sex am so captious 'bout us gemmen; but Vic is up dar, and you can ask her, she knows all 'bout de 'prieties. Smart gal, dat Vic, I tell you; loves Miss Elsie, too, like fifty."

"Does she?" said Tom; "here's another gold piece, give it to her, with my best regards, 'Dolph."

'Dolph pocketed the gold piece, and that was the last time it saw the light for many a day. Tom took off his boots and crept upstairs in his stocking feet, holding his breath as he went. Vic came out of the sick room, and the young man's grief softened her so much that she allowed him to steal into Elsie's boudoir, where he sat all the morning listening to the poor girl's muttered fancies, after heaping Vic with gold pieces to leave the door open, that he might catch a glimpse now and then of the beloved face, flushed and wild as it was. Generous, noble-hearted Tom Fuller; he had been really hungry when he came from his own room, but all that was forgotten now, and there he sat fasting till the shadows slanted eastward. Then he saw Mellen riding towards the house at a slow, weary pace, which bespoke great depression.

Tom arose and went downstairs, urged to meet his friend by the kindest heart that ever beat in a human bosom.

"She's better, I am quite sure; she slept two or three minutes; so don't look so downhearted," he cried," seizing Mellen's hand as he dismounted. "But where's Elizabeth? I thought you had gone after her."

"Elizabeth, my wife," answered Mellen, lifting his haggard eyes to Tom's eager face. "She is gone—lost—dead. My friend, my friend, I have murdered your cousin."

"Murdered her; now I like that," said Fuller; "but where is she? not gone off in a tiff. Bessie wasn't the girl to do that any way; but as for murder, oh nonsense!"

"Fuller, you are her only relative, and have a right to know. Come out into the grounds, the air of the house would stifle me."

They sat down together on a garden chair within sight of the old cypress.

"I have been a proud man, Fuller, sensitive beyond everything to the honor of my family, but never knowingly have I allowed this feeling to stand between my soul and justice. Your cousin has been terribly wronged since she came under my roof. It is now too late for reparation, but to you, her only relative, the truth must be known. I will not even ask you to keep the facts secret. I have no right."

"Look here, old fellow," said Tom, wringing Mellen's slender hand in his; "if this is a lover's quarrel between you and Elizabeth, don't say another word. Lord bless you! I can persuade her into anything, she knows me of old. Besides, I am glad there is something that I can do to make you both goodnatured just now, for as like as not, I shall be asking a tremendous favor of you before long, and this will pave the way; tell me where your wife is, I'll take care of the rest."

"Tom, I believe—I fear that she is dead."

The solemnity with which this was spoken appalled Tom.

"Dead!" he repeated, and the ruddy color faded from his face. "Dead—you can't mean it."

"Listen patiently to me if you can," said Mellen, sadly. "This must be told, but the effort is terrible."

Tom folded his arms and leant his now grave face to listen. Then Mellen told him all; the anguish, the deception, the anxiety which these pages have recorded so imperfectly. There was but little exhibition of excitement, Mellen told these things in a dull, dreary voice that bespoke utter hopelessness. He was so lost in his own misery that the signs of anguish in Tom's face never disturbed his narrative. When he had done Tom Fuller arose, and stood before him, white as death, but with a noble look in his eyes.

"Mellen, give me your hand, for you and I are just the two most wretched dogs in America at this minute. I loved her, Mellen, O God help me! I love her as you did the other one. Great heavens, what can we do?"

"Nothing," answered Mellen; "I did not think another pang could be added, and my soul recoils from this. Could she prove so base to you also?"

"Base; look here, Mellen, you don't take this in the true light. It was all my fault. I forced myself upon her; I—I—"

The poor fellow broke down, a convulsion of grief swept his face, and he walked away. Directly he came back, holding out his hand.

"Come, now let us search for Elizabeth," he said.

"It is useless; I have searched."

"But come with me—it was not in town you should have looked; Elizabeth would not go there."

Mellen arose and walked towards the bay. In passing a clump of rosebushes Tom stopped to extricate a fragment of silk from the thorns.

"What dress did she wear that night?" he inquired, examining the shred in his hand.

"I remember well, it was purple," answered Mellen, without lifting his weary eyes from the ground.

"Come this way, for she has been here," said Tom. "This path leads to the fishpond."

They walked on, Tom searching all the thickets he passed vigilantly, and Mellen looking around him in terror lest the dead body of his wife should appear and crush his last hope for ever.

"She has been this way," said Tom, when they reached the pond. "See, that tuft of cat-tails has been broken. No, no, don't be afraid to look; see yonder where the bushes are swept down; she she went away towards the shore."

Mellen groaned aloud. This was his most terrible fear. They walked on, taking a path that curved round the bay, and leaving the shore tavern on the right, went down to the beach. It was now sunset, and a golden glow lay upon the waters till they broke along the beach like great waves of pearls and opals drifting over the Sound together, and melting as they fell. Near the two men was a winrow of black seaweed, on which great drops of spray were quivering. Something in the appearance of this dark mass arrested Tom's attention. He went up to the pile of weeds and kicked them apart with his foot; something compact and heavy lay underneath. He took it in his hand, gave the weeds that clung to it a shake, and held it up. Mellen came forward, his white lips parted, his breath came with pain. He reached forth his hand, but uttered no word.

It was the woollen shawl that Elizabeth had worn that night.

She was dead! That fiendish man had spoken the truth—Mellen believed it now. Elizabeth was dead, and he had killed her—that noble, grand woman, so resolute in her sacrifice, so determined to save that girl, to preserve him from the hardest shock to his honor and pride, she had offered herself up to death, body and soul.

Those few moments of conviction changed him

more than many years would have done. The pride and anger which had helped to aid him in that first grief were gone now—he was the wronger—searching for the wife he had driven forth to perish. And she was dead.

No clue—no hope!

He did not touch the shawl, but leaving Tom Fuller, went back and sat down in Elsie's room, with the sick girl's delirious cries smiting his ear, and terrible images rising before his eyes of Elizabeth—dying, dead—drowned and dashed upon some lonely beach, with her cold, dead eyes staring blankly in his face.

Tom dropped the shawl in a wet mass at his feet, and walked away without attempting to detain or comfort the stricken husband. He too believed Elizabeth dead, and had not heart to offer consolation. Indeed, the pang of sorrow that this conviction brought took away his strength.

He walked on, over the wet sands of the beach, ready to cry out with the anguish of this sudden bereavement, when the figure of old Caleb Benson cast its long shadow on the sand.

"Is that you, Mr. Fuller, and alone? I'm mighty pleased to find any one from the Cove—most of all you."

"Do you want me for anything particular?" asked Tom in a husky voice; "if not I—I'm engaged just now."

"Well, yes; I must tell you," said the old man. "I've bin to your house twice—once in the night—I thought mebby I'd see the young gal."

"What is it?" asked Tom, in the impotence of his grief.

"She made me promise not to tell—but whatever's wrong, you're her cousin, and can't be hard on her—she's dreadful sick."

Tom caught his arm.

"My cousin—are you talking of my cousin, Mrs. Mellen?"

"Why yes, sure enough, though she never will forgive me for telling you."

"But where is she? Where is she?" shouted Tom. "How did you find her? Who got her out of the water? Great heavens, old man, can't you speak?"

"Well, this is the way it was," answered the old man. "T'other night, or morning, for it was nigh on to daylight, I was eating breakfast with the young uns, when one on 'em got scared by a face at the windor looking in on us as we eat. I jist got one sight of the face, and kinder seemed to know it. So up I jumps, and on with my great coat, and out into the fog. Something gray went on afore me, and I follered, for sometimes it looked like a woman, and sometimes not. Down it went, making a beeline for the beach, and I arter it full split, for it traveled fast, I can tell you. The night had been kinder rough, and the waves dashed up high, considering that the storm wasn't nothing much to speak on. But the woman, for I could see that it was a woman now, went right straight on, as if she'd made up her mind to pitch head forred into the sea and drown herself the first thing.

"This riled me up, and I went on arter her like a tornado, now I tell you. But jist as I was reaching out both hands to drag her back from a wave that came roaring along it broke, and the undertow sucked her in right afore my face. Now some folks might a pitched in arter her, but I knew better'n that. We should both on us have gone to kingdom come and no mistake if I had. Not a bit of it; I planted myself firm and waited. Sure enough the second wave arter that came tearing along, tossing the poor cretur up end down like a wisp of seaweed, and pitched her ashore right in my tracks. In course the next wave would have dragged her out to sea agin, but I got hold of her shawl and tried to haul her back, but the tarnal thing gave way, and I had just time to drop it and make a grab at her clothes, when it came crushing over us agin. But I held on, and planted myself firm, so it only dragged us both a foot or two and went roaring off. Then I got a fair hold of the lady and dragged her up the beach out of harm's way. But I really thought that she was dead; the daylight broke while she lay on the sand, and then I saw who it was, and the sight of her cold face drove me wild. I took her up in my arms and carried her home. There was a good fire burning, and my darter is used to taking care of sich cases. So she wrapped her in hot blankets, and worked over her till the life came back."

"And she's alive—doing well," cried Tom, "at your house; old Benson, you're—a—a—trump. If I hadn't given away every gold piece I had in my pocket, you should have a double handful—by Jove, you should! But never mind, just come along, I must have one splendid hug, and then for the Cove. No, no, that won't be fair after all," thought the generous fellow, "Grant must have the first kiss, he must tell her——"

The thought of what must be told her went through the poor fellow's brain like a arrow of fire. But he dashed into the path which led to Piney Cove, calling back to Benson, "Don't tell her anything!" and strode away.

Breathless, eager, forgetful of his own great sorrow, Tom cleared the distance between the shore and Piney Cove with enormous strides. He crossed the lawn almost at a run, leaped up the steps two at a time, and found Mellen lying upon a sofa in the balcony, with his face to the wall.

"Get up, old fellow, get up and shake yourself," he cried, seizing upon Mellen and turning him over as if he had been a Newfoundland dog in the wrong place; "I've found her—by Jove, I have!—she's at old Benson's. Isn't he a brick? She's well—no, she isn't quite that according to the latest accounts, but by all that's sacred, your wife is alive!"

Mellen started to his feet, bewildered, wild.

"Thomas Fuller, is this true?"

"Do I look like a man who tells lies for fun?" said Tom, drawing himself up.

"Have you seen her—is my wife truly alive?"

"Yes—no—no—I haven't seen her—was in too great a hurry for that. But she's there at Benson's tavern, just as sure—as sure—as a gun."

Mellen brushed past the kind fellow while he was hesitating for a comparison. His saddle horse stood at the door—for he had been too excited for any orders regarding it. He sprang upon its back and dashed across the lawn, through the grove and out of sight, quickly as a fast horse could clear the ground. He drew up in front of old Benson's house, leaped off and rushed in.

"Where is she?" he cried, to the frightened woman who met him. "My wife—where is she?"

A cry from the upper room answered his words; he dashed into the apartment. There, on the humble bed, lay Elizabeth, pale and changed, but alive—saved!"

She was cowering back in deadly affright—putting out her hands in wild appeal.

"I'm going away," she moaned; "don't kill me! I can start now—I'll go—I'll go!"

He fell on his knees by the bed, he was telling the truth in wild, broken words.

"Only forgive me, Elizabeth; only forgive me!"

She could not comprehend what he was saying at the moment; when she did, her first thought was of the girl—his sister.

"Elsie! Elsie!"

"She is ill—dying perhaps. Oh, my wife! my wife! Try to speak—say you forgive me."

She was too greatly agitated for words then, but she put out her hands with a gesture he understood. He lifted her in his arms and folded her close to his heart. She lay in their passionate clasp with a long sigh of content.

"God is very good," she whispered; "the new life has come."

There, in that lowly room, Grantley Mellen held his wife to his heart, and the last fire of his old wrong, impetuous nature went out for ever in thankfulness and tears.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT ON THE HUDSON.

The Burning of the Steamer Berkshire.

As the Berkshire, a new and fine boat of the Hudson Steamboat Company, was on her way down the river, and near Hyde Park, on the evening of June 8, about half-past ten, an alarm of fire was raised. The scene that followed defies description. The passengers, who had retired to their cabins, rushed out in terror, half-clad, to find the boat enveloped in flames. A kerosene lamp had exploded and spread its liquid fire over a bale of hay. In a few moments the masses of hay which covered the deck were in flames, and though the pilot, Mr. Benjamin Riggs, stood manfully to his post and endeavored to run her ashore, the fire gained rapidly, and she struck at last full 50 feet from the shore. Many in their panic jumped into deep water and were drowned, but the masses of combustibles prevented many, especially ladies, from escaping from the cabins.

An unknown passenger, whose name did not transpire, states that he left Catskill in company with a friend, and took passage on the Berkshire for New York. After retiring to their berths in the cabin he suddenly heard a cry of fire. Jumping from his berth, he ran to the companion-way and ascended the steps, intending to go out on deck, but on opening the door the smoke rushed through the aperture with such density and fury as to drive him back. Concluding in an instant that he had to get out of the cabin or be suffocated, he made another attempt to reach the deck and succeeded this time in getting one foot out, when he observed a huge wall of flame directly in his pathway, utterly doing away with all possibility of escape. He again retreated to the cabin, which by this time was so filled with smoke as to make it an imperative necessity for him to make another attempt to get out or die.

Groping his way along, he entered an anteroom, in which was a window, through which he could see a dim skylight. Rushing to it, he broke the sash, when he jostled against a boy who was also endeavoring to escape. Seizing him, the two crawled through the window and dropped into the water. His friend, he believes, was burned to death or suffocated in the cabin. He furthermore says that he was the first one that made any attempt to escape from the cabin, and he is positive that after he retreated from the companion-way the second time nothing could get out of the cabin alive. There being quite a number in their berths in the cabin, it is feared that this gentleman's statement is too true.

Among the scenes, says a survivor, which I witnessed, I should mention one which particularly excited my interest. A little boy, 10 or 12 years of age, whose name I afterwards learned was Potter, was among the passengers, under the care of his grandmother, an old lady of 66 years of age. They were asleep in the ladies' cabin when the fire broke out. The old lady awoke first, and immediately aroused her grandchild from his slumbers, telling him that the vessel was on fire, and they must flee for their lives. The two rushed out of the cabin together into the stateroom hall, and proceeded forward until the flames drove them back and cut off their escape in that direction. They were obliged to retreat to the cabin, where they rushed into one of the staterooms. The boy picked up a pitcher and smashed it to pieces in an effort to break open the sash and window of the stateroom. He next took the washbowl and broke that against the window, only succeeding in smashing out the glass. He took an umbrella next, broke open the sash and got out of the window on deck, and then tried to pull his grandmother through the opening. The old lady was very stout and heavy, and therefore could not get through. The boy stuck by her like a hero, refusing to go away from her until she could get out safe. The flames approached him, however, in such a manner that his neck and feet were badly burned, and his grandmother finally commanded him to leave her and save himself, as she could not hope to be rescued. The little fellow left her side with the utmost reluctance, jumped overboard and reached the shore in safety. He wept most bitterly, and was the object of pity from every one. It was generally thought the poor old woman was burned in the vessel, as she was not heard of after.

The total loss of life was nearly 50. Many bodies have not yet been recovered, and some are beyond recognition.

BOOK NOTICES.

Haunted Hearts. By the Author of "The Lamplighter." Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

Miss Cummins won an enviable reputation by her previous works of fiction, and in this sustains it. The scene is laid in New Jersey, and the life of the epoch adopted is well drawn. Her plot is a dramatic one, almost sensational, but not in the bad sense of the term. Her heroine, Angie, is well drawn, and excites the sympathy and interest of the reader to the close.

Her style is graceful and natural, and few will be disappointed who take up "Haunted Hearts."

Stumbling Blocks. By Gail Hamilton. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

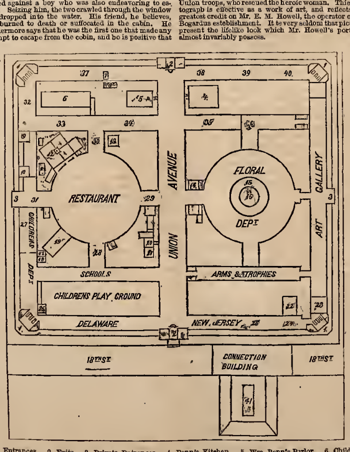
Gail Hamilton is as readable, as smart and as sprightly, in this field as in any she has yet cultivated. She agrees in all essentials with the evangelical school of New England. But she is thoroughly independent in her views as to the enforcement of these tenets, and deals out her criticisms upon what she regards as prevalent errors in this respect with a freedom which adds materially to the spice of her book.

Wax Flowers and How to Make Them. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

This neat volume gives full instructions on the art of modelling wax flowers and fruits. It is copiously illustrated, and its clear and simple directions will enable persons of common ingenuity to master the process without additional aid.

Moore's Irish Melodies, as arranged by Sir John Stevenson, have been published by Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston, in a very elegant form. For accuracy, cheapness and arrangement this edition is unrivalled. Their edition of the popular operas now being performed in this country is considered as the standard one in the country, as it contains the original libretto, with an excellent translation. Every week this firm issues sheet music, both vocal and instrumental, original and selected, of a very high order.

Photographs.—The photographs of the famous patriot scout, Major Pauline Cushman, are some of the finest studies we have seen. We allude more especially to that in which, with bared bosom and dishevelled hair, the noble woman is on her knees appealing to Gen. Bragg for the changing of her sentence from hanging to shooting. Fortunately the rebel chief was prevented carrying out his murderous design by the advance of the Union troops, who rescued the heroic woman. This photograph is effective as a work of art, and reflects the greatest credit on Mr. E. M. Howell, the operator of the Bogardus establishment. It is very seldom that pictures present the lifelike look which Mr. Howell's portraits almost invariably possess.



1. Entrances. 2. Exits. 3. Private Entrances. 4. Penn's Kitchen. 5. Wm. Penn's Parlor. 6. Children's Dep.—Indian Ex. 7. Engine. 8. Boiler. 9. Ladies' Com. Internal Arrangements. 10. Gentlemen's Com. Internal Arrangements. 11. Icehouse. 12. Kitchen. 13. Sodawater Manufactory. 14. Post Office. 15. Fishpond. 16. Fountain. 17. Skating-Pond. 18. Fishing-Pond. 19. Brewery. 20. Bank. 21. Police. 22. Divan. 23. Water-Color Paintings. 24. Tobacco. 25. Agricultural Implements. 26. Fancy Ball. 27. Exhibition Room. 28. German Club. 29. Confectionery. 30. Hardware. 31. Miscellaneous. 32. Heavy Wagons. 33. Stoves and Hollow Ware. 34. Sewing-Machines. 35. Drygoods. 36. Relics and Curiosities. 37. Machinery, Shipbuilding and Steam Yacht. 38. Cabinet Ware, Looking-Glasses and House Furnishing. 39. Marble Work. 40. Carriages and Harness. 41. Agricultural Department.

GROUND PLAN OF THE SANITARY FAIR BUILDINGS, LOGAN SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Conference now sitting in London to arrange the Danish difficulty has come to the conclusion of a compromise. Denmark will retain the Danish part of Schleswig-Holstein, while the German part will be left to the people, whose *plebiscite* will determine their fate. This decision will much reduce the ancient kingdom of Hamlet, but, as the London *Times* very coolly observes, all that England wants is that the entrance to the Baltic shall remain in her hands. Both parties are dissatisfied with this decision, but Denmark is too weak to continue the unequal struggle, while the German Powers have been forced into acquiescence by the threat held out by Palmerston, that if they do not agree England will offer no opposition to France taking the Rhine as her boundary.

A strange rumor is current in London that Garibaldi's visit to England was cut short by the necessity of getting him out of the way of the dowager Duchess of Sutherland, who having conceived an overmastering passion for the heroic widower, wanted to marry him. The aristocracy wishing to save its order the spectacle of such a *mésalliance*, therefore persuaded him to leave the kingdom. The conduct of the duchess is not so much to be wondered at, since a Turin paper says that Garibaldi has received nearly 2,000 volunteer offers of marriage from hero-loving ladies of all nations, but his reply has been: "My heart and hand are in the grave of Areta."

In France the public mind is intent on the American and Mexican questions. The chances, however, of any recognition of the Southern Confederacy are very remote, since Earl Russell has put the rebel rams *hors de combat*, by purchasing them for the British Government. In every respect a better feeling towards the North is evident in both countries. Both peoples are watching the armies of Grant and Lee with the greatest anxiety.

The health of the Pope remains in a very precarious state, but nothing exact is known, as the reports may be set forth for state reasons, and to keep down the impatience of the Italian people, who are beginning to clamor for unity.

The French papers accuse the Russian Cabinet of intriguing in the Danubian provinces, and a large Russian army is stationed on the Pruth.

Greece remains in its usual discontented state. The ostensible grievance being that their new king permitted the British to blow up the fortifications of Corfu, when they annexed the Ionian islands to Greece. It was not likely that so farseeing a Government as the English would run the risk of having a stronghold built by itself used against her.

The war in New Zealand is practically over.

In China the Taepings still urge their usual rebellion against the established dynasty.

The Japanese authorities have come to an amicable understanding with the French and English, seeing the inutility of provoking a conflict; but how long it will last none can tell, since the semi-civilised barbarian is the most uncertain of all men.

SOMETHING ABOUT BANKNOTES.

In a recent number of an English paper we find some interesting facts respecting the notes of the Bank of England. The paper on which the notes are printed is all made from the best rags by a single firm. It is made in sheets 16 inches long by 5 inches wide, on each of which two notes are to be printed. The sheets are then cut in two, when each note has three rough edges and one smooth one. The peculiar quality of the paper has been found the best protection against counterfeiting. The engraving of the notes has been imitated, but the paper never. Even the paper that was stolen a few months ago had to be sized by the thieves, and the work was so badly done that the counterfeits could be distinguished from the genuine by this defect alone.

A quantity of paper, enough for making 990,000 notes, is forwarded to London once a month: it is delivered to the banknote paper office, where it is counted, and then handed to the printing office. After passing through a machine which prints all but the numbers, dates and signatures, it is returned to the paper office. In this transition state it is kept in store. As notes are required it is again passed through a machine for completion; each sheet is then cut in half, making two notes; the notes are counted and carefully examined by cashiers, whose duty it is to reject those which are indistinctly printed or are imperfect, tied up in bundles of 100 notes each, and five of these bundles in one, making a large bundle of 500 notes. The average daily manufacture is about 37,000 notes, or 74 bundles of 500 notes, each bundle weighing one and a half pounds. The number of notes made in a year will be over 11,500,000, the paper weighing more than 15 tons. Books are printed at the bank with a record of every note issued. Every note presented at the bank for payment is marked off these ledgers on the day following, the date of payment being stamped on the note and in the ledger. Should a forged note chance to be passed it would be detected the next day in posting the ledger.

About 37,000 notes are presented daily for payment. They are cancelled by tearing off the signature and punching, and then laid away in boxes, to be kept 10 years. If reference to any one of these notes is required, by furnishing the number, date and amount, it can be produced in ten minutes. Once a month the notes which have completed their 10 years of rest are taken out and burnt.

Banknotes are subject to many mishaps; they are buried, burned, drowned, washed to pieces and eaten.

Not many years since a laborer, in taking down a hedgerow, came across a small box buried in the soil. Upon examining the contents they were found to be banknotes, the proceeds of a robbery which had occurred so long previous as to be almost forgotten. It is supposed that the thieves, being hard pressed by officers of the law, hid the box where it was found, and were perhaps taken and hanged for some other crime, and so their secret died with them.

It is not an uncommon occurrence for notes to be thrown into the fire along with waste paper and burned. They are sometimes, too, used to light pipes, candles, gas, etc.

Notes have been blown into a river, and although the song has it:

> For a guinea it will sink,
> But a one pound note will float,

five pound notes will not.

Notes sometimes are left in pockets and washed into a complete wad. But the bank will redeem them, provided they remain so nearly legible that it is possible to identify them.

A story is told of a grazier who, having returned from market, was counting his money. The wind took one of the notes out of the window, and it was swallowed by a pet lamb. The animal was killed directly, and the note taken from its stomach and sent to London, with a statement of the circumstances. It was of course much discolored, but being all there, the grazier got his £20.

When a note is irrecoverably lost, the usual practice is—if the note be under £100—to make the loser wait five years, after which time application for payment will be entertained. But with notes of £100 and upwards, a sum equal to the amount lost is invested in consols, in the names of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England for twenty years. During this time, the dividends, as they accrue, are paid to the loser, and at the end of the term the stock is transferred into his name.

An Artificial Tongue.—A French surgeon describes how he removed from a patient the whole of a tongue afflicted with cancer, by means of what he terms *cauterisation en flèches*. He perforated the tongue with eight of his cauterising arrows (*flèches*), so as to cause all the affected portion to slough off in one mass. His patient, after the removal of the tongue, could neither swallow nor speak, but performed both these functions on being supplied with a gutta-percha tongue of the natural size.

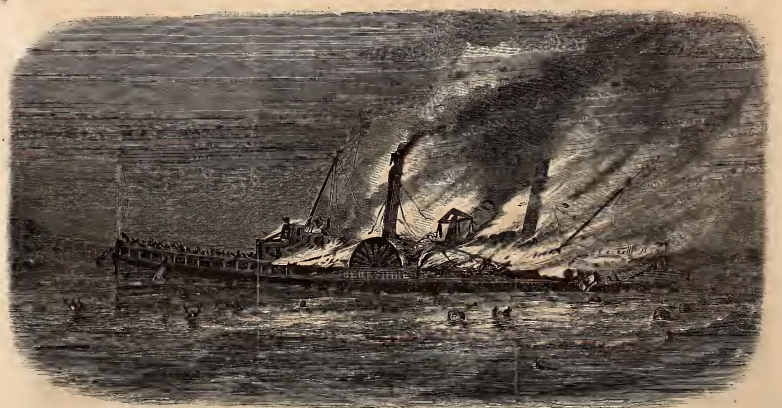
THE WAR ON THE MISSISSIPPI—GUERILLAS ATTACKING A MISSISSIPPI STEAMER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRED. B. SCHELL.—SEE PAGE 222.

GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—BUILDING BREASTWORKS AT HAWE'S STORE, MAY 29.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE 215.

THE EGG A MINIATURE UNIVERSE.

THE following remarkable passage occurs in Professor Agassiz' Methods of Study of Natural History:

"One can hardly conceive the beauty of the egg as seen through the microscope at this period of its growth, when the whole yolk is divided, with the dark granules on one side; while the other side, where the transparent halo of the vesicle is seen, is brilliant with light. With the growth of the egg these granules enlarge, become more distinct, and under the microscope some of them appear to be hollow. They are not round in form, but rather irregular, and under the effect of light they are exceedingly brilliant. Presently, instead of being scattered equally over the space they occupy, they form clusters—constellations as it were—and between these clusters are clear spaces, produced by the separation of the albumen from the oil. At this period of its growth there is wonderful resemblance between the appearance of the egg, as seen under the microscope, and the firmament with the celestial bodies. The little cluster of constellations are equally divided. Here and there they are two and two like double stars, or sometimes in threes or fives, or in sevens, recalling the Pleiades; and the clear albuminous tracts between are like the empty spaces separating the stars. This is simply true the such is the actual appearance of the yolk at this time; and the idea cannot but suggest itself to the mind, that the thoughts which have been embodied in the universe are revealed here within the little egg, presenting a miniature diagram of the firmament. This is one of the first changes of the yolk, ending by forming regular clusters, with a sort of network of albumen between, and then this phase of the growth is complete."



TERRIBLE ACCIDENT ON THE HUDSON—THE BURNING OF THE BERKSHIRE ON THE NIGHT OF THE 8TH OF JUNE.

THE GUERILLAS ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

THE defeat of the ill-advised expedition of Gen. Banks up the Red river has let loose the large rebel force which the danger had enabled the Confederate authorities to collect, and the predatory movements of the Southern Arabs on the floating caravans of the West. The Lebanon was captured and burned by part of Marmaduke's forces, the crew and passengers being all carried off as prisoners.

They are even so bold as to disregard the gunboats when aiding as convoys. The Missouri, though accompanied by the Monarch and B. J. Adams, of the Marine Brigade, was attacked by a part of Marmaduke's command stationed at Columbia, Ark., and completely riddled.

Our illustration of the capture of the other vessel will show that the dangers of travel, which seem to thicken on every hand, can still be augmented by the horrors of war.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

THE following piece of elegant poetry, written by an Arkansas editor shortly after being married, shows what he thinks of the institution:

There is not in this wide world a happier life
Than to sit by the stovepipe and tickle your wife;
Taste the sweets of her lips in a moment of glee,
And twist the cat's tail as she jumps on her knee.

PRENTICE says there is something inexpressibly sweet about little girls, and it grows on them the bigger they get.

PRENTICE says: "Men talk fluently about scaling fortifications, who couldn't scale anything more important than a big fish."

"YOU always lose your temper in my company," said an individual of doubtful reputation to a gentleman.

"True, sir; and I should not wonder if I lost everything I have about me."

SOME of our friends in the army write us rather tough stories. For instance, we are assured that Harry S——, of the — Massachusetts battery, recently saw a rebel general officer and three of his staff on a preminence about a mile distant. Harry immediately sighted a piece and took off four legs, one each, from the rebel officers! This is tough.

EQUIVOCAL verses gained great favor in the days of vindictive political and religious quarrels. They are contrived so as to express two different meanings, according as they are read downwards or across. If the following lines were run in, there are many who might be deceived by the first reading:

I love with all my heart	The Tory party here
The Hanoverian part	Most hateful do appear
And for the settlement	I ever have denied
My conscience gives consent	To be on James's side
Most righteous in the cause	To fight for such a king
To fight for George's laws	Will England's ruin bring
It is my mind and heart	In this opinion I
Though none will take my part	Resolved to live and die.

BATTLE SONG FOR THE "EXEMPT BRIGADE."

I tanks you, Father Abr'am, mutch
For giving me permission,
In de "Exempt Guard," dat stops at home,
To take out a commission:
Van courage makes mensch vant to fight,
I'm glat I've not got any;
I trinks mein bier, I eats mein kraut,
I turns mein "honest penny."

I likes a ball at Jones's Wood,
Mit Liederkranz und tangen;
But nicht ein ball vat traus mein blood,
Und sete mein horse a prancin'.
Und dough I tinks Miss Minnie schön,
Und likes to flirt and trifle,
I do not vant to come too close,
To dat ugly Minnie Rifle.

I tinks I am not made to be
Vat vimin calls a "here,"
For ven dey talks of blut and wounds
My blut it turns to zero.
In de "Home-Guard," ver ish no fights
I likes it best to stay,
Mitout de rebels come up North,
Und den—I runs away!

LAZINESS kills, and drugs seldom cure. Many die from doing nothing, few from taking nothing.

WHEN Sir David Baird was taken prisoner in India, the news of that event was brought to his mother. They told the old lady that her son had been taken prisoner, and was chained to another man.

"Oh," said she, "wae's me for the man that's chained to him."

UNLESS military officers are accomplished, their work will not be.

WE should not call a man a liar because he has told one lie, but he isn't a man of truth.

IF we are always looking back, we shall be sure to go as we look.

HE who could kill a tiger in combat may be bitten to death by fleas.

A WESTERN paper says: "It's only 21 years since the first log cabin was erected in Burlington, Iowa, and now it contains 20,120 inhabitants." A large cabin!

THE man who was lately "struck with a new thought," has resolved to overlook the act, it being the first time, and there is little danger of a repetition of the offence.

A PERSON fond of the marvellous told an improbable story, and added, as was his wont, "Did you ever hear of that before?"

"No, sir," said the other; "pray did you?"

"MAMA, can a door speak?"

"Certainly not, my love."

"Then why did you tell Anna to answer the door?"

"It is time for you to go to school, dear."

A FRENCHMAN one day made his appearance at the Heralds' College, and told the gentleman in waiting that he wanted to look at a shall.

"A shall!" said the astonished auditor; "a shall? Oh! a will, you mean!"

"*Eh, bien!* it is all de same, a vill or a shall."

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"No, sir; I held the candle for a man who did."

"Ah, the court understood you differently; they supposed that the discourse came from you."

"No, sir; I only throwed a light on it."

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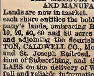

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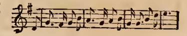

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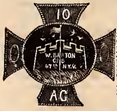

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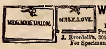

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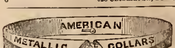

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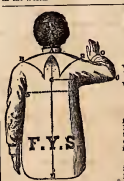

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No. 457—VOL. XVIII.] NEW YORK, JULY 2, 1864. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS $1 00.

Gen. Grant on the South Side of Richmond.

In the transfer of the Army of the Potomac from the pestilential swamps of the Chickahominy on the north to the south side of Richmond, Gen. Grant has executed another of those masterly flank movements for which he has become so pre-eminently distinguished. The immense labors required, the difficulties overcome, and the dangers avoided in carrying on this enterprise, may be inferred from Gen. Grant's brief but comprehensive report of the movement. He says: "Our forces drew out from within 50 yards of the enemy's entrenchments at Cold Harbor (north side of the Chickahominy), made a flank movement of about 55 miles march (a vast army, with all its artillery and trains), crossing (by pontoon bridges) the Chickahominy and James rivers—the latter 2,000 feet wide and 84 feet deep at the point of crossing, and surprised the enemy's rear at Petersburg. This was done without the loss of a wagon or piece of artillery, and only about 150 stragglers were picked up by the enemy."

This is, indeed, a difficult, delicate and hazardous flank movement, most admirably accomplished. Had not Gen. Lee, from his rough experience in this campaign from "the Wilderness" to the defences of Richmond, been too severely crippled to justify the venture, he would surely have seized the opportunity for harassing at every step, front, flank and rear, this side movement of his fearless adversary; for we

"RUN BACK, JOHNNIES—RUN BACK, YANKS."

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THE LULL IN THE STORM.—SEE PAGE 281.

know, from the Richmond journals, that although Lee, in the onset, was completely outwitted, he yet discovered the withdrawal of our forces from his immediate front in season to march out, intercept them, and bring them to a battle, or another series of battles, had he not felt himself too seriously cut up to attempt it. In fact, as a graphic war correspondent accompanying our great Western army in Georgia says of Gen. Sherman, we may say of Gen. Grant: that from the first dislodgment of his adversary to the present day "he has played around him as a cooper plays around a cask," and still tightening his coils around him with every blow.

But the exacting reader will naturally inquire what has Gen. Grant gained by this last brilliant operation? Is he not further from Richmond at Petersburg, on the south side of the city and the James river, than he was at Cold Harbor, on the north side? Is not the rebel capital, with the broad river in front, better defended on the south than on the north side? Is it not possible, too, that, situated as Gen. Lee now is, between our army and Washington, he may repeat his aggressive programme of 1862, leaving Richmond to the chances of capture, or absolutely abandoning it to secure the prize of our national capital?

We answer: First, Gen. Grant, in moving his army to the south side of Richmond, has transferred it from the deadly malaria of the Chicahominy—a great point gained—to a healthy position; he has secured the broad and navigable James river as his base of supplies; he has secured the junction of Gen. Meade's grand army with the fine army of Gen. Butler; he has secured the active co-operation of Admiral Lee's powerful squadron of ironclads and gunboats; and, above all, he has secured a position from which he can readily and effectually cut off the rebel capital from every artery of subsistence through which the city is fed from North Carolina and Georgia. This movement against Richmond, in fact, very much resembles that splendid dash of last summer down the Mississippi, and around from the south to the rear of Vicksburg; and it covers the same design and the same certain advantages of cutting off the city from its remaining sources of reinforcements and subsistence. Gen. Grant is now between Lee and Jo. Johnston, as he was last June between Pemberton and Johnston; and now, as then, he has each so completely tied up that neither can attempt to relieve the other without hazarding the ruin of both.

Such are the positive advantages gained by Gen. Grant in his new position. They are so comprehensive that the defences of Richmond, on every side, may be omitted from the estimate, inasmuch as those defences will amount to nothing the moment the city, with its defensive army, is cut off from its sources of subsistence. Dependent upon the scanty stores within the city's encircling earthworks, Richmond, with its population of say 20,000 souls, Lee's effective army of 75,000 men, and his sick and wounded soldiers to the number of perhaps 25,000 more, have to be fed. We think it will soon be made manifest that herein lies the fatal weakness of the rebel capital, and that Gen. Grant has thoroughly comprehended it from the beginning of this masterly campaign.

As for any apprehensions of another Northern venture by Gen. Lee, we think they will be dismissed by the intelligent reader upon the simple statement of the facts, that the railroads between Richmond and Washington have been so thoroughly broken up that it will require months of labor to repair them; that the country between the two cities has been completely eaten out by the two great opposing armies of Meade and Lee, and that the supplies of the Shenandoah valley, left behind by Lee in his last instructive expulsion from Maryland, have been disposed of from Martinsburg to Staunton, 150 miles, by Gen. Hunter. Furthermore, between Hunter, Averill, Crook, Pope and Sheridan, the region between Charlottesville and Lynchburg has now little or nothing to spare for the army of Lee.

To sum up the military situation at Richmond in a few words, Gen. Grant having stripped the country north and west of the city of its army supplies, having cut off its communications, it only remains for him to cut off and occupy the roads which run southward from the city, in order to bring out Lee into the open field, in which he will be beaten, or to compel him to abandon the city, and by stealth, in order to save his army. Remembering Vicksburg, we still look towards Richmond for another glorious addition to the honors of the Fourth of July.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
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Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

Gen. Grant, after attempting to force the passage of the Chicahominy on the 3rd, and testing the strength of Lee's works, was not a man to sit down and attempt a siege with the pestilential swamp of the Chicahominy beside him. He at once moved to compel Lee to come out and fight.

On Sunday, the 12th, the 18th army corps, under Gen. Smith, marched to White House and embarked. Wright's and Burnside's corps crossed the Chicahominy at Jones's bridge, and marched to the James river by Charles city. Hancock's and Warren's corps crossed at Long bridge, and marched to Wilcox's. The whole army was thus with great celerity transferred from the York to the James, and thrown over at Powhatan point. The enemy had not anticipated the movement, and were misled by a reconnoissance at Malvern hill on the 15th, and made no effort to molest.

On the 15th Smith pushed on, and Hinks's negro brigade carried the first rebel works, at Petersburg without waiting for Brooks's division.

On Thursday, the 16th, Barlow's division of Hancock's 2d corps and part of Burnside's 9th moved to attack the rebel lines, but Burnside was himself assaulted, and Barlow lost several hundred of his men, who were inside the rebel works. Griffin's brigade of the 9th corps, however, carried the lines before them, and in the morning Leslie's brigade carried other works. Barlow's colors were retaken and Potter's rebel brigade captured, with nine pieces of artillery.

This victory was not purchased without loss, and among our serious losses was Major formerly Brig.-Gen. Morton, Chief Engineer to Gen. Burnside.

On the 17th the rebels made a furious attack on the works held by the 1st Michigan sharpshooters, in which, though we took 240 prisoners, the enemy finally got within the works, which they held till morning.

On the 18th the 5th corps gained the railroad to Norfolk, but Griffin and Crawford failed to carry the rebel works.

On the 19th, at 4 A.M., Burnside carried the works before him on the left, taking 500 prisoners and six pieces of cannon.

WESTERN VIRGINIA.

Gen. Hunter destroyed over $3,000,000 worth of rebel property at Staunton, two large cloth factories, a boot and shoe factory and foundries.

An expedition to Waynesboro destroyed several railroad bridges and tore up the track.

KENTUCKY.

On the 13th Newcastle was occupied at sunset by a force of 200 rebels, under George Jessie. They were desperate characters, hastily collected, and began at once to plunder. The same band captured Bardstown on the 18th.

On the 10th a band of 80 made a raid into Princeton in Caldwell county, but were attacked by 12 soldiers of the 35th Kentucky, and after losing two killed and several wounded fled.

The defeat of Morgan by Gen. Burbridge at Cynthiana on the 12th was absolute; his force was completely broken up. Morgan, with a small party, pushed with all speed for Pound gap.

GEORGIA.

The rebel Wheeler, with his cavalry, has been cutting Sherman's railroad lines. At Calhoun they seized six cars of grain on the 10th, but retreated before Gen. Hovey, who was at Adairsville, could come up. They placed, however, a torpedo on the track towards Resaca, which exploded under the train, hurling the locomotive six feet from the track, and tearing four cars into splinters. At night Wheeler returned and tore up part of the track.

On the 14th Gen. Polk was killed.

On the 15th Blair's corps stormed the enemy's works, and drove him back, and on the 18th Johnston threw back his flank and abandoned all his works in front of Kenesaw mountain, holding that mountain as the apex of his position, with his flanks behind Noonday and Moses creeks.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The rebel Gen. Samuel Jones, commanding at Charleston, has placed five general officers, prisoners of war in Charleston, so as to be under our fire. The War Department has transferred to Gen. Foster five rebel Generals to be similarly placed.

MISSISSIPPI.

Gen. Sturgis recently set out on an expedition with two brigades of cavalry under Gen. Grierson, two brigades of infantry, one company of artillery and two colored regiments, but was attacked at Guntown on the 10th by Kirby Smith, Forrest and others, and totally defeated, losing 14 pieces of artillery and 100 wagons.

ARKANSAS.

Gen. Steele is at Little Rock, which is fortified, Col. Clayton holds Pine bluff with 7,000 men well entrenched. There is also a force at Duvall's bluff. The rebels under Fagan are at Princeton, 45 miles from Pine bluff; another force is at Camden, and 3,000 at Washington. Marmaduke is on the Mississippi at Columbia, attacking the steamers.

On the 7th, Gen. A. J. Smith, with part of the 16th army corps, landed near Columbia, and Marmaduke retired.

CONGRESS.

IN the Senate, on the 13th June, the greater part of the day was taken up in discussing the new loyal State Government of Arkansas. The Consular bill was agreed to. Mr. Wilson proposed certain alterations in the Enrollment bill, which were laid over.

In the House, Mr. Stevens made a report from the Committee of Conference on the disagreeing amendments to the Military Appropriation bill; carried by 70 to 58. The Enrollment bill was then taken up, and Mr. Schenck introduced a bill repealing the $300 clause, and providing that hereafter no payment of money shall be accepted as a release from the performance of military duty. Mr. Garfield introduced a joint resolution, that no State declared to be in rebellion by the President is entitled to appoint electors of President and Vice-President, and no electoral vote from any such State shall be received or counted until both Houses of Congress, by concurrent action, shall have recognised a State Government in such State. Laid on the table—yeas, 104; nays, 33. The House then took up the resolution of Mr. Lazear, offered on Monday of last week, proposing a suspension of hostilities, and requiring the President to adopt measures for assembling a Convention of delegates from all the States to adjust the difficulties between the North and the South on the basis of the Constitution. The House refused by a vote of yeas 65 to suspend the rules for the introduction of the resolution. The House then proceeded to the consideration of the House bill to repeal the Fugitive-Slave law. After some debate the bill passed—82 against 58.

In the Senate, on the 14th, Mr. McDougall proposed a resolution denouncing the creation of monarchies on this Continent, but objection being made to its present consideration it was laid over. The Tariff bill was ordered to be printed.

In the House, the bill to prevent speculation in gold was passed, after an amendment which will necessitate its return to the Senate for its acquiescence.

In the Senate, on the 15th, Mr. Powell's bill to prevent military interference in elections was defeated by 26 to 6. The rest of the proceedings were of no public interest.

In the House, the entire day session was taken up with the consideration of the Senate joint resolution for an amendment to the Constitution abolishing and for ever prohibiting slavery throughout the country. After a long debate, participated in by various members, the question was put on its decision, when 94 voted for the resolution and 65 against it. It thus fell 11 yeas short of the two-thirds necessary for its adoption. The House was a very full one at time of calling the yeas and nays on this question, and the vote was the largest one there has been on this session. Mr. Odell, of Brooklyn, is the only Democrat who voted for the amendment. Mr. Ashley, of Ohio, subsequently gave notice that he would move a reconsideration of the vote, and the matter will probably be postponed till next session. In the evening the Senate's amendments to the Internal Revenue bill were discussed, and most of them agreed to.

In the Senate, on the 16th, the time was occupied by discussing the Tariff bill.

In the House, the consideration of the Senate amendments to the Internal Revenue bill was continued from the previous day, and all the remaining ones were acted on, the session being prolonged till 11 o'clock at night. The amendment striking out the tax on whiskey on hand was agreed to by 72 against 62. That striking out the duty of five per cent. on the proceeds of gold and silver mining was also agreed to. A number of other Senate amendments were concurred in, and a committee was ordered to confer on the disagreeing amendments.

In the Senate, on the 17th, the bill for the speedy punishment of guerillas was taken up by Mr. Wilson. Mr. Davis opposed it. The Tariff bill was then proceeded with, and several amendments made.

In the House, there was no business of importance transacted.

In the Senate, on the 18th, the Northern Pacific Railroad bill was reported by Mr. Harlan. The joint resolution extending the present overland mail contracts was passed. The bill to encourage and facilitate telegraphic communication between the Eastern and Western Continents was taken up and vigorously discussed during the remainder of the session. No conclusion was reached, however.

In the House, a bill was reported by Mr. Alley establishing a large number of post routes. The bill appointing a commission to settle claims for war losses was taken up and passed. A bill was also passed chartering another street railroad in Washington, from which no person shall be excluded on account of color. The bill giving assimilated rank to the warrant officers of the navy was also passed. The joint resolution giving relief to Capt. Ericsson, by taking the contract for the new ironclad Puritan off his hands, was passed after a long discussion. The House took up and passed the joint resolution that the President be authorised to notice to the Government of Great Britain that it is the wish and intention of the Government of the United States to determinate the treaty arrangements of of 1817 in respect to a naval force on the lakes at the end of six months. The question of the site for the new navy-yard was postponed until the next session of Congress.

TOWN GOSSIP.

STRAWBERRIES! The glorious, golden, royal-purple fruit is with us. Strawberries, the first yield of the woods and fields to the palate craving for relief from the monotony of winter's food. Strawberries, the very epitome of poesy, and yet so seldom the theme of the poet's song. The deep blushing berry, so modestly veiled in its sea-green leaves, so quietly awaiting to be plucked and borne, bursting with the very juices of its life, to the eager lips of a thousand lovers?

Strawberries! but we will come down from the stilts and discuss the theme sensibly. There is something in the advent of the strawberry to city people that those of the country can hardly realise. It is the first real palatable promise they have of the coming summer. The dweller in the country, whose mind is daily prepared for this fact by the springing of the grass and wayside flowers, and the bursting buds of the trees, is not so startled into a new life by the ripening of the little berry. They hail it only as the first fruit of spring, and, if their patch be large, are more or less interested in the yield, and the speculation as to what the coming fruit will fetch when made up into homeopathic baskets, and duly delivered at Washington market. For the benefit of these we offer the opinion, or rather the fact, that this season the coveted fruit is both poor and dear. The supply seems plenty, but for those wretched little baskets, rarely holding over a gill, nine cents is the common asking, bringing the luxury to the modest price of about 75 cents a quart. So far the season has been against them, the weather lacking heat and bestowing upon them too much water. A few hot, sunshiny days will not only double the supply, but will so much improve the flavor that the strawberry lover's mouth cannot do less than water at the mere anticipation.

While upon strawberries we must tell that every year, at the offices of the *Agriculturist* in Park Row, an exhibition is held of the fruit, which draws from the fanciers and cultivators their choicest varieties. As the getters-up of this display do not take much trouble to advertise it, nor do they, as far as our personal experience goes, invite the editorial corps to eat of the gorgeous abundance and speak in its praise, it follows that only hundreds know of the annual show, where thousands might. It is past for this year, and the few who were favored with a view saw there strawberries that would have made the fabled feat of making two bites of a cherry blush for shame. We saw there, not one, two or three, but platesfull of the fruit, the smallest of which was larger than a pigeon's egg, and the largest, larger than a hen's. We are bad at names, but the "Triomphe du Gand" impresses itself as the largest of the whole, and a plate upon which rested three of the monsters, each measuring about eight inches in circumference, was pointed out as being the prize trio. With this declaration we are done, not expecting it to be believed.

Speaking of strawberries puts us in mind of another seasonable fact that may interest our readers, especially that portion who devote their time to the cultivation of their whiskers, though we don't really believe that any of that class read FRANK LESLIE, or in fact, any other paper, which is that the dog days having commenced, the Mayor has proclaimed the slaughter of the innocents, and has even out-Heroded Herod by opening the killing to the general public, and announcing the blood money to be 50 cents per head, and nothing extra for the tail. Now, could this bloody canine war be made so to operate that it would take off old vagrant and useless curs, especially those who hang about the corners from Canal street to 8th, on Broadway, of an afternoon, and audibly criticise or insult every lady that passes, we would willingly disburse a small amount of postage currency ourselves to finish up the job. If these curs cannot be disposed of in the army by a draft, or put to some use, then we advocate a rope, the pound, 50 cents and the drowning vat.

Which, as a sequence of thought, reminds us that the coming week recruiting recommences in New York, and its officials make another desperate effort to get ahead of the draft by angling for men with a $300 bait, while the citizens regard it pretty much the same as the woman who, being asked how she could keep back her tears when everybody else was weeping at a peculiarly affecting sermon, answered that she did not belong to that congregation. They have had "Wolf!" cried at them so often that they now do not heed the alarm. For such as are unbelievers, we tell them that—being somewhat behind the scenes—we know that a thorough enrollment is being made, which will be finished almost as soon as this paper is in the hands of its readers, and that 11,000 men will be taken from this city on it, and that in despite of all threats of riot and resistance. The men must be had, and it is right that the richest city of the land should produce them. If $300 is not sufficient inducement, let us make it $500, let us double it, let us do something to show we are not asleep; and if we do not, then let the Provost-Marshal come and snatch us awake. We advocate, firstly, taking all hangers-on at drinking-shops and on street corners; all men who cannot live happy and contented at home; all whose impaired digestion advocates a change of diet and scene; and all, without distinction of wealth, who are not doing some good to the community in which they live. From the last class alone an army might be raised rivalling that of Xerxes.

One of the most miserable exposures ever made in connection with the villainies of the city has received an airing during the past week, in the account of doings perpetrated by the trustees of the Fourth Ward School. These men, whose names we shall assist in handing down to infamy, are Jeremiah Coughlin, James White, Daniel Healey, John H. Lester, Charles Kelly and Felix Murphy, who have been tried and found guilty of the meanest system of robbery ever perpetrated upon earth. These men, elected by the people as the guardians of their children, have been convicted of combining together, making White their mouthpiece, and squeezing from the miserable pittance allowed the teachers from

20 to 40 per cent., as the price of their situations. No question was made as to the ability of the victim to fill his or her position, no examination to know whether they were capable of being placed in authority over the scholars, but only a response from them whether they were willing to pay the black-mail; if not, there was the alternative—go! The father who struggled to support a large family on a salary of $900 was obliged to pay $300 of it to these bloodhounds. A poor, deformed girl, who had, somehow, without possessing beauty as a lure, got into a $300 teachership, was obliged to give up $75 of the pittance, as bribe money, that she might be allowed to live!

And yet these men are suffered to go out and mix among the people, with no other punishment than a loss of their places! Certainly virtue is its own reward!

Among the incidents of the week was a mass meeting, at Union Square, of the Early Closing Association, a combination of clerks and workmen in stores to obtain more time from their employers, by forcing them to close the stores at an early hour in the evening. We should be glad to see such a movement successful, not because we have any faith that those emancipated from labor would use the time for improvement, but simply because we believe in shortening the hours of labor as much as possible, and giving to the laborer all the recreation that is consistent with the obtainment of a living; but at the same time we hazard a doubt of the success of any movement of this kind that is not based on first principles. The trouble among the clerks is that there is more labor than there is demand, and so long as this exists so long will employers have it in their power to dictate how many hours they shall labor, and at what price. There is but one cure for a trouble like this, which is for 50 per cent. of the said clerks to shoulder the musket and march forth, or if they have a constitutional distaste to this mode, let them withdraw into other channels of employment and so relieve the overburdened branch.

The fact is, the public have but little sympathy with the movement, for the reason that they have little sympathy with the movers. A drygoods clerk, or a clerk in any department of labor where a woman might be employed, is looked upon with unfavorable eyes, and we cannot help thinking that, as long as his ambition goes no further than usurping a woman's labor, he deserves to suffer, not only by long hours but by short pay.

The week has been one of little sensation in the dramatic line. All has been lovely and serene, but nothing startling. No new play produced, no addition to the old ones, and we verily fear, as a seeker after sensations, that we shall have no better report to make for weeks to come.

The Olympic is still running "Aladdin," and as far as judgment can be rendered on the nightly crowds, will continue to run it for a month to come. Certainly, New York will be many years older before she will see again such gorgeous scenery and costuming. There is but one thing that should have been done, which is a re-writing of the piece, and the introduction of some light matter that would have cast original interest about it. We do not mean to make a burlesque of it, nor yet to detract from the working beauty, but something might be done with the dialogue that would make it far more acceptable to present day taste.

We are glad that the management of this house, possibly acting on the suggestion we gave a few weeks since, has placed this notice at the head of its programmes:

"The haste manifested by many of the audience to leave the theatre immediately preceding the termination of the performance, renders the conclusion perfectly inaudible to others desirous of hearing and understanding it, and Mrs. John Wood feels confident that her wish, that all will retain their seats till the fall of the curtain, will meet with consideration."

This notice is good, and we are glad to see that it had some effect, but a universal adoption of our suggestion that the doors be closed five minutes before conclusion, and no one suffered to pass out, is the only plan. Will not Mrs. Wood assert her prerogative and enforce it?

On Friday night we dropped into Wallack's to see "Ernestine" and a "Pretty Piece of Business," and were pleased to hear a very clever hit from Mr. Floyd on this point. A few moments before the conclusion of the last piece the audience, as usual, started to its feet for a race out. It was part of Mr. Fisher's final speech to say, "I have something to tell you," when Floyd interpolated, "Go on then and say it, don't you see how patiently the audience is waiting?" The people were appreciative, but it did not stay them in their flight, or cause them to push or squeeze a bit less in getting out.

Niblo's will run "Bel Demonio" for three weeks longer, and then Lucille Western tries her fortunes at this house. The Florences close their engagement at Winter Garden on Saturday, and on Monday Dolly Davenport took a benefit, offering, among other attractions, Heller, who juggled away the seven senses of the audience, and left them crying for more. At his own place Heller has been more than successful, and certainly he deserves it. Among the numerous professors of his art, who have tried their fortunes in New York, he is, without question, the greatest, to say nothing of his pleasant way on the stage, his witty and humorous allusions, and his really superb playing on the pianoforte.

Barnum is still doing the patriotic with Major Pauline Cushman, and has no reason to complain of the public response. Mdlle. Ernestine has fastened firmly on the affections of the Barnum-o-nians, and deserves their favor, for with the exception of Annetti Galletti, who is dancing in "Aladdin" at the Olympic, she is the best *danseuse* on the American stage.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The Grand Jury have been instructed by the City Judge to co-operate with Mr. Oakey Hall, the District Attorney, and see what judicial action ought to be taken against the parties who seized the *World* and *Journal of Commerce*, for publishing the bogus proclamation.

—— The Hoboken ferryboat to Canal street, N. Y. has been discontinued, in consequence of some disagreement with the New York Aldermen about the piers. The Genghis Khan arrogance with which that branch of the Hapsburg family, known as the Stevens, treat their unfortunate serfs, the Hobokanese, is the wonder of the 19th century.

—— The Irish papers speak of the emigration to America as partaking more of a panic than deliberate choice. From the small port of Sligo alone nearly three thousand persons have sailed in five weeks for the United States.

—— There was a ratification meeting of the Lincoln and Johnson Baltimore nomination at the Cooper Institute on the evening of the 15th of June.

—— A Chicago jury lately awarded $10,000 to a man who had a large quantity of cotton burned while it was passing over the Illinois Central railroad.

—— The peach crop of New Jersey will be far above the average this year. The yield promises to be larger than for many years past. Berries of all kinds will also be abundant.

—— Inspector Boole invited several reporters to inspect the state of the roads on the 17th of June. They were handsomely entertained, and everything went off well.

—— The anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill was observed on the 17th of June, to a limited extent, down East. That battle was a miserable skirmish, if measured by the doings of to-day; yet Carlyle said of it: "On Bunker Hill Democracy was announcing in rifle volleys death-winged, under her Star banner, to the tune of Yankee-doodle-doo, that she is born, and whirlwind like, will envelope the whole world."

—— A large outdoor meeting was held in Union square on the 16th of June, to advocate the early closing movement. It was addressed by Dr. Cheever, Greeley, Parson Beecher and other eminent men.

—— The old issues of fractional currency are being mutilated by dishonest parties, who peel off the figures and neatly paste them on the $1 and $2 notes. Some of the latter have thus been altered to $50. The United States Treasury does not redeem fractional currency thus mutilated.

—— The Supreme Court, general term, affirmed the decision of Judge Barnard, legalizing the appointment of the new Tax Commissioners, so that the old board may now be set down as fairly defunct. There is no resort now for Messrs. Brown and Williamson short of the Court of Appeals; but it is not at all likely that the matter will ever reach Albany. The question may be considered as finally disposed of.

—— Philip Tieman, of Cincinnati, has again challenged Kavanagh to play for the championship of American billiards. The challenge has been regularly made and the deposit placed in the hands of Messrs. Phelan & Collender. Mr. Kavanagh has signified his readiness to play any time in September next, that a suitable hall can be provided.

Southern.—The Petersburg *Express* of the 13th of June, just after Gen. Gillmore's abortive attack on Petersburg, thus grandiloquently praises Gov. Wise: "Gen. Wise has ever been for defending the city of Petersburg. His brigade has lost 400 men in the fights around the town. When placed in command here, he proclaimed he would hold the place or fall with it. His defence on the 9th proves him to be as good as his word. The hero of Charleston will stand by him, so let none fear. We'll trust in God and fight." Recent events make this somewhat farcical.

Military.—The Army Appropriation bill, which is now a law, equalises the pay, rations, etc., of all troops, whether colored or white, except in the matter of bounty. On this point, it says that every person of color who shall hereafter be mustered into the service, shall receive such sums in bounty as the President shall order in the different States, and parts of the United States, not exceeding $100.

—— The 16th New York Volunteer artillery, commanded by Col. J. J. Morrison, headquarters at Yorktown, Va., is the largest regiment ever recruited in the United States, and has men in the following places: At Yorktown, 1,140; at Williamsburg, 735; at Gloucester Point, 147; at Bermuda Hundred, 270; putting up telegraph, 50; with 148th New York volunteers, 40; with 1st New York mounted rifles, 272, transferred; with 85th New York volunteers, 45; with light batteries United States artillery, 22; with army of the Potomac, 201, transferred; making a total of 2,928 men and 53 officers.

Personal.—The Rev. Sella Martin, a colored person, and formerly a slave, gave an interesting account of his experiences in England. He was very severe on the aristocracy, but said the people were in favor of the North. Among the remarkable circumstances connected with his history is the fact, that his preaching converted his former owner. He is a very fluent speaker, and his discourse was listened to by a large audience with marked attention.

—— Charles G. Leland is said to be preparing a volume on the "derivation and history of American slang phrases."

—— Señora de Avellaneda, a Cuban poetess of celebrity, is at present in this city. She has won a distinguished name in contemporary Spanish literature by her lyric and dramatic poetry, and by her romances, especially the historical one "Guantemotzin," the heroic defender of Mexican Independence against Hernando Cortez.

—— Edmond About, the well-known French writer, has just been married to Mdlle. de Guillerville, a Normandy heiress, at the Chateau de Roucherolles, near Rouen.

—— Richard Wallach has been re-elected Mayor of Washington, by 971 majority. All the successful candidates profess to be Union men, of course.

—— A dispatch to the Cincinnati *Commercial* from Dayton says: "That in response to a serenade, Mr. Vallandigham said he didn't believe that there would be any attempt to arrest him, but should there be such a thing intimated he and his friends are prepared for such an emergency."

—— Mr. Charles Holt, formerly of the Janesville (Wis.) *Gazette*, has become associated with Mr. Landon in the publication of the Quincy *Whig and Republican*. Mr. Richardson, late editor of the *Whig*, continues his connection with the paper.

Obituary.—The notorious Bishop, Gen. Leondas Polk, who has just been killed in one of the Georgia battles, was a West Point student. He graduated in 1827, and was ordained a clergyman in 1831, and in 1838 was made bishop of a diocese which consisted of Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana. At the commencement of the rebellion he accepted a commission from Jeff Davis, and has been an active rebel. His career as a General was very unlucky.

—— Major Wilson Hubbell, 62d regiment, N. Y. V., (Anderson Zouaves), who was killed at Coal Harbor, was born in Bridgeport, Conn. He was with the army of the Potomac in all their battles, and was a brave soldier and good man.

—— W. B. Leonard, who may be called the pioneer cotton manufacturer in this country, died a few days since of heart disease. The foundations of his first mill, located in Plymouth, Mass., he dug with his own hands. This mill was destroyed by the British during the war of 1812. In 1817 Mr. Leonard removed to Matteawan, and it was owing in a great measure to his untiring energy and great executive ability that the immense cotton manufactures and machine shops of the Matteawan Company expanded from a small beginning to one of the largest interests of the kind in the State. During the 34 years he acted as agent of this company, it continued to pour its wealth in the form of large dividends into the pockets of its proprietors. Of the company, which was composed of some of the ablest and most influential merchants of New York, such as Gardner and Samuel Howland, Philip Hone, John Jacob Astor, etc., not one now survives. Mr. Leonard was the first to introduce into the factories of this country the self-acting mules; was the inventor of the first broadcloth looms; and to his inventive genius the cotton manufactories are indebted for many of their most perfect labor-saving machines. At length, retiring from active business, he returned to the city, and was for many years the agent of the American Institute. Those who remember the brilliant fairs of the Institute, at the Crystal Palace, will remember the courtesy and energy of the moving spirit, who was never weary in working for the development of American industry and genius.

—— Another of the strong men of Secessia is dead. Thomas Butler King, of Georgia, whose name is familiar to all who have known anything of the political history of the country for the last 30 years. Mr. King was one of the most active of the leaders of the Secession movement in his State. He was in Congress several years between 1830 and 1840.

—— The Northamptonshire peasant poet, John Clare, died on the 20th ult., in the Northampton Lunatic Asylum, and was buried in his native village on the 24th. He leaves behind him a wife and several children, and we understand that a collected edition of his poems will shortly be published for the benefit of his family.

—— Mr. Charles Sealsfield, the American author and popular novel writer, died at an advanced age on the 26th of May, at Solothurn, in Switzerland. Sealsfield, whose works are written in German, was for a certain time, in his branch, the "Great Unknown" of German literature, owing to the mystery with which he knew how to surround the authorship of his books. He had made himself a fortune with his pen, and had settled for about 20 years in Switzerland.

—— "The death of the Marquise de Barolo, of this place," says a letter from Turin, "has revived an incident of interest to the literary world. In the house of this lady, Silvio Pellico passed the last 20 years of his life, and at his death left several unpublished writings in her possession. The heirs of Silvio Pellico claimed these works in order to publish them, though without success, but M. Briano, a friend of the author, being now provided with a regular authorization, is preparing to establish the rights of the family."

Accidents and Offences.—A mutiny occurred on the 13th June on board the Emily Augusta, Strickland, while proceeding to sea. The captain was stabbed and the mate knocked down and beaten. A boat's crew from the Revenue Cutter off Quarantine boarded the ship and took the crew into custody. Capt. Strickland is dangerously wounded.

—— Mrs. Miller, the wife of a most respectable man, cut the throats of her two children and then her own, at Fishkill landing, on the 13th instant. Insanity the cause.

—— In Pittsburg, the other day, a little boy, about six years old, becoming enraged at a playmate, his junior by two years, actually punched his eye out with a rusty nail, and, not content with this, the young demon was deliberately proceeding to put out the other eye, when the little victim's screams brought assistance. A warrant was issued for the arrest of the offender, but his parents spirited him off to the country before the officers had time to secure him.

—— Lloyd W. Daniels, a rebel soldier, who violated his parole and joined the rebel army, has been caught, convicted and sentenced to the Penitentiary in Albany for three years.

—— An explosion happened on the 17th June in the Government arsenal at Washington. There were nearly 1,000 workpeople in the building at the time; it is supposed that over 20 were killed.

Foreign.—The *Independence Belge*, speculating on the chances of Napoleon's son, now nine years of age, ever coming to the throne, recalls the remarkable historical fact that since Louis XIV. succeeded to the crown in 1643, a period of 220 years, no son of any French monarch has succeeded to the throne. Napoleon will not thank the journalist for the unpleasant reminder.

—— On Monday, May 30, Louis Philippe Albert d'Orleans, Comte de Paris, the eldest hope of the Orleans family, was married to his first cousin, the Princess Isabelle of Spain, in the presence of a most illustrious company, including not only English nobility and foreign ambassadors, but many of the representatives of the old historic names of France, who still adhere in loyalty and hope to the fallen fortunes of the Orleans dynasty. The marriage was celebrated in the Roman Catholic chapel at Kingston, where the Duc de Chartres was married last year.

—— There were 36,000 blind people in Great Britain on the 1st Jan., 1864. With very few exceptions they were all of the indigent classes.

—— Garibaldi reached his home in Caprera, after a voyage of four days, in the Duke of Sutherland's yacht. He is about to re-enter the Italian Parliament.

—— The volunteer force of Great Britain now numbers 163,000 effective men. It is the intention of the Government to increase it to 250,000.

—— The Spaniards are contemplating the cutting of a canal around the rock of Gibraltar.

—— The Spanish Cortes have passed a law empowering the Government to make arrangements with the municipality of Madrid for the erection of a colossal bronze statue of Christopher Columbus in one of the public places of the city. It is proposed to inscribe on the pedestal the device of the Dukes de Veraguas, the great discoverer's descendants, of which the following is a translation: "To Castile and Leon, Columbus gave the New World."

—— The Masonic body of Paris was informed, at its last meeting, that the Emperor restored to it the traditional right of electing its Grand Master. This announcement was received with enthusiastic applause, and Marshal Magnan, who held his nomination by Imperial decree, was unanimously re-elected by the delegates of all the lodges present.

—— Mr. Bright, in a recent speech, said that England was "the most merciless of all Christian countries." A prominent English journal admits this saying to be true, and, going back to the historical character of England in this respect, adds: "In the reigns of the Henrys 500,000 subjects and citizens of England alone are computed to have been executed for the mere offence of vagrant indigence. Even in the reign of Elizabeth an unemployed peasant was held liable to seizure and slavery. In the time of James II., only 176 years ago, obnoxious citizens were sentenced to transportation wholesale, and sold by the Court to the courtiers, to be put up at auction as slaves in the plantations."

—— The people of Naples have been sending addresses and giving serenades to the Duke of Sutherland, who is in their city, for his courtesy to Garibaldi. From Gibraltar, on the 3d of May, the Italian hero wrote this letter:

"MY DEAR FRIEND—Having read in the London journals that you and your friends have formed the generous intention to open a subscription in favor of myself and children, I must let you know that it is impossible for me to accept it. It is, however, but one demand the more on the gratitude which I owe to you and to your noble friends for so much kindness.

"Devotedly yours,

"To the Duke of Sutherland. G. GARIBALDI."

Art, Science and Literature.—The expenses of the British Museum for the current year are rated at £96,400, and £47,000 of this are swallowed up in salaries. The additions of books during the past year numbered 36,000, and the average number of readers is 372 a day, each using 11 volumes.

—— The *Cornhill Magazine* for June contains the last words of Thackeray. "I am sure," he said, in the person of Denis Duval, "I bore but little malice, and, thank Heaven! never wronged a man so much as to be obliged to hate him afterwards. Certain men there were who hated me; but they are gone, and I am here, with a pretty clear conscience, Heaven be praised! and little the worse for their enmity."

—— The "Anecdotal Memoir of Richard Whateley, Archbishop of Dublin," now in the press, will, it is said, especially relate to the latter part of that distinguished prelate's career, presenting his admirers with scraps of his delightful conversation, his maxims, and much of that store of *ana* which he had accumulated in a long life devoted to religion and literature.

—— The translation of an important work is announced by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., "Mazzini: his Autobiography and Works." The work will be issued in small 8vo., a volume at a time.

—— It is again stated in literary circles that new volume of poems by Mr. Tennyson may be expected before the end of the year.

—— An inventor has succeeded in chemically treating the pulp during the process of manufacturing paper in such a manner that when the paper is impressed upon the uninked types the chemical particles are crushed, and a perfectly black impression is the result. This discards ink and rollers, and will convert a printing-office into a model of cleanliness, instead of what it is now. It will also enable the pressman to print from a continuous roll of paper.

Odds and Ends.—A distinguished English physician has shown the difference in the average time of recovery from sickness between those who have been in the habit of using alcoholic drinks moderately and those who are total abstinents. The number who became infected from the same exposure of those who used the alcohol was nearly two to one of the other, and the time of recovery double.

—— A prize fight came off at Oporto, C. W., lately, between two pugilists from Philadelphia, the one a Frenchman, named Tessot, and the other an Italian, named Cibloni. The contest lasted nine hours, during which they fought 56 rounds. Cibloni was killed outright, and Tessot is in a hopeless condition, having been given up by his physician.

—— "Fancy," Sydney Smith once said, while sitting quietly at the Deanery of St. Paul's with some ladies, when he was told that one of the giraffes at the Zoological Gardens had caught a cold, "fancy a giraffe with a sore throat!"

—— The *Nain Jaune* (Paris) relates the following anecdote: "At the commencement of the winter two journalists were in conversation at the opera. The one M. de X——, is a bachelor, the other M. de Y——, just married. 'Well,' said the one to the other, 'how do you get along in your new condition?' 'Ah, my dear, there is nothing like being married! You cannot imagine how happy I am. When I am at work my wife is at my side, and at the conclusion of each paragraph I embrace her. That is charming!' 'Now I understand,' was the happy retort of X——, 'why your sentences are so short.' This conversation quickly spread through Paris. From that time forth the articles of Y—— were consulted by the public as the thermometer of his conjugal felicity. During two months the prose of M. Y—— was disjointed and epigrammatic, in shorter periods than are to be found in the earlier writings of Emile de Girardin. All the women grew jealous of Madame Y——. But gradually the periods elongated, and at last Madame Y—— opened the journal edited by M. Y——, and casting a rapid glance over the article signed with his name, cried, 'What! but a single paragraph in the whole article! Poor woman, a divorce will most assuredly follow!'"

—— John Milton's house, situated near the Barbican, London, is to be demolished, to make room for city improvements.

—— A curious story is told of a Massachusetts colonel, who rode out one evening at dusk to establish his picket line. The men on the opposing sides could not distinguish one another, but the rebels had a countersign, "Mobile," and seized everybody who did not say that word, while our men on their part seized everybody who did say it, so that the result was that the rebels took six prisoners and we four, and the colonel established his picket line, though he could not tell exactly where it was.

—— The New Yorkers have quite a zoological collection in the Central Park. Among the specimens are an English rabbit, an American Eagle, two Syrian broad-tailed sheep, a Canadian porcupine, one fox (the ninth), a pair of ringdoves, a pair of swan-geese, four young fawns, three cygnets, two pair of curassows, two penelopes, a kinkajou, two macaws, five whistling ducks, a "oisota," two trumpet cranes, a fine parrot, a brown gallinule, and South American opossum.

—— The Charleston *Courier*, S. C., May 24th, has the following queer paragraph: "Two fast steamers were launched from Nantes on the 3d of May for *the rebels*." This slip of the printer evidently arises from copying somewhat carelessly from a Northern newspaper.

—— When a watch gets out of order in China and stops, they say it is dead, and lose no time in getting a living one—which is one that will go.

—— The Chicago *Tribune* calls the letter in which Fremont accepts the nomination of the Cleveland Convention, "the last will and testament of the late J. C. Fremont." Even in this view it is, in a political sense, something like the last will of Rabelais: "I owe much; I have nothing; I leave the rest to the poor."

—— The Reese River Hotel has the following among other rules for the government of its boarders of the gold-digging persuasion: "Lodgers inside arise at five A.M.; in the barn, at six o'clock; each man sweeps his own bed; no quartz taken at the bar; no fighting allowed at the table; any one violating the above rules will be shot."

—— Indiarubber collars, shirt wristbands and cuffs are now quite the rage in London.

—— A person living in London advertises that he has changed his name from Patrick O'Flaherty to "De Vere," and that in future he will be known as "Albert Henry Benson de Vere." This throws Count de Joannis into the shade.

—— Gold has been discovered in New Caledonia, one of the islands in the South Pacific Ocean.

—— They are making straw hats in Paris without any crown, its place being supplied by two falls of lace, veiling the hair.

—— An eye-fancier in a western journal writes thus learnedly of the mysteries: "It has often been said that a woman with a hazel eye never elopes from her husband, never chats scandal, never sacrifices her husband's comfort for her own, never finds fault, never talks too much or too little, is always an entertaining, agreeable and lovely companion. 'We never knew,' says a quilldriver, 'but one uninteresting and unamiable woman with a hazel eye, and she had a nose, which looked, as the Yankee says, like the little end of nothing whittled down to a point.' The gray is the sign of shrewdness and talent. Great thinkers and captains have it. In women it indicates a better head than heart. The dark hazel is noble in its significance, as in its beauty. The blue eye is admirable, but may be feeble. The black eye, take care! Look out for the wife with a black eye! Such can be seen at the police office, generally, with a complaint against the husband for assault and battery."

—— In his recent work, "Savage Africa," Winwood Reade shows satisfactorily that the gorilla resembles the chimpanzee in travelling on all fours, in building nests, in attacking by biting, in assembling occasionally in large numbers, in its docility when young, and in not differing so very materially from our ancient friend, the ourang-outang. He denies that gorillas beat their breasts as a signal for battle, that they carry off women to domesticate them, or that they ever attack man without provocation.

—— A gentleman, in conversation, remarked to President Lincoln, a short time since, that nothing could defeat him but Grant's capture of Richmond, to be followed by his nomination at Chicago and acceptance. "Well," said the President, "I feel very much like the man who said he didn't want to die particularly, but if he had got to die that was precisely the disease he would like to die of."

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE news received from Europe during the last week is both scanty and unimportant. The armistice between Germany and Denmark has been extended for another fortnight, and the probabilities are that the question may be so patched up as to avoid a general war. The position of England is so peculiar and embarrassing as almost to paralyze her action, and indeed render her advocacy positively disadvantageous to Denmark—her chief cards are to threaten Prussia with the loss of the Rhine, and Austria with that of Venetia. In one respect the visit of Garibaldi has materially strengthened the British Ministry, as it shows how intensely revolutionary the British nation is.

The health of the Pope remains in a very critical condition, although much reliance cannot be placed upon the newspaper accounts, as all conversant with Vatican politics understand.

The French papers have a report that Mr. Seward endeavored to influence the Papal Government to choose Bishop Timon as Archbishop Hughes's successor, instead of Bishop McCloskey.

Garibaldi has had a warning from some of his friends that Caprera is too exposed a residence for him, and that he might be carried off by Greek pirates employed by Louis Napoleon or the Emperor of Austria. The great Liberator having been returned to the Italian Parliament, he will reside part of his time in Turin. The reception he met in England was very distasteful to Victor Emanuel.

The French papers are very much pleased with the arrival of Maximilian and his Empress in Mexico, and trust it will soon enable them to withdraw from that expensive and false position. The policy, however, of his calling around him such men as Santa Anna, Miramon, Almonte, and other well-known intriguantes, is much canvassed, and pronounced very dangerous. The reception the Imperial pair met with at Vera Cruz is considered rather chilling, and calculated to raise gloomy forebodings.

MESSRS. HALL & RUCKEL, Wholesale Druggists, 218 Greenwich street, New York, among the valuable articles furnished by them, supply the new and popular dentifrice, Sozodont. It is extremely prized, as imparting a delightful refreshing taste and feeling to the teeth, removing tartar and scurf, and reaching in its cleansing course the interstices between the teeth and cavities of all kinds. It has been adopted and recommended by the best dentists in the country, and cannot fail to give entire satisfaction.

THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—BUTLER'S LINES SOUTH OF THE JAMES, WITH TROOPS IN POSITION NEAR OUR CENTRE, AWAITING AN ATTACK PREVIOUS TO THE ARRIVAL OF GRANT'S ARMY, JUNE 3.—SKETCHED BY OUR ARTIST, T. P. MORAN.

SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA—TROOPS STARTING FROM RINGGOLD FOR THE FRONT,—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. F. HILLEN.—SEE PAGE 231.

CHARGE OF THE CASH BRIGADE

At the Brooklyn Fair.

BY DE TOLBIAC.

Mais, comme l'a dit Molière,
Qu'allaient ils aussi faire
Tous, dans cette galère?

'Cross the river, 'cross the river,
'Cross the river, onward
Up into Montague street
Marched the eight hundred.
"Forward! the Cash Brigade!
Go straight ahead!" he said
Into the Academy
Marched the eight hundred.

In marched the Cash Brigade;
Think you they were afraid
That by some artless maid
They would be plunder'd?
Theirs, but to go and view,
Theirs, not a thing to do,
Theirs, *not to spend a sou*,
Thus through the Academy
Strode the eight hundred.

Ladies to right of them,
Ladies to left of them,
Ladies in front of them,
Looked up and wonder'd;
Seeing they did not buy,
None of the chances try;
Nothing would take their eye—
For *nil admirari*
Thought the eight hundred.

Tables to right of them,
Tables to left of them,
Tables in front of them,
Piled up and lumber'd;
Taking no little space,
Tended with charming grace,
By the *crême* of the place;
Of none of which the face
Struck the eight hundred.

People to right of them,
People to left of them,
People in front of them,
Weary and hunger'd;
Pushing with all their might,
Seemingly out of spite,
As if 'twere their delight
To cause at once the flight
Of the eight hundred.

"Anything here to eat?"
"Something, I entreat!"
"Anything for a seat!"
"I can't stand on my feet!"
Each of them thunder'd;
No resource but to pace,
This done with charming grace
By ev'ry one, until
Into a quiet place
One of them blunder'd.
Then sat they down—but not
All the eight hundred.

Seats all could not beget,
'Gainst resting some were set,
Much marching there was yet
Others pretended;
Thanks to all who did aid,
Thanks to all who then made
Strong efforts to persuade
That these feuds should be stayed—
The good *entente* render'd;
For it was their intent,
The next hours should be spent
In peaceful merriment,
And thus, in order, went
Went the eight hundred.

What was there else to see?
What should their next move be?
Asked, when the gallery
Left, through the dense crowd, they
Slowly meandered;
Hungry as they were all,
Passed by table and stall,
Passed by each "*waterfall*,"
Through Kitchen, stage and Hall,
Each of them wander'd;
But nought found they for all—
All the eight hundred.

People to right of them,
People to left of them,
People in front of them,
Scrambled and thunder'd;
Hungry ones everywhere,
Pushed the ladies there,
They that had stood so well;
Back, from this *splendid Fair*,
In contentment rare,
Once more in open air,

Before the Scoress.

Dr. Kent's Offer of Marriage.

March'd forth, in grim despair,
All the eight hundred.

When can their mem'ry fade?
At the wild trip they made,
They themselves wonder'd:
Forget the words they said,
Honor the trip they made!
Honor the Cash Brigade,
Happy eight hundred!

A Visit to a Fortuneteller.

BY LILLIE DEVEREUX UMSTED.

ROSA TEMPLETON sat alone in her room, her face buried in her hands, her heart lost in a melancholy reverie. She was a young woman—only twenty-three—fair to look upon too, and yet she had already endured such suffering as does not often afflict one person in the course of a whole life. Three years ago she had been as happy a creature as ever lived; the idolised darling of a home where her lightest will was law, with two fond parents, a stalwart brother and a sweet young sister to make up the happy family; surrounded by luxury, knowing that all belonging to her were respected and esteemed, herself the reigning belle of the town, a favorite with her young companions and adored by the young men, her position was indeed an enviable one, and she had enjoyed it to the full; naturally of a bright and cheerful disposition, the present had been all sunshine, and the future had seemed all promise. The first shadow came in the failure of her mother's health, but just as this trial began a new delight arose that made even this threatened sorrow for the time seem impossible—Rosa fell in love. She had had a score of suitors with whom she had laughed, and perhaps sometimes flirted, but not one had touched her heart, until she met Robert Marchmont. From the moment when she first saw his handsome, manly face, and looked into his earnest eyes, up to the time when he whispered to her his strong, deep love, it was all a wild delightful dream, and life was such a golden aspect that sorrow and death seemed the greatest unrealities. But almost immediately after her happy engagement a new trouble came in the parting with her lover. Robert was junior partner in a large mercantile house, and at this time there arose a sudden necessity for one of this firm to go out to

South America, to attend to the affairs of a branch establishment, then involved in unexpected entanglement owing to the very sudden death of its chief. Robert was selected for this duty, and very reluctantly found himself compelled to start on a long and distant voyage, with no certainty of the period when he might return.

And now Rosa's sorrows were fairly begun; her lover gone, and the absorbing pleasure of his companionship removed, she woke to a sad consciousness of what she had lost, to a realization of how dull life was after the removal of this last excitement, worst of all to a sudden knowledge of how desperately ill her mother was. It was even so; Mrs. Templeton, while yet appearing about her house much as usual, was suffering under a mortal illness, and before the weary weeks had elapsed between Robert Marchmont's departure and his first letter Rosa wept on her mother's deathbed.

After this the other troubles came quickly. Mrs. Templeton was but taken from the evil to come. Her husband, all unsuspected by any one, had been for some time on the eve of ruin, and before six months had past the crash came. The wealthy house of Adolphus Templeton & Co. went to irretrievable "smash," and Rosa, the proud Rosa, knew that she was well nigh a beggar, saw that the papers were daily filled with denunciations of her father as a scoundrel, and heard his once honored name whispered with indignation and contempt. Soon came a period of the darkest misery. Rosa found herself slandered by many of her former companions, and knew herself to be an object of dislike or of pity to those who had once loved and esteemed her. The Templetons left their elegant house, and for a while lived in cheap lodgings, where, of course, none of their former friends could or would visit them. Here Rosa struggled on, teaching her little sister, trying to make their poor apartments comfortable, and doing what she could to cheer and encourage her father and brother. But it was hard work. Mr. Templeton fell into a more and more despondent state, until his mind at last fairly gave way under the shock, and it was only the horrible realization of a long haunting dread when he was discovered one morning dead in his bed, and by his own hand.

Let us hurry over this dark period. Poor Rosa was indeed stricken on every side, bereaved of almost everything that could make life desirable, and yet her sorrows were not over. Her brother Adolphus, who should have been the supporter and stay of the family in this dark hour, had proved himself wholly unequal to the task, and sank down utterly under his burdens. For two weary years Rosa clung to him and tried to restrain him, to keep him back from the headlong path of vice into which she knew he was sinking, but it was in vain. Night after night that poor girl sat up to watch for his return from some drunken orgy, and day after day she tried to stimulate him to reformation. It was all of no avail, he fell deeper and deeper, until his death in the agonies of *mania-à-potu* was a relief to every one but his poor desolate sister.

So the three years wore on, Rosa and her little sister Lily were alone in the world, and almost penniless. The remnants of her mother's fortune which had been left from the wreck, and which had sustained them in this past time of darkness, had all been absorbed in the last two dreadful years, and when the funeral expenses for poor Adolphus were paid Rosa had only two hundred dollars in the world with which to face the future. Had not her sorrows, indeed, been almost unparalleled? Mother, father and brother all dead, two of them by such horrible deaths; wealth, position, honor, all lost; surely she had lived through already trouble enough for a lifetime. Yet she was still young, and as I have said, still handsome. Her face, it is true, had lost the girlish roundness it still retained at twenty, the glad light had died out of her eyes, and there were faint lines on the corners of her mouth that told of suffering; but what her face had lost in softness it had gained in experience, there was something of the noble look of the faithful martyr now in her large sad eyes, and on her brow was the crown of those who can "suffer and be strong."

Rosa's first act after her brother's death was to remove to other lodgings, where two very small rooms would suffice for herself and Lily. They were retired and out of the way, but they were cheap and they were clean, and had a pleasant look-out. Once settled here, her next step was to seek employment. She had already earned some addition to their slender means by turning one of her former accomplishments to account in coloring photographs, and she now made this her regular employment, earning by it enough to suffice for her own and Lily's small wants, and leave their two hundred dollars for the present untouched.

And all this time where was Robert Marchmont? Ah! you may well ask, for in the answer to that question lay the last drop of bitterness in Rose's already overflowing cup. She had heard from him regularly during the first year, but after that a strange silence had come, and for eighteen months she had received no word or letter from him. She knew that he was still away, he had never returned to the city, but gradually, as the weeks passed away without any reply to her last letter—that letter in which she had told him of her father's death and dishonor, and offered to release him from his engagement—the conviction came slowly home to her heart that he loved her no longer, he had forgotten the lovedream that had been so brief, and was glad to be released from the irksome ties that bound him to the bankrupt's daughter. Here was the sorrow that had told more than any other on Rosa's brave heart, for it deprived the future of all hope. Often and often when she lay awake at night, depressed with care and wellnigh despairing, she would have been glad to die, had not the quiet breathing of her sleeping sister reminded her of one great duty she yet had in life. And sometimes, despite all her sorrow, a faint hope would spring up, when she would think that some day Robert Marchmont must return, and at last she might hope to look upon his face again, that face one sight of which she so longed for, that face without which all scenes of gaiety and all places of amusement would have been alike blank.

But recently a new element had appeared in Rosa's life; the physician, Dr. Kent, who had attended Adolphus in his last illness, was a middle-aged man, reserved and cold in manner, but with a good, true heart. He had watched Rosa in her untiring attendance on her wretched brother, her maternal kindness to her little sister. He knew all her past history, and at last there sprang up in his mind a desire to have her for his wife. He had long looked for such a companion as might be fit to share his wealth and his high position, and here at last he fancied he had found one. So when Rosa and Lily had been a short time settled in their new quarters, he called one evening, and requesting an interview with Rosa alone, astonished her by his formal proposal. Rosa was taken completely by surprise.

"This is so unexpected," she faltered; "I know not what to say."

"Miss Templeton," replied Dr. Kent, with some severity, for he had supposed that of course she would eagerly accept his proposal, "I am sorry if I have startled you. But, remember, this is a very grave subject. I will take you and your sister to my home, I will try to make you a good husband, and Lily shall be my sister as well as yours."

"You are very kind," Rosa exclaimed, touched by his offer to her sister as well as herself. "But indeed you must allow me time to consider the matter."

The doctor rose, a good deal offended at this want of alacrity.

"Very well," he said. "I will give you three days; but, remember, if you rashly reject my suit it will be final. I shall never renew the offer."

"Certainly not," replied Rosa, rather haughtily, "I am no girlish coquette, Dr. Kent, to trifle with a proposition so complimentary; I assure you my decision also will be final."

So the doctor went away, and Rosa dropped her head down on her hands and indulged in a hearty burst of tears. How this wooing, cold as it was, recalled Robert Marchmont's impetuous courtship; how it brought back again that scene she had so often tried to banish, where, almost without words, that first passionate love was avowed!

But now, how was she to answer this question, what reply should she make to the stern physician? This was the question that still remained unanswered on the second morning at the period when my story opens. She did not love him, no! that she was sure of, and she did love Robert Marchmont yet. Yes, that she could not deny; despite his neglect, his cruelty, for aught she knew his infidelity, her heart still longed unutterably for one kind word from him, and she felt that no other image could ever take the place of that one indelibly impressed on her memory. But, then, Dr. Kent would be very kind, and had she the right to refuse? She was not alone; had she been by herself she would have infinitely preferred her present life, hard as it was, to marriage with a man she did not love, but for Lily's sake was not this her duty? He would be kind to Lily as well as to her, he would give her the advantages she ought to have on entering life. Was it not manifestly her duty to sacrifice her own wishes for the sake of that darling child? These were the questions perpetually presenting themselves. She would think of Lily and then she would half decide in the affirmative, yet the moment she contemplated the idea of being that man's wife she could not repress an involuntary shudder, while again she seemed to hear, as in a dream, Robert Marchmont's words of love.

So Rosa sat for nearly an hour, lost in sad reverie, her work lay neglected beside her; somehow it seemed to be as if she could not do anything while this question remained undecided, and yet how should she decide it? How choose between duty and inclination? This was the debate repeating itself in her poor head until it seemed as if she should go mad.

It was still running on when she at last roused herself, and determining that at least present duties should not be neglected, turned to her labors on the photographs. She had brought a package from the store the morning before; they still remained wrapped up in a piece of newspaper as she had brought them. She took them up to untie the string, and in doing so her eye fell on a portion of the paper around them. It was one of those advertisements of astrology which daily prove to the world how much of superstition still lingers in the nineteenth century. It was as follows:

"Madame Beam, Clairvoyant, can be consulted on all important events of life. Advice invaluable in all cases of love and marriage. Ladies, 25 cents; gentlemen, 50 cents. Office, — Seventh Avenue."

Rosa read it as if fascinated, laughed at her own folly in the impression it made upon her, and, at last, with a sudden desperation, started up, put on her hat and shawl, and went out with the advertisement in her hand. It was a damp, disagreeable March day, the streets were very wet, the air heavy, the heavens sombre, as she hurried on, with her veil down, through the long streets that led from her own home to the distant avenue. As she went she smiled every now and then at her own folly in what she was about to do. But it seemed to her as if anything, any advice, however humble, would be a relief in this crisis of her fate. She did not believe in this absurd humbug, of course; she had no reliance whatever upon any such nonsense, but at least it would be amusing to hear what the clairvoyant would say. Twenty-five cents was not much, and, perchance, some ray of light might come to her that would enable her to see her way in this hour of indecision.

Reflecting somewhat in this wise, Rosa reached at last the common-looking door, which bore upon it the name of "Madame Beam." Drawing her veil closer, Rosa rang the bell, and stepped inside; a slatternly servant-girl answered the summons by screaming from the top of the stairs:

"Do you want Madame Beam?"

"Yes," answered Rosa, her heart beating in spite of herself.

"Then walk up here."

Rose ran upstairs, and was shown into a dingy back parlor, where she was told to wait a few moments. This was anything but imposing; there surely were no mysterious adjuncts to work upon the feelings, and the wretched room, the odor of a dilapidated breakfast that pervaded it, served certainly rather to inspire contempt than awe. On the walls were sundry certificates in various handwritings, setting forth that Madame Beam had foretold various matters of life and death, which had afterwards turned out in exact accordance with the predictions. But the handwriting of most of these was decidedly mean, the composition vulgar, and Rosa turned away with another smile at her own folly.

Just at this moment the dirty servant-girl again appeared, and ushered Rosa into Madame Beam's office. It was a small dark room, containing a couch, covered with a dark calico quilt, two chairs and a table, on which lay a greasy pack of cards. In one of the chairs sat the mysterious clairvoyant, dressed in a forlorn calico dress, an old straw hat and a green veil. This, then, was the dispenser of life and death, the gifted being who could reveal the past and predict the future.

"Sit down," she exclaimed to Rosa, pointing to the vacant chair. "Sit right down. Now, I tells fortunes two ways—twenty-five cent way you can ask only two questions; dollar, and you can ask anything you like, and I'll tell your life, past and to come; which way will you have, twenty-five cent way or dollar way?"

"Twenty-five cent way," answered Rosa, her breath nearly taken away by the woman's rapidity.

"I'm always paid in advance," continued Madame Beam.

"There's the money," and Rosa tossed her the requisite quarter.

"Now cut these cards, if you please?"

Rosa cut the cards, laughing the while behind her veil, and then Madame Beam began as she picked up the pasteboards to run off the fortune with a volubility of which it is impossible to give any adequate idea.

"You've cut very good cards, mum; you've had a great deal of trouble in your past life, a great deal, but you are going to have a great deal of success; your future life will be full of good luck. There's no sickness nor death threatening any one that's near to you: and there's a gentleman coming to see you from over the water."

At this Rosa's heart beat, and her attention to the woman's rapid utterance was redoubled.

"Cut the cards again, mum," said the clairvoyant, "and I'll tell you about him."

Rosa cut them, and she went on:

"He's a fair gentleman, and his heart is very much inclined towards you; he is coming a great way from over the water, and he will be here in three days."

"Cut again, mum."

Rosa obeyed, and she began again:

"There's another gentleman, a dark man, of a jealous disposition, who also thinks very much of you; you will see him to-morrow, but I advise you to beware of him. Now, mum, let me look at your left hand."

Rosa held out her palm as requested, and on this text Madame Beam went on glibly:

"You've had very much trouble I see here, mum, a great deal of trouble, but you'll have success and prosperity in the future. You'll be married once, mum, and you'll have five children; you'll live to a good old age, and you'll have no sickness nor death for many years to come. Now, mum, you may ask me two questions."

Then as Rosa hesitated she went on:

"Perhaps you'd like to know about that fair young man, mum. I'll tell you anything about him you wish to know. Perhaps you'd like to know if he loves you, would you?"

"Yes," faltered Rosa.

"Well, then, mum, be good enough to fix your mind upon him, and cut the cards, fix your mind entirely upon him, mum."

Rosa did so, her heart was full of one thought—"Robert, Robert, Robert," in a wild, yearning cry, as she cut those absurd pasteboards. The fortuneteller ran them over.

"Yes, mum, he loves you very much, and you will know it in a week and a half from this time. Any other question, mum?"

"Shall I say No or Yes to the proposal that has been made to me?" asked Rosa, with a smile at her own credulity.

"Say No, mum, or you'll have a great deal of trouble," responded the oracle, and Rosa left the room to make way for a common-looking man who was awaiting his turn.

Once out in the street Rosa found her head fairly in a whirl; the woman had spoken so rapidly, she had hit so near the truth, that spite of her own good sense the words had made an impression upon her. She knew to be sure that the story of some one coming over the water was stereotyped, and the dark man and the fair man pretty sure to be right if a lady had any admirers at all, since they would all range themselves under the denomination of dark and fair; yet still, despite the innate conviction that it was all humbug, Rosa was sufficiently impressed to come to one decision—she would not accept Dr. Kent. Perhaps the walk in the fresh air and the stimulant to her mind of her recent interview had helped her to look at the question more rationally, but the conviction came upon her with perfect clearness that it was not her duty to marry a man so utterly repugnant to her; and looking above all earthly comfort, she felt sure that the God who made her would not leave her to do this violence to her nature, and that he would surely still sustain her as He had in the past.

So Rosa had decided, and she drew a long breath of relief as she entered once more her rooms and turned with new energy to her task. Nor could she help cherishing the hope that the fortuneteller's words inspired, and while she worked away at her monotonous labors her heart could not help rejoicing as if it had indeed some hope.

The next day, when Dr. Kent came for his answer, Rosa made it a very decided though courteous refusal. He was astonished, incredulous, and finally very angry; so that poor Rosa, while regretting the mortification he suffered, could not help feeling that she had done well in not trusting herself to this man, who, if he could show so much temper to her now, would scarcely have been a very amiable husband.

So the two sisters went on together as usual, the days slipped by, even the third day that the fortuneteller had said should bring back the fair young man, and no event occurred to prove to Rosa that she had done well. She even began sometimes to fear that she had made a foolish mistake when she realised what she could not but admit, that she had been largely influenced by what that foolish woman had said. Yet, still firm in that reliance on a higher power that had never deserted her, she tried to struggle bravely on.

It was Sunday, a mild, pleasant spring day, rather more than a week after Rosa's visit to Madame Beam, and the sisters were coming home from the quiet church which they were in the habit of attending. Their way lay for a short distance through Fifth avenue, and they were hurrying along the crowded thoroughfare which was now anything but the favorite promenade it had once been to Rosa. She had her veil down, the crape veil she still wore for her brother's death, but it was not so thick but that her handsome features could be seen through it clearly enough to elicit some admiring glances from the gay loungers. But this was a sort of homage no longer pleasing, and Rosa hurried on and had almost reached the cross street leading to her home when she caught a glimpse of a face that actually for an instant held her spellbound where she stood. Yes, there was Robert Marchmont! She knew him at once, though; he looked older, and he was bronzed and bearded—he was coming directly towards her, and on his arm leaned a beautiful and elegantly dressed woman.

Poor Rosa, to save her life she could not stir for one wild moment, while all the blood in her body rushed to her heart and left her pale and trembling. Where was her pride and her dignity? Gone, hopelessly gone for those few seconds. She could not do anything but look at him, her long lost one, with wide staring eyes, and he came on laughing gaily until he was close beside her, then his eyes met hers, and he grew almost as deadly white as she was. Yes, under the brown skin the strong man grew fearfully pale with the influence of uncontrollable emotion.

"My God! Miss Templeton!" he exclaimed, and with a rapid motion, dropping the arm of his astonished companion, he sprang to her side.

"Rose! Miss Templeton!" he faltered, in a voice husky with agitation, "Where do you live? May I come and see you?"

Rose answered as well as she was able, giving the number of her house and an assent she could not help making glad.

"This evening, then," he murmured, and raising his hat he was gone, and Rosa had walked on again.

Yes! it was indeed no dream, that was Robert Marchmont, true as ever, and Rosa went back to her little rooms in a state of excitement that utterly baffles description. How long the time seemed to evening, and yet how soon evening came, when once again Robert and Rosa were alone together.

He sprang up the stairs to her room, and then as she rose to greet him he met her with outstretched arms.

"My love! my darling! my own Rosa!" and Rosa did not resist as he clasped her in his arms.

"You love me still?" he asked, after the first wild moment was over.

"Yes, Robert, always. And you?"

"You know I have always been true!"

"And why have you not written to me?"

"My dear, you heard of that journey into the interior and then my long illness, did you not? And I never received your dreadful letter offering to release me, until just before I set sail for home."

"And the lady who was with you this morning?"

"My new sister-in-law, John's wife; only think that John should have grown old enough to get married while I was away."

"When did you return?"

"Nearly a week ago, and I have tried ever since to find you in vain."

So it was all explained, and they were wonderfully happy, and when Rosa told about her visit to the Clairvoyant, although Robert laughed at her, how thankful he was for her decision.

After this I don't think there is much more to tell; Robert was rich, and Lily would have as happy a home with him as with Dr. Kent, so Rosa and he were married, and part at least of the fortuneteller's predictions were verified, though I am not quite certain if the statement as to the number of olive branches is correct, as I have had no bulletin from the family in the last two years.

POPULATION OF THE WORLD.—A Berlin professor finds that Europe contains 72,000,000 inhabitants; Asia, 720,000,000; Africa, 89,000,000; America, 200,000,000; and Polynesia, 2,000,000—total, 1,283,000,000. Of this little crowd about 32,000,000 die in each year, which is 87,671 a day, or 61 per minute. Another professor calculates that 36,627,843,275,075,855 people have lived on the earth since the creation.

PICTURES.

BY WILLIAM WIRT SIKES.

I.

Taking a little Row on the River.

A BREEZE sweeps lightly across the Zee,
Roughing the waters beneath the moon,
And rocking my boat, while lazily
I dip the oars to a whistled tune.

II.

The Town Clock in the Church Steeple.

Yonder gray turret against the sky
Stands like a tower of olden time:
I rest on my oars, and there floats me by
The musical ring of its sweet bell-chime.

III.

Time to Go Home.

I heed the warning, and row for the shade
Of the woody hills, that in beauty stand
Just as they stood in olden days,
And my boat-prow cuts in the yielding sand.

IV.

Through the Woods in the Dark.

I fasten my boat to a mossgrown beam,
To part from the river my spirit grieves;
But a soft rill, under the moon's white gleam,
Lights me along through a land of leaves.

The Gulf Between Them.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER XLIX.

ELIZABETH MELLEN was home again—home under her husband's roof, for ever at home in his heart. She sat in her dressing-room. The autumnal sunshine came through its windows, with a rich, golden warmth. A hickory wood fire filled the room with additional cheerfulness, which was scarcely needed, for that awful chill had left her heart for ever. A few days of supreme happiness had given back the peachlike bloom to her cheek and the splendor to her eyes. Full of contentment, all the generous impulses of her character rose and swelled in her bosom, till she longed to share her heaven with anything that was cast down or unhappy. The door between her room and Elsie's boudoir was open, and through it she could hear a soft, pleading voice amid a struggle of sobs and tears. Prompted by tender sympathy, Elizabeth half rose from her easy-chair, but fell back again, murmuring:

"No, no, she will best find her way to his heart alone. God help her to be frank and truthful."

Still she listened, and her beautiful face grew anxious, for the sternness of her husband's voice, in answer to those feeble plaints, gave little hopes of conciliation. Directly Mellen came through the boudoir and sat down on a couch near his wife, shading his face with one hand, not wishing her to see how much he was disturbed. Elizabeth arose then, bent over him, and softly removed the hand from his eyes.

"For my sake, Grantley," she said, "for my sake."

Generous tears filled her eyes, pleading tenderness spoke in her voice. Her lips, tremulous with feeling, touched his forehead.

"For my sake, Grantley."

Mellen lifted his eyes to hers—a mist, such as springs from the hushed tears of a strong man, softened them. She fell upon her knees by his side, laid her head upon his bosom with soft murmurs of thankfulness which no living man could have resisted.

Mellen folded her close, and touched his lips to her forehead with tender reverence.

"For your sake, my beloved; what is there that I would not do for your sake?"

"And this forgiveness is perfect," she questioned.

"The fault from this hour is forgotten, sweet wife."

"It was terrible—more terrible than you dream of. When I tell you that she had engaged herself secretly to Thomas Fuller, even your mercy may be qualified."

Elizabeth withdrew from her husband's arms and bowed her lovely face for a moment in sad thoughtfulness. Then she looked up, smiling faintly.

"Elsie is so thoughtless—she does not mean the wrong she does poor Tom—still we must not be unmerciful, so once more let us forgive her wholly—without reservation."

A knock at the door disturbed them. It was Victoria, who came to announce Mr. Fuller, who was close behind her.

"Elizabeth, I've come back. It was no use trying to stay in that confounded city; to save my life I couldn't do it," he said, pushing by the pretty mulatto and closing the door upon her. "Can I see her now—only for once, you know?"

Elizabeth blushed crimson.

"Oh, Tom, you don't know your—"

"Yes, I do know."

"And still wish to see her?"

"Why not? of course I do; because one—infernal villain—excuse me, I won't talk. Where is she?"

Elizabeth, a little shocked and quite taken by surprise, glanced towards the blue boudoir. In Tom strode and shut the door resolutely after him.

Lying upon a couch, over which that pale marble statue was bending with its cold lilies in mocking purity, lay a pale little creature, covered with a pink eider-down quilt, which but half covered a morning dress of faint azure; quantities of delicate Valenciennes lace fluttered, like snowflakes, around her wrists and bosom, and formed the principal material of a dainty little cap, under which her golden tresses were gathered. She looked like a girl of twelve pretending womanhood.

When Tom came in she uttered a sudden cry and flung up her hands and dropped them in a loose clasp over her face, which flushed under them like a rose.

Tom walked straight to the couch, drew one of the fragile gilded chairs close to it, and sat down.

"Don't—don't—go away. It's cruel. I shall faint with shame," she cried, trembling all over.

"Not till you have answered me a few questions," said Tom, firmly. "Questions that I have a right to ask and you must answer."

Elsie drew the little hands slowly from her face and looked at him. The blue eyes—grown larger from illness—opened wide, her lips parted. That was not the lover she had trifled with and domineered over. She was afraid of him, and shrunk away close to the wall.

"Elsie, one word," said Tom, pressing a hand firmly on each knee and bending towards her.

Her lips parted wider, and she watched him with the glance of a frightened bird when a cat looks in at the door of its cage.

"You have come to torment me," she faltered.

"Torment you! I! It isn't in me to do that. Torment! I do not know what it is."

"Well, what do you want of me then?"

"What do I want, Elsie, dear? What do I want? Nothing but God's truth, and that I will have?"

Elsie's eyes grew larger, and the flush of shame left her face.

"I can't—I can't tell you the truth, Tom Fuller, now. Elizabeth, she can say enough to make you ready to kill me, but I would rather die than talk of it."

"I know all that Elizabeth can tell me," said Tom, resolutely.

"What did you come for, then?"

"To ask this one question: Did you love that man?"

A shiver of disgust ran through her and broke out in her voice:

"Love him! No! At first it seemed as if I did; but after I saw what he was and how he lived, it was dreadful, I hated him so."

"But how came you married to him?"

"I don't know; I never could tell. It was when we went on that picnic. He asked me to walk with him. It was good fun to set you all wondering, and I went. He took me down the hill and towards the beach, close by the tavern. We had been flirting for weeks then in New York and here, for he always met me when I went out to walk or ride, or anything; but I never thought of marrying him in earnest, upon my sacred word. Well, that day, just as we came to the tavern, he said, 'Let us stop a moment and get married; there is a clergyman in here.'

"I didn't believe him, and said so. 'Come in and see for yourself,' was his answer. I went in laughing. A gentleman sat in one of the rooms, and Mr. North's mulatto servant, who was sauntering about the door when we came up, followed us in. I don't know what possessed me. Perhaps for the minute I loved him; it seemed to me that I must stand up when the strange man arose. He only said a few words, and before I really believed it was a true ceremony the man said I was Mr. North's wife, and wrote out a paper, which I dropped, thinking that I should be really married if I took it, but which Mr. North picked up, saying I did not know its value."

"The scoundrel! The infamous, double-dyed scoundrel!" cried Tom. "But you didn't love him—you didn't love him?"

"No," said Elsie, shaking her head. "I tried my best to get away from it all, but it was of no use. Then he petted me so, and told me how beautifully we would live somewhere in Europe, and I thought him so rich. But it was my money he meant to use. He thought that half of uncle's property was mine, and when I told him how it was, oh, I won't tell you how rude he became. Just after he told me about that other person."

Elsie broke off here, and covered her face with both hands again. Tom saw the scarlet glow where it shot up to her temples and bathed her white throat, and gave his hands one hard grip in a wild desire to strike something.

"There comes a question," he said, hoarsely; "did you leave him?"

"Yes, yes; that very hour."

"And never saw him again?"

"Never but once; and then I ordered him out of the house."

"Because you hated him so?"

Tom seized both her hands as he asked this question, and wrung them till she could scarcely keep from crying out with the pain.

"Oh, how I did hate him!" she exclaimed, shuddering.

"Elsie," said Tom, "look into my face, straight into the eyes."

She obeyed him, with a look of piteous appeal.

"Did you ever love me?"

Her hands were locked together, she lifted them up with more of energy than he had ever witnessed in her before.

"Did you?" repeated Tom, and a glow came into his face.

"Yes."

The word had scarcely left her lips when Tom flung the gilded chair back and fell on his knees, gathering her up in his arms with a wild outburst of feeling.

"Then I'll be d——hung and choked to death if anything on God's beautiful earth keeps me from marrying you!"

She clung to him, she lifted her quivering lips to his.

"Say it again, just once, darling!" cried Tom, shaking back his tawny locks with energy. "Is this love downright, honest, whole-hearted love?"

"Yes, yes!"

"God bless you, darling! And when was it? about what time did it begin?"

She answered him honestly, but with a faltering voice:

"Oh, Tom, I'm afraid it wasn't till after you got so rich. Don't think hard of it; I do love beautiful things so much—but indeed, indeed I love you more."

"Then I'm glad the old covey left me all his money. I don't care a d——a red cent why you love me, only I must be sure that it's a fixed fact. Now I'll go straight out and tell Bessie."

Elsie turned cold.

"Oh, Tom, she'll never consent to it."

"Won't she! I'd just like to know why?"

"And my brother, he is so cold, so unforgiving."

"Is he? then I'll take you away to a warmer climate. But don't believe it; he's proud as a race-horse, but you'll find him a trump in the end."

"Don't go yet, Tom, I am afraid they will—"

"No, they wont," cried Tom, and away he went into Elizabeth's sitting-room, with tears sparkling in his eyes and a generous flush in his face.

"Mellen," he said, wringing Grantley's hand, "I want to be married to-morrow, and carry her away."

"Fuller, what is the meaning of this?" demanded Mellen, pained and surprised, while Elizabeth stood up aghast at this sudden outburst.

"It means just this, Mellen, I don't care a tin whistle for what has gone before, and I feel strong enough to take care of anything that may come after. Your sister loves me, and I love her, that's enough. I am satisfied, and—there—that's enough. The whole thing is a family secret, and who is going to be the wiser. I only hope they have dug the fellow's grave deep enough, that's all."

"But, Fuller, have you reflected?"

"Reflected! I've done nothing else for a week, and this is just what it has brought me to. So give us your hand."

Elizabeth came up to Tom, put her arms around his neck, and burst into tears.

"That's the time o' day," shouted Tom. "Silence gives consent; now just give us a good brotherly grip of the hand, Mellen, and it's all right."

Tom folded one arm around his cousin, and held out the other a second time. Mellen took it in his, wrung it warmly, and left the room.

"Just go in and comfort her a little, Bessie, poor darling, she's afraid you wont consent."

"Generous, noble fellow," said Elizabeth, kissing him with warmth; "but where will you go? what will you do? It is all so very sudden."

"Do! what on earth can I do but love her like distraction? Go! any place where she can find life and fun, plenty of shopping. Paris, isn't that a nice sort of place for pretty things? I think we'll go to Paris first. But, I forgot, Rhodes's daughter, the old maid, is waiting for you downstairs. Victoria would have told you if I hadn't shut her out."

Elizabeth went down, leaving Tom in the only spot he cared to occupy on earth. She found Miss Jemima in a state of wild commotion, with her riding-dress buttoned awry, and one of her gauntlets torn half off with hard pulling.

"Did you know it? had you any suspicion?" she demanded, confronting Elizabeth like a grenadier; "I could think it of your sister, but you—you—"

"What is it? I know nothing," answered Elizabeth.

"They are married, absolutely married; my par and that painted lay figure you introduced to him, that Mrs. Harrington."

"What, your father married to her!" cried Elizabeth; "you surprise me."

"It's a solemn truth, though a disgraceful truth, but she shall never come into the house that shelters me. I'll burn it down first. Where's your sister?"

"She is ill in her room."

"Yes, I dare say. But she's had a hand in this, and I'll pay her for it, or my name isn't Jemima Rhodes. Tell her so, with my compliments. Good morning!"

With this abrupt adieu the spinster took herself off, tugging away at her gauntlet, or what was left of it, and diversifying the movement with a vicious crack of her whip now and then.

Elizabeth smiled and went upstairs again. Thus the great events of the day ended.

In less than a week Tom Fuller was quietly married, and took his wife at once on board a steamer bound for Europe. She had come forth from her sick room greatly subdued and changed in many respects, but able, from her peculiar character, to put a veil between her and the past, which would have been impossible to a woman like Elizabeth.

I am happy to state that 'Dolph's treachery met with its proper reward. Clorinda succeeded in saving her money, and she married the parson, leaving 'Dolph to his shame and remorse. Victoria gave him the cold shoulder, and made herself so intimate with a new male Adonis, who came to the house as domestic, that 'Dolph's days were full of misery and his nights made restless with legions of nightmares.

The house by the sea shore stands up in its old picturesque stateliness, and within the sunshine never fails, and the summer of content is never disturbed; through dark waters and terrible tempests they have come, even in this world, upon the promised land.

THE END.

PROFESSOR S., of Dickson College, is not much given to joking. Occasionally, however, this vein of his disposition is excited, and then his hits are of the hardest kind, and double-edged. One morning, not long ago, he found a horse in the recitation-room. The class had collected, and with solemn countenances awaited the entrance of the professor. He came in, looked around deliberately, first upon the horse, then upon the class, and remarked, at the same time twitching his shirt collar:

"Ahem! You have got a new classmate, I see. I'm glad it's a horse, there were jackasses enough before."

THE SHARPSHOOTERS BEFORE RICHMOND.

THE lines of Grant's advance on Richmond had been pushed so close to those of Lee that a story 's told of a captain who went out to set his picket line, and lost six of his men, but brought in four of the enemy, who had blundered into his hands.

The sharpshooters kept steadily at work, their rifle-pits not being more than 100 yards apart, and in some cases even less. No part of the body could be exposed for a moment. Gradually, however, the fire slackens on both sides, and at last it dies away. After a pause some adventurous one raises his head, and calls out: "How are you, Johnny?" "How are you, Yank?" comes in reply, with a hearty good will, and and the ice being broken a promise follows not to shoot, and out they sally to stretch their limbs and take a moment's freedom. The riflepit and the tree-top give up their denizens, who gradually approach the half-way line, and with the characteristic spirit of the universal nation begin to swap.

Richmond papers and tobacco are exchanged for Northern luxuries, and for a time all is gay banter and friendly intercourse. At last the warning is given, "Run back, Johnnys," "Run back, Yanks." Men regain their posts, and the firing begins, high at first, and evidently with no intention except to warn that the stern reality reigns once more.

RINGGOLD, GEORGIA.

THERE is no more striking proof of the power of the Government ultimately to suppress the rebellion than to view the present field of operation. We give a sketch in this paper of Ringgold, a post village in Walker county, Georgia, and station on the Western and Atlantic Railroad. Yet we give it, not as a place recently captured from the enemy, but to show it as a sort of depot whence men and munitions of all sorts are sent forward to the army under Sherman, which is stubbornly fighting its way to the very heart of the staunchest, most solid, powerful and prosperous of the Southern States. Georgia, whose voice would have killed secession as soon as born, which was apparently too remote from the North to be easily reached, but which has become the theatre of the war.

LEE'S NIGHT ATTACK ON SMITH'S BRIGADE, JUNE 3.

AFTER the fearful battle of Friday, when Grant so gallantly attempted to force the passage of the Chicahominy and actually carried some of Lee's works, a lull ensued, and night was fast coming on in a universal stillness. But suddenly, when nearly eight o'clock, and as twilight was just vanishing, Hancock's corps heard in the rebel works just by them the words of command. At once all was in motion, every man at his post, the artillery ready to open on the assailing column. They had not to wait long; over the intervening crest, clearly defined in the gathering darkness, came Beauregard's men, whose last fight was at Olustee. As the line appeared, Smith's brigade, of Gibbons's division, poured in a volley which pierced the darkness like a flash of lightning. Down, down they go in the withering storm of bullet, grape, canister and shell; but they close up and come on; volley after volley is given, but they press on the divisions of Barlow and Gibbons and the left of Wright's corps. These gallant fellows welcomed their antagonists of the morning, and drove them back with terrible loss, but so desperately did the rebels charge that some were killed in our entrenchments and others dragged inside as prisoners.

This repulse of the rebels closed the bloody work of the day, which stands the fiercest action of the war.

Our Artist within the lines sketched the night attack, and few will look without interest upon this triumphant resistance of the warworn heroes of the 2d army corps.

THE LAST OF THE REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS.

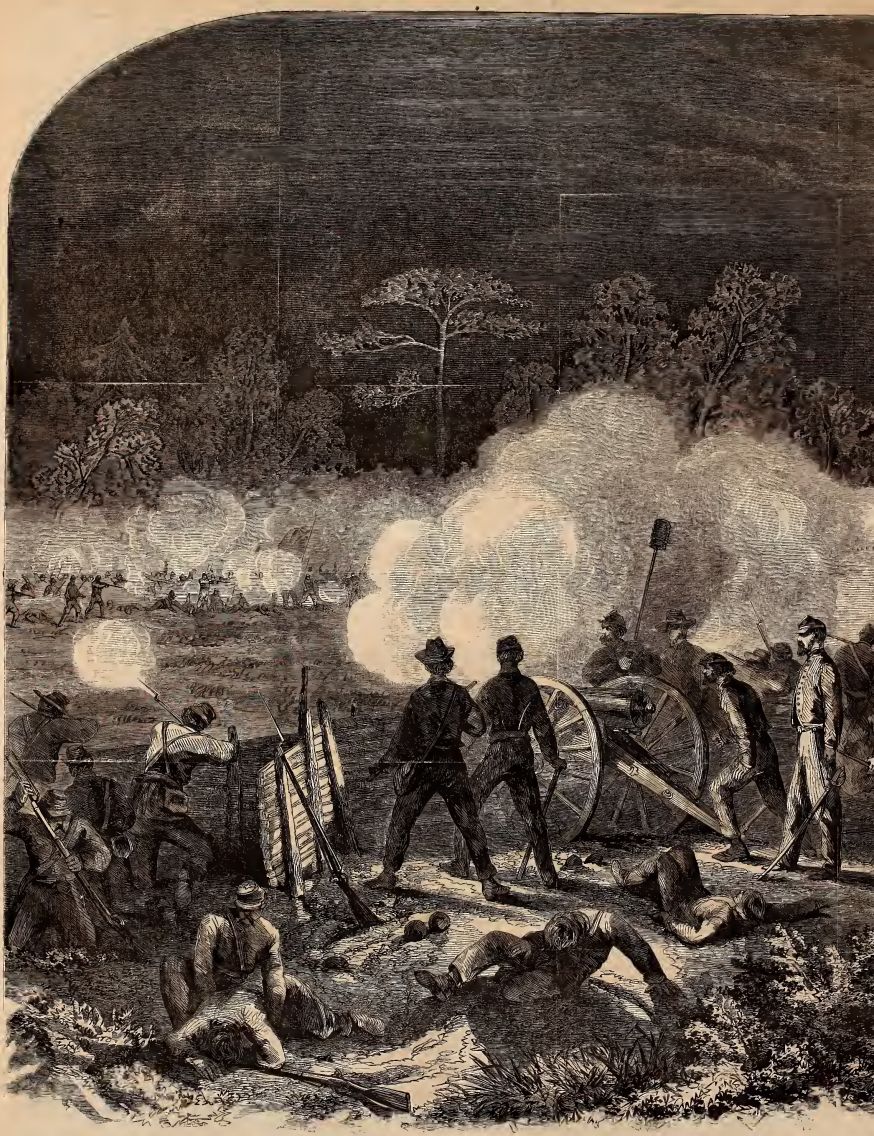
AMONG the acts of the present Congress was a resolution tendering to the surviving soldiers of the Revolution the thanks of the country for their services in the war by which our Independence was achieved and our liberty obtained, as well as sincerely rejoicing that their lives have been protracted beyond the period usually allotted to man. A small additional pension was also given to help them in their last days. It might well have been ten times what it was, but it was something.

It was generally supposed that they were 12 in number, and some of our cotemporaries so state. In fact, however, several of them are dead, some had departed, indeed, before the matter of the new pension was mooted.

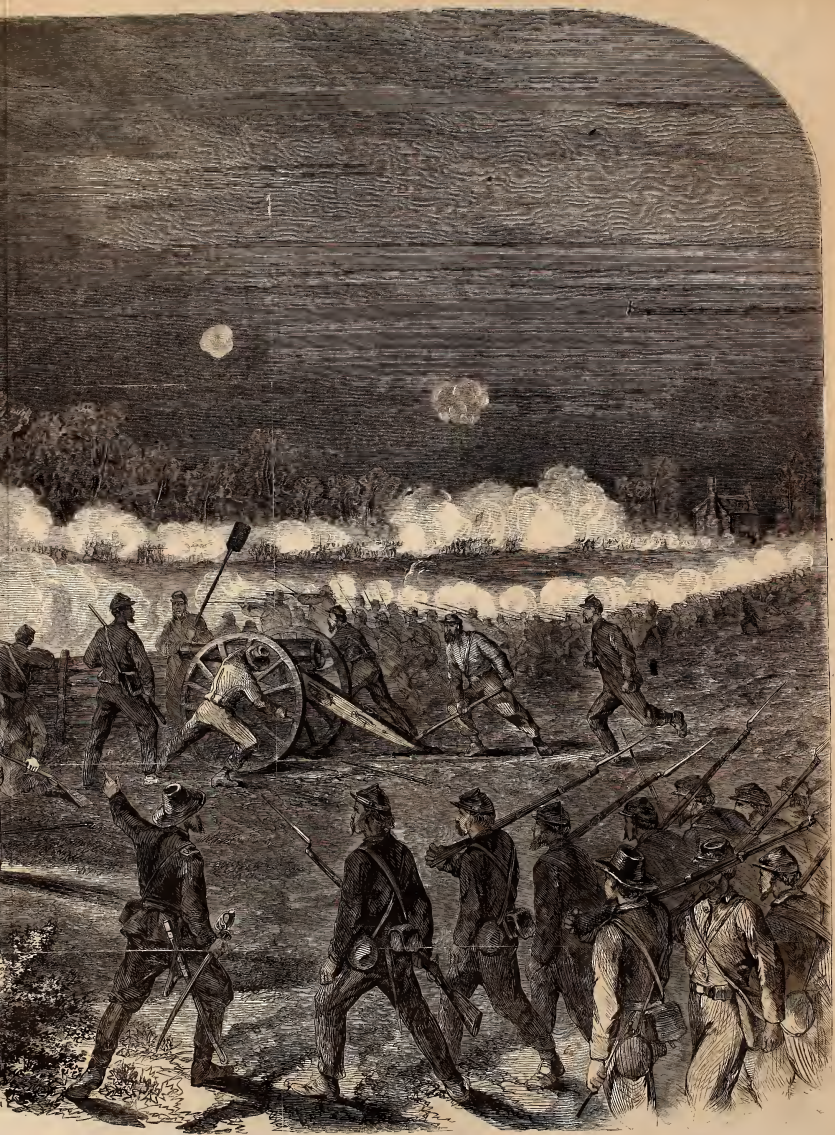
So far as we can learn all are dead except these seven, and of those some may have closed their pilgrimage already. Amaziah Goodwin, Alfred, Maine, 105; Adam Link, Annapolis, O., 102; Rev. Daniel Waldo, Syracuse, N. Y., 101; Wm. Hutchings, Penobscot, Me., 103; Alex. Marony, Gates, N. Y., 94; Samuel Downing, Edinburg, N. Y.; Lemuel Cook, Clarendon, N. Y.

THE RAIN AND ITS CAUSE.—There are many who argue that wars bring rain in summer and snow-storms in winter, and the same cause is assigned for the recent heavy storms with which we have been visited. During the wars of Napoleon the attention of the French Academy of Sciences was called to the fact that a storm of rain or snow invariably followed a battle, especially if there was heavy cannonading. This is said to have been particularly case in the Russian campaign, which was followed by such snowstorms as never before were witnessed in the south of Europe. Some of the *savants* declared that rapid discharges of artillery and incessant volleys of musketry produced concussion in the air, and drove the clouds out of their course; while others went so far as to adopt the theory, since advocated by Prof. Espy, that the immense smoke of a battle was of itself sufficient to produce rain. There were sceptics, however, and when the war closed it remained a mooted question. It is a fact worthy of notice that all the prominent battles on the Potomac, especially the seven days' fight before Richmond, have been followed by storms, and that the present battles have been followed by the most severe storms is a fact known to all. It is usual to have showers in the middle of May, but long continued rains are not of the ordinary course of events at this season of the year. The subject is one worthy the attention of the meteorologists, as well as all others who take any interest in the phenomena of the weather.

ELASTICITY OF IRON.—A simple illustration will serve to show two facts connected with iron; the first is its elasticity, and the second the power exerted by pressure of the hand of any person. Make a hoop of one inch square bar-iron about the size of the brim of a man's hat. Let the inside of the hoop be made quite smooth and true. Such a hoop being examined, it would appear that the power even of a horse could in no way alter its shape or form, provided the strain be put to it fairly and equally. Now make a rod of iron of the thickness of a lead-pencil, that shall exactly fit the diameter of the inside of the hoop, so that, when placed in the hoop, it will not fall out, unless the hoop be altered in shape. If, acting in a similar way, we take a child's wooden hoop, with a stick across it in the centre, and then press it at the sides opposite to that of the cross-stick, the hoop will assume an oval shape, and, of course, the cross-stick will fall out. Just so does the iron hoop described act. When any one presses it the rod falls out, showing clearly the elasticity of the iron. The hoop will become oval-shaped with a very little pressure, not greater than that which can be exerted by a young girl.



GRANT'S CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA—REPULSE OF LEE'S NIGHT ATTACK ON SMITH'S BRIGADE, HANCOCK



HANCOCK'S CORPS, FRIDAY, JUNE 3.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE 231.

TO THE SWALLOW.

BY JOHN ANDREWS.

SWALLOW, cruel swallow! wherefore dost thou come
  Glancing in the sunlight, by the gleaming river,
Year after year, unto thy northern home,
  While youth and love are leaving us for ever?

Cruel swallow, calling up the memories
  Of happy years, of what can never be,
Of friends departed, gone beyond the seas,
  And faery days of childhood I never more shall see!

And boyhood's happy hours, all bright and golden,
  And love's young dream in halcyon days of yore,
Beside a gleaming river, in summer days of olden,
  Like a band of early blossoms, gone for evermore!

Glancing in the sunlight, every springtime coming,
  Thou must be some spirit set for ever free,
When the yellow bees are in the meadows humming,
  And the golden sunlight floods the earth and sea.

Oh, joyous swallow! gliding on careless wing,
  Happy as the summer hours gone for ever by,
Come not, come not back again with the gentle Spring;
  Stay within thy southern home, beneath thy southern sky.

For youth and friends can never come again;
  And love, if gone, 'tis gone, alas! for ever!
Call not up the memories thou canst not lull to to sleep,
  Gliding in the sunlight by the gleaming river.

The Serpent-Woman.

BY Z. W.

CHAPTER XII.

> Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
> As willingly as I would kill a fly;
> And nothing grieves me heartily indeed
> But that I cannot do ten thousand more.
> *Titus Andronicus, Act V., Sc.* I.

> You were kneel'd to and importun'd otherwise
> *   *   *   and the fair soul herself
> Weighed between loathness and obedience, at
> Which end o' the beam she'd bow.
> *Tempest, Act II., Sc.* 1.

> These mothers are too dreadful.
> *Aurora Leigh.*

MARINA wandered about Brittany like one fleeing rom the ever haunting presence of a spectre. Her mother's cruelty drove her to despair, and while at the height of her wild and reckless mood, Jacques Renvi crossed her path and employed every persuasion he could recall or invent to entrap her into complicity with his ruthless fraternity. But her constant reply was:

"No; your wickedness once seemed to possess a novelty and daring that charmed me, but it is stale to me now and palls upon my appetite."

"You look as melancholy as a sick brigand, and I would fain do something to rouse you, for you know I love you better than any other being in the world."

"You have a very flattering and terrible regard for me, Jacques, something like that entertained by a lion or tiger for the bespangled girl that enters his cage and displays his points to the spectators, an affection which, generally ends in devouring its object. Even now you are much concerned lest I should become the prey of another."

Jacques laughed and said:

"You remind me of the mothers I have heard in their gushes of fondness for their darlings declare that they could eat them; a proof of affection your mother never showed for you."

"And you are kind to taunt me with her coldness. Alas! it is worse than that now, it is aversion. She not only refuses to acknowledge me, but even to allow me to cross her threshold."

"She refuses to acknowledge you or to let you into her house?"

"She does, and drives me from her with reproaches so bitter and unmerited as to make life seem a burden and disgrace to me."

"And why do you put up with such treatment? Why don't you revenge yourself?"

"Upon my mother? I forgot you were not human. No! Would she but acknowledge and receive me, I could forgive all and love her more devotedly than ever."

"She shall do it. I can do anything with her, for she's in my power. I can make her acknowledge half the foundlings in Bretagne if I chose. But what will you do for me, if I set you square with her? Won't you marry me for my trouble?"

"You! I'd rather die first!"

"You are complimentary. But I shall find a way to tame your obstinacy yet, if you love your mother half so well as you say you do. So I am to have no reward if I set you right with her?"

"I will give you a thousand francs for your pains."

"Are you so rich?"

"'Tis all I have; but I will cheerfully bestow it upon you if you succeed."

The bargain was struck between the strange pair, and Marina returned to the residence of Madame Nitouche in the company of Jacques Renvi. Marina was received by her mother with a look of anger.

"Marina returned hither at my instance," remarked Jacques, impudently; "I know you would be glad to see us both."

Madame Nitouche answered with forced politeness, and Marina could perceive at a glance that Jacques did not boast of his influence with her mother without reason. Both women were, however, very ill at ease, and he, perceiving their embarrassment, said:

"Madame, I have some business with you, and should like a little talk by ourselves."

"Certainly," replied the hostess, and she would have said "with pleasure," but the words died on her lips, and she turned very pale.

No sooner were Madame Nitouche and Jacques alone than the latter broke out with:

"I will not stand your treatment to little Marina. You know that I love the girl, and that is why you abuse her. But that's not my present business; I have come for money."

"I have already given you twice as much as I ever owed you."

"All you owe me? All you possess would not repay me for all I have done for you. Haven't I lost my immortal soul in your service? Consider the deeds I have done at your bidding, of which you have reaped the benefit. Let me recount a few of them."

"No, no!" interrupted Madame Nitouche. "Why should I listen to what I know too well already? Why do you persecute your fellow in crime? Why not act fairly, like a man, instead of harassing to death a lone and defenceless woman like me."

"If I do wrong you set the example. See how you persecute Marina, your true and affectionate child."

"She is no child of mine."

"Are you blind, woman? Why, she is as like you as your own girlhood; and when a more peculiar woman in appearance than yourself is on exhibition I will pay to see the show, whatever the price. Keep this story for simpletons, for you know that I know you better. You are jealous of the girl, no doubt, but do her justice, and I'll be liberal and take her off your hands."

"What do you mean?"

"That you shall own her to be your daughter, receive her as such, and give her to me in marriage."

"Do you love her?"

"Better than booty or than life itself."

"Does she love you?"

"Well—no—not to distraction."

"Not at all, you mean."

Her wonted faint color returned to the checks of Madame Nitouche, her eyes brightened, and a sarcastic smile perceptibly curled her lip as she continued:

"I cannot consent to sell my daughter, for such you will have her to be, for nothing. She was educated at great expense, and ought to have a rich husband. On other terms than marriage I could get a fortune for her."

"I have nothing now; but you shall have half the plunder of Uberto's cave when I sack it."

"Have you visited the spot?"

"I have, and doubt not to find all Marina told you about the old hermit's concealed treasures to be no exaggeration. Uberto has, however, the reputation of being a holy man, and looked to me so like the pictures I have seen of the adorable saints that I put off the plundering of his hoard till surer of its worth. His munificent charities have since proved to me its richness, and I have now no scruples."

"An arch-heretic is he!" exclaimed Madame N.; "and to pillage him or take his life would be a better deed than a forty days' penance and pilgrimage."

"Enough; I'll do it. What say you to my marriage with Marina on these terms?"

"I'll do my best to forward it. I pity the girl, however, for the first time, when I think of her marriage with you. I know what it is to be married to a man and hate him; it is miserable life in the body, death in the heart, and hell in the mind. The plain rack is a recreation to it. But this is your affair and hers. I will do what I can to oblige you."

"Say yes or no in the right place, that is all I ask."

Marina found herself suddenly established in her mother's house on a fair footing, was called daughter by her parent, and treated by her with consideration, if not affection. The grateful girl took the first opportunity to thank Jacques for his intercession and to beg his acceptance of one thousand francs.

"I neither want nor will accept any money from you, Marina; I want yourself."

"You want an impossibility, Jacques."

"There is no impossibility to a man like me, Marina, who dares everything and hesitates at nothing. Your mother is wholly in my power, and at my word she dies a shameful death—the death of a criminal. I can obtain pardon and rich reward—both have been offered—by betraying her, and nothing but my love for you, for I have not the slightest regard for her, has prevented me from giving her up to justice. Ask your mother, Pierre Massue, or anybody who knows me right well, if I ever broke an oath taken upon this dagger. Long ago I swore upon it to have you for my wife, and I will sacrifice madame's life, yours, and perish myself, rather than fail to keep my word. By marrying me you save your mother's life; by refusing me, you sign her death-warrant. Again upon this hilt and this blade, too often crimsoned with her victim's blood, I swear to have you for my bride or your mother executed for murder."

It was with the bitterest scorn that Marina saw the villain salute his dagger, and replied:

"I do not believe one word you have said."

"Because every syllable I have spoken is true. When did I ever lie to you? You doubted my power over madame; have I not proved it? Ask her if her life is not in my hands."

"I will this instant, villain."

Marina darted out of the room, and after searching through the house, found her mother kneeling before a crucifix. Her daughter waited till she rose.

"That wretch, Jacques Renvi, says your life is in his hands."

"He speaks the truth."

"He has sworn on his dagger to render you up to justice—"

"Me!" shrieked Madame Nitouche, turning death's hue, and so nearly falling that she was only saved by her daughter's support.

"Oh, mother! mother! is it true? Alas! what shall I do?"

"Did he swear unconditionally that he would give me up?"

"No; but if I do not marry him."

Madame revived a little.

"And what did you reply?"

"I refused to credit a word he said, and came at once to you."

Madame Nitouche looked anxiously at her daughter; her breathing grew quick, her eager eyes began to glare, and she demanded in trembling accents:

"And now you know all, what do you intend, daughter?"

"Is there no safety but in this—this marriage, mother?"

"None, daughter. I have long been in fear of this man and his fatal knowledge. He has already extorted much money from me, and will now take my life if you do not disarm him by marrying him and making our interests almost identical."

"He, it seems, is implicated in the crimes of which he accuses you, and I cannot think he will endanger himself by betraying you."

"I know him too well to doubt him. He is an obstinate villain, fearless of death, and the oaths he swears upon his dagger's hilt are the only vows he never breaks. Besides, he can betray me and escape himself."

"Mother, I love you so much; only love me a little in return, and I will sacrifice myself cheerfully for your sake."

Madame Nitouche, overcome by the brave girl's magnanimity, caught her daughter in her arms, and kissed her fondly.

"You are a noble girl, Marina; my heart can resist you no longer, for you are a far better daughter than I deserve, and I must be a wretch indeed not to love you."

Marina wept for joy and sorrow, and returned her mother's caresses with fervent affection.

"Now must I encounter this villain whom henceforth I shall abhor worse than ever."

"Do not see Renvi again to-day, daughter; let me meet him. Wait till your present horror has passed off, ere you have another interview with him."

Marina retired to her chamber and gave way to the bitterness of spirit with which her heart was bursting. Her agony was intense and profound, and much aggravated by her remorse. It was a keen retaliation, and she felt it to the heart's core, that she who had played the jilt so often with the noble, the rich, the handsome and the good, should be snared like a bird by a common ruffian, whose touch to her seemed like leprous contamination. Marriage with him was too horrible to think of, and death itself seemed preferable. She threw herself upon the floor, wept till her tears seemed to scald her, beat her breast and lamented till morning. The love she bore Bertram still burned in her soul—a pure and holy passion—and had promised to redeem her from the evils of life she had contracted, but now was she plunged again into the abyss of infamy and lost for ever. As the day broke, she exclaimed:

"Oh, God of light! God of love! Source of infinite mercy, save me from the embrace of this murderer, and I will be thine, wholly, holily and for ever."

The morrow came, and with it the ruffian, inflexible and impatient, and thirsting to enjoy the sacrifice. Jacques Renvi had been in a hurry with his priest and preparations, and when Marina saw how near the hour of self-immolation had approached, she threw herself at his feet.

"Jacques, have mercy on me! Why force me to marry you against my will? How can I love you if you force me? If you persist, I shall hate you, but if you allow me to escape now, I shall be so grateful that I may finally love you, and consent freely to our union. By all your hopes of heaven——"

"I have not one."

"By your dread of eternal punishment——"

"I laugh at the idea."

"By your father's memory——"

"He was hung for murder."

"By your mother's honor——"

"She was a wanton and traded in love."

"By France, the land we love——"

"I hate it, for 'tis its law that will judge and condemn me."

"By the God who made you——"

"He made a wretch, why should I thank him for the work?"

"Still you would rather have love than hate. You would not wed the woman who must ever abhor you?"

"Love is a stupid fiction, but hate is a living reality. Give me but beauty enough, and I prefer hate—it is more piquant."

Marina, overpowered by the intensity of her conflicting emotions, scarcely heard the villain's last reply, for her senses failed her, and Madame Nitouche, who entered at this conjuncture, found her in a deep swoon.

"Jacques Renvi, what have you been doing to your victim?"

"I have overpersuaded her a little, but she will come to better tempered. These scenes must be performed, I suppose, and the sooner we get through them the better. After the ceremony is over she will be quiet enough."

"What do you know about woman, Jacques? You understand how to torture and dispatch them, and that is about all. You are too violent and hasty to win their affection, and without that you might safer wed a deadly serpent than Marina. Besides, your hurry is unreasonable. I would not have my daughter wed a beggar, and you have not a sou. Where is the wealth you swore to obtain from Uberto's cave and divide with me, ere you claimed Marina's hand?"

"I see you intend to balk me."

"I see you are a fool and balk yourself. Redeem your promise and you shall have Marina without these scenes which are of your own making. Have I not always abided by my agreement? You have hardly ever kept yours, but I'll make you stand by your last at the hazard of my life."

Marina, who had been gradually reviving under her mother's restorative treatment, caught enough of the interlocutor's meaning to understand that the secret of Uberto's cave had been betrayed to Jacques, and that her marriage was delayed till the robbery of her friend was consummated. The knowledge of this treachery renewed Marina's agitation, and her mother, fancying that the presence of her dreadful *fiancé* produced this effect, sent Jacques away, enjoining him not to return without the booty he had promised her.

The thoughts of those conspiring against Marina's peace were quick and keen, but hers were more rapid and piercing than theirs. Within an hour after the close of her exciting interview with her betrothed, she had recovered sufficiently to procure and dispatch a messenger to her venerable friend Uberto, in Savoy, with a missive for him, containing these lines:

"DEAR AND VENERATED FATHER—You are betrayed to a robber who seeks your hermitage to despoil, and if you resist, to murder you. You will know him by the ruddy glare of his deep sunken eyes, the scar of a sabre cut on his forehead and his gigantic proportions. If you become his victim, I shall be his next, for he has destined to a worse fate than death,

Your devoted daughter,
MARINA."

Marina waited the return of her messenger, to whom she had promised a munificent reward, with feverish impatience. He performed the journey with almost unexampled speed, but yet to his expectant the few days of his absence appeared as intolerable as a weary age. At last his return, with an answer from the hermit, relieved her suspense. She tore open the note with the quickness of light, and read:

"Thanks to your warning, daughter. Come and behold the fate of my murderer's guest, or of—
"UBERTO."

Marina set out for Savoy at once. In a few days she arrived at Uberto's cave, just as the sun was setting. She entered the rocky habitation in great anxiety and fear. All was silent and void inside, and her heart sank, chill and despairing, within her. At length she mustered courage to call. A strange echo replied like a response from the dead. She had just given up all for lost, when a door at the extremity of the cavern opened, and she beheld the hermit, pale, awful and majestic.

"Father!" she cried, rushing towards him.

"Stop! he shouted, pointing to a narrow abyss that suddenly opened between them, adding in thrilling tones, "Beware of the murderer's fate?"

She gazed down the murmuring chasm, and saw by the light of a torch the hermit held an object hanging on a projecting rock some fifty feet below. She failed to recognise it at first, but as her sight grew clearer it assumed to her the appearance of a mutilated corpse. A scarlet vest and a long red beard afforded her a clue which enabled her to identify the remains.

"It is Jacques Renvi!" she cried; "God have mercy upon his soul!"

"Amen!" responded the hermit. "Your messenger did not reach me an hour too soon, daughter, for this villain visited me the same evening that I received your warning. A storm was coming on, and he begged for shelter and food. I gave him both, and he pretended to sleep, but about midnight sprang lightly to his feet, rushed upon me and threatened instant death, unless I unlocked my hoard to him, and gave him all. I gave him the key of this door, which he unlocked and opened, beholding an array of riches which would have startled even an old Buccaneer. He fell back a step, and I sprang this trap, which precipitated him into the chasm beneath. As he fell he clutched at the jagged protruberances of the rock, and struck finally upon the sharp point from which he now hangs, and which it seems broke his back. I let down a rope to him, but he had neither the sense or strength left to grasp at it. I tried to lower myself to him, but found that I was too feeble to effect my purpose, and in the attempt narrowly escaped sharing his fate. In a few hours his moans subsided, soon all was silence, and his soul had fled to its eternal home."

"It was a horrible death!"

"Why did you not keep my secret, Marina? Behold the consequences of your betrayal!"

CHAPTER XIII.

> In the silence of the night,
> How we shiver with affright.—*Poe.*

> Rather let me see
> Death, all, than such a being.
> *Sardanapalus, Act IV., Sc.* 1.

ELFSTONE'S beautiful statue, his "Lost Love," had, after a long delay, been brought from France to Ellingford Hall, England, and was taken to the sculptor's studio, where it was unpacked and afterwards raised by the artist and his friends. The latter, especially St. Croix, feared that his trial would, in the frame of mind in which he was at the time, further unsettle his reason and endanger his sanity. These apprehensions proved to be only too well-founded, for he had gazed long on the statue ere his mind began to wander, and he to address the stone as a living and sentient being.

"Daughter," said he, "your fate is growing sad, like my own. We are both deserted. Instead of the love for which our souls are thirsting, we are compelled to drink the waters of bitterness till our hearts petrify. Where's Bertram, your gay gallant? He is too false and fair and fleeting. Why should the ruthless wanderer triumph in your long pining and heart slavery?" I will emulate the Roman father, and, though it break my heart, will release your spirit from its marble prison house."

St. Croix stood aghast, and knowing Elfstone

uncontrollable mood, was [illegible]erly at a loss what to do. While he was trying to devise some method by which to divert his friend's mind from the dangerous channel into which it was thrown, a hand was laid lightly on his shoulder, and upon turning his head he beheld Bertram Hapswell, smiling and happy.

"He is going to destroy the statue," said St. Croix.

"I care not; I have found the original."

"See how his eye is kindling with his old madness! What a fatal fire is beginning to burn in his soul! Is it not a shame to witness the destruction of so noble a work of art?"

"Nature excels it; but fear nothing."

While Elfstone was looking round the room for some implements, Bertram took his place beside the statue, clasping it about the waist, and affecting to treat it with the tenderness of a beloved human being.

"Is that woman alive?" demanded a lady, thickly veiled, standing near St. Croix.

He smiled at the simplicity of the question, but did not reply, as Elfstone was at the moment approaching the statue with an ancient partisan in his hand, and the gazers were held in breathless suspense. Bertram, without apparently heeding the sculptor, said:

"The 'Lost Love' is found, and her lover will shield her with his life."

The solemn earnestness of Bertram's tone, credible as the beating of the heart of sincerity, so wrought upon the destructive artist, that he threw away his weapon in an instant, and rushed into the arms of the speaker.

"I have done you injustice, forgive me!"

"Willingly, but never doubt me again."

"Never!"

Bertram, finding his old friend exhausted by his paroxysm, led him from the apartment, and after soothing him into tranquillity left him in charge of a servant, accustomed to tend and control him in his dangerous moods, and returned to the studio. He found St. Croix gazing at the veiled lady, and the lady with her eyes fixed upon the statue.

"Muta," he said, "you need conceal your face no longer. This is an old friend of your father's, who will be delighted to recognise you."

The young lady submissively lifted her veil, as St. Croix was presented to her. He was startled at the sight of the lovely countenance it revealed to him.

"What a marvellous resemblance," he exclaimed.

"Is it not perfect? Ah, Julien, I have heard you expatiate eloquently upon the recorded wonders of Providence, but never listened to one that transcended in strangeness the story of this little one's rescue from the frightful ogre who held her in captivity. Even you at first mocked the inspiration that impelled me to undertake her recovery, but yet I assure you I was not an hour, not a minute, too soon to save her from a fate infinitely worse than death. Your own eyes afford sufficient evidence to convince you that she is Muta Elfstone, our old friend's only daughter, which can doubtless be legally proved, but it appears to me that her father has been too much excited to-day to endure with safety so thrilling a revelation as this will prove to him."

"You are right, Bertram. Is this young lady's mother living?"

"From what I can gather I infer that she died in America about twelve years ago."

"They took her away from me when I was very little," said a sweet and almost childlike voice, "but she often comes to me at night, when everything is very still."

The young man smiled upon the innocent, and exchanged glances.

"Let us cover up this Lost Love," said Bertram, "and adjourn with the Found one to the drawing-room, where you shall hear her story from her own lips."

Muta watched Bertram narrowly as he carefully shrouded the exquisite statue, and started as she saw him kiss its beautiful shoulder, little weening that its resemblance to hers provoked the salute.

The three young friends spent the evening together, Muta recounting in her simple way the story of her life, and picturing, as well as she could, the dreary years she had spent in the society of Gregory Grimgrip and Espeth, his deaf and dumb housekeeper.

When her tale was told and sufficiently commented upon, St. Croix inquired:

"How old is this Gregory Grimgrip?"

"There is no telling," said Bertram; "he is so ugly that his age does not show."

"He must be more than fifty."

"Or than sixty, perhaps; but he appears to be full of life and energy, and had not the burglars taken him by surprise, he would have rendered a fatal account of some of them. As it was, he almost brought his pistol to bear on me, and proved as much as three strong men and two women could manage. The disappearance of his intended bride must perplex him sadly."

"If he lacks youth and beauty, he does not want assurance."

"You might well say so, if you could conceive what a hideous old creature it is. In aspiring to the hand of the heiress of Ellingford, he has evinced an audacity truly Satanic."

"Do you think he would have advanced her claim to the estate?"

"Doubtless; after Elfstone's death. He is very rich himself, and possessed of demoniacal cunning as well as effrontery. He was, however, recently preparing to make a voyage to Australia or some other distant land, where he would probably have remained in obscurity till he received the news of Elfstone's decease, when he would have returned to England and come boldly forward with Muta as his wife and the heiress of Ellingford. Commend me to Master Gregory Grimgrip for a deep, daring and unconscionable schemer."

You excite in me a curiosity to behold the monster."

I will show him to you, if you will accompany me to Liverpool next week, where I have to meet him to render the Court due explanation relative to the part I have taken in this business."

"Don't go near him!" besought Muta. "He will pay somebody to kill you."

"Is he in the habit of doing that sort of thing?"

"Don't you remember I told you that, after the young man you tell me was your brother saw me on the stairs, I heard Gregory—he always made me call him so—I heard Gregory promise a thousand dollars to a big, rough fellow, if Mr. Kingsland happened to die within the next fortnight. I could not make out what he meant for a long time, but since I have learned it I have been more afraid of him than ever."

"His experience with Victor is not calculated to encourage him to renew such attempts, even if this were a country affording impunity to assassins and their suborners. I have not the slightest apprehension of personal violence from Mr. Grimgrip. He will seek revenge of me by other means, and is, no doubt, already concocting plots against my peace."

Bertram was now sent for by Mordaunt Elfstone, and the three friends separated, Muta being delivered into the care of the buxom housekeeper, who nearly fainted at the sight of her.

"What's the matter, Mrs. Barton?" demanded Bertram.

"Oh, Mr. Hapswell! who is this—this young lady?"

"Whom do you think she is?"

"She frightened me so—I thought first she was my missis come to life again, but if her daughter be living, this is she."

"You have guessed aright, Mrs. Barton, but you must keep our secret till to-morrow, for it is not yet ripe for disclosure."

The old lady was now dissolved in tears of joy, and in her transports unable to restrain her impulse to embrace and kiss her young mistress, whom she had nursed when an infant. Muta, whose nature seemed full of affection, returned her caresses with warmth, and wept with her, she knew not why.

Bertram left them together and sought the presence of his afflicted and venerated friend. He found him comparatively calm and apparently sane in every point save Bertram's marriage with his daughter, as he now called his statue, which would, he said, if it took place on the morrow, have a very tranquillizing restorative effect upon his mind. Bertram could not refuse compliance with his friend's wishes, albeit he dreaded the consequences, and resolved to keep the romantic mummery so close that none of Elfstone's vigilant relations should ever hear of it. He left his prospective father-in-law in a state of high contentment, and retired himself to dream of Muta and the statue, sometimes fancying that both were alive, and at others that both were marble. At last he thought that both were threatened with destruction by the demented author of their being. As he saw the old man rushing at them with his long rusty partisan, he felt himself turning into stone and unable to stir to the rescue. A terrible blow was descending upon the brow of Muta when his agony awoke him.

He had not been awake but a few seconds ere he heard a heavy fall and crash over his head in Elfstone's studio, which caused him to leap from his bed, thrust himself into his dressing-gown and slippers, and run up into the room from which the sounds proceeded. All seemed quiet therein, and the ghostly light of the moon slept tranquilly on the floor. The old sculptor was not in the apartment, and the curtains that shrouded the statue appeared not to have been disturbed. Our hero retired quietly and shut the door softly, and was about to descend the stairs when he paused for a moment and pondered on the strangeness and distinctness of the sounds he had heard, and turned back to make assurance doubly sure. Suddenly and noiselessly he re-entered the studio, and saw, or thought he saw, by the light of the moon which fell upon it, the marble head of the statue thrust out from between the curtains and gazing at him with a frightened and fascinated look. There was no mistaking the beauty of that marble face, and strange thoughts chased one another like lightning through his brain as he stood there spell-bound. An awful sense of the supernatural froze his blood and chilled his heart, and as the apparition gradually withdrew, and the curtains fell, hiding it from view, Bertram sank senseless upon the floor. When consciousness came back to him he found himself lying in his bed, and after some minutes' wonderment concluded that he had had a very vivid, strange and painful dream, and lay awake nearly an hour thinking about it. At last he sank again into a sleep, from which he did not awake till late the next morning.

A NATURAL CURIOSITY.—A natural curiosity, which completely puzzles naturalists and geologists, is now in possession of Isaac S. Josephi, the wholesale jeweller, on Washington street, San Francisco. It is an irregular hexagonal quartz crystal, about one inch in diameter and two inches in length, pointed at one end, and broken squarely off at the base. Within the body of the crystal, rising from the base like a miniature mountain, and occupying about half the entire length of the stone, is a mass of beautifully crystallized gold, silver and copper, each metal distinctly defined, and all embedded in the stone, which is as clear as glass, in exactly the style of the flowers and other objects in a glass paperweight. This curious specimen of the handiwork of nature, when in an eccentric tone of mind, was found by a miner at Gold Gulch, Calaveras county, some four years ago, and has been carried round in his pocket ever since, until some two months ago, when it was purchased by the superintendent of a copper mine, and sent to the present possessor as a curiosity. Geologists who have examined it declare that nothing of the kind has ever been seen or heard of before, and are utterly at a loss to account for its formation.

A LADY asked a pupil at a national school, "What was the sin of the Pharisees?"

"Eating camels, marm," quickly replied the child.

She had read that the Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed camels."

POINT BLANK.

You complain that I am narrow,
  Going straightly to my aim:
Will you quarrel with the arrow
  For the same?

Many a bitter word hast thou:
  "Pedant," bigot." Keep thy blame
While that sword, and nail, and plough
  Are the same.

I would cleave my world-path cleanly
  With an axe', a razor' edge;
Drive my truth through, not more meanly
  Than a wedge.

Far is wide, though force is narrow:
  Look straight to thy aim!
Crystal, bud, and flame, and arrow,
  Are the same.

CHIT-CHAT WITH THE LADIES.

Pincushions.

WHEN feminine human nature wants to bestow a gift, and is uncertain as to what its nature should be, it always pitches upon a pincushion. When it is asked suddenly what it will contribute to any benevolent object, it at once says: "A dozen pincushions." When it has nothing to do with its fingers, it makes a pincushion. Millions of those cushions have been bought for the sake of the heathen—for the sake of young ministers about to be dispatched on missions, lately millions more for the soldiers.

The cushions manufactured for their good would, stitched together, make comfortable mattresses for the whole army, and leave some over for pillows.

Very industrious, certainly. But, alas! not original. Persons go to Fairs, gaze about them, remember with a groan the closets full of pincushions at home, and go away without investing. Young men are stuffed, so to speak, with pincushions—mamas, sisters, maiden aunts and young lady friends bestow them in showers. Old gentlemen are in the same condition—the ladies can make them for themselves—and we would respectfully suggest to the managers of the next fancy Fair, that with an eye to fair returns they publish this announcement: "All contributions thankfully received, except pincushions."

Girls' Friendship.

It is all very well, very charming, very touching, very everything superlative for a long, long while, perhaps. Araminta and Angelina are very like "twin cherries." They sit upon one cushion, and work one flower upon one sampler. They buy their bonnets of one milliner, and wear dresses "just alike." Living two or three blocks apart, they keep messengers going to and fro with little scented billets all day long, exchange rings, kisses, etc., etc. All is perfect—there is no flaw in their love until some day, or evening, they discover a cloud upon the horizon in the shape of an admirer. From that moment rain is threatened—pretty soon it storms. That young gentleman waltzes with Araminta, and Angelina pouts. He sings duets with Angelina, and Araminta wonders at it. Next day Araminta sends for "the pattern of the peasant's bodice," and Angelina, "with her compliments," "would like that book returned." Jealousy has entered in. Rival belles never practise Siamese-twin needlework, one sampler, one rose, one cushion, etc. At the end of three months the once boasted friendship is a dream, and Miss Angelina has only "a bowing acquaintance with Miss Araminta."

Run-Over.

Pray, can any one tell us what the policemen stand at the corners of Broadway for? There are enough of them, one would think, if they are placed there for the purpose of protecting persons who cross the street and become entangled in the whirlpool of wheels and horses' hoofs, from being run over, to effect their object. Yet, despite their presence, accidents happen every day, and as usual nobody is to blame.

A few weeks since, the young mother of three small children was killed almost under the eyes of one of these military-looking sentinels, who probably considered himself rather ornamental than useful, and as you or I may meet the same fate any day, for all the care that is taken of us, it sets us thinking. If the first policeman who allowed any one run-over on his corner were sent—(well, say to the seat of war), in company with the driver who was looking over his shoulder when he crushed his victim, as drivers generally are, we fancy fewer accidents would occur; and meanwhile, give this piece of advice to ladies, young and old—put no faith in the tall policeman who pretends to protect you across Broadway.

The Children in the Country.

Children at least enjoy the country thoroughly.

Papa may find it too far from the grand emporium of cigars and exhilarating beverages—the club, the theatre, &c. Mama may miss her milliner, her shop-excursions down Broadway, and her dearest friend, who knows all the scandal. Miss Rosabella may sigh for society, and wonder how any one can like the country. But the children have no such doubts, no such regrets. They laugh in very glee at every sunrise; there is so much to do in that "lee lang simmer day."

Out in the mould picking "such beautiful flowers"—dandelions and daisies, probably.

Digging with toy spades little gardens, in which flowers, without roots, are planted, making rivers and canals, sailing boats on small pools, enthusiastically called "lakes," climbing trees, discovering such "cunning little mice," or "darling squirrels," laying plots and plans to entrap all the birds, and take them in cages to the city; eating all sorts of berries without being poisoned; chewing sour sorrell; losing themselves, and being found asleep, and not the least frightened; coming in at meal times to eat such piles of bread and butter and fruit, which the good farmer's wife asserts to be "the way of growing young uns," and you, remembering the sickly city appetites of the nursery at home, qualify with "in the country." And doing all with a gusto which sets pa to wondering "How it would do now to buy a place up here," and mama to planning a house with spare bedrooms, and visits from Miss Johnson.

The country, the real genuine country, is the place for children all summer.

Lackadaisical.

What an odd word that is to look at, and how well it expresses its meaning, queer old-fashioned thing!

Did you ever see a lackadaisical woman, some one rejoicing in the fact of untold miseries, griefs that cannot be uttered, &c.? She never had any real trouble; solid grief makes people cold and harsh and sad, but not lackadaisical; the lackadaisical girl wants a shaking, a good shaking by the shoulders, nothing else; she is frequently set up in business on very small stock.

Some young man, for who she never cared, having married some one else after asking her to dance with him twice, is enough. Blighted hopes, broken heart, &c., are the consequences, and until she dies, married or single, the lackadaisical lady glides about with her head on one side, alluding vaguely to the "woes of her youth," and astonishing strangers by floods of tears.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE *Phrenological Journal*, we perceive, begins a new volume. Fowler & Wells, the publishers, are too well-known and their journal too firmly established to require more than the most passing allusion to it. The public has given a verdict in its favor long since.

WE have received from Mr. B. W. Hitchcock, 14 Chambers street, "The Illustrated National Handbook," a complete compendium of the political history of the country from the original formation of the Government to the present time, a work of general usefulness that no one can fail to appreciate. It is just such a summary of useful information as every one needs for reference. It seems to be prepared with judgment and accuracy.

"The Army and Navy Handbook," by the same house, is a full and complete guide to the soldier or marine in all matters pertaining to his duties, his obligations and his rights; and just what to do to obtain his rights without the aid of outside assistance, thereby saving much annoyance, time and money. The work also contains everything of interest to the soldier or marine connected with the War and Navy Departments, together with a full and complete historical record of events connected with the war for the Union.

NEIGHBOR JACKWOOD. By the Author of "Cudjo's Cave." Boston: Tilton.
Mr. Trowbridge has won an enviable position among American novelists, and sustains his reputation in this work. The characters are well drawn; but we will not, we trust, be considered captious in expressing the wish that he had given a few more really superior in stamp. The heroine is what heroines must be, perfection, or nearly that, of course; but the rest are too much below her. The mystery attendant on her is well managed, indeed the solution would scarcely occur till nearly the close of the volume.

THE PORTRAIT MONTHLY. Vol. II., No. 1. New York: T. B. Leggett & Co.
We have so recently called attention to this work and its merit that we need not here enlarge. We can only express our satisfaction to see its new volume opening so auspiciously. The number opens with the gallant Gen. McPherson, and closes with Col. Cross, 5th New Hampshire, who not long since fell in battle, thus closing a gallant life.

THE VALLEY OF DEATH IN JAVA.

THE destructive agency of carbonic acid gas on animal life is well exemplified in certain places where large quantities are evolved from the earth. The most striking instance, however, is the celebrated valley of Java, which, if an animal enters he never leaves. The following interesting account is given by the eye witness:

We took with us two dogs and some fowls to try experiments in this prisoner's hollow. On arriving at the foot of the mountain we dismounted and scrambled up the side about a quarter of a mile, holding on by the branches of the trees. When within a few yards of the valley we experienced a strong nauseous, suffocating smell, but on coming close to the edge this disagreeable odor left us. The valley appeared to be about half a mile in circumference; the depth from 30 to 35 feet, and the whole covered with skeletons of human beings, tigers, pigs, deers, peacocks, and all sorts of birds. We could not perceive any vapor or any opening in the ground, which last appeared to us to be of a hard sandy substance.

It was now proposed by one of the party to enter the valley, but at the spot where we were this was difficult, at least for me, as one false step would have brought us to eternity. Seeing no assistance of a bamboo, we went down within 18 feet of the bottom. Here we did not experience any difficulty in breathing, but an offensive, nauseous smell annoyed us. We now fastened a dog to the end of a bamboo, 18 feet long, and sent him in. We had our watches in our hands, and in 14 seconds he fell on his back; he did not move his limbs or look round, but continued to breathe a few minutes. We then sent another, or rather he got loose and walked in to where the other dog was lying. He then stood quite still, and in 10 seconds fell on his face, and never afterwards moved his limbs; he continued to breathe seven minutes. We now tried a fowl, which died in a minute and a half. We threw in another, which died before reaching the ground.

During these experiments we experienced a heavy shower of rain, but were so interested by the awful sight before us that we did not care for getting wet. On the opposite side, near a large stone, was the skeleton of a human being, who must have perished on his back, with his right hand under his head. From being exposed to the weather the bones were bleached as white as ivory. I was anxious to procure this skeleton, but an attempt to get it would have been madness.

HOUSEHOLD KNOWLEDGE.—Windows are kept free from ice by painting the glass with alcohol with a brush or sponge.

Odors from boiling ham, cabbage, etc., are prevented by throwing red pepper-pods or a few pieces of charcoal into the pot.

A cement, which is a good protection against weather, water and fire to a certain extent, is made by mixing a gallon of water with two gallons of brine, then stir in two and a half pounds of brown sugar and three pounds of common salt. Put it on with a brush like paint.

Put potatoes of equal size into water while boiling; when done, pour off the water, scatter in some salt, cover the pot with a coarse cloth, and return it to the fire for five minutes, when they are ready for the table; even watery potatoes are thus made mealy.

Common cut nails are easily driven into hard wood if rubbed with a little soft soap; saliva is better than nothing for that purpose.

The best way to cook a potato is to bake or roast it in an oven; when done, crack the skins open and allow them to dry out for a few minutes before placing them on the table.

To avoid family quarrels, let the quarrelling wretch have it all to himself; reply never a word.

To make cider vinegar, take the water in which dried apples have been soaked and washed, strain it well, and add a pound of sugar.

For French rolls, add two ounces of butter and a little salt to a pint of boiled milk; while tepid, sift in one pound of flour, one beaten egg, one tablespoon of yeast, beat these altogether well: when risen, form the rolls with as little handling as possible; bake on tins.

OZONIZED water is now used for drinking and the toilette. It is advertised in London in the following style: "Its use is attended by a sensation which has been aptly described as 'the perfume of purity.' Being perfectly innoxious and tasteless, a few drops make a most refreshing and invigorating addition to the tumbler of plain drinking or soda water, from which they remove all trace of soluble organic matter—a fact of infinite importance to the voyager or the invalid. When employed for the toilet, bath, &c., it removes from the mouth all impure and foreign tastes and odors, whether arising from natural or artificial causes, such as the practice of smoking, and counteracts the irritation and morbid effects of carious teeth. It purifies and softens the skin, and tends to promote a healthy state of the whole body, by removing all secretions, and restoring a wholesome condition."

WAR IN VIRGINIA—COAL HARBOR, THE SCENE OF STONEWALL JACKSON'S FLANK MOVEMENT AND OF GRANT'S RECENT OPERATIONS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.

COLD HARBOR.

COLD HARBOR, called in many of our papers Coal Harbor, has come into considerable prominence, and will live hereafter in Virginia annals with its countless other battlefields. The name Coal Harbor has been remarked upon as a sad misnomer. It is simply a sad perversion. Its real name is Cold Arbor, and the hamlet derives that name from a neighboring plantation once owned by Cerar Dabney, who gave it the name. An Englishman, or one of our more Northern friends, would have called it Cool Arbor, but it is a curious fact that from Southern lips you seldom hear the word cool. Everything is cold or hot. They go to extremes, and do not halt at intervening stages. What Cold Harbor actually is the graphic sketch of our Artist at the front portrays with characteristic fidelity.

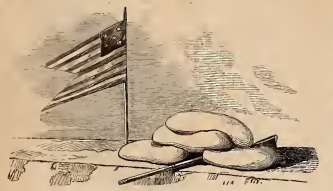
PICNIC AT SCHACH'S PARK, BROOKLYN,

For the German Hospital Fund.

Not content with their contributions to the Sanitary Fairs and similar institutions or organizations, our German fellow-citizens have an especial hospital fund, and on the 13th of June a picnic for its benefit came off at Schach's Park, East Brooklyn, which must have been highly successful. A procession of Turner and of five or six military companies marched to the spot in the morning, and great numbers of men, women and children, in fitting garb arrayed, flocked thither during the day, on charitable deeds intent, enjoying themselves in the usual orderly and rememble manner which prevail among them. We hope to give, as early as possible, a definite statement of the amount realized for the benevolent object in view by this monster picnic.

MONSTER PICNIC AT SCHACH'S PARK, EAST BROOKLYN, JUNE 13, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE GERMAN HOSPITAL FUND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—PORTION OF THE LINE OF DEFENCE BETWEEN THE JAMES AND APPOMATTOX.—SKETCHED FROM THE PICKET LINE BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. F. MULLEN.—SEE PAGE 238.



SANDBAG FOR MUSKETRY—GUIDON FOREWORK.

GRANT'S LINES SOUTH OF THE JAMES.

THE sudden transfer of operations by Gen. Grant from the old battle-ground on the Chickahominy, already historic from the bloody campaign of 1862, and laden with the deadly miasma of the Chickahominy swamps, to the point south of James river occupied already by Gen. Butler, gives that comparatively fresh locality additional interest to the public.

We are happy, therefore, to be able to lay before our readers two sketches of the fortifications between the James and Appomattox. One view is taken from within, showing the shelter tents within the works, and the men manning the line awaiting an attack of the enemy. The other shows the same line sketched from the picket-line, and gives an idea of the works as thrown up by Gen. Gillmore under Gen. Butler, to defend the position taken at Bermuda Hundred. The means of defence, the lines of wires, the chevaux de frize, as well as the sanding protection for the men, will all be viewed with interest.

This has now become the base of Grant's operations. There is no longer fear of attack. The fear is reversed. Those who exulted at Smith's departure look blank at his return and the concentration of Grant's whole force.

FASCINES PROTECTING EMBRASURES.

DISTANCE OF THE SUN.—MR. Stone, principal assistant at the Greenwich Observatory, has been making a series of calculations on the position of the sun, deduced from observations made at Greenwich on the planet Mars at his recent opposition made in Australia. The result is that the sun is found to be 3,000,000 of miles nearer to the earth than previous calculations have made it.

TELEGRAPH WIRES IN FRONT OF WORKS.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

Othello in Three Colors.—When in 1852 "Moise" was produced at the Grand Opera, Paris, the singer who played Aménophis, an Egyptian prince, entered into his character nearly as much as the Othello mentioned by Mr. Dickens, who blacked himself all over. He stained his face, neck and arms of a good Egyptian brownish black, but there his painting arrangements ended, and he depended for his dusky legs on the "maillot" maker of the theatre. At the very last moment, however, the prince's legs had not arrived. "*Quoi faire?*" There was nothing to do but don a pair of those flesh-colored tight garments usually worn by pages on the stage. The want of local color, however, was soon discovered, and not approved of, and after the first exit Aménophis was forced to scrub himself to a lighter hue, more in harmony with his legs. This carried him pretty well through the second act, in which he sang well, was applauded, and got excited. As he rushed off at the end of Act II. he saw the tardy tailor with his black breeches, and forgetful of the change he had made above, at once put them on, and appeared—changing to the eye like a dusky chameleon—in the third act a Georgian to the hips, and a nigger below. It was too much for the audience, and seriously endangered the success of "Moise."

CHARLOTTE, MY DARLING.

Charlotte, my darling! the dinner is waiting,
The voice of the waiter is heard on the stair;
The guests on their bosoms their napkins are pinning—
Charlotte, my darling! why linger there?
O, hast thou forgotten how early was breakfast?
Or hast thou forgotten how late shall be tea?
We may be too late and shall not get any,
Charlotte, my darling! have pity on me!

Charlotte, my darling! come down from your toilet,
The fair capons gleam in the jelly's mild light;
O, where is the spell that once lay in plum-pudding?
Come down as you are, or I shan't get a bite.
Charlotte, my darling! my faint voice is calling;
Ere long will be vanished both pudding and tart;
I shall be too late, and they won't leave me any;
O, why dost thou loiter when they must depart?
I know I'm too late, and they won't give me any,
O, why didst thou loiter, thou loved of my heart?

A citizen of New Hartford tells that the first time he attended church he, a little four year old, was seated in a pew. Upon his coming home he was asked what he did in church, when he replied:

"I went into a cupboard and took a seat on the shelf."

Printers' Mistakes.—During the Mexican war one of the English newspapers hurriedly announced an important item of news from Mexico, that Gen. Pillow and 37 of his men had been lost in a bottle (battle). Some other paper informed the public, not long ago, that a man in a brown surtout was yesterday brought before the court on a charge of having stolen a small ox (box) from a lady's workbag. The stolen property was found in his waistcoat pocket. A rat (raft), says another paper, descending the river, came in contact with a steamboat, and so serious was the injury to the boat that great exertions were necessary to save it. An English paper once stated that the Russian Gen. Backinoffkowsky was found dead with a long word (sword) in his mouth. It was, perhaps, the same paper that, in giving a description of a battle between the Poles and Russians, said that the conflict was dreadful, and the enemy were repulsed with great laughter (slaughter). Again: A gentleman was recently brought up to answer the charge of having eaten (beaten) a stage-driver for demanding more than his fare.

A poetical genius was hauled up before one of the police magistrates for kissing a handsome young girl and kicking up a dust, and the following examination took place:

Magistrate: "Is your name John Ray?"

Prisoner: "Yes, your honor, so the people say."

Magistrate: "Was it you that kissed the girl and raised the alarm?"

Prisoner: "Yes, your honor; but I thought it was no harm."

"Magistrate: "You rascal, did you come here to make rhymes?"

Prisoner: "No, your honor; but it will happen sometimes."

Magistrate: "Be off, you scamp—get out of my sight!"

Prisoner: "Thank'ee, your honor, then I'll bid you good-night."

Obeying the Priest.—An Irishman made a sudden rush into a druggist's shop, took from his pocket a soda-water bottle, filled to the brim with some pure liquor, and handing it across the counter, exclaimed:

"There, doctor, snuff that, will you?"

The doctor did as he was directed, and pronounced the liquor to be genuine whiskey.

"Thank you, doctor," said the Irishman; "Hand it to me again if you please."

The doctor again did as he was directed, and asked what he meant.

"Och, thin," said Pat, "if you will have it, the priest told me not to drink any of this unless I got it from the doctor. So here's your health and the priest's health."

A country school-teacher, preparing for an exhibition of his school, selected a class of pupils and wrote down the questions which he would put to them on examination day. The day arrived and so did the hopefuls all but one. The pupils took their places as had been arranged, and all went on glibly until the question of the absentee came, when the teacher asked:

"In whom do you believe?"

"In Napoleon Bonaparte!" was the answer quickly returned.

"You believe in the Holy Catholic Church, do you not?"

"No," said the youngster, amid the roars of laughter, "the boy that believes in that church hasn't come to school to-day, he's at home sick abed."

The other evening a gentleman's button caught hold of the fringe of a lady's shawl.

"I am attached to you," said the gentleman, laughing, while he was industriously trying to get loose.

"The attachment is mutual," was the good humored reply.

A Noisy Set.—An old lady reading an account of the death of a venerable and distinguished lawyer, who was stated to be the "father of the Philadelphia Bar," exclaimed:

"Poor man! he had a dreadful noisy set of children!"

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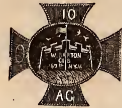

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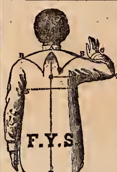

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No. 458—VOL. XVIII.] NEW YORK, JULY 9, 1864. [PRICE 10 CENTS $4 00 YEARLY 15 WEEKS $1 00.

Richmond—What Progress and What is the Prospect.

SINCE our last review of the military situation in Virginia, another memorable and important chapter of sanguinary battles, heroic achievements and masterly strategy has been added to the glorious history of our veteran Army of the Potomac. The practical questions, however, which we are required to answer are, what actual progress has been made towards the reduction of the rebel capital? and what is the prospect now before us? Sanguinary battles involve a great waste of human life, heroic achievements signify nothing, and masterly strategy is foolishness without substantial results. What, therefore, has Gen. Grant gained from his last seven days of battles and strategic operations? and what are the advantages contemplated? and what is the prospect from his last bold movement by the left flank? Let us briefly endeavor to answer.

First, towards the reduction of Richmond and the rebel army defending it, an important point has been gained by Gen. Grant in the actual occupation, south of Petersburg, of the Weldon, Wilmington and Charleston railroad, the principal artery through which Richmond draws its supplies and Lee his reinforcements. The only remaining line of communication between the rebel capital and the States beyond Virginia supporting it is the interior Danville road, which, if not occupied by our forces, soon will be, and in the meantime has been seriously interrupted by our cavalry expeditions in that direction. It must not be forgotten that Gen. Grant, from the beginning of this Virginia campaign, has been, and is now, acting under the conviction that Richmond and the rebel army defending it may be more readily and cheaply overcome by cutting off their lines of supplies than by storming or laying siege to the city's extensive and formidable chain of defences. He believes, as we believe, that Gen. Lee, if reduced to the subsistence stores of Richmond, will soon be compelled to abandon the city, or to make a sortie from his entrenchments to reopen his communications, and that, in either case, the city, his army and his cause are lost.

In this view, Gen. Grant's operations in Virginia of the last seven days, and especially the

THE COLORED INFANTRY BRINGING IN THE CAPTURED GUNS, AMID THE CHEERS OF THE OHIO TROOPS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. F. MULLEN.—SEE PAGE 247.

extension of his left wing around the south side of Petersburg, so as to cover the Weldon railroad, will be properly appreciated. From the crossing of the Rapidan on the 4th of May last, to the present time, the great object and the great difficulty of the distinguished leader of the Union armies has been to bring his wily Virginia adversary to the issue of an open field engagement. Thus far, however, the enemy have avoided this danger, and from the Rapidan to the Appomattox have compelled Gen. Grant to accept battle under heavy disadvantages in every instance, or from point to point to dislodge them by a flank movement, which, to an inferior army under an ordinary leader, would have been certain destruction.

The battlefield of the Wilderness was a snare as well adapted to the complete overthrow of our invading forces, as was that gloomy forest defile in which the army of Gen. Braddock was cut to pieces a hundred years ago. The naturally strong and skilfully fortified position next assumed by the enemy at Spottsylvania Court House, and the next between the North and South Anna rivers, were not less formidable obstructions in the line of march chosen by Gen. Grant for Richmond. Having successfully turned them all, he reached the dreaded Chicahominy, only to find that his escape from a long siege, in which his army would probably be destroyed by pestilence, must be by a retreat to the York river, or in a more hazardous flank movement than any yet attempted, as was proved by the terrible seven days battles of 1862 from Cold Harbor to Malvern Hill.

This perilous movement, however, was this time accomplished, without the loss of a gun or a baggage wagon, and from still another advance by the left flank, the Army of the Potomac has been moved to the south side of Petersburg, 25 miles below Richmond. We are told, too, and we believe, that the south side of the James river was the destination of Gen. Grant, from his crossing of the Rapidan. Why, then, did he not move his army down to Aquia creek, put it on board transports, and by way of the broad Potomac, the Chesapeake bay and the James river, land his troops a few miles from Petersburg without a single battle? Because, first in thus leaving Lee's army near the Rapidan, Washington would be left at his mercy; and secondly, because, it was necessary to exhaust the intervening country and communications with Richmond, so far as to render another Northern diversion by Gen. Lee, under any circumstances, utterly impracticable. All this has been done, and hence the boldness and perfect security with which Gen. Grant has placed Richmond, the James river and the veteran rebel army of Virginia, between himself and Washington. Forty thousand men, killed, wounded and missing, have been lost by him in this overland march from Culpeper to Petersburg. He is farther from Richmond than he was a fortnight ago; he has fought many bloody battles, captured or turned many important positions; but he has gained no decisive victory. What, then, is the prospect? We answer, that from the losses inflicted upon the enemy, from the extremities to which he is reduced in the matter of his supplies, and from the near approach of Gen. Grant to the complete isolation of Richmond from the South, the prospect is that the day is near at hand when the city will be ours, Lee's army routed and dispersed, and the rebellion extinguished.

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Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

The bold and sudden movement of Gen. Grant, across the James, after failing to break Lee's lines, filled all with hope, but it has thus far proved delusive. Petersburg seemed doomed to fall an easy prey. The first and second lines of the enemy were carried, but in a desperate attack on the principal line Grant was repulsed. He now found that the works were of the most elaborate kind, and held by Beauregard alone. He could not keep his whole army there, and allow Lee to form new plans unmolested.

On the 17th Gen. R. S. Foster's division, 10th corps, whose right rested on Ware Bottom Church, near James river, extending towards the Appomattox, and Gens. Ames and Turner on his left, were attacked by Pickett's and Field's divisions of Longstreet's corps, and a part of the line was momentarily lost, but as quickly regained, and held in spite of desperate attacks.

On the 19th three rebel rams came down to Dutch gap, but were attacked by the monitors across a wooded neck, and retired.

On the 20th Gen. Abercrombie was attacked at the White House by Fitz Hugh Lee and Wade Hampton, who hoped to capture Sheridan's train. The infantry and boats kept them at bay, and having exploded a caisson, drove them off. Sheridan came up in the afternoon, and with his immense wagon train crossed the James above Fort Powhatan.

An expedition, under Acting-Brig.-Gen. Draper, set out from Point Lookout on the 11th, and landing in Westmoreland county proceeded to the Rappahannock, destroying over $300,000 of rebel property.

On the 22d Grant sent the 18th corps from Bermuda Hundred to destroy the Weldon railroad, and the 2d and 6th corps were thrown to the left. During this movement Hill advanced and pushed through a gap in the 2d corps, taking Barlow's and Gibbons's divisions in flank, capturing 2,000 men, with several cannon, and inflicting heavy loss in killed and wounded.

On the 23d the 6th and 2d corps again advanced, but, after beginning the destruction of the road, were attacked by Anderson and Wilcox and forced back.

On the 25th, at 8 P. M., the enemy attacked Gen. Burnside's line, charging under cover of a heavy cannonade, but were repulsed with loss.

Gen. Hunter, pushing on with Crook and Averill, after effecting a junction, flanked and routed the rebel Gen. McCausland, and took Lexington on the North river, a branch of the James. He then sent out minor expeditions, which did great damage to the railroads. Hunter himself advanced to Lynchburg on the 18th.

Lee, meanwhile relieved in a manner by Grant's move, sent nine brigades to join the forces before Hunter.

Sharp work has accordingly been going on before Lynchburg, of which we know only through rebel channels. The action on the 18th is claimed as a rebel victory.

GEORGIA.

Sherman has closed in on Johnston at the Kenesaw mountain, a naturally strong position, which the latter holds tenaciously.

On the 15th McPherson, with the 15th, 16th and 17th corps, drove the enemy from before him, capturing, entire, the 31st and 40th Alabama.

The other corps then advanced on the Kenesaw mountain, and Hooker attacked their position on Lost mountain, taking and holding some of their works. He also captured many rebels. And on the 16th an entire company, with its officers, came into our lines.

Gen. Polk was killed at Pine mountain on the 14th, while making telescopic observations of our lines, with Johnston and Hardee. A battery of the 4th corps observing this party, fired, and one of the projectiles struck the General on the left arm, passed through his body and carried off his right arm. His death thus resembles that of Gen. Moreau, struck while standing with the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia.

A new district has been created embracing Sherman's recent conquests, and styled the District of the Etowah. It has been placed under the command of Major-Gen. Steadman. It comprises the country from Bridgeport to Allatoona, including Cleveland, Rome, and the country on the east as far as the flag goes.

On the 21st Howard gained an important point, and, in order to regain it, the enemy made seven successive but unsuccessful assaults on Whitaker's brigade, of Stanley's division, in which they lost nearly 800 men, 200 dead being left on the field. Both Noonday and Moses creeks have been crossed.

On the 18th the rebel Gen. Wharton succeeded in capturing five freight trains loaded with supplies, between Kingston and Dalton. Two other trains were lost on the 20th.

On the 19th three companies of the 54th Va. (C. S. A.), came into our lines, and on the 24th 600 conscripts from a rebel camp near Atlanta came in.

LOUISIANA.

The steamers Chillicothe, Neosho and Fort Hindman captured recently a rebel battery on the Achafalaya, near Sommesport, consisting of two 30 pound Parrots.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The firing on Charleston seems to have been suspended. An expedition was recently sent up Stono river, and the rebel works on John's island demolished.

TEXAS.

Brig.-Gen. Fitz Henry Warren has been ordered to Brownsville, to take command of the forces in that part of Texas.

NAVAL.

The U. S. gunboat Elk has made an expedition through Mississippi sound, breaking up a rebel camp on Bayou Lackra, and then proceeding up Wolfe river.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on the 20th of June, the bill to prohibit the discharge of persons liable to military duty by reason of the payment of money was called up by Mr. Wilson, the question being on his amendment, that every person who shall be drafted and serve honorably for the period of one year, shall receive a bounty of $100 and an honorable discharge, and a similar bounty proportionate to his term of service for a less period. No vote on the main question was taken.

In the House, there was no business of any public interest.

In the Senate, on the 21st of June, Mr. Sumner moved to take up the bill to repeal the Fugitive Slave Law. This led to a very animated debate. The motion was carried.

In the House, Mr. Kellogg made an adverse report on the resolution instructing them to inquire what further legislation is necessary to prevent substitute brokers from purchasing substitutes. Mr. Kellogg reported a bill for the relief of Mrs. Gen. Lander. Mr. Schenck reported a bill with reference to the draft, which he explained. After debate the House voted on the motion to strike out the first section of the bill, repealing the commutation clause. The question was decided in the affirmative, by yeas 100, nays 50. The second section was also stricken out. The further discussion was terminated by the arrival of the hour for a recess. At the evening session the House resumed the consideration of the bill to amend the Pacific railroad act.

In the Senate, on the 22d of June, the bill to prevent military interference was passed, with an important amendment to the effect that military may be employed to keep the peace at the polls. The bill to allow the transfer of persons from the military to the naval service was passed. The bill to compensate the officers and crew of the gunboat Essex for the capture of the rebel ram Arkansas was passed. The bill to establish a Navy yard and depot at Cairo was passed. The bill for the relief of officers and seamen in the naval service to compensate for losses, etc., was passed. The House resolution for the relief of John Ericsson was passed without amendments. A bill was passed to repeal so much of the Deficiency bill of last March as appropriated $25,000 for a naval hospital at Kittery, Me. The bill to repeal the Fugitive Slave law was taken up, and after various dilatory motions had been made to adjourn, postpone, etc., a compromise was finally made, and the bill was allowed to be reported to the Senate as from Committee of the Whole.

In the House, it was resolved, the Senate concurring, that the present session of Congress be closed on Thursday, the 30th inst. Reports were received relative to the contested election cases of Pennsylvania, but were laid over. The $400,000,000 loan bill was then taken up; after considerable discussion the clause to exempt all bonds, Treasury notes and other obligations of the United States was stricken out. Several amendments and substitutes were offered, but without coming to a conclusion on the bill the House adjourned.

In the Senate, on the 23d of June, the House bill to repeal the Fugitive Slave law came up as the special order. After debate, the bill was passed, yeas 27, nays 12. The motion to reconsider the bill passed yesterday, to prevent military interference in elections, was taken up. Without concluding, the Senate took a recess. The evening session was devoted to discussion of the $300 commutation clause.

The House passed the Senate bill amendatory of the law of March, 1863, which extends the time within which patentees who have neglected it may pay the final balance fees within six months from the passage of this act, to secure their patents. The House, in the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, resumed the consideration of the new loan bill. A long debate ensued. The Committee acted on and agreed to Mr. Stevens's substitute for the first section—yeas 72, nays 51. The House, however, at a subsequent stage of the proceedings, refused to concur in the action of the Committee, by a vote of 59 against 80. The House also refused to concur in Mr. Pomeroy's substitute for the second section, by 44 against 81. The bill was then passed without a division, the yeas and nays having been demanded and refused.

In the Senate, on the 24th, the Pacific Telegraph bill was amended and passed. A bill was reported to provide salaries in lieu of commissions for postmasters. The Civil Appropriation bill was then brought up for consideration, and several amendments were made. In evening session the Miscellaneous Appropriation bill was taken up and the final consideration of it postponed.

In the House, a bill was passed to carry into effect the treaty between the United States and Her Britannic Majesty for the final settlement of the title concerning the Hudson Bay and Puget's Sound Agricultural Company. The Missouri contested election case being called up, the House passed a resolution confirming Mr. Scott in his seat. A resolution, declaring that John Kline is not entitled to a seat as representative from the Third Congressional District of Pennsylvania, but that Leonard Scott is entitled to retain his seat, was agreed to. In the contested election case from the Fifth Congressional District of Pennsylvania, a resolution was passed declaring that Charles H. Corrigan is not entitled to the seat, but that Mr. Russell Thayer is entitled to retain the seat now occupied by him. The Senate bill to establish a Navy yard and depot at or near Cairo, Illinois, was taken up. After some debate the bill was amended by adopting the resolution reported by the Naval Committee, to appoint a commission to report at the next session of Congress as to the most suitable location for a naval depot on the Western waters.

TOWN GOSSIP.

Think of it; oh, inhabitants of the woods and green fields; ye dwellers beside the rushing river or on the mountain top, that millions of your fellows—for no crime committed—are prisoned in brick walls, with metal roofs glowing above their heads, and scorching pavements beneath their feet, while the thermometer touches a hundred in the shade!

Think of it, that while the soft southern breezes come over your mountain tops and down your rushing rivers, laden with the perfume of ten thousand flowers, millions of your fellows are stifling in narrow streets, in cage-like houses, inhaling only the odors generated from uncleanly streets and crowded domiciles!

What a privilege it is to be a denizen of the country! And yet how few who have this privilege offer it appreciation. We have often thought that in all the dog-in-the-mangerism that afflicts human nature, this point is the one deserving of the most especial notice. We mean the selfishness and the jealousy of country people as exercised towards the people of the city. An instance of it is marked in this fact. A large majority of city people are hard laborers all the week, and have no day upon which they can escape to the woods and fields but Sunday, and yet it is this very day the selfishness of country people shuts away from them, by depriving them of the means of transportation. Were it left to country people there would not be a steamboat or train of cars leave the city for any point on the Sabbath. Instead of encouraging the pleasures of their fellow-men by making cheap excursions, and giving the pent-up and stifled citizens a chance to worship God in the enjoyment of nature, they labor to make laws that shall shut them away, fearful that the little ones might pluck a wild flower, or press down a few blades of grass with their tiny feet.

By-the-bye, in connection with this, why is it that some popular preacher, who, during the summer heats, finds it difficult to fill a town church, will not try the country? Let him advertise to hold forth near the city, under the shelter of the forest trees, and charter a steamboat to take his improvised congregation to the spot for the worship of the day, at a low rate of fare, and our word for it he would have thousands where he now has hundreds, and would be better appreciated and more pleasantly listened to than in the hot, close, city church.

How strange it seems, with the thermometer touching a hundred, that men can discuss anything, or make any effort towards the ordinary affairs of life. And yet they do, and the world goes on with the same routine of exciting events. Politicians quarrel, and write long letters, or make long speeches, denouncing each other, and the public read both and believe both. Business men run about and chaffer, and bargain, and worry away their physical proportions in money getting; and women shop and flirt, and torture themselves into uneasy dresses, and hard, stiff and unwieldy bonnets, just the same as though the temperature was fifty degrees lower.

Now we have had some experience of heat in our lifetime, and have speculated some upon it. We have enjoyed it in Africa at 144 deg. Farenheit, and we are obliged to confess that we did not suffer as much as with the 100 of the same in New York city. The reason for this is simply that in tropical climates, under these high degrees of heat, no effort is made at exertion. The white man who, during the middle hours of the day gave way to peripatetic action, or exciting occupation, would be looked on as a madman, and booked at short notice for the next world. The hammock or the lounge, with thin, ventilating clothing, a quiet book, cool and unexciting food or drink, are the means the dweller in a tropical climate uses to pass his day; and the morning before nine, and the evening, are the hours for transacting business. He builds his house for coolness, he dresses for coolness, eats, drinks and moves for the same end, and as a consequence suffers less than we do with our 50 degrees less, and our perpetual haste and carelessness.

Among the numberless things that make up a city life, none seem to us so worthy of discussion as a case of child-murder that occurred during the past week. It is hard to believe that any woman, or human being possessing that form, should have possessed herself of a child, by adoption, between three and four years of age, and under the pretence of administering punishment, gradually beaten the little creature to death, and that this slow and gradual process, going on for weeks and months, should have been known to the neighbors, and not one of them had courage or humanity enough to rescue the helpless, little victim. And yet this is true, in this year of our Lord, 1864. The child, Mary Gerraty, was given by its mother, who had just lost her husband, to this woman, Mrs. Clinton, to bring up. Some of the witnesses testified that they have seen this fiend, Clinton, strike and kick the child repeatedly until the blood would start from several wounds, and then, divesting it of clothing, would leave it alone and naked, without food, so that if it had not been fed by neighbors, the babe, for it was nothing else, would have died with starvation. Finally she killed it, and then these neighbors who could do nothing, or would do nothing, to save it, called in the aid of the police, and the woman who had coldly and devilishly perpetrated this fearful murder was lodged in prison for trial.

Let us hope that she will not be able to obtain bail, and that no benevolent lawyer of enlarged sympathies will interfere to turn her once more out on this community.

Among the movements of the week touching theatrical matters is the meeting of managers at the house of Mr. Wallack, to resist, as it is called, the extortions of orchestral performers. These extortionists are now receiving from the managers the princely sum of $14 per week wages, and have the temerity to ask for more for the coming season. The idea is perfectly shocking, and we cannot for an instant see how the managers, who are, as everybody knows, poor, and have made no money the past season, can help resisting it. Fourteen dollars a week for an artist with perhaps a large family to support, is certainly liberal remuneration, and if the managers do not resist it these extortionists will after awhile be expecting as high wages as a shoemaker or a tailor.

As week after week goes on, bringing us nearer to midsummer, the dramatic season grows "small by degrees and beautifully less." The Winter Garden has closed, and before this paper has reached its readers Wallack's will have met the same end, though it almost immediately reopens under the management of Treasurer Moss, for a short summer season, with an English comedy, called the "The Winning Suit," which will introduce to the American stage a new actor, named McIntyre, and include in the cast most of the members of the old company and some new ones.

Vestvali's engagement at Niblo's terminates this week with just 50 representations of "Bel Demonio," and then we are to have John Brougham in another shape, "The Duke's Motto," as a stopgap, until Lucille Western comes in with "The Sea of Ice," which cannot fail to be acceptable during this hot weather, especially if done with the real article.

On Saturday next, also, the Olympic will close its season, and the house will go into the hands of the English Opera company, who have not yet announced their programme, which commences on the following Monday.

Barnum keeps his audiences cool with homœopathic doses of almost everything, adding each week a touch of novelty, the last of which is Mr. Charles Collins, who does up a little entertainment of his own, called "The Original Ours," warranted equal to the exigencies of the season.

We verily believe that the only sensation just now in New York is Heller, and that New York believes it, or his *salon* would not be nightly crowded during this sweltering weather. We pronounce his exposition of the Davenport business as the cleverest thing New York has ever seen. We hold the exhibition of the box business to be not only puzzling and amusing, but worthy of every encouragement as showing up spiritual humbugs. If we were inclined to believe the doings of the Davenports almost beyond human ability, then must we think Heller's entirely so, as his box trick is infinitely better than that of the brothers. We stood within 12 inches of the box, and distinctly saw six hands shown at the diamond-shaped openings of the doors and two faces, though a moment before we had seen these doors closed upon his one assistant, Withe, who certainly, as far as our eyes went, possessed but two hands, and those secured with handcuffs, and one face. We saw Dolly Davenport, who was in search of spiritual knowledge, put in the same box with Willie, and while tightly grasping Willie's hands, so that he could not by any possibility move, Mr. D. came forth from the box to report that his nose and hair was violently pulled, the instruments were played, his coat taken from his back and thrust through the aperture on to the stage. If there are any doubters among the audience after these things are done, they are made welcome to a seat in the box, and can have their nose pulled to their entire satisfaction.

We repeat that the whole thing is the cleverest trick ever shown in New York.

Cubas is dead—the beautiful Cubas! A few months ago all the young blood of New York went wild about her. Men gazed upon her beauty and followed her movements in the dance as they would have gazed upon some creature of another world, and women admired with a half-jealousy, half-passion for the voluptuous creature who overshadowed their more delicate beauties. She died at the age of 27, and of consumption. She was a Spaniard, full blooded, born at Valencia del Cid, and her name was Blasco. From her very earliest years she showed the skill and force that afterwards gave her so great a reputation as a *danseuse*, and so strongly marked her style that none have ever attempted to imitate her. In her profession she possessed decided genius, and we much doubt if future years will replace the beauty, grace, force and originality of the Cubas upon the Terpsichorean stage.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—Philadelphia has lately set New York an excellent example in the way of speedy punishment. A man named Mix, *alias* Mitchell, was arrested on the 20th June, charged with stealing $5,000 from the Sanitary Fair. He was tried on the 22d, and sentenced on the 23d to 6 years imprisonment.

—— On the afternoon of the 22d June there was great excitement in Wall street; gold ranging from 205 to 231. The sales were, however, mainly gambling operations, and in some cases purely fictitious.

—— The Central Bank of Worcester, chartered in 1829, and the second bank in the city, has begun business under the name of the "Central National Bank of Worcester."

—— The Richmond *Whig*, contemplating the scarcity of provisions in the rebel capital, proposes to expel the Irish and German women, who are running from place to place where charity is dispensed, "just as hogs in the fall of the year from one apple tree to another." The New York *Post* suggests that they be exchanged for an equal number of rebel women, who are now crowding the boarding-houses of New York, and 20,000 of whom are known to the police.

—— A few days ago a flock of large birds of strange appearance alighted from a flight over the lake, at Burlington bay, near Hamilton, in Upper Canada. It was found that they were pelicans, all the way from the shores of the Gulf, or the lower reaches of the Mississippi. These birds have often been killed as far up the Mississippi as Keokuk, in Iowa, but their appearance in Canada is very unusual. Another rare visitor has been shot at Girondince, Canada. It was the glossy ibis, found in Texas, Mexico and California, but seldom seen at the North.

—— It has been resolved to postpone the meeting of the Chicago Convention from the 4th of July to the 29th of August.

—— On the 21st June there was a meeting of the Democratic leaders at the Astor House, to debate on their party prospects. An attempt was made to extort or beguile from Fernando Wood some "glimmering" of what he meant to do. But he declined answering any question till after the Chicago Convention. He would not pledge himself to anything.

—— The Secretary of the Treasury, in a letter to Mr. Cisco, dated 20th June, announces the debt of the United States on that day to be $1,719,395,169, or nearly one-half that of Great Britain, but as our rate of interest is much higher it necessarily increases the relative proportion. The real cost of the war, however, is in the increased rates of living, which really makes our taxation nearly 200 per cent.

—— The Constitutional Convention of Maryland, in session at Annapolis, on the 24th of June, passed the following article in her Bill of Rights. "Hereafter in this State there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except in punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, and all persons held to service or labor as slaves are hereby declared free."

Military.—Five rebels found guilty of robbery and murder were recently hung in Nashville. They had all once belonged to the rebel army, and asserted their innocence on the scaffold, and declared themselves prepared to die. As the scene was prolonged, however, two of them grew more bold, and less penitent, and after asserting their freedom from guilt, stated that they were but honest rebel soldiers, affirmed their belief in the justness of the rebel cause, and said they would die true rebel soldiers.

—— The Commissary-General of prisoners recently received from the rebel authorities at Richmond a report of deaths of Union prisoners which had occurred in the prison hospitals at Columbus, Georgia, from the 27th of February to the 31st of March. In a little over one month there were no less than 370 deaths.

—— Were you ever ashamed of the names of some of our battlefields? asks the Springfield *Republican*. Not Northern mudsills, but Southern chivalry, are responsible for such names as these—they are genuine and historical: Bull run, Snicker's gap, Slaughter's mountain, Polecat station, Gum neck, Nigger-foot road, Buzzard's Roost pass, Cockeysville, Scuffletown, Skinner's neck, Mob Jack bay, Yellow tavern, Hardscrabble town, Snaketown, Jericho marsh, Piping tree, Pumpkinvine creek, Ox neck, Guinea's ranch, Snake river hollow.

Naval.—Great complaint is made by naval men of Admiral Lee for his inactivity in the James river; in addition to his not having attacked the rebel rams, he has caused several large vessels to be sunk in the river to prevent the enemy's boats from attacking him. It is said that if the ironclads are afraid to attack forts they are failures.

Personal.—Ex-Mayor Opdyke has been drawn into the quarrel in which the Albany *Journal*, New York *Evening Post*, *Tribune*, and other papers have been figuring for some time past, and where the grossest personal charges have been daily made and repelled on both sides. In a letter to the New York *Herald*, the Ex-Mayor threatens to appeal to the laws, civil and criminal, for redress to himself and for the punishment of Mr. Weed, the offender.

—— Lieut.-Col. Chamberlain, 20th Maine, reported dangerously wounded, it is well known is Professor of Modern Languages in Bowdoin College, from which institution he received leave of absence to accept the position of Lieut.-Col. in the 20th Maine. He has been in every battle in which his regiment has participated, and has won golden opinions for gallantry.

—— Miss Mandana Tileston, daughter of the late Cornelius Tileston, of Williamsburg, Mass., was married a few weeks since at Oxford, O., to Rev. Calvin Fairbank, after an engagement of 13 years. Preparations for the wedding were being made twelve and a half years ago, when Mr. Fairbanks was imprisoned in Kentucky for assisting slaves to escape, and he has just been released. During all this time Miss Tilesten did not relax her efforts to secure his release.

—— The Senate, in Executive session, has confirmed the following nominations: Joseph Holt, of Kentucky, to be Judge-Advocate-General: William McKee Dunn, of Indiana, to be Assistant Judge-Advocate-General; Warren T. Lockart, of Indiana, to be Register of the Land Office at Carson city, Nevada Territory. The Senate confirmed the following nominations for the new Territory of Montana: Sidney Edgerton, of Ohio, to be Governor; H. P. Torsey, of Maine, to be Secretary; Amine Giddings, of Conn., to be Associate Justice; Cornelius F. Buck, of Minnesota, to be United States Marshal; Edward R. Neally, of Iowa, to be United States Attorney; Asa Bartlett, of Illinois, to be Associate Justice for the Territory of Dacotah, vice Lorenzo P. Williston, appointed Associate Justice for the Territory of Montana.

—— Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas was in Harrisburg on the 19th, intending to spend a few weeks in visiting the rural portions of Pennsylvania as a guest of the family of Gen. Cameron. On the evening of that day she received a telegraph despatch from Washington city, announcing the melancholy fact that her only brother, an officer in one of the District of Columbia regiments, had been mortally wounded. The distinguished lady took the cars the next morning, hastening to return home.

Obituary.—Isabella Cubas, the celebrated dancer, died on the 20th June in this city, aged 20 years. She was a Spaniard by birth. She has left one little girl aged 6 years. The cause of her death was consumption.

—— Acting-Assistant Surgeon John K. Hardenbrook, U. S. A., died in Washington on the 20th of June of typhoid fever, aged 62. His death was occasioned by the severity of his official labors.

—— William Johnson Fox, for many years M.P. for Oldham, died at his town-house, in London, in his 78th year, on the 3d of June, after a very short illness. He was the son of Paul Fox, a farmer, at Wrentham, Suffolk, and afterwards a weaver at Norwich. He was born in 1786, and was educated at Homerton. He early in life entered the Congregational ministry, but afterwards became a Unitarian, which body he left, and for many years attracted large congregations to the chapel in South place, Finsbury. He was one of the ablest and most eloquent of the lecturers of the Anti-Corn-Law League, a writer in the *Westminster Review* and various other publications. He was elected M.P. for Oldham in 1847, and this position he occupied, with the exception of two brief intervals, until the period of his retirement from public life in 1862.

—— Tom Hyer, for many years the champion of the American prizering, died on the 26th June, at his late residence, No. 135 East 36th street, of cardiac dropsy. He came home at a late hour the previous evening, and complained of feeling unwell, grew rapidly worse, and died about 8 A. M. For many years past he has been failing in health, and has lately presented a striking contrast to the stalwart man, who, in 1849, beat the notorious bruiser, Yankee Sullivan. Until within a few months past he held a position in the Street Commissioner's office. A few days since he was tendered a benefit by some sporting friends at Stuyvesant Institute, and realised a considerable sum.

—— Mr. Joseph A. Scoville, who has earned an unenviable notoriety by his letters from New York to the London *Herald*, under the signature of "Manhattan," died at the Brandreth House, in this city, on Saturday morning, 25th June, of congestion of the bowels, at the age of 50 years.

—— Col. George S. Prescott, of the 32d Mass., died on the 19th June, from the effects of a wound received in the late unsuccessful assault on the lines at Petersburg.

—— Major Hedges, of the 14th N. Y. heavy artillery, was killed on the 19th of June, while charging the enemy.

Accidents and Offences.—Navy Agent Henderson, business manager of the *Evening Post*, was arrested on the 23d June on a charge of defrauding the Government. He was held to bail in $10,000.

—— W. A. Beecher, cousin to H. W. Beecher, was fatally injured on the 22d of June by falling down the steps of the Custom House.

—— Col. Fish, of the 1st Connecticut cavalry, and formerly Provost Marshal of Baltimore, has been pardoned by the President. His offences were of the most infamous description, and he was condemned, after a fair trial, to pay a fine of $5,000, and suffer an imprisonment of a year. He paid the fine, which was but a small part of the enormous gains he made, and the President has let him off the imprisonment.

—— Mrs. Sarah Littles, sister of Ira Stout, who was convicted of the murder of her husband in 1858, has been pardoned by Gov. Seymour. She now lives with her mother, on the Hudson river, below Sing Sing, and professes to be of a religious turn of mind.

—— A powder magazine recently exploded near the Tripoli station of the Malta and Alexandria telegraph. Forty men were killed and the telegraph station was much damaged. The communication with Alexandria does not, however, appear to have been interfered with.

—— Judge Advocate W. H. Young, of Baltimore, was killed on the afternoon of the 22d of June by one of the Washington cars. His body was terribly mangled.

—— A desperate old lady jumped from the cars, while the train was in motion, at Fair Haven, Ct., last week, and was badly bruised by her fall. She said, however, to those who offered her assistance that "she wasn't one of them kind that faints at everything," and added that "the train didn't give her time to get off when she came over to Fair Haven a year ago, and she wasn't going to be outwitted again."

—— The editor of the Chicago *Times* was attacked in the street lately, by a man named Trussell, whom that paper had published as a gambler. The editor fired at Trussell, but didn't hit him, thereupon the *Times* apologises to the public for the failure "to terminate the existence of a walking pestilence," and promises better execution the next opportunity.

Foreign.—Intelligence received from Tunis to the 25th ult. states that the Arabs, having discovered that the Cadi of the tribe of Medjees had betrayed the Bey set up by the insurgents, put him to death, together with 60 of his relations and servants. Eighteen vessels were in the roads of Tunis, ready to take on board those Europeans who might desire to embark.

—— The London *Times* city article of 4th inst. says: "Advices from Frankfort state that American federal bonds continue to be largely purchased there, and that every new fall in their price brings in new purchasers."

—— The latest advices from Bassora speak of inundations of the Euphrates, which are said to have interrupted communications with Bagdad.

—— According to a correspondent of the London *Times*, the Austrians have failed lamentably in their ironclads. It is represented that the three last built were made of wood which was only half seasoned.

—— The Queen and Prince of Wales are at open war on the Schleswig-Holstein question—the former being German and the latter Danish "to the backbone."

—— A trained monkey is all the rage at Franconi's, Paris, performing the usual feats of the most daring equestrians with a perfection and yet a solemnity of visage which produces surprise and convulsions of laughter.

—— Marseilles has become a great cotton market. The staple comes thither from Egypt, Turkey and Italy.

—— The Spanish Government repudiates the act of Admiral Pinzon in seizing the Chincha Islands, and has recalled him. It appears that the guano on those islands belonged chiefly to British merchants, by virtue of large advances made upon it. The islands—or rather the valuable part of them—are movable.

Art, Science and Literature.—M. Allard, a distinguished painter of Lyons, has been murdered in his own studio at Rome, by a man who was sitting to him as a model for Judas, in a picture representing Judas giving the kiss to the Saviour.

—— Mr. Babbage, the famous inventor of the calculating machine, and who has been for the last few years waging furious war against the Italian organ-grinders, has just finished a book called "Street Nuisances."

Odds and Ends.—During the recent inundation at Sheffield, Eng., a little child floated in a cradle four miles away from the scene of the disaster on to a meadow belonging to the rector of the village. The rector's wife, having no children of her own, accepted it as an offering from God, and has adopted it. No trace of the child's parents can be discovered. They were most probably drowned.

—— Even more disgusting than the worms are the toadies of the press. A Philadelphia paper says: "'All is quiet along the lines,' means something different with Gen. Grant from the old time import of these familiar words. With him they presage the gathering of a storm that is soon to burst with augmented fury on his former object of attack, or to threaten with its irresistible sweep some new point of the enemy's lines." Gen. Grant should treat such noodles to a new uniform of tar and feathers.

—— It is said that Weehawken is the most irregular town in New Jersey. The houses are not built—they are dumped!

—— The Owen county *Journal*, Ind., says: "Illness of the editor, compositor and devil—*tria juncta in uno*—and the total lack of assistance, has so delayed us, that we shall be unable to issue a paper next week. An extra, containing a summary of the latest news, will be mailed to each P. O. in the county on Wednesday."

—— And another Indiana paper has this lively paragraph: "The Cincinnati *Commercial* calls the Fremont men 'long-haired radicals.' We suppose the Lincoln men must be kinky-haired radicals. The hair of the long-haired radicals is parted in the middle, and the hair of the kinky-haired radicals curls so tight that it cannot be parted at all."

—— A servant girl, hearing the lady of the house ask her husband to bring "Dombey & Son" with him when he came home to dinner, laid two extra plates on the table for the supposed visitors.

—— A postman in the west of England has ridden the same pony for 18 years, and he estimates that in this time man and horse have travelled 06,160 miles, which is much over twice the distance around the globe.

—— The Pneumatic Passenger Railway Company have been constructing an experimental tube, a quarter of a mile long, in the grounds of the Sydenham Crystal Palace for the conveyance of passengers.

—— A terrible warfare of letters is just now going on in London, between Mr. Benjamin Webster, manager of the St. James's theatre, and Dion Boucicault. It began with a denunciation of Mr. Boucicault's "Fox Chase" by Mr. Webster, who called it an imposition, and has now degenerated into very warm personalities. Nobody is injured much by the newspaper pellets.

—— A Munchausenish story is told of some Portuguese philosophers and travellers, who were recently on the peak of Teneriffe, off the western coast of Africa, when they saw on the horizon vast masses of mountains. The archipelago of the Canary islands was at their feet, and the distant mountains must therefore belong to some other continent. At last one of the tourists, who had been in this country, recognised the Allegheny mountains, really 2,500 miles distant, as those on the horizon. A rare case of mirage.

—— Thousands of acres of soil are annually planted to flowers in France and Italy for making perfume alone. A single grower in Southern France sells annually 60,000 pounds of rose flowers, 30,000 pounds each of jasmine and tuberose, 40,000 pounds of violet blossoms, besides thousands of pounds of mint, thyme, rosemary, etc., and he is but one of hundreds engaged in this branch of horticulture.

—— A patent has just been granted to a citizen of Springfield for an improved fire-escape, consisting of a ladder so constructed that it may be coiled on a reel, mounted on wheels like the hose of a fire-engine. When uncoiled, the ladder runs up in a direction more or less inclined from a perpendicular, and as it is elevated becomes rigid by means of bolts and trusses operated automatically.

—— The last number of the Petersburg *Express*—which it is expected that our troops will soon suppress—contains a pleasant acrostic on "Beast Butler," closing:

"Every woman and child shall for ages to come
Remember the monster, thou vilest of scum."

—— The Japanese Ambassadors at Paris were greatly astonished at the length of time consumed in trying La Pommerais, the doctor who poisoned his former mistress to get the insurance policies upon her life. They said that in their country justice was much more expeditious. A man is accused of a crime, his bowels are ripped up, and there is an end of it; if he is guilty, so much the better; if he is innocent, so much the worse for him—there is no great harm done. The European respect for human life has, however, struck the principal ambassador as a thing worthy to be made a note of, and he has addressed the tycoon on the subject.

—— A "wife" advertiser, who desired respondents to enclose their *cartes de visite*, received a reply from a lady, who wrote: "I do not enclose my *carte*; although there is some authority for putting a cart before a horse, I know of none for putting one before an ass."

CHIT-CHAT WITH THE LADIES.

Out of Town.

Every one is in the country; houses are shut up or left to the care of a single servant; the chandeliers done up in papers; the parlor chairs in brown holland; sheets thrown over the sofas; and silence even in the nursery and my lady's chamber tell the story. Nice, comfortable homes are deserted for closets and a chance of dinner at Saratoga, Newport, etc., because it is "the fashion," or because, in some cases (let us whisper), it is hoped that eligible matches may be met with at such places.

Biddy entertains her cousin Pat in the dining-room, producing delicate lunches with a duplicate storeroom key which she possesses "unbeknownst to the missus." The courtyard flowers wither or grow rank; the grass wants cutting; bits of straw and paper are blown into the areas and lie there; enterprising agents leave circulars, and good colporteurs tracts by the hundreds, so that their edges stick from beneath the doors continually. Boys draw caricatures with chalk on the brown stone steps, and a beggar takes his position on the area curbstone. At one glance you say, as you pass your eye along the street—Nos. two, four and six have all gone out of town.

Economy.

What do economical people do now-a-days, supposing there are any left? A lady of that old stock must live in agony just now. How can she economise? Time was when such a one would say: "We'll be very saving to-day, and have beefsteak and rice pudding."

Now any housekeeper knows what a good rice pudding with sauce costs now-a-days, and that beefsteak at 27 or 28 cents per pound is not economical enough to make the good old lady smile when she reckons up the housekeeping accounts, and so with a host of things once not to be counted as expenses, the cost was so slight, but which in this age of paper money make their mark in the "little bills" of grocer and butcher.

Poor old economy, once so respectable, is laughed and sneered at now pretty much as some belle of past generations might be, could she rise and walk amongst us in her old gala costume.

Economy is out of fashion, and it is just as well she should be, for her receipts to-day are useless.

To Spite his Wife.

They say that a man has been arrested in Montreal for trying to drown himself, to "spite his wife," on the complaint of that indignant female, who, we presume, had him bound over to keep the land. She need not have been alarmed; he might have left his hat on the water's brink and run away to California; he might even have plunged in, but only when he felt sure of being promptly rescued.

Drowning is a personal matter, and however much we may desire to "spite" any one, we don't like to injure ourselves in the accomplishment of the object. Mrs. Manialini, or whatever her name was, might have remained at home darned her stockings, eaten her dinners, and made herself comfortable. As soon as Mr. Mentalini felt sure that she was not fretting about him, but rather rejoicing in the promised opportunity of trying ticket No. 2 in the marriage lottery, he would have returned, put on his dressing-gown and slippers, and taken some less troublesome means of "spiting" his spouse than playing at suicide.

We believe that half the people who drown themselves do it in the belief that they will be rescued, and only to frighten some unkind wife or sweetheart.

What Californians are Doing.

The Californians are doing something for the Sanitary Commission as well as ourselves. They have had a grand picnic in aid thereof, fare given by the railroad company, provisions provided and sold by citizens, etc. During the picnic a gentleman shot a hare, a very fine one, brought it in and sold it for $1, the purchaser resold it, and so on until $200 were raised for the Commission by that little hare alone. The Rev. Dr. Bellows sent a splendid box of mammoth strawberries to the picnic; these berries were sold for $1 a-piece. One sold again and again, like the hare, until it brought the Commission $10.

In the same way a sack of flour was handed about, until the repeated sales amounted to $2,000. The object was to raise money for the Commission, and we must say the Californians appear to have worked for that purpose with all their souls, and the proceeds of that picnic are exceedingly large, a fact in which, for the sake of our suffering soldiers, we must all rejoice.

Chivalry.

The last remnant of the age of chivalry has departed; there is not a vestige of it left. Now and then some fine old gentleman, with snow-white hair and white neckcloth to match, shows by his manner what the gentlemen of the past generation were; how delicately scrupulous as to those little courtesies towards our sex which used to be a well-bred man's pride and pleasure. But, alas! he only shows us what is lost to the world for ever.

The men of to-day—whose fault is it, we wonder?—are as far behind their grandfathers in elegance of manner as, judging from old portraits, they are in good looks. They expect to be paid attention to and coaxed into goodhumor by the ladies, and the girls do it on the principle of the old Quaker lady's sermon; that if the young men would stay at home, the young women would come after them! Look around you at any social gathering, and you will see half-a-dozen pretty girls, all smiles and dimples, doing their best to entertain well-dressed pieces of masculine conceit, who lounge on sofas, twirl their moustaches, and answer now and then by a monosyllable or two.

The hostess makes immense exertions to coax her gentlemen guests to dance, and the whole feminine battalion is in a strategic state to get the gentlemen in a goodhumor, and manage to mould them into very bearish partners and escorts.

The fact of the matter is, it is the women's fault. If by common consent we should behave as they do, tables would be turned, and we should soon live in times like those our grandmothers' grandmothers enjoyed, when woman was treated with courtesy and kept her proper place, sought by admirers, not seeking them.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET, C. S. A.

In spite of the assertion so confidently made at the beginning of the war by the Southrons and their Northern servants that all the military talent in the United States army was in the Southern officers, it is a remarkable fact that the Southern States, properly so-called, as distinguished from the Border States, have produced no really great General.

Longstreet, of South Carolina, is the only one who approaches the first rank, and he does so from his possession of the Northern qualities of stubborn persistance and obstinacy rather than from his dash or genius.

He has led an active life. He was born in South Carolina in 1823, graduated at West Point in 1842, entering the 4th infantry as brevet second lieutenant. In 1845 he became second lieutenant in the 8th infantry, 1st lieutenant in 1847. He fought bravely at Contreras, Churubusco and Chapultepec, receiving a severe wound at the last, and winning brevets of major and captain. He received a captain's commission in Dec. 1852, was made paymaster with the rank of major in 1858.

Although a native of South Carolina, he was one of the last to resign, throwing up his commission only on the 1st of June, 1861, and fighting as brigadier-general against his own flag in the same month at Blackburn's ford. From that time he was in important command in all the operations against the Army of the Potomac down to the battle of Gettysburg. He was then sent into Tennessee, but was repulsed at Knoxville. During the recent campaign of Gen. Grant he has been again in Virginia. He was made a Lieutenant-General in October, 1862. He is a powerful, thickset man, about 5 feet 10 inches high, taciturn, somewhat bald, his sandy hair verging to gray; his keen, penetrating eye, a cold, hard, bluish gray.

Our portrait is taken from a fine recent Richmond photograph.

BOOK NOTICES.

Self-Sacrifice. By the Author of "Margaret Maitland." Philadelphia: J. D. Peterson & Bros.

This novel of Scottish life is from the pen of an authoress who has already made her mark. The plot is well conceived and admirably carried out, the delineation of character extremely true and touching, and the narrative fervid and impressive to the highest degree.

Macaria. By the Author of "Beulah." New York: John Bradburn.

The authoress of "Beulah" is a Southern lady, who, before the war, won the hearts of thousands in the North, and still retains their admiration. Her present work is an extremely interesting volume; her two heroines, for such we must consider them, both attached by the deepest affection to the same man; the struggles of the hero, who battles not only with poverty but with family dishonor, all interest the reader to the close.

Necessarily the present war is brought in, but the story seems to us to have been written long since and the close since adopted. It is a striking fact that, with a moral tone running through the work, she draws, as the only family where religion was household, the family of a well-to-do New Yorker, a compliment from the South which we must acknowledge, when even at the North they are not always disposed to give New York justice.

THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—THE 22ND COLORED REGIMENT, DUNCAN'S BRIGADE, CARRYING THE FIRST LINE OF REBEL WORKS BEFORE PETERSBURG.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.

THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—THE 18TH ARMY CORPS STORMING A FORT ON THE RIGHT OF THE REBEL LINE BEFORE PETERSBURG, JUNE 15.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. FORBES.—SEE PAGE 247.

HIERONYMUM.

BY PAULINE.

The gold sun smiles a sad adieu
On flowers and streams and woods to-night,
And long hills doff their dreamy hlue,
To wear his crown of parting light.
At this sweet time fair Memory hrings
Her garlands from the withered Past,
And sheds a radiance from her wings
On joys that were too hright to last.

Oh! still the echo of thy words
Rings through my heart in ling'ring chimes,
Like music of rich summer birds
That trill in air their rippling rhymes.
And still my spirit hows to thee,
As some sent messenger from Heaven,
To whom the tide of harmony
In all its glorious strength is given.

Around my life a richer hue
Thy warm soul-atmosphere has thrown—
Like flowers that drink the sunlight through,
Deep in that winelike life I've grown.
On the hright day our eyes first met,
When a perfumes reeked from every grove,
(I feel the sweetness of it yet),
I knew my soul had clasped its love.

Brimmed with the poet's high desires,
Tho humming solitudes are thine,
Where Nature in baptismal fires
Lifts to her child her hright propine;
And ghit'ring down the ocean walls
Her mystic meaning pales and burns,
And through the sweet earth's emerald halls
'Tis writ with mosses and with ferns.

An elfin world of gracious gleams
Thy pure tones fling athwart my soul,
And evermore in sliding dreams
I hear immortal rivers roll.
I drink the glorious light of Love,
I freshen in the heavenly dew,
And feel the Spirit-ocean move
Tho great pulsations of the True!

And horn within that noble land
Are Thoughts and Feelings white alway;
They walk upon the starry strand
And seem the children of the Day.
I hless thee! yes! that thou canst hring
A realm like this within my ken,
Thus—all its milky glories fling
A lustre on the hrows of men.

Perhaps, within the Future's maze
Together we shall rove the plains,
Where light superal 'round us plays,
And Truth falls down in golden rains.
Our souls may pierce all mystic shets,
All glades of hlue—all symbols deep,
And take from off the eyes of Fate
The lids of their unstirring sleep.

Oh! joy to wander thus with thee!
To feel thee with me high and strong,
To live within thy melody,
The fragrance horne from off thy song!
There, down the wide columnar sides,
Otondepreat with dewy, amber floss,
Perchance we'll walk Love's shining miles,
And kneel hefore the lucent Cross.

Night from her ehon halls on high
Comes down the world with darkened sweep,
Her trailing skirts touch earth and sky,
And stars among her tresses sleep;
I kneel in worship unto her,
As slow she treads the hlue, hlue sea,
And listen to the dowsy whirr
That drips her murm'ring minstrelsy.

Oh! love that all my being fills!
Oh! passion of the pulsing heart!
Oh! flower that hlood-red dew distils!
Its heat through all my senses dart!
As tropic growths in tropic seas,
Unfold to wooing airs each plume,
So, though lest heen the sunlit breeze
That kissed my soul-life into hloom.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL LONGSTREET, C. S. A.—SEE PAGE 243.

And I, through all the years that roll
In freighted wavelets over me,
Shall hold thee as a starlike soul
That dipt my life in melody.
And I shall hless thee evermore,
For the dear light that soul has given,
Till life shall break on Lethe's shore,
And swell within the chimes of Heaven.

CECILE;

OR,

THE YOUNG PORTRAIT PAINTER.

CHAPTER I.

In the Rue Platrière, in the same house which, some years later, became the home of Jean J. Rousseau, and near the same window rendered famous by those delicious little breakfasts which he there enjoyed with his poor Therèse, a young man, apparently a visitor, was working silently on a large portrait of a man in a military dress. By his side stood a young girl in morning toilette, attentively observing the corrections he made, and expressing from time to time her appreciation of his kindness by words of grateful acknowledgment.

"I shall not dare to put my name to this masterpiece," she said, with charming grace, as the young man turned to her with a look that implied "Is it improved?—will it do?"

"It is far too well done—too beautiful, Robert," she replied, answering his glance. "I shall be afraid in future to ask your assistance or advice; and yet what could I do without you, who lend me your talent so generously?"

The young man took her hand and pressed it in silence. There was something in his look which implied a hidden sorrow, a suppressed thought. The young girl continued, smiling:

"What shall I do if the Marquis de Maucomble, charmed with his portrait, which he believes wholly my own work, should succeed in calling me to Versailles? You could not follow me there, assist me during the sittings of my models, nor repair secretly my blunders. I would lose at once both my undeserved *renommée* and my hopes of extensive patronage."

"You will never become a great artist, Cécile—you work for money," said Robert, without turning towards her.

The Insane Painter.

"Not for myself," murmured the young girl.

"I know not for whom then," Robert replied in a careless tone. "True, I've no right to question you—"

"You cannot intend to be so harsh," Cécile replied, turning away her head to hide the pain caused by his words.

"No, indeed, Cécile," exclaimed the impetuous young man. "But this mystery with which you surround yourself, why can it not be removed? And these nightly visits, on which I warn you every one is commenting—"

"What is that to me, so long as you trust me?" the young girl replied, timidly.

"Dearest Cécile, I have loved you without questioning, and would not now inflict upon you the rom wed avowal of my love, but for this portrait—this odious portrait—which, for your sake, I touch up patiently, with resignation and perfect self-abnegation. I have not even asked by what miracle you have contrived to reproduce so faithfully upon your canvas a countenance so insipid, so devoid of expression. Cécile, you love the Marquis de Maucomble! Farewell!" he added, with a strange, forced laugh. "For if the marquis

The Amateur and Professional Artists.

comes here to-day I cannot come to-morrow. We part now and for ever."

Cécile checked him, but expressed neither fear nor surprise.

"Is this your promise to me? Have you forgotten our agreement?" she asked, proudly, and with perfect calmness.

"I would break it—I would be free to destroy my life—even as you take the liberty to love whom you choose."

"You speak like a child, my poor Robert," said Cécile, in a tender, caressing tone.

"I have been one till now."

"And are you now jealous?"

"Yes, madly so!" exclaimed Robert, kneeling down at her side. "Cécile, I can endure this no longer!"

"Oh, how blind, how deluded!" murmured the young girl, hiding her face, suffused with blushes, in her hands, as the truth forced itself upon her mind that, through her fears for the marquis, she had unconsciously encouraged the love of the chevalier.

"Forgive me, Cécile," said the young man, in a calmer tone, "I now fear nothing. I will return."

"And the Marquis de Maucomble, too?" Cécile coldly asked. "I wish it so," she added, seeing Robert start; "this duel shall not take place."

Robert shook his head.

"A gentleman," he said, "never refuses satisfaction to his enemy. I have insulted the marquis to-night."

"I know it."

"How?"

"I know it—that is enough."

"You have seen the marquis?"

"He is satisfied, and has forgotten your recklessness."

"You have seen him, then, and have perhaps offered an apology in my name. Cécile, Cécile! a woman who loves would not thus have degraded the object of her love. You spoke falsely just now—you deceived me!" he cried, and seizing a brush full of paint, with two strokes he destroyed the portrait and rushed from the room, exclaiming, "Ungrateful girl! I will revenge myself this day on you and the marquis!"

Cécile, overcome with astonishment, had remained motionless and unable to speak. When she recovered from her surprise her eyes rested upon the defaced portrait, the innocent cause of the scene just acted out, and murmured, while the tears rolled down her cheeks:

"My poor, dear father, for your sake I would endure much more. I shall not be able to pay your rent to-day!"

CHAPTER II.

Young Damécourt was dreaming of his delightful adventures of the ball on the preceding evening, at the President's house, when he was awakened by some one rushing into his room and exclaiming:

"Get up, get up, my friend! It is past mid-day, and I want your advice on various matters."

"The deuce take you, marquis! What brings you here at this hour to disturb a man who is dreaming of Eden?" Damécourt said, rubbing his eyes and looking up at his friend.

"Why should you, young, rich and full of life, as you are, seek happiness in dreams?"

"One would suppose you were old, ruined and done with this world, from the expression of your face."

"There is perhaps, more truth in your words than you think. But come, get up! I have a duel on hand, and want you to be my second."

"Another folly, eh?" asked Damécourt, putting on his *robe de chambre*. "And you call this asking advice!"

"Certainly; for you see this is no common affair," the marquis said, seating himself on the sofa. "I have reason to believe that I am to meet an accepted rival; the lady in question having declared to me positively that I shall be no farther advanced in her favor whether I kill or am killed."

"Who was the aggressor; you or your rival?"

"Zounds! my rival; a fool who views everything in a false light, even to love and women—a dreamer, jealous as a Castilian, taciturn as an Englishman—and who, though a Frenchman, knows nothing of French gallantry."

"I bet I have guessed the parties! That fantastic Cécile and that no less whimsical Chevalier de Saintonge. That boy belongs to another age. But come, I will undertake to convince him it is not worth while to get his throat cut for a young girl who is not even *à la mode*."

"Not so fast, my dear Cicero; many thanks for your eloquence, but keep it for another occasion. Now, I need only your wit. You have yet to see the Marquis de Maucomble, Colonel of Light Guards, undecided or irresolute when a duel is on the tapis."

"What would you have me do? Explain yourself, then."

"Listen," the marquis said, quietly taking a pinch of Spanish snuff. "It is possible I shall only be wounded, but I would turn the matter to good account. You know how that hairbrained fool, Rieux, has possessed me with the idea of conquering this Cécile, this paragon of perfection. You also know how far I have succeeded, aided by the plan of sitting for my portrait, for which, by-the-bye, I am to pay somewhat dear. This portrait was to have been finished, delivered and paid for to-day, and upon the pleasure which this seemed to give her I had placed the success of my suit. If I should be wounded, go to Cécile, and after lamenting the accident and regretting my disregard of her wish—for she made me promise I would not fight this duel—ask, in the name of my afflicted family, to be allowed to take away the said portrait, paying the price agreed upon. You will notice the effect of the intelligence you bring, if she displays any emotion. Be watchful, my friend, for she is discreet, reserved, and has learned to hide the secrets of her heart. Then speak of my virtues, my constancy in love, my capability of loving. If she is moved, bring me back to life gradually; tell her there are still hopes of my recovery, and obtain from her an interview with me at my little villa *des fossés du Temple*."

"And, if in place of being yourself wounded, you should wound or kill the Chevalier Robert, the favored rival?"

"Favored! pshaw—the idea is but a phantom of my imagination."

"But still, what if you should wound him?"

"In that case, my dear friend, I will plead my own cause."

"All right! But, if you should be killed?"

"If I am killed, did you say? If I am killed, I bequeath to you Cécile and my portrait."

"Be it so; though you know well I need neither the one nor the other to keep you in remembrance, or make me mourn your loss."

The marquis's carriage waited at the door. The two young men were soon in it, and on their road to the Bois de Vincennes.

CHAPTER III.

"Well!" said Damécourt, "as your second, I have the right, I presume, to ask the history of this love adventure."

"You are right," the marquis replied, "the recital will serve two purposes; it will add to your own experience and help to shorten the distance. My friend Rieux, who, you know, is a perfect original in all his ways, has built a house behind the Invalides, at the extremity of the Rue Babylone. His only neighbor in this quiet neighborhood was a certain Dr. Gousset, whose house, surrounded by a wall ten feet high, and with counterfeit doors and windows, looked little like the house of a respectable citizen. An air of desolation hung like a pall over this house, standing alone between a court on one side and a garden on the other. Visitors were rarely admitted on the premises, and these few entered secretly, as if afraid of being seen or recognised by a chance observer who might be near. One evening Rieux was returning home somewhat later than usual, when his phaeton came very near running over a lady, who appeared less frightened than annoyed at being detected on some secret errand. She endeavored to conceal her face as much as possible, but did not succeed sufficiently to prevent Rieux from seeing that she was young and very beautiful. He pretended not to notice her; but, secretly following at a distance, saw her enter Dr. Gousset's house. A few evenings after, he met her again; and this occurred so frequently and at such regular intervals, that he determined to find out something about the doctor and his night visitor. For this purpose he made inquiries of the country people around, who all declared the doctor to be a pearl of the faculty, occupying himself much less with pretty eyes than with the virtue of the drugs he prescribed.

"Nothing daunted, he waited one evening till the beautiful incognita came out of the doctor's house. He joined her, accompanied her home, and learned that she lived in the Rue Platrière, that she was a portrait painter, and that her name was Cécile. Another man would have pursued the adventure; but she was only a poor 'artiste,' and to him *le jeu ne valait pas le chanson*. So he gave it up. The romance of the affair interested me, and I resolved to follow it up. But Cécile ceased visiting the doctor; and as I found no means of meeting her in the street or elsewhere and making her acquaintance, I called boldly upon her at her own house. You know the rest—the pretext of my portrait, the long sittings necessary for that object—the jealousy of the Chevalier de Saintonge, too often admitted during these sittings, and finally the duel in which I am now embroiled. But what you can never fully understand, my friend, is Cécile's character. Imagine a combination of timidity and self-reliance, simplicity and tact—the whole pervaded by the spirit of a demon enshrined in the form of an angel."

"Angels are blondes, my friend, and you've told me this Cécile of yours is a brunette."

"Yes, she is truly a brunette," the marquis continued, "but with large blue eyes; a complexion fair and fresh as a Hebe's, a profile that would put to shame the most faultless antique statuary: and a form and carriage which Diana, Venus and all the other goddesses of Olympus might have envied. To say nothing of her pride and purity, which would be *sans reproche* were it not for those nightly visits or walks, which, though not now directed to the doctor's house, are, however, not less frequent or mysterious. True, I have been an enamored fool for the last eight days; but this little coquette, whom I believe Rieux judged too harshly, has found a more devoted lover, it seems. Consequently I tried to moderate my love and cool the enthusiasm she has excited in my usually calm temperament; and would no doubt long since have succeeded in turning my attention to other interests, and dismissing portrait and painter from my mind, if my self-love or vanity, as you may call it, had not been in danger."

"I confess it is cruel to raise the siege of a citadel defended by the Chevalier de Saintonge, a man so little known in the *beau monde*."

"I swear, my would-be Cicero, you talk like a fool, for you are at fault on a very important point. The place is not only defended but besieged by the Chevalier de Saintonge. Your metaphor, my friend, was *mal à propos*."

"Then why not make your cause a common one, and stand ready to divide the spoils afterwards, like bravo and loyal victors."

"This is exactly what I proposed yesterday, and for this proposition I am involved in this duel. This chevalier, my rival—painter, poet, musician, a perfect Leonardo da Vinci, is a real Jansenist in love. He would allow no trifling in the matter. So when I saw he took the affair so seriously, and that we should be obliged to fight, I played the whole game. I went to Cécile, with the determination of conquering at least in this first encounter. Would you believe it? I was repulsed with great loss, and, in despair of my cause, I told her of the meeting on hand. I drew a picture of myself pierced to the heart by my adversary's sword, and implored her to grant me one sigh, one tear in return for the life I was about to sacrifice for her sake."

"Well?"

"Well! I expected of course a scene—an exhibition of some emotion. Cécile heard me with the greatest tranquillity, seeming to doubt neither my own courage nor that of the chevalier, and listening to our killing ourselves with such composure, that you would have thought it was an inevitable event she was waiting for, so as to mourn us both at the same time."

"What a heartless coquette! I shall add my name immediately to the list of her worshippers; that woman is sure of a long life."

"You need not take that trouble, for it will be of no use. She loves—I am sure of it—and with her whole heart—but whether it is myself or the chevalier, I cannot tell, for she is impenetrable. She reasoned with me a whole hour to persuade me to arrange this affair amicably, and not one word escaped her that—"

The marquis was here interrupted by a violent collision with another carriage.

"What insolence!" he exclaimed, furiously, looking out of the carriage window. At the same time another head was seen issuing from the other carriage, calling out:

"By Jove! why 'tis Rieux!"

"Bless me, Maucomble, this is a pleasant and unexpected meeting."

"A most happy accident!" exclaimed the other; and the next moment Rieux's carriage was returning empty to Paris, and that of the marquis was again on the road to Vincennes with himself and his two friends, Rieux and Damécourt.

"You will stand by me—'tis agreed"—said the marquis to Rieux.

"Willingly!" he replied; "but against whom? Oh, by-the-bye, I have again discovered the object of your Cécile's evening walks—do not be obstinate, my friend; that girl is not worth the love of a brave man."

CHAPTER IV.

While the marquis and his two friends, and Robert with his, are on their way to the place of rendezvous, we will look at what is taking place in a room of a house situated at the extreme end of the village of Vincennes, and on the border of the forest. This house resembled very much the one occupied by Dr. Gousset, having the same outward signs of precaution, with the exception that the windows were not so well secured.

Before one of these, on the very day on which the events we relate took place, sat an old man, seemingly enjoying the charming weather and the beautiful view of green fields, undulating meadows and dark forest stretching out before him as far as the eye could reach. All nature slept, as if oppressed by the extreme heat of a July mid-day sun. The old man suddenly left his seat at the window, wiping the drops from his forehead, and threw himself upon his bed. He was nearly bald, but the few remaining locks were white as snow, and his face was marked by many and deep furrows. Still he appeared in the full vigor of life. Mental suffering, more than physical ailments, had rounded his broad shoulders, and bowed his stately form. His features were finely chiselled; his countenance noble and frank; and he possessed that ease of manner and air of refinement which are sure indices of high social position. After lying some moments with closed eyes, he raised himself partly from the bed and leant his head on one hand, remaining immovable, as if listening to the recital of an interesting story.

Gradually his brow darkened, and his eyes were fixed upon an easel placed opposite the bed.

"Work on, count," he said, shaking his head as if to drive away a sad thought; "work away, if you would finish before Cécile comes to-night, to take the picture to that man who is a stranger to the sentiment of noble hospitality, and laughs when I do him the honor of showing him this wonderful portrait."

As he spoke, the old man's agitation increased; when he suddenly sprang towards the easel, drew back the curtain that covered it, and displayed a canvas prepared for painting, but as yet untouched by brush or paint. He stood some moments in deep thought; then taking up a clean pallet and a handful of equally clean brushes, he began to work on the canvas (upon which, of course, he left no impression), stopping now and then and looking admiringly upon the effect he imagined he had produced.

"Since Cécile can paint," he said, "why cannot I do the same? She has talent; I, her father, should be even more gifted. And then, she, poor child, paints for the first purchaser—and for money—fie! that it should be so. I will paint this picture—only this one! but it shall be a *chef-d'œuvre!* Love, anger, shame shall group my models."

He ceased speaking, moved slowly away; then stood looking down upon the floor as in a dream, murmuring:

"Clair, my own but unworthy Clair! I will transmit to posterity the memory of your error, and the revenge I have taken! Noble revenge! Sainval, my best friend, I see him now pierced by my sword."

A nervous smile now contracted his lips; his look became fixed and stern, and he began to talk with great rapidity.

"Yes, Sainval! yes, I killed you, my old friend! but you deprived me of my wife! Oh! I would have killed you twice—aye, every day since! for I loved my wife, the mother of my Cécile—my wife, my poor, unhappy wife!"

And so he continued his expressions of grief, and his lamentations; till, in heartrending tones, exclaiming:

"Clair! Clair! forgive me!"

He buried his face in his hands, and wept.

More than an hour elapsed before this paroxysm ended. He then rose sad and humble, picked up the pallet and brushes that had fallen on the floor, and wiped the canvas, saying:

"What I have done to-day is of no value; I will begin again to-morrow."

Then he covered the whole with the green cloth, and again took his seat at the window.

"Two o'clock!" he exclaimed, looking at the sundial on the wall opposite, and turning as if addressing some persons present. "Do not be impatient, gentlemen," he added, "Sainval is a brave man, he will come. Let us wait a little longer," and he crossed his arms upon his breast, and stood looking towards Paris.

Every day at the same hour, for ten long years, had the old man fought over in imagination the fatal duel in which he had taken the life of the destroyer of his happiness.

And now suddenly his eyes are attracted to an open space at the entrance of the forest, where six men are visible. Two of them take off their coats and face each other. The old man shudders, for he sees the glitter of steel.

"Stop, stop," he cries, beside himself; "do not fight without me!"

The weapons are lowered; witnesses and combatants seem to be disputing.

"Oh, the coward, the coward!" the old man cries, exasperated; "he receives an apology! They have robbed him of his wife, and he refuses to avenge himself! Yes! yes," he continued, clasping his hands, "their swords are crossed again; the taller is the deceived husband—'tis myself! the other is the lover—'tis Sainval! Good! he is wounded! Stop, stop, gentlemen, do not end the affair till I join you! I come! I come!" he exclaimed, and springing forward he cleared the window-sill, and fell into the court below.

When he was taken up all consciousness was gone—the old man was dying.

CHAPTER V.

Cécile had soon required her composure after the violent exit of Robert de Saintonge. She forgot the unjustifiable act he had committed in the absorbing thought of the danger incurred by two men in whom she was most interested. One she loved well, though secretly; and for the other, she felt a deep and sincere affection. But how could she prevent this duel; rendered unavoidable by the chevalier's impetuosity? To whom should she apply? Where should she run to place herself between the two rivals? Her inability to act overwhelmed her with grief, and increased her anxiety. She thought of her father—of that unfortunate portrait—on which she had founded hopes even for this very day. The strokes which Robert had made in his anger were principally upon the face, which, having been painted some time previous, was well dried at the time. Perhaps she could find the means of removing the new colors, without disturbing the old. She made the experiment, and succeeded—and oh! what joy to think the portrait might still be delivered, paid for to-day; and this evening, when reason returns to her poor father, she can go comfort him, gratify his fancies, and give him a few moments of enjoyment and peace.

This point settled, her thoughts returned to the duel, and her agony increased. On sending to the marquis and the chevalier's, she learned that both had been absent since morning, and it was not known where they had gone. This was what she might have expected, but reason's voice is only heard when the mind is calm, and the blood flows quietly on its way. The poor young girl, clasping her hands in quiet submission, wept bitterly at the sad remembrance that an imprudent act in the life of her mother had caused the death of another brave man, and deprived her father of his reason—thus clouding for ever his whole life. Had she, too, erred? In vain she reviewed her whole course to discover a just cause for self-accusation. But she stood acquitted before the tribunal of her own conscience. Satisfied on this important point, she worked resolutely on the portrait; succeeded in restoring it to its proper condition; and towards evening it was finished. Was it the joy for her success, or a secret glad presentiment that now removed the weight of sorrow from her heart? She persuaded herself that the duel had not taken place, and listened to catch in the silence that reigned around the sound of the clashing swords, as if it could have reached her ears. Sending for a messenger, Cécile gave him the portrait, saying:

"Take this to the Marquis de Maucomble, and bring me an answer."

The effort made, and the canvas gone, before which she had shed so many tears, and dreamed away so many hours, she was again assailed by fears and anxieties.

"How long the messenger tarries! The marquis, is he killed? Is the poor chevalier still among the living?"

Slow is the flight of time when moments are reckoned by the throbbings of an anxious heart!

The messenger returned at last, bringing a note and little box carefully wrapped up. Cécile, trembling with emotion, snatched the note from his hand, letting drop the box, which, broken by the fall, displayed the gold which it contained—the price of the picture. The note ran thus:

"Be happy! my rival is well. I have kept my promise. This evening, with your permission, I will come and give you the full particulars."

"Oh, God, I thank thee!" exclaimed Cécile, kneeling down and clasping her hands with joyful emotion; "the marquis is saved!"

CHAPTER VI.

Rieux, on the way to Vincennes, had told the marquis and Damécourt that, in his evening peregrinations, he had again surprised Cécile; but this time, she was on the road to Vincennes; and

that he had been so fortunate as to procure information concerning the romantic journeys of the young artist.

"She is a strange creature," he said, "for I am certain that she has now chosen as her specialty the task of comforting and administering to persons of advanced age; and the object of her special care and attention is now an old man who is obliged to live in perfect seclusion, and who, from the manner—so I am told—in which he speaks of women in general, of his own wife, and of Cécile too, probably cannot be a person of any refinement or respectability. Believe me, it is idle in the extreme to offer a true devotion to a woman with such tastes, and most sinful to risk one's life for such a cause."

So thought the young man, who spoke from his worldly estimation of the young girl's character. The marquis declared, however, that he did not take up his sword as Cécile's champion, but only to avenge the insult he had received from the Chevalier de Saintonge, and the three friends arrived at the forest while still disputing the necessity of the encounter. But Robert de Saintonge had been much less communicative with his friends. He had told them both in secrecy:

"I am challenged to fight—will you stand by me? But first, promise not to seek to arrange matters amicably, and above all, ask me no questions."

The marquis had waited long when the chevalier's carriage made its appearance, and Damécourt hastened to arrange preliminaries. After a long conversation with Robert, in which he related the particulars which Rieux had just communicated concerning the evening visits of the young girl, he succeeded so far in prejudicing Robert's mind that the two combatants decided to withdraw after the first wound, and the marquis having disabled Robert in the arm, the two left the field friends instead of enemies. It was then decided they should watch Cécile the following night, and that the marquis should call for Robert in his carriage.

"I will not see her again except in your presence, chevalier," the marquis said, "unless," he added, "Cécile sends me my portrait, then, you know, the honor of a gentleman demands I should acknowledge its reception."

"Your portrait!" repeated Robert, almost ashamed at the recollection of the violent act of which he had been guilty. "I advise you, marquis, not to expect it, for I was before you in taking my revenge," he added, pointing to his wounded arm.

"Ah, very well, *chaqu'un à son tour*," the marquis replied gaily, "and may you be as free from ill-feeling towards me as my poor portrait entertains for you. Adieu till to-morrow."

"Till to-morrow," Robert answered sadly.

CHAPTER VII.

THE marquis now began to regret his promise, and when he received the portrait, which Robert declared he had destroyed by his rashness, he felt less surprised at what he considered a foul deception on the part of the chevalier, than satisfaction at the excuse now offered him for breaking that promise. He therefore did not hesitate to request an interview with Cécile in the note he sent with the box containing the price of his portrait. The poor girl was too anxious to send an answer, and construing her silence in his favor, the marquis made his appearance the same evening in the Rue Platrière.

"You here, marquis!" exclaimed Robert, who was already on the spot, and gazing up at the house which held her he had that very day almost renounced as unworthy of his love, but who, nevertheless, absorbed his thoughts.

"By my honor, chevalier, I find you have had as strong an attraction here as myself," the marquis replied, hiding his annoyance beneath a calm exterior.

"You swore never again to see Cécile."

"And if I remember rightly, were you not guilty of the same rash words? But come, chevalier, be frank with me, were you not watching the exit of my unlucky portrait, so as to commit some outrage upon it. But you are too late; the picture is perfectly restored, and has been two hours in my possession. I do not complain of this little ruse in order to revenge yourself upon a rival, but I do of the want of frankness you have shown. Only this morning you declared Cécile was not necessary to your happiness, that she was unworthy of your love."

"But she has been traduced."

"Indeed! You believe she is true to you?"

"I have no claim upon her."

"You have then never avowed your love?"

"A thousand times; but love gives one no right over its object."

"You have discovered, then, that your love is not returned?"

"Has she told you so?"

"No; but, my poor friend, these strange visits she makes at different places, and at such late hours."

"It is false!"

"But you have proved this yourself, and acknowledged it many times."

"I knew not then what I said; fool that I am!" he exclaimed in broken accents. "I love her, and you, marquis, you who love her not, she loves!"

The Marquis de Maucomble, though a gay man of the world, and little accustomed to attach so much importance to *les affaires du cœur*, was touched by the sincere grief of his companion.

"Come, my friend," he said gently, "calm yourself, you take this too much to heart. I would not willingly cause the unhappiness of a man who has so lately declared his friendship for me. I renounce all claim to Cécile's love. To you I entrust her happiness. On the honor of a gentleman I withdraw from the pursuit, fully persuaded that your great devotion entitles you to success;" and he tried to draw Robert away from the house, but the latter was already at the door, and had rung the bell.

"Monsieur would see Mademoiselle Cécile?" enquired the portress.

"Yes," Robert replied, pale with emotion.

"She is not at home, sir."

"Are you sure she is not in?" Robert again asked.

"She went out at dark," the portress replied, "and I think has gone some distance, for she ordered a carriage and told me she would not return to-night."

Robert looked sad and disappointed. The marquis with difficulty restrained a smile.

"Well, my friend," he said, drawing away the chevalier, who no longer resisted him, "shall we go call on Damécourt?"

De Saintonge made no reply, but a deep sigh told the anguish he endured.

My Aunt Mary.

MY Aunt Mary! Thoughts of her fill my mind this beautiful June morning. Thrice have I tried to fix my mind upon this delightful Euclid lesson, and ascend step by step to the crowning glory of his incomparable logic. Even Euclid has no charms for me; for the great God of reason and all good-giver has spread a richer feast. Glorious morning! indescribable beauty! Poets may write and rhyme of thee; but who can describe the delightful freshness, the dewy sweetness, the all-pervading glory, resting upon and hanging over all the halo of beauty.

It seems a fitting time to write Aunt Mary's history. I have long contemplated this pleasant task, and have several times commenced, but have as often been interrupted, and obliged to lay it aside.

There at the foot of yonder blossom-laden tree I will resume the work. My Aunt Mary was the daughter of a wealthy farmer; at the same time the youngest, handsomest and the most vivacious of a family of six. She was petted and indulged so much by her injudicious parents that it is indeed surprising that it did not prove her utter ruin. Everybody said that she would be something or nothing; not because she manifested any extraordinary talent, but because she threw her whole being into whatever she attempted to do. She grew up proud, imperious and vain. Her wealth, beauty and unfailing vivacity attracted to her side many admirers, and, strange to say, one true-hearted lover—Ernest Ashley. It seems surprising that one with so many noble qualities of mind and heart should have been so entirely fascinated by a coquette.

But so it was; when he could not get near, on account of the multiplicity of her flirtations, he worshipped afar off. At length importunity and perseverance prevailed. She condescended to pledge to him her heart and hand, and it became known far and wide that Ernest Ashley and Mary Thornley were engaged. Two years were to elapse between the promise and its fulfilment. In the meantime war was declared between the United States and Mexico. Being naturally fond of adventure, and too young to consider the hardships, privations and dangers of a soldier's life, he and his brother Ethbert volunteered their services for a year, and left their homes in the month of June, 1846. I know the very oak in whose solemn shadow they bade adieu to the fair young creatures who had promised to be theirs until death.

Had they have realised what would be the anguish of that moment, neither the pomp nor glory of war, nor the love of adventure, would have induced them to part even for so short a time from those dearer than life; but the sorrow of separation was mitigated by the mutual promise that they would write often. During their brief absence many love-freighted missives passed back and forth. The year, like all other years, fled like a dream. June has again returned. The twilight of a lovely day is mantling the earth with sombre shadows. Mary Hornley and Julia Handford stand by the old oak conversing deeply of the absent loved ones. They cast their eyes towards the east, and see two travellers descending the hill close by. Both are lame, and both carry a staff. They seem very much fatigued. Now they have come to the old oak.

It is Ernest—It is Ethbert. Julia received Ethbert with the beautiful simplicity of undisguised affection; but alas! for Mary Thornley, she betrayed both disappointment and mortification. Certainly she was polite to her returned lover, but the warmth of true and unchangeable love was wanting in her greeting.

She slept but little that night. The bitterness of unsubdued pride was stirred from its depths. Shall Mary Thornley, the beauty and belle of Elton, wed her maimed and unfortunate lover? Never! The next day she sent him a very politely worded note, desiring to be released from the engagement.

Not long after she was walking out with her friend Julia; for though the bond which had drawn them so closely together was now severed, they were still friends—when they heard a sharp rattle, but before they could jump back to avoid the deadly serpent, a crash, a terrible blow crushed it into the earth.

They looked up, Ernest Ashley stood before them, and Ethbert was coming up, but they appeared not as when they met them at the old oak. The bloom of youth and health was still upon their cheeks; their limbs were as strong and flexible as ever; they stood erect in manly beauty.

"Mary Thornley," said Ernest, in a voice never to be forgotten, "I have received your note. You are released from the engagement. I have written over against your name upon the page of memory, 'tried in the balance and found wanting.' I stay not here amid broken idols and crushed hopes. I could not breathe the same air with you. Farewell, friends! yea, more than friends, my sister Julia and brother Ethbert. Bear my adieux and best wishes to those at home." So saying he took the woodland path and disappeared over the same hill upon which he was first seen by Julia and Mary. Though gossip glutted itself upon this unhappy separation and its cause, Mary Thornley still moved in the circles of f[illegible]. She recked not that she had pressed upon be[illegible] true-heart[illegible] [illegible]'s brow a wreath of mournful cypress; she still wore the myrtle and went forth "conquering and to conquer." To the great delight of those who envied and those who hated her, she was at last caught in her own net.

It was in the summer of 1856 that Henrique Woodworth first made his appearance in Elton society. He was a lawyer, standing high in his profession and in the literary world; but like too many of earth's gifted ones, self was the great centre towards which all his thoughts and aspirations tended. Brilliant in wit and beauty, his principles were like a spider's web. But oh! what fascination was there in his dark hazel eye; what power in his rich musical voice to stir the depths of the heart, and lead it to pour out its richness and sweetness upon this unworthy shrine.

Mary Thornley thought that at last she had found her equal, and not doubting an easy conquest, she gave herself up to the pleasure and excitement of the chase.

The *élite* of Elton had planned a Leap year picnic, and were determined, if possible, to outdo in gallantry the "lords of creation." Mary was among the leading spirits, and the offered and accepted escort of the brilliant lawyer, Henrique Woodworth.

The summer swiftly sped with this gay circle, nor did the hours pass more swiftly with any than with Mary and Henrique. They rode, they conversed, they walked together. His name became interwoven with all her anticipations of the future, and sweet thoughts of him mingled with all her thoughts.

Her old coquettish pride had vanished, and she knelt to the god to whom she had caused so many before her hopelessly to bow. She seems not to have entertained a doubt that this loving devotion was mutual. One evening she suggested, half in jest half in earnest, that they should lay their necks a willing sacrifice upon the altar of Hymen. The humiliating response which she received was no less cutting because it was witty and polished. Offended, mortified, she awoke as from a dream. Her pride had received a mortal wound; Love lay crushed and bleeding, and for the first time she realised the anguish of seeing the heart's best and truest affections trifled with and trampled upon. She determined to forsake for ever the gay circle in which she had so long been the bright particular star.

Mr. Woodworth left Elton soon after. He boasted that he had conquered the coquette and tamed the lioness of Elton.

As for Aunt Mary, it seemed for a while as if the iron fingers of Despondency were feeling for the very springs of life. But affliction begat reflection, and reflection resolution; and, carrying out her high purpose, "she sat at the feet of Jesus," and learned of Him who was "meek and lowly of heart," and went about Life's great work, so long neglected. She found this work so great, so all-absorbing, that she had no time for sickly sentimentality, no time to resign herself to the woes of hopeless love, so she was happy—happy in doing her duty, happy in making others happy, the highest kind of happiness.

Gently and lovingly she supported the steps of her invalid parents down the declivity of life, and received their blessing as they closed their eyes in the sweet sleep of death. They did not forget to make full provision for her before they died. It was arranged that she should have Rose cottage, a beautiful home indeed, in sight of my father's door. Thither she removed when thirty years of age, bringing with her an orphan niece and adopted nephew, whose mother had died two years before and whose father had long since been numbered with the dead. It is five years since Rose Cottage first resounded with their songs of joy and gladness. But come with me and I will introduce you to my Aunt Mary.

This, "the month of roses," is just the time to visit Rose Cottage; it could not have received a more appropriate name. Twenty varieties of the queen of flowers are in full bloom, and the cottage itself is nearly covered with running roses, the pure white beautifully contrasting with velvet red and delicate pink. Aunt Mary stands at the door smiling a welcome.

You would like a picture of her? I can describe her features, her complexion, but what are they without the expression, the true-soul beauty, the lovelit eyes, the utter absence of all affectation? She is a Saxon beauty; her hair is a delicate flaxen, still curling in merry ringlets about her neck; her forehead broad and of medium height; eyes "blue as the summer heavens;" features, if anything, too small and regular; complexion, like the roses upon her own cottage roof.

But let us enter and glance at the interior. The first thing which strikes our attention is an exquisite bouquet of violets, in a white porcelain vase, upon the centre table. The rich orange and black carpet contrasts elegantly with the white satin and gold papers upon the wall and the snowy lace curtains.

Annie and Augustus have gone out for a few minutes, but here is the piano, which both play admirably, and Annie's guitar standing in the corner. Aunt Mary has given me the range of the house, perhaps she would not if she knew what I was doing. I find the kitchen, the pantry, the cupboards, as neat as the parlor; the unpapered walls, clean and white, and the floors innocent of a grease spot. She does not trust altogether to servants; her own head and hands contrive, plan and labor to make home cheerful, comfortable and unscrupulously neat. Annie's apartment is called the blue room, and is elegantly furnished with delicate blue and white hangings, carpet and furniture to match; but here is Aunt Mary's room. I know I shall "let the cat out," but the temptation is too great; the door is already open. What means this bridal veil with its wreath of white rosebuds and emerald leaves? this snowy white muslin, and all the elegant paraphernalia of bridal costume? This is to be Aunt Mary's room no longer.

Come to the window! Yonder Ashley Hall rears its grand proportions where those aged elms and gloomy pines cast their deep shadows. To-morrow Aunt Mary will awake in a grander but not a lovelier home. Six months ago Ernest Ashley returned, and in that short time we have all learned to love and respect him. Adversity proved to him an excellent teacher. He came back with higher and nobler purposes, to spend the remainder of his life in doing good around the home of his childhood. He had long since abandoned the idea of marrying; but, finding the heartless coquette, whom he once loved, become a meek and true-hearted woman, he was so weak as to fall more deeply in love with her than before, and break his resolution and all.

But I must hasten home, for cousin Augustus and I are chosen to stand beside the happy ones, who will, to-night, more than realise that, though the star of love set, and the shadows of night fell upon our pathway, it may arise in tenfold brightness and glory.

SIEGE OF PETERSBURG.

Storming of the first Line at Baylor's Farm.

AT one o'clock of the morning of the 15th June the column of Maj.-Gen. Smith—only arrived at Bermuda the previous night—set out for Petersburg. Kautz's cavalry division took the lead, and before daylight the entire command had crossed the ponton bridge across the Appomattox, above Point of Rocks, and was in full march for the rebel city, Kautz pushing rapidly ahead, drove the rebel pickets before him until he arrived at their first line, when he turned to the left and moved to the fortifications on the other side of the city.

Gen. Smith had under his command two divisions of his own corps and Hinks's division of negroes, besides the cavalry division of Kautz. Following after the cavalry, the negroes arrived second on the battlefield, and were soon before the first line of rebel works, along the front of which the cavalry had passed some time before.

Gen. Hinks formed his command in line of battle, and advanced upon the rebels, with Duncan commanding his right and Holman his left. The result of this charge was waited for with great anxiety. The majority of the whites expected that the colored troops would run, but the sable forces astonished everybody by their achievements. With a wild yell that must certainly have struck terror into the hearts of their foes, the 22d and 5th U. S. colored regiments, commanded by Cols. Kidder and Conner, charged, under a hot fire of musketry and artillery, over the rebel ditch and parapet, and drove the enemy before them, capturing a large brass fieldpiece, and taking entire possession of their works, its defenders, Ferrybee's 4th North Carolina Cavalry and Graham's Petersburg battery, seeking safety in rapid flight, leaving their dead and wounded in the works.

When the negroes found themselves within the works of the enemy no words could paint their delight. Numbers of them kissed the gun they had captured with extravagant satisfaction, and a feverish anxiety was manifested to get ahead and charge some more of the rebel works. A number of the colored troops were wounded and a few killed in the first charge. A large crowd congregated, with looks of unutterable admiration, about Sergt. Richardson and Corpl. Wobey, of the 22d U. S. colored regiment, who had carried the colors of their regiment, and been the first men in the works.

Our artist gives a sketch of this gallant action, which can only be attributed, we suppose, to the Southern aristocratic blood in the veins of many of these colored troops.

Gen. Smith, in his congratulatory order to his troops, says: "But the crowning point of the honor they are entitled to has been won since the morning of the 15th inst., when a series of earthworks, on most commanding positions and of formidable strength, have been carried, with all the guns and materials of war of the enemy, including prisoners and colors. The works have all been held, and the trophies remain in our hands.

"This victory is all the more important to us as the troops have never been regularly organized in camps, where time has been given them to learn the discipline necessary to a well organized *corps d'armee*, but they have been hastily concentrated and suddenly summoned to take part in the trying campaign of our country's being. Such honor as they have won will remain imperishable.

"To the colored troops comprising the division of Gen. Hinks, the General commanding would call the attention of his command. With the veterans of the 18th corps they have stormed the works of the enemy and carried them, taking guns and prisoners, and in the whole affair they have displayed all the qualities of good soldiers."

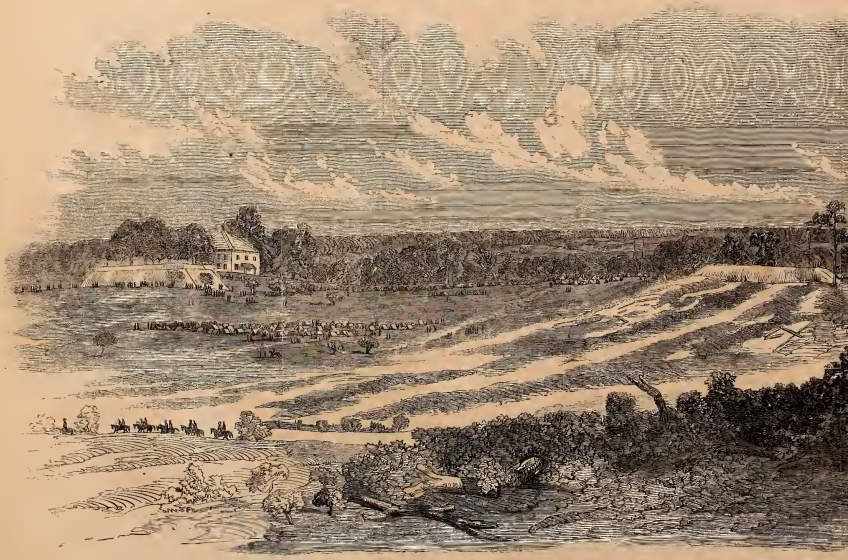
Gen. Smith gradually formed his line-of-battle along the whole rebel front, and about noon the rapid discharges of Kautz's howitzers showed that this officer was making desperate efforts to carry the works on his front. All through the afternoon Brooks, on the centre, and Martindale and Hinks on his flanks, were skirmishing with the enemy; but owing to the formidable character of the rebel works, and the difficult nature of the ground, it was only with the utmost difficulty that the troops could be properly disposed for charging effectively.

A simultaneous advance of three infantry divisions, after a desperate fight, carried the enemy's outer line, and we succeeded in getting a good position on which to mass our artillery so as to operate on their main works, which were discovered to be strong earthworks, flanked here and there by massive earth forts.

The artillery was under the direction of Capt. Follet, of Thompson's, James's and Belge's batteries were soon in position on high ground, immediately in front of Brooks, between the City point and Jordan roads, and commenced a succession of artillery volleys that drowned every other sound, and completely silenced the rebel guns.

Night was approaching when the charge was finally ordered by Gen. Smith. At half-past five P. M. Brooks advanced on the centre. The fort before them was, as the rebels admit, a most important point. It was, too, a formidable work, comprising, as our sketch shows, a square redoubt and two smaller works, all connected by a series of entrenchments. It was held by the 26th and 46th regiments, of Wise's brigade, and probably other troops, with Capt. Sturdivant's battery. These kept up a tremendous fire, but at half-past six the order to advance was given, and under cover of the fire of Follet's battery a regiment of Burnham's brigade drove the enemy from their riflepits, and the 13th New Hampshire and 8th Connecticut charged across the open plain, and without wavering poured like a torrent over the walls, carrying the works, taking six guns, a battle flag, 240 prisoners, including Sturdivant's, two of his lieutenants, and Major Batte, and all in about five minutes. On the right Martindale swept over and carried the works before him, taking three guns, and Hinks took successively three lines, the chivalry fleeing from the ex-slaves.

We give on our double page a graphic panoramic view of the works taken. They are less than three miles from Petersburg, the spires of the city being visible, as will be remarked. Petersburg can be shelled at any moment. It might be occupied, but the enemy hold ground which commands it.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC CROSSING THE JAMES RIVER, NEA

THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—THE FORTS AND BREASTWORKS NEAR PETERSBURG STORMED BY THE 18TH ARMY

EAR FORT POWHATAN, ON PONTOONS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE 247.

MY CORPS (W. F. SMITH'S), WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE 247.

WORK AWAY.

Work away!
For the master's eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day!
Work away!
Keep the busy fingers plying;
Keep the ceaseless shuttles flying;
See that never thread lie wrong;
Let not clash or clatter 'round us,
Sound of whizzing wheels confound us;
Steady hand! let woof be strong
And firm, that has to last so long!
Work away!

Keep upon the anvil ringing
Stroke of hammer: On the gloom
Set 'twixt cradle and 'twixt tomb
Shower of fiery sparkles flinging;
Keep the mighty furnace glowing;
Keep the red ore hissing, flowing
Swift within the ready mould;
See that each one than the old
Still be fitter, still be fairer
For the servant's use, and rarer
For the master to behold;
Work away!
For the Leader's eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day!

Wide the trackless prairies round us,
Dark and unsunned woods surround us,
Steep and savage mountains bound us;
Far away
Smile the soft Savannahs green,
Rivers sweep and roll between;
Work away!

Bring your axes, woodmen true,
Smite the forest till the blue
Of Heaven's sunny eye looks through
Every wild and tangled glade;
Jungle, swamp and thicket shade
Give to-day!

O'er the torrents fling your bridges,
Pioneers! Upon the ridges
Widen, smooth, the rocky stair.
They that follow far behind,
Coming after us, will find
Surer, easier footing there,
Heart to heart, and hand with hand,
From the dawn to dusk of day,
Work away!

Scouts upon the mountains peak—
Ye that see the Promised Land,
Hearten us! for ye can speak
Of the country ye have scanned,
Far away!
Work away!

For the Father's eye is on us!
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day!
Work and pray!

Pray! and work will be completer;
Work! and prayer will be the sweeter;
Love! and prayer and work the fleeter
Will ascend upon their way!

Fear not lest the busy finger
Weave a net the soul to stay;
Give her wings—she will not linger;
Soaring to the source of day;
Cleaving clouds that still divide us
From the azure depths of rest,
She will come again! beside us
With the sunshine on her breast;
Sit and sing to us, while quickest
On their tasks their fingers move,
While the outward din was thickest,
Songs that she hath learned above.

Live in Future as in Present;
Work for both while yet the day
Is our own! for lord and peasant,
Long and bright as summer's day,
Cometh, yet more sure, more pleasant
Cometh soon our holiday!

The Serpent-Woman.

BY Z. W.

CHAPTER XIV.

If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed, descend
And take you by the hand.
'Tis time! Descend! Be stone no more! Approach!
Strike all that look upon with marvel!
Winter's Tale, Act V., Sc. 3.

St. Croix had received a long letter from Marina which the events of the day had prevented him from more than glancing at, and he was well pleased to retire for the night to the room Elfstone had assigned him, and enjoy a thorough and leisurely perusal of the lengthy communication with which his heart's idol had favored him.

The apartment he occupied had been fitted up to suit the taste of a wealthy female member of the Elfstone family, an enthusiastic Romanist, at variance with all her relatives in her religious views, and was in the most elaborate Gothic style. It contained a miniature oratory and a beautiful statue of the Virgin Mary, by an Italian sculptor of celebrity, and many other little evidences of the pious turn of the deceased, who had made it her asylum.

The mind of Julien St. Croix was replete with devotion now, but to a very terrestrial deity, and, with little sense of the sacredness of his surroundings, he seated himself in a richly-carved oaken chair and began the reading which he had for hours longed to devour to the last syllable.

The greater part of the letter consisted of the narrative of events already recorded in a preceding chapter, and its discursive conclusion, all that need be given, read as follows:

"And now, my dear friend, I know what your true heart is thinking: 'She has escaped a life of horror, is she any better for it? Is she as incorrigible as ever?' Julien, I am changed—a different being. 'Yes,' you say, 'but you are continually that.' The changes of which you are thinking were on the surface, but this is radical. Whether I am better or worse it does not become me to decide; but as so many long ago pronounced it an impossibility for me to grow worse, I argue that I must be improved. I am afraid I shall lose the love of all my male friends in consequence. Poor Jacques—where is his dreadful soul now?—thought bete more piquant than love, and I suspect your sex grievously of preferring wickedness to virtue for the same reason. Am I not right? Fish up an answer from the deep well of your heart and tell me truly. Your dove of virtue is gentle, placid and kindly enough, but sadly wants (what it can never have) the saucy sparkle, laughing mischief, sweet temptation, and soul-inflaming power of wickedness. Pray for me, dear Julien, pray for me, for I am beginning to backslide at the bare thought of darling deviltry.

"It was with no little trepidation that I returned to my mother, whose schemes I had so completely frustrated. She seemed, however, to be more afraid of me than I was of her, but when I had told my story, which concluded with the death of Jacques Renvi, she caught me in her arms, kissed me a hundred times, and wept for joy, as she exclaimed:

"'Marina, you have saved me! For the first time in many years I breathe freely. While that man lived my life was that of a criminal condemned to die, and only respited from time to time to prolong his suspense and suffering.'

"I had spent some weeks happily with my mother, when the Countess of Viandie called upon us, and insisted upon taking me with her to London. I am half-inclined to suspect that she was afraid to cross the Channel without me. Here I am, therefore, in the full current of fashionable life in London. I need not tell you how absurd it is, for you know all about it, I dare say. I met Lady Hapswell at a party last night, and flatter myself I was successful in my endeavors to please her. She is French, you know, and full of *esprit*. Bertram has her grace, but lacks her vivacity. Victor has her wit. Sir Edmund Hapswell is a very handsome old gentleman. I think I have made a friend of him, and Bertram is a second edition of the baronet. His health is failing, and he leaves town in a few days for Wilborne Hall, his country seat. I am invited to spend the summer there.

"Before I left Uberto's cave I invited its venerable occupant to visit Ellingford. I should like him and Elfstone to meet. The hermit is a grand old man—I have a passion for grand old men—and almost as inspired as the sculptor. He declined to quit his wild hermitage; but it contains a horror now that will surely drive him out of it.

"I shall run down to Ellingford as soon as the countess allows me an opportunity to escape. Has Bertram actually gone to America in search of his gay brother and the ghost of the statue? He will find one at the antipodes and the other in the moon. Tell father that his Serpent is coiling up for a spring into his studio, and that he will be locked in her folds when he least expects it.

"Julien, love me, pray for me, and believe me ever your affectionate MARINA."

It was long past midnight when Julien St. Croix, having finished his answer to Marina's letter, was kneeling in the little oratory engaged in prayer and heard a nervous tapping at his door. He did not immediately reply to the summons, and the next moment the door was opened. He turned, and beheld a figure he at first deemed a spirit, so white and heavenly did it look, advancing towards him.

"Come! come quick!" it cried. "Bertram is—I don't know—I fear I have killed him!"

* * * * * *

Notwithstanding the succession of excitements through which Julien St. Croix had just passed, he was up betimes, and had been in the library half an hour when Mrs. Barton ushered Muta into the room. The old lady had no sooner left the apartment, than Muta anxiously inquired:

"Have you seen Bertram this morning?"

"I stole into his room a while ago, and found him sleeping pleasantly, as though he had never been nearly frightened to death by the terrible semblance of life in a marble statue. Had I not been in a most spiritual frame of mind when you found me, I should have been no better able to sustain the shock you gave me than Bertram. I thought you an angel bearing an audible response to my prayer. You must not indulge in many of these freaks, Miss Elfstone, or you will surely have to answer for the death of some of us."

"I will never do so again; for when I found Bertram lying so helpless, cold and still, I thought I should die myself. When I raised him and tried to bring him to, he fell from my trembling arms so heavily that my brain began to turn with horror. I ran out to find some one, and if I had not seen the light in your room and found you there, I should have filled the house with shrieks."

"And driven your father raving mad. What is to be done about his statue, which you have shattered to atoms, I have puzzled my brain in vain to devise."

"I will take its place."

St. Croix shook his head.

"Why not? Am I not better for a bride than a cold stone?"

"Infinitely. The only difficulty is that you cannot make yourself look sufficiently like it to deceive the sight."

"Was it not like me? Did not Bertram mistake me for the statue? All I have to do is to make myself very pale, dress in white, look down, and hold myself immovably in one position."

Muta struck an attitude and looked so much like the statue that St. Croix was taken with her idea. Its novelty and boldness captivated him, and he consented to act as her accomplice in carrying out the innocent but impudent deception. The humorous effrontery of the scheme would, he hoped, divert the dangerous tenor of Elfstone's mind into a new and safer channel, and turn a mad farce into a genial and lasting reality.

The conspirators were impressed with the necessity of immediate action, and soon busy with their preparations for the execution of the plot. Muta retired to her chamber before Bertram came down to breakfast, and sent her excuses to him, made under the pretence of fatigue, for not appearing. St. Croix and Bertram were joined at the breakfast table by their host and a young clergyman. The latter, who had come in response to Elfstone's strange summons, looked rather mystified, but the old sculptor was in high spirits and talked with sparkling fluency. Bertram was silent and nervous. St. Croix was anxious and watchful, and availed himself of his first opportunity to engage in a private conversation with the clergyman in the library. From him he went straight to Bertram, and said, bluntly:

"The sooner this idle ceremony is performed the better. I have little hopes of Elfstone's recovery till it is over."

"Yes; let us have done with this fantastic mummery at once, for I am beginning to feel more and more uneasy about it. I had dreams last night, as vivid as daylight, about the statue, and, womanish as you may think me, I confess that I am as nervous and full of superstitious apprehensions as the veriest victim of the fortuneteller."

"Well, Bertram, if you have a presentiment of evil——"

"Of nonsense! Like Hamlet, I defy augury. No, Julien, when I feel a weakness, instead of yielding to it or running away from it, I conquer it. *En avant! marchons!*"

* * * * * *

Elfstone's studio was darkened, and, when the curtains concealing the statue were drawn aside it was found to be gracefully draped in tissue, wreathed about the brow with orange flowers, and covered with a very large, rich and beautiful veil. Elfstone, whose eyes were beginning to burn, was in the mood to be surprised at nothing, and would have taken the descent of a choir of angels through the ceiling as a matter of course. He was gratified with the propriety of the change, and felt happier than he had been for many a long year. Bertram was surprised, received a vague impression that the statue was marvellously got up, but was so bewildered and nervous, and in such agitated haste to get through with the ceremony and rid of the sensations it awakened, that he paid little attention to the marble and its attiring.

The young clergyman, with some adroitness, adapted the service to the requirements of the occasion. Elfstone gave away the bride, and it was Bertram's, not the statue's, hand that trembled when the bridegroom put the ring upon the fourth finger of the bride's left hand. Still more agitated he grew when, at the minister's injunction of "Let us pray!" the statue knelt beside him. At the conclusion of the prayer, when the priest joined their right hands together, he felt the pressure of his own clasp returned, and all the horror of his dream came back upon him. The same lightning thoughts flashed, wild and dreadful, through his brain:

"What had he married? Not a woman. What then? A fiend. Who had tempted him? A madman—perhaps the archfiend himself."

Every man has some latent superstition in his nature, and in the hour of his weakness and nervous debasement his reason may be surprised and paralysed, and his self-possession lost, as were Bertram's, when he lifted the bride's veil to salute her. His hands shook violently, his eyes swam, and his brain reeled; but when his lips touched lips warm and moist, and his eyes met eyes of gleaming blue, his senses failed him; he neither saw, felt, heard nor knew anything more.

It was surprising how quickly Elfstone's affectionate distress for Bertram, whom he had loved as if he had been his own son, restored the old man to himself. He assisted St. Croix, who came constantly to the aid of his friend, with promptitude and address. But when Bertram came to himself, and, looking about him, demanded information as to what had happened to him, Elfstone could only reply:

"What has befallen you I cannot explain. If it be not miraculous my reason wanders, and I hope somebody will make the matter clear for your sake and mine."

St. Croix looked round the room, and perceived that the bride had vanished. Having first asked pardon of Elfstone, he withdrew Bertram, and whispered in his ear a few words that brought back the rich blood to the young man's cheek, the radiance to his eye and the smile to his lip

"I will fetch her back and introduce her now," exclaimed Bertram, rushing out of the studio.

"What does this mean?" demanded the bewildered sculptor.

"What your heart most wishes—no more, no less," responded St. Croix.

Bertram re-entered with Muta, confused, blushing, and more beautiful than ever, and he led her to her father.

"Father," said he, "the Lost Love is gone for ever, and the Found Love has taken her place. The Muta you made of marble is no more, but your Muta, made of your own flesh and blood, lives and stands before you."

"If time could go backward or stand still for twelve years and more, I should call this lady my wife, but as it cannot, she must be my daughter."

"If you need proof—"

"I need proof! Who shall teach me to know my own daughter? Not all the witnesses in the world, if not my own heart and eyes. Muta, my darling child!"

"Father!"

Muta rushed into his arms, and the long-severed father and child were locked in the embrace of parental and filial love, the holiest of all.

CHAPTER XV.

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
As You Like It, Act I., Sc. 3.

I longed for thee, and sought for thee,
In all these agonies, and woke, and found thee.
Sardanapalus, Act IV., Sc. 1.

Muta, one beautiful May morning, was wandering down a shady lane, plucking wild flowers and singing from her heart, like a bird, deeming herself the happiest of mortals, when she was suddenly confronted by the being, whom, of all mankind, she dreaded most, Gregory Grimgrip.

His look paralysed and fascinated her in an instant, and she stood and gazed at him till her face assumed the vacant and half idiotic expression of her lonely childhood. Grimgrip saw his advantage in a moment, and was as quickly resolved to profit by it. He menaced her with death on the spot if she did not keep silent, seized her hand in his, and led her away.

Muta felt powerless, as we sometimes do in a horrible dream, and in this moment of dire need her self-possession entirely forsook her. It was not till she found herself shut in a close carriage, and driven rapidly she knew not whither, that the spell which had fallen upon her, benumbing all her faculties, dissolved in a burst of tears, bringing home to her a full sense of her calamity, and plunging her into a paroxysm of inconsolable grief and despair.

Muta was soon missed at Ellingford Hall, and diligent search immediately made for her. Nothing was, however, ascertained that threw any light upon her sudden disappearance, but the fact that an extremely ugly man had, on the evening previous, been seen prowling about the premises. This was, nevertheless, enough to convince Bertram (who had just made a second visit to Liverpool, necessitated by his first adventure in that town), that the author of Muta's abduction was Grimgrip himself. Weeks lapsed before any thing more relative to her was ascertained. Bertram was nearly frantic, and Elfstone's great pity for him alone preserved the old man from relapsing into his former lamentable condition. Bertram, after having hardly eaten or slept at all for a week and more, had just returned from a long and bootless journey, fatigued and despairing, and had fallen from sheer exhaustion into an uneasy slumber in the library, when Marina arrived at Ellingford. She sat by his side, and wept to view the sad alteration his bereavement and sorrow had made in his appearance. At one time he seemed to be dreaming, and she heard her own name escape his lips. A delicious thrill quickened her pulse, and without thinking of what she was doing, she stooped down and kissed his now pallid but still beautiful mouth. He woke at the gentle touch.

"Marina," he exclaimed, with pleasure beaming in his eyes, "how I have longed to see you!"

"I have longed to see you, Bertram, but from a different motive. You need me, I suppose, for something you cannot accomplish yourself."

"Yes, Marina, I do, but not for myself."

"Would you did! but your father-in-law has told me all. I am as ignorant as yourself of Muta's whereabouts."

"Say not that, Marina! You are my last and only hope. Where's Grimgrip? You surely know where he is to be found?"

"All I know of Mr. Grimgrip, Julien told me in London."

Bertram looked incredulous, and Marina burst into tears.

"I see you still think me capable of deceiving you!"

"Pardon me, Marina. My mind is disordered, and I know not what I do, and hardly what I think. I shall go mad if I do not find Muta soon. I would give half my fortune only to know where that demon, Grimgrip, is, for he has stolen her."

"I would accept no reward from Bertram Hapswell though he had a realm to offer, but if Muta's captor be in England I will discover his hiding-place in a few days, perhaps in a few hours."

Bertram caught the fair Frenchwoman in his arms, kissed her, and vowed that she was the noblest of her sex, and the loveliest, except his darling lost Muta.

Marina was absent from the hall about three hours. When Bertram espied her coming up Ellingford's beautiful avenue, he ran to meet her.

"Have you succeeded?"

"You would never have seen me again if I had not. Here is Grimgrip's address."

Marina handed Bertram a direction, written with a pencil on the back of an envelope.

"This man," she continued, "is too ugly to find a hiding-place in any inhabited region. I had no sooner offered my friends, the gipsies—to whom I always apply first for information—a guinea to tell me who and where the ugliest man in England was, than three of them at once shouted Grimgrip, and gave me his address. They give a very bad account of the old fellow, alleging that he is not only the ugliest but the meanest and most desperate old miser in existence. He has bought or leased an old house by the seaside, in which he secludes himself with no other company than that of his deaf and dumb old housekeeper, and takes great delight in abusing any beggar who ventures to apply to him for charity."

"Marina, you are infallible. I never knew another being at once so quick and keen. Had you been a man, what a politician you would have made! But there is nothing that cabins, cribs and confines genius so much as petticoats."

Bertram would have set out on his journey in search of Grimgrip alone, had not Elfstone insisted upon accompanying him. Bertram's haste was great, and it was not until they were seated in a railway car together, and borne on the wings of steam to their destination, that he found time or temper to talk deliberately on the business he had undertaken to accomplish. Between them, many suppositious, hopes, fears, menaces, doubts and devices were freely ventilated, and though they decided upon resorting to a legal authority and

a surprise, their sage consultations served better to kill time than to benefit them in any other way. They had a cunning enemy to deal with, and one who was now always on his guard. Their ingenious measures and decided action proved therefore of no avail, and after ransacking Grimgrip's residence from cellar to roof, and thoroughly searching the neighborhood without discovering a trace of poor Muta, of whom he denied all knowledge whatever, they were obliged to relinquish their efforts, in spite of Bertram's longing to persevere.

When the last hope was gone Bertram walked up to Grimgrip, and said:

"I do not believe that you think you do or can deceive me. I know that you have stolen my wife, and have her concealed in some durance here about. You are guilty of this crime, but not convicted of it, and therefore I cannot kill you. But, mark me well, if I find that you have so much as injured one hair of her head, or even threatened her with wrong, during your imprisonment of her, I'll have your heart out, though I have to tear it from your body with my naked hands! For the last time, I demand my wife of you."

"I know nothing of your wife."

"That he shall yet sink you into the lowest pit of eternal despair. Remember—for every pang that Muta Hapswell suffers, you shall endure a thousand; so, the shorter you make her captivity, the le tter for your wretched self."

"Mr. Hapswell, you talk to me as if you were addressing some wild cannibal. Your suspicion shows a guilty mind; your insults, a debased one; and your threats, a weak one. I defy you—do your worst!"

Bertram looked at the fearless, infuriated old man, his face inflamed and distorted with passion, and but for his white hair would have felled him to his feet.

"You are playing a dangerous game, old man," said he, mastering his wrath; "but boldly and freely you venture you will lose, as surely as the wrong is on your side and the right on mine."

When the bereaved father and lover returned to Stiftingen, they met Marina at some distance from the hall, and stopped their post-chaise to take her up.

"Where's Muta?" said she, looking into the carriage. "You have not left her with old Grimgrip, have you?"

"We have left his house and grounds upside down, but could not find her on the promise," answered Ellstone.

Marina raised her eyebrows for a moment, and for a moment a sneer curved her most beautiful mouth. She said, coldly:

"You did wise too late for you, eh? I feared as much. Drive on; I came out for a walk with Flora, who expected you to restore her mistress to her."

Flora was a pet spaniel of Muta's, a present from Bertram, but now following Marina. The latter leaped out of the carriage and told the driver to proceed, as he intended to walk the rest of the way.

"And so you think that Muta was concealed in Grimgrip's house, after all."

"I do."

"But you have no idea how suddenly we pounced upon the old wretch, and to what a close scrutiny we subjected him and his belongings."

"I know nothing but what you tell me, Bertram."

"Then why do you sneer at our failure?"

"Bertram, all you have asked me to do I have done, and have therefore some right to your confidence. You hurried away on this journey without affording me the opportunity of advising with you. How long had you been endeavoring to find Grimgrip, when, in despair, you resorted to me for aid and guidance? I succeeded in three hours."

"Well?"

"Well?"

"What shall I do?"

"When next you visit Mr. Grimgrip's castle take somebody of intelligence with you."

"Yourself?"

"I make no pretension to the character."

"Who, then?"

Marina smiled to the little dog that followed her, which immediately leaped into her arms. She presented the little creature to Bertram.

"Ask Flora!"

"By Jove, you are right, girl! Flora would have been more than an army. How inevitably you hit upon the only right idea. You make me ashamed of myself, and respect your sex more and more every hour I meet you. What a man would have for a general, a prime minister or an empress! Reinforced with Flora, I will return to the ghouls' den to-morrow, and rescue Muta. She shall learn to love you as well as I do."

"Better, if you please."

"Ah, you flatter me how dearly I love you, Marina; I am myself afraid to think how much."

When Bertram reached the hall, he found a letter awaiting him of a most ominous character. The address was in his mother's handwriting, and Bertram, whose presentiments nervousness at times proved him more overwhelming than the saddest reality, let the letter fall in his tremulous attempts to break its seal.

"Marina, open it—read it—I cannot."

She complied, and read these words, all the more confounding:

"My dear son, your father is dying. Come without a moment's delay, or you may be too late."

Bertram's color now fled from his cheeks and lips as if he had received a deathstroke, and Marina caught him by the arm to prevent him from falling. His grief and distress were extreme, enlisted by each counter and imperious summons, the cue of love and captivity, and the claim of duty and death. He was bewildered, confounded, and torn by terrible and conflicting emotions.

"I must go," he muttered, almost inarticulately.

"Yes, Bertram; there is no alternative here; you must return to your parents without delay. Why do you pause?"

"I go, Marina; but what may not happen to Muta while I am snatching by the bedside of my dying father? Is it not a reeking horror that these crises should both occur at this moment? Is no effort to be made for her recovery from the monster? I shall go mad. Oh, Marina, dear—"

"Dear Bertram—"

"I saved you from death once. Save me—rescue Muta now, and your debt shall be cancelled and my life for ever after at your service."

"You do but make the fulfilment of a promise, Bertram, freely given, and to be religiously performed."

"Do you think you will succeed?"

"I am not apt to fail, Bertram, and in this undertaking death only shall halt me or success. You little guess what a sacrifice I must make to obey you, but were it a thousand times greater, for your sake it should be offered as freely as my orisons to heaven. Hasten to your father, and rest assured that when you return hither, if Marina does not give your wife back to your arms, she will herself have departed whither your father is going. Good-bye, Bertram!"

CHAPTER XVI.

I fear
The subtle mind, her awe-inspiring pose,
Whose beams unbosome me, nerve by nerve,
And let my fancies flow in floods to see.
My hidden thoughts.—The Cenci, Act I., Sc. 2.

As soon as Marina was fairly started on her journey, she said to herself:

"Now shall I see this pretty baby face of which Bertram is so much enamored, and which has its own glowing statement she is half a natural, but he does not love her a whit more than he would a cousin. Unless a man have the mind of a boy or of an archangel, he prefers a pretty mouthful for a wife, and women of soul have to put up with simpletons. Bertram is a boy, and, too, delicately nervous and sensitive, but true to heaven and brave as a lion in the hour of peril; and—and I love him—how much he will never know, since less he himself should need the sacrifice of my life. Absit 'tis the curse of my powers to fail always to secure what I most desire. I love. With Bertram I am powerless, for when with him passion melts my strength into weakness. Yet it may be best so, and something whispers, 'Hope! Marina was not born to fail.' What she most hopes for is only within her reach, but it may be the more welcome and the more enjoyed."

Towards the evening of that day Mr. Grimgrip was surprised by a visit from an elegant lady, whose veiled countenance he failed to recognise, but which brought recollections to his mind that made him shudder.

"Mr. Grimgrip, I believe."

"Yes madame."

"My name is Marina Nitoche."

Grimgrip started. She lifted her veil.

"I am the daughter of Madame Nitoche whom you knew so well. Dr. Lavalette was here?"

"Too much—too much!"

"I am satisfied. She has done my great wrong in destroying me."

"But whom do you call Madame Nitoche?" answered Grimgrip, with a hollow gabe. "Mathilde Nitoche I know too well, but she was married, and died many years ago."

"I know what you say, but you say, but she you speak of is living. You shall see her."

Grimgrip sank back into his chair, like one who has lost hope, and all control from him.

"Do you wish me to bring madame here?"

"God forbid! is she so near?"

"She is still in Brussels."

"Did she send you to me?"

"I come with her assent."

"What for?"

"Her daughter."

"Her daughter? Why, you just told me you were she."

"So I believe I am, but I mean her daughter Muta."

"Muta, her daughter?"

"Certainly. Would she were not so!"

Grimgrip laughed, as the devil himself could not have made worse merriment.

"I see it all," said he. "You are a spy in the employ of Ellstone and Hapswell."

Marina rose from her seat, and, towering, walked towards the old man, her eyes darting light at him like flashes from a sword.

"What am I?"

"The daughter of Mathilde, and as fierce a fiend as your mother. But she is mad, and so are you, to talk of Muta's being a daughter of hers or mine. She may be a relation of yours, but as I believed her to be our own father, it is not likely that I will give her up to you."

Grimgrip, in the excitement and bewilderment of the moment, had lost his wonted self-possession, and Marina smiled triumphantly as she observed him.

"I assure you I am not particularly anxious that you should restore her, for she is my successful rival with more than one, and I am right glad to find that you have got her safe. I have discharged my duty in demanding her, and for your refusal you must answer to my employer. We do not brook your retention of this pretty face, I can tell you. I wonder what on earth you are going to do with it; and you had better look it right to consider your reply. I will stop with you till to-morrow and take back your answer."

"The daughter of such a demon sleeps not under the same roof with me."

"Just as you please, Mr. Grimgrip. I have only one particular favor to ask—use more courtesy in your address to me, for it is not worth your while to make me your enemy. As yet, I assure you, I am your friend. In that character allow me to inquire what madness impels you to conceal Muta?

Whose daughter is she but Ellstone's? And what claim have you upon his flesh and blood?"

"An undeniable one upon his heart's blood. You are the right one to put this interrogation to me! Who is your father?"

"You, legally."

"Aye, but not truly. You are the daughter of the man who dishonored me, of the woman who attempted my murder; you are the fruit of my disgrace, and the sight of you wrists my revenge to a sharpness that would cut my enemies off from all hope."

"I am sorry I have put you in so unenviable a frame of mind, Mr. Grimgrip, but hope you will pardon me for observing that much as you may be deserving of spite, all on account of the wrongs you have sustained, your method of revenge is truly despicable. Upon whom do you wreak your malice? Upon me, a poor outcast, uncared even by her father and mother, and left to the mercy of a merciless world. Upon this innocent and illstarred child Muta, who never harmed so much as a fly. Out upon you for a cruel dastard! I am glad you refuse to serve me—I should scorn such a father. Why don't you face your actual injurers and avenge yourself upon them?"

"Did I not do so when I threw the same hither backed by the police? He will not care to repeat to you what I said to him. As for Muta, she is my ward. Her mother left her to our guardian, and I apprenticed her to me till she becomes eighteen years of age. I paid Mrs. Ellstone handsomely for her clothing and protective services, and am not going to be cheated out of them. The mother was perfectly sane at the time the agreement was made, and the father as a Baronet, and, what is of course no fitting party to any compact. I have the documents in my possession and will show them to you."

"Save yourself the trouble, sir. This matter must be legally looked, and your rights to the same be asserted and proved in open court. You admit your possession of the unhappy cause of disgust."

"I deny it."

"I am not in the habit of acquiring myself, and you must accept me at what you first told me. But this is all beside the question. I am speaking of the sheer madness of your conduct in hiding Ellstone's daughter and Hapswell's wife in some dungeon or other. Do you not perceive the barbarous monstrosity of the deed? What will my mother say to such illicit concealment and detention of a young married woman? What would you say of anybody else who should shut up an innocent child in a vault because of the relations she bore to your neglect, and too innocent to understand what you are about. Really, Mr. Grimgrip, I think you are making a most unmanly use of your power. Mordaunt Ellstone was, for even madness is preferable to baseness as vile and detestable. Do you not see that you have put the whole fight from what you did, Mr. Grimgrip?"

"I cannot believe my wife is living."

"I saw her quite recently, and make no doubt she is so now, for I received a letter from her but yesterday."

"Show me that letter."

"I don't know whether I can or not. I may have burned it, but it may be still in my reticule. Yes, here it is, sir."

Grimgrip took the letter, examined the address, postmark, seal and contents, took out the documents, scrutinised the penmanship, and after reading and obtaining permission, read every line of it.

"It is hers, indeed; no other woman could write a communication betraying in every sentence so much utter heartlessness."

"If you are convinced, Mr. Grimgrip, you will save a world of trouble by giving me the key to this mystery."

Marina pointed to what appeared to be a dead wall, but a touch from a pet spaniel had been sniffing and scratching during the interview between Grimgrip and Marina.

"Come with me," observed he, contemplating Marina with extorted admiration, "keep as she, and still more beautiful. Take your sister, for she also is a child of mystery. My game is up."

He rose from his seat sluggishly, lit a lamp, pressed hard upon a spring which caused the concealed door to fly open, revealing another behind and locked, which, when opened inward, discovered a narrow stairway leading down into a sort of vault or cellar. Grimgrip and Marina, followed by the spaniel, descended. He led the way through a low narrow passage, and emerged into a broad and higher hall, with five doors, dimly lighted through crevices in the rock, and by a fire smouldering in the middle of the apartment. The den had formerly been used by smugglers as a place of concealment, but its mouth towards the sea had been closed with huge stones, in connection with the house never known save to a few, forgotten, or rather the secret had died with them that knew it. Upon a rude couch near the fire lay a female fast asleep. The little spaniel bounded towards the sleeper, leaped upon the bed, and commenced to lick her hand. Muta, for it was she, opened her large blue eyes, and her gaze encountered that of Marina, who was bending over her. Muta was fascinated by the black, dazzling orbs that seemed to be searching her soul, and she felt alarmed.

"Don't be afraid, Muta," said a sternly reassuring voice. "I am Marina; I have come to take you back to Bertram and your father."

The tone and smile of the speaker carried ecstasy to the captive's heart, and Muta threw herself into the arms of her fair rescuer and wept and sobbed for joy. Poor Flora, who was doing her best to gain her mistress's attention, now barked to attract it and vent her feelings. Her manœuvres were at last crowned with success, and she came in for a full share of blandishment. It was a rapturous moment to both, but when Muta perceived Grimgrip, she trembled with fear, and her glad eyes swished like a dream.

"Why, little one, do you fear him?" said Marina, contemptuously. "Tell me has he dared to abused you, and I'll stab him where he stands!"

"He hasn't been unkind to me, except in keeping me so much in this dark place, and I was becoming near to let me out till I consented to marry him. But I love Bertram so dearly that I would rather die than have another husband."

The peng of heart Marina felt, and Muta's simplicity, betrayed a stronger smile in her lips.

"You are a great baby, Muta. What do you think your teeth, nails, limbs and lungs were given you for, if you would not use them in preventing a feeble old man from tearing you away from the child and home you loved? I should like to see the man I did not love running away from me and playing the tyrant over me!"

"I should rather show with a royal Bengal tigress," replied Grimgrip, bitterly. "You have all your mother's fatal fierceness, and the sooner you are both removed from my path the better. I no longer want the love of an intolerable nuisance."

Grimgrip was not long encumbered with such presence, but when Muta and Marina were gone, instead of experiencing relief, the sense of his loneliness was more than he could bear up with crushing weight, as if it had only been suspended till they were out of sight. The wretch he was he now felt himself to be, and it is a wonder he did not commit suicide under the oppression of his despair.

THE CROSSING OF THE JAMES.

THE crossing of a large river like the James, in the face of a large hostile army on each bank, is one of the most extraordinary movements of the war, and probably without a parallel in history. In his despatch Gen. Grant justly alludes to it.

Those who witnessed the scene represent it as one of unusual grandeur, and our Artist, catching the spirit of the occasion, has transferred it to paper.

A correspondent thus graphically describes the crossing:

"We suddenly came in view of a pontoon bridge, some half a mile in length, and black with moving masses, a portion of the army of the Potomac, wagons and craft of all descriptions and colors crowed the river, both banks and bridge. Across the bridge, the tide of humanity ebbed and flowed, and was animated.

"Here and there along the pontoon bridge and our steamer hulks, we see classically the huge bodies of lumbering Army horses, artillery and wagons moving across the pontoon. They extend across the entire length of the bridge, and can be seen winding away from far away up the east bank of the James, enveloped in a dense cloud of dust, which rises in the distance. It is a part of the great body which has already effected its crossing.

"To one to whom the grand array is a new sight and all the circumstances of war are fresh interest, the scene is picturesque and splendid in the highest degree, and as changing panorama passed over the episodes in her joyous history, over other such movements in the campaigns of the army in Virginia and in the West. The mind grasps the real prime significance of the and all the vast and momentous issues thought-laden, but the eye, wild, to reach forward and gain a glimpse of these at once.

"Here and there, on the pontoon bridge, we have for 30 hours—the movement having been begun on Wednesday morning, and it is now midnight—a mass so much very briskly, musket on shoulder, and apparently almost gaily. They do not form a column, but continuous in character, but rather in great and irregular detached masses. A brigade of infantry, 10 possibly a thousand cavalry horses and a battery of artillery—to just get over, and all the more quickly, for the 20 men are marching in mute or couples across the bridge. Now comes a mounted leading a horse; now a company; now a dozen teamsters; now a battalion of negro soldiers; now a military funeral (probably a sick or wounded man). But a heavy body of troops of all arms is pending on the north side, filling up to the bridge, and now they go marching over and along—not tramping in straggling columns, it is true, but the order of march on crossing a pontoon. Besides the columns of infantry moving and massed on the banks, there are immense numbers of horses (mostly cavalry horses, with saddles and bridles on), led and mounted by themselves, long trains of wagons, numberless pieces of artillery and caissons."

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE news is very unimportant. There had been a debate in the House of Lords on Federal Relations with Canada, which resulted in Lord Derby's very strong speeches against the Union from Lords Clarendon and Wodehouse. The latter complained of the inattention of the Federal Government to Lord Lyon's complaints, but stated that the correspondence had been of a most calm tone in the same matter than the authorities at Washington.

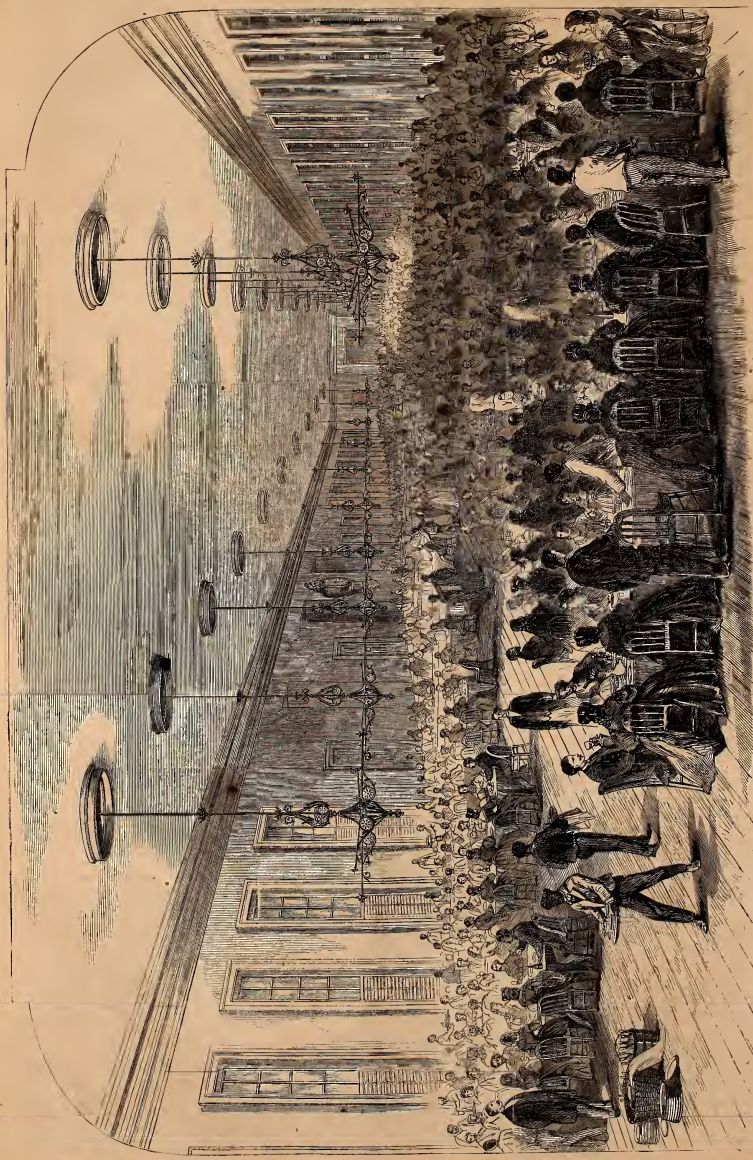
The armistice between Germany and Denmark had been extended a fortnight.

In Spain the Roman question had become agitated again, and Louis Napoleon had suggested to England the propriety of withdrawing the Pope's troops and the rebels—but the policy of England is decided, so say the Ministry, to leave the Italian question alone to be preserved.

The rest of Europe is tranquil, with the exception of Turkey, where the question of the Danubian principalities threatens to become serious.

A RISE A VALID CONSIDERATION.—A Western Court of Common Pleas recently had a legal consideration. Reasons that an old bachelor—these old bachelors, by the way, are useless meddlesome, anyhow you fix it—offered a young lady a pony for a kiss. The young damsel accepted the offer and gave the kiss; but the mean old curmudgeon, after receiving the ancillatory smile, refused to stand by his part of the contract. A suit was thereupon entered, and the jury decided that the pony, or its value, should be given to the girl.

Who finds all the umbrellas that everybody loses? Every man we meet loses the umbrella he buys, but we have never got acquainted with the man that finds them. Can any one answer the question before the next rain?



OUR SUMMER PEOPLE—UNION HALL, SARATOGA SPRING.—THE DINING-ROOM

OUR SUMMER RESORTS—UNION HALL, SARATOGA, WILLIAM LELAND, ESQ., PROPRIETOR.

UNION HALL, SARATOGA.

Wm. W. Leland, Proprietor.

DESCRIBE Saratoga! Who will attempt it? The theme has been essayed by so many; yet American life is so volatile, so evanescent, so full of strange changes and stranger contrasts, that the well studied description of one season by the next excites the merriment of all, and when five years old has all the exquisite aroma of antiquity. All the world knows Saratoga, and whoever has enjoyed Saratoga, with its comforts and discomforts, its pleasures and its gaiety, knows Union Hall. But how long ago did you know Union Hall? Somewhere down in the year 1802, when Napoleon I. was Emperor—not Napoleon III.? Oh! Then Union Hall was a small affair, 200 feet by 36. We mean Union Hall as it is, with its splendid wing, its lodgings, its cottages, its magnificent lawn. Do you know this, and do you know that it is kept by W. W. Leland, Esq., one of that wonderful family who have achieved the greatest of modern experiments—men who can keep an hotel? Well, readers, you know it now. Need we say more—need we tell you that it is the largest hotel in Saratoga Springs—that the front is so long that when you have twice walked it to and fro you have nearly accomplished a mile? Look at the exterior, what can be more attractive? Do not suppose that you have here the old-fashioned four by nine rooms. These are built for comfort. Enter the dining-room. A thousand—yes, and half a thousand more are seated here; and, incredible as it may appear, seated comfortably, the tables being placed across the room at intervals of five feet, and a passageway down through the middle no less than ten feet.

At the tables themselves three feet is given to each one, so that you breakfast, dine and sup at ease, without fear of upsetting your neighbor's glass of wine, or, what may be worse, sending your own, in liquid wrath, along the costly skirt of the lady beside you. Not for the wine's sake do we say this, for choice as good wine is in these glorious days of texas, Mr. Leland's wine-room represents a value of $50,000.

Then think of the substantial food provided here, and of the delicacies of every shape and kind that a finished caterer can supply, or the keenest

WILLIAM W. LELAND, PROPRIETOR OF THE HALL.

gourmand can desire. Is anything lacking? Are not the tables loaded with all that is most exquisite and recherché? Have you ever seen anything to approach it as a habitual thing? A hundred waiters serve you. Is not their attendance spiritlike, constant, yet unfelt?

Leland, the untiring, the sleepless, ever to be found, call when you will from six in the morning till twelve at night, is the mainspring of the great machine, and it moves not like a machine after all, but rather like the telegraph or something impelled by some new and imperceptible power.

You run from the cities for air, Union Hall welcomes you. Eight men ever stand at the door to receive your baggage and conduct you to your rooms or your cottage.

There you find comfort, and without its many acred lawn, with its secular trees, gives a shade to make an editor stop writing for the very thought of it, and pack off for the spot, having already in imagination dined there.

The scene from the piazza of Union Hall is most attractive. Being opposite Congress Springs you see all Saratoga there. From the hotel itself come forth the most distinguished of men, the most world-famed of women; from its porch dash off equipages that have no match. For a splendid turn out, Union Hall has great attractions. Your carriage and pair are well taken care of; your coachman has a room in the magnificent carriage-house. All is in good order. Your carriage rolls to the door in good trim when you need it to ride to the lake, the battle-ground, or where you will.

The Lelands are well-known, having conducted Clinton Hotel, and subsequently the Metropolitan, with a skill which the discerning public repaid by the boon of success.

William, who now alone assumes the management of Union Hall, and whose portrait we give, was at one time an immense stock raiser in Texas, where his realm was counted not by acres but by miles. He is here North; a Union man, certain the man for Union Hall, as all who are happy enough to enter his empire during the heated term will attest.

Old habitués, who knew and appreciated Messrs. Putnam and Payn, need fear no change that will disturb their conservative motions. Dr. Payn will remain there to welcome them warmly, and point out approvingly the improvements in 1864.

In the office, Mr. W. D. Harmon, who has had eight years experience in the house, will officiate as room clerk; Mr. James R. Marvin as bill clerk, assisted by W. G. A. Drake, as cashier, who speaks French and Spanish fluently. The bar will be under the charge of Montgomery Avery, assisted by N. S. May and others. B. P. Waling, the capable and wide-awake steward, will be assisted by J. R. Chapman. Miss Gilgore, the popular housekeeper for thirteen seasons, will continue to fill that position. Hans Shedd, the capable head waiter, who has been connected with the house for twenty years, is retained, as also his old assistant, Robert Jackson. The kitchen department will be under the skilful supervision of Monsieur Victor Comée, chief cook of the Metropolitan Hotel, New York, with Anthony Baden as confectioner.

OUR SUMMER RESORTS—LAWN OF THE UNION HALL, SARATOGA SPRINGS.

THE HARP.

AMONG the Hebrews the harp served as an accompaniment to songs of praise and gladness, and was never used in times of affliction. They hanged their harps upon the willows by the waters of Babylon, and refused to sing the songs of Zion in a strange land. In like manner Job's harp is changed into mourning whilst the hand of grief pressed heavily upon him. Its soothing effect was exemplified in calming down the furious spirit of Saul; and the gift of prophecy appears also to have been excited by its use. It is reasonable to suppose that the Biblical harps were of various sizes, as they were played while sitting, walking and dancing. The skill of the Jews on the harp is described as marvellous, and reached its highest point of perfection in the time of David. The number of its strings have varied from four to 47. In the Talmud is preserved a curious tradition, to the effect that, over the bed of David, facing the north, a harp was suspended; and just when, at midnight, the north wind touched the chords, they vibrated and discoursed exquisite music.

By several writers it is considered doubtful whether the harp was known to the Greeks and Romans in any shape analogous to its present form; but we are told by others that the Athenians considered the instrument as an exotic refinement; and the Rhodian women, who played on harps at the marriage feast of Cavanus, were introduced to add splendor to the entertainment. Under the Roman empire, the harp appears to have been in use, and was played by both sexes.

Many are of the opinion that Europeans are not indebted to the Egyptians for the harp, notwithstanding their extraordinary identity. They believe that it was introduced into Ireland by piratical hordes from the Baltic, as it was found among some northern tribes as early as the 5th century. In the days of chivalry the harp was considered the most noble and majestic of instruments; for this reason the romancers placed it in the hands of their greatest heroes, as the ancient Greeks did the lyre. It then had 25 strings, to each of which the poet gave an allegorical name, calling one Constancy; another, Truth; a third, Happiness; a fourth, Beauty, etc., applying all those qualities to his mistress, and comparing her to the harp.

The Celtic bards held the harp in the highest honor. A Welshman, named Jones, claims for his country the possession of a triple harp as early as the 6th century. The triple harp seems to imply that there have been in Wales three different kinds, the single harp, with only one string to each note, double, with two, and the triple, with three strings. In Ireland the harp was known long anterior to the Christian era, and from its great prevalence in that country it was adopted as the national emblem. One of a very early date (A.D. 1014) is still preserved in the University of Dublin, and really is the oldest harp now in existence.

The father of Galileo, the great mathematician, tells us that the Italians, who were in possession of the harp before the time of Dante (born in 1245), had "had this most ancient instrument from Ireland, where the inhabitants practised on it for many, many ages." The strings were of brass, with a few of steel to assist in the higher notes—in all, 30.

In an important particular the Welsh differed from the Irish instrument, the former being strung with catgut. Here it is worthy to remark that the Early Christians made much use of the harp in their religious assemblies as an accompaniment in the singing of their Psalms; and that, until a comparatively recent period, Roman Catholics throughout the rural districts of Ireland considered it almost indispensable in the celebration of the sacrifice of the mass.

The history of the harp would be incomplete without more particular allusion to the bards or minstrels who once constituted one of the most important orders of men in ancient Britain, and in Ireland. They subsisted by the arts of poetry and music; and sang to the harp verses composed by themselves or others. Their skill was looked upon as almost divine; their persons were held sacred; their attendance was solicited even by kings; and they were everywhere loaded with honours and rewards. In the poems of Ossian, we read of 100 bards, belonging to one prince, playing on harps, and singing for his entertainment. At this period they are represented to be men of genius and of virtue, who merited the honours which they enjoyed. They were oral historians of all past transactions, public and private, whose duty it was to preserve authentic records, and various kinds of knowledge, in the national memory, by means of tradition. Even Alfred the Great disdained not to assume the disguise of a harpist, while he successfully explored the camp of the hostile Danes.

From the Norman conquest, downwards, through long ages of English history, these minstrels maintained their popularity and privileges, particularly during the reign of that brilliant and poetic crusader, Richard I.; and the instances of favors bestowed upon them by subsequent monarchs are very abundant; but this was in an age when people "loved better to be pleased than instructed." However, during the reign of Henry VIII., the minstrels were gradually sinking into contempt; and so rare had they become in the time of his daughter, Elizabeth, when entertained at the Castle of Kenilworth, in 1575, that the old chronicler, Laneham, felt called upon to describe, with painful minuteness, "the extraordinary man-of-the-harp." A length a law was enacted, in the reign of the Virgin Queen, including them, with all the penalties, amongst beggars and rogues.

OLD ADVERTISEMENTS.

SOMEBODY who has been overhauling the back files of the English press in the British Museum and elsewhere, claims to have discovered that the earliest advertisement published in the English language was the offer of a reward for the recovery of a "piebald nag," inserted in the *Moderate*, a London newspaper, March 27, 1649, about two months after the execution of Charles I. From that primary paragraph what a multitudinous progeny has sprung. The multiplication of the human species has scarcely been so rapid as that of advertisements during the last two hundred years. From half a dozen to twenty lines sufficed in Cromwell's and Charles the Second's time to tell the advertiser's story; but now columns, pages, sheets, are necessary to make an impression, or to speak more properly, a sensation. Quack medicine proclamations monopolise vast spaces in all papers. And yet this branch of the literature of imposture dates no farther back than the latter half of the 17th century. To one Mrs. Claudie Faber belongs the questionable honor of originating it. She advertised an article called *Annum Potabile*—doubtless some exhilarating cordial—in the London *Gazette* of 1682, and the Court Beauties of the "Merry Monarch's" reign patronised the philtre. The price was five shillings per bottle.

Considering that the art of newspaper puffing was then in its infancy, one finds some pretty smart samples of it in the journals of James the Second's reign. For example, a gazette of that era tells us that "about forty miles from London is a schoolmaster, who has had such success with boys, as there are almost forty ministers and schoolmasters that were his scholars." Not very good grammar this, but in other respects very much like the announcements one sometimes sees that men learned in Law and Divinity will vouch for the excellence of some school, they or their sons "having been educated at that institution." By the way, the schoolmaster who had such success with boys in the seventeenth century had a helpmate who deserves mention. "His wife," says the penny-a-liner, "teaches girls lace-making, plain work, raising paste, sauces, and cookery to the degree of exactness." Alas! why are there not schoolmistresses to teach young ladies such useful arts in the year 1864?

A WASHINGTON paper, in alluding to the recent search for a girl and her subsequent discovery, says: "She had a mark on her cheek, which neighbored a dimple whenever her lips would be wreathed in smiles, and which showed itself perceptibly whenever she manifested colloquial animation." That's word painting with a vengeance.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A LADY, paying a visit to her daughter, who was a young widow, asked her why she wore the widow's garb so long.

"Dear mama, don't you see!" replied the daughter, "it saves me the expense of advertising for a husband, as every one can see I am for sale by private contract."

THE MODERN WIDOW'S LAMENT.

Flow on, my tears—my tears flow on;
  My husband low is lain;
Oh let me weep to ease my heart,
  That I may—mate again.

Affection's cord, though now in twain
  For him who prized me dear,
If I may weep my sorrows off,
  I'll very soon re-pair.

Oh, bid me not control my grief,
  Nor keep my feelings in;
Nor tell me, now, to calm my woe,
  For I have got—his "tin."

That face of his I cherished dear
  Is mine no more, you know;
So let me drain my bitter cup,
  And get—another beau.

The night winds moan around his grave,
  And sing a requiem sad;
And, while he's held in peaceful sleep,
  I'll catch another—lad.

Then let my tears flow on in peace,
  And as they gently flow
I'll bear—to some new manly breast—
  The burden of my woe.

Oh, for the joys of vanished youth,
  Which I with him did share!
Would that I had them back again
  To give some—other dear.

The birds are stealing fast to rest,
  The kittens seek the rug;
Oh, let me weep, for through my tears
  I'll see some one—to hug!

All dark, all dark, the past appears,
  Since him I loved is dead;
Oh, would my tears might quickly bring
  Some soothing spark—to wed!

My breast is full; then why not weep
  To calm this sadden'd heart?
For him, dear soul, I can but weep,
  And find—his counterpart.

Then tell me not to check my grief;
  Alas! I never can,
Until within his lonely couch
  I place my—other man!

THE Shylock who, with head erect, with honest people mingles, should cease to shave his fellow-man, and go to shaving shingles.

The lawyer would be better off, his conscience far less pliant, who owned a little farm in fee, and made that farm his client.

We have some doctors in our midst, whose talents they should use, by practising the healing art—heeling boots and shoes.

The minister, whose sage advice a useful moral teaches, should mind and watch as well as pray—and practise what he preaches.

AT a meeting for "mutual improvement" in a town not a thousand miles from the Massachusetts line, one of the "brethren" announced that there would be a meeting in that house "every Wednesday evening annually and alternately." And it was at one of those meetings that the following strain of exhortation was indulged in: "You love hog's fat—you love doughnuts fried in hog's fat—why don't you love religion?" At the latest dates no satisfactory answer had been received.

"WHILE we were foraging in Sequachie," writes a soldier in the Union army, "after the campaign which ended with the battle of Chicamauga, our boys used to get up cotillion parties, etc., in the country, which were well attended by the ladies, both Union and Secesh, of the valley. Some of the latter were very careful on such occasions about the language they used in the presence of the boys, lest they might offend them. One of the ladies stepped up to Wash (the fiddler) and said, very politely, 'Will you be so kind as to play the Federal Doodle?'"

AN individual, having been to church, returned home earlier than usual, and was asked:

"Is it done already?"

"No," he replied, "it is all said; but very little, if any, of what was said has been done yet."

IN one of his plays Addison makes an undertaker thus upbraid a mute, who had laughed at a funeral: "You rascal, you! I have been raising your wages for the last two years, on condition that you appear more sorrowful, and the higher wages you receive the happier you look!"

DR. BOLUS, who was very angry when any joke was passed on his profession, once said:

"I defy any person whom I ever attended to accuse me of ignorance or neglect."

"That you may do safely, doctor," replied a wag: "dead men tell no tales!"

WOMEN are said to have stronger attachments than men. It is not so. A man is often attached to an old hat; but did you ever know of a woman having an attachment for an old bonnet? Echo answers, "never!"

MRS. MACAULAY having published her "Loose Thoughts," Mr. Sheridan was asked whether he did not think it a strange title for a lady to choose.

"By no means," replied he, "the sooner a woman gets rid of such thoughts the better."

FORTY

PRIZE

MEDALS

OVER ALL COMPETITORS.

CHICKERING & SONS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Grand, Square and Upright Pianofortes.

THALBERG'S CERTIFICATE:

"Since my arrival in America I have constantly used the Pianos of Messrs. Chickering & Sons, and I can only repeat that which I have so often said before: The instruments are the best I have seen in the United States, and will compare favorably with any I have ever known. S. THALBERG."

Warerooms, 652 Broadway, N. Y., 246 Washington Street, Boston

Seaside Summer Resort

FAIRFIELD HOUSE, FAIRFIELD, CONN. This favorite and splendid Summer Resort was opened for visitors—either transient or permanent—on the 1st of May. The house is now and handsomely furnished—has all modern improvements—is lighted with gas throughout. The Beach for Bathing is the finest on the Sound. There is good fishing and elegant drives. Parties making early arrangements for the season will be taken on favorable terms.

000 P. D. CARRIQUE.

Sportsmen, Tourists,

AND ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS,

Powerful and Brilliant Double Glasses.

Portability combined with great power in *Field*, *Marine*, *Tourists'*, *Opera* and general out-door day and night double perspective glasses, will show distinctly a person to know him at from 2 to 8 miles. Spectacles of the greatest transparent power to strengthen and improve the sight, without the distressing result of frequent changes. Catalogues sent by enclosing stamp.

SEMMONS, Oculists—Opticians,

000 669½ Broadway, N. Y.

WESTWARD HO!

A HOME AND INDEPENDENCE

FOR ONLY $50

TO CITIZENS, FOREIGNERS EMIGRATING WESTWARD, OR THOSE DESIRING TO INVEST. THE MISSOURI CITY ASSOCIATION AND MANUFACTURING CO.'S

Lands are now in market. FIFTY DOLLARS per share; each share entitles the holder to one Track in the Company's lands, embracing Building, Lots and Farms, of 10, 20, 40, 60 and 80 acres each, which are located at, and adjoining the flourishing central town of HAMILTON, CALDWELL CO., Mo., on the line of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad. TEN DOLLARS payable at time of Subscribing, and the remaining FORTY DOLLARS on the delivery of Warranted Deed. MAPS and full and reliable information obtainable at the Law Offices of Messrs. RICE & SWIFT, Solicitors for the Corporation, No. 200 Broadway, New York city, or sent to any address on application. Post Office Box No. 5368, B. F. LEWIS, Secretary. 456-9

HOSTETTER'S

CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS.

IS HEALTH WORTH HAVING? If it is, protect it. It is a jewel as easily lost as virtue, and in some cases it as difficult to recover. Nature, in our climate, and especially at this season, requires to be occasionally reinforced; but everything depends upon the tonic used for this purpose. The medicinal tinctures, all of which are based on common alcohol, are dangerous. Quinine, as everybody finds out who takes much of it, is a slow poison. One safe protective from all unhealthy atmospheric influences exists, and one only. This powerful preventive is HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS, a compound of the purest stimulant ever manufactured with the most effective tonics, alteratives, regulators and depurators that chemistry has yet extracted from the botanical kingdom. Convalescents, languid and feeble from recent sickness, will find the Bitters an incomparable restorative, not disagreeable to the taste and eminently invigorating. No other stimulant produces the same effect as this Stomachic. It does not excite or flutter the nerves or occasion any undue arterial action; but at once soothes and strengthens the nervous system and the animal spirits.

Sold by all Druggists and Family Grocers.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,

PREPARED AND SOLD BY
HOSTETTER & SMITH, PITTSBURG, PA.
NEW YORK OFFICE, 59 CEDAR STREET.

The Government Loan

OF

$200,000,000.

This Loan is authorized by Act of Congress of March 8th, 1864, which provides for its REDEMPTION IN COIN, at any period not less than ten or more than forty years from its date, at the pleasure of the Government.

Until its Redemption, five per cent. interest is to be paid semi-annually IN COIN.

Subscriptions to the Loan are received by the National Banks in United States notes or in such currency or other funds as are taken by them on deposit at par.

Its Exemption from State or Local Taxation adds from one to three per cent. per annum to its value.

The Rate of Interest on this loan, although but five per cent. in coin is as much greater in currency as the difference between the market value of currency and gold.

As a Rule, the five per cent. specie securities of all solvent governments are always par or above, and currency now funded in the National Loan, will be worth its face in gold, besides paying a regular and liberal percentage to the holder.

The authorized Amount of this loan is Two Hundred Million Dollars. The amount of subscriptions reported to the Treasury at Washington, is over

$70,000,000.

Subscriptions will be received by the TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES at Washington, and the ASSISTANT TREASURERS at New York, Boston and Philadelphia, and by the

First National Bank of New York, No. 4 Wall Street.
Second National Bank of N. Y., 23d St. and Broadway.
Third National Bank of N. Y., 5 Nassau St.
Fourth National Bank of N. Y., 27 and 29 Pine St.
Fifth National Bank of N. Y., 338 Third Ave.
Sixth National Bank of N. Y., 6th Av. and Broadway.
Ninth National Bank of N. Y., 363 Broadway.
Tenth National Bank of N. Y., 240 Broadway.
Central National Bank of N. Y., 71 Duane St.
National Exchange Bank of N. Y., 184 Greenwich St.

AND BY ALL NATIONAL BANKS

which are depositaries of Public money, and all

RESPECTABLE BANKS AND BANKERS

throughout the country (acting as agents of the National Depositary Banks), will furnish further information on application, and

AFFORD EVERY FACILITY TO SUBSCRIBERS.
457-8

BARNUM'S SELF SEWER FOR ALL SEWING MACHINES.

Preserves the Eyes, avoids bending. No basting.

No Machine complete without it. Price $1 50, with directions, sent by mail. For sale for *all* Machines, at the inventor's headquarters, WILCOX & GIBBS'S Sewing Machine Office, 508 Broadway, New York.
451-63 D. BARNUM.

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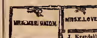

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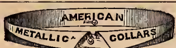

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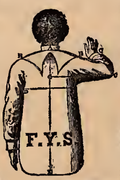

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No. 459—VOL. XVIII.] NEW YORK, JULY 16, 1864. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS $1.00.

The Resignation of Mr. Secretary Chase—Our Financial Difficulties.

THE startling—because wholly unexpected—announcement from Washington on Thursday last, of the resignation of Mr. Chase, as Secretary of the Treasury, and the appointment of Ex-Governor David Tod, of Ohio, to fill his place, instantly created a more painful and profound sensation in New York than any tidings for a long time of any disaster to the national cause. Men of all parties, and all classes, began instinctively to inquire of each other—why has Mr. Chase resigned at this critical period in our financial affairs? Has he abandoned the heavy task imposed upon him of sustaining the national credit and currency in despair? Or have political difficulties among the members of the Cabinet, which we had supposed were adjusted, broken out afresh, and precipitated this resignation? If so, may we not anticipate a general breaking up and reconstruction of the Cabinet, with every probability of more serious embarrassments than ever in the working of the Government machinery? And who is this Mr. Tod, of Ohio? Is he recognised anywhere as a statesman of the requisite abilities to assume at this crisis the management of the National Treasury? What does all this mean? With the present fearful depreciation and still downward tendency of our paper currency, are we not hastening to a sweeping financial collapse and revulsion?

These were among the many difficult questions suggested by this startling news of the official retirement of Mr. Chase, and the appointment of Mr. Tod, of Ohio, in his place. Nor were there any encouraging answers at hand from any quarter. There was nothing consoling in the statement that Mr. Chase had resigned, because Congress and the President had failed to support him; nor in the allegation that Mr. Chase did not expect his resignation to be accepted. Doubts, distrust and despondency prevailed, and gold, that invisible standard by which the grocer, the baker and the butcher make their advances, from day to day, went up with a new momentum that was positively appalling. Mr. Tod's declination of the Treasury, and the appointment of Hon. William Pitt Fessenden, Senator of Maine, to

THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT IN A COUNCIL OF WAR AT MASSAPONAX CHURCH. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GARDNER.—SEE PAGE 293.

this most important position, has given a more favorable aspect to our financial situation; but great as are [illegible]. Fessenden's admitted abilities for the Treasury, as proved in his services as Senate Chairman on Finance, the task which he has assumed will tax his utmost strength. What is he called upon to do?

All the manifold and multifarious difficulties before him may be summed up into one—excessive issues of "greenbacks," and paper money, in every shape and form. In the middle of June last, according to Government returns on the subject, and other reliable statements, the paper currency in circulation in the loyal States was as follows:

Ordinary Treasury Notes or "greenbacks"	$432,041,330
Interest-bearing Legal Tenders	227,707,802
Fractional Currency	21,031,948
National Bank issues	22,000,000
State Bank Notes	173,500,000
	$876,281,080

Eight hundred and seventy-six millions of paper money as the circulating medium of the loyal States and the States and parts of States reclaimed from the rebellion! Is not this a close approximation to the first French Republic, with its excessive issues of assignats? In all the United States and Territories in 1860 the paper money in circulation (State banks) was less than $200,000,000. Now, including the loyal and rebellious States, we have, instead of $200,000,000, $1,400,000,000 of paper money afloat. Jeff Davis last year had about $800,000,000 in circulation, when, finding his paper dollar reduced in value to eight cents, and that the more he issued the nearer he was to bankruptcy, he, through his Confederate Congress, cut off $300,000,000 at a single stroke by the simple process of repudiation.

We cannot do this; but to escape repudiation, this last alternative of bankruptcy, these excessive paper money issues must be cut down to the extent of $300,000,000, or at least $200,000,000, and Mr. Fessenden must fall back upon loans and taxes to keep his $500,000,000 or $600,000,000 of paper within range of redemption. Loans and taxes are the remedies which Congress, in pursuance of the plans of Mr. Chase, has boldly adopted. There is, however, one important remedial measure of Mr. Chase which has been defeated in Congress, to wit, his sensible proposition for a temporary war tax upon the circulation of our State banks, equivalent, if you please, to a prohibitory tax upon their issues beyond a certain amount. We suspect that $173,500,000 does not cover the paper of our State banks now afloat; but even this sum might be reduced one-half or more advantageously to all concerned, except those local banks which flourish only to the extent of their irredeemable circulation.

We hope, therefore, that Mr. Fessenden will promptly recall the attention of Congress to this relieving measure of a tax upon the circulation of the State banks. We are aware that every member of both houses is interested, directly or indirectly, in some local bank; but let the Secretary of the Treasury make the direct issue with both Houses, whether the national currency shall be rescued from the road to ruin by a tax upon these local institutions, or whether they shall be bolstered up at the expense of the national currency and the people, and we believe the national cause will prevail. We shall look into this subject again.

HORSES AND MULES.—During the year ending June 30, 1863, there were purchased 173,832 horses and 86,254 mules, and there were captured 7,783 horses and 6,915 mules, which, added to those on hand at the commencement of the year, made the number 197,457 horses and 110,068 mules. There were condemned, sold, died or lost by capture during the year 57,076 horses and 17,170 mules. More than one horse out of every four was thus *hors du combat*, while nearly one mule in every seven was a used-up beast. Yet $16,631 58 was paid for veterinary surgeons, and $39,292 39 for medicines for horses and mules. This unprecedented destruction of horses and mules will have somehow to be arrested, or it will become impossible to remount our cavalry or to provide animals for the artillery and wagon trains.

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Sickness on the Peninsula.

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537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JULY 16, 1864.

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ACCEPTED.—The Koboldz of Vleightsburg—Bessie's Fortunes—A Story of Two Lives.

DECLINED.—Olive Vrain—Hospital Life by a Soldier—The Mystery of Elmsdale—General Lee—The Dying Soldier—The Doctor's Lament—The April Day.

Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

The campaign has now, from the very necessity of the case, been reduced to a series of skirmishes, partial assaults on each other's works, and fruitless bombardments.

Grant presses steadily in on Petersburg, gaining slowly but surely, and the enemy endeavors, by sallies, to disconcert him.

On the 25th June they attacked the 9th and 5th corps, but retired, leaving their dead before our works.

On the 28th Gen. Ledlie, 9th corps, threw up a fieldwork for siege guns, on which the enemy opened a tremendous fire. They subsequently attacked him, but were repulsed.

On the 30th Gen. Smith attempted to take the White House, near Petersburg, but failed, losing seriously.

Gen. Wilson has succeeded in destroying 60 miles of the Danville railroad completely, but on his return was met at Ream's station by the enemy in force. He fought them all the night of the 27th, and was at last relieved by the 6th and 2d corps, and cut his way through. His command was, however, separated, and he lost about 750 men.

Mosby's guerillas have begun their raids, dashing into and plundering Duffield's station, near Harper's ferry, and menacing Martinsburg.

Gen. Hunter, having accomplished the objects of his movement, and running out of ammunition, fell back to Meadow bluff, being unable to hold out against the heavy force sent down from Richmond. His total loss in killed, wounded and missing did not exceed 600, and he brought with him 100 prisoners, 7 cannon and 600 horses, and destroyed an immense quantity of stores. He lost some cannon in a defile by a sudden dash of guerillas.

ARKANSAS.

Gen. Carr, on June 27, defeated the rebels under Shelby, between Sheadon and St. Charles, taking 200 prisoners and the guns of the Queen City. Marmaduke came up to aid Shelby, but they both retired.

LOUISIANA.

A large deposit of rebel archives has been found buried in the earth at Baton Rouge by John O'Connor, Esq., Recorder of the parish.

Gen. Banks has sent all his wounded [illegible]

Col. Slemmy's attacked our troops [illegible] on the 21st, but was repulsed, and found his own camp captured and destroyed by the 7th Missouri cavalry.

On the 19th the 8th Missouri was attacked at Brownsville by Shelby, but they repulsed their assailants.

A cavalry force from Fort Smith, on the 26th, met a rebel cavalry force of 800, and killed or took the whole.

GEORGIA.

On the 24th Sherman made a diversion on each of the enemy's flanks. At 8 A.M. Thomas and McPherson attacked Kenesaw mountain, but, after sustaining heavy loss, including Gen. Harker, Col. Dan. McCook and others, gave up the attempt. In an attack on Schofield and Hooker the enemy were repulsed with a loss of 300 killed.

On June 24 Gen. Pillow, with 3,000 men, demanded the surrender of Lafayette. Col. Watkins, who had but 400, refused, and held out till Col. Croxton, 4th Kentucky, came up, when Pillow retreated, leaving 100 dead and wounded on the field.

Johnston has four corps, Hardee's, composed of Cheatham's, Cleburn's, Walker's and Bates's divisions; Hood's corps, comprising Stewart's, Stevenson's and Hindman's; Polk's corps, composed of Loring's and French's divisions; besides Wheeler's cavalry corps and the independent commands of Roddy and Lee.

On the 27th the 4th, 14th and Logan's corps attacked Kenesaw in three columns, but were repulsed. Johnston was, however, so straitened that on the 3d he evacuated Kenesaw and Marietta. Thomas at once marched on the Chattahoochie, and McPherson on the mouth of Nicajack creek.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Gen. Foster has shelled Secessionville from Morris island, and on June 16th the rebels from James' and Sullivan's islands opened on Cumming's point.

NAVAL.

On the 19th June the U. S. war ship Kearsage engaged the Alabama, off Cherbourg, and, after a desperate action of over an hour, so disabled her that she sunk. The English steam yacht Deerhound, which witnessed the engagement, took up Capt. Semmes and about 40 of his men. The Kearsage captured 68 of the Alabama's men.

CONGRESS.

IN the Senate, on the 27th June, there was much routine business of little public interest, the principal subject being the Freedman's bureau bill.

In the House, the Foreign Affairs Committee reported a resolution, the consideration of which was postponed, asserting the right of Congress to an authoritative voice in declaring the foreign policy of the government. This is designed as a rebuke to the President and Mr. Seward for the explanatory diplomatic note of the latter to the French Minister of State in reference to the House resolution condemning the French invasion of Mexico. A resolution in favor of giving to disabled soldiers such appointments as are in the gifts of officers of the House was adopted. A resolution authorising the extension of the Navy Department building was reported. The Senate's amendments to the Tariff bill were acted upon, and a large number of them adopted, the remainder being left for the adjustment of a conference committee. The bill to carry into effect the treaty with Columbia was passed. The Senate's amendments to the bill exempting from duties goods imported for the late Chicago Sanitary Fair were concurred in. The bill amendatory of the Enrollment act was again the subject of a prolonged debate, the main point of discussion being, as on previous days, the proposition to repeal the $300 draft commutation, which, on being put to a vote, was again defeated, but this time by only two majority, showing that the opposition to its repeal is losing strength. Different amendments and substitutes were offered; but a vote on the entire bill was not reached.

In the Senate, on the 28th, the House Enrolment bill repealing the commutation clause was received and referred to the Military Committee. The bill establishing a bureau for Freedmen's affairs was then discussed, Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, making a very severe attack on the Administration. Finally the bill was passed.

In the House, the Senate's amendment to the Loan bill, excepting the $75,000,000 recently advertised from the operations of the act, was agreed to. Mr. Smithers' substitute for the Enrolment bill was passed by a vote of 79 against 73. By its provisions no person capable of bearing arms is exempted from military service by the payment of money. Sixty days are allowed for districts to fill up their quotas before a draft is ordered, and Governors of States are authorised to recruit in the rebellious States. Every volunteer or substitute who may be accepted for one year, unless sooner discharged, shall be paid a bounty of $200; for two years, $300; and for three years, $400, to be paid at stated intervals.

On the 29th, the Tariff bill passed both Houses. Mr. Morrell said that he reckoned it would yield $400,000,000 a year.

In the Senate, Mr. Powell's resolution that the President be requested to rescind Gen. Burbridge's order suppressing the Cincinnati *Enquirer* was rejected by 28 to 8. The House Enrolment bill was taken up, and several important amendments adopted. The period for recruiting is shortened from 60 to 40 days, and States shall recruit only in their own limits, and a tax of five per cent. on all incomes over $600 a year is levied to pay soldiers' bounties. The bill was then finally passed.

In the House, the resolution declaring that Gen. Schenck was qualified for a seat and Gen. Blair was not, was adopted. The subject of the admission of the representatives from Arkansas was laid on the table by a vote of 80 to 47.

In the Senate, on the 30th, the bill to encourage the telegraphic communication between the Eastern and Western Continents was received from the House. Mr. Wilson called up the bill for the more speedy punishment of guerillas.

In the House, Mr. Garfield made a report from the Select Committee to investigate the affairs of the Treasury Department. The charges of immorality were not proved, and the frauds were much less than expected. The rest of the business was of little importance, the chief subject of private conversation being the resignation of Secretary Chase, for which a variety of reasons was given. Gov. Tod, of Ohio, whose name was sent in to the Senate by the President to succeed him, however, declined the appointment.

In the Senate, on the 1st of July, the Hon. William Pitt Fessenden, Senator from Maine, was appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate as Secretary of the Treasury, in place of Salmon P. Chase resigned.

Both Houses of Congress adopted a resolution repealing the act prohibiting speculation in gold and foreign exchange.

In the Senate the House bill reimbursing Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey, for expenses in calling out the militia during the rebel invasion of last year, was taken up and discussed. The Conference Committee's report on the bill reorganising the Quartermaster's Department was adopted; also, a report on the bill making appropriations for fortifications. The bill providing for the construction of a railroad from the Ohio valley to East Tennessee was briefly debated, and some time was devoted to discussion on the House bill providing for the reconstruction of the rebel State Governments.

In the House, the Senate resolution requesting the President to appoint a day of humiliation and prayer was concurred in. Bills from the Senate, providing for the satisfaction of bounty land claims, and affording aid to a trans-continental telegraph line via Idaho, were passed. The Enrolment bill, as returned from the Senate, was taken up. The Senate prohibited recruiting in the rebel States, while the House authorises enlistments in those districts. Finally the subject was referred to a conference committee. The Civil Appropriation bill, embracing a prohibition of the coastwise slave trade and the admission of colored witnesses in the Federal courts was passed; also the bill regarding the Pacific railroads.

TOWN GOSSIP.

LAST week we grumbled and chattered about the heat, because the thermometer touched 100, and this week we are inclined to do the reverse, because the same marvellous little instrument has marked 40 degrees less.

Within 24 hours, between Sunday and Monday, the change was 40 degrees, an inconsiderable matter when so simply recorded, but a very serious matter when seriously considered. London physicians, and men of science, tell us that when the thermometer falls 10 degrees in that city it kills 300 people! We think there is little difference in the localities as to the effects, but in this city we have not weighed the matter very nicely. We realise when the thermometer goes up to 100 that some 40 or 50 deaths are announced as proceeding from sunstroke, to say nothing of all those unannounced, but we do not calculate for sudden cooling off.

Let the thermometer fall, as it did the past week, 40 degrees in 24 hours, and we will venture to say, in spite of our acclimatization and familiarity with sudden changes, as many deaths will occur from it in this city as in London. Understand us; we do not mean to say that the next week's bill of mortality will make the increase, but that the blow will have been struck, and those who are in low health, or who have been suffering, will receive the billet that will speed them to the other world.

With the advent of really hot weather comes all the little excitements that naturally accompany it. Mosquitoes, for instance, those wretched little creatures on whom man has pronounced the decided verdict that he can see into the wisdom of all things else that the Almighty has created, but he cannot see into the mosquitoes. We think the city is partially exempt from the wretched pests, but there are localities about us which just about this time we should be glad to inhabit, localities where the trees are green and waving, where the waters ripple and dance over the clean gravelly bottom, and where nature seems to have set a bounteous repast before her hungry devotees, and all is spoiled by—mosquitoes.

The idea is too terrible to contemplate, and we must drop it—and go into something else.

What shall it be? The 4th of July! That is a theme so much descanted on, and so stereotyped, that we fear little can be said new. The 4th of this time is not the 4th of the past. Why, very little more than a score of years ago, we remember how the city was turned inside out. All New York flocked into the country, and all the country flocked into New York. There were booths about the Park, at least 100 of them, with every conceivable thing that has been made to eat since the world began, for sale, but especially a roast pig in each booth. There was a military parade, such military as the world has never seen since—and we pray may never see more—that marched up Broadway, and then marched down again. Everybody was patriotic, and everybody enjoyed themselves, especially the French and Germans, who looked upon the day as they would upon a revolution at home, and kept it up by firing indiscriminate muskets out of all kinds of places, and growing excited over all kinds of things.

We venture to say that upon this 4th less liquor was drank in New York city than ever before. Not because the people have grown more sober and virtuous, but that they can no longer afford to imbibe. The true temperance pledge has at last been applied in the shape of a tax upon liquor, and the places where formerly men crooked their elbows, or passed the rosy, have risen gradually in their demands until 15 cents is the compensation claimed for a simple "whiskey straight," while he who would indulge in the luxury of a punch must disburse the sum of 25 cents, which, even at the estimated depreciation of greenbacks, seems a deal of money to go at one opening and shutting of the mouth.

Which puts us in mind that just now a fearful excitement exists in reference to greenbacks, or rather in reference to gold. Since the passage of the bill making it criminal to trade in the precious metal, Wall street has been terribly excited, and has had spasmodic attacks of the fever enough to knock sense out of the people with weak financial heads. Gold is supposed to have touched $2.40, or, in other words, that operators quoted it at that, and would have been glad to sell at such quotation, but when it came to buying the quotation was nowhere. With the quotation of $2.80 staring us in the face, we will venture to say that no person could have sold the precious stuff for over $2.20. There is nothing in which the people seem to get in such a muddle as that of the quotation of gold, and yet the whole thing is very simple. By some it is argued that as a rise of 50 per cent. in the value of gold when it has been quoted at $1.20 depreciates the greenback 24½, it must do the same when gold is at $2.20, but that is an error, the latter appreciation only causing the greenback dollar to fall 8½ cents more. To illustrate this we will give a table showing the relative values:

When gold is at	The greenback is worth
100	$1.00 00 hundredths
120	83 33 "
170	58 82 "
200	50 00 "
220	45 45 "
270	37 04 "
300	33 33 "
320	31 25 "
370	27 03 "
400	25 00 "

And so on, *ad infinitum*.

Another error we fall into is to suppose that the appreciation of prices arises from the depreciation of the greenback. Partially this is the case, but the grand reason is the scarcity of labor and its consequent rise in value. The article that two years ago could have been produced by the laborer in a day's work at $1.50 to-day costs twice the sum, because the day's work is worth double, in consequence of the scarcity of labor created by its absorption in the army.

To step into more serious subjects; it is announced to us by Madame S——, one of the leading milliners of the city, and endorsed by others, that the reign of high bonnets is at an end, and that the fall fashions will utterly repudiate the mountainous, heavily trimmed affairs that have of late years been all the agony, and that a small, roundish shape, sans curtain, sans flowers, sans everything that is gorgeous and assuming, will take its place. We can conceive no reform in ladies' dress that is so well worthy of attention as the reform in bonnets. The rage just now seems to be only for elaboration, and that *chapeau* upon which can be piled the most expensive and perishable stuffs is counted the greatest success.

From bonnets to churches is a natural sequence, for there is something strangely suggestive in one to the other. We are reminded of a fact—we suppose it to be so—related to us by a clerical friend of an uptown church. He says that in all collections taken up in churches for charitable or other purposes a very large per centage of the money is bogus, or with heavy discount on it. That the opportunity being too inviting to get rid of all such stuff as may be unpassable elsewhere is not neglected, and in the passing of the plate Mr. A., who puts in a well-showing bit of paper that would not go in Wall street for one cent of its face, gets quite as much credit for the donation as his conscientious neighbor who slips in his greenback, and feels somewhat ashamed that he cannot make it gold.

Without seeing the connection, only as the thing slips into our head, we may mention another trifle that has within a few days obtained in uppertendom. It is the idea of photographic letters, on small vignette heads, ready arranged to affix to letters on the spot where we generally put our autograph, the same as we would affix a stamp to the outside. Instead, therefore, of signing, "yours truly, John Brown," there is nothing to do but slip your tongue over the wrong side of your vignette, and you are attached in *propria persona*. This idea is not a dreadful bad one.

And now, with a little touch of tragedy, as illustrating some phases of city life, we will afterwards endeavor to get off into something pleasanter. It is a story of a foot and a hand. A few days since an early passer through Pearl street was horrified to see lying on the pavement a hand and part of the arm, half-way up to the elbow. It was that of a woman, young and well-shaped, and had apparently been severed with the blow of a hatchet. There was little said about it, but the limb was wrapped in an old newspaper and conveyed first to a neighboring drug store and presently to the station-house, its history afterwards being, perhaps, an interment in any ground that could be got at, or a consignment to the waste tub of any dissecting-room. Within two days after, Mr. S. D. Horton, a Sandy Hook pilot, while sailing through Hell Gate, passed by a foot and part of the leg of a female, young and well-shaped, floating in the water, which he describes as having all the appearance of having

been dissevered with the blow of a hatchet. What a terrible mystery hangs behind this hand and foot, and yet we will venture to say that no inquiry will ever be made. "What's everybody's business is nobody's business," and the hand and foot will go down the void of time with an unwritten history.

And now for something more pleasant; a recital of what New York is doing or going to do in the way of amusing itself:

There is little record to be made of the theatres. Literally nothing stirring but stagnation. Wallack's has closed the season, and reopens instantly under the management of Moss—being six of one and half-a-dozen of the other—with Avonie Jones in the new play of "The Winning Suit," and much of the old company. "Rosedale," the 125th dose, was the closing piece, which dramatic effort, to say nothing of other merits, has had that of putting $6,000 in Lester Wallack's pocket. In Boston it was played 77 times, to the utter confusion of dramatic critics and calculators on public taste, to say nothing of all minor successes.

Niblo's closed with Vestvali and "Bel Demonio" on Saturday, and opened with the "Duke's Motto" and Wheatley on Monday.

The Olympic, after a season in which nothing can be boasted of success, is given up to Borchard and English Opera, while the Broadway announces in mammoth letters "the last nights of the season" at the head of its bills.

Barnum keeps his auditors cool by action, everything just now exhibited on that stage having been seemingly got up for the largest amount of stirring about, especially that part performed by Mr. Collins, whose jumping is positively painful to witness with the thermometer at 100, every jump illustrating the possibility that the jumper might go off in a gush of perspiration.

Heller, after the most successful season ever made by any one in his line, closed on Saturday, to return when the days get cooler and the people return to the belief in packing. He has been the first to elevate his profession to the dignity of an art, and bring together audiences of taste, who went equally to see his magic and hear his music, such pianoforte playing as New Yorkers have heard but few times, even from those who make profession to high art in that line.

Among the items to be counted on for summer excitement is the arrival of G. V. Brooke, who is daily expected in this country. So far we believe he is without engagements, but will not lack them.

The Congress of New York Managers, of which we made mention last week, met at the house of Mr. Wallack, and organized themselves into a permanent institution by electing Wallack President and Stuart Secretary. The conclusion arrived at was to accede to the fearful demands of the musical Teutons, who demand $14 per week—an acceding that seems to us something like Hobson's choice—on condition that the said Teutons will sign an agreement for the whole season, a matter we much doubt, as in the present continued daily rise in all the necessities of life it is next to impossible for any one to tell what their labor may be worth in a week hence. The subject of raising the prices of admission for the coming season was mooted, but wisely dropped, after which an adjournment to the Maison Dorée and a feast of reasons, and a flow of soles—homeward—ended the performance.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—A returned soldier of the 7th Mass. regiment was discovered the other morning, says the New Bedford *Mercury*, soundly sleeping under one of the trees, near the depot, in Taunton, with his cap for a pillow. On being roused and asked why he was reduced to such a necessity as that of sleeping out of doors, he replied: "It's of no use, I can't sleep on a mattrass; and so I came out last night, and in the old fashion have had a good rest."

—— The 110th commencement of Columbia College was celebrated on the 29th June, at the Academy of Music. President King took leave of the students, and introduced his successor, Dr. Barnard, to them. The exercises were of a very high order. The music was under the direction of F. B. Helmsmuller. Seldom has the Academy of Music gathered within its walls such a galaxy of beauty.

—— William Pitt Fessenden, the newly appointed Secretary of the Treasury, is a son of Gen. Samuel Fessenden, one of the ablest lawyers of the State of Maine. Several of his sons have already attained considerable reputation as public men. William Pitt was born in 1806, entered college at the age of 13, and graduated when he was 17 years of age. He then commenced the study of law with Mr. Charles Davies, of Portland, and entered into practice with brilliant prospects for the future. He was elected member of the Maine House of Representatives in 1832, and was repeatedly re-elected, until 1840, when he was made a representative in Congress from the Cumberland district of Maine. He served his full term, but declined a re-election, and subsequently returned to the Legislature. In 1854 he was made United States Senator, and was placed upon the Finance Committee, a position for which he exhibited remarkable fitness. He was re-elected in 1859, and since that period has been at the head of the Finance Committee. Mr. Fessenden had four sons; three of which entered the army. The youngest—Samuel—was killed at the battle of Centreville, in August, 1862. Another—Brig.-Gen. Fessenden—has achieved an enviable reputation on the field of battle; a third is a Colonel on Gen. Hooker's Staff.

Politically, Mr. Fessenden is a Conservative Republican. He is gentlemanly in his manner, affable in his demeanor, possesses talents of the highest order, and is undoubtedly well-fitted for the position to which he has been called.

Military.—Lieut.-Col. Bowman, who had charge of the West Point Academy, has been dismissed from his position, for permitting Gen. McClellan to deliver the battle monument oration.

—— Hughes, the guerilla, formerly one of Gen. Morgan's men, is making raids on the border of the Ohio river, and excites much alarm in Green river county.

—— During the fight at Swift creek Gen. Weitzel was sitting on a log, watching the skirmishing. Two stretcher-bearers came by with a soldier, one of whose legs had been entirely shot off, and whose face was disfigured by a ghastly wound. As he passed by Gen. Weitzel the man raised his head to eject blood from his mouth. In doing this he nearly soiled the General's boot, and at once made an apology for the accident. In such an extremity ordinary men would have been very apt to forget politeness. These little things tell, as much as any, of the heroism of the army.

Personal.—Charles Mackay, the "the Good Time Coming" man, not content with writing letters to the London *Times*, has written one to the N. Y. *Evening Post*, in which he denies that he received the pension from the British Government to relieve his necessities, but to commemorate his genius. The N. Y. *Daily News* calls the minnesingar Carl Mackay the greatest *lyric* poet of the age.

—— Gen. McClellan was serenaded on the evening of the 26th June at Lake George, by a large and enthusiastic crowd. He made a short and sensible speech in reply to the compliment.

—— The Stevens, of Hoboken, gave a Strawberry Festival to the schoolchildren of Hoboken last week, at their "palace of Castle Point." Owing to the stupidity of some of the school officials, the poor children were marched around several "unnecessary blocks" under a scorching sun.

—— The heroic little surgeon, Miss Dr. Walker, who was recently captured by the rebels, appears to bear her imprisonment like "a man," for in a letter to her mother, dated Castle Thunder, she says: "I hope you are not grieving about me because I am a prisoner of war. I am living in a three story brick 'castle,' with plenty to eat and a clean bed to sleep in. I have a room-mate, a young lady about 20 years of age, from near Corinth, Mississippi (Miss Martha Manus). I am much happier than I might be in some relations of life where I might be envied by other ladies. The officers are gentlemanly and kind, and it will not be long before I am exchanged."

—— Mr. Lavender, of the *Home Journal*, has the following equivocal compliment to "Queen Mary:" "Our rosy Empress, charming Mrs. Lincoln, is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, preparing for her accustomed *séjour* at one of the watering-places. War may be 'disastrous,' but the 'Fashion,' of which this genial-hearted woman is now the controller, was never before so expensive, never so prosperously gay. The stranger must go to the Hospitals to find out that there is any sadness in the country!"

—— James F. Otis has returned to New Orleans in the hope of resuscitating the *Picayune*, recently suppressed by the military authorities for publishing Howard's bogus proclamation.

—— John Bright, the English Quaker and orator, has announced that when Parliament adjourns he intends to pay this country a visit. His advocacy of the Union cause will insure him a brilliant reception. He is not popular in England.

—— John Bell, of Tennessee, says in a letter to a friend, that he never would have joined the rebels had he not been told that if a person of his influence attached himself to their cause he would be the better able to control the movement. *Facilis averni!*

—— Gen. "Baldy" Smith is a Pennsylvanian, and a graduate of West Point. During the Mexican war he was a Captain in the regular army, and was noted for his "dash" and bravery. From some cause or other he lost most of his hair from his head when he was young, and therefore obtained the soubriquet of "Baldy," which has clung to him to the present.

—— *Punch* says that the reason Garibaldi so suddenly departed from England was because he was privately informed that Martin Farquhar Tupper was preparing to speak an ode to him composed for the occasion.

—— Mr. A. Gallenga, the correspondent of the London *Times*, better known as Signor Marcotti, has in the press "A Narrative of the Invasion of Denmark in 1864."

—— Mr. Tom Taylor has recently adopted a new dodge in regard to the stage, by writing against the sensation character of most modern dramas. His production was a play entitled "Mystery and Morality," and it does not appear to have been taken from the French. It was a failure.

Obituary.—John Clancy, the well-known Democratic politician and editor of the New York *Leader*, died on Friday, the 1st of July, at his house in 19th street, N. Y. He was born in this city, and in the old Sixth ward, which has given birth to so many prominent politicians, on the 4th of March, 1829. He served two terms in the Board of Councilmen, representing the Eleventh district in 1854 and 1855. The year after retiring from this Board he was elected to the position of Alderman of his native ward, and held that office for three years, part of which time he served as President of the Board, and *ex-officio* acted as Mayor of the city during the absence of the regular incumbent. In 1859 he was chosen County Clerk, and served out the regular term of three years. Previous to going into politics he was engaged at the law in the office of Mr. Peter B. Sweeny, and also occupied himself with commercial pursuits of various descriptions. It should be mentioned also that he was an active fireman for several years, and was foreman of Hose Companies 28 and 60. He was not a married man, but leaves behind two sisters and one brother.

—— Col. William Wilson, of the Wilson Zouaves, was killed by a fall from his horse, on Thursday afternoon, the 30th of June, while riding through his farm in Westchester county. Deceased was an active politician and served as Alderman of the First ward for several years. At the breaking out of the rebellion he raised a regiment of volunteers, and served his country for two years in the Department of the Gulf. During the stay of the regiment on Santa Rosa island the rebels surprised Wilson's camp, and it was only by dint of some terrible fighting that the Zouaves escaped being captured. The regiment subsequently served in Louisiana, and after an absence of two years returned to the city with the loss of about 400 men.

—— Mr. Smith O'Brien, the famous Irish rebel, died at Bangor, in Wales, on the 16th June. Mr. William Smith O'Brien was born in 1803. He was the second son of Sir Edward O'Brien, fourth baronet of Dromoland, in county of Clare, by the eldest daughter and co-heiress of Mr. William Smith, of Cahirmoyle, Limerick. His older brother (better known as Sir Lucius O'Brien, long the Conservative M. P. for Clare), succeeded his father as fifth baronet in 1837, and became 13th Baron Inchiquin in 1855. Mr. O'Brien, after an education at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, entered Parliament in 1826 as the Tory M. P. for Ennis, and opposed Mr. O'Connell at the famous Clare election. He was member for Limerick from 1835 to 1849, and this was the important part of his senatorial career—the position of a Protestant Irish county member being his Archimedean standpoint, whence he could, as he thought, move the Irish world to O'Connellism. In 1849 he visited Paris with Meagher, and other noted Irish patriots to congratulate the French Republicans, but was very coldly treated by that French Harold Skimpole, Lamartine. The same year he got up the Irish rebellion, for which offence he was transported to a British penal colony. In 1856 he was pardoned. About five years ago he visited this country. He was an honest but unlucky man.

Accidents and Offences.—On the 29th of June an emigrant train consisting of 11 cars, and containing 354 persons, principally Germans, were precipitated into the river, about 19 miles from Montreal. The loss of life has been appalling, very few escaping.

—— At Hume, Alleghany county, David W. Sweet, a hotel proprietor, was taken into custody on a charge of selling, passing and having in his possession counterfeit United States postal currency. In the garrets of the house a cigar box was found containing about $400 in 50 cent and 25 cent currency, and also a large amount of counterfeit money on Albany and Troy banks. Some of the false currency was also found in Sweet's pocket.

—— Mr. Weston, a young man of excellent family, drowned himself at Chicago last week, in consequence of having lost a large sum of money by gambling.

—— Policeman Tyler has been recently tried by the Police Commissioners for assisting a conductor of the 8th avenue railroad to eject a colored woman from the cars. The company has now ordered that colored persons may ride in all their cars.

—— The Seneca mills at Minetta were destroyed by fire on the 28th of June. It was the largest flouring establishment in the State of New York. Damages nearly half a million.

—— As the Provost-Marshal's guard was escorting some deserters on the 25th of June through Morris street, near Greenwich, one of the latter made an attempt to escape, whereupon the guard fired at him so recklessly as to kill him, and wounded two passers-by very seriously. Such proceedings are infamous.

—— Jacob Griesemer, of Gloy township, Berks county, Pa., was recently driving a four-horse team home, when three of the horses were killed by lightning. The fourth was stunned and stumbled. Mr. Griesemer had hardly dismounted when the lightning struck this horse also, killing him.

Foreign.—The pirate ship Alabama has been admitted to full pratique in the French port of Cherbourg. She was also permitted to enter upon large repairs in the Imperial dockyard. The pirate Semmes landed the crews of two Union vessels he had burned. He had also written a letter to the London *Times* stating that the action of the British Government in refusing him entrance to their ports compelled him to burn his prizes. The London *Times* ridicules his argument.

—— The Czar of Russia and the King of Prussia were to have an important meeting in Berlin; they would be attended by their chief diplomatists. The London *Times* says the closer the German powers go to Russia the stronger will be the alliance between England and France, who pause simply because their word could overthrow every throne and dynasty in Europe.

—— A foreign legion of about 20,000, consisting of Austrians, French and Belgians, and commanded by a French General, was on the point of sailing for Mexico. It is to receive orders from the Emperor Maximilian himself, and may be considered as a sort of Pretorian guard.

—— The Austrians are fortifying the quadrilateral in Italy with immense assiduity. The recent visit of Garibaldi to England has much disturbed the Italian question.

—— Louis Napoleon's banquets now are on a new principle—every guest has a servant in waiting, every five servants a superior officer to command them, and the Imperial Host insists that everything, including coffee, liquors and cigars, shall be over in 30 minutes. At this rate he could give two dinners an hour.

—— Louis Napoleon had fallen from his pleasure boat on the lake at Fontainebleau, but beyond a sound ducking he received no injury, much to the grief of the Red Republicans.

—— The *éclat* given in England to the marriage of the Comte de Paris with the Princess Isabella of Spain has annoyed and somewhat disturbed the French Emperor, as it foreshadows an alliance between the Spanish court and the Orleanists.

—— The recent crisis in Canada politics, which involved the assent of the Governor-General to a dissolution of Parliament and a new election, has brought out a plan of reorganization which seems to give great satisfaction. This plan proposes the confederation of all the provinces of British North America, embracing Canada, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and the Northwestern Territory into one system. The plan was the result of a conference between leaders of the Government and the opposition parties.

—— The ancient regime of France are very much scandalized at Louis Napoleon's conferring the title of Duke of Montmorency upon the Prince of Talleyrand.

Art, Science and Literature.—Foreign painters now very generally adopt the plan of photographing their model figures in their studios, and afterwards painting from them, as the draperies can then be more accurately copied.

—— In the Central Fair building, says the Philadelphia *Press*, may be seen, among other articles of merit, the first steamboat that split the waters of the Hudson river. It was built in the year 1804, by Mr. John Stevens. The boat is an open one, about eight feet beam, and 30 feet long. The engine and the boilers are very great curiosities when compared with the machinery of more modern finish for the same accomplishment. We also observe the boilers made for a locomotive in 1816, by the same gentleman.

—— The European naturalists are having a great time over an animal called the Aye-aye, recently brought alive from Madagascar, and now thriving at the London Zoological Gardens. Though the species was known to exist in the last century, but one specimen had been obtained, and this in the time of Buffon and still remaining in the *Cabinet du Roi*. It is of the size of an ordinary cat, with a triangular visage, and its peculiarity is in its combining the characters of rodents and quadrumana.

—— The breed of the once famous Shetland pony—shaggy as a bear, and not bigger than a Newfoundland dog—is fast disappearing. So say the English sporting journals.

—— One of our most eminent publishers is about issuing a volume of poems by O. G. Rosenberg.

Odds and Ends.—Capt. Barnaby, of the Royal Horse Guards, lately performed an astonishing feat of agility near Windsor, England. He undertook for a wager to run a quarter of a mile, to ride on horseback a quarter of a mile, and row a like distance on the river, all in a quarter of an hour. He executed the task, winning with four minutes and four seconds to spare.

—— A lieutenant of the 10th U. S. infantry recently met with a sad rebuff at Fort Kearney. The lieutenant was promenading in full uniform one day, and approached a volunteer on sentry, who challenged him with "Halt! who comes there?" The lieutenant, with contempt in every lineament of his face, exclaimed indignantly: "Ass!" The sentry's reply, apt and quick, came, "Advance Ass, and give the countersign!"

—— The Rochester *Democrat* quotes a telegraph dispatch: "The rebel papers declare that Lee is getting Grant just where he wants him; that Grant is really retreating, and Lee pursuing," and says: "This reminds us of the facetious Iowa editor who got a whaling in his printing office and described it next day, giving all the facts, but making himself the hero. The narrative ran thus: 'There was a blow. Somebody fell. We got up. Turning upon our antagonist, we then succeeded in winding his arms around our waist, and by a quick manœuvre threw him on the top of us, bringing our back at the same time in contact with the bed of the printing press. Then inserting our nose between his teeth, and his hands in our hair, we had him.'"

—— An exchange asks very innocently if it is any harm for young ladies to sit in the lapse of ages? Another replies that it all depends on the kind of ages selected. Those from 18 to 25 it puts down as extra hazardous.

—— Paris consumes 12,000,000lb of ice in a year, Boston 150,000,000.

—— The London *Times* says there has never been such fighting in the history of the world as that which has lately taken place in Virginia between Grant and Lee.

—— The *Medical Reporter* says that a consumptive patient, now under treatment, is taking cream with better effect than was experienced under the cod liver oil previously tried. Our advice is for all who have or think they have the consumption to adopt a cream diet; eat pure, sweet cream, as much of it as the stomach will digest well. Eat it alone, on bread, with baked apples, and at every meal. Eat it believing it will cure, and we doubt not that it will prove quite as effectual as the purest cod liver oil that can be bought.

—— Many wives are miserable, not from wanting the affections of their husbands, but from the absence, in that affection, of the quality of tenderness.

FOREIGN NEWS.

It is said that the Alabama left Cherbourg in order seek a fight with the Kearsage, and that heavy cannonading had been heard in the direction of Flushing roads soon afterwards. *Galignani's Messenger*, of Paris, says that the Kearsage came into Cherbourg roads to watch the Alabama going out, and fight her if she afforded an opportunity.

The Paris *Moniteur* announces a series of French successes in Mexico, and anticipates an easy rule for the new Emperor.

The Danish question, of peace or a renewal of the war with Germany, was still the cause of much anxiety. It was pretty generally conceded that if the London Conference dissolved without effecting any result England would be involved in war on the side of Denmark. The Danes had occupied the Island of Sylt, by landing a detachment of troops from a flotilla of gunboats. All "German sympathizers" were either arrested or suspended from office. The Danish Minister in St. Petersburg had arrived in Copenhagen. The meeting of the Emperor of Russia, the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia at Kissengen was watched with great interest, as likely to affect the subject materially.

It was thought in London that the Italian, Hungarian and Polish questions were all intimately blended by the diplomatists in the consideration and treatment of the Danish difficulty, and that the Polish one may in the end govern the Dano-German crisis.

The Palmerston Cabinet escaped a vote of censure in the House of Commons by the narrow majority of seven.

Visits of search had been made by the Paris police at the houses of MM. Carnot, Garnier Pages and other advocates, suspected of being members of an illegal association for election purposes.

The Liverpool cotton market was irregular and easier, with unchanged rates, on the 18th of June. Breadstuffs steady and firm. Provisions easier. Consols closed in London on the 18th June at 89⅞@90 for money. American securities nominal, without sales.

GREAT BARBERS.

The hairdresser, or barber, in France, as in Italy, is generally something of a character, *au fait* of all the gossip of the hour, knowing everybody, and seldom inclined to underrate his knowledge or skill. He takes the tone and color of his epoch to such an extent that, could we resuscitate the professor of these kindred arts in the past, we might reconstruct the history of each period from the airs or the *souvenirs* of its "capillary artists."

Leonard, the hairdresser of Marie Antoinette, wrote the memoirs of his unfortunate Queen; Plaisir, the barber of Charles X., was the favorite gossip and anecdote-monger of the court. Mariton, who had the honor of combing and shaving the "Citizen King," was staid, practical and commercially minded, like his royal patron. Oddly enough the Empress's hairdresser is named Le Roy, (the King), while the Emperor's rejoices in the name of Majesté (Majesty). The Master of France has no barber, he keeps to his old habit and shaves himself.

The two great reigning hairdressers of the day are Felix and Petrus. The former has been the Empress's hairdresser since her elevation to the throne until a few months ago, when he lost his post through having weakly yielded to the seduction of an enormous bribe, allowing a lady of the court to have a duplicate of the headdress made for the Empress, which duplicate the lady in question vowed, by all the saints in the calendar, not to let any human eye behold in Paris, promising to take it off with her to the south of France that very day, instead of which she wickedly postponed her journey, and made her appearance at the Tuileries, wearing the *fac simile* of the Empress's headgear.

Though Felix, by thus violating his engagement never to let any one have a copy of anything he should invent for her majesty until the latter had worn it, lost his place and the handsome emoluments attached to it, he is still the first artist of Paris in his own line. But he is an absolute despot, and suffers no customer to have any voice as to what he shall do with her hair. Being in attendance on the Duchess of ——, he entered her dressing-room as usual, with the air of an autocrat.

"What dress do you wear to-night, madame?" inquired Felix, leisurely drawing off his white kid gloves, as he approached the dressing-table, on which was laid out a magnificent set of coral ornaments.

"A white moire antique," replied the duchess.

"White moire," said the artist, with a dissatisfied shrug; "the moire is very commonplace. All the butchers' wives wear white moire."

"My dress is really very beautiful," returned the duchess, humbly, "and certainly you won't see many butchers' wives with such lace as that," she continued, with a wave of her hand towards the opening door, through which her maid was entering with the dress extended, its lustrous tissue almost hidden under the splendid overskirt of point de Venise.

"With the lace it may pass muster," deigned to say the artist, with a second shrug; "but as for the coral, it will not be becoming to your style of face."

"But, Monsieur Felix, I am so fond of it! I thought of asking you to dress my hair with double braids and these beautiful coral beads twisted in the braid."

"But, madame, your fancies are nothing to me. I can only dress your hair according to my own inspirations, not according to yours. It is I, and not you, who am your hairdresser. Coral is heavy, Anglican—fit only for Creoles. A wreath of pomegranate blossoms would become you admirably."

"Nevertheless, Monsieur Felix," murmured the lady ——

"If you have not confidence in me, madame, call in another artist! I am responsible for the good looks of of my clients," returned the artist, haughtily, drawing on his gloves, and moving towards the door.

The moment was critical. In another minute the capillary autocrat would have re-entered his elegant coupé and have been on his way to the dressing-room of some more pliant "client."

"Justine!" said the duchess, addressing her maid. "Take away these ornaments and bring the box of pomegranate flowers."

"And a few diamonds," added the autocrat, replacing his gloves in his pocket, and taking up a comb.

The only hairdresser who pretends to dispute the supremacy of Felix is Petrus, the hairdresser of the Grand Duchess of Baden, who passes his existence in a state of vibration between Paris and Baden. Petrus is, in reality, as autocratic as Felix, but he is the most adroit and delicate of flatterers, never assumes an air of command, but contents himself with leading instead of driving.

If Petrus is about to ornament the head of a brunette, he takes occasion to remark that all the great historic women were dark, and expatiates on Miriam, Judith, Semiramis, Lucretia, Rachel, Malibran, and so on, dwelling on their majestic brows crowned with a diadem of jet. If Petrus happens to be operating on a blonde, he admiringly remarks, "When God created a companion for Adam, he gave her your hair and lustrous tresses; and if any proof were needed of the superiority of your shade of hair, it would be found in the fact that among our old German ancestors the brunettes powdered gold dust among their dark locks."

If he be called to give the aid of his art to ladies among whose black or golden hair the silver lines are beginning to show themselves, he reminds them that white hair was the rage in the time of Louis XV., and prophecies a speedy revival of the same preference. "In a short time all the ladies will wear powder, and you will see how charmingly becoming this fashion will be for your smooth and graceful forehead." The inexhaustible flattery of the Grand Ducal hairdresser has an agreeable and acceptable comment for all his customers.

A Lady in Boston during the past year realized $1,600 from the sale of wax flowers. This fascinating art is becoming nearly as popular here as in England, where ladies of all classes practise it in common with painting, drawing, embroidery, &c. A new and delightful little guidebook in the manufacture of flowers and fruits, sheet of wax, &c., which will enable any person of taste to excel in either branch of the art, has just been published by Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co. It is called "Wax Flowers, and How to Make Them," with new rules for sheeting wax, moulding fruit, &c. The same firm have just published an elegant little manual on making skeleton bouquets, and on the art of preserving natural flowers in all their fresh beauty.

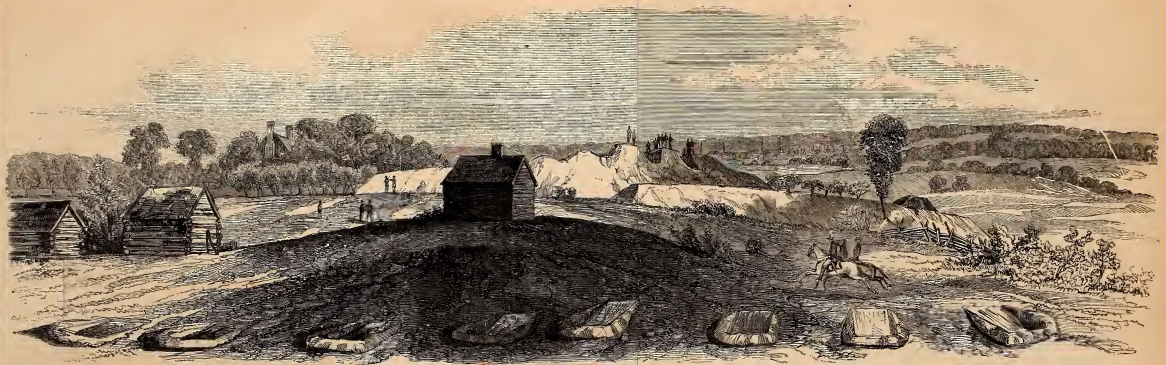
Massacre of Fort Pillow.—We have received from the Hon. J. A. Garfield a volume containing the Reports of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, relating to the Fort Pillow Massacre and the Condition of Returned Union Prisoners. Both of these Reports are important, as furnishing positive evidence of the malignity and barbarity of the enemy. In the case of the capture of Fort Pillow, the evidence sustains the charge of murder, as in that on Returned Prisoners it sustains the charge of cruel treatment, extending to the verge of starvation. The photographic pictures at the end, of the condition of some of the exchanged prisoners, are palpable proofs of rebel brutality. The general circulation of the volume would tend to awaken a little of that righteous wrath against the inhuman and infamous cruelties of the enemy which has strangely slept in the minds of the great majority of the Northern people.

Value of Early Rising.—The difference between rising every morning at six and at eight, in the course of forty years, supposing a man to go to bed at the time he otherwise would, amounts to 29,000 hours, or three years 121 days and 16 hours, which will afford eight hours a day for exactly ten years; so that is the same as if ten years of life were added, in which we could command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our minds or the dispatch of business.

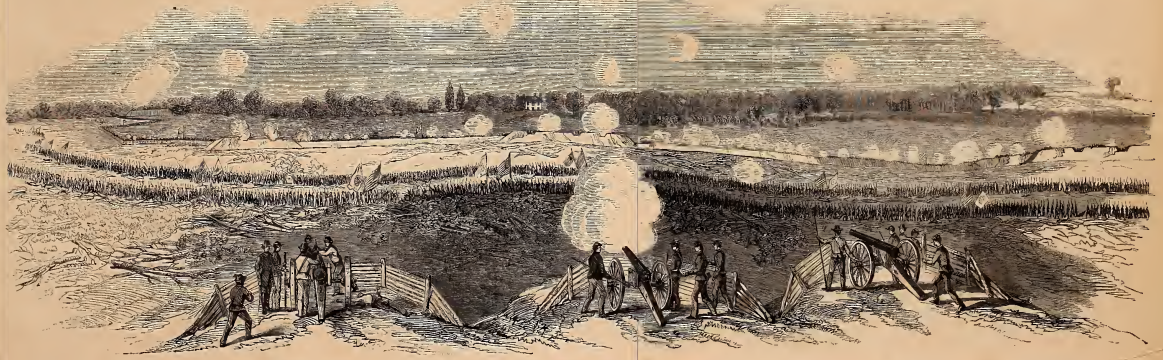
"No one would take you for what you are," said an old-fashioned gentleman, a day or two ago, to a dandy, who had more hair than brains.

"Why?" was immediately asked.

"Because they cannot see your ca..."



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—BATTERY ON THE LEFT OF THE ENEMY'S LINE IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG, CAPTURED BY THE 18TH ARMY CORPS.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. FORBES.—SEE PAGE 263.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—BURNSIDE'S CORPS CHARGING THE REBEL POSITION ON THE RIGHT OF THE ENEMY'S LINE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE 263.

THE BALLAD OF THE SOUTH AND NORTH.

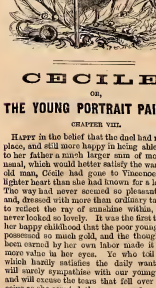
BY AMANDA T. JONES.

Or, once the Southron's talk was hold;
He vaunted well his fair estate,
His faithful slaves, his mansion old,
His heart that burned for love or hate.
"But spare our rights?" the North replied,
"With equal worth ye have to deal!"
"Up! fire the Southern heart!" he cried,
"We'll teach these Yankees how to kneel.
The Southern heart begins to heat.
We'll drop the whip, we'll grasp the
deck.
We'll take no rest till 'neath our feet
These coward Yankees kneel!"

Then brought he forth his stolen guns,
With boastful speech and daring oath;
He laughed to scorn our hearsay sons—
"So prone to toil—to fight so loth!"
Our Northmen laid their tools aside,
And listened, listened all alert:
"Come on, oh, if ye dare!" he cried,
"But know our blades are sure to hurt.
The Southern heart begins to harn;
Our lordly nature we'll assert;
Come, Yankees, one and all, but learn
Our blades are sure to hurt!"

O braggart Southron, wail the day
When Treason thus in arms did start!
For flames that roared o'er Charleston bay
Swept on, and fired—the Northern heart!
Then flashed the sun on serried steel,
Then Northern words were proud to hear;
"Who dares to bid our Freemen kneel
Shall meet a foe who cannot fear!"
The Northern heart began to heat,
The Northern voice rang far and
clear:
"Who bids our Freemen kneel shall
meet
A foe who cannot fear!"

Uprose our glorious Yankee lads;
Our craft the rolling billow cleft;
Lond roared the grand Columbiads;
The rifles rattled tight and left.
The slave won free; the fair estate
In gore was drenched, with fire was girt;
The vanquished Southron learned too late,
That Yankee blades were sure to hurt.
The Northern heart with courage
burned—
Our freehorn rights we dared assert;
Too late the vanquished Southron
learned:
Our blades were sure to hurt.



Follett's Battery.

SIGNAL STATION NEAR POINT OF ROCKS, SHELLED AND STRUCK BY THE REBELS WHILE GEN. BUTLER WAS THERE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. F. MULLER.—SEE PAGE 247.

CECILE;

OR,

THE YOUNG PORTRAIT PAINTER.

CHAPTER VIII.

HAPPY in the belief that the duel had not taken place, and still more happy in being able to take to her father a much larger sum of money than usual, which would better satisfy the wants of the old man, Cecile had gone to Vincennes with a lighter heart than she had known for a long time. The way had never seemed so pleasant to her; and, dressed with more than ordinary taste, as if to reflect the ray of sunshine within, she had never looked so lovely. It was the first time since her happy childhood that the poor young girl had possessed so much gold, and the thought it had been earned by her own labor made it of much more value in her eyes. To who tell for that which hardly satisfies the daily wants of life will surely sympathise with our young heroine, and will excuse her tears that fell over the gold coins as she counted them over and over, thinking how each will gratify some desire of her now childish but still beloved father.

Smiling and happy she arrived at the house, and scarcely observed the look of restraint and embarrassment on the face of the attendant who admitted her.

The old man's fall had not, after the effects of the first shock had subsided, been considered fatal, but it was followed by alarming symptoms, among which, as usual in such cases, the return of reason was the most significant.

"My daughter! my dear daughter!" he murmured, continually—"do not tell her—let her not know of this," he said, to his attendant. "To-morrow she will come, and I shall be well." Then looking towards the window he asked: "Is it known who fought the duel to-day near the forest, and what is the result?"

"Nothing very serious, sir count," the man replied. "Some of our people who heard the gentlemen talking say it was *une affaire de cœur*; these things are of everyday occurrence."

Those careless words touched a chord in the old man's heart, and reminded him of the cause of all his sufferings. He made no reply; but tears, big drops of agony, were seen slowly and silently chasing one another down his pallid cheeks for the rest of the day. As night drew near his fever returned, and he talked incoherently and without ceasing. His whole life passed in panoramic review before him—his experiences, his love and jealousy, the duel which caused the loss of his friend; then the death of his young, beautiful, gay but sinless wife; the ruin of his fortune, and the noble heroism of his idolised child—all were pictured in glowing colors to his fervid imagination, till exhausted by mental suffering, the old man's eyes gradually closed, and he seemed to sleep.

"He is very ill," the doctor whispered low. "His daughter should be sent for."

"Yes! I shall be very glad to see my daughter," he said, starting up suddenly; "but you need not send; for she is even now coming—she is here!"

He had not ceased speaking when a knock was heard at the outer door, and Cecile entered the house.

We will not attempt to describe the grief of the young girl on hearing of the fatal accident to her father. But the habit of self-control, learned in the school of adversity, soon enabled her to calm her emotions; and in a few moments she was alone with her father, sitting by his pillow, with a sweet, hopeful smile upon her lovely face, while his eyes looked into hers with inexpressible love and tenderness.

"God will surely bless my child and make her happy!" he said, laying his hand upon her head; "for has she not been to me an angel of light and love? Would that I could have left her in the keeping of some noble heart that would have cherished her as she deserves."

Her father's words took Cecile in imagination back to Paris; and she thought first of the marquis, then of Robert de Saintonge. Singular coincidence! the dread of a duel had, during the whole of that day, agonized her heart, while the sight of one had nearly caused her father's death. Could this be a presentiment of further trouble? What if the marquis had deceived her, and failed in his promise not to meet Robert? This thought seemed like an illumination. They have fought! Robert has been wounded, perhaps killed—poor Robert, who left her in anger—whom she loves as

Dr. Gousset giving Advice.

a brother—to whom she owes the few comforts and pleasures she has been able to give her father—whose love she could not return, as it deserved to be—Robert has been killed, and by the marquis! Did the marquis then really love her, that he could thus forfeit his word to rid himself of a rival? If so, can she ever acknowledge her love for him, and be ungrateful to the memory of her friend, her generous benefactor?

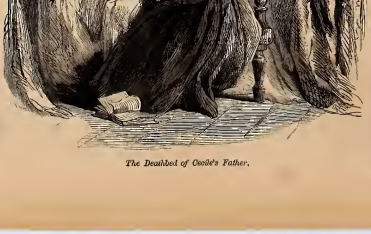
The greater part of the day was passed in these sad meditations.

"Speak to me, Cécile," said her father, when they were again alone. "Is there no one to whom your heart turns for sympathy in this season of trouble and sorrow?"

Cecile trembled violently, and knelt beside her father.

"My dear father," she sobbed, "of you alone I am now occupied; from you I desire sympathy; to you look for comfort. I have but you in this wide world."

"But, my child, I cannot leave you alone. God is calling me away from earth, and I shall very soon join her whose name you have so jealously guarded during my mental aberrations—my insanity. That has passed away, as the light of another world dawns upon my mind; and memory now brings back the form of one who, in the midst of all your sufferings, and during your hours of devoted labor, stood by you with unfailing devotion, ever ready to inspire hope and confidence in the future—ever near to cheer and comfort. To-morrow I will send for the Chevalier de Saintonge—for Robert, as he would have you call him—and,



The Doubled of Cecile's Father.

having placed my child under his protection, I will die in peace."

Just then a letter was placed in her hand, and Cécile, recognising the handwriting of the chevalier, exclaimed with joy, "Safe! he is safe! I was not deceived!"

"Who is safe?" asked the old man, surprised at her emotion.

But the young girl, who had continued reading the letter, became pale as a statue—she shuddered—the paper dropped from her hands, and she fell fainting on the floor.

CHAPTER IX.

THE marquis, occupied by many other objects of deeper interest, had nearly forgotten the events of the preceding night. Sleep is certainly "tired nature's sweet restorer," and renews our wasted strength after both mental and bodily fatigue; but it cannot remove the heart's secret sorrow. Robert, though calm outwardly, suffered, perhaps, still more than at the moment he heard of Cécile's departure. He passed the whole night in writing to her. He determined to see her no more. He would visit Paris, France, Europe, and fly to the end of the world; but first he would let her know that henceforth she was to the marquis and himself an object of pity, of contempt! These were terrible words to write, and he hesitated to put them on paper, but having once summoned courage and resolution to do so, he repeated them again and again.

At the first appearance of daylight he sought the marquis and rushed into his room, pushing aside the valet, who refused to admit him.

"I have come to beg a last favor of you," he said, throwing himself into a chair and holding out the letter in his hand. "I shall not go this evening to Vincennes; I will not accept the sacrifice you have offered me; I give up Cécile, and with her all hopes of future happiness; I am going away—where I know not, but go I must, and have written to Cécile to that effect."

"Well, throw your letter into the post, my dear fellow," the marquis replied, getting up in ill-humor.

"I have just come from the Rue Platrière," Robert continued. "Cécile has not yet returned; it seems she finds much to amuse her at Vincennes. Your friend Rieux knows the house she visits there; perhaps he will do me the favor to write the address on this letter, which, no doubt, will give her much pleasure and add greatly to the enjoyment of which she went in pursuit."

"That requires a little reflection," the marquis said, turning over the package placed in his hand.

"You need not fear, I have written nothing which will interfere with the amusement which you and Rieux anticipate this evening. I leave you to the enjoyment of it, for I am going. Adieu!"

"Stop! What the deuce are you about?" exclaimed the marquis, jumping out of bed and placing himself guard before the door. "You are truly a strange being!"

"You are right," Robert said, in a tone of deep sadness; "and yet I am far more wretched than strange."

The marquis looked earnestly at his friend, and was now surprised and pained to see the change which one night of intense suffering had wrought upon him. The two men, once rivals, now sincere friends, talked long and earnestly together, and the result was that Robert returned home to prepare for his departure.

The cruel letter was, however, sent, and we have seen its effect upon the unhappy girl, who, though wounded in every feeling most sacred to her, yet yielded but a few moments to the emotions of her tender, loving heart. She soon recovered, and her force of character sustained her.

"Will Robert come?" asked her father, who, in his anxiety for his child, about to be left alone and friendless, cherished the hope of placing her under the protection of one who would shield her from rude contact with the world.

"Yes, my father," she replied; "and he will not come alone. He will bring the Marquis de Maucomble, his friend and mine."

"Maucomble!" the old man repeated, as if the name was familiar to him. "I once had a friend of that name, but it was a long time ago—long ago," he continued to murmur, looking at his child as she leant lovingly over him. Then smiling upon her, he drew her to him, kissed earnestly her brow, her lips, then looking up to heaven, his hand gradually released hers, his eyes closed, a sweet smile settled upon his whole face, and the old man slept the calm long sleep of death.

The young girl stood and watched her father for some time, but, overwhelmed by the sad reality of her position, and unaccustomed to such scenes, she observed not the change that had come over him. Scarcely conscious what she did, she sat down and wrote three notes. The first, to the marquis, ran thus:

"Monsieur—The Count de Mamers begs the Marquis de Maucomble to call this evening, that he may thank him for the interest he has shown in his daughter, Cécile de Mamers.

"The Marquis de Maucomble will excuse the request made by the Count de Mamers, who is prevented by his great age from calling upon the marquis."

In a postcript was added:

"Do not refuse my poor father this proof of your friendship. He is extremely ill at Vincennes, at the house of M. Duchaume, near the forest.

"CECILE DE MAMERS."

The other notes were more easily written, and occupied less time:

"Chevalier—My father, who is dying, would himself reply to your letter with his last breath. Come this evening, without fail. To-morrow, perhaps, will be too late. CECILE."

"My good Doctor—Come to my assistance. Your poor friend, my dear father, had a terrible fall yesterday. M. Duchaume and the house physician declare him in great danger. My hope is in you alone. You, perhaps, can save him. Come to our relief. You, who have been so kind to us both, will not refuse my request. CECILE.

"Dr. Gousset, Rue de Babylone,
Avenue des Invalides."

Having dispatched her notes, she again took her place by her father's side. How peacefully he sleeps! She cannot hear him breathe. She leans over him and gazes earnestly into his face; she takes his hand within her own, it chills her by its touch; calls upon him by the most endearing names, as in days of old, when a happy child, she had climbed upon his knee, and by her sweet smiles and innocent prattling had chased away the clouds gathering over his path, herself all unconscious of the storm so soon to break over her young life. But the old man can no longer hear the voice of his sorrowing child, he has already awakened, with restored and quickened intellect, in the full light of the higher life.

CHAPTER X.

THE marquis, impatient of the many incidents connected with an affair in which he no longer took any other interest than that induced by a sincere sympathy for De Saintonge, at seeing Cécile's signature, read the note over carelessly, saying:

"I am really glad it was to see her father and not a lover that Mademoiselle Cécile took her evening walks. She now stands acquitted, and will again be reinstated in the most sacred niche of the *preux* Chevalier de Saintonge's heart, as the pure and saintly lady of his worship. But as to Monsieur de Mamers, he will have to wait for me this evening, for I shall be forced to deny myself the pleasure of visiting him till some future time."

The name, however, sounded familiar to him, and by degrees awakened old remembrances.

"Strange," he said, "if this Count de Mamers should be of the same family as my late uncle's old friend and companion of whom he has so often spoken to me. He was noblehearted, genial and truly magnanimous, and it was through him that my good uncle obtained the hand of my dear aunt, who was as a mother to me. Truly, if Cécile's father is a relative of his, or if it should prove to be himself, I should be grieved and mortified, for the nephew has made a strange return for the kindness and friendship shown to his uncle. This is worth following up."

We will now return to Robert, who had passed the whole day in making preparations for his departure, and at night found himself as little prepared as in the morning. Unwilling to go, every little obstacle was made a great cause for delay.

Never had he loved Cécile so truly, so devotedly, as now; and never had his love caused him so much suffering. It was no longer Cécile with whom he was annoyed; he was angry with himself; of his own conduct he was ashamed, and he would gladly have recalled that letter, every word of which he now felt was a cruel insult to her he professed to love, had not *mauvaise honte*, and a little lurking feeling of jealousy restrained him.

Just then Cécile's note, so explicit and yet so laconic, was brought to him. His letter had been received, and oh! at a time when she was in sorrow, keeping watch by her dying father. It was for that father she had labored, and desired wealth; it was with him she had passed the night, trying to soothe and comfort his last moments; to him were made those mysterious visits; and he, Robert de Saintonge, who should have understood and appreciated her character, had been the first to doubt and accuse her.

"How like a mean, cowardly wretch I have acted!" he exclaimed, as all these thoughts rushed with lightning speed into his troubled mind; "Cécile, dear, injured girl, can you forget my blind, unpardonable jealousy? But I must and will obtain your forgiveness!"

Doctor Gousset, notwithstanding his great distance from Vincennes, was the first to obey Cécile's call; but not in time to find the Count de Mamers alive.

The poor girl could not be persuaded at first to leave the chamber of death, wishing to remain alone with him who had been her only tie on earth. But she yielded at length to the good doctor's solicitations, and with great effort resumed, in appearance at least, her usual calmness.

"Doctor," said the young girl, looking up into the face of her friend with that affectionate trust so beautiful from the young to those of riper years; "will you let me now look to you as unto a second father, for the advice I so much need in this trying moment? I am resigned, but my heart is very sad."

The doctor, moved by this touching appeal from one so young and friendless, took the orphan girl under his protection; and having drawn from her the whole story of her life (her devotion to her father he already knew, having witnessed it), she proceeded with all the eloquence of grief to speak of her gratitude to the Chevalier de Saintonge, and the less absorbing interest, as she expressed it, she felt for the graceful and gallant marquis. Her old friend believing himself at once initiated into the mysteries of the young girl's heart, exclaimed:

"Well! my child, I understand it all; you love the Chevalier de Saintonge more than you think; more than you are willing to acknowledge to yourself."

"Not so, my friend," Cécile replied, while the color mounted her cheeks; "you are indeed mistaken."

"But I am sure of it," he replied. "Believe me, I am a very keen observer, and feel confident it is as I say."

Cécile made no reply, but with averted eyes and grateful heart, listened to the good man's expressions of sincere sympathy.

"And now, my true friend," she said, when he had done speaking; "my father's death has overflowed my cup of affliction. It has dispelled the last illusion of my life. I once believed myself esteemed, respected at least, by Monsieur de Saintonge; but read," she said, giving him the chevalier's cruel letter, and no longer able to restrain her tears.

The doctor read the letter twice, slowly, and as if taking in the implied meaning of every word; then suddenly and without speaking, tore it into a thousand pieces, which he threw to the winds; Cécile meanwhile staring at him in mute astonishment.

"Nothing is now left of that document," he said, when his work of destruction was finished.

"Oh yes, my friend, for every word is written here," she replied, placing her trembling hand upon her heart, "and nothing can efface the impression. Monsieur de Maucomble will perhaps be here soon; and it may be Robert, too, will come. Receive them for me, in my father's room; may they both regret their unworthy suspicions, but tell them, my friend, that to them both I am as one dead. They have dared dispute my love; they have even appropriated me as a piece of property to be bought and sold; and Robert, to whom I confided every sorrow but that which concerned my father, he has wounded my sense of delicacy, my refinement, my love of all which I have been taught intuitively to revere and cherish most. Perhaps in the future, I may rise before him as a memory of the past; something that has been, and is no more; or a strain of music heard in departed years. But Monsieur de Maucomble will forget me," she continued, in a lower tone, "no remembrance of me will linger in his heart; and as the light autumn leaf is wafted by the breeze, leaving no trace behind, so shall the memory of Cécile pass away, while she, having bid farewell to the outer world, seeks peace within the consecrated walls of the cloister."

"My dear child," interrupted the good doctor, I can well understand your feelings; but cannot listen to such a sad determination. You have asked my protection, and I therefore claim the right to advise—to change your purpose."

"Oh! my dear old friend, my mother's image is indelibly impressed upon my heart. She loved—even as I have—and, how cruelly she suffered? No! no," she continued, as if communing with her own heart; "I was loved as a young, nameless, unknown and unprotected girl, but as Cécile de Mamers I shall perhaps be shunned. No, no, God will soon reunite me to the loved ones who have gone before."

CHAPTER XI.

Few are my years and yet I feel
The world was ne'er designed for me.—*Byron*.

EIGHTEEN months have passed since the day when the good doctor, over the remains of his departed friend, related to the marquis and the chevalier the noble conduct of his devoted daughter. It required no great oratorical effort to interest his two auditors. It was enough to speak the plain unvarnished tale. Cécile, when scarcely fifteen, had seen her mother die of grief, and her father suddenly become a confirmed lunatic. In his capacity of physician, he had watched the young girl in all her efforts to provide for her father; and he had, himself, advised the mystery with which she had surrounded herself, so as to elude the demands of the law against duelling. He ended by explaining why Cécile had been obliged to visit her father only at night, because that was the only time when he enjoyed lucid intervals. This recital made a great impression on his two listeners; one a passionate lover; the other, noble-hearted and generous, notwithstanding the gay life he led. The marquis, from accounts given by the doctor, of the Count de Mamers' early life, had no longer any doubt that he beheld the remains of his uncle's beloved friend.

"Since Mademoiselle de Mamers will not see me," he said to the doctor, "do me the favor to say to her that I claim, in my uncle's name and my own, the honor of carrying out all that your friendship would suggest for her."

"Mademoiselle de Mamers has decided to forsake the world and retire to a convent," the doctor replied with sadness.

"No!" the chevalier exclaimed, rousing himself from the stupor into which he had relapsed. "It cannot be! this must not take place, by all that is sacred!"

"But she is inexorable, my friends; she has declared it here over the remains of her father."

Cécile, protected, though against her wish, by the family of the marquis, had easily gained admission to the royal Abbey de Notre Dame du Val de Grâce. She refused to see both the chevalier and the marquis.

All the good doctor's discernment could not penetrate the secrets of that young heart. He still believed her wholly occupied by the chevalier, whose letter, cruel and unkind as it was, had, for a time, placed a barrier between them. Sanguine himself, he still encouraged Robert to hope, and the marquis, who now sincerely desired the success of his former rival, and had not the least suspicion that he held any place in Cécile's heart, or influenced her determination, did all in his power to inspire the chevalier with confidence in the ultimate accomplishment of his wishes.

"You will not surely remain inexorable," wrote the impassioned lover. Oh! Cécile, think of my long devotion—forget wherein I have erred—and above all, remember the double blessing that awaits the merciful. Believe me, the day on which I lose the hope that now sustains me will be the last of my life."

"God has decided for me," the young girl said to her old friend, after reading Robert's last letter. "I must fulfil my vow. In eight days the sacrifice will be accomplished. Let the chevalier remain ignorant of the fact as long as possible. I shall pray for his happiness—as for me, I accept suffering as my lot. Tell him," she added, with a look, the full meaning of which the doctor could never understand—"tell him to learn from the Marquis de Maucomble how to forget."

Dr. Gousset, still strongly convinced that Cécile loved the chevalier, advised him to wait patiently, and even succeeded in persuading him to leave Paris for a short time, and find relief in change of scene. The doctor then had an interview with Cécile's confessor, and obtained from him the promise that the ceremony of taking the veil should be postponed as long as possible, and that meanwhile he would try to discover whether she really felt called to the vocation she was about to enter, or whether it was a mere passing fancy of a youthful imagination. The good father confessor fulfilled his promise, and reported to the doctor that the young girl when asked again if any feeling lingered in her heart, which might cause her at some future time to regret the irrevocable step she was about to take, had appeared troubled, and asked if she could not at the last moment, without giving cause for scandal, renounce if she chose, the accomplishment of an act which she then felt fully disposed to ratify.

"Oh! woman, woman," soliloquised the doctor while waiting in the parlor of the convent, on the eve of the day appointed for the grand ceremony. "Who can fathom the mysteries of a woman's heart?" and the good old man walked the room in a state of excitement, muttering: "We shall see that Mademoiselle de Mamers will wait till she is covered to-morrow with the symbolic pall, before she returns to the world and accepts the love of the Chevalier de Saintonge."

He found Cécile restless and unhappy, and was almost tempted to make a last appeal in favor of Robert, but controlled himself, fearing to excite the spirit of opposition, which, according to one of his pet theories, formed the basis of the female character. He was about to leave, at a loss to imagine why Cécile had desired to see him, when she called him back, and said in a voice scarcely audible:

"I am told Monsieur de Maucomble is to be married soon."

"I have not heard of it; and certainly if it were true all Paris would know it."

The young girl bowed her head low, trying to conceal the joy that lit up her pale face, as we see the highest snow-capped mountains in Alpine regions suddenly illuminated by the first rays of the sun.

"Will he be present at the ceremony?" she asked, timidly.

"No! he feared his presence might cause unpleasant remarks—might not be expected—I mean," continued the old gentleman, embarrassed and scarcely knowing how to shape his reply. "I confess I requested him not to come. But his mother, his sisters and the whole family will be there."

"It is my wish he should be present," Cécile replied, with more excitement in her tone than she intended to express; then eagerly asked: "Are you sure Monsieur de Saintonge has quitted Paris?"

"Very sure!" replied the doctor, who now regretted it was so—"I accompanied him three days since on the way to Lyons."

"I thank you!" murmured Cécile, and holding out her hand to her old friend, "adieu!" she said, "to-morrow—to-morrow!"

Returning to her cell, the young girl sank on her knees in prayer:

"O God! let me read one regret, one look of pity, of tenderness in his eyes, and I would implore thee to restore me to happiness and life!"

And now the eventful day has come at last. The bells of the royal abbey gaily announce the mystic marriage of Christ's new bride. The large outer court of the convent of Val de Grâce is filled with splendid equipages; the candidate for the veil is young and beautiful; the officiating priest who will address her and offer the consolations of the church is noted for his thrilling eloquence, and the Maucomble family has left nothing undone to render the ceremony grand and imposing. It is mid-winter, and the snow is falling thick and fast. A traveller, wrapped in a large mantle, was walking with difficulty up the Rue St. Jacques. He stopped near the abbey, and listened to the solemn knell which mingled with the festal chiming of the bells.

"I have kept my promise," he said, speaking to himself, "and have now but one regret—which is, that I have deceived the good doctor in making him think I had faith in his friendly professions. One more effort and I will have forgotten all fatigue, and all my troubles will be ended."

The church of Val de Grâce—which now looks empty and deserted—was on that day filled with a gay and brilliant crowd. The narrow enclosure of the outer choir was occupied by the Marquis de Maucomble and the members of his family, who, with Dr. Gousset, represented that of Mademoiselle de Mamers. Sweet, solemn music was heard at intervals from behind the silken curtain hung over the gilded railing, which, even in our time, separates the outer from the inner choir. T traveller halted at the door of the church and shook the snow from his ample cloak. Meanwhile a carriage was rapidly advancing towards the broad steps at the entrance of the sacred building; when it stopped, a young man in a complete suit of black jumped out, and was met by our traveller, who stopped him at the door, and whispered:

"Many thanks, Monsieur Damécourt; you see I am punctual."

"No nonsense, remember, Monsieur le Chevalier," the young man replied. "I would not for the world have it known that I was fool enough to pity you, or encourage this romantic adventure. Maucomble would never forgive me."

"You need not fear," the chevalier replied quietly. "I would but see and hear for myself how far a woman's obstinacy will lead her."

"Very well. Now you are a reasonable man. I knew I should convince you. Besides, my dear chevalier, I know it from good authority that this affair will end in a scene. Mademoiselle de Mamers aims at producing an effect. When she is ex-

pected to answer 'yes,' she will be sure to say 'no.' Only two or three of us are in the secret of this *coup de theatre*."

De Saintonge pressed the hand of the young exquisite, and each then glided unperceived to different parts of the nave of the church. The chevalier leaning against a pillar, and nearly hid by the crowd in the inner choir, watching the curtain which concealed the nuns from the gaze of the assembled multitude.

The mysterious curtain is now slowly removed, and a young girl, supported on each side by a nun, advances to the last step of the altar, where she kneels at the feet of the archbishop and receives his blessing. Every eye in that vast crowd is bent upon her. The deepest silence reigns throughout the superb edifice. Mademoiselle de Mamers has laid aside the rich dress provided by her noble patroness for the august occasion, and appears in her simple toilette of the Rue Platrière, when she was only known as Cécile, the young portrait painter. She looks pale and changed, but kneeling there, her lovely head bowed low, and her light graceful figure trembling with emotion, she reminds one of a beautiful frail lily bending beneath a summer shower. She has caught a glimpse of the marquis, calm, pale and self-possessed, his eyes fixed upon her. Perhaps she has also heard a deep, half-suppressed sigh, and knows it comes from a devoted heart, for now the last faint tinge forsakes her cheek, and when the venerable archbishop, in a voice clear and distinctly audible, asks according to the usual form of the ceremony:

"Marie Cécile Gauthier de Mamers, do you promise to answer in truth and verity the questions put to you?"

Some moments of deep silence ensue before the words—

"I do promise, holy father," are heard like the faint dying echoes of a voice far off.

"Is it of your own free will and unbiased judgment that you are now here?"

Another interval of hushed expectation. Good Dr. Ousset, almost as much agitated as the young girl, thinks of Robert, and murmurs:

"She hesitates—she will give out!"

Cécile's eyes seek those of the marquis, then they become fixed on the altar, and she replies in broken accents:

"Yes, my father, of my own desire and free will.'

The archbishop now proceeds to the third and last interrogation.

"Marie Cécile de Mamers, do you promise henceforth to serve God in purity of life, and through poverty and under all circumstances to yield him cheerful obedience?"

The doctor sees her cast a hurried glance around, looking faint, and seemingly ready to fall. He is about to rush forward to her assistance, when suddenly she recovers herself, and her voice is heard clear and sweet—

"Yes, holy father, I do promise!"

Scarcely had the words been spoken when a deep groan is heard from the entrance of the choir. The people spring to their feet, and crowd around a young man who has plunged a dagger in his breast.

The young girl turns—she has seen all, and guessed the whole truth.

"Oh, God! I have killed him!" she exclaims, falling back into the doctor's arms. "Why, oh, why, could I not have loved him!"

The next day the remains of the Chevalier de Saintonge were removed to Paris; and on the following day the good doctor received the last sigh of Cécile de Mamers, the young and beautiful portrait painter.

THE END.

GEN. GRANT IN A COUNCIL OF WAR

At Massaponax Church.

There have been few mere groupings in the illustrations of the present war. The public calls for action, and our battle scenes cannot be painted in the stereotyped fashion of European art, where a group of mounted officers, glass in hand, overlook, from a rising ground, the work of death below. Even Meissonier, free by his reputation to carve out a new path, durst not depart from the old idea in his Battle of Solferino.

Our illustrated papers have opened a new path, and its influence is felt in Europe. It has been remarked, and justly, that the recent illustrations in the foreign papers of the Danish war resemble our American battles. The scenery is given truthfully, the moving masses of men, the steady progress of the shot and shell of the great guns, with the cloud of the volleys of small arms, the rising dust, all are now given. Formerly a few officers made a battle, now we see armies contending, and can recognise the spot.

Yet, perhaps, we overdo this. The sketch which we give of Gen. Grant at Massaponax Church deserves to live in history. Spottsylvania had been left and the Mattapony crossed. At Massaponax Church Gen. Grant stopped with his staff and Gen. Meade did the same. Warren came up with his staff, and under the trees, on the church benches, a council of war was held. The fine spirited grouping of men, who 100 years hence will be the heroes of American enthusiasm, inspired the photographer, and his success in producing a fine picture cannot be denied. At the foot of the two trees sat Grant, and beside him the more towering form of Meade. Rawlins lies studying the map on the right, and Warren, who was the last comer, seems similarly engaged. On the bench to the left Burnside will easily be detected, and on the bench to the right we cannot guess far astray in placing Sheridan and Pleasanton. How many a deed of fame, how many a battlefield won with glory come up to the mind as we gaze on these men! Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, Newberne, South Mountain, Antietam, with the varied scenes of two months' battle still going on, come to our lips and minds. In these careless hats, these scarce military dresses, devoid of all but the faintest show of rank, are the true heroes of a republic.

A Historical Bale of Cotton.—When the steamer Lexington was burnt in Long Island Sound, Jan. 13, 1840, David Crowley, of this city, second mate, was saved on a bale of cotton, upon which he drifted two days and two nights, and finally went ashore at Riverhead, L. I. This bale of cotton Mr. Crowley has preserved with religious care until the present time, but the price of the staple to-day has brought out the sacred relic, and it is placed in the hands of Mr. S. R. Simmons, South Water street, for sale. It is of remarkable quality, and the 300lb bale is worth from $400 to $500.

THREE SONNETS.

BY MRS. KEMBLE.

I.

She has gone down! They shout it from afar,
Kings, Nobles, Priests—all men of every race,
Whose lingering clogs Time's swift relentless pace.
She has gone down! Our evil-boding star!
Rebellion, smitten with Rebellion's sword,
Anarchy, done to death by Slavery—
Of Ancient Right, arrogant enemy,
Beneath a hideous cloud of civil war
Strife such as heathen slaughterers had abhorr'd,
The lawless band, who would call no man lord,
Spurning all wholesome curb, and dreaming free
Her rabble rule's licentious tyranny,
In the fierce splendor of her insolent morn,
She has gone down—the world's eternal scorn!

II.

She has gone down! Woe for the world! and al
Its weary workers looking from afar
To the clear rising of that hopeful star.
Star of redemption to each weeping thrall
Of Pow'r decrepit, and of Rule outworn;
Beautiful dawning of that blessed morn,
Which was to bring leave for the poor to live,
To work and eat, to labor and to thrive,
And righteous room for all who nobly strive.
She has gone down! Woe for the panting world
Back on its path of progress sternly hurl'd.
Land of sufficient harvests for all dearth,
Home of all highest hopes—Time's richest birth;
Woe for the promised land of the whole Earth!

III.

Triumph not fools, and weep not, ye faint-hearted;
Have ye believed that the divine decree
Of Heaven had giv'n this people o'er to perish?
Have ye believed that God would cease to cherish
This great New World of Christian liberty?
And that our light for ever had departed?
Nay—by the precious blood shed to redeem
The nation from its selfishness and sin,
By each true heart that burst in holy strife,
Leaving its kindred hearts to break through life;
By all the tears that will not cease to stream
For ever, every desolate home within,
We will return to our appointed place,
First in the vanguard of the human race.

Love's Martyr.

On the banks of the Loire stood a little cottage, half hidden in leafy vines and brilliant blossoms, a very paradise of bloom and fragrance. Milkwhite doves nestled under its deep thatches, and restless birds flashed their bright plumage in and out among the tangled vines. From its square little windows could be seen the tranquil river, rippling on through emerald-green meadows and stretches of shadowy woodland; but in all the fair country through which it wandered there was not so dainty a cottage as this one. It was spring, and all the pleasant fields of France were carpeted with flowers. Yet the hearts of the people were sad. It was the beginning of Napoleon's war with Russia, and already a presentiment of that unfortunate expedition had stolen into the public mind.

One bright day in early April the conscription commenced, and no sadder heart could beat than that of Clarice Fontenoy, in her cottage by the Loire. All that woeful morning she sat by the open window, idle, for she could not work, gazing, with wistful eyes, down the road, by which those who should be conscripted were to come. What if her betrothed should be among them?

She was not alone, opposite her, with a brow almost as sorrowful as her own, sat Annette, the lighthearted village beauty, not gay to-day, since her lover's fate was also to be decided, for conscripts were regarded as men condemned to certain death, and very few were those who returned from Napoleon's campaigns. In silence they waited, quietly, sorrowful Clarice and weeping Annette.

At last the shrill tones of the fife and the monotonous beating of the drum announced that the villagers were returning, none of them too happy, since, if they themselves were free, their comrades were not. For the first time tears dimmed the gentle eyes of Clarice as she rose and followed Annette to the door. Even before she could distinguish one form from another in the procession she felt sure that he had not escaped. And she was right. Among the little band of conscripts walked Jacques, while François, Annette's betrothed, opened his arms smilingly to receive her from among those who were saved.

Not so Jacques. With melancholy steps he entered the cottage, to bid farewell to the little one who was to have been his wife. Despite his firmness, his voice trembled as he pressed her to his heart, and said:

"I leave you now, Clarice, but I trust not for ever. If I do return, I am yours; if I fall, I am still yours, for love like ours can never fade. I have neither father nor mother to think of when away; you alone shall fill my heart. I feel a hope springing up in my love—that I shall return in safety and that we shall yet be happy."

Poor little Clarice could only embrace him in silence, and when at last he was compelled to tear himself away she went to her little bedroom, and, kneeling at her bedside, looking up to the blue sky, where the blessed saints are ever waiting to hear the pious, she commended her lover to their care, and prayed for his welfare. And thus every day after that did she pray for her absent lover, every morning when she rose, and every night ere she laid down to take her rest.

As for Annette, that mischievous one was happy, for only a few days after the departure of the conscripts the village was resounding with music and adorned with garlands to celebrate her nuptials. Early in the morning the villagers, old and young, assembled on the green to escort the young couple to the ivy-covered church, where they were married. Among the bridesmaids stood a young girl, too unselfish not to rejoice at her friend's happiness, but whose heart was not there, but far away, with her Jacques, on the borders of the Rhine, then about to redden with the blood of angry armies.

It is May, and even in the cities all is sweet and fresh, while in villages and meadows the scent of newmown hay fills the air, and village maidens and their lovers frolic among it. Some steal behind a favorite lad or lass and pile a little mountain of the fragrant hay upon their heads, then run away to provoke the other to chase them for the sake of a kiss.

One sad, sweet voice is alone heard; it comes from the little cottage, and it says:

"The swallows have come again; I see mine in their nest up there; they have not been separated as we have been; they fly down to take their food from my hand. Their glossy necks have still the ribbons that Jacques tied round them at my last birthday. They loved Jacques, and are now looking for him and wondering where he is. Poor little birds! Jacques is not here; you may flutter round his chair, but he is far away. I weep for him alone, for friendship flies from tears. But stay with me, little birds, my room is sunny, and here none can harm you. Stay, and I can talk to you about Jacques, for you cared for him and loved him; he also loved you, for you were my pets."

Thus the lonely orphan mourned, and in spite of her efforts to resist her sorrow for the sake of her kind old uncle, who loved her tenderly, having brought her up from infancy as his own child, still the despondency undermined her health. She felt assured, she said to her uncle, that Jacques was dead, for he had not written to her but once since his departure, and that was on the road.

"Alas! my lover is dead," she cried, "for he would never let me suffer the agonies of suspense if he were not."

At last she grew so ill that the good priest said the next Sunday from the altar: "Death is hovering over a young sufferer. Good souls, pray for the departing Clarice."

And the villagers, old and young, prayed and wept, for Clarice was to the old as a daughter, and to the young as a sister. She had always a tear or a smile for those who needed either. But she was not doomed to die then, for the next morning her uncle entered her cottage, and bending over her, whispered a few words to the almost dying girl. Magic words they were, for her blue eyes brightened, and her pallid cheek flushed; day by day she grew better, and in a week's time she could walk about. She did not even feel sad as she looked in the glass and saw a face that she could scarcely believe her own, so pale and thin it was. In another week she was quite well; all about her wondered at her magic cure; but a stranger thing than this has happened—another passion has taken possession of her heart; the love of money. The hoarding together of money now seems to be her only thought; all day she sits by the little window, knitting and sewing, and as the neighbors pass and see her pretty fingers fly so swiftly, they say:

"Clarice will be rich some day if she goes on like this; see, she does not even take care of her flowers; what is happening?"

They are right. She is making money fast, and every day she counts her store, and is happy.

A year passes, and still she toils on; at times her eyes grow dim, and her poor hands drop by side while her wheel stands still; but a thought revives her—it is, that she is working for Jacques. She is again strong, and works with renewed energy. She had already saved a great deal of money, when one day her uncle was brought home by two men, very ill. It is his last sickness, and Clarice puts her wheel away and thinks only of her dear uncle, for besides Jacques, she has no one else in the world. She sat by him, read to him, prayed for him, and, though her heart now was doubly afflicted, smiled and chatted gaily; and when he felt a little better she would sing his favorite songs, while the old man thought her hourly more of an angel than ever. But one night he felt that his time was come, and sent for the good priest. When he came he commended Clarice to his care, and then with a last, loving glance up into her tearful eyes, he died. When the funeral was over Clarice sold everything she had, even the cottage where she was born, that dear cottage in which her mother died, and where she had just closed her uncle's kind eyes. It caused her heart a great pang, but she sold all, except a pretty green silk gown, in which Jacques loved to see her dressed, and a little gold cross which her mother had round her neck when she died.

Then she collects all her gold together, and takes it to the curé, saying:

"Holy father, here is all I have; now write and beg the release of my betrothed. Do not let him know who has purchased it, for I know his heart will tell him. As for me, I shall work now with a light heart, and earn more money, so do not fear for me—but oh! in mercy restore to me my first and only love."

The priest was much touched—he blessed Clarice for her goodness, and wrote to Paris, to get Jacques restored to liberty, sending the money to the prefect to pay for his release.

Clarice tripped back to the little room she had hired, and having prayed, dreamt that she was standing at the altar with her Jacques.

Another six months passed. Clarice had worked and saved enough to furnish a little cottage—besides, her goodness had been noised abroad—though not by her—and she was more beloved than ever before.

Still her heart at times grew very sad; and one day when she was in her little bedroom it grew so heavy that she wept, and kneeling down, prayed, "Holy Saints, grant me to see my Jacques once more before I die, for I now long for death, but cannot die until I have seen him."

As she rose from her knees she saw the priest hastening to her cottage, his face radiant with joy. As he came near he said:

"My daughter, the day of your reward approaches—prepare your heart to receive it; Jacques is free, and is now on his way to the village; to-morrow he will be here. When he hears that you have rescued him from his slavery, he will know what it is to be loved by a saint like you."

Clarice knelt down at the good priest's knees and thanked God with all her soul, the tears running from her beaming eyes, and bathing her face in the sunlight as though it were a glory from heaven.

The morrow comes—the villagers, rejoicing with her, are in their best. They are all assembled at the little triangular green which intersects the road that Jacques must come by.

They make way tenderly and respectfully for Clarice, who approaches, attended by the curé, to welcome her lover home. She is dressed in the green gown he loved so well to see her in; and although silent, she is very happy—her lips move, for she is praying. The villagers close around her—noon is announced by the village clock—but nothing is visible except the shadows of the trees upon the road. Suddenly a black speck appears in the distance—it comes nearer—it is a horseman there are two—it is Jacques! But who is she? for it is a woman! They ride up to where the priest and Clarice stand surrounded by the villagers. Jacques is strangely confused and avoids meeting the eyes of those around him.

Then the priest asks in a stern voice:

"Who is that woman?"

And the soldier replied in a low tone:

"It is my wife, holy father. I am married to her."

"Wretched man," said the priest, "better thou hadst not been born; for never again will you be happy; thou art cursed of God and man—for it was Clarice who toiled for thee—it was Clarice who sold all that she had—and it was Clarice who bought thy release."

At this moment he was interrupted by a wild, shrieking laugh; it was from Clarice. Her reason had fled for ever.

That jocund laugh was the epitaph of her mind.

Silently the priest took her hand and led her away to his own home, while the villagers followed, shouting and looking scornfully on the soldier and his bride, whom they left standing alone on the bare heath, monuments of shame and remorse.

SIGNAL STATION ON BUTLER'S ADVANCED LINE.

Our Artist sends a sketch of a signal station in the advance of Gen. Butler's lines, protected by Follet's battery, but so exposed that Gen. Butler, recently, while making his observations here attracted attention, and shell came flying thick and fast, striking at last the slight but towering structure, and bringing down some of its most necessary supports.

THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG.

The suddenness and celerity of Grant's movements baffle all calculation. Is he a great General or a madman? Fertile in resources, untiring, persistent to obstinacy, his movements are seldom anticipated or met. Yet here in the struggle at Petersburg he found no loophole. His splendid transfer of his army to the south of the James seemed to lay Petersburg at his feet, but he found himself met by all the scientific resources of modern engineering. The first line of rebel works on the right shown in our sketches on page 260 were carried by Burnside's corps.

The artillery in the foreground is pouring its steady shower of shot and shell on the enemy's line from the breastworks, while the troops are charging through the brush and fallen trees in double line-of-battle. The fight was in an open rolling space of ground, skirted by a belt of timber towards the city. Says a soldier:

"It was now about five o'clock P. M. We opened our battery at once and commenced shelling the rebel fort. In five minutes we had three wounded. We kept on firing for about half an hour, when our infantry, Griffin's brigade, made a charge and captured the fort, taking five guns and about 200 prisoners. We had, we found, dismounted the rebel gun by our shells."

The rebel works on the left are shown in another sketch. These, too, were carried after a desperate fight. Duncan bears the glory of the achievement. This battery taken gave us a view of Petersburg and its spires.

The sketch on our double-page shows the position of affairs on Sunday, June 19. On either side of the City Point railroad as it winds its tortuous way to the city frown the captured forts now manned by our artillery and playing with steady destruction. Further on you may discern the line of men at the breastworks, pouring in the steady volleys that send the foe reeling back. On the right an adventurous battery pushes on to do its work.

BUZZARD'S ROOST—ROCKY FACE RIDGE—HOVEY'S GAP.

There never was probably since the world began a more terrible campaign than that now carried on by Sherman in his advance on Atlanta. We all know the difficulties of the field of Chattanooga, with its Lookout mountain, its Mission ridge, but Sherman, as he advanced, found still greater difficulties.

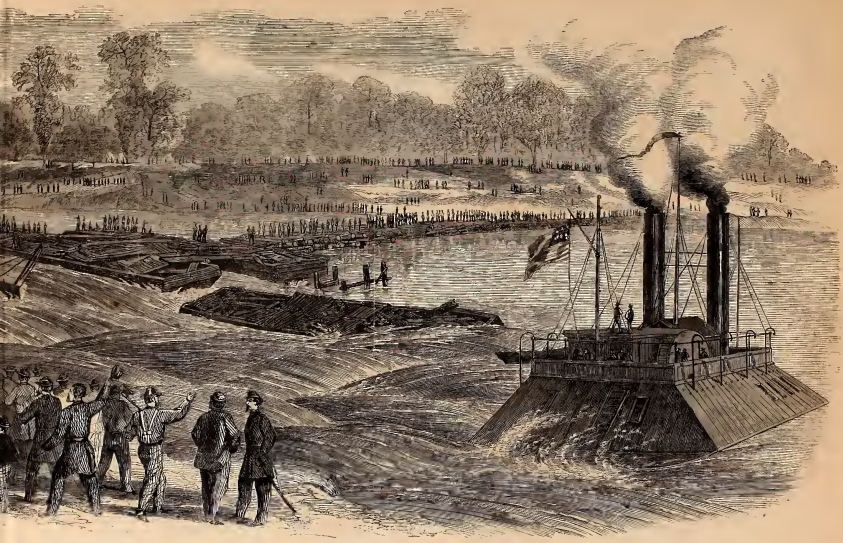
Buzzard's Roost, which no earthly power could take from resolute men, a spot where one brave heart could a match score of men, became useless to Johnston, and we depict the abandoned camps of his reserve, which were left to the wild beasts and the elements as he drew back. Buzzard's Roost is a conical-shaped hill, rising about 800 feet above the level of the plain. It is separated from Rocky Face ridge by a tremendous gorge, through which the railroad and earthroad run. Here Johnston lay, his front protected by a dam and artificial lake, the heights frowning with artillery. Yet Sherman tried to reach him. His men penetrated along the mountain side till they could talk to the enemy, but could neither see nor be seen. In the rear of our picture rises the bald front of Rocky Face ridge, a most inaccessible height, almost as high as Lookout mountain and more precipitous, flanked in many parts by a perpendicular cliff 20 to 60 feet high.

Such was the spot which Geary's gallant men, toiling up the rocky side, carried five successive times, but were destined not to hold. Our sketch includes also a north-east view of the north pass of Hovey gap.

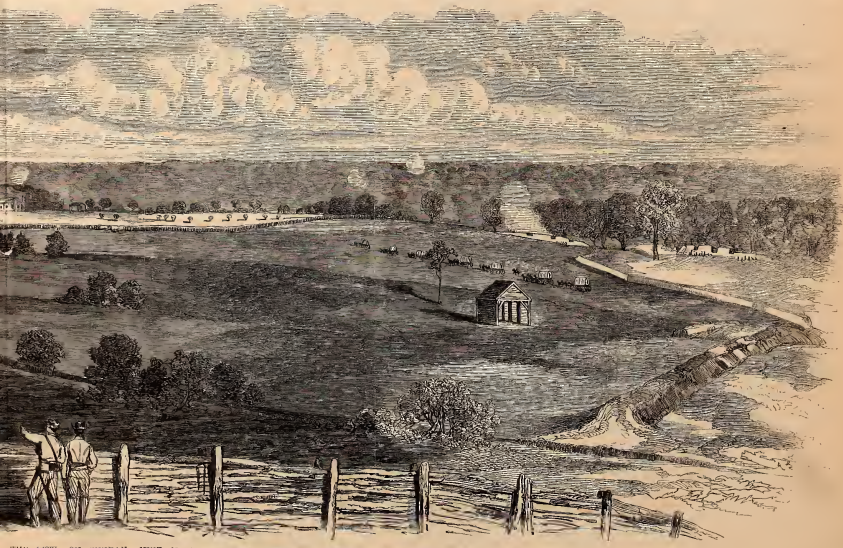
Untold Belles.—The bellman of Watertown, Massachusetts, announcing a temperance meeting, said it would be addressed by six women "who had never spoken before."

THE WAR ON THE RED RIVER—ADMIRAL PORTER'S FLEET PASSING THROUGH COL. BAILEY'S DAM ABOVE ALEXANDRIA, MAY, 1864.

THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG—THE ADVANCE OF THE UNION LINES AGAINST THE



1864, AFTER SAFELY GETTING OVER THE RAPIDS BY ITS MEANS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BOWELL.—SEE PAGE 26...



THE CITY, ON SUNDAY, JUNE 19.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE 263.

LINES WRITTEN ON SEEING THE Photographs of the Richmond Prisoners.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, No. 455, June 18, 1864.

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay saith the Lord."
Romans xii. 19.

Thro' the wide world, the sun's bright eye
Sees many a deed of sin and shame;
But there are crimes, so black in dye,
One shudders at their name.
Crimes, that the stricken soul appal,
That freeze the blood and blanch the cheek,
On which the searching sunrays fall,
And condemnation speak.

I wonder how God's sun could shine,
Nor tremble at the work his light
Was set to do, as each dread line
Was printed in his sight.
Oh, was the starving many a score
Of unoffending, helpless men
The act of human beings? or
Devised by Satan's brain?

Starvation to the point of death!
The horror conjured by the thought,
Stifled the current of my breath,
As home to me 'twas brought.
I saw the wasted forms laid bare,
The faces of wan misery;
No false exaggeration there,
Sun pictures cannot lie!

Oh, what a sight for Christian eyes,
Those poor, pale skeletons! And oh,
The fearful load of guilt that lies
On men who made them so!
Grief, pity, anger, all will swell
Within our hearts at this great wrong;
And who the end can dare foretell?
We ask Thee, Lord, how long?

Into Thy hands, great Judge of all,
Our righteous vengeance we commend;
Upon Thy mighty power we call,
This shameful sin to end.
Scarcely can we endure the sting
Of knowing woes we do not share;
Then what must be their suffering,
Who the full sharpness bear?

How can we check these cruelties,
At which humanity grows pale?
When Christ's law fails to christianize,
Can Governments prevail?
We cannot of our rulers ask
That they retaliate in kind;
To work out such a devil's task,
No instrument they'd find.

What can we do? must we submit
To let the rebel leaders still
Destroy our men as they see fit,
At their own wicked will?
Weak, powerless to fold our hands,
And wait in shocked and dumb despair,
Till God enforce His own commands,
In answer to our prayer.

Nay, is this all that we can do,
God helps them who themselves will aid;
And in His Name we will go through
Our part, nor be afraid.
Push on our armies, and sustain
Our glorious leaders, Meade and Grant;
And give them of supplies and men,
All, all they ask or want.

While we, safe in our guarded homes,
Pray without ceasing for success
To crown our arms—for Peace, that comes
Thro' victories God can bless.
Let us strain every nerve to win
Their strongholds from our cruel foes;
Leave it to God to punish sin,
Who sin's full blackness knows.

He will, by our brave soldiers' hands,
Unlock the prison doors. His care
Will call to life and hope the hands
Of the sad captives there.
But for the Past, the agony,
The bitter anguish that has been
The measure meted—shall not we
Mete back to them again?

Oh, no! oh, no! "Vengeance is mine,
I will repay," declares the Lord.
Wisdom it needs, and power Divine,
To carry Judgment's sword.
Let us forgive them; even pray
That true repentance they may learn;
And from the snare of Satan, may
To righteous paths return.

Within our hearts let us not dare
Harbor revenge and angry hate,
But lay our wrongs and sorrows where
Justice and Power wait.
Give we our energies to those
Whose sufferings we may allay,
Leaving all vengeance on our foes,
To Him who will repay.

The Serpent-Woman.

BY Z. W.

CHAPTER XVII.

Oh, that we were on the wild, wild wave together,
With but one plank between us and destruction,
That I might seize him in these desperate arms,
And plunge with him beneath the whelming billows,
And see him gasp for life!—*Bertram.*

THE influence Marina suddenly gained over Muta was complete. The latter appeared to be passive enough in the hands of her rescuer to be moulded by her into whatever form she chose to make her assume. Marina preferred to infuse some of her own undaunted strength into her mind, and to render her as free-thoughted and independent as it was possible for her to become. She did much towards making the girl a woman and to fit her to fulfil the duties of a wife.

"Are you not afraid that Grimgrip will run away with you again?" she asked Muta one day.

"Not at all," answered Muta, laughing. "You have taught me to be brave and to use my hands and feet and lungs. I am young and strong enough to run away with so old a man, in spite of himself, instead of allowing him to capture me."

"You are an apt pupil, Muta; I am proud of you. It is just as easy to frighten danger as it is to allow danger to frighten us. Run from it in wild fear, and it swells to the size of a mountain; dash boldly at it, and the chances are nine to one that it dwindles to a bubble and bursts. It is cowardice, not weakness, that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred provokes injustice and oppression."

Some weeks elapsed ere Bertram Hapswell returned to Ellingford Hall. He appeared suddenly in the library, dressed in black. Marina and Muta were sitting in the corner of the apartment, the latter listening to the other's eloquent reading. So absorbed was Muta by her friend's elocution, that she did not hear Bertram's approach till he almost touched her, when she turned and saw him. Forgetting, losing all diffidence and reserve, with a scream of delight she leaped into his arms and received and returned his caresses with all the innocence and eagerness of childhood.

So obliviously in paradise were the lovers in one another's arms, that they did not at the time notice either the presence or the absence of Marina. A while afterwards, however, Bertram recollected her to whom both were indebted for their felicity, and sought her in vain. She had left the mansion, never to return.

A month passed away and Julien St. Croix paid Ellingford a visit, the main purpose of which was to see Marina. During his stay Muta received a letter from her, containing, to her friends, the startling announcement that she was living with Gregory Grimgrip (of whom she spoke with affection), and that death alone should part them. The known villainy of this man, the disgusting hideousness of his person and character, were qualities that even St. Croix could not associate with Marina in any relation without horror, and the pure-hearted young Frenchman returned to his native land, disgusted with life, penitent and ascetical; entered the Roman Catholic priesthood; and bade carnal love and joy farewell for ever.

During the cholera season that followed the ordination of St. Croix he was the most fearless and indefatigable of all in visiting the sick and administering to their bodily and spiritual wants, and among others to whom he rendered such invaluable aid was Madame Nitouche herself. A panic had seized those about her and they had fled from her side, leaving her to the mercy of the fell disease that has at one time and another made so many millions its prey. She despaired of herself, and was eager to make her peace with heaven. To St. Croix she confessed the secrets of her dreadful life, in order to receive absolution, and he learned from her what great injustice he had been doing Marina in his heart; for her mother had, it seemed, upon receiving a letter from her concerning Grimgrip, solemnly assured her that he was after all her actual father. St. Croix, who was a skilful physician for the body and for the soul, not only saved the life of Madame Nitouche, but convinced her of the error and wickedness she committed in refusing to acknowledge Marina to be her daughter, and of the atonement she owed her husband for attempting to take his life by poison, for this crime was one of the terrible items of her confession. His eloquent exhortations wrought powerfully upon her mind in her subdued and penitent condition, and he was enabled to exert sufficient influence over her to induce her to visit England and seek a reconciliation with Grimgrip, still her legal husband. Their meeting was a strange one, constrained, conflicting and dubious, and would, but for the fervent intercession and admirable address of Marina, have terminated in renewed hostility and bitterer hate than ever. But she pleaded with one and extenuated the conduct of the other alternately—imploring with tears, caressing and controlling both with the unwearied love of an angel and the adroitness of Eve's tempter, so that, great as her victory was over their evil passions, it was no wonder she gained it.

At this painful meeting the mystery that had so long perplexed Marina was dissipated, and the remaining obscurity afterwards removed from her mind by her mother, and all doubt on the subject for ever set at rest.

She learned that her putative father, Gregory Grimgrip, had, many years before, carried on a trade between England and France, paying half-a-dozen or more visits to the latter country annually, and had met her mother, Mathilde Nitouche, in Normandy, of which province she was a native. She was very beautiful and very poor, an orphan, and earned her scanty subsistence with her needle. Gregory paid his addresses to her, and by means of his rich presents and the dazzling illusions of wealth overcame her repugnance to his ugliness, and married her. Disparity of age, of looks, of tastes and feeling, rendered the match a very unequal, and, eventually, a very unhappy one. Mathilde endeavored to console herself for conjugal deficiencies by dressing splendidly and surrounding herself with handsome young gallants, to whom she was suspected of granting favors inconsistent with her marriage vows. Among her favorites were Mordaunt Elfstone and Victor Kingsland, senior, the former apparently enjoying her tenderest regard. To remove his wife from their society, Gregory took up his residence in France, but his frequent and necessary absence from home at once exposed his fair partner to temptation and aggravated his own jealousy. His temper grew intolerably sour, and his moroseness and sharp upbraidings rendered his presence to his wife a constant source of unhappiness, and made her at last wish for nothing so much as for an eternal separation from him.

Her antipathy to him deepened into the deadliest hate, and his suspicions of her tortured him worse than a perpetual incubus. She discovered at length that she was haunted by his spies during his absence, and grew desperate. More than once in his rage he threatened her life on account of her suspected infidelity, and she finally determined to forestall him in the work of death.

She procured from her most favored lover the potion which was to dispatch her husband on the journey which admits of no returning, and mixed it with the coffee in his cup. Little did she dream that she had been watched and discovered by a spy in the pay of Grimgrip, who, hidden in the garden in which her conversation with her partner in guilt took place, overheard enough of it to put his employer on his guard. At the breakfast-table a servant brought word to Mathilde that a person was waiting in the hall anxious to speak with her, and while she stepped out of the room to listen to a pretended message from her lover, her husband emptied his cup of coffee into the coffee-pot. He had the revengeful satisfaction, a few minutes afterwards, of seeing her pour out and drink a cup of the beverage she had been tampering with. She was, soon after, overpowered with drowsiness, and retired to her chamber. Grimgrip soon followed her, and found her lying apparently lifeless on her bed, and her maid, in a fearful state of agitation, endeavoring to rouse her.

"Monsieur, what is the matter with madame?" asked the girl. "She said, 'My husband poisoned me,' and then sank into this state. I can't wake her, all I can do."

"Let her alone; she has been drinking too much, and will sleep it off," said Grimgrip, with affected indifference.

But he saw danger in remaining, more than he durst encounter, and fled from the house, taking Marina, his only child with him. At Dieppe he left her with Madame Pourpre, the widow of an old sea captain, who had long been in his employ. To avoid suspicion and inquiry, he at once told the widow that the child was his natural daughter by a peasant girl just deceased, and offered the old lady a handsome sum to induce her to take charge of the little one. Madame Pourpre was too poor to refuse his offer, had she been disposed to do so, which she was not, and accepted the trust and the money.

Grimgrip went from Dieppe to England, hastily settled his affairs, and sailed for New York, in which city he lived for many years, and acquired great wealth and influence.

Mathilde, whose lover had given her a powerful narcotic instead of poison, soon recovered from the effects of the dose, and after much cogitation was enabled to give a near guess at the manner in which the tables had been turned upon her. Her conjectures were confirmed by a letter she received from her lover, upbraiding her with her intended murder, and bidding her farewell for ever. As soon as she contrived to convert into money the means her husband had left, she removed from Amiens into Brittany, and bought a small property in Lannion, Côtes du Nord, upon which she resided until prevailed upon by Julien St. Croix and Marina to visit England.

Little Marina remained in Dieppe till she was accidentally discovered by Mordaunt Elfstone in widow Pourpre's shop, in which he was purchasing ivory trinkets, for which the town is celebrated. He was struck with the child's resemblance to his once loved Mathilde, and, upon inquiring into its its history, was satisfied that it was her daughter. He felt a most paternal regard for Marina, and had her sent to a fashionable seminary and educated at his own expense. Her mother, at Elfstone's instance, visited Madame Pourpre a short time before the latter's decease, heard her story, and persisted in believing that Grimgrip had told her the truth, and taken her own child with him to his place of exile. Poor Marina was, therefore, barely received by her mother, who refused to acknowledge her, and left her in a state of painful doubt as to her parentage.

But such misgivings no longer existed in the mind of the mother, who now treated her devoted daughter with affection and tenderness. Even towards her husband her conduct was respectful, and she appeared determined to compel her inclinations to submit to her sense of her duties. Grimgrip, albeit without reason, doubtful of Marina's blood relationship to him, was charmed by her attachment and gentle obedience, and behaved towards her with great generosity. Marina, who was anxious for her own and her mother's sake, to avoid embarrassing associations, and to begin afresh, prevailed upon her parents to visit America, with the view of making their home in it. In disposing of their property and in converting it into money for the purpose of removal, Marina was grieved to observe the keen suspicion with which the husband and the wife regarded each other, and could not but feel that hatred was still lurking in the depths of their hearts, which she could only prevent from breaking out openly, and sundering them wider apart than ever.

A voyage to America was a treat to Marina. Her free soul was charmed with the idea of visiting the land distinguished above all others for liberty, and the sea had been her playfellow in childhood, and she sported in its billows like a dolphin. To her expanded and expanding soul the ocean, bounded but by the blending sky that only stooped to kiss its imaginary brim, was a sight that dilated her thoughts into sublimity, and made her heart swell with the loftiest poetic emotion. The grandeur of desolation was dear to her lonely soul, and the wide waste of waters, restless as her own heart, or as deadly calm, sympathetically relieved her intense spirit, and lulled it into grateful repose.

Bold and staunch as was her heart, it was fluttered like a bird's one night when she was awakened by a fearful cry that sounded like the scream of despair and death. They know little of the "horror heaped on horror's head" who have not, in such a time and place, heard such a sound. She leaped out of her berth, dressed herself scantily and in haste, and hurried upon deck. She saw smoke and flames issuing from the steerage hatchway, and comprehended in a moment the awfulness of her situation. But her courage rose with the occasion, and she felt superior to its horrors. Grimgrip came on deck, and, hardy as he was, quailed as he contemplated the tremendous emergency. His wife was overwhelmed by it. Her conscience was aflame, and, death, in the terrific form it now approached her, appeared to her like divine judgment and retribution. Marina believed that her last hour had arrived, but even in that time of wildness and terror her thoughts wandered far away to another than herself.

"Bertram!" she murmured. "Bertram, where are you now? Sleeping calmly and happily by Muta, while Death wraps me in his fiery agonies. Sleep on and wake only to joy. I, who am consumed with a more burning passion, fear not these devouring flames. Among these hundreds I alone am ready and right willing to die. Why should so many cowering wretches be sent shrieking into eternity? Would I might suffer and die for all!"

The flames mocked all attempts to subdue them, and spread with the rapidity of a winged demon. Death never looked more ravenous or roared more terribly for his prey than did they. Two boats were swamped in launching. As Marina was about to descend into the one in which her mother was already seated, Grimgrip hung about her neck some papers enclosed in an oilskin bag, telling her to hold the contents next to her own life the most precious of all things. The boat, however, did not live long in the sea, being quickly filled and sunk. Marina, who boasted that she could dance and swim for ever, sustained her mother till she grasped a floating fragment, which also upheld her other parent. The shattered planks were insufficient to support both, and the husband and wife, in that dreadful moment between time and eternity, suddenly glared upon each other with the unquenchable hate of many years, for a while suppressed, but now breaking forth with fatal fury. The planks drifted with them away from Marina, who beheld, with horrible distinctness, the fearful pair struggling for the possession of the little raft, each trying to throw off the other, and both succeeding; for in the desperation of their endeavors they allowed their support to slip away from them and both went down, never to rise again in life, clasped in one another's arms, not in the embrace of love but in the grapple of infernal hate.

Marina struck out for them, but she could not reach them before they disappeared. She never saw them afterwards. This was to her, although she had that night witnessed so much that was frightful, the crowning horror. She felt almost reckless of life, but still swam with the ease of long habit. As the blazing vessel went down the sun rose, as if he had hurried up to witness this final catastrophe. Marina, who had availed herself of the support afforded by a large oar which had drifted towards her, beheld the awful catastrophe with emotion no words can describe, with something of the feeling which perhaps the astonished soul first contemplates the phantasmagoria of its eternal home. She sustained herself for about an hour in the water, till she was picked up by a boat from a brig, which had borne down upon the scene of the disaster, and was instrumental in saving two boatloads of human beings and some few swimmers, who had managed, like Marina, to keep afloat so long.

The survivors from the wreck were taken to Boston, Mass., to which port the brig was bound; but as Mr. Grimgrip's agent lived in New York Marina hastened thither, and obtained the best legal advice in relation to her affairs. The documents entrusted to her by the deceased included, among other valuable deeds, a will which made her his exclusive heiress. Her father's agent supplied her with all the money she required, and after visiting some of the principal cities and lions of the country, and settling her business satisfactorily, she received a letter from Mordaunt Elfstone, which induced her to return to Europe. Prior to her departure from New York, while walking down Broadway, she was abruptly accosted by an ugly old man, who cried:

"Oh, *Cielo!* Marina!"

She gazed at the shabby little fellow in mute surprise.

"Don't you know me? I am Sceda."

Marina's kind heart was instantly overflowing with sympathy for her little old friend, although she could not help being, in spite of herself, much amused at the oddity of his appearance and with his employment, which consisted in roasting and vending chestnuts.

"Oh, what a fall is here, my Bohemians!" she declaimed. "I thought you had a soul above commerce."

"So I have, Marina; but I find I need not put much soul into this business and little capital, which is very fortunate, as I left both on the other side of the ocean. But you must not laugh at me. What think you that your idol, Garibaldi, is doing for a living?"

"On my life, nothing unworthy of himself."

"He is making candles on Staten Island."

"'Tis fitting; for he is a bright and shining light himself. I shall patronise you both."

"Another of your old friends is here, worse off than either of us."

"Who?"

"Victor Kingsland."

"I have long been hunting for him, for I heard that he had returned from California. Where is he?"

Signor Sceda pointed to a rough stone building, with a green in front of it.

"That is an hospital. Is he very ill?"

"He is dying."

"Of what?"

"The *delirium tremens*."

"Take me to him instantly. Oh, never mind your chestnut furnace. I buy you out on the spot at your own price—business, goodwill, fixtures, and all, with the confident expectation of soon realising a fortune and winning fame as the mysterious chestnut seller. Come!"

Marina would never have recognised in the bloated and raving idiot that Seeda pointed out to her the once handsome and dashing Victor Kingsland. She found him in a dreadful fit, and he screamed at the sight of her, calling her a red serpent with blazing eyes, and mistook Seeda for the devil himself.

Marina left nothing undone that medical skill and nursing could do towards saving Victor Kingsland's life, but without avail. She was with him in his last moments. Before he died, during a lucid interval, he recognised her, and charged her with messages to his mother and brother. Marina had him buried in Greenwood cemetery at her own expense, and in a manner befitting the position he had and ought still to have held in society.

She returned soon afterwards to England with little Seeda, who, like his heroic countryman, Garibaldi, has since risen from the depths of adversity and taken part in the glorious self-assertion of his beloved and beautiful Italy.

CHAPTER XVIII.

As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.—*King Lear, Act IV., Sc. I.*

Yet not always on the guilty head
Descends the fatal flash.—*Thompson's Summer.*

There is always a bright spot in a man's life, enduring for a brief space, but while it lasts almost realizing his ideal of happiness, and serving afterwards to convince him of its possibility. Bertram enjoyed his fleeting paradise, this oasis in the desert of terrestrial existence with Muta, and both were so happy that they did not, could not think they could be happier.

Muta had learned to talk well, but she did not say much, and that little was as simple as it was sweet and moving. Her eyes had, however, become illumined with lovely expression, and her angelic smile was often the most charming reply that could have been made to her lover's burning eloquence. Bertram was her tutor, and found much of her mind a blank page which received his impressions readily and retained them indelibly. Her progress was almost miraculous, and the young master was prouder of his pupil's rapid advancement than he would have been of her erudition had she been, when he first knew her, a profound scholar. His task was a labor of love, and one in which he took great delight.

But upon knowledge for its own sake she did not seem to set a high value. As far as her acquisition of it enabled her to gratify Bertram, it was unspeakably precious to her. Her task, too, was a labor of love, for love was her incitement, her light, her guide, her haven and reward.' So absorbed was her whole soul by Bertram, that she felt as though the loss of him or of his affection would render her mind as blank, dark and ignorant as ever.

When Muta's education was deemed sufficiently complete to justify her introduction into society her marriage with Bertram was repeated with due form and propriety, and she assumed the duties and honors appertaining to the mistress of Wilborne Hall, the hereditary mansion of the Hapswells. Lady Adele Hapswell, a very noble woman, received Muta kindly, and no sooner became convinced of the cordial innocence and truthfulness of her disposition than she took her to her heart and loved her as if she had been her own daughter.

Sir Bertram Hapswell, Bart.—for such was now our hero's title—received a magnificent dowry with Muta, all that Elfstone could bestow, for the old sculptor, divining that his days were few, and that her claims to Ellingford would be contested, provided her in advance with ample means to maintain them. After Bertram and Muta had left Ellingford, Elfstone found his condition very desolate, and he wrote to Marina, entreating her, if she was at all dissatisfied with her position in America, to return to England and live with him. He went back to his studio, in which he spent the greater part of his days, and wrought sedulously on a statue representing the fair one he was so anxiously expecting to hear from and again welcome to his heart. His "Serpent," as he called his last work, seemed likely to prove his greatest masterpiece, for it was not only very beautiful, but replete with wonderful energy, suggestive grace and intense expression. It advanced rapidly, for he gave all his time and strength to it, and when away from it seemed quite absent and lost. He ate and drank very little, overtaxed his powers, and evidently needed some one capable of exercising a wholesome control over him.

A venerable old gentleman who called to see him one day was told that he was engaged in his studio and would not be visible till five o'clock in the afternoon, his dinner hour, and that it would be actually dangerous to disturb him before. The visitor said he had come some hundred miles to see him, and would wait his appearance.

Mordaunt Elfstone had worked unusually hard that morning, and during the afternoon grew tired and sat down on a bench at some distance from the statue to rest himself, and contemplate his work at the same time. The sky had become overclouded, and the room looked very gloomy. After the sculptor had gazed for some time at his marble creation, he saw, or thought he saw, a pale figure appear beside it, wreath its arms around the statue's neck and kiss its cold lips. When the face of the apparition turned towards him, misty and white as it was, he recognised it to be Muta's, and its pensive smile and look of heavenly affection for him sent a thrill of strange awe through his heart. As it disappeared it beckoned to him with graceful wavings of the hands, imparting to the gazer that unearthly sensation which can only be awakened by supernatural presence. When it had vanished he gazed in every direction, surprised to find all wearing its wonted aspect, and exclaimed fearfully:

"I am going mad again!"

He made a great effort to compose himself, and to divert his mind from the apparition he had just beheld; tried to read the newspaper he had brought with him from the breakfast-table, but neglected till now. For some time, however, the letters swam before him, and the sweet and boding solemnity of his spiritual visitant filled his sight; but as his vision grew clearer it was presented with something more fearful far, large, mourning, horrible type, announcing the loss at sea of the steamer in which Marina had taken her passage for America, and the perishing of every creature on board, with the exception of seven of the crew. Elfstone sprang to his feet like one wounded while sitting, and struggling to overmaster his fate, tottered towards his statue and fell lifeless at its base.

At about four o'clock the patient visitor awaiting the advent into the library of Mr. Elfstone was joined by Julien St. Croix.

"Where is he? have you not seen him yet?" demanded the latter.

"He is in his studio, I believe, but his servants tell me it is dangerous to disturb him before his usual hour of coming forth, and I have therefore been constrained to wait here since 11 o'clock."

"They had little idea who you are, and doubtless took you for some clerical bore, whose visit to the studio would have irritated their master beyond endurance, or they would have treated you with more courtesy. I stand upon no ceremony here, however, and will take you up at once."

As Julien and his venerable friend were ascending to the sculptor's sanctum, the former observed:

"I think it is well you were not admitted before I arrived, for there is no telling what effect a sudden disclosure of this kind may have upon him."

Little did they divine with what impossibility Elfstone could receive the most astounding discovery they could make to him, and little were they prepared for the silent and awful reception he gave them. For the first few seconds after they had entered the studio, they thought that the old artist had left the room, and Julien, catching sight of the statue, exclaimed:

"Heavens! Marina in living marble!"

"My daughter herself, and as like as life!"

"Your daughter?"

"I loved her as such. This is the beauty that was wont to illumine my cave in Savoy, and give me new life, like the visits of spring. She is no angel, but the Queen of Women."

"She is indeed Nature's masterpiece, as this is Art's. Great God! here is Elfstone, lying on the floor. He has fa— no, he is no more."

"My brother dead!" cried the old man falling on the floor beside the sculptor, now as pale, cold and insensible as his own works. "Is it thus we meet at last? He looked pale as this when we parted, but, oh, how different! I thought I had murdered him in his crime, and I have felt like a Cain ever since. Brother, you were always before me, though younger, but why precede me to the grave? He must have died while I was waiting below. It is a cruel thought that I should have been so near him, and have rendered him no aid in his last moments."

"He doubtless died very suddenly," said Julien, who had taken the newspaper that the dead man grasped out of his hand. "Here is the false intelligence of Marina's death, and I believe that the shock of grief for her loss killed him. She was always his chief solace, and latterly his only stronghold in life."

* * * * * *

On the day on which these events transpired Bertram and Muta rode on horseback, through charming scenery dressed in the full luxuriance of August, to the half ruined chapel of St. Winnefrad, about five miles from Wilborne. They had hardly reached the chapel, which was undergoing a partial renovation, before they were overtaken by a sudden thunderstorm. Muta, who had contracted from Grimgrip's housekeeper a habit of tacit piety, mingled with superstition, no sooner heard the thunder begin to mutter, roll and crash than she ran to the altar, which was of beautiful marble, and in strange contrast with the rest of the building, and knelt at its foot in prayer. Bertram had some trouble with the horses, and had just secured them against the consequences of their restiveness when he was well-nigh stunned by a thunderclap that seemed to shake the earth and almost brought him to his knees. So violent was the concussion that he was deafened and paralysed for some seconds, and full a minute elapsed before he recovered his self-possession. He entered the chapel, congratulating himself that he had tied up the horses in time so firmly, for they had just struggled most frantically to break away.

As he walked up the aisle his nostrils were saluted with a sulphureous smell, and he rushed forward to behold at the foot of the shattered and smoking altar the prostrate form of Muta. He raised her—she hung listless in his arms. Her riding-hat had fallen off; her hair had become dishevelled and fell over her face, her habit, down to the marble steps in golden luxuriance, like rays of the lightning that had struck her. He pushed her hair aside, gazed into her face of pure, deadly whiteness, its eyes in their wide blue stare, and frantically kissed the parted lips that showed the shining pearls behind them. He chafed her hands, called her by every name of endearment, and when he had tried every expedient he could think of to revive her and found that she was dead, he flung himself on the altar and besought heaven to strike him, too, with its lightning, lifeless by the side of the beautiful corpse of his young and innocent wife.

THE ARTIST'S LOVE.

BY WM. WIRT SIKES.

Thus spake to me a dreamer, some years gone,
Who bore the name of being loveless, sad,
And wedded only to his Art—a man
Who dwelt amid the beauty he begot
Before his easel. Warm of heart, and true,
But shunning women, courteously but still
Persistently. Thus once he spake to me,
In answer to a question I had put:

"In all my life, I never knew what 'twas
To sigh for love in vain—to feel my heart
Grow dead within me, and the springs of life
Fainting in dearth of love-dews; and I keep
Youth's early green for ever blooming here.

"There's silver hair upon my head, for grief
And care have touched me, as they touch us all;
But if I'm sad, I've but to close my eyes
Upon a weary world, and turn aside
Into my other world, my world of dreams.

"There I find love that changes not, nor pales
Its fires for ever—love that burns as pure
As incense on the altar of a saint—
That feeds me kisses from sweet virgin lips
Where none have been before, to brush away the bloom—
That calls me tender names no other ear has heard,
And sings me into sleep with songs more beautiful
Than any earthly siren ever sang her love.

"Loveless? Here's love to make a jealous world
Grow mad with envy! Here's a painless love—
And other lovers know how much of pain
Their love doth bring them. Oh, a wondrous love!
That never wearies, never pales, and yields
Kisses that never cloy, joys that do grow
For ever richer, deeper, stronger. Who so blest
As this with love?"
None but the dreamer, sooth!

HINTS TO SOLDIERS FOR EMERGENCIES IN MARCH AND CAMP.

The facility with which the American, above all others, adapts himself to any position and finds resources for any emergency is unquestionable, and the general familiarity with forest life gives him an experience not usual in Europe. Still a few hints of modes of improving matters may not be amiss, and we give them with illustrations that may benefit not only soldiers in camp and on the march, but travellers and all in case of accident.

Water supply is one of the great difficulties which soldiers and travellers have to contend with. The use of the skin or paunch of an animal properly cleansed and dried will frequently be found of great service. Fig. 1 shows the mode of carrying it. This kind of vessel, common in all southern Europe and Asia for wine and water, is that referred to in the Bible, where the allusion is made to new wine in old bottles.

Fig. 2 shows a method of signalling by means of a piece of looking-glass, which may be seen for miles.

Fig. 3 is a rapid way of cutting coarse forage.

In Fig. 4 an effective mode of securing a prisoner is shown. It consists in tying his thumbs as well as his feet. The method of making rush-bottomed chairs and comfortable camp seats is shown in Fig. 5, which may be lashed firmly, and yet so as to remain flexible by a hitch, which secures them in a useful manner.

Fig. 6 shows a mode of bridging over a gap, which is sufficiently explained in the illustration.

Fig. 7 shows a method of drying damp clothes, which will be appreciated at once.

Fig. 8 represents an underground tent or hut, with two stories, the lower being simply a deep hole dug beneath the flooring of the tent, and serving, by the help of a rough branch trimmed to a sort of ladder, as a storeroom or retreat in bad weather.

Fig. 9. It is very often a difficult problem safely to descend a steep hill with a wagon. This is best effected by felling a tolerably large tree and tying its roots to the hind axletree, allowing the branches to sweep the ground. Another plan is to unharness the leaders and fasten the collar of the front horse to the back of the wagon.

Fig. 11 shows modes of securing straps, etc.; mending a broken tongue of a buckle; tying a pole to hold a weight; locking a buckle to prevent opening.

Fig. 12 is a section of a tent pitched for a long stay, and provided with a deep drain and a fireplace, the seat and table being dug out.

Fig. 13 is a handy sled to drag baggage. It is made by cutting off a branching bough and laying slats across.

In sleeping in the open air the need is not so much a cover as a shelter against the wind, for want of a wall; turf thrown up or boughs make a good protection, as seen in Fig. 14. In Fig. 16 is shown a safe method of securing the musket in such cases.

On the seaside where water is scarce, it is necessary sometimes to resort to distillation. Fig. 15 shows how easily a still may be set up. Take any iron pot, fit to it a thick wooden cover, inserting into the side the muzzle of a musket barrel, cutting the wood away so that the steam may escape into the barrel. A log is easily made into a trough on which the barrel is laid, and which, filled with water, acts as a condenser, the distilled water escaping at the nipple of the barrel into a vessel set there.

HOW THE RED RIVER FLEET WAS SAVED.

Admiral David D. Porter's official report to the Navy Department, dated at the mouth of the Red river, May 16, gives a vivid account of the ingenious devices by which the iron-clad fleet was saved. The following is the material part of the report:

The water had fallen so low that I had no hope or expectation of getting the vessels out this season; and as the army had made arrangements to evacuate the country, I saw nothing before me but the destruction of the best part of the Mississippi squadron. There seems to have been an especial Providence looking out for us in providing a man equal to the emergency. Lieut.-Col. Bailey, acting engineer of the 19th army corps, proposed a plan of building a series of dams across the rocks at the falls, and raising the water high enough to let the vessels pass over. This proposition looked like madness, and the best engineers ridiculed it; but Col. Bailey was so sanguine of success that I requested Gen. Banks to have it done, and he entered heartily in the work. Provisions were short and forage was almost out, and the dam was promised to be finished in ten days, or the army would have to leave us. I was doubtful about the time, but had no doubt about the ultimate success if time would only permit. Gen. Banks placed at the disposal of Col. Bailey all the force he required, consisting of some 3,000 men and 200 or 300 wagons. All the neighboring steam mills were torn down for material, two or three regiments of Maine men were set to work felling trees, and on the second day after my arrival in Alexandria from Grand Ecore the work had fairly begun. Trees were falling with great rapidity; teams were moving in all directions, bringing in brick and stone; quarries were opened; flatboats were built to bring down stone from above; and every man seemed to be working with a vigor I have seldom seen equalled, while perhaps not one in fifty believed in the success of the undertaking. These falls are about a mile in length, filled with rugged rocks, over which, at the present stage of water, it seemed impossible to make a channel.

The work was commenced by running out from the left bank of the river a tree dam, made of the bodies of very large trees, brush, bricks and stone, cross-tied with other heavy timber, and strengthened in every way which human ingenuity could devise. This was run out about 300 feet into the river; four large coal barges were then filled with bricks and sunk at the end of it. From the right bank of the river cribs filled with stone were built out to meet the barges. All of which was successfully accomplished, notwithstanding there was a current running of nine miles an hour, which threatened to sweep everything before it. The dam had nearly reached completion in eight days' working time, and the water had risen sufficiently on the upper falls to allow the Fort Hindman, Osage and Neosho to get down and be ready to pass the dam. In another day it would have been high enough to enable all the other vessels to pass the upper falls. Unfortunately, on the morning of the 9th inst., the pressure of water became so great that it swept away two of the stone barges, which swung in below the dam on one side.

The Lexington succeeded in getting over the upper falls just in time—the water rapidly falling as she was passing over. She then steered directly for the opening in the dam, through which the water was rushing so furiously that it seemed as if nothing but destruction awaited her. Thousands of beating hearts looked on anxious for the result. The silence was so great as the Lexington approached the dam that a pin might almost be heard to fall. She entered the gap with a full head of steam on, pitched down the roaring torrent, made two or three spasmodic rolls, hung for a moment on the rocks below, was then swept into deep water by the current, and rounded to safely into the bank; 30,000 voices rose in one deafening cheer, and universal joy seemed to pervade the face of every man present. The Neosho followed next, all her hatches battened down, and every precaution taken against accident. She did not fare as well as the Lexington, her pilot having become frightened as he approached the abyss, and stopped her engine, when I particularly ordered a full head of steam to be carried; the result was that for a moment her hull disappeared from sight under the water. Every one thought she was lost. She rose, however, swept along over the rocks with the current, and fortunately escaped with one hole in her bottom, which was stopped in the course of an hour. The Hindman and Osage both came through beautifully, without touching a thing, and I thought that if I was only fortunate enough to get my large vessels as well over the falls, my fleet once more would do good service on the Mississippi. The accident to the dam, instead of disheartening Colonel Bailey, only induced him to renew his exertions after he had seen the success of getting four vessels through.

The noble-hearted soldiers, seeing their labor of the last eight days swept away in a moment, cheerfully went to work to repair damages, being confident now that all the gunboats would be finally brought over. These men had been working for eight days and nights up to their necks in water in the broiling sun, cutting trees and wheeling bricks, and nothing but goodhumor prevailed amongst them. On the whole it was very fortunate the dam was carried away, as the two barges that were swept away from the centre swung around against some rocks on the left, and made a fine cushion for the vessels, and prevented them, as it afterwards appeared, from running on certain destruction.

Words are inadequate to express the admiration I feel for the abilities of Lieut.-Col. Bailey. This is without doubt the greatest engineering feat ever performed. Under the best circumstances, a private company would not have completed this work under one year, and to an ordinary mind the whole thing would have appeared an utter impossibility. Leaving out his abilities as an engineer, the credit he has conferred upon the country, he has saved to the Union a valuable fleet worth nearly $2,000,000. More, he has deprived the enemy of a triumph which would have emboldened them to carry on this war a year or two longer, for the intended departure of the army was a fixed fact, and there was nothing left for me to do in case that event occurred but to destroy every part of the vessels, so that the rebels could make nothing out of them. The highest honors the Government can bestow on Col. Bailey can never repay him for the services he has rendered to the country. To Gen. Banks, personally, I am much indebted for the happy manner in which he has forwarded this enterprise, giving it his whole attention night and day, scarcely sleeping while the work was going on, attending personally to see that all the requirements of Col. Bailey were complied with on the instant.

The width of the river at the dam was 758 feet, and the depth of water from four to six feet. The current ran at the rate of ten miles an hour, but in spite of all, Col. Bailey raised the depth at the main dam 5 feet 4½ inches, and at the wing dams 1 foot 2 inches, making in all 6 feet 6½ inches.

Col. Bailey, in his report, says: "To Major-Gen. Franklin, who, previous to the commencement of the work, was the only supporter of my proposition to save the fleet by means of a dam, and whose persevering efforts caused its adoption, I desire to return my grateful thanks. I trust the country will join with the army of the Gulf and the Mississippi squadron in awarding to him due praise for his earnest and intelligent efforts in their behalf.

"Major-Gen. Banks promptly issued all necessary orders, and assisted me by his constant presence and co-operation. Gen. Dwight (his chief of staff), Col. Wilson and Lieut. Sergeant, aides-de-camp, also rendered valuable assistance by their personal attention to our wants.

"Admiral Porter furnished a detail from his ships' crews, under command of an excellent officer, Capt. Langthorne, of the Mound City. All his officers and men were constantly employed, and to their extraordinary exertions, and to the well-known energy and ability of the Admiral, much of the success of the undertaking is due.

"I am also under many obligations to Maj. Sentell, Provost-Marshal, and Lieut. Williamson, Ordnance Officer of Gen. Franklin's staff; to Lieut.-Col. W. B. Kinsey, 161st N. Y. Vols.; to Lieut.-Col. U. B. Pearsall, 99th U. S. (colored) Infantry, who was my assistant; to Capt. George U. Stein, 16th Ohio Vols.; and to Capts. Harden, Morrison and Harper, of 99th U. S. (colored) Infantry, all of whom exhibited much practical knowledge and untiring zeal.

"The following is a list of the troops who constructed the dam: Pioneer Corps, 13th Army Corps, under Capt. Hutchins; 24th Indiana Vols., Lieut. Smout; 23d Wisconsin Vols., Lieut. Kimball; 29th Maine, Lieut.-Col. Emerson; 97th U. S. (colored) Infantry, Col. G. D. Robinson; and detachments from 23d and 29th Wisconsin Vols., 27th Indiana Vols., 19th Kentucky, 16th and 23d Ohio, 24th Iowa, 77th and 130th Illinois, and other regiments.

"These details worked patiently and enthusiastically by day and night, standing waist deep in the water under a broiling sun. Their reward is the consciousness of having performed their duty as true soldiers, and they deserve the gratitude of their countrymen."

Our Artist has depicted the scene with great care, that so remarkable a triumph of engineering skill should not be passed over amid the incidents daily arising. He acknowledges his indebtedness to photographs taken by Messrs. McPherson and Oliver.

The dam on the extreme right of the sketch was made of trees, with the branches up the stream, laid row above row, the alternate rows at right angles. Next came the scows, sunk by means of bricks, railroad iron, sugar-mill machinery, etc. The left of the dam, connecting with the Alexandria shore in the foreground, was made of square cribs filled with iron, etc., and sunk.

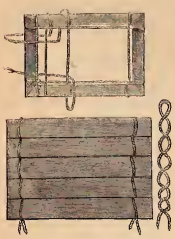
When a man happens to speak with a quiver in his voice, is it right to think his speech is an arrow-minded one?

1. WATERSKIN AND MODE OF CARRYING.

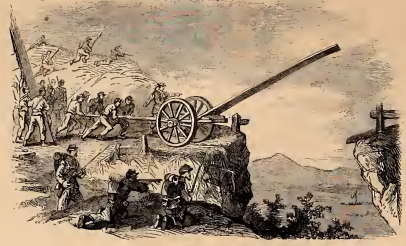
2. SIGNALLING WITH A PIECE OF LOOKING-GLASS.

3. CUTTING COARSE FORAGE INTO CHAFF.

4. EFFECTIVE MODE OF SECURING A PRISONER.



5. METHOD OF MAKING RUSH-BOTTOMED CHAIR.



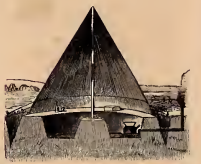
6. BRIDGING ACROSS A GAP.

7. METHOD OF DRYING DAMP CLOTHES.

8. UNDERGROUND TENT WITH TWO STOREYS.

9. METHODS OF DESCENDING A STEEP HILL.

10. FRAMEWORK FOR SMALL TENT.



12. SECTION OF TENT WITH FIREPLACE.

11. A BROKEN STRAP MENDED. MODE OF FASTENING BOTH BOXES. A STRAP PADLOCKED.

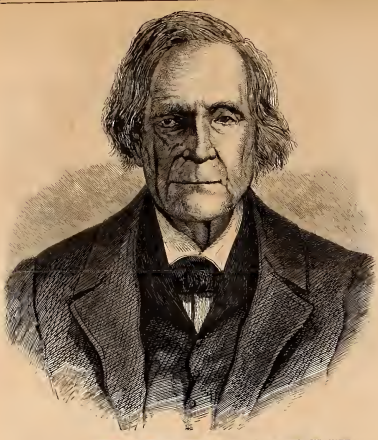
13. SLED MADE OUT OF A BOUGH.

14. SHELTER AGAINST A DRIVING WIND.

15. MODE OF DISTILLING SEA WATER.

16. SAFE MODE OF SLEEPING WITH A LOADED GUN.

HINTS TO SOLDIERS IN THE CAMP AND ON CAMPAIGN.—SEE PAGE 267.



WILLIAM HUTCHINGS, OF THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY, NOW OF PENOBSCOT, MAINE.

JONAS GATES, OF THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY, DIED JANUARY 1864.

1764. THE LAST OF THE HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION. 1864.

TWO CENTENARIAN HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION.

1764—1776—1864.

As an apposite illustration for a paper issued so near the anniversary of the birthday of American freedom, we give portraits of two of the last survivors of the Revolution, of the men whom Washington led, and by whom blood and toil the Declaration of Independance, now on the lips of grateful millions, became a reality and the cornerstone of a great republic.

William Hutchings, one of these, was born in York, in the county of the same name, in what or was then called the District of Maine, subject to the rule of Massachusetts. He saw the light in 1764, just at the close of the last struggle between the English and the French colonies, in which the last were subdued.

He was but 12 years of age at the commencement of the war, and did not of course enter the service till towards the close, but he made up by his zeal and courage for the time he was absent. He was present at the siege of Yorktown, which settled in his native district, and soon it became a thriving State. He has voted for every President, from Washington to Lincoln, has seen the country pass unscathed through successive wars, and now, having outlived a century, would die happy if he could see it once more united.

Jonas Gates, whose portrait we also present, was born at Barre, Mass., July 5, 1764, and joined his father, Capt. Gates, in the army, when only 14. His father, disabled by a severe wound, was compelled to leave the service; but his gallant son, stepping at taking his place, enlisted and fought steadily on till the independence of his country was acknowledged.

When war was again declared against England Mr. Gates came promptly forward and was made 1st Lieutenant in the 31st Infantry, April 30, 1813.

After the war he returned to Chelsea, Vermont, and resided there till after he entered his 100th year, when he died amidst his family, Jan. 14, 1864.

THE BRIG VISION.

Vision is not a bad name for one of the most visionary attempts ever made. A brig of one ton register was more of a vision than a reality, but most visionary of all subsidiary things in a voyage across the Atlantic in such a cockleshell. Yet Capt. Donovan—Donovan sounds Irish—may be a lineal descendant of these mad Irish sea rovers who in the early ages laughed at Neptune and Eolus, and made long voyages from their island in corracles or willow boats, covered with hides. They thus reached Iceland under good St. Brendan, plundered the coasts of Scotland, England and France, and carried on a pleasant trade with their Milesian country in Spain.

Her voyage. Viking Donovan, who, taking all favorable omens, made sail on Sunday afternoon, June 26, amid the greetings of thousands of spectators who broke the Sabbath stillness by their expressions of satisfaction.

The Vision is but 57 feet in length, 6 feet inches beam, and 2 feet 10 inches depth of hold. She is rigged as a hermaphrodite brig, and carries a large quantity of canvas. Her tonnage is about a ton and three quarters. She was launched at the foot of Grand street E. R., on the 17th June, and sailed with Capt. J. C Donovan, and Mr. Wm. Spencer of Providence, R. I., as Captain and crew. A lively dog Tray represents the passengers. The only provision for cooking is a lamp, the voyagers trusting mainly to corned meats for their fare and carrying 25 gallons of water to drink pure and in coffee.

When all was ready Capt. Donovan set his foresail and foretopsail and mainsail, and, giving her the jib, she was headed for Governor's Island "on the wind," and standing close in, he then "tacked ship" and rese hed over to Whitehall, when he again tacked, heading for Bedlow's Island, and making one more tack, he stood down the bay with a nice breeze, making at least eight knots.

Capt. Donovan intends to make the coast of England about Land's End, and proceed direct to London. There is no reason to doubt that the Vision will safely reach her destination. Capt. Donovan will be reported from time to time by passing vessels: so that we shall be enabled to hear of his progress over the Atlantic.

The pilot boat Wm. Bell was the first to give tidings of her, having passed her on the 28th, 47 miles east of Fire Island.

It requires some nerve for such an undertaking, and we hope he will reach London in safety, and show to the Englishmen that although we have not the largest vessel in us, we can let them see that the resolute vessel can carry the Star and Stripes across to them. If this is successfully accomplished, then let her make a note of it, that she can be sailed, in the event of a foreign war, at a fleet of our North river sloops might cross over and trouble her commerce, and perhaps destroy her coasting trade.

THE ONE TON BRIG VISION, CAPT. DONOVAN, NOW ON HER WAY ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

THE WAR IN GEORGIA—NORTHEAST VIEW OF ROCKY GAP, SHOWING JOHNSTON'S RESERVE CAMPS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. F. HILLEN.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A Yankee doctor has contrived to extract from sausages a powerful tonic, which he says contains the whole strength of the "bark." He calls it "sulphate of canine."

Rather Henpecked.—Fancy a man nibbling an apple on the sunny side of a barn, for fear his wife should see him eat it in the house.

The following dialogue is said to have taken place recently between a married couple on their travels: "My dear, are you comfortable in that corner?"
"Quite, thank you, my dear."
"Sure there's plenty of room for your feet?"
"Quite sure, love."
"And no cold air from the windows by your ear?"
"Quite certain, darling."
"Then, my dear, I'll change places with you."

The following lately appeared in the *Gospel Standard*: "The ministry: A few lovers of gospel truth are in want of a minister. One who understands gardening, bothouses and greenhouses, and who would be willing to employ himself in the same, would receive £40 per year, in addition to what might be raised by the friends. Apply," &c.

Poor Garibaldi must have had a hard time of late, for it is said that he had 267,000 applications for locks of hair from ladies. The calculation is that, after the complete exhaustion of the hero's own hair, including whiskers and beard, 123 wigs would not have met the demand.

Selling at Half Price.—A shopkeeper, in a small town, one day, marked the handkerchiefs in his window with the tempting words, "selling at half price." Shortly after, a lady who had traded with him before entered the establishment, and having looked at the handkerchiefs inquired the price.
"Fifty cents a piece," replied the shopkeeper.
"Very well," said the lady, "you may do me up a dozen."
The handkerchiefs were cut off and delivered to the lady, who gave the shopkeeper a $3 bill.
"Beg your pardon, madam, but I—ha—told you the handkerchiefs were 50 cents apiece; that is $6 per dozen."
"To be sure; I understand as much arithmetic as that; $6 is the price: half six is three—that is half price. I think they are cheap enough. Good-day, sir."
The lady shut the door. The shopkeeper opened his eyes. For five minutes he stood still as a stump, gazing vacantly at the window; biting his lips and looking very red, he quietly removed the card pinned to the handkerchiefs, and resolved to announce no more goods as selling at half price.

A naval officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his wife was sitting in the cabin with him, and filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his serenity and composure that she cried out:
"My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?"
He rose from his chair, dashed it to the deck, drew his sword, and pointing it at the breast of his wife, exclaimed:
"Are you afraid?"
She immediately answered:
"No."
"Why?" said the officer.
"Because," rejoined the wife, "I know this sword is in the hands of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me."
"Then," said he, "I know in whom I believe, and that He who holds the winds in his fists and the waters in the hollow of his hands is my father."

A good-looking fellow was arraigned recently before our police-court, charged with having stolen a watch. It was his first error, and he was ready to plead guilty. The judge addressed him in very gentle tones, and asked what induced him to commit the theft. The young man replied, having been unwell for some time, the doctor advised him to take something, which he had accordingly done. The judge was rather pleased with the humor of the thing, and asked what had led him to select a watch.
"Why," said the prisoner, "I thought if I only had the time, that nature would work a cure!"

Grace Greenwood said, in a late lecture in Philadelphia, that she believed in Henry Ward Beecher and Charles Sumner. We wonder whether Beecher and Sumner are believers in Grace.

Jeff. Davis has appointed a day of humiliation and prayer. The rebels have probably very few days of prayer, but a great many of humiliation.

We presume that Gen. Grant avoids sending many advices to Washington for fear of getting too much advice from it in return.

This cruel war will not be over till this cruel rebellion is under.

An Irishman was employed to trim some fruit trees. He went in the morning, and, on returning at noon, was asked if he had completed his work.
"No," was the reply, "but I have cut them all down and am going to trim them in the afternoon."

The South should remember that, in Solomon's time, she was the false mother who wished the child divided.

A military leader shouldn't be all head or all heart. He should be at least half pluck.

The last joke at the expense of the French Society for the Protection of Animals is to the following effect: A countryman armed with an immense club, presents himself before the President of the Society, and claims the first prize. He is asked to describe the act of humanity on which he founds his claim.
"I saved the life of a wolf," replied the countryman. "I might have easily killed him with this bludgeon;" and he swung the weapon in the air to the intense discomfort of the President.
"But where was the wolf?" inquired the latter; "what had he done to you?"
"He had just devoured my wife," was the reply.
The President reflected an instant, and then said:
"My friend, I am of opinion that you have been sufficiently rewarded."

In the Wrong Pew.—At a railway shareholders' meeting, held in London the other day, a gentleman attended, and would insist upon making a very long speech, which he did. The chairman, when he had concluded, quietly asked the orator if he had done.
"Yes, sir, quite," was the indignant reply of the seated man.
"You will consequently permit me to answer you, sir?"
"Oh, certainly, if you can; but I defy you to do that!"
"Well, then," said the chairman, calmly, and with exceedingly measured voice, looking round the room, "I think I can do so; I think I can do it to the satisfaction of yourself—I think I can do it to the satisfaction of all present—by informing you that you are in the wrong room, and addressing the wrong company. The brilliant speech you made should have been delivered at No. 6, first floor."

The Newburyport *Herald* proposes to change Byron's cynical lines:

> "Seek roses in December, grain in chaff,
> Believe a woman or an epitaph—"

thus to suit the times:

> Seek roses in December, grain in chaff,
> Believe a woman or the—telegraph.

Apropos of the Russians—a pretty young Russian demoiselle must be a Muscovy duck.

LITERARY EGOTISM.

M. Jules Janin told us recently an interesting anecdote of Dorat, which you must let me repeat to you, as I am talking of selfishness:

"There was in the last century a poet named Barthe. They still play one of his comedies: 'Les Fausses Confidences.' He was a friend of the poet Dorat. The latter, while yet young, died exhausted by every passion of debauchery and wit. There was nothing around his deathbed but faded roses, old *billet-doux*, echoless elegies, misery, desertion, destitution. A decayed actress kept watch by his pillow stuffed with thorns; even the fire scarce flickered on the hearth. Oh, misery and desolation! How true are the words of the Psalmist: 'Woe unto them that laugh!' Nevertheless, a man—it was Barthe—made his appearance in this solitude and silence; he had a huge roll of paper under his arm. The dying man said: 'Ah, it is you! Welcome! You, of all the friends I had are the only one who has come to bid me farewell—and yet my chamber is not so far from Café Procope!'

"Barthe unrolled his manuscript and said: 'Let me read you, friend Dorat, my new comedy in verse; it is entitled 'The Egoist, or the Selfish Fellow.' I am persuaded that you will be pleased with it.' The invalid moaned from his bed: 'But, my dear friend, don't you see I am dying? For Heaven's sake, have compassion on me!' The other man replied: 'Get out! you are not half dead! Besides, my comedy is not long; in three hours I'll run through the whole of it.' He smoothed his manuscript, and without pity read right on till he reached the end. After he had ceased to read, he waited, full sure that his work would be successful, for the invalid's compliments. Dorat said to him with his dying voice: 'Add, I pray you, a scene to your Egoist; depict him coming to read a comedy to his dying friend, and going away after having drank the last glass of the dying man's infusion.' So saying, he turned his face to the wall, and gave up his petty, frivolous soul, and his worthless mind. 'Oh! the egoist and envious wretch!' exclaimed Barthe, as he quitted the death-chamber, and went to carry his comedy to the playactors."

The First Striking Clock.—In the time of Alfred the Great the Persians imported in Europe a machine which presented the first rudiments of a striking clock. It was brought as a present to Charlemagne from Abdellah, King of Persia, by two monks of Jerusalem, in the year 800. Among other presents, says Eginhart, was a horologe of brass wonderfully constructed by some mechanical artifice, in which the course of the 12 hours *ad clepsydram vertebatur*, with as many little brass balls, which at the close of each hour dropped down on a sort of bells beneath, and sounded the end of the hour. There were also 12 figures of horsemen, who, when the 12 hours were completed, issued out of the 12 windows, which, till then, stood open, and returning again, shut the windows after them. It is to be remembered that Eginhart was an eye-witness of what is here described, and that he was an abbot, a skilful architect, and learned in the sciences.

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Until its Redemption, five per cent. interest is to be paid semi-annually IN COIN.

Subscriptions to the Loan are received by the National Banks in United States notes or in such currency or other funds as are taken by them on deposit at par.

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The Rate of Interest on this loan, although but five per cent. in coin is as much greater in currency as the difference between the market value of currency and gold.

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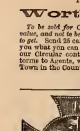

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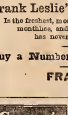

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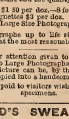

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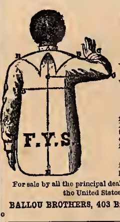

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NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 460—Vol. XVIII.] NEW YORK, JULY 23, 1864. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly. 13 Weeks $1 00.

The Late Rebel Raid into Maryland.

The authorities and people of the Maryland and Pennsylvania border, Baltimore and Washington, have just been favored with a surprise party, which will not soon be forgotten. Had the daring rebel invading column, which so unexpectedly streamed over the Potomac the other day, and over all the roads leading to Frederick city, come up out of the ground, or dropped down from the clouds, it could hardly have created more astonishment, confusion and alarm. There had been abundant and timely warning given of its approach, its strength and its purposes; but the facts were so intermixed with conflicting rumors and wild inventions, that until the sanguinary battle with and defeat of Gen. Wallace on the Monocacy river, it was impossible to tell whether the invading forces of the enemy fell short of 1,500 men, or exceed twice 15,000.

How is this mystery to be explained? How is it that neither the War Office at Washington, nor our several corps of observation scattered along the upper Potomac, knew anything definite of this daring and dangerous foray of the enemy until they startled Gen. Sigel from his fancied security at Martinsburg, and drove him down the river to Harper's Ferry, and thence across to the Maryland Heights for safety? Let us briefly answer these questions.

It was as but a few days ago that we were rejoicing over the capture of Staunton, 140 or 150 miles up the great valley of Virginia, from Martinsburg. Hunter had cleared the valley of the enemy to the very sources of the Shenandoah river, and was still pursuing them, scattering them from Staunton right and left, he pushed on, without a provision train and without depot or base of supplies, to Lynchburg. There he was repulsed; and from the heavy scavenging detachments of the enemy sent forward from Richmond to destroy him, he next discovered that his line of return, down the Shenandoah valley, was cut off, and that a retreat westward, to the Great Kenowha river and thence to the Ohio, was his only chance of escape. Accordingly he passed over the western mountain boundary of the great valley, and so to the rebel forces sent against him that valley was left completely open from Staunton down to the Potomac. The opportunity thus offered for a dashing surprise to the Marylanders and Father Abraham was too tempting to be resisted. Between Staunton and Martinsburg not a man, as it appears, had been left of our forces to watch and report the enemy's movements. And yet, from various sources, including Gen. Grant, timely warnings were given to our Federal authorities at Washington and our loyal border States directly concerned, to enable them to make the needful preparations for a decisive settlement with Early and company, with their landing on the Maryland side of the Potomac. Why this was not done it is needless now to explain. Nor would it mend the matter to discuss, in this connection, the responsibility of Gen. Hunter, the War Office, or Gen. Grant, or anybody else.

We turn, therefore, to the inquiries. Does not the Northern diversion of a large force from Lee's army afford a splendid opportunity to Gen. Grant to move upon Petersburg, or around the city upon Richmond, and why does he not act accordingly? Will our military

† CAPT. JOHN A. WINSLOW, U. S. N.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BLACK, BOSTON.—SEE PAGE 370.

THE NAVAL VICTORY OFF CHERBOURG, JUNE 19—THE PIRATE ALABAMA (290), CAPT. SEMMES, SUNK AFTER AN ENGAGEMENT OF ONE HOUR BY THE U. S. STEAMER KEARSARGE, CAPT. WINSLOW.—PAGE 374.

authorities at Washington, and of Maryland and Pennsylvania, meantime, permit even a remnant of these invading rebel foragers to get back to Richmond, without at least despoiling them of their herds of cattle and horses, and their trains of plunder? We answer, first, that we expect soon to hear that Gen. Grant has struck a blow determining the issue of this campaign and of the war; and secondly, we entertain the hope that this invading rebel column, from its bold and desperate advance into the very heart of Maryland, will not only be despoiled of its plunder, but broken up and dispersed in its retreat for Richmond. In brief, we are inclined, with one of our daily cotemporaries of this city, to the opinion that, in this Maryland strategic diversion and foraging adventure, Gen. Lee has committed a grand mistake, which Gen. Grant will turn to the most decisive advantages to the Union cause.

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Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

Nothing new comes from Grant's army. His lines are steadily advancing, and a brisk cannonade goes on at times.

On the 7th and 8th the enemy made demonstrations against the position of the 9th corps. On the 8th, in the afternoon, an attack was made on Turner's division, and on the 9th another was made on Stannard's and Martindale's divisions of the 18th corps, but they were driven back with heavy loss in both cases.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Two expeditions, under Col. Claassen and Col. Jourdan, which left Newberne on the 20th of June and penetrated into the interior of the State, with a view to keep the enemy so busy as to prevent them from sending reinforcements to Petersburg. About six miles from Kinston Col. Claassen surprised a rebel force, and took Brig.-Gen. Foulk and some other officers prisoners.

An expedition under Gen. Vodges also left Portsmouth on the 3d inst., destroyed the ferry at South Quay, together with 50,000 pounds of bacon and other stores.

MARYLAND.

The usual summer raid has come off. Grant's operations having become a siege, Lee was enabled to detach a force to scour the Shenandoah valley, just as the crops were being harvested. As usual, we were unprepared. Half a dozen Generals, with as many distinct commands, were scattered about, and the rebels, passing all, strike through Maryland to Greencastle, Penn. Meanwhile Gens. Hunter, Wallace, Mulligan, Sigel and Stahl bestir themselves.

Gen. Mulligan on July 3 engaged the rebels at Leetown, and held them in check till Sigel had withdrawn from Martinsburg. He then joined at Shepherdstown, and both fell back to Maryland heights.

Detachments of the enemy pushed on, plundering as they went, and rapidly driving off cattle, horses, [illegible] ded wagons, etc.

Hagerstown was evacuated on the 6th, our troops falling back to Greencastle.

The rebels have destroyed all the railroad property at Harper's ferry, and greatly injured the Baltimore and Ohio railroad.

On the 6th they were driven out of Middletown by the 7th Illinois and Cole's Maryland cavalry.

Ewell's corps, two brigades of Hill's corps, and all Breckenridge's command are said to have left Lee and are operating in the valley.

About 5,000 rebels were on the 8th in Middletown valley, with two guns, in the gap of the Catoctin mountains, and at the same time the rebel Gen. McCausland's brigade was at Williamsport, but they evacuated Harper's ferry the same day.

Gen. Sigel has been superseded by Gen. Alvin P. Howe.

The rebels in this invasion are supposed to number about 25,000 men, under Gens. Early and Breckenridge. Breckenridge crossed above Harper's ferry and operated west of South mountain. Early, after expecting to take our forces in the rear, crossed at Edward's ferry and joined Breckenridge near Frederick.

Gen. Lewis Wallace, finding a superior force in his front, fell back on Monocacy Bridge. On the 9th, at seven A.M., two Ohio regiments, thrown out as skirmishers, were driven across the bridge, but there held the assailants in check till three o'clock, when four rebel regiments, who had crossed below, took them in flank, and they fell back, having lost 1,000 men in killed, wounded and missing. Brig.-Gen. E. B. Tyler is among the missing.

The rebel cavalry are meanwhile operating in Pennsylvania, to gather plunder and draw off what forces they can. They also destroyed the bridges on the Northern Central and Philadelphia and Wilmington roads, capturing two trains and taking Gen Franklin prisoner. They next burned Gov. Bradford's house near Baltimore, and also Gen. Cadwallador's.

LOUISIANA.

Gen. Dick Taylor has resigned command and gone to Richmond. His successor, Gen. Walker, and Gen. Kirby Smith are conscripting without mercy to meet Gen. Canby's new campaign.

MISSISSIPPI.

The guerillas are very active, and are scouring the country between Vicksburg and Natchez, besides attacking steamers.

NAVAL.

The privateer Florida was spoken off Cape Henry on the 7th, and has already burned five vessels.

CONGRESS.

THE Senate met at 9 o'clock on the 4th of July, and assented to the Special Income Tax Bill, by 29 to 7.

The bill from the House for the relief of the publishers of the *Globe* was then considered and passed—yeas, 27; nays, 8.

Mr. Wilson called up the bill to increase the compensation to Matrons of Hospitals. Passed.

At 11½ the Senate went into Executive Session, and the doors were again thrown open at 20 minutes past 12, when it was learned that a postponement to 12½ had been made in the hour of adjournment, in which the House concurred.

The hour of 12½ having arrived, Mr. Clark, the President *pro tem*, said:

SENATORS: The time fixed by the concurrent votes of the two Houses of Congress for the adjournment has arrived. I now, therefore, wishing you, Senators, a pleasant return to your homes and families, and expressing the hope that before you again return to this Chamber the clouds that have been lowering upon our beloved country may be lifted, that the storm may be receding, that peace may again be returning, I do declare the Senate adjourned without day.

The House met at 10 o'clock, when Mr. Washburne offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That before the adjournment of the present session of Congress on this day, the 88th Anniversary of the birth of our National Independence, it is becoming and proper for the representatives of the people to renew to our officers, soldiers and seamen engaged in the present struggle for the suppression of the rebellion against our Government, our profound and heartfelt thanks for their services, and our sympathy for their sufferings, and to congratulate them on their successes and their triumphs, and to express the hopes of a speedy termination of the contest, and their return to the peaceful pursuits of life.

Messrs. Stevens, Washburne, of Illinois, and Dawson were appointed a committee to wait upon the President and inform him that the House, having completed its business, was ready to adjourn if he had no further communications to make.

Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, from the joint Committee to wait upon the President, reported: "We have performed that duty. He has no further communication to make; but says, 'God bless you all!'"

Mr. Fenton, of New York, suggested that the Declaration of Independence be read.

Mr. Cox, of Ohio, said that was a revolutionary document, and the Republicans were revolutionists. The document would give aid and comfort to the rebels, which the Republicans sought to do.

The Clerk then read the declaration of Independence.

Mr. Whaley, of West Virginia, asked that the Inaugural Address of Thomas Jefferson be read.

Mr. Amos Myers, of Pennsylvania—And Jefferson's Notes on Virginia.

Mr. Eldridge, of Wisconsin—And Abraham Lincoln's Inaugural Address.

Mr. Pendleton, of Ohio, introduced a resolution to increase the pay of the House clerks and employés 20 per centum, which was agreed to.

A message was received from the Senate, extending the time of adjournment till 12½.

The yeas and nays were taken on agreeing to this, and the time was thus consumed, when the Speaker arose and said:

Gentlemen of the House of Representatives:

The hour of adjournment has arrived, and I wish you one and all a happy re-union with family and friends in the charmed home circle. Thanking you for the kind and generous manner in which you have sustained me in the administration of the difficult and responsible duties of the Chair, and hoping and trusting when we reassemble in these halls next December, Providence may have so crowned the endeavors of our heroic defenders in the field, that we may be permitted to rejoice over the full realization of the prayer of so many millions of our constituents, "God save the American Republic." I do now, in accordance with the concurrent resolution of both Houses, declare the first session of the House of Representatives of the 38th Congress of the United States adjourned, *sine die*.

AN old Indian, who had witnessed the effect of whiskey for many years, said a barrel labelled "Whiskey" contained 1,000 songs and 60 fights.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE London Conference for the settlement of the Danish question has broken up without having arranged anything. The people of England seem strongly inclined to take sides with the Danes, but the Queen and German party are very strong, and would appear to have persuaded Palmerston to remain neutral. The Derby party were on the point of testing the question in the House of Commons, and should they carry it, the ministers would be obliged either to resign or appeal to the country for a new Parliament. It was, however, expected that the ministers would have a small majority. Despite the warlike enthusiasm of the people, and the desire of the Tories to embarrass Lord Palmerston, it was not thought that England would go to war with Germany, which has been for centuries her traditional ally against France. Should, however, such a contingency happen, it must inevitably lead to a general war, since England would, with her usual unscrupulousness, arouse Poland, Hungary and Venetia. She would also assist Garibaldi to collect and set in action the revolutionary element, which would compel Louis Napoleon to decide at once between allying himself with the despots, or assisting England to fight Germany.

The recent destruction of the Alabama by the Kearsarge is much commented on by the French and English press. In Paris there is only one journal that takes a fair view of the case, the others sympathising with the pirate, and belittling the victory. Semmes had left England and arrived in Paris. It is openly boasted that there is a superior ship to the one he has lost nearly ready for him in a French port. It is said that our Minister, Mr. Dayton, has made strong representations to the French Government on this question. It is very certain that in France we have even fewer friends than in England.

The war between the Danes and the Germans was to recommence on the 27th of June. Both parties were deeply exasperated. There was some expectation of the Swedes giving material aid to the Danes, but without France or England interfered, the numerical superiority of the Germans must necessarily overcome all opposition. The largest force Denmark could raise was 40,000, and even if Sweden sent 70,000, as talked of, these would be no match for the overwhelming numbers of the Germanic Confederation.

In the House of Lords, on the 27th of June, Lord Russell laid on the table the protocols of the Dano-German Conference, and after entering most minutely into the circumstances which led to the convening of the Conference, and the various proposals made there, announced that the British Government seeing all the propositions had been rejected by both Denmark and the German Powers, had decided not to take up arms for Denmark unless the integrity of the Danish Islands proper was threatened. He declared that they had done everything in their power to preserve peace, and their efforts having failed, they could rest satisfied that they had done everything possible for the honor and interest of the country. Lord Derby did not share the confidence the Government seemed to have felt in the Conference and its negotiations; thought it was impossible that anything but failure should ensue from such a Conference, and believed the Government would have to defend itself against the charge of having displayed feebleness and vacillation.

In the House of Commons, on the same day, Lord Palmerston presented the protocols relating to the proceedings of the Conference, and recounted the circumstances which led to the war. The question of the policy pursued towards Canada was discussed at considerable length. Official dispatches state that the Prussians commenced attacking the fortifications on the morning of the 26th inst., and that German steamers had passed the canal of the Eider, and were moored under the cannon of Fredericksort. The Allies no longer consider themselves bound by the concessions made by them at the Conference. Austria will henceforth fulfil her duty as a German Power without regard to her special interests. An engagement is expected to take place in a few days between the Danish and German fleets. The Copenhagen Rigsraad was opened June 25. The speech from the throne has the following: "We have recently learned for how little the clearest right reckons in Europe, and how isolated we are. We therefore acceded to the painful sacrifice of the country south of the Schlei. The enemy demands more, but we reply negatively, being convinced that the people agree with us." A telegram from Dantzic, of June 27, says: "Three Danish ships-of-war, which came in under a flag of truce, have announced the removal of the blockade. Twenty days have been allowed to neutral vessels to leave the port." The new King of Wurtemberg declares that he will maintain the constitution. Negotiations have been entered into between the Porte and the Viceroy of Egypt for the conclusion of a treaty to replace the garrison of Tunis by Egyptian troops.

TOWN GOSSIP.

NEW YORK city is but a reaction of the nation!

Whatever agitates the country is felt far more forcibly in New York than in any other part. She is the pulse of the nation, the financial and political centre; the spot to which all the operators, from the President and the Secretary of the Treasury, down to the smallest lobby member, looks for endorsement and success. Should Wall street shake its head ominously, down go our national securities, and the wire-pullers at Washington and elsewhere tremble in their shoes. If there is commotion among the politicians, all the country stands still until the matter is settled and they see what New York is going to do.

And yet with its immense wealth and great importance, this great city suffers itself to be overslaughed and trampled on in a way perfectly marvellous to behold. In the distribution of favors from Washington she is always overlooked and snubbed. Disbelievers on this point have only to look about them at the numberless places of honor and profit within the gift of the people and the Government, and see how seldom the name of a New Yorker fills one of them. Even in our local patronage, strangers are thrust upon upon us, and the chances are very small that if there is an office of exceeding goodness to be given away, but what a Jersey man or New England man gets it.

With our State Government this rule applies still more forcibly. In all our connections with the State, we are positively snubbed and browbeaten, until the matter becomes perfectly unbearable. Country members from the Western and Northern parts in the State Legislature, who know as little about the wants of New York as a pig knows about a hoopskirt, and who have never been to the city except upon their yearly spree, when they are so absorbed in vice and dissipation that they can see no virtue, make our laws, and enforce upon us restrictions and annoyances that they would not for an instant think of imposing on themselves. New York, they say, is one charnel house of corruption. Gentlemen, we answer, the corruption of New York is made by yourselves and your like. Go to any disreputable place in this city and question the proprietors, and they will tell you that their living depends on their "country trade." Ask hotel-keepers, drinking-shop men, who are the most reckless of their visitants, and they will answer, "Members of the Legislature, country merchants and country people, who, having a little money, come deliberately to the city to have a good time," and they have it regardless of all consequences.

We did not begin this with the intention of making a lecture, but as the matter has gone into that line, we shall only follow it by saying, that we believe the country to be far more vicious than the city, and that the country sends all her rogues—for whom the rural districts are too hot—to us. We believe that, left to itself, New York would be the most moral population on the face of the earth. She is too busy to be wicked.

To rectify this matter, we see but one remedy, and to that we must come, sooner or later. That is, that New York must be a free city. She is becoming so great that she must be a State within herself. She must have perfect freedom from all law but Federal law and law of her own making. At this moment her connection with the State demoralises her and keeps down her growth and commercial importance.

Think of it, merchants, politicians and people, for it must surely come!

Of late years it has become the custom for those who are rurally disposed to await the going by of the 4th of July, and upon the 5th, or as soon thereafter as possible, to hurry into summer quarters. In the olden time August was the month for ruralization; but now, under our superior wisdom, July is selected, and it is not uncommon to see families go out for that month, and return to the city in the following—the most unhealthy of the year—to occupy close, unwholesome quarters, with a family of young children. Those who go with children to the country should stay there until the first frost, which kills the summer miasma of the town, and once more makes it habitable.

Talking of the country brings us naturally to the means of getting there, and a disgusted survey of the means of travel. At this season, more than any other, it seems to us that those who are entrusted with our lives and limbs grow more reckless and brutal than at any other. We cannot go a hundred miles upon car or steamer that the fact is not thrust at us in the most startling way. As illustration, we will give one or two experiences of the past week.

The Thomas Collyer and Mary Powell are rival boats on the Hudson, and start out the same hour of the evening. A few nights since the Collyer ran close to the Powell, and managing to get in her suction, kept up with her for half an hour. During this time the boats came several times into collision, and the passengers of both were terrified beyond measure, the Powell having nearly 2,000 on board. The officers of both boats knew of the panic they were creating, and yet nothing suited them better than this same reckless racing. At last, whether by threats or an awakening to his danger we do not know, the captain of the Powell was induced to haul off and stop his boat, allowing the other to go by.

Of such material is a terrible accident made.

Again, on the Erie road, we have frequently seen a train come down, loaded with passengers, and so great a scarcity of cars, that hundreds of people, ladies as well as men, have had to stand for hours; but we counted the climax capped when we saw, last week, a woman, with a child in her arms, standing from Elmira to Binghampton, while a burly conductor was seated within six feet of her, comfortably reading a newspaper! This is a fact, and not an uncommon one, and if farther instances of the impudence and brutality of the employés on this road are wanted, we can give them from personal experience, backed by undeniable proof.

As we are just now in the mood for grumbling, we will take one more turn at a violation of the sovereignty of the individual, and wonder how it is that New Yorkers bear the annoyances they have put upon them every hour of their lives. As though it were not enough to be obliged to live in a city anyhow, they allow every selfish, money-grubbing wretch to add to the discomfort by creating stenches and noises in their very midst. At this moment we are writing in what is termed "a good neighborhood," which signifies that respectable families occupy all the dwellings of the street; and yet, in the very next street, between ourselves and the soft, southern wind, is what is called a packing-house, and the said soft, southern wind comes laden with the aroma of pork drying and fat smelting, to the utter discomfort and ill-health of a hundred families; while not a hundred yards farther is a factory, the roar of whose escaping steam destroys the peace and quiet of twice as many more of its neighbors.

Now this would not be tolerated in any first-class city of Europe, and we have only to point to London and Paris, and their laws for the suppression of such nuisances, for verification of this assertion. London does not even allow a workshop in its midst to belch out smoke, though that is a small annoyance, but compels it to use a smoke-consuming engine. When will New York grow sensible?

The ladies having partially recovered from the effects of the Sanitary Fair, are naturally looking about for a new sensation, and flatter themselves they have found it in the idea of Naval Fairs—not affairs. There is just now a movement on foot among the lady workers in benevolent projects to do something for the sailors. They propose to lead off in New York with a gigantic fair, managed and attended solely by their sex, and by so doing to lay the foundation of some permanent aid to Jack.

We do not wish to throw cold water on anything having a good motive, but we really think that Jack is above charity just now. We fancy that the sailor has had the cream of this war. He has suffered little or no exposure, a very small per centage of loss of life, and has realised plenty of prize-money. A United States seaman has just 500 per cent advantage over the soldier in every way, and therefore we contend that whatever our citizens have to bestow should go to those who are suffering in the field. At all events, if the ladies do go on in their praiseworthy efforts, they will do it by themselves, and not call in aid from the other sex to encourage all the petty swindling and disgraceful proceedings that were connected with the Sanitary Fair.

How strange it is that a false pride should keep so many thousands of the young girls of New York, who are now suffering from insufficient wages, out of domestic labor. While at this moment the female workers in factories are barely earning enough, by long and steady labor, to keep body and soul together, the domestic servant is waxing fat and independent, dressing expensively and saving money. The difference simply is that the working-girl, with her four or five dollars a week, cannot more than pay her board, washing and provide herself with the most economical of wearing apparel, and at the end of the year come out without a cent and without having enjoyed the luxuries of life. The house-servant, on the contrary, receives from seven to twelve dollars a month and board, and, in many cases, gifts of clothes, bonnets, etc., that, if she is disposed to be economical, do away with all necessity for buying, and allow her to save her entire wages. When will our thousands of half-fed, half-clothed working-girls look on this in sensible light?

From all these solemn subjects let us, with one spring, alight amid something more merry, and talk of how New York is amusing herself.

There is a farce among managers of late years, called "closing for the season," which has got to mean a cessation of performance one, or possibly two nights, and a reopening with something new. This farce most of the theatres have been playing, and, though they are supposed to be closed, are grinding away on new plays to tolerable houses, which at this season must be reckoned as good.

Wallack's re-opened with "The Winning Suit," a translation from an old German play by Raupach, called "The School of Life," and rendered to the English stage by a Mr. Filmore, a sub-editor on the London *Times*. It lacks originality, and the language is poor, running from prosy prose to blank verse and back again.

The story is that of a Princess Orella (Miss Avonia Jones), who refuses to marry the King of Arragon (Fisher), whom her uncle, the King of Castile (Mr. Morton), has selected for her, though she has never seen him. Partly for this, and partly from being compromised by some foolish flirtation with the Marquis De Villa Neva (Mr. Williamson), she is imprisoned by her uncle, from which she is liberated by Count Roderic (Mr. Davenport), who is also plotting, though with what design is not very clear, for her marriage with the King of Arragon, and from the prison flies, as a place of refuge, to a wayside inn, and takes service as a waiting maid. Here she meets with one Don Pedro, a wealthy goldsmith, and on 10 minutes acquaintance—a very imprudent act—goes off with him. The princess being in search of true love, and not caring particularly who gives it, finally on slight compulsion chooses to marry the goldsmith for protection, though we don't exactly see it. The result is that the goldsmith turns out to be the King of Arragon, and the princess has turned trumps. We can only say that the piece is cloudy and improbable, and not calculated to keep the stage; nothing but the superior acting of Miss Avonia Jones and the company, combined with its superior setting-up, saving it from utter condemnation.

At Niblo's Lucille Western, a pretty woman and clever, produces "The Sea of Ice," a cooling affair for

the season. We shall have more to say of her next week.

At the Broadway Theatre appears her sister, Belen, another pretty and stylish woman, in that wonderful piece of semi-nudity, "The French Spy."

The Olympic has the main portion of Barrison's company in English opera. The dresses and scenery are excellent, the leading members good, the orchestra small and bad, and the chorus wretched. "Fra Diavolo" next week.

The Winter Garden is still closed, and no announcement made for its opening.

Barnum is putting in a few astonishers for this week, the most prominent of which is a box four and a half feet high, three feet wide, and two feet thick, from which its maker, Herr Nadolski, takes 200 pieces of household furniture, such as tables 12 feet long, dozens of chairs, desks, fancy boxes, a throne, candelabras, with lighted candles, a dinner service for 24 people, and various trifles of a like kind. There is something so really wonderful in this box that we hardly trust ourselves to give a truthful description lest it should seem too utterly away from truth. It must be seen before it can be believed, and hardly then.

With the exit of Heller, another deft handler of the magical wand has sprung into the public arena, having the advantage of youth, beauty, and being a woman. Senorita Isabel Salados, a full-blooded, dark-eyed Spanish girl of about twenty, made a quiet advent at Hope Chapel, Broadway, opposite the New York hotel, during the past week. She is very clever, does all her tricks without apparatus, and manages to please her audience by a naive, pleasant way of speaking, with just the least touch of old Spain's silvery music in her tongue. The senorita gives us all the new ideas, including Davenport-ism.

One the finest actresses ever seen on the New York stage—Madame Ponisi—is about leaving us for a starring tour through the States. Madame Ponisi, through a series of years, has justly earned the estimation of every playgoer, and will certainly have a success wherever a true artiste and and a beautiful woman is appreciated. It will be many years before New Yorkers will see a better Lady Macbeth, or a finer melo-dramatic actress.

A meeting of the profession has been called by somebody styling themselves "the committee," at the Astor House, to strike, as it is supposed, for higher wages. We shall report progress, and wish for their success. If they are so, we advise literature to take the same step.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The President, in accordance with the joint resolution of Congress, has issued a proclamation appointing the first Thursday in August next as a day of humiliation and prayer for the people of the United States, recommending them to confess and repent of their manifold sins, and implore the compassion and forgiveness of the Almighty; and to pray that, if consistent with His will, the existing rebellion may be speedily suppressed, and the supremacy of the Constitution and laws of the United States be established throughout the States; that the rebels may lay down their arms and speedily return to their allegiance, that they may not be utterly destroyed; that the effusion of blood may be stayed, and that amity and fraternity may be restored and peace established throughout our borders.

—— It is understood that, as a matter of justice to himself, Mr. Fessenden will immediately announce to the country the exact condition of the public finances on the 30th of June last, including all outstanding indebtedness. It is said to be his desire to relieve the stringency of the money market, in order to facilitate investments in Government bonds, and as there is now due to the army about $60,000,000, it is believed that the printing of this amount of Treasury notes without delay will effect this object. From the embarrassed condition in which the public finances have been transmitted to his charge, Mr. Fessenden finds it impossible to enter upon a contraction of the currency for many months. It is estimated that it will require the issue of $200,000,000 more currency to attract conversions into long bonds; but when contraction is undertaken it will be done gradually, and so as not too suddenly to disturb trade in commercial circles; and these movements towards contraction will not be confided to a few, but made known to all at the same time.

—— Gold on the 8th of July reached 269.

—— The 4th of July was celebrated in San Francisco with great spirit. Dr. Bellows delivered the oration, which denounced the Mexican monarchy and announced the death of slavery.

—— The Tammany Society of New York celebrated the 4th July, listened to a patriotic address by Gen. Hiram Walbridge, and resolved, "that whoever, under any circumstances and under any pretext, advocates the separation of the United States and the consequent overthrow of the American Union, is a traitor to constitutional liberty and deserves a traitor's doom."

—— The New Bedford *Mercury* says that the boys of that city, having passed through the coin fever, the postage-stamp fever and the hen fever, are now in the very crisis of the bird-egg fever. One little fellow has a collection of eggs of more than 100 different birds.

—— "Spooking Around," is the name of a new crime which the Chicago police have invented. A man who was arrested last week for "spooking around" a west-end doorway, and refused to move off, was fined $4.

—— Daniel Werley, of Weisenberg township, Lehigh county, Pa., drafted last August, was discharged by paying commutation money. He was again drafted on the 1st of June, when it was decided by Major Baddock, Provost-Marshal, that he was again liable to service. Application being made at Washington, Provost-Marshal-General Fry decided that the person's payment of commutation exempted him for three years, and that the last payment must be refunded.

—— The Philadelphia papers complain that the deer given by that city to the Central Park of New York have been so cruelly treated that all have died except eight. They also allege that all the animals are infamously neglected.

—— The New York Free Academy had their prize speaking at the Cooper Institute, on Friday evening, July 8. It was remarkable for the numbers, beauty and respectability of the audience, three-fourths of which were ladies. The two best speakers were George W. Birdseye and Charles M. Hibbard, the latter of whom possesses every element of the orator, being impassioned and natural in his action, and managing his voice with great skill. Mr. Birdseye spoke his own translation from Schiller, which was excellent. Luther M. Fuller's war speech was well delivered, and drew marked applause. Dodworth's band attended, and played between the parts some beautiful selections from Rossini, Verdi and Gounod.

Personal.—Capt. J. A. Winslow, of the gunboat Kearsarge, who distinguished himself by destroying the rebel steamer Alabama, was born in Wilmington, N.C., in 1811. His father was from the old Plymouth stock of Winslows, his mother was a Southern woman. At the age of 14 years, through the influence of Daniel Webster, John entered the Navy as midshipman. He frequently advised the Navy Department to strengthen the blockading force off Cherbourg. He said he would do his best, and he certainly has done well.

—— Hon. D. S. Dickinson has written a letter to Secretary Seward, declining the position offered him, as Commissioner on the part of the Government of the United States for the settlement of the claims of the Hudson's Bay and Puget's Sound Agricultural Companies, on the ground that its acceptance would conflict with his established present and future purposes.

—— The gentleman who saw Gen. Harker fall at Resacca, thus describes it: "With his cap in his raised hand, cheering on his men, who wavered beneath the withering fire that swept their ranks, fell Brig.-Gen. Charles G. Harker, shot through the side. Gen. Harker was a native of Mulligan Hill, New Jersey. He was a graduate of West Point and a Captain in the 15th Regulars. At the commencement of the war he was appointed to the Coloneley of the 65th Ohio, and was commissioned as Brigadier [illegible], 1863, for his bravery at the battle of C[illegible] two horses at Chicamauga; was wounded and had his horse killed at Mission ridge; was also wounded and had his horse killed at Resacca. By the death of Gen. Barker the country has lost a brave soldier and efficient officer; his men an officer whom they gloried in following, and who was always foremost where duty and danger called him. He has fallen in the prime of manhood, being but 27 years of age; but he has left a name that history will record with pride. He was a fine, handsome-looking young man. Brave Barker! Little I thought, when I saw you proudly lead on your men that I would so soon see your corpse!"

—— Garibaldi has been elected Grand Master of the Italian Freemasons.

Naval.—A very daring and hazardous expedition, which proved quite successful, was undertaken by Capt. Cushing, of the U. S. Navy, in the vicinity of Wilmington, N. C., on the 24th June, in a cutter with only 16 men. He ran ashore, concealed his men by day, and made a regular reconnoissance of the suburbs of Wilmington. He captured a courier with a valuable mail, took several prisoners, and ran the gauntlet of the rebel gunboats in getting back, which he did safely, after an absence of three days and two nights.

—— The recent fight between the Alabama and the Kearsarge is a pretty convincing proof that the American sailors are as famous for their gunnery as they were in 1812.

Obituary.—Ex-Gov. Andrew B. Reeder, died at Easton, Pa., on the morning of the 5th of July. He was a native of Northampton county, Pa., and was brought up as a lawyer. On the passage of the Kansas Nebraska bill President Pierce appointed him Governor of the former territory, of which he did much to develope the resources. He was a very able and honest man, and for a politician was remarkable for single-mindedness of purpose.

—— Geo. P. Morris, the well-known author of "Woodman Spare that Tree," died in New York on the 6th of July. He was born in Philadelphia, Oct. 10th, 1802, but removed at a very early age to this city, where, when in his 15th year, he commenced his literary career by writing verses for the New York *Gazette*. In August, 1823 in conjunction with Samuel Woodworth, he commenced the publication of the New York *Mirror*, a journal which employed some of the best literary talent of the country, and was one of the most prominent periodicals of its class, until Dec. 31, 1842, when it was discontinued under the financial disasters of the times. In 1843 he associated himself with Mr. Willis in the publication of the New York *Mirror*. In 1844 he established a daily paper called the *Evening Mirror*. At the close of 1845 he commenced alone a weekly journal called the *National Press*, the title of which he changed in 1846 to that of the *Home Journal*, and from that time until his death he and Mr. Willis conducted it. Though well-known as a journalist, he was much more widely-known as a song-writer, and as such was one of the most popular of his day. Millions of copies of his "Woodman Spare that Tree" are said to have been circulated, and, with others, as "We Were Boys Together," "Land, Ho!" "Long Time Ago," "The Origin of Yankee Doodle," "My Mother's Bible," &c., proved sources of great profit to their publishers. The melodies for many of his songs were written by Balfe, Sir John Stephenson and other distinguished English composers, and have been sung in public by Malibran, Russell, Madame Anna Bishop and many other celebrated vocalists. Various editions of his poems have been published, including one in 1840 with illustrations by Weir and Chapman. In 1853 he published a volume entitled "The Deserted Bride and other Poems," and he afterwards edited a volume of American melodies. In 1837 he produced a successful drama, entitled "Brier Cliff," founded on incidents in the American Revolution. In 1842 he wrote the libretto of the opera of "The Maid of Saxony." He has also published a volume of prose sketches, entitled "The Little Frenchman and his Water Lots." Mr. Morris was for some time a Brigadier-General in the New York State Militia. For many years he resided at Undercliff, a country seat on the Hudson, nearly opposite West Point.

—— King Wilhelm I., of Wurtemberg, whose death has just occurred, was the oldest of the monarchs of Europe. He was born in 1781, and was therefore, at the time of his death, in the 83d year of his age. He was the second King of Wurtemberg, having succeeded his father, Frederic I., in 1816. He took, in 1812, and the following years, a prominent part in the war of Germany against France, and distinguished himself in several battles. In 1819 he granted to his subjects a constitution, which is still in force. In 1848 he opposed, like all German princes, the Federal Constitution. More recently his Government gained some popularity by its attitude in the question of a reconstruction of Germany, and in the Schleswig-Holstein question. King Wilhelm is succeeded by his son, the Crown Prince Charles Frederic Alexander, who is married to the Russian Grand Duchess Olga, a sister of the Emperor of Russia.

Accidents and Offences.—A couple of miners at Washoe fought a duel recently, with pickaxes for weapons. They were placed a rod apart, and advanced on a given signal. One hurled his pick at his antagonist and buried it in his eye. The wounded man lingered some days in horrid agony.

—— A school-teacher in Newport has been complained of to the authorities for resorting to a new and cruel style of punishment. She abolished the birch and cowhide, but compelled her refractory pupils to hold aloes in their mouths for a number of hours. Several children have been made severely sick by the operation.

—— Abel Stearns, of Los Angelos, California, is the largest cattle and landowner in the United States. This year his stock consisted of 48,000 cattle, besides 9,000 calves. He lost 7,000 cattle last winter through want of food.

—— Robert J. Walker is reported to be suffering from feeble health, caused by the effects of an amateur balloon excursion, taken in London in October last. The balloon went up very suddenly, and the rarefaction of the air affected Mr. Walker severely. He has gone to Egypt to recruit.

—— On the morning of the 5th July a fire broke out at the water-cure establishment, Saratoga, and despite all efforts of the firemen was destroyed. The patients made their escape. Two or three stores and one boarding-house were likewise destroyed.

—— Gurney & Sons' store was robbed on the 4th July of about $1,000 worth of property.

Foreign.—There are 188 political journals in Switzerland, and 157 devoted to literature, art, &c.; 9 journals appear seven times a week, and 31 six times; there are 75 weekly, 57 semi-weekly, and 22 tri-weekly papers. The press is unmuzzled in this model republic of the world.

Odds and Ends.—There is a good sense of drollery in the fact that the prisoners of Clichy returned Alex. Dumas's works, of which he had recently made them a present, with the remark that the effort to read and be amused by them would considerably enhance the severity of the punishment they were already suffering.

—— The female operatives of the Waltham Watch Company struck for higher wages the other day. One of them said it was almost impossible to live in these times on the wages she was paid. She appeared to enter her complaint in a dress that cost $60!

—— A most brilliant ball was given lately at Buckingham Palace, the number of invitations to which were between 1,800 and 1,900. The Princess of Wales wore a rich white satin dress, covered with tulle, houffants of tulle and ruches of white crape; a veil of tulle over the dress, ornamented with jet, with lilies of the valley, and with large white lilies. Head-dress, a tiara of diamonds; necklace, brooch, and ear-rings of pearls.

—— Two Parisians recently married, one a beautiful the other an extremely frightful woman. They were discussing the merits of their wives. Said the one who had espoused the beauty, "Your wife is so very ugly!" "Ah, yes," replied the other, "if not externally beautiful, she is beautiful within." "Then," answered the first, "why don't you turn her inside out?"

—— At the drawing-room held by the Princess of Wales on behalf of the Queen, on the 14th June, Mrs. Adams presented Mrs. Lloyd Aspinwall, of New York, Miss Wilson, niece of the Secretary of Legation, and Miss M. Viall, of Rhode Island. Mr. Adams presented Col. Lloyd Aspinwall, of New York.

—— A schoolmarm, in England, has adopted a new and novel mode of punishment. If the boys disobey her rules, she stands them on their heads and pours cold water into their trousers leg.

—— The term "bully boy," that has been regarded as too slangy for refined ears, is a coinage of the late Washington Irving, who applied to Ready-Money Jack, in one of his delightful Bracebridge Ball Sketches, and does not seem to think how he is to offend the fastidious by it.

—— The bicentenary of the capture of New York city by the British is rapidly drawing near, occurring on the 3d of next September. The metropolis has borne its present name nearly 200 years.

—— It is the most momentous question a woman is ever called on to decide, whether the faults of the man she loves will drag her down, or whether she is competent to be his earthly redeemer.

—— Late Paris fashions say bonnets are worn much lower in front, and, although still very much ornamented with various styles of trimming, are worn very narrow at the sides. The curtains are now worn exceedingly large. The materials are straw, or tulle and rice. Wheat ears, crape, crystal drops, all kinds of flowers, leaves and buds form ornaments now in fashion, as a great scope is given in the variety permitted for selection.

—— It has been stated that Dr. Grussalbock, of the University of Upsala, lately restored to activity a snake which had been frozen to torpidity for 10 years. It is also reported that he proposes to the Swedish Government to experiment on criminals. He proposes to reduce the individual to complete torpor by the gradual [illegible]tion of cold, and to resuscitate him after a year or two.

—— During the war of 1812 Mr. Madison called Petersburg the "cockade of the Union" in one of his annual messages, on account of the patriotic spirit displayed by its citizens.

—— An ancient Roman sword, having a gold hilt, set with precious stones, was found lately at Beiligkreuz, near Treves. The blade was nearly destroyed by rust, but the hilt was in perfect preservation.

—— The following paragraph appears in Meyerbeer's will: "I leave to the Association of Musical Artists in Paris, presided over by Baron Taylor, and of which I have been a member for many years, the sum of 10,000 francs. This money to be invested for the benefit of said association, and the interest to be expended on indigant musicians."

—— The British Government has directed the stoppage of work on the capital buildings, at Ottawa, Canada, until the termination of our war.

CHIT-CHAT WITH THE LADIES.

WE have been wishing for rain for a good while. Direful prognostications of the state of "crops" and orchards in case the drought should continue have been uttered—and people fanned themselves and shook their heads, and signified by various wise hints and glances their opinion that we were never to have any more rain, or at least not until the want of it had brought famine upon the land.

Now as I write the clouds gather and a shower seems close at hand, and how many are thankful for it I should like to know? There will be plenty of frowns and gloomy faces.

"Just to-day, when we were going on a picnic," murmur half-a-dozen.

"This morning, of all others, when I intended to call on Miss Smith in my new bonnet," pouts Miss Brown.

"Always so," fumes good aunt Mary, "just as the wash was hung on the lines."

"Raining, when I am out shopping, without an umbrella."

"Raining when Miss Angelina is to be married in church. When Tompkins and his party are out with their yacht. When the Sunday School are having their excursion!"

Every one wanted rain. But not to-day—no one ever does. It's a fixed fact that human beings are never contented with the weather. Rain or shine, cold or heat, calms or gales, some one always grumbles.

Travelling Companions.

Newspapers are just now boasting of the fact that the colored ladies and gentlemen are admitted to all the public conveyances. We suppose we ought to rejoice also. But somehow we never could bring ourselves to enter those cars of the Sixth Avenue line which bore the placard—last week banished for ever—"Colored persons allowed in this car," and our prejudices will not vanish at any one's bidding. There are white folks, we admit, who are not more agreeable fellow-travellers than the negro, and unless you know exactly beside whom you are seated and are certain he has not just come from a dwelling afflicted with the smallpox, yellow fever or hoopingcough, it is not pleasant to be crowded up against him as the victims of stage and railroad companies are now crowded.

If we had a vote we should say—admit the man and brother by all means—but for the sake of humanity, afterwards refrain from jamming passengers together like pigs in a box. We cannot all keep our own carriages, and there are no sedan chairs in these days, therefore, if the negro is "allowed" in any car, we petition the stage companies to divide the seats as they are divided in places of amusement—so much room for each person—and no one admitted after the vehicle holds the allotted number; otherwise, we fear that if the colored population increases we must walk or have recourse to cabs, which are expensive.

The Song-Writer of America.

General Morris has gone—he will write no more—his last verse is penned, unless, indeed, the spiritualists are right, and that which we loved and did in this world we shall love and do in the next.

How fast they fall, those who filled the pages of the periodicals which were new when the old men of the day were young—one after the other—greater or lesser—lights on the literary horizon. This year has seen very many pass away. Ere it is over, how many more shall go? Who can answer?

Pretty Women.

Beauty is a matter of taste. Of all things in the world it is most difficult to discover whether a woman you have never seen is pretty or the reverse. You may ask every one who is acquainted with her and receive such different replies from each one as will only serve to puzzle you the more. Your friend Brown will go into ecstacies over her, and pronounce her "Charming." Miss Smith, on the contrary, will ejaculate, "Pretty! dear me, no! who ever thought of calling Kitty Jones pretty!" Other female friends will declare the same with variations.

Tompkins will think her "passable," and collecting all the evidence, you will find the same girl called "lovely," "a fright," "sweet," "a little nobody," "fascinating," "common place," "plain," and "distinguished." Other girls absolutely cannot see her [illegible] has any. Some men worship at other shrines, and do not admire "her style," while others still are taken by a smile or soft whisper, and forgetting what fascinated them call it beauty. Therefore though you may look in the glass, and pronounce a favorable verdict on your own countenance, remember half your world will not agree with you, and though you may bemoan a lack of good looks, somewhere under the sun you have at least one admirer. Beauty after all is only an idea. No two pair of eyes agree perfectly.

Gallantry.

Do you know what we saw a gentleman do in a Fifth Avenue omnibus the other day? You'll hardly believe it when we tell you. But on the word of a scribbler it is true.

It was a sunny day, just at the hour when the sun's rays are strongest, and the shady side of the "bus" was full while the opposite was empty. A lady stopped the stage, and approached, and a gentleman, absolutely, positively in these degenerate days, left his shady seat, and bestowed himself in the sun that the new-comer might be comfortable. Did it before she entered too, in the quietest and most unobtrusive way, so that we fancy she never noticed it.

We have ridden in omnibuses often, but we never saw such a thing done before, and never expect to again.

That man was certainly a descendant of Lord Chesterfield, and ought to be put in Barnum's Museum as the last chivalrous man.

Music at the Park.

We are going to have music in the Central Park once a week on moonlight evenings—pleasant evenings we should have written, for we cannot have a moon every week. Whoever originated that idea deserves a vote of thanks. Music in the afternoon is very well, but to enjoy it you must dare the beams of the broiling sun, and suffer all the little annoyances consequent on a warm day. In the evening it is pure pleasure, without a touch of pain, the rose without a thorn.

And music and moonlight always accord with each other, and you can indulge in all sorts of dreams and fancies as you listen.

The starch of decorous indifference necessary by daylight is required no longer in the evening. You may look as you feel; stand or sit as you choose. No one sees you. In the mysterious shadow you are only one of a crowd, and no one can tell whether your bonnet is straw or crêpe, white or *cuir* color.

We wish there could be music in the Central Park every evening.

A Good Tax.

One thing we are delighted to hear, they have taxed liquors so that "drinks" cost more than they ever cost before. We hope they will continue to do the same, until no one but a millionaire can afford to imbibe. So that Pat, the carpenter, cannot swallow a sufficient quantity of the liquid fire to lead him to beat out Biddy's brains with a poker; and that poor Mrs. Smith may not be obliged to sit up all night for Smith, who now returns zigzag home at one, and tries to unlock the nightlatch with his lead pencil. Tax away, good gentlemen, if you only tax liquors.

AMERICAN VS. FEDERAL AND UNION.

IT was, we think, a sad mistake in our press not to have adhered to the title American, our true distinctive name, as the appellation of the loyal people of the United States. For a century we had been known as American, our government as the American Government, our flag as the American flag. Only this last has been allowed to retain its true name. No one has yet ventured to call the Stars and Stripes the Unionist or Federal flag; but if it is the American flag, the Government which uses it is the American Government, the people to whom it belongs the American people, the army that fights and bleeds and conquers under its folds the American army. To throw this noble title aside and take up a party name is to degrade our gallant men from patriots to mere tools of a faction. Let our antagonists adopt new flags and new names; but let us tenaciously cling to the old.

The weight of this will be seen in the English articles which uniformly talk of operations between the Federals and the Confederates. By this the whole question is put on a false ground, and we are not a government putting down a gigantic rebellion, but simply one of two parties contending for the reins of government.

The use of these terms misleads. A contest between Federals and Confederates implies that one is contending for the Federal form of government, the other for the old Confederation; but in reality, as is evinced by the tricky correspondence between Governor Vance and President Davis, and by the trouble with Georgia, the rebels adopt precisely the views of those who give least extent to State rights.

Discountenance the use of Federal, employ where possible our own proper designation of American, typified by our flag.

THE Howard Soldier's Money Belt is now so decidedly improved as to be, beyond all competition, the most successful thing of the kind ever invented. It is really a travelling v[illegible], without the annoyance of being separate, since its lightness enables all persons to carry it around their waists without inconvenience. Howard Belt Co., 436 Broadway.

THE PIANOFORTES OF BALTIMORE.—Many persons labor under the mistaken idea that there are no pianos of any consequence made except in New York and Boston. These places are of course the great centres of the trade, but Baltimore, Md., can boast of producing some of the finest pianofortes manufactured in the United States. William Knabe & Co., have been established there for very many years, and have sustained a first-class reputation for the Grand and Square pianos. In beauty of tone and touch, in elegance of form, and in thorough workmanship they are surpassed by none. Their instruments are endorsed by the greatest pianists of the age, Thalberg, Gottschalk, Strakosch, etc., etc., who have used and approved them. Their business extends all over the country, and none need fear to purchase their instruments, for they are entirely reliable.

PIUS IX., now 72, is the youngest surviving son of his family. He has still two brothers, Count Gabriel and Gaetan, who are 84 and 80 years of age. His sister, the Countess Benigni, is 77. His father, Count Jerome, died at 84, and his mother at 82. His grandfather, Count Herculos, lived to the age of 96. The Mastai family is very numerous. The Pope's eldest brother, Count Gabriel, has two sons, one of whom is married to the Princess Del Drago, the other to the niece of Cardinal Cadolini. Count Gaetan is a widower, and has no children. His deceased brother, Count Joseph, who was a captain in the gendarmerie, died without issue; but the four sisters, of whom only one survives, have left a numerous progeny of sons and grandsons. It must be said to the honor of the Pontiff that his brothers, sisters and their descendants have not cost the State a single penny. None of them have ever been in office or employed in any mission, so that it cannot be said that the elevation of Cardinal Mastai to the supreme dignity has made any addition to the fortunes of his family.

THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—A REGIMENT OF THE 18TH CORPS CARRYING A PORTION OF BEAUREGARD'S LINE IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. F. MULLER.—SEE PAGE 288.

APRIL DAYS.

BY WILLIAM T. JONES.

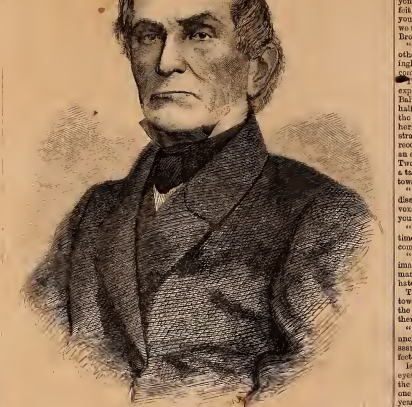
Break the season's crystal chain,
April days, April days;
Bid its snowclouds melt in rain,
Touch the snowbird livelier lays,
Deck with verdure wood and plain,
April days, April days.

Years are long—the years are three,
April days, April days;
Since my love went forth from me,
Craving noblier gold nor praise,
But free scope for valor free,
April days, April days.

Sunbright flags for marshalled men,
April days, April days,
Swung from heaven o'er hill and glen,
All your minds sang battle-lays,
Southward soared your eagles then,
April days, April days.

Flaunt your sunbright flags once more,
April days, April days,
For the ship is near the shore,
And he comes whom all must praise—
Northward doth my eagle soar,
April days, April days.

Gaily shine, oh, brightly shine,
April days, April days!
Wounded in the vanward line,
Victor of a hundred fcars—
Welcome home this love of mine,
April days, April days!



WILLIAM P. FESSENDEN, OF MAINE, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 279.

THE MYSTERY OF "THE PLACE."

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.—CHAPTER I.

It was a warm and delightful day in April, especially delightful because it was the first of the spring weather that had suffered windows to be opened and sunshine formally to declare itself, which it did by glancing gallantly through the white muslin curtains of the Brown Cottage, and lighting up pleasantly a snug parlor, in which several ladies were pleasantly busied at what is termed "setting to rights," which is supposed to mean putting away all those little nothings that make a room look cozy, arranging the furniture so that it shall stand at the stiffest kind of angles, and dusting each piece so that not an atom shall appear on the polished surface. Though this might not have been exactly the manner in which our group achieved their setting to rights, yet it was clear that the care bestowed upon the ceremony was in honor of some occasion of more than ordinary import.

An elderly lady was one of the party, who did not seem to be an active participant in the labor, but sat upon a sofa watching them, as the younger ones dressed the pleasant room with fresh flowers evidently plucked from a conservatory, and the gift of the elder lady, who held them in her lap.

"Indeed, you have shown great taste and have succeeded in making our sober old room look quite gay. But you will make me jealous to think that you should take so much more trouble in your decoration to-day than you have ever done before."

"Oh, mamma, you must not say that! You know that it is seldom that we have anybody of consequence to prepare for," was the quick answer of one who was busiest among the busy hands.

"Upon my word, Marion, you are not saying much to dispel my jealousy. Do you mean to say that Wilton is of no consequence?"

"No, indeed! I think he is of great consequence; but, then, you see, mamma, he is only our brother."

"And so, darling, you think my uncle is of consequence, even though you have never seen him? I cannot see how I can take this as anything less than a pure compliment to myself. Is not that so?"

And the speaker, a beautiful girl of nineteen, came across the room and laughingly took the face of Marion between her hands and kissed her forehead.

"That kiss is for the compliment to me; and now I will give you another on behalf of my uncle, Dr. Duncan."

"You are so good, Isabelle, that one cannot help liking in advance everybody and everything in which you may be interested," said Marion's eyes sparkled with the pleasure she felt in her speech.

Isabelle Duncan was tall and dark, a clear and beautiful brunette, whose dazzling brown eyes would have spoken to the chance reader of them a story of strong will and tenacity of purpose; but to those who looked far into their depths there was a yielding, womanly desire to be led, a mine of soft, confiding affection that utterly destroyed the theory of passion and will. Perhaps, had Isabelle Duncan passed a different life, these unamiable traits may have come forth, but under the quiet refinement of the home where she now was, and where she had been for ten years, she had grown into a simple, loveable girl, not without the highest degree of polish, and yet as innocent as a child.

The Brown Cottage, so called from its color, was the residence of Mrs. Wilton Peyton, the widow of a physician, who had confided himself into his grave at an age when his life should really have been just opening to him, and left, beside her, three young children, a son and two daughters, with an income barely enough to support them in decency. Mrs. Wilton Peyton was not a woman to sink under such circumstances and vegetate on from year to year in her Maryland cottage, letting her children grow into man's and woman's estate with only such education as could be afforded them by the neighborhood in which they dwelt. She saw that a bold push must be made for them, and she made it by as short an enlarge her family to the capacity of her house, and was so far successful as to obtain four young ladies to educate, by which means she was enabled to add such assistance to her own accomplishments as to give them benefits they could have had nowhere but with the earnest, kind woman, who was at once a mentor and a fond friend.

Upon this day there was a certain excitement in the little household, for notice had been received that Dr. Alexander Duncan, who was Isabelle's uncle and guardian, would be with them before night. To Isabelle especially this was indeed exciting news, for nearly five years had elapsed since she had seen her uncle Alexander, and her knowledge of him was made up wholly of the remembrance of that time, as a tall, dark man, with a somewhat pleasant way, who tenderly petted her, and by so doing led the little Isabelle to believe that he must be looked upon entirely in the place of both that father and mother whom she could not remember.

All that Mrs. Wilton Peyton knew of Dr. Alexander was that he was the agent to whom she looked for the yearly payment of the sum that covered Isabelle's expenses, and from his yearly letter to her, in few words, responding to the business report of his niece's welfare and progress, Isabelle had a few thousand dollars of her own, an inheritance from her mother, enough, invested as it was, to pay for her schooling, but beyond this she was entirely in the hands of Dr. Alexander as far as regarded her future.

It was some hours yet to evening, and the doctor wasn't expected until nightfall, and, consequently, the "setting to rights" went on. Within a few minutes after the preceding conversation Wilton Peyton entered the room. He was a fine-looking, tall and aristocratic man, of about twenty-five, with a quiet assurance of manner that could only have come to him through travel and contact with the world. He spoke first to Isabelle:

"What faith you have, Isabelle, in promises! Now, I'll be bound, you really believe this uncle will be with you punctually at the hour set down."

"Certainly I do," was the response.

"The watched pot never boils. Do you remember that, Isabelle?"

"Now, I declare this is too bad, Wilton! You are seeking to discourage us without any gain to yourself. You shall forfeit for it, sir; and the forfeit shall be an enforced attendance on me. Come, you shall walk as far as the landing with me, that we may meet uncle Alexander and welcome him to Brown Cottage."

"The punishment is a temptation to commit another crime, lady fair," answered Wilton, laughingly and opening the door for the exit of his fair companion.

The landing at which the steamboat touched expected to bring Dr. Alexander Duncan from Baltimore was a full mile away, and almost before half the distance was traversed they saw her round the point and drop alongside the wharf, and from her gangway emerged three passengers. Isabelle strained her eyes over the distance that she might recognise her uncle among the trio, but there was an evident look of disappointment upon her face. Two of them went the opposite way, and one only, a tall man, in a loose sack and travelling cap, came towards them.

"It cannot be possible that uncle intends to disappoint me," she broke out, in a voice of real vexation. "I shall begin to think, Wilton, that you have indeed been a bird of ill-omen."

"Wait a moment, Isabelle, you have not given time to know whether this may not be him coming."

"How can you be so absurd, Wilton, or do you imagine I cannot see? Why that is a great, lank man, dressed in a sack coat, and uncle always hated those coats."

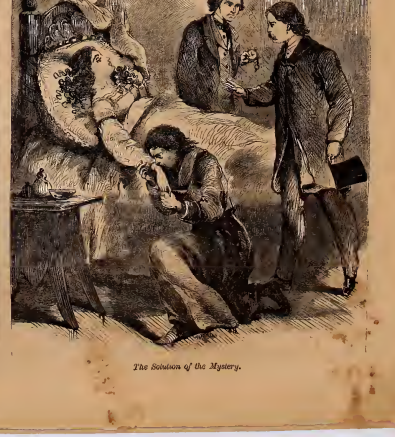
They stood, nevertheless, straining their eyes towards the solitary traveller, who was coming up the road, until at last he was within a few yards of them, when Wilton spoke again.

"Are you sure, Isabelle, that this is not your uncle? Remember, it is five years since you have seen him, and your remembrance may not be perfect."

Isabelle was staring by this time with all her eyes full in the stranger's face, who was returning the stare heartily. He was a man of nearly sixty, one who had been well kept up to within a few years, and then, possibly, just discovering that he was growing old, dropped off the care, and grew suddenly from youth to age. He had harsh gray hair and mustache, both looking as if they had once been familiar with the dye bottle, and had not yet been able to shake off the rusty green left behind by that article when once it is discarded, and cold gray eyes that almost matched his hair in color.

Perhaps something came to Isabelle's memory as the stranger got within a few feet of her, for, without moving a step from her place, she said, almost as if asking a question:

"Uncle?"



The Solution of the Mystery.

The man came instantly to her side, and said:

"What is your name?"

"Isabelle Duncan."

"Ah, Isabelle, I'm glad to see you," and he stretched out his gloved hand, shaking hers coldly, and then continued: "This is a plaguey long walk up to your house. It would have been a pleasant attention on the part of your Mrs. What's-her-name, if she'd had a carriage at the landing for me."

Isabelle blushed to her temples at this style of greeting, and Wilton by to hear it, but she came to the rescue with:

"Oh, indeed, uncle, I know that Mrs. Peyton would have sent a carriage for you in a moment, if she had thought you cared for the distance. It's such a little step."

"Little step! Um! I should say it was a mile." And then, suddenly dropping his voice and making a motion with his thumb over his shoulder towards Wilton, who had fallen a little behind, to give the uncle and niece an unrestrained interview, he said: "Where did you pick that chap up, Isabelle?"

"Why, that is Wilton Peyton, uncle—Mrs. Peyton's son."

"Oh, is it! Um! What's he doing here? I thought he lived at Baltimore?"

"So he does, uncle, but he's here now on a visit."

"Visit, oh! He'd better be attending to his profession. He's a lawyer, ain't he?"

"Yes, uncle, and one of the——"

"Oh, well, no matter. I hate lawyers, they're a bad set!"

And Dr. Duncan turned his head, and took a quick inquiring look at the young man lingering behind, and then again at his niece.

"By-the-bye, Belle, you've grown handsome since I saw you. Does any one ever tell you so, child?"

"Oh, uncle!" said Isabelle, forcing a smile. "You are trying to flatter me. Indeed you must not come here to a poor country girl, trying to turn her little foolish head with your city compliments. Mrs. Peyton will not allow it, and I shall certainly complain to her."

They had reached the house, and Dr. Duncan had been introduced and bidden welcome, but there was an uneasy look about the eyes of Isabelle, and a nervous silence. It was plain to be seen that the uncle of the present, to the refined and accomplished girl, was not the uncle of the past as he was treasured in the memory of the child, and that she awaited almost in fear and trembling every word that fell from his lips, lest something would come out in his harsh way that would touch the hearts of those whom she accounted as her best friends in all the world.

There was a prescience on the mind of Isabelle of some coming evil, a prescience for the realization of which she had not long to wait, for Dr. Duncan had not been an hour at the Brown Cottage before he announced that the object of his mission was to carry away his niece and transplant her to his own home in New York.

"You know, my child," he said that evening, when they were alone, "I must do my duty by you, and I shouldn't be doing right to leave you to live your life out in this stupid place, and having that lawyer coming down whenever he pleased from Baltimore to make love to you."

"Oh, uncle, how can you talk so. Why, Wilton is one of the best fellows in the world, and he never dreams of making love to me, never!"

"And I don't intend he ever shall then," said the doctor, with a rub of his hands that sounded like the filing of a saw. "You're old enough now to think of getting a husband, and one that amounts to something at that. I've got my eye on the one that'll suit ye, I'll bet a trifle. A fine fellow, Isabelle, a fine fellow with plenty of money," and the doctor gave his hands another filing rub.

Isabelle cast one quick glance into his face, and the tears started to her eyes.

"Oh, uncle! I never can leave Mrs. Peyton so! She has always been so good to me."

"So! so! what do you mean by you can't leave her so? Haven't you got to leave her at some time, and isn't now as good as any other time? You don't expect to stay with her for ever, and live an old maid, do you? Or what is worse, marry that penniless, Baltimore lawyer. No! no! I understand myself too well for that. I don't intend that you shall ever have a poor husband. I'm getting old myself, Bell, and I hope that when I see you fairly settled in life, you will remember the care I have always bestowed on you, and make me some return for it. Hem!" and the doctor coughed sharply behind his hand.

Isabelle had no answer for this affecting speech, for her mind was running back through all the past to alight upon something wherein Dr. Alexander Duncan had ever shown any of that care of which he had spoken. Of certain child petting she had some memory, but that was all, and to balance this she could recall only how he had always been glad to get all care of her off his hands, upon that of her nurse, or attendant of the time, and how, for the last five years, this was the only visit he had made to look personally into her welfare.

There was no protest that could be entered against Dr. Duncan's resolve that had the least effect, and consequently in three days Isabelle was on her way to New York, with a heavy heart, to find a new home amongst those who were to her perfect strangers, while she had left behind her all her little world.

"I do not know where to tell you to write to me, or to come and see me," she whispered to Wilton, as they were leaving. "Uncle has not told me, yet, where he is going to take me, but I shall write to you all, God bless you, and do not forget me!"

On the second day Isabelle was installed in her new house, a fashionable boarding-house, looking out upon a fashionable square, and in a fashionable neighborhood. She could remember enough of her uncle to know that this was not his usual style of living. That when as a child she used to visit him at his own rooms, they were dark and dingy ones in the lower part of the city, and nothing about them to show either taste or a desire for society. It was, therefore, undoubtedly for her use that Dr. Alexander had secured these sumptuous apartments, and Isabelle had a shadow of thought that it was not without a purpose.

Dr. Duncan was a widower. Ten years he had lived married, and twenty, since, alone. There were always whispers floating concerning his married life, all of which, summed up, amounted to the fact that the doctor had been anything but a good husband. One thing was certain, which was that, without being what is commonly known a spendthrift, Dr. Duncan was always poor, and in difficulty financially. This arose partially from idleness in his profession, and partially from a grasping desire to rush into every ephemeral thing offered to his notice as money-making, and as a consequence, putting him prominently up as a mark for swindlers.

Yes, there was certainly something on the mind of the doctor now, and Isabelle was the power behind the throne. He was taking more pains with his personal appearance than ever before, and had donned an entire new wardrobe. With the cultivation of the personal, the doctor was also cultivating the mental, by improving his courtesy, and seeking society, not such society as Isabelle would have chosen for herself, but such as Dr. Alexander chose for her.

Her correspondence with her old friends of the Brown Cottage was to Isabelle a great comfort, and still a greater one when a letter coming from Wilton announced that he was about to change his residence to New York, that he might accept an opening there of great profit. The few weeks intervening between the announcement of this event and his arrival flew rapidly, and Wilton Peyton was a visitor at the apartments of Dr. Alexander.

It was a few days after Wilton's arrival in the city, and after one of his daily visits to Isabelle that Dr. Duncan came into her rooms. There was something the matter with him, a fidgety, nervous manner, that at last induced Isabelle to ask.

"What is the matter, uncle, you seem disturbed?"

"Disturbed! yes, I should think so, and quite enough to disturb me too. See now, the idea of this Peyton coming all the way to New York just to disturb everything, and ruin your happiness!"

"Ruin my happiness!" exclaimed Isabelle, in a voice of astonishment.

"Certainly! Isn't he coming here to do just what he did in Maryland, make a fool of you, and the next thing we'll know, is, that he'll be wanting to marry you!"

"Marry me!" cried Isabelle, with a laugh breaking out all over her face. "Wilton Peyton marry me! Why, uncle, how can you be so absurd. We've been acquainted ever since we were children!"

"And is that going to prevent you from liking him enough to marry him, eh?"

"No! not—that," answered Isabelle, slowly, "but he is already as good as married. He has been engaged for a year, and is to be married this summer."

"Hem!" said the doctor, drawing a long breath. Are you sure of that?"

"Sure of it, uncle! Why it's a well-known thing, and even if it were not so, there's no fear of Wilton ever thinking of me for a wife, and if he did it would be useless. I like him very much, but not for a husband."

The doctor "hemmed!" again into his handkerchief, and then abruptly asked:

"Has he got anything?"

"Got anything?"

"Yes! yes! you know what I mean. Is he worth any money."

"Oh! yes I believe he has been fortunate in some business operations besides his profession, and hopes to be more fortunate in something of the same kind in New York."

The doctor's eyes twinkled, and immediately visions of how he could make this lucky speculator of use to him, floated through his brain. At all events the conversation had determined him not to attempt the dismissal of the young man, a course that he had fully resolved on when he came into the room. There was now a new point to discuss with Isabelle, and it came out in this way.

"Well, Isabelle, the sooner it's off my mind the better, I have had an offer for you, and have accepted."

An offer! Accepted!" exclaimed Isabelle, breathlessly.

"Yes! a most excellent offer. A man of position and wealth. A man who can do all for you that can be wished, Col. Swinton."

"But—but—uncle, I have only seen him three or four times. He surely can't want to marry me! Why, we don't know each other!"

"Ha! ha! ha! Well you are an innocent little country girl! What difference does that make, child, as long as he likes you, even though he has seen you only once?"

"Oh indeed, uncle, I cannot marry him. He would be always like a stranger to me."

"Can't marry him! Can't!" exclaimed the doctor, with a vehement rub of the hands; "oh, you'll soon get over that idea. Marry him first, and get acquainted with him afterwards. That's what I say. I've taken good care to arrange everything satisfactorily, and you are to have $5,000 a year for spending money! What do you think of that? eh!"

Isabelle did not say what she thought of that, nor could she urge any farther objection, simply because she did not know what to say, and from that moment, therefore, she was passively in her uncle's hands, and upon the next coming of Wilton the engagement was announced to him by the doctor.

"Why, what's the matter?" was the gentleman's question to Wilton, "you look astonished."

"I should think I might well be astonished," was Wilton's response; "why she hasn't known the man three weeks."

"Well, what of that? Will that hinder him from making a good husband? The fact is Peyton you don't like Swinton."

"Perhaps so," drily answered Wilton.

"I don't know what the deuce is the matter with him," snarled the doctor. "He's rich, isn't he? He's not young to be sure, but I don't see that he's too old for Isabelle. Moreover he's had his experience in the world, especially with—"

"Women, you were going to say, doctor. Why not out with it."

"And that don't hurt him as I see," returned the doctor. "Reformed rakes make the best of husbands." And the doctor walked up and down the room with his hands in his pockets, and whistled, then suddenly stopping before Wilton, he said:

"Now here comes Belle. Don't for heaven's sake say anything that will discourage her. It will be of no use any how, because I've made up my mind for the match, and it has got to occur, if all the world opposes," and with that parting injunction the doctor ran out the room just as Isabelle entered.

"This announcement astounds me, Isabelle," Peyton said, rising, and taking her hand as she entered; "is it by your own will?"

"Oh indeed, Wilton, you must not question me. I hardly know anything. Uncle says it must be so, and I cannot oppose him."

"But do you like Swinton?"

"I must learn to like him. I see more of him now every day, and he does seem to like me very much. Indeed, he does everything that uncle suggests."

Wilton closed his teeth with something of a spasm over this artless confession, and then said:

"And when is the wedding to be?"

"Very soon, though I do not exactly know. They are hurrying up my wardrobe now. We go immediately to Niagara, and from there on a westward tour. That's what uncle says."

"And does the doctor accompany you, Isabelle?"

"Oh, no! the arrangement is that we go alone."

"Led to slaughter," was Wilton's thought, as he pressed the hand of the fair, young girl, and rose, in spite of her persuasion, to go. As he left the room, another entered, it was Col. Swinton, a large, florid-faced man, exquisitely dressed, and smiling-faced, but with something in the smile not calculated to win. The gentlemen bowed as they passed, though without speaking, and Col. Swinton advanced towards Isabelle with both hands outstretched, and with an air of great joy, while Isabelle returned it with a smile of welcome, that did not strike Wilton, as his glance met them when he was passing through the door, as being real.

It was the last interview he had with Isabelle alone, until after she was Mrs. George Swinton, for within two weeks she was married, and after a *fête*, arranged under the doctor's supervision, at the house of Colonel Swinton, the pair departed on their tour.

CHAPTER II.

WE must, at one jump, take ourselves over the void of time, and become an inmate of a certain quiet hotel, so called by courtesy, in a certain quiet country town, or rather village, about one hundred miles from Philadelphia. The spot was beautiful, and to one who would retire from all the bustle and noise of life, nothing could be found to equal it. In the parlor of this hostelry a discussion was going on between the landlady, on the one side, and a gentleman and lady, whose carriage was at the door, upon the other.

"I am very sorry indeed, sir, but you see we can't kalkilate on any sitch chance as this. A New York lady has taken the best part of the house, or rayther her husband did for her, until the middle of next month, and I couldn't for the world ask her to give up any of it."

"Perhaps she would allow us to have one room for to-night only!" was the gentleman's pressing request. "You see we cannot go on in such a storm. I don't know the roads, and the thing would be simply impossible."

"I can ask the lady," was the hostess's rather unwilling assent, "but I do declare to ye that I don't b'lieve there's any chance, none whatsomever," and the landlady went away to return in a few minutes with a smartly-dressed, flippant Frenchwoman, who talked very loud before she entered, and said:

"I am astonish, Madame Snyder, dat zou so request such ting from de lady. What for shall she do give up her room to strange peoples. Non! non! non! she do pay zou for de house, what for she give it up?"

"But, mademoiselle, it's only for one night, and if you just saw the pretty little, delicate creetur inside, I dar say you'd give up your own room to her, you're so good-hearted, you know!"

"Vat! give up mine room, Madame Snyder. He! he! he! you choak, madame; dat is a little funny choak of yours. Non! Madame, I do not give up my room to none personne," and the pair came into the room where stood the lady and gentleman, the Frenchwoman, with a glance of contempt towards to slight, pale but beautiful figure before her, while the landlady, with genuine marks of regret on her face, said:

"I am sorry to say, sir, that I cannot be successful for you. I'd give ye up my bed in a minute, but it's already gin up to the squire and his wife, who was over visiting to Stageville and kain't git home to-night. I don't know what I kin do for ye!"

"Did you go to the lady?" asked the gentleman, casting a rather deprecating glance at the Frenchwoman.

"De lady is out," answered that person, returning the glance with an impudent toss of the head.

Just at this moment the rattle of carriage wheels was heard, and a light pony chaise drew up to the door. The windows of the room did not command the road, and the landlady and the Frenchwoman at once hurried out of the room.

"Yes, indeed, I have been very fortunate in escaping the storm," said a soft, womanly voice, in the entry. "I have driven quite fast, Mrs. Snyder, and the horses should be blanketed directly. Will you see it done?"

"Of course, ma'am!" was the landlady's response; but before another word could pass her lips the door of the parlor was thrown open and the gentleman emerged hastily, with the word "Isabelle" on his lips.

"Oh, Wilton, how glad I am to see you. How in gracious name did you come here?"

"As you just now came, hastening away from the coming storm, and begging for shelter, which I believe is refused."

"Refused!"

"Indeed, my lady, Madame Snyder did not know dat dey was friend of yours."

"Oh, get out. Guess you need'nt lay the blame on Mrs. Snyder, any how!" was the landlady's rejoinder.

"Well, well!" said Isabelle, seeing through the whole thing at a glance, "you may go, Pauline, and now, Wilton, are you alone?"

He took her by the hand and gently drew her into the parlor.

"There is my companion."

"And, oh! so you are married!" and Isabelle caught the young wife in her arms and kissed her warmly.

"And she is twice prettier than when she was only Nelly Clark, is she not, Wilton?"

"In my eyes," was the response, "and I am glad you see her the same, Isabelle."

Isabelle, showing her delight at meeting them with all the openness of her heart,

"You shall share my rooms," she said, "and oh, how long are you going to stay?"

"You must not appropriate us in this way, Isabelle," said Wilton, laughing. "You know we are only storm-bound for the night, and are going on in the morning."

"Indeed you shall do no such thing. You shall stay with me if it is only for a week. Indeed you must, Wilton, for I am so lonely here."

"Why!" exclaimed Wilton, in surprise, "is not Swinton here?"

"He has not been here in a month," was the reply of Isabelle, with her eyes turned away as she spoke.

"Where is he?" was Wilton's next question.

"In New York."

"In New York, and you alone here at this country inn. Why, what does this mean, Isabelle?"

"Oh, don't ask me any questions to-night, Wilton. Come," she cried, lightly taking the arm of Mrs. Peyton and clasping it in her own, "let us leave this man and you go with me into my own room," and so she hurried the wife away, leaving the husband alone in her own sitting-room. Here she hovered about her guest, attending her as though she were a child, unshawling and untying her bonnet, brushing and smoothing her hair, and holding the towel for her until she had washed her hands. At last she broke out with:

"But you must not go away to-morrow, will you? You must plead with Wilton to stay here awhile with me. Indeed I shall die of loneliness if you do not. The place will seem more dreary to me than ever."

"I will ask Wilton to stay, Mrs. Swinton. It seems so kind of you to desire it, that I must be churlish indeed if I could refuse."

"I knew you would say so," she answered, in a grateful tone, "but you mustn't call me Mrs. Swinton. You must call me Isabelle. The name of Swinton seems so strange to me."

"Strange to you!" said Mrs. Peyton, looking up at her in some astonishment.

"Oh, yes! but don't let us talk about that. You love your husband, do you not?"

Another astonished look greeted Isabella's question.

"Of course you do, and you are happy. Wilton is so good. I knew him when he was almost a boy, indeed, quite a boy, and I was a great favorite of his."

Mrs. Peyton looked inquiringly, as though she would know some hidden meaning to Isabelle's words, but still Mrs. Swinton went absently.

"It is so good to have some one to really love, Nelly, some one in whom you have real confidence that cannot be shaken. Is it not?"

Mrs. Peyton was before the glass, and made a response to the question by a nod.

"I hope you are as good as you are pretty. Indeed you must be good to Wilton, for he is so good himself. It would break my heart to know that he is not happy. He is like a favorite brother to me. Come now, Nelly, you see I call you Nelly, let us go into supper."

And so they did, Isabelle talking in the same absent way all the time, sometimes of matter that was vital, and sometimes lightly of such viands as the cuisine of Mrs. Snyder had afforded them upon the supper table.

The story of Isabelle to Wilton was very simple. When she had started upon her wedding tour four months before, it was with the belief that a few weeks would end it. They had gone to St. Louis, and from there eastward again by easy travel, until they got into this Pennsylvania village, to which they had come ostensibly that Colonel Swinton might enjoy some trout fishing. The trout fishing palled in a week, but still they staid, and Isabelle pleaded to be taken back to New York; she was wearied of the dull monotony of the place. At last one day the colonel received letters that seemed to agitate him greatly, and he abruptly announced that he must leave instantly for New York, and that Isabelle must await his return there. Entreaties, tears or argument were useless to prevail, and at last, almost in anger, he went away, leaving Isabelle, and charging her to remain

until his return, or until he sent for her. He had written short and cold letters, each promising in a few words that he would soon return, but a month had passed, and still he was away.

"I declare to you, Wilton, I shall die if I stay here. I wrote, begging to let me come to the city alone, and I received for a reply a command, absolutely a command, to stay here, without assigning any reason for it whatever."

It was impossible for Wilton to say anything in defence of Colonel Swinton. There was something in his conduct that could have no other explanation than that he was tired of his fair young wife, and was only anxious to escape from her, perhaps, to renew the life for which he had once borne a not enviable reputation.

An hour later than this conversation, a messenger rode over from the post-office with letters, and among them was one from Colonel Swinton to Isabelle. There were but few words. It was another apology for not coming to her, and an excuse made that he was sick, but promising to join her in a few days unless he became worse.

"Wilton, have you determined to go to New York to-morrow?"

"Indeed, I must, Isabelle. You know I told you how accidentally it was I came to this part of the country, and how necessary it is for me to be back in New York."

"That is enough. If you go on to-morrow, I will go with you. You will certainly not refuse me your protection on the road, even though I am rebelling. If you do, I shall go anyhow, unprotected," and Isabelle rang for Pauline to announce her intention, and order her to commence packing.

"I hope you think well of what you are doing, Isabelle," was all Wilton said.

"Read that letter, and tell me whether a wife's place is not with her husband when he is ill. I do not care what opinion any one has of it, I shall join him. The matter may as well be brought to an understanding now as at any time," and Isabelle rose from her seat and paced up and down the room hastily, and then suddenly stopping at the window and looking out in the old absent way, she went on as though talking to herself. "Uncle tells me that I must bear everything, that a wife's first duty is obedience to her husband, but he does not say anything of the better sense of the wife when she is neglected and treated with so much contumely that the world sees it and remarks on it. Is not the wife's place always with the husband, unless there can be some very good reason shown for their being separate?" And then as she said these words, she started back quickly from the window as though some repulsive thing were upon the sill. Wilton stepped forward quickly to see a frightened look upon her face.

"What has happened, Isabelle?" he asked.

"Look!" she said; "do you not know that man?"

Wilton looked to recognise a Mr. Gordon Ward, once an intimate of Col. Swinton's, and a man of notorious character in the same line in which Swinton had borne honors. From the recognition he looked to Mrs. Swinton's face for an explanation.

"That man has followed us like a sleuth-hound. He has taken every opportunity in Swinton's absence to breathe his poison in my ears, and to thrust himself on my notice. Since my husband has been away from here, he has been an intimate of this house three-fourths of the time. Last week he left, as I thought, not to return, but he is here again, posted, as you see directly in front of these windows. Is not this enough, Wilton, to drive me away?"

"You shall hear no argument from me, Isabelle, to prevent your going. If you can get ready by to-morrow you shall go with me, if not, I will wait for you; and as to Ward, as long as I am here, he shall not annoy you. When you rejoin Col. Swinton, your duty will be to tell him what you have already told me."

"Get ready by to-morrow," was Isabelle's answer, as though she heard only this part of his words. "Indeed I could get ready to-night and start even in this coming storm. Anything! anything! to get away from this dreadful place."

The next morning Wilton, walking out to smoke his cigar in front of the inn, met Mr. Gordon Ward, and would have passed him with only a bow, but that gentleman would not permit it. He hailed Peyton with an intimacy not warranted by their past, and said:

"Ah! how are ye, how are ye? How do ye happen in this out of the way part of the country?"

"Travelling for pleasure, and seeking the most retired spots," was Wilton's short answer.

"By-the-bye, do you know that our old friend Mrs. Swinton is here. An elegant woman!"

"I am aware of it," Wilton answered, looking Ward full in the face, "and received from her the same intelligence as regards yourself."

"Bless me, you don't say so! Why it's excessively kind in her to remember me to you. I appreciate it highly. Where's Swinton?"

"In New York, where his wife will immediately join him under my protection."

"Ah, Peyton, you're a lucky dog. Charming woman, Mrs. Swinton. Too good for that fellow Swinton, 'pon my word."

A voice came at that moment from one of the inn windows:

"Ah, monsieur, Monsieur Peytone, Madame Swintone do wish to speak wis you one moment."

And Wilton left Mr. Gordon Ward to his reflections, while he went to join Isabelle.

"I am all ready, as you see. Now shall the carriages be ordered out?" And then seeing a look of astonishment on Wilton's face, she went on. "I don't want to hurry you away, Wilton, but I do so long to be on my way from this place, and to have this terrible act brought to a close. If I am to die for my misdeeds, let me die at once, not be tortured by inches under the eyes of all the world."

An hour afterwards the carriages were in the road in front, and the packing was done. Mademoiselle Pauline had completed her adieu with Mrs. Snyder, and everything was ready for a start. Mr. Gordon Ward walked restlessly up and down the piazza, and Wilton stood by the carriage door waiting for his wife and Isabelle. They came, passing quickly from the door to the carriage—Isabelle closely veiled. Peyton jumped in, the door was slammed, and away they went, Mr. Gordon Ward making a sweeping bow, which was entirely lost on the departing group, except Mademoiselle Pauline, who, riding alone with the baggage in the second carriage, returned it by an impressive kiss of her hand and wave of her handkerchief.

Two days after they were in New York, and drove directly to Dr. Duncan's rooms, according to Isabelle's orders. The doctor had been telegraphed to and was on the spot. His face did not wear a very pleasant expression, it was flushed, and his eyes were excited. His first greeting was:

"What the deuce does all this mean? In heaven's name Peyton, can't you leave other men's wives alone. Hain't you got business enough on your hands to manage of your own without meddling with what don't concern you?"

"Doctor, you are surpassing your boundary of addressing a gentleman," was Wilton's answer. "You would not dare to address me so, sir, if it were not in your niece's presence."

"Well, well!" responded the doctor, dropping his snarl, and speaking in a querulous tone, "what do you interfere in families for? This is my niece, and if it was necessary that she should fly in the face of her husband, I am the one to assist her in doing it."

"Mrs. Swinton will uphold me in saying that I did nothing more than accompany her to the city. If she has really done what is wrong—which I do not believe—she has done so without my persuasion in any way. She certainly has the power to do as she pleases without any one's persuasion or interference."

"The devil she has!" broke out the doctor, with a tremendous swagger. "I think both you and she will find out your mistakes if you try it. See here, Peyton, I'd advise you not to cross Swinton; he'll break every bone in your body if he comes to know that you are aiding his wife in opposition."

"See here, Dr. Duncan, you know me to be a quiet man, but if Col. Swinton were to say one half to me that you have said in the five minutes I have been in this room, I'd break every bone in his body literally. I must apologise to Mrs. Swinton, whom you have not yet seen fit to notice, for the use of such language, but she sees that I am driven to it."

"Uncle, you shame me indeed, when you talk to Mr. Peyton in this manner. I have only to repeat his words to you, that he had nothing to do with my coming but to escort me."

"Well, why in heaven's name did you come here?" whined the doctor; "you seem to be bent on getting me into trouble with Swinton. Why didn't you go to a hotel?"

"Because I saw fit to bring Mrs. Swinton to the protection of her only relative, rather than leave her in a hotel," was Wilton's answer.

"Now then, uncle, listen to me," said Isabelle, rising from the chair where she had seated herself, and advancing towards the doctor with a dangerous flash in her eyes, "you hardly know me, but I think Wilton will tell you that what I am about to say I will do. You and my husband have trifled with me long enough. There is something hidden in all this, of which I have no knowledge. If Swinton is tired of me let him declare it so and we will separate, but I will no longer live a husbandless, unprotected wife. Now then, where is he?"

"I don't know; I won't tell you," snarled the doctor.

"Very well, then. To-morrow I shall advertise for him in the public prints."

"Good heavens, Belle, you certainly wouldn't do such a monstrous thing as that?"

"I will, as truly as I am an injured woman, unless you instantly tell me where he is."

The doctor walked gloomily about the room for a minute, and then turning to Wilton, he said:

"Peyton, can't you do anything with this girl? I tell you she cannot go to her husband now. She seems to listen to you."

"I have already told you, Doctor Duncan, that I will not attempt to influence Mrs. Swinton. But if there is any reason of reality that she should not join her husband, and you are afraid to communicate it to her, tell me, and I will advise Mrs. Swinton to the best of my ability."

"Reason, reason!" muttered the doctor. "Why the devil should there be reasons. Isn't it enough that it is Swinton's wish."

"Uncle, am I always to be treated as a child, and told blindly to obey, when my better sense tells me that I am wronged?"

"Wronged! how the deuce can you be wronged. Is it because Swinton wants now and then to go back to his young days and be free? Is that any reason that you should make all this fuss, and come rushing after, perhaps to find him among a lot of bachelor friends trying to forget his bondage? Bah!"

"He has no right to forget his bondage, as you term it."

"Belle, you are perfectly crazy; you don't know when you are well off. You have everything that a woman can wish for in the world."

"But happiness!"

"And you don't have that, eh?" he said, sneeringly.

"No!" broke forth Isabelle with more vehemence than before, and drawing the shawl that had fallen off close about her shoulders as she stepped towards the door. "Now uncle, listen to me once more. We have left Mrs. Peyton in the carriage at the door, and it is not courtesy, to say nothing else, that I should wait here. Therefore, once more I ask, will you give me my husband's address?"

"Oh, lord! oh, lord!" groaned the doctor, "how violent you are! Well, if it must be so, he is up at the place. And now I have only to warn you not to go there, and for the Lord's sake don't tell him I told you where he was."

"The place, the place!" said Isabelle, thoughtfully, "what place?"

"Heavens! how stupid you are. Why, his place at Stanfield. There now, for gracious sake, go away from here, I wouldn't have anybody see you here that would tell Swinton for the world."

And so they went out and joined Mrs. Peyton again in the carriage.

Isabelle had entirely forgotten the place at Stanfield. She had never been there, and had only heard her husband speak of it casually, more as an old ruined homestead that he had inherited from his grandmother, than as a spot that he would retreat to rather than stay in New York. She had always understood that the house was untenanted, and now to hear that her husband had gone down there to stay for any time, there was something of the mysterious in it. For half the distance to the hotel at which Peyton had intended to stop, Isabelle was silent, thinking over this, until at last, as it were breaking forth from her own thoughts, she exclaimed:

"I shall go to Stanfield to-morrow morning at all risks."

"I am sorry to hear you say so," was Wilton's answer.

"I appreciate your advice, but cannot take it, Wilton. I know that whatever you say is for my good, but I must go."

"Then you will not stay with us and write to Swinton?"

"No!"

And then she turned to Mrs. Peyton, and said:

"I ask you, Nelly, whether you would not act as I am now acting. Would you not, if placed in the same circumstances, go to your husband?"

"Yes, indeed!" returned Mrs. Peyton, "and nothing that anybody would say could keep me back."

Wilton laughed a small constrained laugh, and then there was entire silence for the rest of the ride, and quiet, sad faces over all the evening talk.

And the next morning, without a word of remonstrance, Isabelle went away, not even accompanied by Mademoiselle Pauline, to Stanfield, to—but let that be told hereafter.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

BY REV. S. G. BULFINCH.

Date of my country's glorious birth,
  Like Pallas from the brain of Jove,
In gleaming arms surprising earth,
  A form to worship and to love!

Date of a loftier age for man,
  When, riven oppression's ancient chain,
From land to land the tidings ran,
  Astræa visits earth again!

We hail the day; but vain our mirth,
  Unless we know the joy it gave
To those who felt that God's bright earth
  Was far too sacred for a slave.

High were the hopes that warmed our sires,
  Through sorrow's chill and danger's gloom,
Unless our bosoms feel their fires,
  In vain our sculptures deck their tomb.

Theirs were the triumphs of the field—
  On us a milder charge is laid;
Truth be our sword, and love our shield,
  Freedom our cause, and Heaven our aid.

WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN.

William Pitt Fessenden, who has just been confirmed as Mr. Chase's successor as Secretary of the Treasury, was born at Roscowen, N. H., on the 16th of October, 1806. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1823, and was admitted to the bar in 1827. In 1829 he removed to Portland, Maine, and in 1831 was elected to the State Legislature. The youngest member of that body, he greatly distinguished himself in a debate on the United States Bank. He rose rapidly in his profession, and in 1840, as Whig candidate for Congress, outran the strength of his party. In 1843 he was nominated for re-election, but declined, preferring to return to the practice of his profession. In 1850 he was again elected to Congress, but through an error in the returns, his seat was given to his competitor. He was a member of the National Convention which nominated Gen. Harrison for the Presidency in 1840. He was also a member of the Convention of 1848, which nominated Gen. Taylor, in which he supported the claims of Mr. Webster, and of the Convention of 1852, which nominated Gen. Scott. In 1854 he was, as a Whig, elected to the United States Senate, and on the night of March 3 made a strong and thrilling speech against the Nebraska bill which had a decided effect, and established his reputation at once as one of the ablest members of the Senate. In 1859 he was re-elected as United States Senator for six years by the unanimous vote of his party, without the formality of a previous nomination, it being the first instance of the kind in the history of the State. Mr. Fessenden, as Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, has had abundant experience, and has proved himself to be a thoroughly worthy and competent man.

TIME-RECKONING.

The sundial seems to have been the earliest expedient for reckoning time known to the historical antiquary. Holy Writ mentions its use in the book of Isaiah. By the ancients it was called *Sciathericum*, being marked by a shadow. Among the Romans it was in general request, and an account is given of one being placed in the Court of the Temple of Quirinus. The first sundial used at Rome was about 300 years before Christ. Before this, there was no division of the day into hours; nor does that word occur in the Twelve Tables. The only distinctions of time were, then, sunrise and sunset, before and after meridian; and Pliny says that even the term mid-day was not inaugurated until several years later.

Our own familiar abbreviations, "A. M." and "P. M." for *ante meridien* (before noon) and *post meridien* (after noon)—therefore date back to this old Roman observance and expression. Herodotus informs us that the Greeks borrowed the invention of the sundial from the Babylonians.

Even at this civilized period these denoters of time are sometimes seen in Europe. "I count only the hours that are serene," is the significant motto on an antiquated sundial near Venice; and in the Temple, London, there is a dial upon which is inscribed the admonitory line, "Begone about your business."

The Chinese, as early as the ninth century, detailed man to watch on the towers, in order to announce the hours of the day, by striking on a board, suspended for the purpose. A similar custom is still observed among the Russians. Alfred the Great, it is said, measured his time by the continued burning of wax tapers, with notches denoting the respective hours. Another crude method is seen in certain portions of the East. Should you ask a native the "time of day," he would stand erect in the sun, and measure his shadow. An allusion is made to this in Job: "As a servant earnestly desireth the shadow," &c.

Succeeding the sundial came the hourglass. It was invented at Alexandria, 150 B. C. In the year 157 B. C., the *clepsydra*, or water-clock, was introduced at Rome. The nature of its mechanism is enveloped in historical quandary. A meagre description, however, of the one presented by the king of Persia to Charlemagne is to be found in the *Annales Francorum*. The author says. "Likewise a timepiece wonderfully constructed of brass, with mechanical art, in which the course of the twelve hours was turned towards a clepsydra, with as many brass balls, which fall down at the completion of the hour, and, by the fall, sounded a bell under them."

About the 11th century a monk—the Abbot of Hirsham—with no other design than the beguilement of his tedium, constructed a timeteller somewhat similar to our clocks, it materially differing from the sundial and the water-clock. The ingenious machine not only measured the time, but at certain intervals produced a peculiar sound, for the purpose of admonishing the sacristan to matins and vespers. Little did the ecclesiastic suppose that his exertions to relieve the lassitude of the hours had given to the world an invention than which none could be more useful and important. Clocks, moved by weights, began to be used in the European monasteries about the same century.

In 1232 the Sultan sent to the Emperor Frederick II. a most curious clock, "of wonderful construction," and valued at 5,000 ducats. "It appeared," writes an old author, "to resemble internally a celestial globe, in which figures of the sun, moon and planets, formed with great skill, moved, being impelled by weights and wheels, so that, performing their course in certain fixed intervals, they pointed out the hour, night and day, with infallible certainty."

About the close of the 15th century watches were introduced.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

In Paris, lately, a duel was nearly the consequence of two gentlemen asserting their rival claims to the smiles of a beauty in a basket-carriage at the races of La March.

"You are an impertinent fellow," said A.

"Sir," replied B, "you shall give me satisfaction."

"I shall ask it of you, sir," was the reply of A.

"I shall remain at home all day to-morrow."

"I shall also remain at home," was the indignant response of B.

The fruit of this mutual determination must be peace.

"Pray, my lord," said a gentleman to a late respected and rather whimsical judge, "what is the distinction between law and equity courts."

"Very little in the end," replied his lordship: "they only differ as far as time is concerned. At common law you are done for at once; in equity you are not so easily disposed of. The former is a bullet, which is instantaneously and most charmingly effective; the latter is an angler's book, which plays with its victim before it kills it. The one is prussic acid, the other laudanum."

"Have the jury agreed?" asked the bailiff of a lock-up set of 12, whom he had left under care of his man, Denny Garry, and whom he met on the stairs with a can in his hand.

"Oh, yes," replied Denny, "they have agrade to sind out for another half gallon."

"Mr. Smith," said the counsel, "you say you once officiated in a pulpit—do you mean that you preached?"

"No, sir; I held the candle for a man who did."

"Ah, the court understood you differently. They supposed that discourse came from you."

"No, sir; I only throwed a light on it."

A Maltese offered his services to a dragoman at Alexandria.

"Know English well, sir," said he; "I have served many English gentlemen. I'm English subject, sir; I get drunk, sir—get drunk."

An old woman in Yorkshire crossed a bridge that was marked as "dangerous," without seeing the sign. On being informed of the fact on the other side of the river, she turned about and immediately recrossed.

An unsuccessful lover was asked by what means he lost his divinity?"

"Alas!" cried he, "I flattered her until she got too proud to speak to me!"

"Are you the fellow what's going West?" inquired a cabby of a gentleman, the other evening; "'cause I'm the gentleman what's to drive you, if you be!"

A correspondent says: "I was not a little amused the other day as I was crossing the Hudson in the Jersey ferryboat, at a little incident. A genuine Cockney, who evidently only just arrived here, hearing some one say, 'There's one of our gunboats,' naturally looked out for her. Unfortunately for Mr. Cockney there was a grain elevator in the same direction, which John Bull naturally took to be the object. Holding up his hands he cried: 'My hise; these Yankees have the queerest inventions in the world; what a queer thing for a gunboat.'"

Genuine Cologne Water.—One of the Farinas has published the following formula for this celebrated perfume, which we copy from the *Zeitschrift des Norddeutschen Apotheker-Vereins*:

R Benzoini (purified)	2 ounces	by weight.
Ol. Lavandulæ	4 "	
Ol. Rosmarini	2 "	

Alcoholis fortioris 9 gallons. To this solution are added successively:

Ol. Neroli,
Ol. Neroli petits grains,
Ol. Limonie, of each 10 2-5 ounces,
Ol. Lirantii Dulcis,
Ol. Limottæ,
Ol. Bergamii, of each 20 4-5 ounces.
Tinct. Flori geranii rosei q. s. Macerate for some weeks, then fill into flasks.

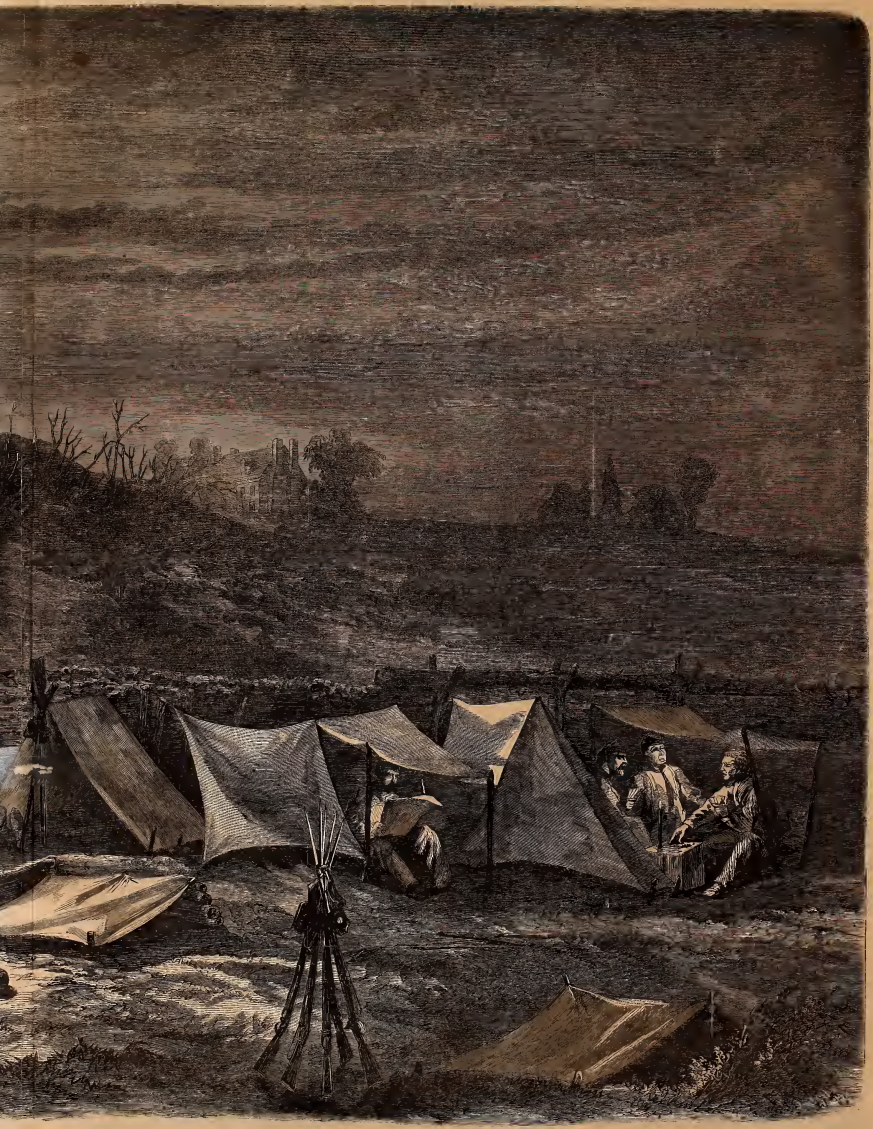
A little girl who was walking with her mother was tempted by the sight of a basket of oranges, exposed for sale in a store, quietly took one; but afterwards stricken by conscience, returned it. After her return home, she was discovered in tears, and on being asked the cause of her sorrow, replied, sobbing:

"Mamma, I haven't broken any of the commandments, but I think I've cracked one a little."

She was forgiven.

Attached to the dress of a little baby, left before a New York doorstep, was a note from its mother, stating that the father of the little one was a Union soldier, killed in the late battles of the Wilderness, and she being unable to provide for its support, was therefore obliged for the present to leave it to the charity of strangers. She, however, pledged herself to call for the little waif within a year, when its parentage would be made known.

NIGHT IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE PETERSBURG.—FROM A S



—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE 283.

LONG EXPECTED.

To expectation, all the year,
I watch and wait, I watch and wait;
I keep within a court of state;
Perchance, e'en now, the time is near.

For who can tell the very day
When he shall seal love's tropic seas,
Borne on by sweetest fantasies
To golden regions far away?

So spring-time comes, and hope is high,
For winter's snows are past and gone,
The summer seems to call me on,
The violete whisper "She is nigh."

Sweet summer cometh, crowned with flowers,
And then my heart of hearts is gay,
For to myself I often say,
"I love will discover the summer hours."

But summer fades to autumn's gold,
Yet still I watch and still I wait;
I think—"My love, she cometh late,
Ten days are short, the nights are cold."

Then winter follows, dark and sere,
And that I form my beacon-light,
To guide her through the darkest night,
And so I measure out the year.

All than the rolling years pass by:
At times I think "She will not come,
Perchance in this way is weariome
And dark, beneath a wintry sky."

But yet I know she comes from far,
As surely as the silver light,
Flashing for ages through the night,
From some yet undiscovered star.

And so I keep my court of state,
With all my heart in solemn dress;
With everything in readiness,
I watch and wait, I watch and wait:

Gazing towards the eastern sky,
Waiting the coming of the morn,
The first faint flushing of the dawn,
Waiting and watching—till I die.

The Serpent-Woman.

BY Z. W.

CHAPTER XIX.

She is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair—fair as that wave and clear as that star;
And true she is, or she hath perjured herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair and true,
It shall she be placed in my constellation.
Merchant of Venice, Act II., Sc. 8.

MARINA returned to England, to find her father dead and much diminished fortune, and her mother dead and buried, and Bertram sinking rapidly into the grave beneath a bead of grief, that was unable to support. She had become a woman, but her wealth enabled her to bring Bertram, her brother, from America. Victor's death, no good tidings had come, and it was she who had to tell him of his relatives, and another dreadful blow to his hearts of Bertram and his mother.

Such a firm's grief, flowing with theirs, afforded them some relief. Her devotion to the mother and son; the soothing and magic influences of her presence and nature, and the subtle and imperceptible and potent flexibility with which she could draw them unconsciously back to life and contentment, and make them happier in their final result. Lady Adela yielded to the fascinations of the "Serpent-Woman," and he submitted to her gentle hug from before her was submitted to her gentle hug from before her was submitted to her gentle hug from before her was

ing, when, giving a last look to his sleeping companion, he had hastened on his journey to be in time for the steamer which was to start at noon that day. His friend was the only one who would sincerely mourn his absence, for his uncle, with whom he resided, was too much immersed in business to miss him, and the note which he had left would explain all. He could never have remained in England to see Emma the wife of another, though the other was William. Then he closed his letter by hoping that his friend had been happy with the object of his choice; for himself, he should never marry.

An answer was directly sent to John, telling him that William had never been heard from since his departure, though search had been made for him, and also of the supposition of his own death.

Once more the mail brought a letter from John. Grief was in every line, while it firmly expressed the writer's determination to find the missing one if possible.

Remembering to have seen in the harbor on the day of his departure a vessel, which from its name (The Emma) had attracted his attention, he had inquired whither it was bound, and discovered that it was also going to America, but while the vessel he was aboard was going to stop several days at Halifax the other was only going to touch for passengers.

Thinking now that perhaps the impetuous William might have attempted to follow, in hopes of again seeing him at that port and inducing him to return, John made diligent inquiries, and after much trouble found that a gentleman had got aboard at C——, but that a violent storm had arisen in which the vessel had been so badly injured as to make it necessary to put back for repairs, and that in one of the heavy lurches of the vessel three men were washed overboard, among them the stranger. Two of them were picked up by the Martha, bound for China, and there the thread was lost. The Martha had returned since, but no such person was on her.

Weary and disheartened, John now began to despair and to consider the death of his friend certain. Plunged into gloom which seemed to become heavier and blacker as the thought grew upon him, that he was the occasion of William's misfortunes, it was with eagerness he accepted a commission to France from the firm he was with. New scenes he hoped would lighten the load from his heart and teach him partially to forget.

With haste he prepared for his departure, and was soon again on the broad deep. The passage was a stormy one, but a stranger in a strange land he safely arrived in sunny France. Giving his earnest attention to the business which had called him there, he still had a few hours each day unoccupied, and these he employed viewing whatever was worthy of his attention. Each day found something. Once a thought struck him. He would like to visit a court of justice, see the manner in which trials were conducted, and note the difference between the French and American methods. Passing with a quick step into the building, he took a seat just as a cause was being finished. The crew of a small French vessel had mutined, and the stringent arm of the law had seized the transgressors. But what has effected John? See! he is pale as death, and large drops of perspiration stand like beads upon his forehead. Three times he attempts to rise; at last, with a desperate effort he gains his feet, and then with renewed strenght pushes his way to the passage through which the prisoners are being led, and clasps one in his arms.

"William!" "John!" And tears stood in the eyes of the long-severed friends so singularly reunited. The judge seeing the commotion inquired the cause. Stepping up to him, John explained as much as he knew, and the judge, with a smile and wave of the hand, told him his friend was free, the court having just decided that he was not a participator in the mutiny. Arm-in-arm they proceeded to John's lodgings, and then came the explanation. He had been one of the fortunate two saved and conveyed by the Martha to China. Arriving their, he had taken the first returning vessel, feeling unwilling to wait for the Martha. When a short time out, a portion of the crew, headed by the second mate, had connived together and mutined. Some of these being averse to cold-blooded murder, they had, upon conquering, placed the captain, first mate, and two of the crew in the long boat and set them adrift, and then undecided as to what course to pursue, they had cruised about, going in one direction one day, and the reverse the next. William, for some unknown cause, they had kept with them, refusing to place him in the long boat with the others as he had urged, and keeping him in close custody. The captain having by chance fallen in with a man-of-war, stated his case, when they immediately commenced searching for, and after considerable trouble found the vessel, seized the mutinous crew and brought them prisoners to France. There he had been detained, awaiting trial up to the present time. Long the friends conversed, happy in each others society, and when they seperated for the night, William laughingly made John promise not to disappear before morning.

A few days after, William returned to England, loath to leave John, but eager once more to see home. Brown with exposure, and travel-stained, he again entered the village. Many and hearty were the welcomes he received; but his first pleasure was in sending a letter to John, begging him also to return, "For," said he, "I find it was not I—as I was vain enough to suppose—but yourself that Emma loved. But do not be unhappy for me on that account, for I am not inconsolable. I have met in my travels a pair of black eyes, quite as effective as Emma's blue ones—that is to me—and I hope soon to have the pleasure of introducing you to them. So come home immediately, if not for mine, for Emma's sake.

THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG.

THE interest still centres at Petersburg, where Grant is pushing his siege lines forward with all the dogged obstinacy of his character, bombarding the fated city and the rebel position with incessant and fatal resolve. Continuing our series of illustrations, we give a nearer view of the gallant charge of the 18th corps on first line of rebel works, which they took splendidly, and of which we gave in our last a distant view. Our readers will also admire a spirited sketch by our Special Artist, "In the Trenches before Petersburg," showing the life in our army as gradually and steadily the trenches are run up towards the enemy's positions, till the long, anxious awaiting is broken by the order for the assault, when the bold push is made by thousands of gallant men, who breast the storm of bullets, shot and shell poured on the advancing line.

NAVAL VICTORY OFF CHERBOURG,

June 19, 1864.

THE last steamer from Europe brought the welcome tidings of the summary defeat and destruction of the Alabama, off Cherbourg, and near the historic Cape La Hogue, on the 19th of June.

Our readers are but too well acquainted with the history of the Alabama and her commander. Yet it may not be out of place to recapitulate the facts.

She was built at Birkenhead, opposite Liverpool, England, by Messrs. Laird, under a contract made by Capt. Bulloch, and said to be in behalf of the rebel Government. She cost, when complete for sea, $255,000. She was launched in April, 1862. She was fitted with shot racks, pivot gun sockets and breeching bolts before she left Liverpool. She sailed from Liverpool on the 29th of July, having gone down the river on her trial trip—the English Government making a feigned effort to stop her—but in ten days thereafter she arrived at the Azores. Here she took on board her armament, which was furnished by the English house of Fawcett, Preston & Co., of Liverpool.

From the time of her departure from Liverpool she was under the command of Capt. M. J. Butcher, of the Cunard service. The rest of her officers were as follows: Chief Officers, John Low, England; Second Officer, C. S. Tullam, Hull, Eng.; Surgeon, D. H. Llewellyn, Easton, Wilts., Eng.: Paymaster, C. B. Yonge, Savannah, Ga.; Chief-Engineer, J. McNair, Eng. She had a crew of 70 men and boys, two-thirds being English.

On the 24th of August (Sunday) Capt. Raphael Semmes took command of the vessel, and in a formal manner hoisted the rebel flag at the peak and the English flag at the fore, and fired a gun.

She then started on a cruise, with a commander, 26 officers and 85 men. For nearly two years she has been employed in sinking, burning and destroying American commerce and shipping.

The following is a list of the vessels he has destroyed, and which in due time her Majesty's Government will be obliged to pay for:

Name.	*Where From.*
Ship Ochmulgee	Martha's Vineyard.
Schooner Starlight	Boston.
Barque Ocean Rover	New London.
Barque Alert	New Bedford.
Schooner Weathergage	Provincetown.
Brigantine Altamaha	Sippican.
Ship Benjamin Tucker	New Bedford.
Schooner Courser	Provincetown.
Barque Virginia	New Bedford.
Barque Elisha Dunbar	New Bedford.
Ship Brilliant	New York.
Barque Wave Crest	New York.
Brigantine Dunkirk	New York.
Ship Tonawanda	Philadelphia.
Ship Manchester	New York.
Barque Lamplighter	Boston.
Ship Lafayette	New Haven.
Schooner Crenshaw	New York.
Barque Lauretta	Boston.
Brigantine Baron de Castine	Castine—ransomed.
Ship Levi Starbuck	New Bedford.
Ship Thomas B. Walles	Boston.
Barque Parker Cook	Boston.
Schooner Union	Baltimore—ransomed.
Steamer Ariel	New York—ransomed.
Steamer Hatteras	United States gunboat.
Barque Golden Rule	New York.
Brigantine Chastelain	Boston.
Schooner Palmetto	New York.
Barque Olive Jane	Boston.
Ship Golden Rule	New Bedford.
Ship Washington	New York—ransomed.
Ship Berthiah Thayer	Rockland—ransomed.
Ship John A. Parks	Hallowell.
Ship Punjaub	Boston—ransomed.
Morning Star	Boston—ransomed.
Schooner Kingfisher	New Bedford.
Ship Nora	Boston.
Ship Charles Hull	Boston.
Ship Louisa Hatch	Rockland.
Brigantine Kate Cory	Westport.
Barque Lafayette	New Bedford.
Barque Nye	New Bedford.
Ship Dorcas Prince	New York.
Barque Union Jack	New York.
Ship Sea Lark	New York.
Ship Gildersleeve	New York.
Barque Justina	Baltimore—ransomed.
Ship Jabez Snow	Bucksport.
Barque Amazonian	Boston.
Ship Talisman	New York.
Barque Conrad	Philadelphia.
Ship Anne F. Schmidt	Boston.
Ship Express	Portsmouth.
Barque Sea Bride	Boston.

This record brings the Alabama's career up to her arrival at Table Bay, Cape of Good Hope, in September, 1863. There is no complete record of her subsequent proceedings. She sailed for the East Indies, and, in the Straits of Malacca, near Singapore, she burned two ships. Off the coast of Burmese, India, she burned the barque Texan Star, from Moulmein for Singapore. Sweeping around Cape Comorin and up the eastern shore of the Bay of Bengal, she burned the ship Emma Jane, of New York, and landed her crew near Ojeova, in the southern part of India. Her next appearance was at the Cape of Good Hope, in March last, from whence she cruised about until she entered Cherbourg, early in the month of June, having just previously burned two more American ships, the Rockingham and Tycoon. These were her last depredations.

Our ambassador had remonstrated firmly against the advantages given to these pirates in French ports, and at last effectually. Almost at this moment the Alabama ran into Cherbourg, amid the sympathetic cheers of the French people, who like Europeans generally detest us heartily, and exult in the hope of our speedy overthrow.

Capt. Winslow, of the Kearsarge, was at once notified, and proceeded towards Cherbourg.

The Kearsarge is a third-rate screw steamer, of eight guns and 1,031 tons measurement, and of the following dimensions: Length, 250 feet; beam, 34 feet; depth of hold, 18 feet. She was built at the Portsmouth, N. H., Navy Yard, in 1862. Her engines and boilers were built by Woodruff & Beach, Hartford, Conn. She belongs to a class of vessels represented by the Ticanderoga, Lackawana, Tuscarora, Wachusett and others. She has no remarkable rate of speed, and possibly can make 10 knots under full steam when in good order. She is bark rigged and looks man-of-war like. She has been employed on special service in the western Atlantic, and on the coasts of England and France since she was put in commission, and has had no opportunity for repairs, not having been permitted to enter any foreign port to remain over 24 hours.

Kearsarge, whence our victorious ship is named, is a mountain, half a mile high, near the centre of New Hampshire one of the sentinel outposts of the White Hills, but not connected with them. The Unionists of the Granite State will henceforth regard this noble eminence with a prouder affection, since its name is indissolubly blended with one of the happiest exploits of our navy.

Capt. J. A. Winslow is a native of Wilmington, N. C., where he was born in 1811. His mother was a Southern woman; his father was from the North, and descended from the old Plymouth stock of Winslows. John Winslow was educated at Dedham, in this State, and at 14 years of age entered the navy as Midshipman, being indebted to Daniel Webster for his place. His family reside in Roxbury.

Semmes, who is a miserable poltroon of the John Morgan order, valiant only in warring on the defenceless, was now in a corner. His vessel was a match for the Kearsarge, of heavier tonnage and heavier metal. But he was conscious that he must fight at great advantage or lose. He never but once before faced an American war vessel, and that was on the night of Jan. 11, 1863, when announcing himself to be the British gunboat Petrel, he ran up to the ferry boat Hatteras, Capt. Blake, and sunk her. Conscious therefore of his coming fate, he handed over to the Brazilian Consul 60 chronometers, his will, his money and the bills of ransomed vessels, and got the English yacht Deerhound to follow him. He then instructed his men when to jump overboard, and steamed out. As soon as he got to the point where the French vessel Couronne left him he began to fire at the Kearsarge, hoping to be able to retreat within the line. Capt. Winslow's report tells the rest.

UNITED STATES STEAMER KEARSARGE, June 19—P. M.

SIR—I have the honor to inform the department that the day subsequent to the arrival of the Kearsarge off this port on the 14th inst., I received a note from Capt. Semmes, begging that the Kearsarge would not depart as he intended to fight her, and would not delay her but a day or two.

According to this notice the Alabama left the port of Cherbourg this morning at about 9½ o'clock.

At 20 minutes past 10 A. M. we discovered her steering towards us. Fearing the question of jurisdiction might arise we steamed to sea, until a distance of six or seven miles was obtained from the Cherbourg breakwater, when we rounded to and commenced steering for the Alabama.

As we approached her within about 1,200 yards she opened fire, we receiving two or three broadsides before a shot was returned.

The action continued, the respective steamers making a circle round and round, at a distance of about 900 yards from each other.

At the expiration of an hour the Alabama struck, going down in about 20 minutes afterwards and carrying many persons with her.

It affords me great gratification to announce to the department that every officer and man did his duty, exhibiting a degree of coolness and fortitude which gave promise at the outset of certain victory. I have the honor to be, most respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN A. WINSLOW, Captain.

Hon. GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy.

ARMAMENT OF THE VESSELS—THE FIRING AND CASUALTIES ON BOARD THE KEARSARGE.

UNITED STATES STEAMER KEARSARGE,
CHERBOURG, France, June 20, 1864.

SIR—I enclose herewith the surgeon's report of the casualties on board this vessel in the late action with the Alabama.

Although we received some 25 or 30 shots, 12 or 13 taking effect in the hull, by the mercy of God we have been spared the loss of any of our lives, whereas in the case of the Alabama the carnage, I learn, was dreadful.

The ships were about equal in match, the tonnage being the same, the Alabama carrying a 100-pounder rifle, with one heavy 68-pounder and six broadside 32-pounders, the Kearsarge carrying four broadside 32-pounders, two 11-inch and one 28-pounder rifle—one gun less than the Alabama.

The only shot which I fear will give us any trouble is a 100-pounder rifle shell which entered our stern post and remains at present unexploded.

It would seem almost invidious to particularise the conduct of any one man or officer, in which all had done their duty with a fortitude and coolness which cannot be too well praised; but I feel it due to my executive officer, Lieut. Commander Thornton, who superintended the working of the battery, to particularly mention him for an example of coolness and encouragement to the men while fighting, which contributed much towards the success of the action. I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN A. WINSLOW, Captain.

Hon. GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy.

Report of the Surgeon of the Kearsarge.

Surgeon Browne reports:

John W. Dempsey, quarter gunner, has had an arm amputated, owing to a fracture.

William Gwin and James Macbeth, ordinary seamen, severely wounded.

Capt. Winslow does not mention the fate of Semmes. When he struck his flag and sent his boat to surrender the Alabama she was sinking, and went down almost at once. Then the Deerhound appeared, and steaming up to the Kearsarge was asked by the officers of the Federal ship to try and pick up the scores of the Alabama's crew and officers who were floating and swimming about. He lowered his yacht boats, and one of them, commanded by a man named Adams, was steering his boat into a group of a dozen struggling persons when he passed a drowning man at some short distance with an officer's cap on.

One of the men in the boat cried out: "That's Semmes," and the drowning man cried out: "I am the captain; save me; I cannot keep up any longer."

Adams went and dragged him into the boat. Semmes then said: "For God sake don't put me on board the Kearsarge, but put me on board your yacht."

Adams promised to do so, and laid Semmes down in the bottom, and covered him with a sail to conceal him from the Kearsarge's boats, which were evidently anxiously searching for him. When Adams had saved a boatload he took them on board the yacht, and Semmes was at once placed below. As soon as all that were seen in the water were picked up, the Deerhound steered to Southampton, where Semmes and his officers were at once fêted.

Such is the close of the poltroon's career with the Alabama.

The English naval officers, having a fellow feeling for any one well drubbed by the Stars and Stripes, are subscribing for a sword to be presented to Semmes, as a mark of their appreciation for his getting beat. We suppose it is to be presented by representatives of the captains of English men-of-war, who have, from time to time, struck to the Stars and Stripes.

BARNUM,

AT HOME AND IN HARNESS.

THERE is no desire so strong in the human mind as that curiosity which prompts us to inquire into the smallest matters appertaining to those in whom we have interest.

Let a man once become famous, and his whole inner life is public property. How Tennyson lights his cigar, and how Dickens sits, or how he holds his pen while creating Dombeys and Skimpoles, are subjects of the deepest interest.

With an editorial privilege that allows us to walk invisibly into homes and houses, we are about to seize bodily upon a man whose name at this moment, we will venture to assert, is better known over the entire civilized world than any other American, and serve up that inner life for the benefit of the public.

The man to whom we allude is Phineas T. Barnum, one whose name for quarter of a century has been more continually prominent before the people than any living specimen of his notoriety-loving countrymen. We have read about him, we have heard about him, and we have talked of him, but yet how little do we know of him. He has biographised himself, and all the world has read it, but there is still an unsatisfied something: it is not the Barnum the public want to know.

There are some men who do not adopt a calling or profession in life, but are born to it. They are identical in their instincts with a celebrated surgeon who once told us that he really had learned nothing since he was a boy, and amused himself in his father's barnyard by catching the chickens, putting their legs out of joint, and then setting them. Of this nature is Mr. Barnum. He was born a showman, and could we follow him into the infantile days, we should doubtless find his first passion lay in getting up some puppet-show to gather in the pins of his less inventive and unbusinesslike companions.

This passion is shown in his daily life. He opens a place of public entertainment and offers his patrons a dramatic performance of three hours' duration, a full range of an immense building stored with half a million of curiosities from every part of the earth, the finest aquaria ever seen on this continent, giants, dwarfs, Albinos, and a dozen of minor things, any one of which would make a country show. The public are satisfied, they come, are more than pleased, and go away after six or eight hours of amusement or instruction; but not so with Barnum, he is not satisfied. The old insatiate spirit that was born within him is always rampant. Nothing must pass his hands. Has he six giants on hand, and another is heard of, he has him. If a dwarf is whispered about, the acquisitive is at work, and Barnum scents him in the far corner of the land, and secures him before any one else has rubbed the sand out of his eyes. A strange fish is heard of in Africa that encases itself in hard clay nine months in the year, only coming out with the falling of the rains, and directly our showman is seriously unhappy unless he can have some for his aquaria. The object is accomplished by sending a messenger to the river Gambia, and half a dozen specimens ornament his collection. He thinks that a whale would not be a bad thing for the rising generation to see, and straightway pipes are laid to the river, almost half a mile distant from the Museum, at a cost of $8,000, and a vessel is dispatched to the coast of Labrador to return with a monster, the flap of whose tail would knock a good-sized boat to atoms, and his fishship is to be seen disporting in a glass tank, built for his reception, considerably larger than an ordinary-sized dwelling-house. Scarce is his whale housed when a horned woman is heard of in Turkey, and away goes a messenger from Barnum with a plethoric purse, and gold at 200, to secure her. His agent in London, for he has them everywhere, writes of a wonderful box that is about to be exhibited there, and the grasping Barnum, with a golden hand, seizes the treasure, and shows to the puzzled Museum visitors a simple box, not larger than an ordinary travelling trunk, from out of which its constructor takes 200 pieces of house furniture, ranging from a dining table 12 feet long down to a dozen of garden chairs.

If we were writing a sketch of fiction, nothing that imagination could supply would equal the tale we are relating, but we plead guilty to telling nothing but simple facts. The unthinking public may, at first glance, say that no business could stand this recklessness of outlay, and that any man must fall before such a multiplicity of acquisitions. We beg to differ. The practical exemplification has been that as Mr. Barnum extends his efforts he extends his audiences, and enlarges his building, until from the year 1841, when he first took the Museum, and his daily expenses were only $40, he has increased them to $700 per diem, and still advances. During this time he has made several colossal fortunes, and scattered them by an open, genial nature, that stands ready to believe all men truthful, and yet at this moment comes out of the fire worth a couple of millions, and an increasing income that bids fair in a few years to make him the richest man in America.

The acquisition of wealth has not acted upon Mr. Barnum as it would on most men, made him desirous to seek ease. His heart is in his Museum, he was born to it, and as long as his physical powers will let him, and he looks good for half a century yet, so long will he be found at his post, with a busy head, stretching all over the world, himself, as the Prince of Wales, who, strange to say, made the Museum the only place of amusement he visited during his American tour, remarked, the most extraordinary curiosity in the establishment. In the details of his management he is assisted by his son-in-law, but had Mr. Barnum 50 such aids it would not induce him to give up the personal supervision of everything, and a daily presence. Before we close this part of our gossip we must give praise to one matter that deserves especial mention. We allude to the refinement of the performances in the lecture-room. While there is a continued succession of original plays, written expressly for him, and a production of everything that makes a success upon the English stage, not one word is ever heard, or an action permitted, that could not meet the ears, or eyes, of the most fastidious. At the rate of admission charged, no theatre could afford to give a performance that so rivals everything in the metropolis, and the only way that it can pay is by the great numbers who attend, and the fact that three performances are given daily, and on holidays five or six.

We now come to Barnum in his home, and, as a first point, cannot help expressing an astonishment that the owner of Lindencroft can wean himself a day from its fascinations for anything the city and business can offer. For the solution of this riddle there is no answer but the passion of an eccentric man whose life is in his profession, and who can see nothing beyond it.

Lindencroft, the home of Barnum, is in Bridgeport, Conn., a city that owes a large portion of its celebrity to his enterprise, and is at this moment half owned by him. Since the burning of Iranistan, which came nearer a palace than any building ever erected in this country, its owner has been seeking to recover at Lindencroft the lost beauty of the former home. All that wealth, art and industry can bestow, is lavished with open hands, and here the showman, who has cultivated by travel and association a fine taste, spends his Saturdays and Sundays, surrounded by a refined and affectionate family, and, fed full with the beauty of nature and the luxuriousness of wealth, gathers fresh energy for the week, and enjoys the prosperity of neighbors he has helped to make.

For almost a quarter of a century Barnum has labored in Bridgeport, and has seen his labor bring it from a country village to a fine city. He has founded and built up the town of East Bridgeport, and has bridged the Housatonic to bring it into the original city. He does not speculate, but he buys all the land that offers, builds houses, plants fine trees, beautifies every spot that comes under his hands, and then sells when he can get a good neighbor. The result is that Bridgeport can show some of the most beautiful villas on the continent, and for miles over its well-kept roads the scene is one of continued natural loveliness, enhanced by architectural graces.

Among his neighbors Barnum is regarded as few men are. He is the friend and benefactor of both rich and poor, and no worthy cause appeals to his purse in vain. Whatever his humbugging propensities may be—propensities of which he seems to be personally rather proud—with the public humbugging, which seems to consist in promising them a quarter's worth of amusement and giving them a dollar's worth, there is none of it in private life; the word of Barnum is as solid as law, and the man does not live who can say truthfully that the great showman ever forfeited it.

In person Barnum is about 5 feet 10 inches, and weighs about 170lb. He is always quick and energetic in his movements, and his sharp gray eye sees more at a glance than can be performed in a month. His complexion is light, and about his face there is a perpetual smile, which, when it breaks into a laugh, carries everybody with it *nolens volens*. He is never happier than when, surrounded by friends, sending out the scintillations of anecdote and experience, of which he is full, and which a peculiar talent for story-telling makes gems. For many years he has been strictly a total abstinence man, setting it forth not only by his own example but by lectures before thousands, and stands a very good living instance of his creed.

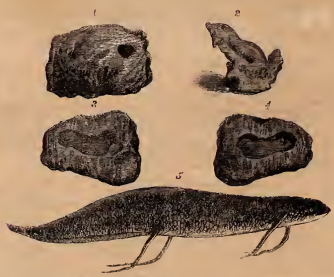
We believe that Barnum is 54 years of age, the very flush time of his life, and as Tennyson says:

"With ruddy health and boundless wealth,"

may yet live to make some farther mark upon the age that will add to the reputation he already has of being one of the most extraordinary man of the time.

THE UNION VASE PRESENTED TO THE CENTRAL SANITARY FAIR, PHILADELPHIA, BY MESSRS BAILEY & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

PRESENTATION SWORD, MANUFACTURED FOR THE CENTRAL SANITARY FAIR, PHILADELPHIA, BY MESSRS. EVANS & HASSALL, PHILADELPHIA.



Lump of clay as taken from the river. 2. Lump opened showing cyst. 3 & 4. Lump opened showing mould.

THE LEPIDOPTERA ANNECTANS.—SEE PAGE 285.

THE WASHINGTON, CAPT. DUCHESNE, THE FIRST STEAMER OF THE NEW FRENCH TRANSATLANTIC COMPANY'S LINE.—SKETCHED WHILE LYING IN THE BASIN OF THE DUKE AT HAVRE.—SEE PAGE 286.

PHINEAS T. BARNUM, ESQ., THE WORLD-KNOWN PROPRIETOR OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK.

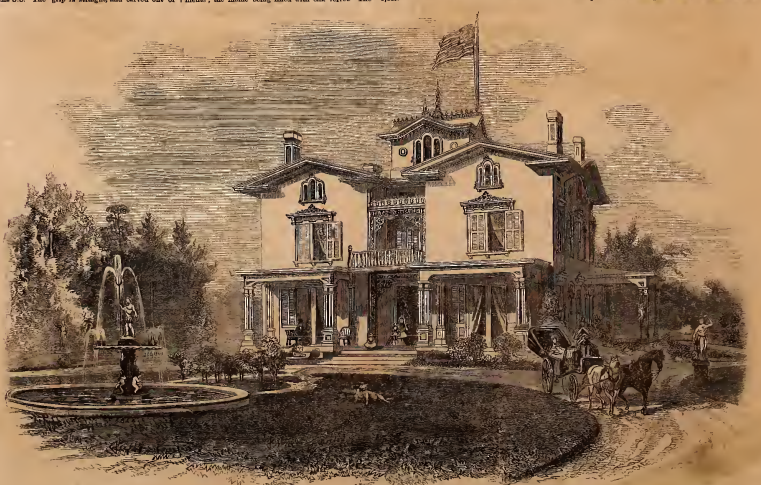
THE TESTIMONIAL SWORD

THIS elegant presentation sword was manufactured and donated to the ladies of the great Central Fair, Philadelphia, by Messrs. Evans and Hassall, manufacturers and military furnishers, 418 Arch street, Philadelphia. The sword is without doubt one of the most elegant and expensive ones yet produced in this country. It is a straight Damascus blade, artistically etched, but no lettering appears, except the simple initials U.S. The grip is straight, and carved out of solid silver, with helmet head in gold. In the grip diamonds to the value of $1,000 are set. The guard is an elaborately wrought wreath, which is also embellished with gems. There are two scabbards, one of silver, heavily plated with gold, and the other of oxide; they are both elaborately sculptured with appropriate designs. On the former, in three different places, are the arms of the United States, richly enamelled in gold, and with the appropriate colors. The sword-case is also a beautiful piece of workmanship. It is made of rich satin wood, with metal bands and ivory ornaments; the inside being lined with silk velvet. The belt is of the finest quality of Russian leather, embroidered richly with gold, which all the clasps and catches are heavily gilt with the same metal. There is also a very heavy buff-silk Major-General's sash, also appropriate shoulder-straps, and an elegant pair of solid silver spurs. In fact the whole fit-out is complete, and was richly worth its valuation of $2,500.

This sword was disposed of in precisely the same manner as the one presented by the Messrs. Tiffany at the New York Fair. The canvass resulted as follows: Gen. Meade, 3,442; Gen. Hancock, 1,506; Gen. McClellan, 297; Gen. Grant, 177; scattering, 119. Total, 5,541.

THE UNION VASE.

THIS remarkable work of art was donated by Bailey & Co. to the great Central Fair of Philadelphia, for the Sanitary Commission, with the understanding that it should be awarded to the individual or organization receiving the greatest number of votes at $1 each, the party becoming a candidate to be put in nomination by paying a fee of $20 for that purpose. The vase is solid silver, and 40 inches in height; the base, a fine piece of verd antique marble, triangular in shape;



LINDENCROFT, THE COUNTRY SEAT OF P. T. BARNUM, ESQ., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—SEE PAGE 283.

is surmounted with a tripod stand, each leg of which is ornamented with sculptured armorial emblems and devices, one each representing the ancient, middle and present ages. The various advancements in the construction of the implements and trappings of the periods designated, are truthfully and faithfully delineated. On the upper side of each column are masterly designed and executed winged female figures, representing respectfully Fame, History and Peace. Surmounting the whole sits the bowl, which is 40 inches in circumference, and has an elaborately wrought border, representing a wreath of vines with large clusters of grapes hanging down from the handles, which are three in number. Between the columns, seated on a pedestal, is an excellent statuette of Liberty with insignia. On one angle is the inscription: "Presented to the Central Sanitary Fair by Bailey & Co., 1864." On the angles of the marble base are richly wrought medallions in silver, one being the arms of the United States, another the arms of the State of Pennsylvania, and the other a design of the eagle strangling a serpent. Excepting this lower base, the whole affair is of solid sterling silver, over 00 pounds weight of which was used in its construction—the whole vase weighing 160 pounds. It is, without doubt, one of the most massive and beautiful, as well as the largest pieces of silver ware ever produced in this country, reflecting the highest credit on the donors, and every way worthy of the remarkable event it is intended to perpetuate.

Although a number of distinguished names were early entered for the contest, it was by no means a spirited one until near the close of the Fair, three days previous to which considerably less than 2,000 votes had been polled, leaving the Union League of Philadelphia and President Lincoln with decidedly the best chances. At this time some person presented the name of Edward G. James, Esq., the well-known and justly popular President of the Corn Exchange, and from that moment the whole enterprise brightened up, and the contest for the vase became one of the principal features of the Fair. The Leaguers observing the large crowds constantly coming forward to express their preference for Mr. James, at once determined that the coveted prize should not slip from their grasp, and from this time forward made herculean exertions to secure subscriptions, and succeeded so well that they concluded their ultimate success beyond doubt, in fact they went so far as to prepare for a grand banquet, speakers were engaged, and a general jollification was expected. The friends of Mr. James, observing how popular his nomination proved with the masses of the people, thought it only just and proper to note the course events were floating, and although no great efforts were employed, it was found that just enough was effected to thwart the intentions of the Leaguers, as the following result of the canvass give evidence: E. G. James, 4,939; Union League, 4,003; Abraham Lincoln, 850; John Welch, 161; Gov. Curtin, 113; Dr. Bellows, 77; Admiral Farragut, 58; Mayor Henry, 54; Bishop Simpson, 54; John Bright, 37; Gen. Meade, 36; Geo. H. Stuart, 34; Gen. Hancock, 33; Bishop Wood, 30; Gen. Grant, 17; Gen. McClellan, 10; S. P. Chase, 14; Bishop Potter, 11; E. M. Stanton, 9; Gen. Sherman, 6; Union Vol. Refreshment Saloon, 4; Admiral Dupont, 4; Total, 10,455.

The recipient of this valuable testimonial is a partner in the leading house of Thos. Richardson & Co., and for many years has been one of the most popular members of the Corn Exchange. Although a strong Republican and Union man, owing to a determined opposition to arbitrary arrests and like overt acts, he has resolved to oppose the re-election of the present Executive, and is now firmly adhered to the political fortunes of John C. Fremont. Since the commencement of the war, Mr. James has been almost unceasing in his efforts to raise men to suppress the rebellion, as well as money to alleviate the sufferings of its victims. In recognition of his exertions in this direction, a public dinner was given him at the La Pierre House, about one year since. Mr. James has ever declined the many offers of his friends for political preferment, as he has also refused to have any connection with Government contracts, which his position and means have presented numerous opportunities for. He is emphatically one of the representative men of the present day, and is constantly engaged in stupendous enterprises for general welfare. Among the works of magnitude which he has been engaged in during the last twelve months is the acquisition of the Girard House, and the erection of 270 buildings in the immediate suburbs of the city. Mr. James is a native of the State of New York, now in the 43d year of his age. He has long been one of the recognised leading business men of Philadelphia. He resides on his superb estate at Greenhill, Bergen county, New Jersey. The preferment of his friends on this occasion was but a just appreciation of his valuable and disinterested services for his follow-men.

THE STEAMSHIP WASHINGTON.

THE new French steamship Washington, Capt. Duchesne, the first of a line designed to run between this port and Havre, France, arrived at this port June 29, after a passage of 14 days and a half.

She encountered adverse winds and rough seas, with frequent fogs. These mishaps, coupled with a deficiency of fuel—the incident of putting too hastily to sea—retarded what would otherwise have been an unusually speedy passage.

On her trial trip the Washington ran 10 statute miles with ease. She is a splendid vessel, one of the best ever sent from the Clyde, and during the entire trip behaved admirably.

She left Havre at high tide on Wednesday, June 15, at five o'clock P.M., and passed the locks safely, getting fairly to sea before six o'clock. The quays and fortifications of Havre were crowded with people, who demonstrated their joy at seeing their port again directly connected with New York by cheers, flag raisings and salutes of cannon.

The new steamers have been so well subsidised by the French Government that there is no anticipation of their non success. The Compagnie Generale Transatlantique, by whom they are owned and managed, receive from the Imperial treasury several thousand francs for every voyage.

Among her officers will be recognised many who served upon the Fulton, the Arago and the Vanderbilt. Her captain, M. Duchesne, is an experienced French officer, and all her chief officers have passed examinations before the French Naval Board.

She sailed again for Havre July 5th.

THE LEPIDOSIREN ANNECTANS.

THE animal shown in our illustration on page 285 is one of the greatest curiosities in the range of natural history, and the public—especially the scientific portion—are under no slight obligations to the enterprise of Mr. Barnum for enabling them to see this animal alive as well as in its torpid state.

It is a remarkable creature from the position which it occupies in the animal kingdom, for it stands between batrachians and fish, the purest type of an amphibious animal, possessing both lungs and gills, and breathing both air and water. It resembles in form, as will be seen, the family of eels, but is furnished with two pair of limbs, which are not fins, but are used like feet, supporting it on the bottom, and aiding it in its motions. It has on the head a row of mucous pores, as same fish and batrachians have.

This curious animal is still more curious from its habits. It is found in the river Gambia, in Africa, about 350 miles from the sea, and during three months of the year sports around in the water with the fish, and during this brief term must propagate and continue the breed. Nature has provided it for the treacherous river, which, after three months dries up, leaving the clay bottom bare, soon to be baked by the African sun into a regular adobe. But before the water retires the lepidosiren plunges into the soft mud of the bottom to the depth of about 16 inches, and laying his head and tail together, makes a mucous covering for himself, and breathing away a hole through the mud awaits the course of events. Thus protected, he lets the river dry up, and remaining for nine months torpid—if the natives have not dug him up for food—he comes forth again when the returning water have reduced the hardened clay to mud again. Mr. Barnum succeeded in getting 12 of these, in their torpid state in the hard clay, cut from the river bed. He was out of the city when they arrived, and unfortunately several of them were opened during his absence, but a large company gathered a few days since at the Museum to see one opened and the animal shake off his long lethargy. Mr. Barnum was very anxious to preserve the mould, and after some misgiving had the lump of clay carefully sawed through. It was then gently divided, and the prisoner dropped into the water. He did not seem at first very active; the shock of his sudden transition being doubtless somewhat confusing, but he soon moved around as lithely as his companions, whose prison had been plunged at once into the water and dissolved around them.

Our readers will easily see the character of the strange animal. Its flat tail with its membranous expansion, its flat pectoral and round ventral limbs, its mucous pores, its small black circular pupil. The mouth is firmly closed by the overhanging upper lip, except in front where there are nostrils. Its color is a dark olive green.

From observations made, they are said to be very voracious, eating raw meat, worms, frogs and even each other, a point which Mr. Barnum will do well to avoid.

Our illustration shows the lump of clay with the hole opposite the nose for breathing, and the same lump cut open with the mould of the lepidosiren; another shows one opened containing a dead animal in his cyst.

ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.

THE father of the late Viscount Ashbrook, when very young, and residing with his family in the Queen's county, was struck with the beauty of an Irish peasant girl, named Elizabeth Ridge, who was in the habit of punting a ferryboat across a stream in the vicinity of Castle Durrow. The lovesick youth took every opportunity of enjoying the society of his beloved water-nymph; but carefully concealed from his parents the impression she had made upon his bosom.

He then held an ensign's commission in some regiment which was quartered near the castle; but he was too young to think of matrimony; nor was the object of his affection either old enough or sufficiently educated to become his wife. She had been reared among the Irish peasants; had been unused to shoes and stockings; was scarcely acquainted with the English language; and was wholly uninformed in matters of the world; but the young ensign fancied that, in spite of these disadvantages, he could perceive an aptitude of mind and soundness of intellect, united with great amiableness of temper, in addition to her personal perfections.

Under these circumstances, he conceived the romantic idea of submitting her to the superintendence of some respectable female, capable of rendering her, through the influence of education, an associate suitable to his wishes and to his rank.

The lovely ferry-girl was accordingly placed under the tuition of a lady, at whose house Captain Flower occasionally visited her; and where he marked from time to time, with all the enthusiasm of a romantic lover, her progress in various polite accomplishments.

Elizabeth Ridge remained in this situation about three years, when the efflux of time, as well as some domestic occurrences, enabled Captain Flower to reap the reward of his constancy and honorable conduct by a matrimonial union. And the blushing daughter of the Emerald Isle became ultimately the Viscountess Ashbrook, and lady of the castle, beneath whose walls her early charms had, like the rays of the rising sun, beamed for a time unnoticed, only to become more effulgent and more admired. By the Viscount she had several sons and daughters.

THE FAMOUS TURQUOISE MINES OF PERSIA.—Rubat Eafarnui is the nearest stage to the famous turquoise mines of Khursan. The way to them lies through the mountains four miles north of Rubat, and the whole distance to be travelled about six farsakhs to the mines, and six farsakhs back, or eight farsakhs to the Nsishapur, supposing the traveller to be going to Meshed. These mines used to be taxed at 1,000 tumans a year. But the Government now receives more from them, besides the contract money, which is included in the general farming licence for all the mines in Khursan. As some three miles of the hill in which the mines have been worked, are encumbered with rubbish, the expenses of working increase every year. The rubbish, however, is sifted, and sometimes an outlay of five tumans will bring in 40 times that sum. The two principal mines are called Abduir Rizah and Shaddad. In some places the works are stopped by water, and the stones procured from near those spots are of inferior color. The lund, or dark blue is the hue preferred. The inferior stones are made into rings with inscriptions, and are taken by the pilgrims going to Mecca, who again find a ready sale for them among the Arabs. The more valuable stones are bought by the Persian grandees, or are taken to Europe by the Besht and Astrakan route.

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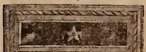

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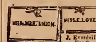

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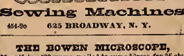

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THE surprise, the panic, the smoke and dust, the clamor and confusion, attending the late daring, destructive and dangerous rebel raid into Maryland having subsided, we are enabled to scan the field of its operations, to see what it was, what it came for, what it accomplished, and in what it failed.

Its main object was the surprise and capture of Washington, and the plan of operations pursued to this end was well considered and promising. The Army of the Potomac, on the south side of James river, could be held in check before the fortifications of Peters-

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burg, by half the army of Lee, during the time required for this expedition; or if Gen. Grant should swing round again to the north side of Richmond, he could be held there for several weeks before the forts encircling the city by a comparatively small force securely. The Union forces of Gen. Hunter, driven westward from the Shenandoah valley, had left it open down to the Maryland border, and likewise the country east of the Blue ridge, between Gordonsville and Manassas. In the next place, the enemy were well informed of the comparatively unprotected condition of Washington; that its defences were thinly occupied by troops, and that these were mostly inexperienced militia, or raw 100 day volunteers. Putting all these inviting facts together, a less vigilant, skilful and daring soldier than Gen. Lee would have seen and seized the opportunity for a bold movement against our national capital. There was some risk; but there was a fine opening for a success which would secure at once to the rebellion the intervention of France and England.

The occasion and all the advantages suggested were not lost upon Gen. Lee. The forces of Early and Breckinridge, at least 35,000 men all told, mainly detailed from Richmond to head off and capture or disperse the army of Gen. Hunter, after his retirement from Lynchburg, were already well on their journey towards Washington, when they had driven him away. Hunter's army, meantime, moving off for the Ohio river, had become as useless to us in this emergency as if it had been removed to Oregon. There appeared to be every prospect of success to this daring rebel enterprise. The only chance of a failure was in the probability of relief to Washington from Grant's army, but there was also the probability that even this relief might come in too late. In any event, it would give at least a temporary relief to Richmond.

The grand design against Washington was promptly put into execution. Breckinridge and his column of infantry, artillery and cavalry, 20,000 strong, wholly unobstructed, swept rapidly down the Shenandoah valley to the Potomac, driving Sigel from Martinsburg to the northern heights overlooking Harper's Ferry, and sweeping broadcast into Maryland without further resistance. Early, meantime, moved across the country, east of the Blue ridge, and crossing the fords of the Upper Potomac, some 25 or 30 miles above Washington, was, with at least a portion of his forces, advancing upon the city, while Gen. Wallace was engaged with Breckinridge on the Monocacy. Wallace, borne down by overwhelming numbers, and flanked on his left, retired upon Baltimore, and thus even his body of troops were detached from the defence of Washington. This was on Saturday evening, the 9th instant, 40 miles north of the city; and yet, on Monday evening, it appears Breckinridge, with his main column, had joined Early in front of the city's northern defences. This was rapid marching, after a day's fighting, for infantry that had been making such forced marches for many days. It appears, further, that Gen. Early was urged by some of his subordinates to try the experiment of dashing into the city on Monday evening, and that, from failing or declining to do so, he was constrained to confess the next morning that he had lost his golden opportunity.

The events which have followed we need not here repeat. It will suffice that, in feeling the pulse of the Washington defences, Early, Breckinridge and company were convinced that in the main object of their mission they had failed, and that the only alternative left them was to gather up their scattered marauding detachments, and return to Virginia with their plunder. By a lucky succession of advantages on coming in, they were enabled to reach the heart of Maryland without resistance; and but for the check they suffered on the Monocacy, they might have succeeded, as a surprise party, in getting into Washington. In that battle on the Monocacy, though defeated, Gen. Wallace rendered, in our judgment, incalculable service to the country. He delayed in that fight the enemy's advance upon Washington a whole day, and gained such conclusive information of the enemy's strength and designs, as to be enabled to give to the War Office a seasonable and explicit warning of the impending danger.

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The manuscript should be legible, on one side of the paper only, and be accompanied with the address of the writer. Poems of a high order and moderate length will meet with attention.

By the decision of the authorities at Washington, ARTICLES FOR NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES *cannot* be sent by mail at the rates of printed matter. If sent by mail, letter postage must be paid. Packages over four ounces should be sent by express.

When parties wish MSS. returned by mail, postage stamps *must* be enclosed for the full amount. Contributors of short articles, poems, etc., will do well to keep a copy, as the cheapest course.

DECLINED.—One Enough; or, Two Lovers Too Many—Changes—The White Lady of Hohenzollern—Ralph Mayland's Fate—The Maid of the Mountain—For the Christies.

Summary of the Week.

THE INVASION.

The invasion of Maryland was really an attempt on Washington. It was made by a column 30,000 strong, under Gen. Early. Breckinridge commanded the infantry and Ransom the cavalry. They were to concentrate at Frederick and move on Washington. Wallace's defence of the Monocacy destroyed their hopes of carrying Washington, and they scattered to plunder and destroy. The destruction of the residences of some public men near Baltimore and Washington will be found to have been the work of resident rebels, who doubtless aided in the destruction of the railroad bridges, as they did three years ago.

The greatest point was their capture of Gens. Franklin and Tyler, who both escaped.

They carried off 10,000 cattle and 5,000 horses, but left their dead and wounded.

On the 12th they were attacked at Rockville by the 6th corps, and retired, leaving their dead and wounded in front of Fort Stevens, which they had threatened.

On the 15th our troops crossed the Potomac at Edward's ferry in pursuit.

VIRGINIA.

Grant is pushing his works steadily before Petersburg.

Sheridan has set out on a new expedition.

On the 9th an expedition, under Col Diamond, 1st U. S. volunteers, started from Portsmouth, and drove the rebel guerillas from the Nansemond county across the Blackwater.

On the 12th the 2d corps moved to the front to meet the enemy, but he was not found.

On the 14th a rebel field battery at Wilson's landing fired on the steamers George Weems and United States, injuring both seriously.

The rebel raiders have made good their escape with all their plunder, no part having been recaptured. Quiet is restored around Washington and Baltimore, and travel resumed.

GEORGIA.

After dislodging Johnston from the Kenesaw, Sherman made a flank movement, by which he reached the Chattahoochee, and captured 3,000 prisoners. Johnston, finding his splendid works of no avail, fell back on Atlanta.

On the 5th Stanley's division, 4th corps, and King's 14th corps carried a rebel position, losing about 300 men.

Sherman has since driven the enemy into his works at Atlanta.

MISSISSIPPI.

An expedition, under Gen. Dennis left Black river on the 3d, and being joined at Champion hills by Gen. Slocum, moved on Jackson. On the 5th the whole force, numbering less than 3,000, came up with the enemy on the east bank of a creek, three miles from Jackson. Col. Coates, 11th Illinois, flanked their position, and they retired. Our troops escaped Jackson, and repulsed the enemy in an attack made the next day. The rebels made another attempt on our rear guard near Clinton, but were repulsed.

LOUISIANA.

An expedition started from New Orleans northward about the 9th.

NORTH CAROLINA.

An expedition, under Col. Wirk, on June 27th, entered Morgantown from Tennessee, captured a rebel camp, a train of cars and drew on the bank.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

An expedition started from Hilton Head, July 1, and landed on Seabrook island. They then ran up the North Edisto, and had on the 2d a sharp action with a rebel battery, which, however, they could not take.

On the same day, Gen. Schemmelpfennig, with the 33d U. S. (black), 103 N. Y. and 55th Mass. landed on James island, and carried a rebel battery at the point of the bayonet.

In the evening the 127th N. Y. and 55th Penn. crossed from Morris island and surprised battery Simpkins, but failed to carry Fort Johnson, losing over 100 men.

On the 4th a sharp artillery fight took place between Fort Pringle and our gunboats Pawnee, McDonough, Lehigh and Montauk.

NAVAL.

The Florida continues her depredations, but a number of vessels have been sent after her, no doubt as usual limited as to the extent of their pursuit.

A blockade-runner worth $70,000 was captured on the 2d by the Keystone State.

FOREIGN NEWS.

HOSTILITIES between the Danes and the German Powers were reopened on the 26th of June. On the 29th the Prussians succeeded in capturing the island of Alsen, with nearly 3,000 prisoners. Two small Danish vessels were blown up to prevent capture, and the ironclad Rolf Krake injured. Austria and Prussia have come to a full understanding about the conduct of the war. They will propose conjointly to the Federal Diet to declare likewise war against Denmark. The Germans, it is said, will occupy the whole of Jutland as a pledge, will collect the taxes, "and employ the proceeds to meet the military expense." It is stated, moreover, that Schleswig and Holstein united would be placed under the administration of the great German Powers—that is, Austria and Prussia—until the Federal Diet decides on the respective claims of the Augustenburg and the Oldenburg dynasty.

Two boarding-house keepers—one residing in Liverpool and the other in London—have been committed for trial on charges of having violated the Foreign Enlistment Act, by engaging men for service on board the Confederate steamers Georgia and Rappahannock. Both prisoners have been admitted to bail.

Mr. Dayton had given a grand dinner to Capt. Winslow of the Kearsarge and all the officers that could be spared from duty.

According to a correspondent of the *Independence Belge*, an iron-plated vessel left Bordeaux two days after the defeat of the Alabama, to take the place of the latter.

In the House of Commons, on the 1st of July, the Oxford University Test Bill was rejected by a vote of 171 against 173, a majority of two against the Government.

The Chinese newspapers give full accounts of the repulse of the Anglo-Saxon contingent under Col. Gordon at Obang-chow-foo. The fighting was desperate. It is said, however, that Gordon will surely take the city, and it is considered probable that with its fall the Taeping rebellion will come to an end. In the assault no fewer than six European officers were killed and 21 wounded. The officers did nearly all the fighting when the storming was to be carried out.

The Emperor Maximilian and the Empress had entered the city of Mexico in triumph. Arrangements had been perfected to make the entry a magnificent one, and outwardly everything was *couleur de rose*, but the display had been forced upon the people by the French military, who compelled the inhabitants to illuminate and decorate the city on pain of heavy fines and imprisonment. The new Emperor had made a proposition to Juarez to accept a distinguished office under the new empire, but the ex-President had declined, and declared his intention to fight it out to the last. The Emperor had appointed ministers to the courts of Russia, Prussia and Brazil. The ministry, or administration, had as yet not been organized, nor had the policy of the Emperor been revealed. It is assured, however, that D. J. Fernando Ramirez had been invited to organize a ministry, but that he had refused, saying that public opinion was not in favor of the empire. The financial situation of the empire is not very cheering; for, notwithstanding the contracts entered into between Maximilian and Napoleon III., the former, far from being able to pay the expenses of the French expedition from the 1st of July, has been compelled to borrow from the funds of the French army 1,000,000 francs, to be applied to the expenses of the empire, and this happens in its first month of existence.

The news from Japan is of the usual character, the native princes being anxious to put an end to all foreign intercourse have paid the English Government the indemnity, and repudiated the proceedings of the Princes who fired upon the British flag. The French and British Governments have, during the present troubles, taken advantage of the unsettled state of international affairs, and fortified several portions of the coast. It is from these small encroachments that they look forward to taking the whole country.

TOWN GOSSIP.

IF we were but gifted with second sight!

If we could but lie out in some far country spot and tell our gossip of the town, know all that is transpiring upon Broadway while were

"Chasing the wild deer and following the roe"

on the Adirondacks, or pulling out scores of those six pound trout that perpetually do inhabit the streams of John Brown's track!

Some day we shall build a country and a city to suit ourselves, and the first arrangement we shall make in the town will be that upon the 1st of June it shall be shut up, and all the population retire to soft, secluded spots, where Newports and Saratogas reign for ever, where deer and wild turkey disport themselves in every wood, and trout and pickerel cry aloud to be caught. There shall be no newspapers published and no news told, and from that time until the 1st of October all shall be oblivion to business and the outer world.

Any person wishing to join a society of this kind can send in their name immediately.

Broadway has lost its bloom, and during these hot days of July looks only like a flowerbed parched under a drought. The upper japonica-dom-ten has deserted the pave, and if not already ensconced in summer quarters, assumes the fact by shutting the front blinds and living in the back of the house, while the bellpull and doorknob are suffered to go uncleaned, and the front stoop to accumulate dust.

How strange it is that during these three months the "Can't get away club," does not do something for itself. Why not picnics, numbering not over 40, and organized with repetitions, by those whom a fellow-feeling should make wondrous kind? We know of no picnic clubs among friends, as there are social dancing-parties or musical meetings of a score of acquaintances, and yet we will find that every one of these dancing and musical associates can enjoy a day's picnicing beyond anything else when they have an opportunity. They are either thrown upon the necessity of getting up such an affair, "for that occasion only," at great trouble and expense, or are forced to partake of public picnics, which are no picnics at all.

Another point at which we wonder is the want of means to reach a night sail upon the water. Should the tired citizen desire to take his wife or children for a breath of air off the beautiful bay when the day's labor is over, at a moderate cost, the thing is impossible. In all the myriads of boats swarming at our wharves, there is not one whose owners have sufficient enterprise to announce that for one month they will start from one certain point and give us three or four hours' evening sail, with or without the accompaniment of a little music, especially the without, and unimpeachable good order and protection, for half a dollar. In olden times there were cotillion excursions, starting about dark and running far into the small hours of the morning; but they soon failed, from the fact that they became only lawless, drunken sprees, gathering the very riffraff of the town, and carrying through their rowdyism without an attempt of the officers of the boats to restrain them. We propose something different from this. In the first place, no liquor to be sold on board; and in the second, no landings to be made until landed again in New York. These points attended to, with proper police regulations on board, and moonlight excursions on the bay and waters of New York, so arranged that every person would know that they could go any night with as much certainty as the street cars and ferryboats, would be a feature and largely patronised.

Thinking of sandbars makes us think of law and of lawyers, and, as a consequence, to tell an odd story, without giving names, but which is true to the letter, asseverated as such by the principal actor himself, without whose exposure the affair never would have been known.

It is no secret that somewhere within the last two months an eminent member of the New York bar, of considerable wealth, has espoused a rather good-looking widow, not fat, but fair and forty. At the time of the esponsal he was congratulated on his great good fortune, the lady possessing—mind, by his own declaration—a snug little property of half a million, unembarrassed. It now turns out—mind, also, by his own declaration—that he has been most shamefully outgeneralled. The fair widow, it seems, had long sighed in unanswered love for this man of quips and quibbles, until at last,

"Sickening with some vague disease,"

she was on the point of stepping into the next world, and sent for the legal gentleman to draw up the will. Quietly she disposed of half a million in real estate and bank stock, and then settled herself for a comfortable die, but to the astonishment of all interested, took a sudden turn, and in a week or two got well. Her legal adviser could not do less than call and congratulate her on the recovery, and call again to watch her progress to entire health. In less than three months from the date of this marvellous escape from the tomb the two were one, and the fair widow was transferred to a sumptuous establishment in 2—th street, but now, to the utter disgust of the attorney, it is revealed that the widow is afflicted with insanity, the brain weakness consisting in supposing herself possessed of sundry modicums of wealth existing only in her own imagination. This, perhaps, is the most charitable construction that can be put upon a little matter that has caused many chuckles of delight in that particular set cognizant of the whole affair.

One would hardly suppose upon dropping in to any of the theatres or exhibitions of the metropolis that summer was in its meridian and all New York out of town. For the season, every house is full, and the people put up with unventilated houses, bad seats, fourth rate actors and impudent ushers, with a philosophy perfectly disgusting.

At this moment New York is given up to the leg drama. The Bowery has broken loose and invaded Broadway. We saw it coming, months ago, and advised the innovation, but never for an instant anticipated the form in which it has come. Legs, physical and of unpadded proportions, have spread themselves over the entire face of the drama. Managers bow in obsequious engagements to legs. Dramatists rack their brains for situations that shall show them to the best advantage, and a *debutante* no longer gets an engagement on her talent but upon the symmetry of her understandings, and her ability to show them in the most unblushing manner.

We remember less than forty years ago when Madame Trust, the first operatic dancer who came to this country, was hissed from the Park stage for a display that was modesty itself when compared to the modern ballet. What would our virtuous papas say now to the leg drama? Would they sit stultified, and gaze upon the physical proportions of "The French Spy," the pedal beauties of "Ogarita," or the enticing nudities of "Mazeppa," or would they essay a note of shocked morality? Thank heaven, we did not write forty years ago, and that our dramatic taste was not formed in that period!

And of such is the leg drama! These phases may differ; it may be helped by four-legged adjuncts and classed with the Mazeppa school, but female pedals of massive proportion are as necessary to success as is a prima donna in an opera. At this moment three theatres in New York are running the leg drama, with a fair prospect of two more opening in the same line within a week or two, should any young lady offer whose extremities will stand public criticism. We hear it stated on positive authority that a "celebrated dramatist," who keeps ready-made dramas always on hand, is at this moment engaged in altering a five act comedy into a first-class leg drama, and will introduce new legs into every act, having positively studied half a score of would-be debutantes for the 10 principal characters.

We bow to the decrees of fate! Our destinies, our tastes, are in other hands. The feast is to be prepared for us, and we must only eat. Therefore we say, *vive les jambes!*

At Wallack's "The Winning Suit" proved a losing one, and is replaced by such novelties as "Romeo and Juliet," and "The Lady of Lyons."

The Olympic gave this week "The Bohemian Girl," and following, Balfe's opera of "The Rose of Castile." So far the honors have been divided between Borchard and Campbell, the latter especially building up for himself a popularity that with some future day, when he has a fair chance, will spread into expression.

Barnum has made a hit with "Mazulum," and with the aid of ventilators keeps full houses in spite of heat and depopulation.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—A Boyle county, Ky., farmer recently had a talk with his slaves about their enlisting, being afraid that they would leave him. In reply to a question from one of them, the owner said that he supposed the colored men would all be free by the end of the war. Said one: "We want to be clear on this; for we think that if the war is going to make us free we ought to fight. But if it is for the Union and Constitution as they was, we think, massa, you ought to fight."

—— The steamer Pacific, from Oregon and British Columbia, with $250,000 in gold, has arrived at San Francisco. Mining operations are reported favorably. The massacre of 22 whites by the Indians in Queenila county is reported.

—— The verdict of the coroner's jury in the matter of the terrible railroad slaughter at Bleheheu river, Canada, is a model of its kind. It censures the engine-driver for carelessness; the locomotive foreman for employing such a driver; the very general neglect of the rule requiring trains to stop before crossing a draw-bridge; the guardians of the bridge for not reporting such neglect; the conductor for not having another brakesman on the train in question; and, finally, they recommend that the drawbridge where the slaughter took place should be abolished altogether.

—— Cannel coal has been found on the Cottonwood river, about 100 miles from St. Paul. The vein is 88 feet below the surface, and is six feet in thickness. The discovery is of very great importance to the manufacturing interests of Minnesota.

—— A recent emission of spurious 50 cent notes (the new plate) has been put into circulation. They can be readily detected by observing the following marks: They are an eighth of an inch shorter than the genuine; the words "fifty cents," which surmount the head of Washington, are very pale and indistinct in the counterfeit, while the letters are very black and distinct in the genuine. The bronze circle around the head in the counterfeit can hardly be seen, while the genuine is a deep color. The spurious, though indistinct in all its outlines, is darker than the original.

—— The Boston *Transcript* says: "One way the New Yorkers have of impressing people with their greatness is, keeping in Broadway their policemen who are six feet or more in height! No one under six feet is allowed in the Broadway squad."

—— The Academy of Music was crowded from parquette to dome on Thursday last, July 14, by a brilliant and delighted audience assembled to enjoy the commencement exercises of the Free Academy. The stage was filled by a distinguished company, among whom we recognised the President and Members of the Board of Education, Professors of the Free Academy, James S. Miller, Peter Cooper, Esq., James W. Gerrard, Esq., Brig.-Gen. Hayes, Professor Lubec, of Columbia College, Dr. Wm. Hibbard, Judge Sutherland, Judge Kirkland, Richard Lanemox, Esq., Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck, Professor Pearslee, of Dartmouth College, and others. The exercises were opened by a prayer by the Rev. Dr. Chambers, the programme was then carried out; the young men who acquitted themselves best being Bull, Fuller and Jacob, but if one can be said to have exceeded all the rest, it was Mr. Edward Lauterbach, who won an enthusiastic recall. After the completion of the programme the prizes and medals were awarded. The gold medal for the greatest general proficiency in belles lettres and history, was awarded to Charles H. Hibbard, the silver medal to Gilbert Holmes Crawford of the introductory class.

Personal.—Jesse Stedman, a worthy and venerable citizen of Springfield, Vt., died suddenly on July 4. The inhabitants of the town were holding a picnic for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, and, after dinner, Mr. Stedman had just read some patriotic sentiments, prepared by himself, when he was seen to droop and fall forward, dying immediately. He was 83 years of age, and long known as a steadfast and uncompromising champion of liberty for all.

—— Dr. Pliny Earle, the well-known writer on insanity, has been appointed Superintendent of the Lunatic Asylum at Northampton, Mass.

—— H. H. Chamberlin, jun., a student in Harvard College, shot himself in his room, at the Parker House, Boston, July 12. His father is a highly respected resident of Worcester.

—— Capt. Stone, whose certificate was suspended in connection with the accident to the Cunard steamship Africa, off Cape Race, has been restored to the command of that vessel.

—— Capt. Semmes has taken a temporary residence at Millbrook, about three miles from Southampton. His 1st Lieutenant, Mr. Kell, resides with him. The captain's hand is getting better, and his general health is improving.

—— George Brown, editor of the *Globe* (Toronto), and Premier of the Canadian Ministry under the new arrangement, was re-elected to the colonial Parliament from South Oxford, on the 11th of July, without opposition.

—— The Rev. Crammond Kennedy, known throughout the country four or five years ago as "The Boy Preacher," and late Chaplain of the 79th Highlanders, N. Y. Vols., will soon sail for England. He has written two lectures, which he proposes to deliver in England; on the Tennessee campaign—one descriptive of its warlike aspect, the other of the romance and suffering of a soldier's life, and the heroic devotion of the East Tennessee patriots. Mr. Kennedy is a native of Scotland.

Naval.—Among the wounded men of the Alabama who were conveyed to the Marine Hospital at Cherbourg there were but two American born—both from Massachusetts.

—— The first English monitor, the Royal Sovereign, has been launched, and made her trial trip. She is considered a great success, and the most powerful ship in the royal navy. Cut down from a first-rate man-of-war, she is over 3,000 tons, and draws 24 feet water. She has four cupolas, and is armed with the heaviest artillery yet constructed in England. So the English, if they have but one vessel of this kind, may boast that it is the largest in the world.

—— Orders have been sent to Cherbourg to change the armaments of the ironclads Magenta, Solferino and Couronne. They are henceforth to carry rifled 32-pounders, 60-pounders, and four rifled 8-inch howitzers.

Obituary.—Chevas Brainerd died on July 1 at East Haddam, Conn., aged 90 years. He had been a Freemason for 71 years, and is believed to have been the oldest member in the State of that Order.

—— The North has lost an earnest advocate, and the advanced Liberal party in England one of its most eloquent champions, in the sudden death of Mr. Washington Wilkes, one of the principal writers of the *Morning Star*. He fell senseless while addressing a reform meeting, and died in a few moments of serous apoplexy. The manner of his death should be a caution to public speakers, who should never attempt to address an audience under any excitement or strain upon their intellectual powers after a full meal. Brain and stomach cannot both do their work at the same time. The common result is dyspepsia, the occasional one apoplexy.

—— The funeral services of the late Col. Cleveland Winslow took place at Trinity church on the 14th July. There was no parade, the military honors due to his rank having been paid at Alexandria, Va., the place of his death. Col. Winslow was but 28 years of age. He entered the volunteer service as a Captain in the 5th New York volunteers in May, 1861. Previously he had been a private in the 71st regiment (American Guard), his business occupation at that time being that of a salesman in the house of Catlin, Leavitt & Co. It will be remembered that his father, Rev. Gordon Winslow, lost his life about a month since, by falling overboard, while bringing on his wounded son, the Colonel, to Alexandria. One other son remains—Capt. Gordon Winslow, of the same regiment. Owing to the late hour on Saturday when the arrangements for the funeral were completed it was impossible for the necessary orders for a parade of the 71st regiment to be issued—a circumstance which is much regretted by that body, who would have been proud to honor his remains.

—— Hon. James F. Simmons, a prominent citizen and politician of Rhode Island, and at one time United States Senator from that State, died at his residence in Johnston on the 14th inst.

—— The Albany papers announce the death of Marcus T. Reynolds, who has in his day been one of the most distinguished members of the bar of this State. Mr. Reynolds was born in Florida, Montgomery co. He received a liberal education—graduated in 1808 at Union College—studied his profession at Johnstown, in the office of the late Attorney-General Hildreth and Judge Harris, the latter of whom still survives, and in 1811 commenced the practice of the law at Amsterdam, then in the same county. At a bar composed of such men as Daniel Cady, Daniel Parris and men of that class, he soon rose to distinction. In 1828, having previously married a daughter of Dr. Samuel Dexter, of Albany, he removed from Amsterdam to that city, and for the next quarter of a century he occupied the very first rank of his profession—had a large and lucrative practice—and was engaged in a large proportion of the most important cases that came before the higher courts of this State.

Accidents and Offences.—A little boy, son of the Rev. Mr. Gamble, of Philadelphia, was, during a recent visit with his parents, playing with a large dog when it flew at him and bit his nose entirely off, dropping it upon the floor.

—— The recent fire in the lumber districts of Wisconsin destroyed no less than $150,000 worth of tan bark, lumber and cord wood. Many villages were destroyed, as well as cattle and horses.

—— The depot of the Norfolk County railroad, at the Waterford junction of the Providence and Worcester railroad, at Providence, was burned on the 13th, with six cars and much freight, including $50,000 worth of wool.

—— The New Albany *Ledger* reports the following tragedy: A young lady, by the name of Miller, went to the church, wearing some sort of a Butternut emblem. This created a considerable feeling among some of the Republican ladies of the congregation. After the services were over, Mrs. Timberlake, wife of Henry Timberlake, nephew of Col. John Timberlake, volunteered to go and take away the emblem. She rushed towards Miss Millar, and a general fight occurred among the women, when Col. John Timberlake came into the crowd, apparently greatly excited. A young man, named Henry Lohmire, who accompanied Miss Miller to the church, warned Timberlake not to interfere, Lohmire himself endeavoring to separate the lady combatants. Timberlake replied to Lohmire, "You are nothing but a d—d rebel, anybow." Lohmire warned Timberlake not to repeat the language. Timberlake replied, in a still more defiant manner, "You are a d—d rebel —— ——," and some accounts say struck Lohmire in the face, and put his hand to a side pocket, as if to draw a weapon; whereupon Lohmire drew a pistol and fired twice, both shots taking effect. The first ball passed through Timberlake's hand and into his shoulder, the second entered his side and passed through his heart, causing instant death. The affair, as may be imagined, caused great excitement in the neighborhood, where a bad feeling had prevailed for some time. Timberlake was formerly Lieut.-Col. of the 81st Indiana. Lohmire is a young man—a mere boy, in fact—who is said by those who know him to be of gentle disposition. He at once proceeded to Corydon, where he surrendered himself and was put in jail.

—— Mr. George Boweryem, correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*, came on board the U. S. hospital steamer Connecticut, at City Point, July 7, sick and delirious. On the 11th the steamer started down the river, and at two o'clock on the following morning, while off Newport News, Mr. Boweryem walked overboard and was drowned. Every effort was made to rescue him, but in vain.

—— About half-past twelve noon, on the 15th July, a fire broke out in the warehouse of Jackson & Robinson, near the wharf, at the foot of Joralemon street, Brooklyn, which resulted in the destruction of the warehouse, a foreign brig that was lying at the wharf, and a large quantity of stores of various kinds. The warehouse was stored with a large amount of nitrate of soda, which exploded with great violence, scattering firebrands in every direction, and breaking windows and throwing down chimneys in the vicinity of the fire. No lives were lost and no one was seriously injured, though several persons were hit by flying fragments. The total loss was about $1,000,000.

—— Mr. Henderson, one of the proprietors of the *Evening Post* and ex-Navy Agent, has been committed for trial on a charge of defrauding the Government.

Foreign.—The following advertisement was published a few days since in the local journal of Agen, by the proprietor of a menagerie exhibiting at the fair held there: "The director of the lion's den is desirous of finding a dentist with sufficient skill and courage to stop a decayed tooth for the large lion. The director is regardless of expense, as the lion suffers greatly from the pain it endures."

—— The President of the Aix-la-Chapelle Police, and many English residents in Germany, write emphatic letters to the English papers denying the alleged incivility and ill-will shown on political grounds towards English people residing in Germany. Some of them say that innkeepers at British places of holiday resort set the report on foot.

—— A man in England, 90 years old, being in a hurry to die, totally cut open a flax mattress, got inside, and set the flax on fire. The fire went out for want of air, and the man nearly went out from the same cause, as he had tied the tick so tightly round his neck as nearly to strangle him. Fortunately some people arrived in time to rescue the rash old gentleman.

—— During a recent visit of the Princess of Wales at Cambridge, a student, emulating Sir Walter Raleigh's example, spread his gown on the ground for her to walk on. The young lady was surprised, but on being told what the action meant, and that the student was not insane, stepped on the toggery, gracefully lifting her dress enough to show that she did so, and bowing to the enraptured youth at the same time.

—— A French laborer has been keeping a 1,000 franc note pasted up on the wall of his room for 15 years. He simply thought it was a pretty picture, as did his friends.

—— It is stated that the proprietor of a London theatre is about to produce the Pommerais tragedy, and has agents over in Paris buying up all the "properties" of poor Madame Pauw, the victim.

—— A monument to Sir Humphry Davy is to be erected at a cost of £10,000 at his birthplace, Penzance, Cornwall, England.

—— There are in England 1,705 peals of church bells, varying from four to 12 bells each.

—— Dogs in Ireland killed 7,324 sheep during the 1863.

—— The *Gazette de France* say that the late Smith O'Brien died in exile "at Bangor, in the East Indies."

—— A kind of fungus has been discovered near Talbot, South Australia, which looks exactly like a rattlesnake—when it issues from the ground, it "makes a noise like a rattlesnake!"

—— The English public were astonished at seeing the Queen, at the last reception at Buckingham Palace, wear the Prussian decoration of Queen Louise at a time when that country is so unpopular among them.

—— Afflicting news has been received in Brussels of the Duke de Montpensier. The prince, after being present at the marriage of his daughter with the Count de Paris, in England, went, in company with the Duchess, to join the newly married couple at the country seat where they are passing the honeymoon. The Duke, who had previously complained of severe headache, was there seized with erysipelas, followed by delirium, and a dispatch which passed through Paris, June 24, to Spain announced his state exceedingly serious. The *Gazette de France* states that the Duke received the last sacraments on the 24th ultimo.

—— American rhododendrons are the pride of the British conservatories. The scarlet variety is much prized, and is now the greatest attraction at the Royal Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park.

—— The Levant *Herald* says the Circassian slave-trade has received of late an immense impetus. At Trebizond and Tamsoun, boys and girls go off in large numbers at low prices. Prime samples bring about $100 each.

—— The real value of all the imports into the United Kingdom in 1863 was £248,980,543, and of the exports, £195,974,773. So that the balance of trade, according to the prevailing theory, was £63,006,7[illegible] against Great Britain the last year—as much as $315,030,845! Yet she was never more prosperous.

Art, Science and Literature.—Two people in London were lately looking at Sir Edwin Landseer's noble picture of the bears in the Arctic regions growling over the broken mast, when one of the gazers was heard to say to the other: "Look, Jim, they've tore down the North Pole!" On Whit-Monday several people in the Pantheon surrounded Haydon's picture of "Curtius Leaping into the Gulf," under the full impression that the hero was Garibaldi; while a party of "swells" halted before Delaroche's "Floating Martyr," when the foremost of them, a lady, said, "Here it is again! Oh dear, how sick I am of this Colleen Bawn!"

—— The model of Mr. Ball's equestrian statue of Washington, intended to be erected in Boston, and which has occupied the sculptor for three years, is completed, and said to be a very fine work of art. Some years must elapse before the casting in bronze can be completed, as the model must divided into numerous portions, to be cast separately and afterwards welded together.

—— Paper has been successfully manufactured from maize leaves at the Schlagelmithl manufactery at Vienna.

—— A new light from magnesium wire has been discovered and patented. It is not dear, and is of great brilliancy.

—— Maretzek has engaged his chorus for next season from the Tacon Opera House, Havana.

—— M. Boussingault, in a communication to the French Academy of Sciences, gives an account of experiments which prove that the growth of a plant in the dark is supported entirely at the expense of the seed.

—— The Empress recently, when passing through Thomery, during a drive in the environs of Fontainebleau, stopped at the residence of Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur, and requested to see her studio. The artist at once acceded to her Majesty's wishes, and showed her the different paintings on which she is at present engaged, as well as many fine studies of animals. A painting representing a stag leading a herd of hinds along the summit of a rocky eminence especially attracted the notice of her Majesty. After passing an hour in the studio, the Empress took leave, having first obtained a promise that her private collection should be enriched by a picture by Mdlle. Bonheur.

Odds and Ends.—An old lady requests us to urge the ladies to save all their newspapers, and make comforters of them to put on their beds in the cold weather. They should be made up in layers of ten or more, tacked in between muslin or calico, and she assures us they will be found to answer the purpose better than cotton batting.

—— A young married lady, travelling, a few day since, from New York to Syracuse, and suffering from consumption, had been laid carefully on a pillow on the cars by her husband, while her little girl remained by her side. At Little Falls she fell asleep, and the child commenced fanning her, saying, "Mama is sleeping." A passenger, however, noticed the peculiar whiteness of her lips, and, on looking closely at her, discovered that she was dead!

—— The Deseret *News* contains a doleful account of one Walter M. Gibson, well known in this city, who from Utah proceeded to the Sandwich islands, and there established himself as a great landowner, ordained numerous natives as apostles, high priests, etc., and ruled over a large number of wives after the Mormon fashion. A committee from Utah had been sent to investigate his conduct, but he told them to clear out, on pain of being lynched!

—— Nine months ago a San Francisco man bet an apple with a friend that Richmond would be taken within 30 days, the bet to be doubled every succeeding 30 days. The stake has now reached 250 apples.

—— Mr. Lawson, a Swede, who has been several years in the army, and, having been wounded, is now attending the sick in hospital, says that he has cured numerous cases of diarrhœa by a simple tea of blackberry roots.

—— Since the late robbery of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express, on the Washoe route, when $21,000 were taken, several other robberies of a like character have taken place at other points in the State of California. A large portion of the treasure first stolen, which was heavy silver bullion, has been found where the highwaymen buried it. Gen. McDowell has ordered a detachment of troops for the protection of the mail route between Sacramento and Virginia City. The depression in mining stocks continues, and bids fair to last a considerable time. The paying mines of Washoe are retrenching. The feeling in favor of more economy gains ground.

—— An Australian paper says that five grains of the extract of belladonna, dissolved in one ounce of cinnamon water, and given in doses of 15 drops twice or thrice a day to children of 10 years of age, and to others in proportion, is a preventive of contagion from scarlatina.

—— On the 8th of July a party of young ladies and gentlemen had a picnic near Falls Church, Va., and in the midst of their pleasure were surprised at the appearance of Mosby and about 25 of his men, who told them not to be afraid. They then danced a set with the ladies, after which they went to the wagons and devoured the cream and eatables provided for the occasion.

Mr. Pemberton, of Albany, suffered with epilepsy for 20 years, and has been perfectly restored to health, which reflects great credit upon the skill and treatment of Dr. Lockrow, of this city.—*N. Y. Home Journal.*

Glazed jars are unfit for the keeping of sweetmeats and preserves, from the fact of an active poison—oxide of lead—being contained in the glazing. Attention was drawn to this by the death of a child in Pennsylvania from eating apple butter kept in a vessel of this description. Wooden or glass vessels are recommended instead.

How to Get Early Tomatoes.—Mrs. E. D. Kendall, of Maryland, thus writes to the *Southern Field and Fireside*: "A large turnip is far better than any hotbed for propagating early tomatoes. Cut off the top, and scoop out to a shell three quarters of an inch thick. Fill the cavity with rich mould, plant half a dozen seeds, and place the turnip in a box of loam. Keep warm, sprinkle with tepid water every day until there is no longer any danger from the frost, then return the turnip to the outdoor bed, and thin out all but one plant. Should the turnip send out roots, pinch them off, and the shell will soon rot, affording a fertilizer to the tomato plant that will send it ahead wonderfully. A dozen turnips tomatoized will afford an abundant supply of early tomatoes for an ordinary family."

An Incident.—An affecting scene is described as having taken place at a crossing, Chatham street, New York, one day not long since, where a couple of little girls were sweeping a path through the mud and holding out their dirty palms for compensation pence. As a lady was crossing the street one of the ragged little urchins suddenly dropped her broom and cried "Mama! mama!" and rushing to the lady seized her dress, and sobbed out, "oh! take me home!" The lady at once recognised the voice as that of her own child who was lost a year or so before, and whom she had given up for dead, and hailing a carriage she at once took the little one home, where a process of bodily purification and a change of garments soon restored the poor child to recognisable condition. She had been stolen by one of the wandering female vagabonds that infest the city, and devoted to the wretched employment in which her mother found her in order to earn a few pence for the miserable creature, who has eluded the officers of justice, although vigorous efforts were made to trace her out for the purpose of punishment.

BOOK NOTICES.

Ora, the Lost Wife. Cincinnati: P. C. Browne, 1863.

This novel of American life comes from a Western press, and is a touching and well conceived work of fiction. The plot is well managed, the characters well drawn, and the denouement unexpected. The authoress need not fear the public, she has power, skill and pathos, and her writings may well claim the attention of publishers in our seaboard cities.

Faith and Fancy. By John Savage, author of "Sibyl," a Tragedy. New York: J. B. Kirker, 1864. 12mo.

This volume of poems from the pen of one so well known as a dramatist and a journalist as Mr. Savage needs no more of flattery from the critic. The public will appreciate it. On some of the pieces here given the public has already stamped the merit mark of favor which makes them current coin of the realm. "The Starry Flag," and the "Muster of the North," can never be forgotten in American literature.

The Potomac and the Rapidan. Army Notes. From the failure at Winchester to the Re-enforcement of Rosecrans, 1861-3. By Alonzo H. Quint, Chaplain of the 2d Mass. Boston: Crosby & Nichols, 1864.

This is not a history of the gallant 2d Massachusetts, which we are happy to see Mr. Quint promises us, but a series of letters written during the campaigns in which it did its duty nobly. They are a most interesting and refreshing volume, and will be read with pleasure by all who can appreciate the writings of a genuine scholar, a devoted clergyman, a sincere patriot.

ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH.

The Duke of Buccleugh, in one of his walks, purchased a cow from a person in the neighborhood of Dalkeith, and left orders to send it to his place the following morning. According to agreement the cow was sent, and the duke happening to be in *deshabille*, and walking in the avenue, spied a little fellow ineffectually attempting to drive the animal forward to its destination. The boy not knowing the duke, bawled out to him:

"Heh, mun, come here and give's a han' wi' the beast."

The duke saw the mistake and determined on having a joke with the little fellow. Pretending, therefore, not to understand him, the duke walked on slowly, the boy still craving his assistance; at last he cries, in tones of apparent distress:

"Come here, mun, and help us, and as sure's onything, I'll give you the half o' what I get."

This last appeal had the desired effect; the duke went and lent a helping hand.

"And now," said the duke, as they trudged along, "how much do you think you'll get for this job?"

"Ou, I dinna ken," said the boy, "but I'm sure o' something, for the folk up by at the house are gude to a' bodies."

As they approached the house, the duke darted from the boy, and entered by another way. He called a servant, put a sovereign into his hand, saying:

"Give that to the boy that has just brought the cow."

The duke returned to the avenue, and was soon rejoined by the boy.

"Well, how much did you get?" inquired the duke.

"A shilling," said the boy, "and there' the half o't t'ye."

"But surely you got more than a shilling?" said the duke.

"No," said the boy, with the utmost earnestness; "as sure as death that's a' I got; and d'ye no think it's plenty?"

"I do not," said the duke; "there must be some mistake; and as I am acquainted with the duke, if you'll return with me I think I'll get you more."

The boy consented; back they went—the duke rang the bell and ordered all the servants to be assembled.

"Now," said the duke to the boy, "point out the person that gave you the shilling."

"It was that chap there wi' the white apron," pointing to the butler.

The delinquent confessed, fell on his knees, and attempted to apologize, but the duke interrupted him, and indignantly ordered him to give the boy the sovereign forthwith, and quit his service instantly.

"You have lost," said the duke, "your shilling, your situation and your character, by your covetousness; learn, henceforth, that honesty is the best policy."

The boy, by this time, recognised his assistant in the person of the duke, and the duke was so delighted with the sterling worth and honesty of the boy, that he ordered him to be sent to school, kept there, and provided for at his own expense.

A FOP OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

I was then taken to the celebrated Lord Viscount Petersham's apartments, where we found his lordship—one of the chief dandies of the day—employed in making a particular sort of blacking, which, he said, would eventually supersede every other. The room in which we were ushered was more like a shop than a gentleman's sitting-room; all round the walls were shelves, upon which were placed tea canisters, containing Congou, Pekoe, Souchong, Bohea, gunpowder, Russian and many other teas, all the best of the kind; on the other side of the room were beautiful jars, with names in gilt letters, of innumerable kinds of snuff, and all the necessary apparatus for moistening and mixing. Lord Petersham's mixture is still well known to all tobacconists. Other shelves and many of the tables were covered with a great number of magnificent snuff-boxes—for Lord Petersham had, perhaps, the finest collection in England, and was supposed to have a fresh box for every day in the year. I heard him, on the occasion of a delightful old light-blue Sevres box he was using being admired, say, in his lisping way, "Yes, it is a nice summer box, but would not do for winter wear." In this museum there were also innumerable canes of very great value. The viscount was likewise a great Mæcenas among the tailors, and a particular kind of great coat, when I was a young man, was called a Petersham. In person Lord Petersham was tall and handsome, and possessed a particularly winning smile. He very much resembled the picture of Henry IV. of France, and frequently wore a dress not unlike that of the celebrated French monarch. His carriages were unique of their kind, they were entirely brown, with brown horses and harness. The groom, a tall youth, was dressed in a long brown coat, reaching to his heels, and a glazed hat with a large cockade. It is said that Lord Petersham's devotion to brown was caused by his having been desperately in love with a very beautiful widow bearing that name. In addition to his other eccentricities, Lord Petersham never ventured out of doors till six P. M. His manners were decidedly affected, and he spoke with a kind of lisp; but in spite of his little foibles, Lord Petersham was a thorough gentleman, and was beloved by all who knew him.

The cost of the National Monument to be erected at Gettysburg in commemoration of the Union dead who fell upon that fatal field, will be $50,000. Its height is to be 50 feet. The design consists of a shaft of marble crowned with a colossal bronze statue of the Goddess of Liberty, 15 feet high. The base, of solid white marble, has four buttresses, each supporting a statue representing respectively History, War, Peace and Plenty.

"Massa," said Sambo, "one of your oxen is dead: 'toder too. 'Fraid to tell you of boff at once for fear you couldn't bere it."

THE WAR IN GEORGIA—CAPTURE OF LOST MOUNTAIN BY GEN. HOOKER, JUNE 16.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. HILLS.

THE WAR IN GEORGIA—KNAPP'S PENNSYLVANIA BATTERY SHELLING PINE KNOB, AND KILLING THE REBEL GENERAL POLK, JUNE 14.—FROM A SKETCH BY D. A. H.—SEE PAGE 295.

SPRING SONNETS.

BY PARE BENJAMIN.

I.

THE birds sing merrily; the streamlets shout
With gleeful voices; tones are all around,
The air is filled with a pervading sound
Of happiness; bright creatures flit about—
Slight spears of emerald glitter on the ground,
And many flowers, the stars of earth, are found;

And from the invisible array of fair things
Flows a murmur, like a far-off sea;
I hear the clarions of the insect kings
Marshal their busy cohorts on the lea.
Life universal; 'tis all music—all,
From the rejoicing cry of children free
To the swift dash of waters, as they fall,
Released by Spring to perfect liberty.

II.

The virgin May, young, coy and blushing, trips
Along the fields with downcast, modest eyes,
And, looking round her with a sweet surprise,
Smiles to behold the delicate, green tips
Of tender leaves, and buds that ope their lips
To the moist kisses of the amorous air,
Whose rival is the bee. Oh, false and fair—
To yield your honey-dew to wanton sips.
The sky is angry with ungrateful May
That she her blooming favors thus bestows,
And so sharp darts from misty quiver throws,
And the Spring's darling weeps the morn away.
Capricious nymph! at eve no more she sighs,
nd the bright sunset flushes from her e yes.

HER SECRET.

BY ELIZABETH CAMPBELL.

"WELL, Grace, you sly little puss! I protest I shall keep a lookout for your doings after this. Oh, you needn't look up so innocent, I know you," and Mary Lee pinched her friend's shoulder and kissed her cheek.

Grace gave a little scream at the pinch, and then asked with a puzzled look:

"What in the world do you mean, Mary?"

"Oh, very well, my dear—that's right; put on your little airs of mystery, but you can't help my knowing that you're going to be married."

"Oh!" said Grace, with a laugh and a blush. "Don't deny it, Grace."

"I don't mean to; furthermore, if you put me in the confessional I'll acknowledge to being wide-elect of Albert Edmonds, the best, dearest, handsomest—"

"Hum! interrupted Mary, prolonging that dubious remark to indefinite lengths. "You vain little puss. I suppose she thinks she has secured the pearl of men. There! Don't fly into a fit of indignation—he's all your fancy painted him—I am ready to acknowledge it; and, joking aside, I congratulate you with all my heart, and wish you every joy in the world. I declare she's crying! Grace, my dear!"

"Hush, Mary; I'm just as happy that if I'm not laughing I must be crying. Albert's coming to-night; won't you stay and see him?"

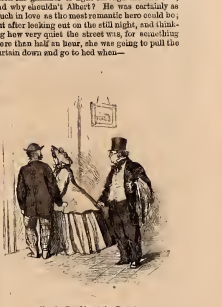
"I hope I have a little more common charity and understand the etiquette of lovers a little better. No, thank you; happy to spend the evening with you any time after the honeymoon."

"You and Albert always were such good friends, you know," pursued Grace, pretending not to understand.

"Yes; and that we may remain so I'll not have him with the presence of a third party when he wants to say pretty things to the girl of his heart. Good-bye."

Albert paid the promised visit to his pretty betrothed that evening; and though perhaps it required the eye of love to see all the perfections boasted of by Grace, it was plain to any disinterested observer that he was a young man of comely looks; that his curling hair was black and glossy; that his steel-gray eyes were frank and bright, and that his whole appearance was calculated to awaken enthusiasm in the heart of an admiring maiden.

The young lovers passed the evening as that class of the community generally do, and talked over their little plans for the future till a late hour, and when at last they separated Grace found that she was too full of projects, to be executed when she became Mrs. Edmonds, to think of retiring just then. So she pulled up her window-blinds and sat down to look out on the quiet street and the bright cold stars in the dark blue sky. She had a faint hope that she might catch another glimpse of Albert; she knew that in story-books lovers often walked past their mistresses' windows just to catch the glimmer of light through the shutters, and why shouldn't Albert? He was certainly as much in love as the most romantic hero could be; but after looking out on the still night, and thinking how very quiet the street was, for something more than half an hour, she was going to pull the curtain down and go to bed when—



Albert's Double at the Depot.

Heaven and earth! Yes, that was certainly Albert. She never could be mistaken in that face and figure, and the walk she knew so well. But, that though she had hoped with a warm and beating heart that he might pass up or down the street just for the pleasure of looking across at the window, now when she saw him her heart turned icy cold and stood still within her. Yet she could not take her eyes from that sight. It was Albert; that she could not doubt; but he never looked near the window, and on his arm a woman was leaning who was looking up in his face and listening eagerly to what he said. Grace had just strength enough left to draw the blind and leave a small loophole to look through. She had no wish to be seen then, but she would watch them. Her false lover and his companion stepped right opposite her window, and then glancing up and down the street retired into a gateway and were hidden in the shadow. With strained and agonized gaze Grace followed them, but could not see them. Presently she saw a third party come along the street, and at the moment when he was opposite the gateway Albert darted out—her head swam, and millions of stars seemed gleaming before her eyes, but still she beheld with fearful distinctness all that followed; and then, with a groan of anguish, she fell fainting on the floor.

When Grace recovered from that painful swoon her first thought was that she had died and awak-

"Our Engagement is at an End."

ened in Hades. Surely, oh, God! this could not be the happy world in which she had seen not one cloud but a few short hours before. She rose and tottered over to the bed, and there she lay for the long weary hours before the dawn, cold, heart-sore and sleepless.

And this was the man she had so tenderly loved? False to her and—

She dared not think of the rest; her brain whirled, and she felt like madness when that scene returned to her. Vainly she tried to think it was all a hideous nightmare. She would have given worlds to have proved—to have even believed it so. Impossible! It was a crushing reality. The gas still burned, never having been turned down since she entered her room; and she lay, dressed as she had been all that happy evening before—the rose-colored dress he had admired all crushed, and the pretty head-dress he had himself brought her crumpled and spoiled. But the bright, happy heart she had carried up with her from the little parlor was ruined worse than all—never, never could it come back to her—broken, bleeding, dying it lay in her heavy bosom, and she felt as though it had been exchanged for a stone.

But the morning came. The bright sunshine streamed into the room, and shamed the gas-light; and Grace rose from the bed where she had never before passed an unquiet night. Something must be done; she had loved this man, and she dare not betray him; she must keep that awful secret within her own breast, and none must guess that it was hidden there. She bathed her pallid face and swollen eyelids in cologne, and exchanged her last night's attire for a pretty morning toilette; but all her efforts could not conceal the ravages of that one night of sleepless pain. She had been too blooming and rosy to pass unquestioned when she presented herself at the breakfast table, listless, pale and haggard.

"Why, Grace, dear, are you ill?" was the first question that greeted her.

"No, mama."

"Something ails you, child. You look dreadfully. I hope you and Albert haven't been quarrelling."

Grace gasped, and thought she would choke in speaking the next words. With all her strength she strove to be calm and emotionless.

"Indeed, no, mama. We parted the best of friends. But I didn't have a good night's rest, and you know I can't live without sleep."

"And why should you sleep badly, Grace? You have no evil conscience to keep you awake?"

Grace tried to laugh, but sank into a chair with a ghastly expression.

"I hope the coffee's very strong, mama. Won't you please give me a cup—now—this minute. I think it will do me good."

Mrs. Farnham passed the cup of coffee without farther remark, and Grace gulped it down at the risk of scalding and choking herself.

Unable to appear like her natural self, Grace at last acknowledged that she was not well, and on that plea spent the greater part of the day in her own room. It was a relief to escape the gaze of anxious friends, although the task she had set herself was a hard one. But it was impossible after what she had seen that ever she could be the wife of Edmonds, so with a dreary heart she selected all the little gifts—the pretty little trinkets he had given her, and she shuddered as she thought how they might have been procured.

At last the long day drew to a close; and in the evening she was summoned to the parlor to meet her lover. She went down, carrying in her hand a little casket containing every gift she had received from him. Her father was in the room, and she was obliged to meet Edmonds with an affectation of her usual manner; but she was a poor hand at dissimulation, and he saw at once that something was the trouble.

"Why, Mr. Farnham," he said, "you didn't say that Grace was ill. Poor little girl! What is the matter?"

Grace could not command her voice sufficiently to answer, and fortunately her father came to her assistance.

"Grace was ill in the morning, but I think she feels better now. I meant to have told you so, and that reminds me I called at your rooms, but was told you hadn't been home last night at all."

Grace gave a wild look at the face she had so loved to gaze upon, and saw that Edmonds betrayed evident confusion, though he rallied immediately.

"No," he replied; "I didn't go home last night;" and he said no more.

To Grace this was only further proof, had any been needed, of the scene she had witnessed the night before.

Mr. Farnham left the parlor shortly after; and Grace allowed the door just time to close after him when she arose, and with a firm manner, although an unsteady voice, said:

"Our engagement is at an end, Albert. I forgive you for the pain you have caused me, and now we will part for ever. Here is the little casket containing all your gifts. I return them with all the vows of love you have made to me, and I pray God to forgive you as I do."

She held the casket towards him with averted face, for she could not look upon him.

He did not take it, nor for some moments did he make any reply; at last he spoke in a low suppressed tone:

"Grace, I have heard you without interruption, because I was so completely thunderstruck that I couldn't command my voice, and now will you oblige me by some explanation of this scene. I will not allow myself to feel angry. There's some mistake here. Sit down, and tell me what you mean."

He laid his hands upon her shoulders, and gently forced her down into her seat. In vain she attempted to be firm, and angry; she only burst into a flood of tears, and letting the casket fall from her hands she covered her face, and gave way to her sorrow.

"Oh, Albert—Albert—you have broken my heart," she sobbed; "but I know all, and it is useless to act the hypocrite, for you can no longer deceive me."

"Grace, this language is insulting."

"Ah, me! It is true, and that's worse."

"What does this mean? You shall explain your words."

"I will explain nothing—you insult me by this affectation of innocence; I am too gentle, but I did so love you. Go—go—leave me for ever! I saw you last night. I saw the whole affair; you might have guessed it would be dangerous to stop opposite my window," she added with a touch of sarcasm.

"Grace, have lost your senses?" said Albert, becoming angry. "I haven't the faintest idea what you mean."

Grace looked at him with an expression of horror. Such brazen effrontery appalled her; it also disgusted her.

"Dear heaven! And this is the man I loved!" she said. "Go away—go away, sir; leave me!"

"I will leave you, Grace, and you may thank yourself for it. It isn't in human patience to bear what I have received from you to-night. I never will enter this house again till you send for me, and so, good-bye;" and with a slight bow he left the room with a haughty step.

It soon became known in the family—though Grace only told her mother—that all was over between her and Albert; and it was pretty generally conjectured among friends and acquaintances, for never was seen such a sudden and complete change as came over the once blooming, rose-cheeked and bright-eyed Grace Farnham. She grew paler day by day, and wasted to a shadow, and all the medical aid procured by fond parents was useless. An entire change of scene was at last prescribed as the only thing likely to restore her; and after much persuasion, Grace consented to pay a visit to a cousin living among the New Hampshire hills.

It was now three months since that last interview with Albert, and though she had seen him once or twice since, they had exchanged neither word nor salutation since that night. It was now the first day of Spring, and the beauty of the country through which she was whirled along, the glowing loveliness of the valley of Connecticut, and as she approached Littleton, the view of the hills in the distance filled her with admiration, that for a time made her forget all else. Her father, who was familiar with the country, pointed out all its beauties, and seeing with pleasure the effect it had upon her, he used all his information to entertain his pale little girl, and make the journey pleasant. At the station Mr. Farnham found his brother and a carriage waiting for them; and as they were driven towards his house, some miles in the country, the gentle April breezes, and the delicious odor of the grass did more to restore the roses to Grace's cheeks, Mr. Farnham declared, than all the the doctor's stuff she had taken. He congratulated himself, however, that she had not made the same discovery at the station that he had, for after arranging her comfortably in the carriage, he stepped back into the waiting-room for a heavy shawl that had been left there, and felt certain that he saw Albert Edmonds leaving by the opposite door, in company with a handsome, stylish woman, who was leaning on his arm.

Mr. Farnham remained but a few days with his daughter, and then left her under the new regimen.

Grace had not been in New Hampshire more than a month before the desired effect began to show itself; either the violence of her sorrow was worn out, or new scenery, conversation and occupation had tended to obliterate it, for she became merry, rosy and almost happy again. Still she was not altogether cured; the wound still pained her, and now and then when she came across some mention of her false lover in her brother's letters it bled afresh.

One evening early in May, after reading the last letter received from home; she was sitting alone in her room, sadly musing. She had retired for the night, and when she found herself by the window thinking of Albert, she was irresistibly reminded of another sad evening when she had been so employed. It was a mild, sweet night; she had no lamp, but the moonlight streaming in through the half-open window made the room light as day. There is a certain melancholy pleasure in living over again the happiness we feel has for ever departed, and Grace made no effort to control her thoughts, letting them wander at will over the memory of joyous meetings and interviews with the lover lost to her for ever. Suddenly the murmur of voices interrupted her reverie, and with a feeling of curiosity she leaned out of the window. Her uncle's house was in a quiet and lonely part of the country, and she felt certain all the family had retired. Who could it be, then, that was abroad at that hour? At first she saw nothing but the moonlit road, the shadows of the fences, and the roses not yet in bloom. But presently out of the shadow of the house two people emerged into the moonlight.

Those figures! Could she ever forget either? They were engraven on her heart by keen sorrow and shame. Yes, it was Albert, and with him, leaning on his arm as she had seen her four months before, the same handsome, bold-looking woman. Now, as then, she was listening eagerly to something he was saying, and with a pang of jealousy—for she loved him still—Grace saw how his head was bent towards her; how eagerly and tenderly he spoke to her. She could not see his face, but she could well guess the expression of it; and how well she knew that stately, well-knit figure. She covered her face with her hands, and then suddenly springing up with a wild exclamation, wonder, hope and dismay blended in her tone, she darted over to her writing-desk, drew forth a letter, and keeping it clutched in her hand, with the other lighted her lamp, and then with trembling fingers unfolded the paper and looked over it. It was from her brother, and on the second page was a sentence which she read over and over, as though fascinated by the words, yet they were simple enough:

"By-the-way, Grace," it read, "I called to-day on Albert Edmonds—I have always remained friends with him, you know, notwithstanding your mysterious quarrel. I'm sorry to say the poor fellow has had a sad accident—he fell through a trapdoor in the store, that some unlucky chance left open, and has broken his leg. The doctor says be won't be able to move for six weeks. He seems in very low spirits, and do you know, you heartless little coquette, I think he's grieving about you."

Now every time that Grace read this paragraph she paused a moment to ask herself:

"If Albert is lying ill at home, unable to move, how have I seen him to-night, in company with that woman, under my window?"

At last a sudden effulgence of light spread over her face, radiating it like the eastern sky when the sun has risen, and again and again she kissed the letter in her hand as a mother might kiss a lost child restored to her after hope was gone.

"Oh, what a fool I have been!" were her words, when at last she could speak. "What a crazy fool I have made myself. Shall I ever be forgiven? can I ever forgive myself? How dared I refuse him an explanation when he asked it? My foolish, self-sufficient pride! I am punished for it, and I deserve it. But he'll forgive him. Oh, how ashamed I am. I'll never dare to tell him the injustice I have done him—the cruel insult of my wicked thoughts, and I who loved him so—and yet it seemed the evidence of my eyes—it was so strange—so wonderful!"

And all the time that these disconnected words were pouring from the full heart of little Grace Farnham, she was bustling about the room, collecting stray articles of dress, folding them and packing them into her trunk which stood ready to receive them. But how gay and sparkling she felt all the time; and it seemed a pleasure to heap on herself the most odious reproaches.

At last everything was packed, and the trunk was locked and strapped, and Grace glanced round to see if all was ready for departure in the morning, for she had instantly determined to leave for home in the first train of next morning. No further need for New Hampshire scenery and cookery, and country air—she was completely cured.

At first she couldn't sleep with joy; but at last, towards morning, she fell into a deep, delightful slumber, and dreamed till eight o'clock of all imaginable bridecakes and white favors.

If Albert would only forgive her she would let no further time go by—she would not leave opportunity for the chance of another mistake.

There was consternation in the family when Grace announced her intention of leaving them that morning. But entreaties fell on a deaf ear—go she would, and go she did. And that same evening there was surprise at Mr. Farnham's at the unexpected return of Grace; but also delight, for it was evident she had got rid of all her trouble—that no mysterious sadness any longer weighed down her spirits, or covered her bright face with a veil of ashen pallor.

"George," said Grace, drawing her brother aside before she had been home an hour, "you must take me to Albert's room instantly. I've made such a dreadful mistake—"

"But, Gracie dear—"

"There's no use in refusing me, George. I'll go alone if you do; but I must and shall see Albert before another day."

"Very well, you little whirlwind, since there's no stemming you, I suppose I must go along with the current."

Grace thanked him with a sudden shower of kisses, and a declaration that he was her dearest, best of brothers!

A short time later the brother and sister found themselves in the sickroom of young Edmonds. He didn't evince surprise at seeing Grace, but took her hand with a quiet and friendly grasp. "I knew you would come some time, Grace," he said.

"Forgive me, dear Albert," said Grace, trembling and with tears. "I have been cruelly wrong, and I scarcely dare tell you how. No, George, don't leave us; I want you to hear me also."

She paused, scarcely knowing how to proceed, and then burst forth:

"Albert, the last night that we parted in kindness and love I made what I thought a horrible discovery that would for ever separate us. Sitting at my window about half an hour after you were gone, I saw a man and woman pass up the street, and then secrete themselves in a gateway opposite our house. I could have made oath that the man was you, Albert; almost immediately a third party passed, and I saw this man—whom I took for you—jump out, assault him, overcome and rob him, and then, in company with the woman, disappear."

"Upon my word I'm much obliged, Grace," interrupted Albert, turning scarlet, "and so you believed me a midnight robber?"

"Don't be so angry, Albert. It was the most extraordinary resemblance—if he were here now I don't believe I would be able to tell you apart at first glance."

"Most unpleasant things, these doubles," said George, who could not see the whole thing in any but a humorous light. "I declare I wouldn't like to have one addicted to such little freaks as appropriating other people's valuables, and so forth."

"And then, Albert, you remember you told papa that you hadn't been home all that night; and you seemed confused too—and—and—"

"I see. And that seemed to give a deeper coloring to my supposed guilt. I was a little confused. I had spent that night with a legal friend, who was also a friend of your father's, in drawing out title deeds to a pretty house I intended presenting you on your wedding day. I had a momentary suspicion that Mr. Farnham had discovered my little plot and perhaps spoiled my surprise, so—"

"Oh, Albert!"

"You're a sweet girl, Grace," exclaimed George, at this point; "if this is what they call woman's love I hope I may never have any closer experience of it."

Poor Grace was already overcome with grief and mortification, and answered between sobs:

"Don't you be so hard on me, George; after all it isn't your affair, and I've suffered enough, I'm sure."

Albert was melted in a moment.

"Keep quiet, you George—you don't understand anything about girls."

"Thank Heaven!" Master George ejaculated, fervently.

"Never mind him, Gracie; I'm much too happy to care for what he says. And now just tell me how you satisfied yourself as to my identity. I own to be a little curious on that point."

Grace related what the reader already knows.

"I wonder who it can be?" mused Albert, when she had concluded; "and where he'll turn up next?"

That last "wonder" was answered thus:

A week later Mr. Farnham received a letter from his brother, congratulating himself that Grace had left them in time to avoid being frightened by a most daring attempt to rob the house on the very night after her departure. The thief had been caught in the act, and was now in the county jail; and the letter concluded: "the rascal bears the most astonishing resemblance to the young fellow I met at your house last winter."

When young Farnham read this he insisted on taking a run down to Littleton just to see this mysterious double of Albert's. The resemblance at first sight was so great that George was perfectly confounded, and no longer wondered at his sister's mistake.

But on closer examination Mr. Joe Perkins had a much heavier face than Albert; his eyes were brown, and one of them had a slight squint; but in height, bearing and general appearance, the likeness was very dangerous.

George returned in time to attend at his sister's wedding; and congratulated his brother-in-law, who was still obliged to move on crutches, "that the other fellow had been sentenced to State Prison; and I advise you, Albert," he added, "to keep lame, unless your leg insists on getting quite well; for you will need some very palpable disfigurement to keep that fellow from getting you into trouble, if ever he gets out."

Albert's leg did insist on being quite recovered; but "that fellow," poor wretch! never got him into any trouble, as he died in prison long before his term had expired.

TRAITS IN THE CHARACTER OF THE ELEPHANT.

ELEPHANTS not only obey their keeper when present, but some which are well trained will, even in his absence, perform extraordinary works. A French gentleman tells us, that on one occasion he saw two powerful elephants engaged in beating down a wall, for which hard work they were promised some fruit and brandy, elephants being very partial to spirituous liquors. These elephants did not work separately, but united their efforts, using their trunks in a very effective way, which were protected from injury by thick coverings of leather; they thrust them at the same instant against the strongest part of the wall, producing violent and reiterated shocks, while they carefully watched the effects of their blows. As soon as it was evident that the wall was in a falling condition they made together one powerful effort, and in an instant both drew back that they might not be injured, when, immediately after, the whole wall came thundering to the ground.

To the honor of the sagacious animals, we may add that they are very grateful for kindness shown to them. A soldier at one of Indian forts was accustomed to give a small portion of his rum to one of them every pay-day. Having on one occasion taken too much of it himself, he became exceedingly intoxicated, and was discovered by an officer in this condition. For this breach of discipline he was ordered to be seized and carried to the guardroom. The deliquent, perceiving several soldiers pursuing him, became alarmed, and in his terror took refuge under the very elephant he was accustomed to treat, and immediately fell asleep. The soldiers in vain endeavored to drag him from this asylum; the elephant would not allow it; and whenever the attempt was renewed fought furiously, and defended the sleeping man with his trunk.

The consequence was that the soldiers withdrew, and left their comrade, without further interruption, to his slumbers. After a few hours, however, he awoke, and great was his terror when he found himself underneath the enormous animal. The elephant seemed to be aware of his alarm, and instantly dissipated his fears by caressing and fondling him with his trunk; thus testifying his gratitude for the soldier's kindness.

On another occasion a different mode of treatment produced different results. An elephant's driver having received some cocoanuts, wished to break one, and very thoughtlessly struck it twice against the upper part of the elephant's head. He accomplished his object, and probably soon forgot the means he had adopted to crack the nut. The elephant, however, was not not so oblivious, for the day after, being brought into the street containing various shops, and among them one in which cocoanuts were for sale, he instantly seized one in his trunk, beat it against the driver's head, and killed him on the spot by the severity of his blows; showing that if gratitude is cherished by elephants, revenge also is not forgotten. Many other examples both of the gratitude and revenge of these animals might be given.

DINNER AS AN EDUCATOR.—You will find that a good deal of character is imparted and received at the table. Parents too often forget this; and, therefore, instead of swallowing your food in sullen silence, instead of brooding over your business, instead of severely talking about others, let the conversation at the table be genial, kind, sociable and cheering. Don't [illegible] disagreeable things to the table in your conversation any more than you would in your dishes. For this reason, too, the more good company you have at your table the better for your children. Every conversation with company at your table is an educator of the family. Hence, the intelligence and the refinement and the appropriate behavior of the family which is given to hospitality. Never feel that intelligent visitors can be anything but a blessing to you and yours. How few have fully got hold of the fact that company and conversation at the table are no small part of education.

READY FOR DUTY.

BY MISS WARNER.

Daffy-down-dilly came up in the cold,
Through the brown mould,
Although the March breezes blew keen on her face,
Although the white snow lay on many a place.

Daffy-down-dilly had heard underground
The sweet rushing sound
Of the streams, as they burst off their white winter chains—
Of the whistling spring winds and the pattering rains.

"Now then," thought Daffy, deep down in her heart,
"It's time I should start!"
So she pushed her soft leaves through the hard frozen ground,
Quite up to the surface, and then she looked round.

There was snow all about her, gray clouds overhead,
The trees all looked dead;
Then how do you think Daffy-down-dilly felt,
When the sun would not shine and the ice would not melt?

"Cold weather!" thought Daffy, still working away;
"The earth's hard to-day!
There's but a half inch of my leaves to be seen,
And two-thirds of that is more yellow than green!

"I can't do much yet; but I'll do what I can.
It's well I began!
For unless I can manage to lift up my head,
The people will think that the Spring herself's dead."

So, little by little, she brought her leaves out,
All clustered about;
And then her bright flowers began to unfold,
Till Daffy stood robed in her spring green and gold.

O Daffy-down-dilly! so brave and so true!
I wish all were like you!
So ready for duty in all sorts of weather,
And holding forth courage and beauty together.

THE LESSON OF AN EVENING.

BY MRS. SYKES.

Lula Lansing stood before a tall mirror in her boudoir, one winter evening, adjusting a rose in her hair. She was a maiden of rare charms; and as she stood there in her beautiful garb of white and pink, delicately and almost imperceptibly spangled with silvery threads among the wavy folds; with her soft cheek glowing in damask loveliness; her bright eye beaming with health and happiness; her little hand, set off at the wrist with a golden bracelet, delicately intertwining the rose's stem amid the sunny curls of her hair—now inserting the tip of a dainty finger beneath the surface, now gently patting the flower with the soft, white palm—her lovely neck, turned to the most unerring shade of perfection, bent a little on one side; her coral lips a breath apart, revealing a white row of purest teeth within the sacred portal; she seemed a model for a painter to look upon, and, looking, feast his artist soul.

Near her was a maiden whose plainer garb and less polished air bespoke the domestic, yet, in whose face one could not fail to note an expression of gentle goodness such as one seldom meets, even among the choicest of the sex. She stood gazing with affectionate admiration upon her little mistress, awaiting any motion by which the maiden might express a wish for her assistance.

The room was one that denoted it the abode of wealth and elegance. Nothing was wanting in the apartment that could give comfort, luxury and beauty their pleasantest garb. From the fine picture that hung in frame of massive gold, to the tortoiseshell cat that purred itself to sleep, with grateful drone, upon the velvet rug before the blazing grate, all denoted the presence of the master wealth, and the mistress elegance.

"There, Mary," said the fair girl, as she turned from the mirror to her companion, "can it be bettered?"

"No, Lula, it cannot," was the reply; "nothing could be sweeter than your appearance now. If you sought it, I am sure you could bring all Boston to your feet, to sue for your smiles. But your glory, I know—and I am thankful to know it—is not to win the applause and admiration of the general eye. Your object has a nobleness in it, in seeking to only gladden the eyes of Preston Lowville. There could be no beauty too rare for such good and gentle eyes as his. How I rejoice in the chance that brought him to your suit! It gives me a grateful pride to feel that Lula is sought by one so noble."

The blush that glowed on Lula's cheek, as her companion thus praised Preston Lowville, made the maiden appear still more lovely; and as she gazed into the blazing fire, and murmured: "He is truly noble!" her eye was lit by that peculiar gleam which exquisite happiness and content betrayeth.

Lula Lansing, reader, was not a heroine of such remarkable traits that she never yielded to the influence of disappointment, or aught else, suffering them to ruffle the tranquility of her mind. Keenly sensitive as was her nature, it would be to deny the laws of being to say that she was not elated by praise and affection, and cast down by disappointment or reproof, in an equally sensitive degree. This, all said, was Lula's greatest fault, if fault it justly might be deemed. She was too easily rendered pettish. It was but a result, however, of her education; and few would have passed through the course of education she passed through, and graduated as pure. The only child of indulgent parents; petted, admired, caressed, from her infancy to her maidenhood—was it not indeed strange that her vanity, caprice and selfishness were not her leading attributes? Seldom is the flower nourished in such a hotbed, as pure, as healthy-hearted and as sweet, as Lula Lansing was.

But who was Preston Lowville? Start not, reader, when I say—a mechanic. I know that the light of romance may be taken rudely from my tale by this shocking revelation—yet Preston Lowville, the favored lover of the peerless Lula Lansing—the admired of all who admire talent, grace, courtesy, kindness, honesty and philanthropy—the friend of the oppressed and the enemy of evil doers, was a mechanic, who trimmed volumes and ruled paper in a bookbindery ten hours of each day in which he was not otherwise employed.

It may, however, redeem my narrative in the estimation of Sir Soft Codfish, from the odor of hard, red hands, sweaty brows and brawny muscle, to know that Preston's father had been a professional man. And while his health had permitted him to do so pastor Lowville had read from the Book of Life to as contented and respectable a congregation as any village of the size of A—— would afford. But, as his frame began to waste away, and his voice to give forth the hollow sound of the sepulchre, in his sermons, parson Lowville turned from his flock, gave his Bible into more youthful hands, and went, as did his father Adam, to till the soil, until it should be his time to pass away.

Shortly after this, Preston, having finished his academic course, yielded to his father's advice and entered a bookbindery in Boston, where he soon became interested in the details of his trade, and worked as one who loved labor.

Lula and Mary sat awhile, talking by the light of the blaze in the grate, that shed a cheerful glimmer upon the luxurious furniture of the chamber, and soon the former descended to the drawing-room to await her guests.

They came with happy faces and rosy cheeks, with loud conversation and merry laughter, for they were all young, intimately acquainted and thoroughly imbued with that free-heartedness that shows gentility of a pure quality. The more polished the society is, the less formality there is in it. This has ever been found true, where observation has sought for its confirmation or denial.

It is not my purpose to describe the manner in which the evening was passed by the party present. The description of one such scene will meet the wants of a score. But as the evening wore away one or two of the guests noticed a shade of displeasure resting upon the gentle Lula's countenance, for which they were at a loss to account. It vanished quickly, if one of her guests passed a jest or a pleasant remark with her; but it as quickly returned a moment after.

We possess the power to explain away the mystery. See where, leaning upon a marble statue yonder, the fair Lula holds converse with her maid-companion, Mary.

"What can be the reason of Preston's absence?" said the fair one, as a frown of dissatisfaction and impatience clouded her brow. "Can it be possible that he shrinks from mingling with my associates? Truly he is most unreasonable to allow such a foolish modesty to cause me so much pain. See how unhappy I am, how uncourteous to my guests, how rude in spite of myself, when, truth knows, I am most anxious to make those around me happy. It is now nearly ten o'clock, and his tardy footsteps are not yet heard. I am ready to blame him for his thoughtlessness."

"Lula," uttered Mary, respectfully yet earnestly, as her mistress paused, thus seeming to invite reply, "I am sorry to see you so unhappy to-night. Trust me, my lady, there is some good reason for Preston's absence. I have known him, as you know, ever since his father found me, a little girl, weeping beside my dead mother's couch, and took me to his home; and I speak confidently, Lula, when I say that I know his absence has some other cause than that false modesty you would impute to him—not one shade of which ever passed over his noble nature. No, Lula, Preston is not abashed in any presence. I have seen him enough to know."

To her maid's enthusiastic speech Lula made no reply. She wandered off among her guests, her heart ill at ease the while, and her eye turning often towards the door, in the hope that it might be greeted with the sight of Preston's manly form, but in vain.

It was not long ere the unhappy Lula found herself again petulantly pouring her impatient murmur into the ever gentle Mary's ear.

"It is provoking!" was her almost angry expression as she turned away and passed to a window. She disappeared within the folds of the heavy curtain, and pressed her heated brow against the cool panes of polished glass.

It was bitter cold without. A biting wind soughed through the streets, slamming shutters and rattling at sashes, while the clear, bright moon shed its rays upon the snowy paths, rendering the street almost as light as day. Suddenly Lula's gaze was rivetted by beholding, stretched at length in the pathway below her, the form of a child. It was her first impulse to rush out and see who she might be, when her eye chanced to be caught by a manly form which came rapidly down the street, on the opposite side. In the shade she could not distinguish who it was, yet something in the gait arrested her attention. In a moment it had reached a point directly opposite, and paused; then came swiftly forward, as if bent for the prostrate child.

Lula's eye brightened, and her heart beat quicker, as she recognised Preston Lowville! The youth came up to the little girl, raised her in his arms, and, without a word, passed rapidly up the street with his burden.

It was but the work of a moment for Lula to glide from the folds of the curtain, to seek the nook where Mary sat, to take her arm, and lead her quickly away, without disturbing the merriment of her guests, nor attracting their attention. Arrived in a room adjoining the hall, Lula said:

"Mary, put on your hood and cloak; quick; and come with me. I have seen him!"

"Who?" said Mary, quietly, proceeding, at the same time, unhesitatingly to do as she was bidden.

"Preston Lowville," was Lula's reply, as she hastily arrayed herself in garments befitting the wintry night, and sallied forth, followed by Mary. "It is rash, Mary, I know," said she, as they emerged into the street; "but something tells me that I must follow Preston, if I would learn that which will be for my own good."

Silently, but much surprised and wondering, Mary hastened after her mistress, who sped over the pavement as if gifted with the wings of the wind, until, as they turned a corner, Lula slackened her pace, turned to her companion, and said:

"Do you see him?"

"Where?"

"Yonder; that dusky shadow is his; he has a burden; we must see what becomes of it."

They had not long to follow him. Preston soon turned into short alley which branched off from the main street, and ended against a brick wall; and as the two maidens also turned the corner, a moment after, they beheld him enter a hovel at the roadside, and close the door after him.

"I have hardly the courage to go farther, Lula," said Mary, with a subdued and tremulous voice. "Had we not better return?"

"Return?" said the maiden, as a strange fire gleamed in her blue eye; "return? No! Where Preston Lowville leads on, Lula Lansing is not afraid to follow!" and the excited lass advancing, tapped at the door which had closed upon Preston.

A weak female voice answered:

"Who is there?"

And almost in the same breath Preston's manly voice said:

"Come in!"

And Lula lifted the latch and entered.

Preston arose in astonishment! Lula paused, equally astonished, to view the scene before her, while Mary closed the door and stood in the shade.

Before a dilapidated fireplace, in which now burned a ruddy flame, lay the burden, Walter had evidently just deposited there; and in a corner near, on a low bed, reclined the corpse of a man whose earthly light had evidently just turned out, with a smile upon his features, and an open Bible lying on the bed by his side. This bed, a table, a chair and a stool, constituted the furniture of the room.

"Can it be possible," said the astonished young man, "that I behold Lula Lansing?"

"It is possible," Lula gently replied.

"But what brought you here, Lula?" asked Preston, stepping forward, and seating her in a chair. "I am surprised beyond measure."

"And well, in truth, you may be, Preston," said the maiden, now for the first time seemingly appreciating the strangeness of her position. "I can hardly myself tell what Providence led me to this poverty-stricken abode. But, seeing you bear a child from before my father's door, I was moved to follow you; and I find you acting the part of the good Samaritan, while I was complaining, in my comfortable parlors, of your neglect! How abashed am I to find that in neglecting me you were ministering to the wants of those who are a silent rebuke to me for my thoughtless selfishness. Had I known your presence in this home of misery, oh! what would have won from me a word of complaint?"

A tear stood in the gentle girl's eye which attested the sincerity of her words. She had learned a lesson.

And by-and-bye, when they walked home together, Lula begged her Preston again to forgive her; and he answered:

"Yes, Lula, as my wife, you are forgiven."

The white dove of happiness nestled warmly in Lula's bosom for the rest of that blissful evening; but the lesson was not forgotten.

ACTION AT PINE KNOB, GA.

Death of the Rebel Gen. Polk.

On the morning of the 14th of June Gen. Hooker advanced the 2d division of the 20th corps, under Gen. Geary, to a position opposite to that occupied by the rebels, under Lieut.-Gen. Polk, who were strongly entrenched on the side of an eminence called Pine Knob, but finding it almost impossible to dislodge them by an infantry assault, Knapp's Veteran Pennsylvania battery was brought up, and after an engagement which lasted six hours, compelled the enemy to evacuate the position amid the shouts of our men.

During the action a party of officers, evidently of high rank, were seen in a work at the summit. A battery below fired at the group but missed. Knapp's battery then fired, and, from the confusion, evidently sent a fatal shot.

The next day they learned that the rebel Lieut.-Gen. Polk, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Louisiana, was struck by a ball, which went right through his body, killing him on the spot.

THE INVASION OF MARYLAND IN 1864.

We give in this issue sketches of the invasion of Maryland in 1864. This brief campaign is in some respects one of the most remarkable movements of the war, from its boldness, the force employed, the skill with which it drove back or avoided our miserably scattered troops in the Shenandoah and bore steadily down on Washington, till Wallace, with his handful, gave them such a lesson on the banks of the Monocacy that they recoiled, halted, paused and lost all their advantage. Yet they were across the Potomac with an army well-nigh equal in numbers to that of Beauregard at Bull Run, and far superior to his in *materiel*, led by experienced Generals, and with nothing of a commensurate force before them. Washington and Baltimore, isolated by their cavalry from the North, could not be relieved for some days by land; the Florida made it dangerous to send by water. Yet in one battle, Gen. Lewis Wallace, sustaining a defeat, which in the nature of things was unavoidable, so broke their impetus that the tide rolled harmlessly away, and the veterans of the South becoming by an easy transition, horsethieves and cattle-robbers, drove off their plunder in haste. Even the great captures of the raid escaped from them, Maj.-Gen. Franklin and Brig.-Gen. Tyler.

Our large illustration gives a picture of the mode of plunder; the cattle, horses, sheep are driven on, followed by the Conestoga wagons taken from the farmers and filled with all the useful and useless plunder seized by soldiers on such forays; for in the excitement the valiant man of war does not always recollect the uses of things, and a solder has been seen carrying for miles a washboard stolen from a farmer's house, when a shirt off his line would have been a luxury that he had not enjoyed for months.

After the defeat of Gen. Wallace some parties of the rebels, or Maryland sympathisers, burnt several bridges on the Northern Central railroad, connecting Baltimore with Yorkhaven, and among others that over Gunpowder river, at Magnolia, 19 miles from Baltimore. After burning this bridge the rebels, under Gilmor, lay in wait for trains, and on the 11th captured train No. 17 of the Baltimore and Ohio road, killing the fireman. The passengers were robbed, several ladies, evidently accomplices of the rebels, pointing out important men.

Gen. Franklin was put into a buggy by Gilmor and driven across the country to Towsontown and Reisterstown, where they arrived at two o'clock A.M. on the 12th, and bivouacked for the night. The General, who was put in charge of Capt. Owen and two guards, lay down to sleep, as he felt sick and tired. His guards were soon asleep; and rising, he coughed and made a slight noise to attract attention, but their slumber was so profound that he leaped a fence and ran for about three quarters of an hour till he reached the cover of a wood, where he hid. He remained in his concealment all the next day, frequently seeing parties in pursuit of him. At sunset he ventured out at all risk, and fortunately met two men with bundles of hay, which they were taking to their concealed horses. Learning who he was, these two men dropped their hay and guided him, by a secluded path, to their house, where he was closely concealed, to escape the observation of the rebel scouts and secesh neighbors fully as dangerous. On the 13th the farmer formed his plan for the General's reaching Washington, and conducted him to a spot where a carriage met him and drove him into the city, feeling, as he said, "more free than ever he had felt before in his life."

We trust that our Government will provide at last to meet these raids. A Department should be formed of the valley extending from Virginia through Maryland and Pennsylvania, and placed under a General of skill, ready resource, prompt and daring. The farmers in Virginia should be registered as nearly as possible, so that they should be known and delinquencies punished. The militia in the Department in Maryland and Pennsylvania should, with the concert of the Governors, be enrolled and drilled, and works erected at proper points to check advances. A good General, with a Department thus organized, should be able to prevent a raid or capture the whole force.

JOSEPH LESURQUES.

The case of this unfortunate man has once more been before the French Chambers, and although it is 60 years old, has excited much public attention. It is the most remarkable case of mistaken identity upon record, and some notice of it may prove interesting to our readers. He was executed in 1794 for the alleged crimes of robbing the Lyons mail and murdering the courier, but under circumstances of doubt and difficulty which would have rendered his conviction at the present time impossible. The case has been made subservient to the purposes of the novelist and the dramatist both in France and England: but even their invention could add nothing to the horrible interest of the naked facts. The tragical history is in the substance soon told. In 1794 the Lyons mail was robbed of 54,000 francs (£2,160) and the courier brutally murdered, and it appears that four persons were concerned in the crime. Lesurques fell a victim to his close resemblance to one of the murderers, not only in stature, in features, and in complexion, but even in certain marks on the face, on the hand, and on the body. He was executed, protesting his innocence, and his innocence was also asserted by some of the actual perpetrators of the crime who suffered with him. His property was confiscated to repay the Treasury for the sum lost, and his family reduced to beggary. His wife shortly after committed suicide; his son joined the army and perished in the snows in Russia. One of his daughters made a desperate effort to obtain restitution, after the innocence of the father had been established by the discovery of the actual murderer, a man of the name of Dubosq, to whom Lesurques had borne so fatal a resemblance; but she failed, and drowned herself in the Seine on the morning after the rejection of her claims by the Chambers. The second daughter died in a madhouse.

The claim of restitution has not been permitted to sleep. Something had been done by previous Governments, by paying small portions of the indemnity; but the recent motion, made by the Baron de Jouzé, was for the restoration of the 50,000 francs, together with interest since the year 1794. The motion opened up a discussion on the whole case, and it was eventually assented to by 113 against 112. For more than 60 years the law has refused to do a full measure of justice, and the doing it now will be an act exceedingly popular.

The whole of the proceedings in this case are very instructive, showing how fallible in judgment are human tribunals, but particularly in showing the contrast between the jurisprudence of France at that time and at this, and in fact indicating the general improvement in the administration of the criminal law within this century. With the evidence adduced upon which Lesurques was condemned and executed, no court of law in Europe would now pass the sentence of death, and certainly such sentence would not be carried into effect.

A Singular Incident.—Twenty years ago a gentleman of this city resolved to remove out West, and started for his destination. In New York he stopped at a second class hotel, and while there was robbed of his purse, containing some $2,000 in gold. In the course of his peregrinations he was successful and had forgotten all about his loss, having accumulated a handsome property. When the war broke out he was too old to enlist; but, feeling patriotic, he offered his services to Gen. Logan, and acted as Quartermaster to a brigade. One night, on a march, the army arrived at a small town in southern Alabama, and according to orders he took possession of the inn for general headquarters. While talking with the landlord he discovered that he formerly kept a hotel in New York, and, upon pressing his inquiries, found that he was the identical landlord of the house in which he had been robbed. In the course of the evening he arranged a mock court-martial and brought the landlord before it, charging him, among other things, with the robbery. Much to his surprise, the landlord confessed the robbery, and he had his choice to restore the money or die at sunrise. The man received his principal, and all the interest the landlord could afford to pay, in gold, which the gentleman invested in U. S. 7 3-10 notes.

There were 411,613 mulatto slaves in the South in 1860; of whom 69,979 were in Virginia, 43,281 in Kentucky, and 36,900 in Georgia. These numbers are considerably beyond the legitimate proportion of those States. There were also 176,739 free mulattoes in the United States in 1860; of whom 106,770 belonged to the South, and 99,969 to the Free States. Of the free mulattoes Virginia contained 23,485, which number, added to her slave mulattoes, makes a total of 93,624. Her mulatto slaves alone exceeded the total number of mulattoes in the Free States. The whole number of mulattoes, slaves and free, in the Union, in 1860, was 588,352; of whom 69,969 belonged to the Free States, and 518,283 to the Slave States—a number greater than the combined white population of Arkansas, Delaware and Florida—greater than the whole population of Maryland, almost twice as great that of South Carolina, and twice as great as the combined populations of Delaware and Florida. The mulatto population of Virginia alone exceeds the number of whites in Delaware or Florida.

INVASION OF MARYLAND, 1864—REBELS DRIVING OFF CATTLE

CATTLE AND PLUNDER TAKEN FROM THE FARMERS.—BY EDWIN FORBES.

THE CONTRAST.

We sit at home, nor feel that they
Who fight upon the distant plain
Are falling faster day by day,
A harvest of the slain.

We lightly walk the busy street,
Where trade and gain roll swiftly on;
They march a battlefield to greet,
And die as it is won.

The trumpet calls them in the night
To die for Freedom; and the boom
Of cannon from the fortressed height
Still calls them to their doom.

Unmoved we read of how they fell
To shield the starry flag from shame;
Dauntless through storms of shot and shell
In the red battle's flame!

Brave hearts are beating for us there,
Amid the conflict's feverish breath;
This hour, what soldier's hurried prayer
Is said for you, in death.

They lie upon the lonely hill
Or blackened plain in dreamless sleep,
Their rest eternal! Never will
They wake, like us, to weep.

We rise each day to weary toil
And hourly strife—their work is done!
Their blood will consecrate the soil
Their lives so nobly won.

THE MYSTERY OF "THE PLACE:"

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

BY J. W. WATSON.

PART II.—CHAPTER III.

It was mid-day, and not one speck of sunshining when the train fumed up to the Stanfield station and dropped Isabelle. It was cold and raw, a miserable drizzle coming down steadily, and as she stepped from the cars the prospect was anything but cheering. There was the wretched passengers' room of the depot, fireless, and smelling fearfully of tobacco, two or three surly, sneaking curs, and two or three gaping rustics; while one stupid-looking station-keeper was paying particular attention to a pair of English-whiskered youths, who, by the array of guns, fishing-rods and small wares they had in possession, had evidently come down to take all the feathered and finny tribes by storm. Until the station-keeper had got through his admiration of these fellows, and gone with them to a neighboring tavern, from whence he came back wiping his mouth and looking more flushed in the face, Isabelle could expect no attention nor yet expect to move. Then she asked that gentleman:

"Do you know where Colonel Swinton's place is?"

"Be you a new gal comin' up thar?" was the gentleman's polite way of answering the question.

Isabelle was forced to smile, in spite of her annoyance.

"No; but I am anxious to get up there."

The station-keeper eyed her all over with a sort of detective officer air, and then deliberately said:

"Wal!"

"Can you tell me how I can get up to the place?"

"Wal! I karkilate you kin walk up 'bout as good as any way."

"Is there no carriage to be had?"

"Wal, thar's Jim Homes is got a kerridge, but then he ain't around, and won't be till to-morrow night. He was drunk up to Davis's last night, and I karkilate he ain't out yet this mornin'."

"If there's no way to ride, can you get me some one to carry this carpetbag, then?"

"What do you karkilate to give for kerrying it?" was the station-master's inquiry, looking at the bag as though he was counting its weight and was about to offer for the job himself.

"Whatever you think is right," was Isabelle's heart-sinking response.

"Wal! if you want to give half a dollar, I karkilate black Jim would take it up for ye?"

And so the matter was settled, and Isabelle started with a crippled negro for her guide, the bag slung upon his back, and three miles of dreary, muddy road to traverse on foot to join her husband.

For a mile the negro trudged on without a word, but then, perhaps the whiskey—for which he had stipulated before starting—beginning to act, he commenced, by attempting certain pigeon-wings, accompanied with laughs, to express the goodness of his feelings; and then, finding that these demonstrations had no effect on Isabelle, he stopped a little in his pace, and said, in a solemn voice:

"Ye ain't a gwine ter stay at de haunted house to-night, missis, is yer?"

At first Isabelle was not disposed to indulge black Jim in an answer, and by not doing so at once shut off all chance of his entering upon any conversation; but a glance at the negro's harmless face removed what fear she might feel in being alone with him on an unfrequented road, and she answered:

"Yes, I shall stay thare to-night."

"All night, missis?"

"Yes."

The negro's eyes dilated to an extraordinary size, and with a look at Isabelle, as though he was gazing his last on a doomed one, he said:

"Dem yar ghosts ketch yer, sartin, missis. Dey's werry bad up dar!"

Isabelle could not help smiling at the earnestness of black Jim, and asked him:

"How do you know about these ghosts?"

"How I know 'bout dem ghosts? Golly! how anybody know 'bout ghosts? I saw'd 'em, missis—saw'd 'em wid my own eyes."

"Did anybody see them beside yourself?" Isabelle said, without absolutely wishing to call the veracity of black Jim into question.

"Oh, jinks! jus hear dat! Anybody seed 'em 'sides myself! Guess eberybody seed 'em 'sides me. Why, missis, dem yar ghosts trabels all ober de place. Dars lots o' folks seed 'em. I seed 'em—one ob 'em. De one I seed got a yeller dress on and run like fun. Eberybody knows dat Kernel Swinton's place is haunted."

Isabelle did not feel inclined to continue the conversation at this rate of information, and therefore kept silence and trudged on for the balance of the three miles.

At last they arrived in front of a house, bearing all the appearance of a farmer's homestead, of an ancient build. The lower part of the house was stone, and from the gable up, wood. Its age showed that the original building might date for a century, but all experts would be at fault to tell at what periods the different wings and additions were completed. Her guide posted himself at a ricketty gate leading up to the house, but made no offer to open it.

"Go in!" said Isabelle.

"Dey keeps a dog yar, missis," was the answer of her squire.

"Give me the bag, then," she said, slipping the money into his hand, and taking from him his burden; "I will go in alone."

The negro, with a grin of satisfaction, relinquished the bag and seized the money, and then, with a look of wide-mouthed wonder, he made a sidelong dance into the road, and said:

"Good-bye, missis! Look out whar yer gwine," and was off in an instant.

Isabelle, by great exertion, pushed open the gate, and was for a moment startled to see a great English mastiff bounding down the path, with yelps of attack. The dog came on to her very feet, but, seeing no signs of terror, followed submissively up to the house, where a knock at the door, after a long waiting, brought a stout Irish girl, of a vacant face, who stared unknowingly at the new comer.

"I want to see Colonel Swinton," was Isabelle's first speaking.

The girl only gazed in a wild manner, as though the language was foreign to her.

"Do you not hear me? I want to see Colonel Swinton. Tell him so directly."

The girl dropped the knob of the door in a frightened way, and stepped back a pace or two, but at an impatient movement from Isabelle slid away through a door on the alcove, and left her standing in the hall. She had scarcely stood five minutes when the sound of a step was heard, and a tall, grayhaired woman, of severe face, came slowly down a flight of stairs leading into the hall, and towards her, as though she would, by the piercing power of her cold gray eyes, look her through, and know at a glance the meaning of so extraordinary an appearance as a visitor.

"What is your business?" she said, mechanically.

"My business is to see Colonel Swinton," Isabelle answered, proudly.

"Colonel Swinton cannot be seen, madame."

"I will see him. You can go to him and say that his wife is here, and waits his pleasure."

"Phew!"

But there was a change in the hatchetty face of the elder lady in a moment. A rigid smile came over her countenance, and she said:

"I beg your pardon, madame. I did not know that I should have the honor of receiving Colonel Swinton's wife. I did not know that the colonel expected you. He is very ill; the doctor has ordered quiet and repose, and he has declared that he will see nobody, and so I am only following orders. Please walk in."

And the woman threw open the door of an unaired room, and, moving forward in the dark, pushed the shutter, letting in, perhaps, the first light it had known for months.

"Colonel Swinton has been down here for two weeks," she continued; "but he has been ill all the time, and I am sure he never breathed a word about expecting you."

"It makes no difference," was Isabelle's response; "I do not know that I shall stay here; but I wish to see Colonel Swinton directly," and she divested herself of her bonnet and shawl, and threw them upon the sofa.

"I will go to the colonel and announce you," was the woman's reply, moving towards the door.

"No; I will go to him now. What is your name?"

"Miller, madame. I have lived in this house, madame, ever since I was born. I was raised by Colonel Swinton's grandmother, and knew the colonel when he was a boy."

Miller went forward at an unwilling pace in obedience to Mrs. Swinton's movement, until she had reached the second floor, where she stopped again, and said:

"Perhaps you'd better let me go in and tell the colonel that you are here."

Isabelle paid no attention to the suggestion, but pushing by her, entered a large, sombre, darkened room, with an old-fashioned tiled chimney place, and furniture that seemed somewhat too good and too well kept for the house of a farmer. It took almost a minute for her eyes to become accustomed to the dim light, but when they did they saw a figure lying on a bed in the far corner. A motion of her hand dismissed Miller, who went away with a doubtful frown, and Isabelle seated herself beside the bed whereon lay her sleeping husband. Almost an hour she sat watching his uneasy slumbers, a tossing, restless, dozy sleep, until he turned full to the front, and said:

"Miller, drink!"

Isabelle took the pitcher from the table, filled the glass and gave it to the outstretched hand. He drank without raising his eyes, and, handing back the tumbler, caught sight of the figure of Isabella in the dim room.

"Who is that?" he said, in a quick, commanding voice.

She drew near to the bed and leaned over him, but instantly started back at the sudden movement he made towards her.

"George, do you not know me?"

"What—what—what does this mean, Isabelle? What are you doing here?"

"George, you were sick and I came to you. Do not blame me, I must see you and I must stay with you."

"Stay with me! You cannot stay with me. Ring that bell. You must go away immediately. Isabelle, you do not know what you are doing by coming down here."

"What I am doing! What does this mean? Is it a matter of criminal import for a wife to join her husband when he is ill? George, what do you mean by telling me this?"

"Mean! Isabelle! I mean that you must go away instantly," and Colonel Swinton sat up in the bed, with his arm stretched out, and his finger pointing towards her.

"I will not go," she said. "I came here not only to attend you because you wrote that you were ill, but because I felt that I must see you, and that I must, once for all, understand our future, and know what I have to expect."

He dropped back upon the bed, and for a few moments was entirely silent, then raising himself upon his elbow he said:

"Isabelle, if I were able I would answer you, but I am not. I have but this to say, that you must go away from here. Return to your uncle, and say that I sent you back. Go to a hotel, do anything, but don't stay here."

"Why?" She stood away from him as she asked this. "Why do you tell me to go away from you? Surely, George, if there was a reason for this you could explain it to me."

"No! no! I cannot explain anything!"

"Then I will not go. If you cannot tell me to-day I can wait, but I will not leave this house without an explanation of your conduct, unless I leave it with you."

They were looking into each other's eyes, but a few feet apart, he with a look of disbelief in the disobedience of one whom he had never before known to disobey his slightest whim, she with a set determination to carry out that which she believed to be right. At last he spoke again in a low, hollow tone:

"Call Miller. I want her immediately."

"George, cannot I wait upon you? What service can you want that I cannot do?"

"Call Miller," he reiterated, in a louder tone.

"Will you not let me wait upon you? Why should you bring that woman between us?"

This time he almost shrieked out, "Call Miller," and Isabelle rose and went towards the door to obey; but the call was unnecessary, for the sudden appearance of the woman showed that she had been within hearing of his voice. She advanced quickly towards the bedside, and without looking at Isabelle or asking the cause for which she was so vehemently summoned, she said in the calmest and most mechanical way:

"This is very wrong! The doctor has ordered quiet and rest, and that he must not speak or be spoken to, and here is nothing but excitement and danger. It is very, very wrong!"

Isabelle made no response, but stood aloof, waiting to hear what would pass between those two.

"Miller," said the sick man, "I shall get up. I am going to New York."

"His mind wanders!" she said, as though speaking to herself. "Colonel, you cannot get up. You are not able. Dr. Warner will be here very soon. His time is up now. Compose yourself until he comes."

"Yes! yes! but I must get up then. I must go to New York. This lady must be taken back to to the city. I must do it."

"Really this is too bad," she said again, as though to herself. "Too bad! It may be really dangerous to him. I wish the doctor would come," and Miller looked at her watch, and then towards the door, at which, as though answering her wish by springing from nothing, an elderly, calm-faced man entered with a velvety tread, and advanced to the bed, with a slight bow to Isabelle. The patient had turned his face to the wall, and as the doctor stood looking on him, Miller, without changing her own position or looking at Isabelle, said:

"Mrs. Swinton, Doctor Warner."

The doctor took the hand of Isabelle with professional courtesy, and then said:

"I fear your unexpected arrival is not calculated to assist our patient, Mrs. Swinton."

"I shall not disturb him, doctor, but I shall remain quietly about him until he is well."

The doctor gave an acquiescent nod, and without more words seated himself at a small table, and after compounding some medicines and writing directions for their use, got up and went away.

Colonel Swinton had dropped off again to sleep, or was feigning it, and Isabelle left the room, making a motion to Miller to follow her. When they reached the parlor below, Isabelle turned quickly towards her, and in a voice different from what she had yet spoken, she said:

"You will understand in the future that what I may say to you must be obeyed. Do not make any mistake on this point."

The woman bowed her head in silent, sulky acquiescence.

"I intend to occupy a room as near that of my husband as possible. You will, of course, prepare it for me."

"Certainly, madame."

"Let me see the apartments you intend I shall occupy."

There was something in the voice of Isabelle that told this woman, notwithstanding her desire to command, that she must obey, and on this she went out to her bidding. Directly opposite Swinton's room were the apartments shown by the housekeeper for her accommodation, and Isabelle took possession of rooms leading into those of her husband, and looking out upon the back of the house.

The night was gathering fast, and Isabelle sat in her room gazing out on the shadows that were coming down upon the surroundings of the house. There was nothing cheering in her position, and yet notwithstanding its unhappiness, she felt more content than when in that lonely spot in Pennsylvania she waited and watched as a deserted wife. She was now with her husband, and in his own house, where he could not go from her, or where, if he did, it was something that had a semblance of a home. There she may watch and wait, and when the time came that she could speak, would know her fate, whether it was to live apart and neglected or whether there was enough of that love left he once possessed to make her life something that would accord to the requirements of her heart. And then her mind went wandering back to the girl days when, in the Brown Cottage, she had been surrounded by nothing but friends, warm and true; friends who were now perhaps like herself, looking out upon the fast appearing stars and thinking of her as she thought of them, and—

What was that?

A figure, tall and strangely dressed, flitted before the window, stared an instant towards her with an unmeaning look, and was gone. It was certainly a woman, though the face would scarcely tell it, and in the dim light Isabelle had little chance to see what would have enabled her to identify it. The eyes were large and bright, though a strange, unearthly look came out of them, and the features were drawn and gaunt, though not old. A shiver ran over Isabelle as she recalled the words of the negro that day, and cast her eyes over the dim, sombre look of the room in which she sat. She was no believer in the supernatural, but who could this extraordinary person be who had just now so mysteriously flitted through the grounds, with a movement that was neither walking, running or flying? She raised the sash and strained her eyes out into the darkness, but there was not a trace of the mystery, and once more she seated herself to muse not only on her past, but on all the strangeness of her present.

Some days passed, and Isabelle had gradually calmed herself into a daily routine. Twice or three times a day she spent a little time with her husband, studiously avoiding any action or word that would be likely to lead to a discussion of his conduct or her purpose. Between herself and Miller there was almost entire silence. Isabelle had never said anything to her of the singular appearance of the first evening, beyond asking directly the next day whether there were inmates of the house besides herself, Colonel Swinton and the servant girl, and receiving a "No, madame!" for answer. She had thought it better not to have Mademoiselle Pauline down with her, and had written to Wilton, to provide her maid with accommodation at the hotel to which her baggage had gone.

Every day Doctor Warner came, like a machine, with his soft, catlike way, and looked at his patient, compounded his medicine, said a few courteous things to Isabelle, and went away. Mrs. Swinton's movements were confined to a very circumscribed area, merely from her own room, in which all her meals were served, to that of her husband's, and from these, once during the day, to the long gravelled walk that led up to the house through what had once been a flower garden, but was now an overgrown mass of weeds.

To Isabelle's room there were two doors, one leading out to a long deserted room, the other into the hall. The first, Miller had informed her, on taking possession of the apartments, had not been opened since the old lady's death, now nearly ten years, and Isabelle found, upon trying it, that the door was firmly fastened, apparently nailed, on the other side. The door leading into the hall she always locked upon retiring to rest.

This was the state of things when Isabelle had been one week in the house. It was upon a dreary and chilly night, and that evening she had caused a wood fire to be made upon the hearth, which was still blazing when she retired to bed. How long she had been asleep she could not tell, only by the appearance of this fire when she was awakened, which still smouldering in coals showed it to be somewhere near midnight. The cause of the awakening was a noise in the room, about as much, perhaps, as would have been made by a mouse gnawing upon the wainscot, and Isabelle turned to see a figure, darkly clad, crouching over the dim embers on the hearth, and holding two skinny, shrivelled hands close to them. For a full minute she gazed at this strange apparition, almost too terrified to speak, and then, with a spasmodic courage, she started to a sitting posture and cried:

"Who's that?"

It was as though the sound of her voice dispelled the phantom in an instant, and before Isabelle could reach forward for a match to light the lamp at her bedside, the figure had risen to its feet and disappeared in the darkness of that part o the room where was the door that led into the de serted apartment. The full gleam of the lamp showed the room without any occupant but herself, and a trial of the door leading to the other room, proved it still firmly fastened as it had ever been.

There was something mysterious in this; something that sent a heart-sickening pang through Isabelle. Was this figure, which she had twice seen—for though she did not identify the second with the first she still felt sure that they were one—a reality, and some part of the strange reputation of the house, or was it merely a figure of her imagination, engendered by the trouble she had passed through? It was impossible that her mind could be so affected on that one point alone, and not upon any other. No! the figure must be a reality, and yet what could it be with that strange, gliding, noiseless motion,

passing through fastened doors, and laughing locks to scorn?

There was no more sleep for Isabelle that night, and yet when morning came she determined to say nothing to Miller about the matter, but wait for some elucidation of it without her aid. Quietly she went into the deserted room, and examined the door, and was convinced that it was unopenable from that side, without the exertion of great force, and that as far as could be judged by the accumulation of dust, it had certainly remained shut for the time that Miller claimed. This was another strange thing to ponder on, but as day after day went over the matter became softened in her mind, and Isabelle was disposed to persuade herself that what at first she regarded as a mystery was nothing more than some natural occurrence that would ultimately meet with easy explanation.

Thus nearly twenty days had slipped away, and Col. Swinton had almost recovered. He had not yet left his room, but every day he would take possession of a great armchair facing the window, and sit for hours, looking out upon the distant hills, without speaking a word. Several times Isabelle had offered to read to him, but the offer was always rejected, mildly but discouragingly. During these times he never exchanged over two or three words with her, but when she was out of the room, and the doors open between their apartments, she could hear him holding long conversations under his voice with Miller, all, seemingly, questions on his side, and answers upon the other.

It was upon a night of nearly the twentieth day after her arrival at the place, that Isabelle had gone early to her room, and sitting for some hours writing, went to sleep more wearied than usual. It was the first snow of the season, just enough had fallen to cover the ground, and to cast the reflection of its brightness into the room, so that everything in it was light and easy distinguished. Isabelle had scarcely fallen into her first doze when she was conscious of a choking sensation, and struggling awake, found herself grasped by the throat, by a figure bending over her, and glaring down with a fierceness of face terribly real. Isabelle essayed to scream, but the hands tightened on her throat, and nothing came but a gurgling sound, which could not have been heard beyond the room. She tried to rise, but the strength of her attacker was too great, and she remained fastened by the powerful grip to the bed, her strength and breath rapidly passing away. The minutes were hours, and the hands tightened upon her throat. There was no help to reach her, and Isabelle, with one little, silent prayer, swooned.

Within half an hour the house was awakened by shrieks, and Miller hastening to Mrs. Swinton's room, from which they came, found the door locked inside, and the screams being repeated with terrible emphasis. In a moment Colonel Swinton had staggered from his bed, and dashing towards the fastened door, finding that it did not yield to his hand, went back to his room, and with the speed of thought brought out a heavy, old-fashioned poker. One or two blows with this sent a panel whizzing from the door, and gave admittance to Miller's hand to unlock it, and admit them both, to find Isabelle standing white and rigid, in the centre of the room, a few drops of blood oozing from her mouth and nose, and dropping on her nightgown, while her right hand was clenched, holding a piece of faded yellow silk, and a scrap of fringe.

CHAPTER IV.

"She has been greatly terrified," Dr. Warner said, the next morning, as he stood by Isabelle's bedside; "she must be kept very quiet, and not be left alone at night. Another such fright, and I will not answer for the consequences."

Isabelle had been moved into another room, and Miller was in attendance, for a nervous fever was the result of the night's work. Colonel Swinton had returned to his bed, the excitement having cast him seriously back, and the housekeeper felt that she had her hands full.

"Doctor, Mrs. Swinton informed me this morning that she has written to New York, peremptorily, for a friend of hers, a Mr. Peyton, and his wife, to come down. The letters went forward this morning, before she told this. What do you think of it?"

"They must come," said Dr. Warner, sententiously.

"Had Colonel Swinton better know of it?"

"Not yet. It will not do to disturb him with anything for some days yet."

The housekeeper drew the doctor to the far corner of the room.

"Doctor, do you know what Mrs. Swinton's belief is about this affair?"

"No!"

"She thinks it was done by some one on the instigation of her husband."

"What!" ejaculated the doctor, with an astonished look at Miller. "Does she really so believe?"

"She really so says."

"Oh, dear! dear! This has been a very careless affair. Very unfortunate!"

"Yes! but as I have said, doctor, how could it have been foreseen or prevented?"

"True enough," said the doctor, thinkingly. "But none the less unfortunate. And so she thinks that it was Colonel Swinton's wish to murder her?"

"No! she does not absolutely say that, but she says her friends will be here to-day or to-morrow, and that she will return to New York with them, and then, that this affair will be inquired into, that a divorce may be got."

"Very unfortunate! very!" repeated the doctor, tracing the pattern of the carpet with the toe of his boot. "Do you know anything about this Mr. Pey—Pey—"

"Peyton," suggested the housekeeper. "No! I have never heard of them until now, but she says that he is her nearest and dearest friend."

"Ah! ah!" said the doctor, stooping to pick up a pin, and critically examining it in the light. "Married, of course. Ah! yes, brings his wife down with him. Very unfortunate, very! Must be careful that no more accidents occur."

"I can't understand how it could have happened. It was most unaccountable. I tried to persuade her this morning, that it was merely a nightmare, and that she had injured herself in her struggles to wake, but she only points to the scratches and bruises on her throat."

"The thing mustn't occur again," said the doctor, depositing the pin, after a thorough examination, in a little silk pincushion taken from his vest pocket, and taking his velvety feet out of the room and into a buggy that stood waiting at the gate.

The next day at noon a carriage drew up to this same gate, and Wilton Peyton jumped out, and handed his wife to the ground. Miller was standing at the main entrance of the house to welcome them, which she did with a serious courtesy, and a single glance, that in its sweep took in the entire characteristics, mental and physical, of the couple, and then ushered them into the parlor.

"How is Mrs. Swinton," was Wilton's first question.

"Quite unwell," was Miller's answer; "something serious has occurred since Mrs. Swinton wrote to you."

"Serious!" said Peyton, looking inquiringly into Miller's face, as though he would read its meaning.

"Yes, sir! Mrs. Swinton will inform you when she sees you."

"Let us go directly to her then! Come, Nelly! she will pardon us for coming so abruptly. You will please show us the way, madame," and Wilton moved somewhat hurriedly towards the door, followed by his wife. The housekeeper opened a room door upon that floor, and in a moment, Isabelle, who had left her couch, was clasping both Wilton and Nelly in her arms, with one wild burst of passionate tears.

For the first time in his life Wilton kissed Isabelle, a kiss of pure affection, a kiss of sympathy, without knowing of what her distress consisted, such a kiss as a brother may have given a much loved sister, for so did he love her.

"What is this, Isabelle? Why did you send for us in so positive a way? Don't cry, but tell us everything. No harm shall come to you now!"

Between her sobs, for she could not speak, she pointed to her neck, bruised and scratched, the livid marks of the fingers upon the white skin. He looked at it with horror, and into the soft blue eyes of his wife, which were full of tears.

"Great heavens! has it come to this? Isabelle, you cannot live with this man," were his words, spoken in a low tone.

"Not him! not him!" she said in a whisper. "Oh, you do not know how terrible it was!"

"Isabelle, compose yourself. What do you mean when you say, 'not him?'"

"Hush, Wilton; you shall know all, but let us go away from this house. Indeed my life is not safe here. I cannot sleep, I am afraid."

"Can you not explain? If you cannot do it now, let us wait until you are more composed, but it is in this house that I should know everything, not after we have left it."

"And you will stay with me, you will not leave me?"

"Not until you are in safety. Now, Isabelle, I only wish to ask you one question. Did Swinton do this?"

"No! no! no!" she said, getting the shawl that was about her high up in the neck, "not him, but something more terrible."

"Did he cause it to be done?"

She buried her face in Nelly's bosom, but spoke no word of answer.

"Isabelle, you must answer me; if you would have me serve you, there must be no concealment. What has been the cause of this attack upon you?"

"Murder," she whispered, without looking up.

Wilton's brows knitted with a convulsive twitch.

"Will you tell me everything, without keeping back a single word that you know yourself?"

"Yes!" and in a moment, drying her eyes, and swallowing the sobs that had been choking her utterance, Isabelle, in a clear, connected way, gave him a history of her doings from the hour she had left him, especially that part which related to the attack.

"Have you told of this murderous attempt, except as far as relates to the last attack?" was Wilton's first question.

"Who had I to tell?" she asked; "I only spoke of the attempt of the night before last, and that to the doctor and Miller. I have not seen my husband, they say he must not be seen, but that he believes, or professes to believe, that the whole matter was a dream, and that I have wounded myself during sleep."

"And the doctor?" Wilton asked.

"See, Wilton, this is the strangest part of the whole. Neither the doctor nor Miller have shown the least surprise, nor have they suggested that any attempt should be made to detect or arrest the guilty one who sought to murder me in my sleep!"

Just then a knock came at the door, and the housekeeper entered.

"I have informed Colonel Swinton of your arrival, sir, and he requests me to say to you that he wants to see you immediately, alone!"

"Be courageous," he whispered to Isabelle, "no farther harm can possibly come to you," and then he followed the housekeeper into Swinton's room.

Colonel Swinton was lying upon his bed, and as Peyton entered raised himself upon his elbow. He made no sign of greeting, and spoke no word of welcome, but almost before Wilton could distinguish him in the dimness of the room he heard his voice.

"What school of gentlemen were you educated in, Mr. Peyton, that taught an interference in the domestic affairs of one almost a stranger to you, and a thrusting of your society on him in his own house? I am waiting your answer, sir!"

Indeed he might have waited some minutes longer without this reminder, for Wilton was almost deprived of a rejoinder by the suddenness of the attack. He recovered himself, however, in an instant, and said, in a firm, decided tone:

"I was educated in a school of humanity, Colonel Swinton, that taught me always to protect a defenceless and abused woman, to say nothing of one whom I shall always esteem as a sister, and interfere for as a brother should, even to the extent of incurring her husband's displeasure."

"Ah! and are you sure that your knight-errantry is acceptable to the lady?" he said, fairly hissing the words out.

"Perfectly sure! She has shown it by sending for me, and now that I am here, by declaring that she will leave this house under the protection of myself, and in the society of my wife."

"Did it ever occur to you, Mr. Peyton, that I shall probably have something to say about my wife's leaving this house. She came here against my positive orders, and insisted upon staying when I commanded her to go back to the city, and when I was too ill to resist her obstinacy. Now she shall stay, whether she wishes to or not, until I can take her from here myself."

"You are mistaken, Colonel Swinton, your wife is my sister, or chooses to consider herself as such, and I am proud to bear the title of her brother. My house and my mother's are open for her, true homes, where she can remain in safety, until such time as the law gives her release from you."

He was stunned by the coolness of the man with whom he had to deal, but recovering himself in a moment, he said:

"The law! What stuff are you talking? The law! Is Mrs. George Swinton about to act as any shoemaker's wife would do, and appeal to lawyers for aid against her husband? You talk like a child, Peyton; Mrs. Swinton has no foundation on which to have an appeal to law."

"No foundation, Colonel Swinton, is murder no foundation?"

"Murder! Pshaw! If I did not know you for a temperate man, Peyton, I would ask you now if you were drunk. I thought I would send for you as soon as I heard of your arrival, that I might warn you and your wife against encouraging this delusion of Mrs. Swinton's that she has been attacked. The entire truth is that she has had an unpleasant dream, and struggling with it, I am told, has bruised herself badly."

"Colonel Swinton! look at me, and ask yourself whether I look like a child that can be deluded with such tales as these? If I had not already heard Mrs. Swinton's story of this attempted murder, I would only have to look at her bruises to see that they were done by a human hand, and by no tender one at that."

"You are wrong, Peyton, and the less that is said about the matter the better."

"The less said about an attempt to murder your own wife, Colonel Swinton!"

Swinton was quiet for a few moments, looking somewhat absently at Wilton, as though thinking, and then said:

"Well! we will suppose this has been an attempt to murder Mrs. Swinton, how do you think her position is to bettered by an inquiry?"

The question was a staggering one to Wilton, staggering from its very impudence. There before him was a man who, but a few months married, was desirous of entering upon an argument to show that he possessed a right to murder, or have his wife murdered. To Wilton's reasoning, this was the only view of the case. Swinton saw this look of horror and astonishment on Peyton's face, and followed it up by saying:

"I accord to you somewhat of the position you claim in Mrs. Swinton's estimation, and am willing to submit for yours or her consideration, whether it is worth while to follow out any inquiry in a matter that can only end in our—I say our—disgrace and entire separation, when, by foregoing that inquiry, everything reasonable that my wife demands shall be accorded?"

He ceased, looked earnestly at Peyton, and waited for his answer.

"If you are appealing to me, Colonel Swinton, personally, to stay any action I may contemplate in the affair, the appeal is utterly uncalled for. I shall do nothing but at the request of Mrs. Swinton, and when she makes that request, I shall only move as she may command, without attempting to influence her in any way. My own belief is that it should be the subject of investigation, and in this opinion I must remain unless something is shown by which I may know that the real happiness of Mrs. Swinton is at stake by seeking such investigation."

"Will you not receive my assurance that it will be ruin to us both to follow the matter?"

"I ask no assurance for myself, nor do I arrogate a right to demand any explanation of your meaning, but most assuredly some can be given to Mrs. Swinton?"

"There cannot," he said, with a sudden burst of passion. "She is a fool to ask it, and you are a fool to encourage her in any such demand."

"Colonel Swinton, you forget yourself, and presume upon your helpless state. This interview is ended until such time as you can account to me for the language you have just used. Mrs. Swinton must act as she pleases without my influence being used to dissuade her, and she shall have my entire assistance in any steps she may see fit to take."

And without another word Peyton rose from his seat and left the room, while Swinton, who had raised himself almost on his knees in the bed, gazed after him with features livid with anger. On his way back to Isabelle, he was stopped by Miller, who came hastily out of a room upon the same floor as that of Colonel Swinton's, and confronted him.

"For Heaven's sake, sir, do persuade Mrs. Swinton to take the colonel's advice, and not press this terrible affair any farther. Do not let it become public."

He shook off the hand that she had laid upon his arm, and looking the woman sternly in the face, answered:

"There is something strange in your solicitude, Mrs. Miller. Your lady has been attacked mysteriously in her bed at midnight, and an attempt made to murder her by a woman—understand me, by a woman—and you join Colonel Swinton in wishing to hush it, and ask me to become a party to this infamous request. I believe you have told me that there is no female in this house but yourself and the servant. If it were this girl, you certainly would not want to shield her, therefore I cannot see that you are adding to your own reputation by seeking to smother an investigation. If there is anything to confess, let it come at once, and let the guilty ones throw themselves on the mercy of Mrs. Swinton."

"Oh! gracious heavens! am I also to be suspected? Has it come to this, that I am to be accused of an attempt to murder Mrs. Swinton?"

"Do you draw any distinction, Mrs. Miller, between the murderer and the one who is accessory, either before or after the fact? If you do, be assured that upon that point the law will differ with you."

The woman stood aghast and dumb, looking him in the face until the last word was uttered, and he had turned away, and disappeared at the foot of the stairs, then she hurried with precipitation into Colonel Swinton's room.

Isabelle had sobbed herself into an uneasy, feverish doze, which continued for an hour after Wilton's return, when she awoke suddenly, and with a start, rising herself, looked him inquiringly in the face, with the single exclamation of:

"Well?"

In as few words as possible, Wilton gave her an account of his interview with Swinton. When it was ended, she said:

"And you declared to him that you would not advise me against an inquiry?"

"I did."

"And that you would give me your aid in any steps I may see fit to take?"

"I will. But consider well, Isabelle, what you are about to do."

"I have considered it well, and I am determined to have this mystery unravelled—for mystery it is—of a deeper kind than I have any power to explain. If it is as Colonel Swinton says, something the investigation of which will result in ruin and disgrace, let the ruin come, it must equally come without the elucidation; but the disgrace cannot come to me, I have done nothing to deserve it."

"And how do you propose to unravel it? I shall not advise, but if it can be done without an absolute public exposure, it will be better."

"Wilton, you know how I have been educated, without any knowledge of the world. I was taken from my quiet, happy life, and thrust suddenly out to think and act for myself. What I may do now possibly will not meet with your concurrence, but I have determined, and I will not be turned aside, and you have promised not to advise or influence me. Now, I have read of men—detectives—who, having spent a lifetime in such business, are skilled beyond our comprehension in unravelling these mysteries. I shall send to New York for one of these, and tell him the story. He can do more than ourselves, and with its unravelling we can then tell what shall be done. What I want of you is to recommend this man, and if you do not know of one, I shall write to the chief of the police and explain my want."

Wilton sat silent and thought. It was certainly the only plan he could think of at that moment, even had he been inclined to offer one, and he could recommend a man whom he believed would do, a quiet, unobtrusive person, who had "worked up" a remarkable case for a friend of his only a few weeks before, in a manner that sounded more like romance and superhuman perception of hidden things than reality. The matter was discussed, a letter was written, a messenger obtained from a near-by farm, without the interposition of Miller or the servant, and the next evening, just as the twilight was coming down over "The Place," Mr. Darius Brobhett, professional detective, a small, eel-like man, with a never-resting eye, walked up the garden path, and reported himself to Peyton.

THE PIKE.—The boldness of the pike is very extraordinary. I have seen one follow a bait within a foot of the spot where I have been standing; and the head keeper of Richmond Park assured me that he was once washing his hand at the side of a boat in the great pond of that park, when a pike made a dart at it, and he had just time to withdraw it. A gentleman now residing at Weybridge, in Surrey, informed me that, walking one day by the side of the river Wey, near that town, he saw a large pike in a shallow creek. He immediately pulled off his coat, tucked up his shirtsleeves, and went into the water to intercept the return of the fish to the river, and to endeavor to throw it upon the bank by getting his hands under it. During this attempt, the pike, finding he could not make his escape, seized one of the arms of the gentleman, and lacerated it so much that the wound is still very visible. A friend of mine caught a pike a few minutes after breaking his tackle, and found it in the pike, a part of the gimp hanging out of his mouth. He also caught another, in high condition, with a piece of strong twisted wire projecting from its side. On opening it, a double eel-hook was found at the end of the wire, much corroded. This may account for so few pike being found dead after they have broken away with a gorged hook in them. An account will be found in "Salmonia" of a pike taking a bait with a set of hooks in his mouth, which he had just before broken from a line.

IT is impudent to ask an unmarried lady how old she is. To ask a lawyer if he ever told a lie. To ask a doctor how many persons he has killed. To ask a minister whether he ever did anything very wrong. To ask a merchant whether he has ever cheated a customer. To ask a young lady whether she would like a beau. To ask an editor the name of any of his correspondent.

THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—ROEMER'S BATTERY, 3RD DIVISION, 9TH ARMY CORPS, SHELLING PETERSBURG.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. MCCOLLUM.

THE PIRATE FLORIDA BURNING THE BARQUE GOLCONDA, OFF CAPE HENRY, JULY 8.

THE PIRATE FLORIDA.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the arrival of the gratifying intelligence of the defeat and destruction of the pirate Alabama came the news that her consort, the Florida, is on our coast, running her course of piratical ruin. She seems to have struck across to the Chesapeake and at once began waylaying vessels. She is now commanded by Capt. Morris, and carries 150 men. She has two 120-pound rifle guns, two 12-pound howitzers, and a battery of six guns.

On the 8th she captured and burned the barque Golconda, Capt. Winslow, on her way from Valparaiso, with 1,500 barrels of oil; and soon after the barque Greenland, with coal for Pensacola; the Gen. Berry for Fortress Monroe, with bay; the Margaret V. Davis, barque Berry; barque Solinda and schooner Howard.

On the 10th she captured the Electric Spark, a new steamer, of 800 tons burthen, built in Philadelphia, and a very fast boat.

Capt. Graham of the Electric Spark thus describes the capture, which we represent in our illustration:

"When within three miles of us she hoisted the British flag. We answered by running up the Stars and Stripes. She neared us rapidly, and, when within 1,500 yards, she hauled down the British flag, hoisted that of the rebel Confederacy, and fired a rifle shot across our bows. It did no damage, and we continued rapidly on our course, when she fired another shot, which crossed our stern. As we still held on, the Florida fired a third shot, which passed over us amidships, about midway between the smokestack and the mizzenmast. I then ordered the engine to be stopped and our colors lowered. The Florida immediately sent aboard a boat's crew and an officer, who proved to be Lieut. Stone. He ordered me on board the Florida, with the ship's papers. I at once complied, and on reaching the deck of the privateer was asked by Capt. Morris where I sailed from and to what port I was bound? I answered from New York to New Orleans. He then asked for my papers, which I handed to him. After looking them through he ordered me to return to my own ship, and transfer my passengers and crew to the British schooner Lone, which he had boarded that day at noon. The Captain of the Lone at first refused to take us, as his vessel was loaded with fruit; but Capt. Morris finally struck bargain with him, by which he finally agreed to take us to New York for $750 in gold, which sum he received in $20 gold pieces.

We give a view of the destruction of the Golconda by the pirate, and of the capture of the Electric Spark.

THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG.

OUR readers will be able to study the siege of Petersburg in our illustrations this year, as they did that of Vicksburg last year. It is one of those cases where pictorial illustration has an advantage over mere verbal accounts. To say that Grant is pushing the siege seems little, but when, as here we show, how far he has pushed it, the matter has a different look. In previous sketches we saw the distant spires. Here we see the 94th New York battery (Rosser's), and the 7th Maine (Twitchell's) of Wilcox's 3d division of Burnside's 9th Army corps shelling the city itself as it stands in full sight, and less than three miles off. The rebel lines between are gradually approached and forced back, and the city is hourly nearing its destined fall, as surely as the current of Erie that sets towards Niagara.

HOOKER'S CAPTURE OF LOST MOUNTAIN, JUNE 14.

In the advance of Gen. Sherman, after the hicky cannonading of Pine mountain that cost the rebels a Lieutenant-General, McTatwell crossed the Etowah, Palmer moved on Kenesaw and Howard on Pine mountain. To Hooker was assigned the assault on the difficult position at Lost mountain.

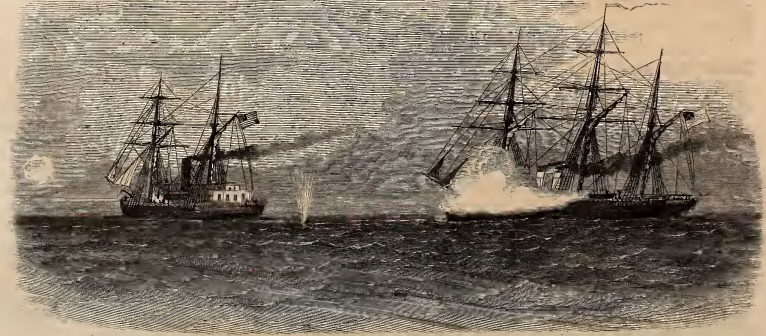
On the 14th he pushed forward, with Gray in the advance, and soon came up with the enemy. Having driven the rebels from two hills, Geary being without support upon his right, was forced to halt.

Butterfield and Williams having arrived, and formed in open fields on the right of Geary's position, about 3 P. M., Gen. Hooker ordered an advance of the corps. The lines moved forward, driving the enemy's pickets rapidly before them, halting now and then a moment to dislodge some of the more stubborn of the rebels who continued their fire until almost under the feet of the advancing troops. Geary's division was the first to encounter the enemy in strong force, with whom a sharp volley or two was exchanged, and they then fell back to their strongly entrenched lines, from which they opened a terrible fire.

This was the commencement of the fierce struggle which lasted until after dark. The main line of 2d division had pushed to within 100 yards of the rebel works, its skirmishers having driven those of the enemy within cover, and having advanced close to the works. Volley succeeded volley, and it was sometime after night had closed ere the contest abated to the ordinary brisk fire of the opposing lines of skirmishers.

Butterfield, on the right, met the enemy, but became but lightly engaged. Under the cover of darkness the enemy threw out a strong line of skirmishers, and the morning of the 15th opened with heavy firing, resulting in repelling an attempt of the rebels to break the picket lines of Geary's 2d and 3d brigades.

The night had not been quiet in idleness by Geary's troops, who, aided by Robinson's brigade, of the 1st division, threw up lines of works, the front ones being advanced still more closer to the enemy. The right of the 2d division line being subject to an enfilading fire was swung to the rear a short distance, but the main line of works was within 100 yards of that of the foe. Artillery was placed along the lines, and on the 16th took prominent part in the struggle, which continued



THE PIRATE FLORIDA INTERRUPTING THE U. S. MAIL STEAMER ELECTRIC SPARK, FROM NEW YORK TO NEW ORLEANS, JULY 10.—FROM A SKETCH BY QUARTERMASTER JOHN KROGER.

with varying intensity till after nightfall, when it resumed the customary character of a brisk skirmish.

During the day (15th) the 2d division had been without support on the left, was joined by a brigade of Williams's division, who in turn connected with the 4th corps. The behavior of the troops throughout was excellent, officers and men standing well up to the work. Early on the morning of the 16th the skirmishers of Geary's 1st brigade discovered that the enemy had evacuated, and they immediately pushed into the works. Speedily after two of Geary's brigades occupied the enemy's old line, which was one of the strongest our troops have yet encountered; the trees and grounds surrounding proved how severe had been the struggle. The corps lost about 700, of which number 519 were lost by the 2d division; of these but five were missing, the remainder being killed or wounded.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY

A WONDERFUL storyteller, addicted to humming an air, beginning "Strike the Lyre," was much surprised when one of his acquaintances, taking him at his word, knocked him down.

WHAT is the principal difference between the swallow and the cat? It is an admitted fact that one swallow does not make a summer, but one cat can make a spring.

A FELLOW who was being led to execution told the officer not to take him through a certain street, lest a merchant who resided there should arrest him for an old debt.

AN illiterate farmer, wishing to enter some animals at an agricultural exhibition, wrote as follows to the secretary of the society: "Also enter me for the best jackass. I am sure of getting the prize."

"THEY don't make as good mirrors as they used to," remarked an old maid, as she observed a sunken eye, wrinkled face and livid complexion in a glass that she usually looked into.

A PERSON who looks at the world in somewhat gloomy colors recently complained in M. Auber's presence how hard it was that people must grow old. "Hard as it is," replied the veteran composer, "it seems to be the only means yet discovered of enjoying long life."

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

I saw him stand upon the brink
Of wild Niagara's fall,
His mien disordered, and his face
The strongest might appal.

A moment stood he gazing down,
With charmed eye and bated breath,
It might be that across his brain
There flashed the thought of death.

I saw him toss his arms on high,
"Stay, madman," loud I said;
He heeded not, but springing up—
Went home and got to bed!

A SOLDIER who read his name in the list of deaths at an hospital wrote home that he didn't believe it. In fact he knew the statement was a lie as soon as he read it.

"I WISH," said the slight and elegant Mrs. Fitzbob to her friend Mrs. Tigg, whose embonpoint was strikingly handsome, "I wish I had some of your fat, and you had some of my lean."

"I'll tell you what is the origin of that wish," replied the fair wit—"you think too much of me, and too little of yourself."

SPOONER was arrested for drunkenness, and waxed indignant thereat. Spooner is loyal.

"Now, I axes," says he, "if it's right to go and arrest a man for supporting the Guv'ment. Every drop of licker I swallows is taxed—taxed to support the war. S'pose all us fel's was to stop drinkin'?—why, the war'd stop, and the Guv'ment'd stop. That's the very reason I drinks. I don't like grog; I mortally hates it. If I follored my own inclination, I'd rather drink buttermilk, or ginger-pop, or soda. But I lickers for the good of my country, and to set an example of loyalty and virtuous resignation to the rising generation."

A GENTLEMAN from Lexington, Ky., relates an incident relative to John Morgan which is certainly characteristic of him, whether it be true or untrue. After he had stolen the celebrated racehorse Skedaddle, Mr. Clay started in pursuit with two fine animals, worth over $500 each, and overtook the freebooter, and offered him both, together with $600, if he would return the racer.

"These will answer your purpose just as well," said Mr. Clay.

John looked up at the horses carefully, and said:

"Well, Mr. Clay, they will answer my purpose just as well as Skedaddle, and I am disposed to accommodate you."

Here Mr. Clay's countenance brightened.

"As I am disposed to accommodate you, I will partly comply with your request."

Mr. Clay was puzzled.

"I will partly comply with your request, I'll take these two horses, but I can't give you the other."

Mr. Clay was completely taken aback: but he was not allowed to get away that easy. The soldiers took the $600 from him, and he was compelled to leave for home on foot, with his pockets empty.

There is a place in New Hampshire, they say, where they never have any old maids. When a girl reaches the age of 20, and is unmarried, the young fellows club together and draw lots for her. Those who lose the chance pay a bonus to the one who gets her.

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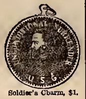

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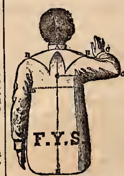

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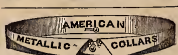

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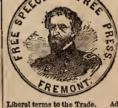

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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 462—Vol. XVIII.] NEW YORK, AUGUST 6, 1864. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly 15 Weeks $1 00.

The Late Peace Conference at Niagara Falls.

There has of late been an extraordinary meeting of peace-makers at Niagara Falls. Considering the strange characters thus strangely brought together, face to face, the magnitude and gravity of the subject of their consultations and correspondence, and the sudden extinguisher clapped upon their proceedings by "Honest Abe Lincoln," it was indeed an extraordinary Peace Conference, without a precedent in the records of the domestic diplomacy of any nation on the face of the earth, before or since the rebellion of Abelcom. Stripped of its false pretenses, its disguises and its delusions, however, it appears "like a tale told by an idiot," and is in its conclusion

"full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

But the designs of the self-constituted peace ambassadors from Jeff Davis, as betrayed in this affair, are worthy of some special attentions. Mr. George N. Sanders, in his own peculiar way, as a Southern Democratic scene-shifter and revolutionist, has for many years been playing in both hemispheres the rôle of Warwick, the King Maker. His plan of operations, usually employed, has been very simple—the manipulation of a half dozen leading politicians, at any time, over a bountiful private dinner, lacking nothing from the appetizing raw oysters in the outset to a quiet game of brag at the close. These costly entertainments,

RUINS OF THE BLAIR MANSION, NEAR WASHINGTON.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

in the next place, on this side the water at least, have cost him nothing; for he has always contrived to make the Democratic party, in fat offices and contracts, foot the bills. With the outbreak of the rebellion, he was found on the side of Davis, and deep in the plot of a Southern Confederacy, having entered into it as offering an unbounded field for vast and lucrative speculations abroad as a confidential agent of the new Government. In this capacity as a "Confederate" contractor in England for ironclad vessels of war and swift blockade-runners, it is said that Mr. Sanders "realised something," until "Confederate" ironclads from English ports were discovered by her Majesty's Cabinet to be contrabands, and the building of blockade-runners at a venture was found to be a losing game. Then Mr. Sanders hearing of the postponement, on the peace question, of the Chicago Democratic Convention, from the the 4th of July to the 29th August, crossed the Atlantic to try once more his luck of a finger or two in this Democratic pie.

This explanation concerning Mr. Sanders will enable the uninitiated readers to guess who was the initiating spirit of this late Niagara Peace Conference. It was Mr. Sanders. He breaks the ice in his introductory dispatch to Mr. Greeley; he then retires into the background, and the late United States Senator, Clement C. Clay, of Alabama, and Professor Holcombe, of Virginia, are brought forward as the representatives of Mr. Jeff Davis, who desire to open negotiations for peace. Mr.

THE BACK OF THE BLAIR MANSION—REBELS CAROUSING NEAR THE GARDEN VASE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, R. F. MULLEN.

Greeley communicates with Mr. Lincoln, and is authorised to bring these rebel envoys extraordinary down to Washington. But brought to this test, they find it expedient to explain that they are acting without authority from their master Davis; but that as volunteer peace advocates they would like to be passed through to Washington, and thence to Richmond, and they would like to take Mr. Sanders along with them. Mr. Greeley writes for fresh instructions to "Honest Old Abe," who, in a brief note by his private secretary, Major Hay, "to whom it may concern," says, "that if the parties indicated are ready and competent to treat for peace upon the basis of submission to the Union, and the abolition of slavery, they may come along." Messrs. Clay and Holcombe, indignantly rejecting these overtures, retire in disgust; Mr. Greeley returns to Gotham, a sadder and a wiser man; Mr. Sanders disappears from the public eye, and so ends this famous Niagara Peace Conference.

The question recurs, what were the objects of Mr. George N. Sanders in this business? He had several objects in view. His immediate desire was doubtless to get through to Richmond, to settle his accounts and secure the balances that may be due him from the secret service fund of the so-called Confederate States, for services rendered in Europe. Next, *en route* to Richmond, he desired, perhaps, a little quiet conversation with some of our leading politicians concerned in the important business of the Chicago Convention. But the great purpose of Mr. Sanders and his associate diplomats was either *bona-fide* to open the door to peace, through the restoration of the rebellious States, or to put the Administration in a false position, and the Chicago Convention on a promising Southern peace platform for the approaching Presidential election. The correspondence in the premises, and the late emphatic declaration of Jeff Davis to Mr. Gilmore (known heretofore as the novelist, Edmund Kirke), of Boston, that the rebellious States will be satisfied with nothing short of Southern independence or Southern extermination, show that Mr. Sanders and Company had no shadow of authority from Richmond for this Chicago conference on the footing originally suggested to Mr. Greeley. We must conclude, therefore, that Mr. Sanders contrived this peace experiment for the benefit of the peace faction interested in the Chicago Convention. We conclude, too, that President Lincoln, through his direct advices from Richmond on the peace question, saw through the game of Mr. Sanders, and that he has effectually blocked it.

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FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 6, 1864.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to Frank Leslie, 537 Pearl street, New York.

Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

The rebels are not escaping with all their plunder. Indeed, as we remarked last week, very little is likely ever to reach the rebel capital. Gen. Hunter, who has resigned the command of his department, reports that Gen. Averill, with his cavalry, attacked Early, in front of Winchester, on the 20th of July, killing and wounding over 300 men, taking 200 prisoners, among them Gen. Lilley, four cannon, and a large quantity of arms.

At Snicker's gap another party were punished by Gen. Crook, and 300 wagons of plunder recovered.

A party at Hughes's creek, alarmed by five scouts, on the 12th destroyed 12 wagons and fled.

On the 20th the rebels shelled our line before Petersburg, but the fire was returned so hotly that one of their caissons blew up.

The next day a general bombardment took place on the rebel line north of the Appomattox. Our 32-pounders destroyed the depot of the Weldon railroad, with nearly all its contents.

Gen. W. F. Smith has been relieved of the command of the 18th corps. Martindale succeeds him. Gen. Barney is assigned to the 10th army corps.

GEORGIA.

Sherman, having crossed the Chattahoochee, flanked Johnston, and drove him into Atlanta. His cavalry meanwhile cut the railroad east of Decatur, preventing Johnston from aiding or being aided by Lee.

On the 21st he made another flank movement, throwing his army to the left, and occupying Decatur.

On the 20th Hood, who had superseded Johnston, marched out of Atlanta and made a desperate attack on Sherman's line; but though he charged three successive times, he was repulsed with terrible loss and compelled to retreat into his works, leaving 600 dead and 4,000 wounded and prisoners in our hands.

On the 21st McPherson, with the centre, advanced to within two miles and a half of the town. Blair was on the extreme left; Hooker on the right, resting on the Chattahoochee. The enemy formed in front. A general skirmishing took place, but no general action. We met a severe loss in the death of Gen. McPherson.

A battle took place next day, it is reported; after which Sherman entered Atlanta.

Escape from Atlanta or relief are both now almost equally impossible, Rousseau having cut their railroads on the south-west at Notasulga and West Point.

The Richmond papers admit that Davis has removed Johnston from the Department of Tennessee, but Sherman had done that long ago.

MISSISSIPPI.

Gen. Slocum made another advance into Mississippi, Gen. Smith co-operating. Forrest called on all citizens between the ages of 151 and 65111 to rally to his support. On the 16th he captured the Union stockade at Brownsboro.

Gen. Smith, with the cavalry under Mower and Grierson, came up with Forrest at Tupelo, on the 13th, and in a severe battle defeated the enemy. The rebels attacked again at night, but were repulsed. On the 15th Forrest was three times repulsed, and the next day Smith, being out of supplies, began to march back, and reached La Grange on the 20th, after another engagement. Forrest was wounded and barely escaped. The rebel Gen. Faulkner and Col. Forrest were killed. Their total loss is put down at 2,000.

Two regiments of the Marine Brigade, on the 4th, marched from Rodney, and, after a day's fight, repulsed, with loss, five brigades of rebel cavalry and one of infantry. Our loss was about 150 in all.

MISSOURI.

The rebel guerillas are committing ravages in all parts of the State, the militia in Platte and Clay counties, paid and armed by Government, joining the rebels. Col. Ford, on the 18th, attacked Thornton's guerillas at Arnoldsville, and broke up his band completely, killing 40 and capturing 200 stand of arms.

Refugees are pouring in from those counties and from Ray county, where the Americans engaged the guerillas on the 18th, near Richmond.

Thornton has been in Missouri several months, aided and protected by sympathisers.

On the 17th Capt. Moses, of the 2d Colorado, engaged 300 Bushwackers at Fredericksburg, Clay county, many of them in the U. S. uniform, and delivering the challenge correctly. They then attacked our men, and Moses at last fell back, losing 10 men, and killing 16. The rebels were pursued by Major Richards towards Knoxville, where they dispersed.

Thornton next entered Caldwell county, and then attacked Plattsburg, Clinton county, killing Capt. Turner, the commander of the two militia companies posted there, and dispersing his men. Jennison is also in pursuit of Thornton and other guerillas.

NAVAL.

The blockade-running sloops, Sarah, Mary and Hope, with cotton, have recently been captured.

The Duomo of Milan is rapidly approaching completion. The pinnacles are added to the greater part of the choir, the vast population of statues—some 5,000 in number—are in their places, and "though the ornamentation is of the most lavish nature, it cannot be said that this great temple of God is 'superfilagreed,' so harmonious and beautiful are the designs."

FOREIGN NEWS.

M. Drouyn de Lhuys had officially informed Mr. Dayton, the American Minister in Paris, that the alleged privateer steamer Yeddo had been sold to the Prussian Government. This disposes of one "new Alabama," and the writer adds that there is little doubt that all the vessels of the long talked-of "rebel fleet" in the French ports will enter the German service.

The debate on Disraeli's censure motion was concluded in the English Parliament on the morning of the 9th of July—Lord Palmerston's policy on the Danish question, as already stated, being sustained in the House of Commons and condemned in the House of Lords.

Earl Russell delivered an energetic speech in defence of the Government to the Peers, and Lord Palmerston made one of his most spirited addresses in sustainment of Earl Russell's course—the Cabinet being a unit on the subject—towards Denmark and Germany in the Commons. Mr. Disraeli wound up the debate with a stinging invective against the foreign diplomacy of the Cabinet.

Earl Russell alleged that, France and Russia having refused to join England in an allied sustainment of Denmark, Great Britain was not bound to go to war alone for that object. He relied on the principle of non-intervention, and used the following remarkable words relative to the American question: "The noble earl (the Earl of Carnarvon) said we have no principle in our foreign policy. We have one principle, and that is non-interference in the internal affairs of other nations. With regard to the American war, there have been from time to time great symptoms on the part of the opposition of a wish to afford aid to the Confederate States. It was so obvious that when men attempted, contrary to the proclamation of neutrality, to send out expeditions from our own harbors, those attempts had every favor from the other side of the House. I feel convinced that if those vessels which have been seized had not been taken we should now be engaged in a war with the Northern States."

The English papers say that seldom has Lord Palmerston spoken with greater force and effect than he did on the morning of the 9th. His playful allusion to the juvenility of Disraeli, when he said that "four years before the honorable member for Buckinghamshire had honored the world by his existence" he had defended with success the foreign policy of the Government, was a great hit.

The London *Times* undertakes to show that agents of Secretary Chase induced very large numbers of the industrial classes in Germany and Holland to invest their savings in United States stocks, promising to pay the interest in specie. The London *Times* says: "As the sum to be raised yearly by the United States Government in gold will be about £20,000,000, it will, after a time, be found impossible thus to pay these people, and there will be a 'break up' which will entail great suffering on those in Europe who have parted with their hardly earned means."

The Spanish Government has officially proposed a plan of settlement of its difficulty with Peru to the Peruvian Minister at Madrid. In the meantime the Spanish squadron in the Pacific is to be reinforced with three war vessels.

There had been a change of Ministry at Copenhagen, and the Danish King had made peace propositions to Prussia, which were under consideration.

TOWN GOSSIP.

Why is it—answer, oh, ye strong-minded—that women continually strive, even while they repudiate, to attain manly looks and attributes, while men never were known, except under the most effeminate and lascivious courts of Europe, to even partially unsex themselves?

This idea suggested itself to us a few days since in a walk upon Broadway, and an observation of dress. The mode now covets every portion of man's apparel but the bifurcated coverings, and gives it to the belles who have courage enough to mount male belongings.

Look at the double-breasted dress bodies, with real buttons and button-holes! Look at the collars, standing and turn over, and the natty little cravats. Look at the round hats, with plain trimming, that off the heads of their fair wearers could not be recognised for their sex. Look at the hair worn short, the coat sleeve, and lastly, the military style of epaulette that only wants the rank marked to make the wearers what they choose to assume.

Now, why would not the suggestion be worth notice, that each lady wearer of the shoulder-straps should have a marked rank designating what near relative she had in the army and his position, and allow no relative to count farther off than father, husband, son or brother? Is not the idea as good a one as that of Holland, where every lady is addressed by the title of her husband? It would perhaps tend to the recruiting of the Union army, by giving an incentive to the fairer sex to send off surplus husbands and brothers, that they might wear the bars, the stars, the eagles and trefoil.

There would be something in such a badge, more to be desired than the black bee of the "Ladies' Anti-Luxury League."

While upon the subject of dress we are disposed to discuss an assertion of a fair friend of ours made the last week, and which may possibly be a fact. She says that our family wants are curtailed for dress, and that wives, sisters and daughters have just as much, or more, of adornment, but at the expense of the creature comforts. Our better halves are staggered at the thought of 35 cents a pound for beef and lamb, and cut down in quantity, or substitute cheaper food, but they are not staggered at organdies at $1 a yard, for which they once only paid 30 cents. They deny themselves raspberries at 20 cents per basket, but they do not deny themselves gloves at $2 75, or silks at $10 per yard. The table is stinted, and a universal cry of despair goes up at the dissipation of greenbacks on a marketing tour, but Stewart's, Legrain's and Lord and Taylor's do not suffer.

Verily, we believe that the passion of dress with woman is more absorbing and soul-destroying than that of drink with man.

And so as one theme leads to another we will say a word upon drink. "Out of evil cometh good," and out of this war may possibly come a reform that will in a few years save as many lives as all that have been sacrificed to it, and add as much treasure to the country as has been already spent. This may—mind, we say, may—come about through the tax upon liquor, an excise that, if properly guarded by preventing and punishing the sale of adulterated poisons, will make men temperate whether or no, and do away with the great national curse, perpendicular drinking.

At this moment the drinking shops of New York are in a transition state, hesitating between the danger of a rise, and feeling that within a short time they will be compelled to charge 15, 20, or perhaps 25 cents a drink. Most of those prominent upon Broadway have already gone to this point, and the consequence has arisen that the old imbibers have sought new spots in which to oleaginate their throats at a smaller tax, spots from which they will soon be driven for the same cause, and finally be forced to succumb to the necessity of getting along on half their usual quantity of stimulant. Whether this will carry out a much needed reform, or whether we shall, like savage nations, seek cheaper modes of stimulation, yet remains to be seen.

A little over a year ago New York did not feel the war that is devastating the land much more than she feels the Danish war. From her superabundant population and wealth she sent men and money, and only regarded the whole matter as too far removed to excite more than sympathy, and arouse bursts of patriotism that bleeding from a plethoric pocket would quiet. The times have altered, and it seems as though the boasting threat of the rebels was about to become true, that we would feel the war upon our hearthstones, and that our streets would know the desolation of their own. This is and is coming about, not in the sense in which they put it, but by reaching every man's home, and touching him most nearly in his daily life. The struggle for subsistence becomes harder, and he is obliged to deny himself and family scores of things that they have been wont to regard only as necessities. His tenure upon all things becomes less secure, and he dreads the loss of employment more than ever before, from the fact that every article of living has become so exorbitant that a loss of means would be only preliminary to starvation. His wages, to be sure, are doubled, but everything he buys is triple or quadruple, and he is consequently from 33 to 40 per cent. worse off than he was two years ago. The clerk in a store who was then getting $1,000 per annum, now gets $1,500, and congratulates himself on the rise, is in reality only getting $500, his money being worth exactly that amount. The shopboy who luxuriates on a stipend of $2 50 per week, for sweeping out, running of errands and shutting up, is in the possession of the munificent sum of 66 to 70 cents per week, upon which he is supposed—by some pleasant fiction—to eat, sleep and exist. Both these are part and parcel with thousands of others, whose compensation has not increased at all since 1861, or if it has, not in proportion to the immensely increased prices of living.

All this is felt in the cities, while in the country, where almost every man is a producer, the evil is not realised. The farmers are growing rich, especially those who do not have to hire labor, by the high price of every article they raise, and are hoarding greenbacks at present valuation to some day realise on them at a gold standard.

Just at this time the all-absorbing topic among all classes who are supposed to be able-bodied, and all fair ones who have able-bodied husbands, brothers and sweethearts to lose, is the coming draft. When the matter appeals individually to them they awaken and feel the importance of reinforcing our armies, but at the same time they regret their utter inability to go themselves. The truth is that New York, and those to whom is entrusted the recruiting movement, are playing with it. They do not work to achieve the object in view, and every officer of our army who has been here upon recruiting service knows this to be so.

There is at this time no scarcity of men, but the inducements are not sufficient. We are paying now the same bounty, cash in hand, that was paid almost two years ago, when the money was worth almost triple. Three hundred dollars, in the present high value of labor, will not induce men to leave their employment and shoulder the musket. Patriotism is a grand thing, but bread and butter and a house to cover their families during absence is more practical. Thousands of men have enough patriotism to leave the plough and the workshop, could they see their families in comfort, but $300 will go but a small way towards it. The bounty ought to be not less than $1,000, and it should be assessed upon property. What has the rich man done for this war? So far nothing; and it is only now that he begins to feel, in the shape of taxes, some of its burdens. There has been within the last week a great deal of balderdash printed about the success of the move in allowing any person to pay $335 into the hands of Mr. Supervisor Blunt, and through him getting a substitute and exemption in case of being drafted. The thing sounds well upon paper, but really amounts to nothing. Should any of those parties be drafted, Mr. Blunt will find it impossible to procure substitutes for any such sum, and whenever the draft does come off nothing less than $1,000 will purchase a man exempt from it as a substitute. We deprecate this idea of reporting that 100, or some other apocryphal number, men are enlisted daily in the Park, while every one that knows anything of it knows that not one-tenth that number go through.

The week has been an eventful one in dramatic circles, not so much for what has been done on the stage as for what has been done off. In the first place, there has been a second meeting of managers at the house of Mr. Wallack, and a second meeting of actors at the Tremont House—late the Bond Street House. The first meeting went through a great deal of dubious talk, and arrived at nothing positive. The subject of a rise in prices was discussed, but each of the gentlemen present seemed fearful of being called on to bell the cat. Various methods for a rise were talked of, such as making more than half the house reserved seats and raising the price to 75 cents, a neat way of whipping the devil round the stump, while others advocated a straightforward combination and a positive raise of 25 per cent.

If the managers of the New York theatres are in earnest in their desire to please the public, and at the same time serve themselves, no time is more propitious than the present. There is but one mode, and that is by the equalization of prices, making it but one sum all over the house, and adding to the comfort of the audience proportionably. This plan will not do for the Bowery theatres. They cannot dispense with the pit. But on the west side the old Niblo idea of one price all over the house is the only true one. Seventy-five cents can be charged and no favoritism shown. The rule of first come first served should be strictly adhered to, and pert ushers who keep the best seats vacant until some one disburses an extra quarter in their itching palms should be instantly guillotined. The seats should be made more comfortable by widening, the cushions should be liberal, and space allowed, so that a long-legged customer could sit straight and have as much privilege of space as a short-legged one.

With proper attention to these little things, and a proportionate attention to an improvement of the business behind the curtain, the indulgent public will allow them to put on 33 per cent., and will still continue to crowd their houses and make managerial fortunes, as they have done during the past three years; without them the effort will be a failure, and the great public will seek other and more economical ways of amusing itself.

Next comes the meeting of actors, which, having put forth its ultimatum in the shape of several "whereas's" and "resolveds," the amount of which is that during the coming season higher salaries will be expected, as well as sundry other things, all of which will be of no practical effect whatever. While we wish well to the profession, and desire to see them succeed in anything that will better their personal or pecuniary position, we know that no combination simply in New York can have the slightest effect. In such a profession every tub must stand on its own bottom. Every man has his market value, a value that is graded not only by his talent but by his popularity with the public, and no two managers can be found who will make the same estimate of it. Have we not examples of it every day in the engagement of wretched sticks at exorbitant salaries, while real talent keeps the stage year after year at merely a living?

Mere mechanical trades can be governed by such rules as "The Committee" put forth at the meeting of actors; but all professions depending on the brain must be arbitrary in compensation.

The week has been one of no excitement on the stage.

Lucille Western has made a success in "The Sea of Ice," and continues it.

Helen Western is playing at the Broadway, and drawing good houses with "Don Cæsar de Bazan" and "Jenny Lind."

Avonia Jones has ended her engagement at Wallack's, and this week we have Dan Bryant in Irish drama.

The Winter Garden opens on the 15th of August.

Barnum's box man, Signor Nadolski, has recovered, and the public are again to be astonished and puzzled with the wonderful furniture producing box.

The English Opera at the Olympic produces "The Rose of Castile" this week, with all their strength.

It will be worth any one's while to emigrate for an hour or two to the Bowery, and take a look at Campbell's new Minstrel Hall. It is the handsomest affair of the kind in the city.

A mercurial clock has been invented and in use in England—sold for two shillings of our money—which is described as resembling a thermometer, the hands being marked on a scale. Every day it is reversed, and that is all the winding it requires.

A Rapid Incline.—Love at first sight.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The city's quota, under the new call for 500,000, is 23,140, being 7,000 more than it was under the previous call for 500,000.

—— Gen. Dix has ordered the arrest and imprisonment of Mr. Fuller, editor of the Newark *Evening Journal*, for the publication of the following article: "Let the people unite in a grand defensive league to protest against the demands of the despots at Washington. Let the taxpayers come forward and demand that the system of exorbitant municipal bounties shall cease; and these objects accomplished, Mr. Lincoln will be obliged to depend upon the loyalty of his office-holders and contractors for recruits to carry on the war."

—— That very amusing class of mechanics, the actors, have formed a league to compel that very liberal class of men, the managers, to increase their wages. The managers will, of course, increase the price of admission.

—— The morning newspapers, with the exception of the *Herald*, have increased the price from three to four cents.

—— The merchants' clerks of this city are about to memorialise their employers to increase their salaries.

—— The peace negotiations between Horace Greeley and G. N. Sanders were broken off on the 21st July. There seems to be no unwillingness to re-enter the Union on certain conditions.

—— It is officially announced that hereafter the United States postage charge, without regard to distance, on letters addressed to or received from the British West Indies, Cuba, Aspinwall, Panama, or any other foreign place or country, to and from which different rates of postage have not been established by an international postal convention or arrangement, will be 10 cents the single rate of half an ounce or under, which must be prepaid on letters sent, and collected on letters received; also, that the United States postage charge on newspapers and other printed matter sent to or received from the countries and places referred to will in future be as follows: Two cents each on newspapers, and the established rates on each pamphlet, periodical, and other articles of printed matter, which must, in like manner, be prepaid on matter sent, and collected on matter received. In future the international postage charge upon all letters passing between the province of New Brunswick and any part of the United States, without regard to distance or route of conveyance, will be 10 cents the single rate of half an ounce or under, prepayment optional.

—— It has not been decided whether the 7-30 Treasury notes to be issued shall be convertible into five or six per cent. United States bonds. The latter description will probably be determined on by the Secretary of the Treasury.

—— Arrangements are being made to organise the postal money order system. Some weeks will unavoidably elapse before it is put into operation, owing to the particularity and care required to perfect the machinery to insure complete success.

—— Gov. Seymour will not appoint State agents to recruit in the Southern States. He does not believe this to be wise or practicable. If cities or counties choose to pay bounties and appoint agents for recruiting such soldiers, they can do so, and the State authority will give them such facilities as the act of Congress directs.

—— L. D. Corey, of Akron, Erie county, New York, has 20 Tuscarora squaws at work, cultivating broom corn. Farm help is scarce, and these "native Americans" find abundant employment.

—— Gen. McDowell, at San Francisco, has issued an order requiring passengers on open steamers and ships to give up their arms to the captain of the vessel, and permit an examination of their baggage. The object is to prevent the probable danger of attempts to take possession of steamers on this coast by pirates sailing as passengers.

—— The Central American Transit Company have, through their President, Francis Morris, concluded the purchase of Mr. M. O. Roberts's new and magnificent steamship, the Golden Rule, on this side, and the America and Moses Taylor, on the Pacific, to connect with her. The three steamers will sail monthly, commencing August 23, and carry passengers exclusively. On this principle the company are now building two steamers, which, when completed, will enable them to run a semi-monthly line. This will be, as it was formerly, the fast route to and from California, being the most direct and most agreeable, as the vessels, not being loaded down by freight, can travel after the fashion of the express trains of our railroads, and so must obtain their fair share of passengers.

Southern.—The Richmond *Examiner* says: "For the first time in our varied experience we saw on Tuesday a barrel of flour hauled up Gouverneur street in a hearse! The public stared but the driver drove on. When we came to recollect that flour was $500 and $600 per barrel, and that the struggle for bread was one for life and death, we better appreciated the connection between the hearse and the barrel of flour."

—— New potatoes in Richmond are only $5 a quart.

—— A Southern lady living in Wetumka is manufacturing black sewing silk for her own use. She has her own silkworms and her own mulberry trees to feed them. Both thrive well and the silk is said to be excellent.

—— The correspondent of the *Times* says: "I inquired the cost of a uniform, in Richmond, such as should be worn by a surgeon. They said it would cost $1,100. Boots cost $225, if good; caps with a little gold braid $100. Confederate money is so little use to them that they ceased to carry it. Board in Richmond Hotels, $60 per day. Wines are only procured at fabulous sums."

Personal.—Harvard University has conferred on Mr. Wm. Pitt Fessenden, our new Finance Minister, the degree of Doctor of Laws.

—— Alexandre Dumas is giving readings from his own works in Paris, in imitation of Dickens, Thackeray, etc.

—— The Rev. Horatio Stebbins has accepted the call of the congregation formerly presided over by the Rev. Starr King, in San Francisco, to become their pastor. The reverend gentleman states, in his letter of acceptance, that he will sail on the 13th of August.

—— Col. Matthew Murphy, 69th New York National Guard, in the field, has been presented with a handsome span of horses in commemoration of his return to his command near Petersburg, after his recent recovery from his wound. Col. Murphy is in command of the 2d brigade, 2d division, 2d army corps.

—— Harriet Hosmer, the sculptor, is coming home next month.

—— John Brougham, the popular actor and dramatist, is making arrangements to visit New York. He is expected in September.

—— Mr. Wm. Swinton, army correspondent of the New York *Times*, and well known as the author of "Rambles Among Words," has been ordered to leave the lines by Gen. Meade, for "forwarding for publication incorrect statements respecting the operations of the troops."

—— Mr. Wm. W. Leland received a letter last week from "Tommy," of Japanese notoriety. "Tommy" sends some flowers and toys for Leland's children, and asks, in return, for Mr. L.'s likeness. "Tommy" is sorry for the war that exists here, in regard to which he says: "I was very sorry have heard that you have very had trouble at home, but hoping the government will soon put rebels down."

—— The Messrs. Leland, of Union Hall, are contemplating the erection of an opera house at Saratoga Springs, to be in readiness for use next season. The design is to make it a large and imposing structure, complete in every respect, and worthy the approbation and support of the crowds of pleasure-seekers who throng Saratoga during the summer.

—— Miss Major Pauline Cushman is receiving considerable attention in Boston. The *Transcript*, in mentioning the lady, remarks that, during one of her recitals, she appealed to the young men to come forward, and said she would prove her sincerity in the cause by receiving their names and leading them to the field, as her rank would entitle her to do.

Obituary.—The oldest inhabitant of Woburn, Mass., died in that town on the 17th July. Jesse Converse was his name, and he was 99 years and five months old. He was 10 years old at the battle of Lexington, and remembered the scene well.

—— The Atlanta *Rebel* says: "One Henry Tracey, a citizen of Hancock county, East Tennessee, died on the 18th of April. He was about 46 years of age, six feet six inches high, and weighed over 600 pounds. For many years previous to his death he had not left his home. His health was generally good; he was very talkative, and fond of company. A great many persons visited him from curiosity. In his young days he exceeded all his schoolmates in running, jumping, etc. He leaves a wife and two children."

Accidents and Offences.—There is no law in this country against child desertion. In England and France, where there are foundling hospitals properly incorporated and conducted, they have also severe laws against infant abandonment. Here, in the cities of New York and Boston, cases of child-desertion are as frequent, on the average, as four in the week, and this count does not include instances of discovered infanticide. All that benevolent exertion and judicial repression can accomplish is needed to check this unnatural crime.

—— On the 19th ult. a party of five young ladies and three young gentlemen started out from Mayville, at the head of Chautauqua Lake, for a moonlight sail. They had been out about an hour when they discovered that the boat was rapidly filling and sinking. Only one of the party was able to swim, and he, after charging the others to remain in the boat till he could swim ashore, only 20 rods distant, and get a boat for their rescue, jumped into the water. The others sprang after him in their terror, and three of the young ladies were drowned. Their bodies were recovered the next day.

—— On the 21st July a 3d Avenue car ran into a Bowery stage in Chatham street and overturned it, seriously hurting several of the passengers.

—— Mr. Williamson, of the *Sunday Dispatch*, still remains in custody for refusing to deliver up the books and papers of the Tax Commissioners.

—— The Canada papers contain accounts of very disastrous fires in the woods in various places throughout the country. Many cattle have perished in the flames, and in some vicinities the conflagrations are extending so as to become alarming.

—— A fire broke out in Nixon's mills and the extensive paper manufactory at Manayunk, Philadelphia, on the 20th July. The main building and straw departments were destroyed. The southern portion of the mills used for the manufacture of pulp was partially saved. The destruction of these mills is a serious loss, as several newspaper establishments and book publishers relied upon them for supplies of paper. The loss of Nixon is estimated at $150,000; insurance, $70,000. Ring & Brother, woollen yarn-spinners, lose $24,000. The total loss will amount to $200,000.

—— The dwelling-house of Capt. John A. Winslow (captain of the Kearsarge), in Roxbury, Mass., was entered on the 7th July, about one o'clock, by a raiding burglar. The son of the captain awoke and found the burglar searching his pantaloons. The robber fled without securing any plunder.

Art, Literature and Science.—That excellent literary journal, the *Round Table*, has been discontinued, owing to the enormous price of paper and everything else connected with printing. It dies with a very good reputation.

—— Mosenthal's famous drama, "Der Sonnenwendhof," has produced a prolonged sensation in Hamburg.

—— Twenty new French operas will be given this season at Baden, four of them having been expressly written for that place.

—— The receipts of the Paris theatres, from April, 1863, to March, 1864, were 12,991,000 francs. The authors' nights, during the same period, were 6,335,000 francs.

—— Among the archives of Dresden Dr. von Weber recently discovered a mass of unsigned letters, in the autograph of the celebrated Marshal Saxe, addressed to Augustus III., his half-brother, the Marshal being the natural son of Frederick Augustus II., King of Poland and Elector of Saxony. These letters, of which he has printed a selection in one volume, are full of Paris court scandal and gossip, give a most lively and amusing picture of the time, and place many of the puppets of the court of Louis XV. in a most ridiculous light.

Foreign.—The Turkish flag is to be altered. Instead of the red ground and white crescent as heretofore, the colors are green ground with a red ball in the centre, in the middle of which will be a white crescent.

—— It is reported that the heiress to the Brazilian throne is likely to marry the Austrian Archduke, Louis Victor. If this happens, the Hapsburg family will number three emperors.

—— Letters from Sweden continue to mention the great success of Signor Severini, the new tenor of the Stockholm Opera House. So great, we are told, has been the attraction of "Il Trovatore," that the opera has been played almost without intermission since March.

—— It is a remarkable fact that one-fifth of the whole number of criminals in Newgate prison, London, are supplied from the General Post Office.

—— They not only have cheap postage in England, but they have established, and now have in active operation, a "Penny Parcels Delivery Company." What do our expressmen say to that?

—— The Hippodrome, in Paris, has got an aristocratic acrobatic attraction in the person of a Persian prince, who performs on the *trapeze*. The condescension of this great man in descending to sawdust even awes the French, who are not always inclined to do homage.

—— A Mdlle. P——, in Paris, advertises a salve for the production of a slight down on the lips of ladies, a little moustache, so great is the favor the hair on the upper lip of women is received with in France. We remember a picture by Van Ennling of Adam and Eve, in which Eve is painted with a pretty little beard and moustache. The ladies of the present day have perhaps become more effeminate than their ancestors, and Van Ennling might have been warranted by tradition in his portrait of Eve.

—— Some statistics of the Morgue, the Parisian dead-house, in which all bodies of unknown persons are exposed for three days for recognition, have just been published. They embrace a period of ten years, during which time 3,334 persons (of whom 2,331 were males) have been brought in; 493 of these were newly-born infants; seven-eighths of the whole were identified; 1,244 were between 20 and 40 years of age. The total number of suicides was 1,766, of which 1,414 were by drowning, 114 by hanging, 96 by firearms, 56 with the fumes of charcoal, 46 by leaping from high buildings, 16 by sharp instruments, 11 by poison, 7 by turning themselves under wheels, 3 by brandy and other spirits. The causes of these suicides are given as follows: Insanity, 233; drunkenness, 34; want, 75; pecuniary embarrassment, 63; disappointed love, 62; domestic troubles, 59; delirium tremens, 23.

Odds and Ends.—It is stated by reliable persons that on the 9th, 10th and 11th of July Washington could have been captured by the rebels if they had shown their usual dash.

—— Boots are said to have been invented by the Carians. They were at first made of leather, afterwards of brass and iron, and were proof against both cut and thrust. It was from this that Homer called the Greeks brazen-footed. Formerly, in France, a great foot was much esteemed, and the length of the shoe in the 14th century was a mark of distinction. The shoes of a prince were two feet and a half long; those of a baron two feet; those of a knight 18 inches long.

—— Miss Kate Estelle, lessee and manageress of the Petersburg theatre, announces that, as the actors in her company have been sent by the Government to the trenches, the performances are for the present suspended.

—— The last surviving issue of Benedict Arnold was his son, William Fitz Arnold, who was a magistrate in Bucks county, England, and the father of six children. Nothing directly has been heard of him since 1859, but it is supposed that he is still living.

—— A girl, 17 years of age, came from Mahaska to Knoxville, Iowa, a few days since, in order to procure a marriage licence, and that she might take the oath with a clear conscience (?) she placed in her shoes a strip of paper on which was written the number 18, so that she could swear she was over 18, by which means she secured her licence, was forthwith joined to her lover, and returned to her home.

—— A family in Michigan actually named a child Finis, supposing that it would be their last; but they afterwards happened to have a daughter and two sons, whom they called Addenda, Appendix and Supplement.

—— Somebody has discovered that none of Meyerbeer's airs have ever been played on the hand organ.

—— Martel, the inventor of cognac brandy, is dead. "The evil that men do lives after them."

—— The price of newspapers in London during the French wars was 14 cents each.

—— Some funny fellows in New Orleans the other day armed a cushion with a masked battery of upright pins, and induced a young man to sit down on it, pressing him while he cried with pain to keep his seat. For this playful and amusing act the chief of the conspirators paid $75, the others $25.

—— A Miss Olympia Brown has been installed as pastor of the Universalist church at Weymouth, Mass.

CHIT-CHAT WITH THE LADIES.

Keep Them at Home.

ANOTHER draft, and of course more volunteering; more of our best, and bravest, and handsomest marching away, perhaps to death in rebel prisons. If the men of this nation cannot put a stop to the war, we women must contrive some way to do it. Laugh if you like; but, were we all to band together, we could accomplish our end. Do you suppose there is a man in this world over whom some woman has not the strongest influence? If you do, you are mistaken. Every statesman, every soldier, officer or private, has some mother, wife, sister or sweetheart whose word is secretly—for they won't own it—law to him. Even old uncle Abe is probably under the dominion of Queen Mary; if not, some other feminine holds the reins, take my word for it. We women have only to say, *en masse*, "this fighting shall stop," and it is over. For our own part we think, looking at the widows and orphans, and childless mothers, and at the poor brave fellows maimed for life, and the soldiers' funerals, passed so often in our streets, that, instead of emulating the Roman matrons, who were strong-minded old frights, from whom descended the Bloomers, and saying to our sons, brothers, husbands and grandfathers, "Return with thy shield or upon it," etc., etc., we women should cry "Peace! peace!" until there is peace. And, moreover, the Rev. Mr. Creamcheese and his brethren ought to help us. We for one are prepared to hold our masculine friends by the coat-tails, to go into strong hysterics, to hide them in the stationary washtubs, and to make false statements as to their birthdays when the enrolling officer comes around—to do anything, in fact, to save any friend of ours from becoming a rebel target, instead of vowing, as so many ladies do, that we are ready at any moment to sacrifice our relatives for the good of the country.

Unprotected Females.

There is another reason why we cannot let the gentlemen all speak at once when so many thousand men are called for. What are we to do without them? Women enjoy more liberty in this dis-Union than they do in Turkey, of course. Writers always boast of that, but we haven't many privileges after all. Ten of the smartest and strongest of our sex may be protected by one mean specimen of the opposite one, who would run if any one cried "Booh!" to him. He—on the strength of his stovepipe hat, we presume—having the power to conduct them to places of amusement, through the streets after dark, etc., etc. It is particularly unjust—just as bad, and done in the same spirit, as the veiling of Oriental women.

If Mr. Smith will spend his evenings where he can smoke and drink to his heart's content, society should not compel Mrs. Smith to remain solus, darning hose, but without any fear of blemishing her reputation she should be permitted to take her children to the theatre, or trot around the corner to see some acquaintance after nine o'clock at night. Miss Prue, because she is a spinster of 40, too ugly to have even an elderly beau, should not be compelled to be a prisoner after dusk; she should be able to go to the opera, and saunter home at 12, without fear of being "spoken to."

Remember, we are not strong-minded. It is much pleasanter to have a beau, a husband if you are married, or even a bearish brother along with you. But if a poor, unhappy woman has no pair of coat-cuffs belonging to her, she should not be debarred from everything else, as she is at present in consequence.

All that is permitted us is to run home from church at nine on Sunday nights, anything else Mr. Grundy vetoes. Do you wonder we want to keep our masculine friends from the war?

Help Yourself.

Help yourself in this world, for unless you are one of the lucky ones no one will do it for you. Keep your anxieties and your griefs and your little aches and pains as much to yourself as possible. If you can, never let any one see you cry, never let any one do more than guess that you are not content and prosperous.

This is a selfish world; people are too full of their own troubles to take an interest in those of others, save as they affect themselves.

They do not want to sympathise; the being who always shows a smiling countenance and a full purse is always most welcome.

Understand that, and expect nothing else, particularly if you are a woman. A pretty face, coquettish dress and bright eyes will win your way with men, who turn their backs on sallow cheeks and shabby black.

If you are in business, and if you are a business woman—you deserve pity, don't expect any. You'll be cheated, of course; you will always have the worst of a bargain (that of course also), and if you fail some one will be on hand to cry:

"Served her right; women have no business to enter the lists with us."

Again I say, particularly if you are a woman, and forced by circumstances to take part in the money-making battle of life, help yourself, and don't expect any one to help you.

Spiritual Rappings.

In these degenerate days you are never quite sure who is a witch and who is not one. The lady who gabbles to you of new bonnets and ribbons during a morning call may belong to a private "circle," who wouldn't have the matter leak out for all the world amongst strangers, and may the night before have served as medium for Napoleon Bonaparte or Julius Cæsar. The young gentleman in the next pew in church may be in the habit of indulging in trances, and may have visited Saturn the day before yesterday, and met with Washington there. The old man who serves your milk has a grand-daughter who can make an extension-table tip, and a son who, in the dark, can untie any knots or coils made about his person by the clothesline.

Spiritualism has apparently entered most dwellings, and one at least of nearly every large family has a knowledge of the most absurd phenomena, which have no apparent purpose, and which, if acknowledged to be absolutely the work of spirits, would lead us to believe our departed friends, and those whose memory we have hitherto venerated, to have become insane after parting with their earthly bodies. We are half inclined to acquiesce with the verdict of all orthodox country clergymen, and say, "It is the work of the Evil One, who is abroad upon the earth."

Old Ladies.

Is there anything prettier than a pretty old lady? I think not. Talk about sixteen when sixty is charming; sixteen is nowhere.

The soft white hair, the pinky cheeks, the plump chin, the good bright eyes of some old ladies are the fairest pictures possible. And there is this in it also—only a good old lady can be pretty. Bad temper and every fault and vice to which womanhood is subject is marked plainly about the mouth and eyes, and on the forehead. Of course grief and ill-health make their marks also. But you may be assured that a pretty old lady, with a pleasant smile, has been a good daughter, wife and mother in her day, or one of those inestimable single sisters, who have no fear of the appellation "old maid," but do all the good they can, and are content and pleasant without a wedding-ring and short hose to darn.

When I am rich I will have a gallery of pretty old ladies' portraits, and spend my leisure moments looking at them and saying: "Who can dread age with these for examples?"

THE HUMAN FIGURE.—The proportions of the human figure are strictly mathematical. The whole figure is six times the length of the foot. Whether the form be slender or plump, the rule holds good; any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty of proportion. The Greeks made all their statues according to this rule. The face, from the highest point on the forehead, where the hair begins, to the chin, is one-tenth of the whole stature. The hand, from the wrist to the middle finger, is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest point of the forehead is a seventh. If the length of the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin, be divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the place where the eyebrows meet, and the second the place of the nostrils. The height from the feet to the top of the head is the same as the distance from the extremity of the fingers when the arms are extended.

KNABE & CO.'S PIANOFORTE MANUFACTORY,

Baltimore, Maryland.

THE energy and enterprise of her citizens have, within the last few years, wonderfully developed the resources and added to the wealth and importance of the fair city of Baltimore. As a manufacturing city it has taken a high rank, so that, in certain departments, it stands among the first. Witness its extensive rolling mills, its vast and perfect machine-shops, its ample and busy shipyards, &c. Since the war the population of Baltimore has vastly increased; thousands upon thousands of people have been attracted there by the new avenues of industry and trade which have been opened up within but a very brief space of time, so that the city may be said to be in a most flourishing and prosperous condition. The loss of the southern trade for a time completely paralysed the people; business was at a standstill; ruin apparently stared them in the face, but with indomitable energy they commenced the work of resuscitation, and soon found new channels for the prosecution of a trade, which speedily sprang up into grand proportions, not only with the Western but the Eastern States. So large, indeed, has this trade become that the loss of the commerce with the South, which it was anticipated would bankrupt half the city, is no longer felt, but is replaced by a larger and more healthy trade.

As with us, despite the war, the piano trade has vastly increased. Those who before were making but 12 pianos per week now make 20; while those who then made 20 are now making and selling from 35 to 40. Knabe and Co.'s pianoforte manufactory is undoubtedly one of the largest in the States. The main factory (No. 1), is situated on the corner of Eutaw and West streets, and with the lumber yards attached, occupies nearly two entire blocks. The main building is five storeys high, 95 feet front by 45 feet deep, with a one storey boiler and engine-house, 30 by 45. The other building is four storeys high, with a frontage of 110 by a depth of 30 feet. It has two wings, one front and one back, each of 30 by 50 feet, the two buildings being connected by a bridge over the street approaching them. The boiler-house contains two large boilers for driving the engine and for heating both buildings, and the drying rooms, by means of steam-pipes, which run to all parts of the establishment. These pipes laid out in lengths would make a line of several miles. It contains, also, one of the most beautiful and perfect engines in the country, of about 35 horse-power. This engine took the first premium at the exhibition of the Maryland Institute.

The first floor of the main building is occupied by the heavier machinery, such as two large planing machines, machines for jointing, different circular saws, and saws for scroll work, with lathes and drills, etc., etc. The second, third and fourth floors are appropriated for bottom and case-making. Here, also, are many pieces of costly and ingenious machinery. All the transportation from one floor to the other is accomplished by steam elevators. From the case-making room the shells of the instruments are taken to the third floor of the smaller building, where the sounding boards are put in; thence to the varnish-rooms, which occupy the entire of the fourth story. Thence again to the fifth floor of the larger building, where they receive the legs and the varnishing is rubbed down, when the instruments are ready to be taken to the finishing department.

The second floor of the smaller building is occupied by the Top-makers and the Grand Piano case-makers; while the first floor, with the exception of the store-room in the front wing, is used entirely as a drying-room for lumber, of which there are continually upwards of *two hundred thousand feet*, kept subject to a heat of over 140 degrees. In the lumber yards adjoining the buildings the stock of lumber is never less than *one million* of feet, undergoing a thorough seasoning by every change of weather, before being placed in the drying-room.

From the factory last named the pianos are taken to the finishing department, occupying the upper floors of the building (No. 3). Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7 N. Eutaw street, and No. 350 W. Baltimore street (Drawing No. 2). The former has a front of 100 feet, by a depth of 35 feet, and and the latter a front of 35 feet, by a depth of 125 feet; the two being connected in the rear by iron doors on three floors. Here the pianos receive the strings, action, general finishing, the last coats of varnish, polishing, etc.

The first floor of Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7 Eutaw street contains

WM. KNABE & CO.'S PIANO MANUFACTORY, BALTIMORE—FINISHING DEPARTMENT AND OFFICES, NOS. 1, 3, 5 AND 7 NORTH EUTAW STREET.

WM. KNABE & CO.'S PIANO MANUFACTORY, BALTIMORE—WAREROOMS, NO. 350 WEST BALTIMORE STREET.

the counting-room and reputing-rooms; and the first floor of No. 350 Baltimore street contains—besides the counting-room, where there is continually kept a large stock of all sorts of hardware, such as ivory, wire, felt and other small materials used—the commodious and splendid warerooms, decidedly the finest in the city.

More than 300 men are constantly employed in this factory, and these turn out over thirty pianos per week, and so great has been the demand and the popularity of these instruments, that Knabe & Co. contemplate making important additions to their already extensive factories, in order to enable them to keep up with their orders.

The house of Knabe & Co. is one of the oldest and most celebrated in the United States. Its reputation has not been made only upon its squares, although, of course, the largest number of that class of instruments is sold: the Grand Pianos of this firm have helped to establish that reputation, and place the firm in a first-class position before the world. Their Upright Pianos are also admirable in point of tone, touch and finish. It will thus be seen that Knabe & Co. manufacture all classes of pianofortes, a fact which can only be stated of the greatest manufacturers of the country. The business of Knabe & Co. is indeed enormous, and is only equalled by that of two other firms in America. Their pianos circulate not only in America, Canada and South America, but also in Europe, their fame having been carried there by the great pianists who have visited that country.

In America the pianos of Wm. Knabe & Co. have received all the honors that could be bestowed upon them. Wherever they have been exhibited, they have invariably carried away the gold medal over all competitors. The first European and resident pianists have thoroughly tried and tested their various styles of instruments, and have voluntarily accorded them their unqualified approbation, and have given to the firm the most valuable certificates of their opinion, a few of which we subjoin:

Testimonial from Thalberg.

"I have great pleasure in certifying that I have tried your Square Pianos, and find them equal, if not superior, to any in this country. Among their great qualities, which distinguish them, is the evenness of tone, the agreeable and easy touch, and volume of tone. Wishing you all the success you so highly deserve, I am, sir, yours very truly,

S. THALBERG."

Testimonial from Gottschalk.

"After having played on the Piano of Messrs. Knabe & Co., it is impossible not to bear testimony to their qualities, which have acquired for them the eminent reputation which they enjoy. The Piano of their manufacture, on which I have played, are exceedingly remarkable for their qualities of tone. The bass is powerful, while the treble, and the upper notes even, clear and harmoniously mellow (chrystalin), and I do not hesitate to express in regard to these instruments my entire satisfaction, and to declare that they are equal, if not superior to the best manufactured in Europe or this country by the most celebrated makers.

L. M. GOTTSCHALK."

Testimonial from Gustave Satter.

"Though not personally acquainted with you, it affords me much pleasure to make you a communication, which, as a strict friend of justice and candor, I cannot withhold from you. On a recent visit to Philadelphia I had the pleasure of performing on one of your pianos, and to my astonishment, I found it in every particular a most excellent one, and your name has since that time, been fresh in my memory.

"With much esteem, yours,

"G. SATTER."

Testimonial from Maurice Strakosch.

"I cannot but congratulate you upon the immense progress and improvements which you continually make on your pianos, which, in my opinion, rank among the very best in the country.

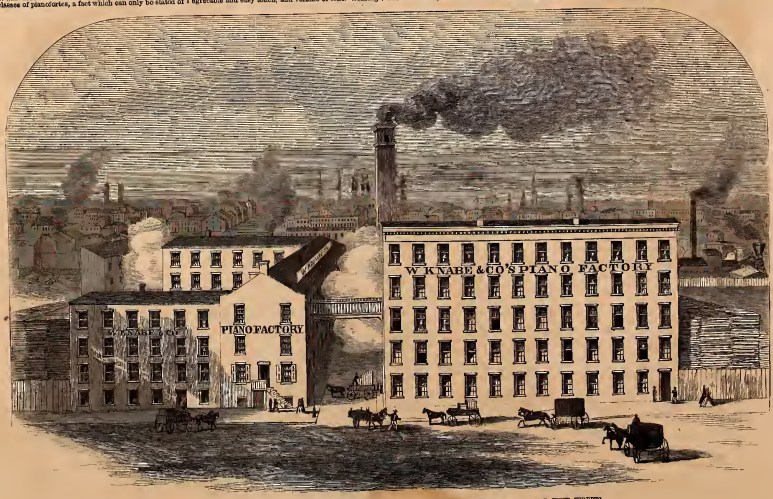
M. STRAKSOCH."

Testimonial from Henri Flexstemps.

"I was delighted on hearing the clear and full tone of your really first-class Pianos, and I congratulate you on the progress you have made in this branch of art.

"H. VIEUXTEMPS."

Opinions such as the above, from gentlemen so eminent as artists, are so conclusive of the merits of the pianos manufactured by Knabe & Co., that they leave us nothing to say, so that we can only endorse them.



WM. KNABE & CO.'S PIANO MANUFACTORY, BALTIMORE—FACTORIES CORNER OF EUTAW AND WEST STREETS.

THE STORY OF THE LIGHTNING.

'Tis summer eve beneath the shivering lindens,
The soft warm air
Sways the green branches to and fro, as gently
As childhood's prayer.

The elected lightning in the heavens blazing,
Cleaves clouds in twain;
Flash following flash, till darkness
Seems almost vain.

Fire leaps from cloud to cloud, and the horizon
Is all alight,
As if the skies had opened, that the angels
Might beat back night.

And as they part, quicker than thought can travel,
It seems almost
That living lightning leaped from the artillery
Of a mysterious host.

And that beyond the iron frontier
Of all that's real,
Light chased darkness through the shadowy cloudland
Of the ideal.

There is a cloudland also in reality,
Where night and day
Ever encounter in mysterious armor
For sovereign sway.

When good and evil meet, and clash within us
In heart and brain,
When sorrow seems to gather ever o'er us,
And hope is vain.

When the will that would work is stricken powerless,
And friendship's smile
Is like the mockery of a crimson sunset
On snow awhile.

'Tis bright but warms not; and the deep'ning shadows
Of gathering night
Drop down, and leave the wanderer cold and frozen
On fields of white.

There's many a battle in our shadowy cloudland
Of Heart and Brain,
When Might makes Right, and Right sits, worn and listless,
Moaning with pain.

There's many a battle in the shadowy cloudland
When tiny feet
Tramp for the first time, houseless and forlorn,
Adown the street.

When little blue eyes, wondering at the stars
That shine o'erhead,
Ask sobbing from a weary half-starved father
A piece of bread.

And many a one is fought around the dying
For thirst of gold,
In hearts that grasp at purses or possessions
Ere the clay's cold.

When solemn deathbeds seem at best but gulfies,
Where miser's hands
May jostle with each other in the plunder
Of golden sands.

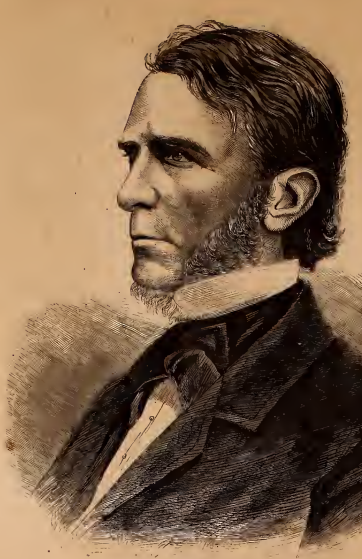
And there are many battles that do almost
Nature convulse,
Fought between good and evil, with the weapons
Of wild impulse.

When reckless, heedless passion's dread rebellion
Breaks reason's sway,
And tender ties are severed in a moment,
Or flung away.

But in our cloudland, if there's sometimes darkness,
There's also light,
Legions of angels minister to those who
Strive to do right,

If we but lift our arms, and not sit idly
Nursing Despair,
But work with hands and brain until its phantoms
Vanish in air.

So underneath the chivering German lindens
I close my eyes,
To dream again this story of the lightning
Up in the skies.



WILLIAM P. FESSENDEN, OF MAINE, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 315.

The Flower of the Family.

Dr. Thorne, of Thorndale, was known all over the county. The black horse, driven at a rapid pace, and the shabby chaise, with the torn blue lining, would have been recognized anywhere within twenty miles of the village. The doctor's person and potions were alike unmistakable and familiar. A gray overcoat, worn with eccentric impartiality summer and winter, a soft otterskin cap—there was an alternative at home in the shape of a brown Leghorn—a tall figure, slightly drooping shoulders, a genial face, keen, kindly blue eyes, these were the externals of Dr. Thorne.

His medicines were most definitely known by their real or supposed results. In theory the doctor was high allopathic; in practice, eclectic. If heretical, it was certainly effective. If a patient declined to recover under his care, it must be wilful indocility, not by any means the doctor's fault.

It was this singular fatality in his practice that made Dr. Thorne and his horse and chaise known far and wide. People on the outer margin of his parish knew very little about Thorndale. There was a vague impression that it was an outcome of the doctor's exuberant personality, and existed by his sufferance, which was a very great mistake indeed. Thorndale was a positive fact in itself, having a stubborn individuality of its own.

In its earlier days it had borne some foolish classical name, but later the Thornes acquired an ascendancy, and Squire Thorne having bequeathed a legacy for the endowment of an academy, the town petitioned the Legislature for leave to change its title to the more euphonious one of Thorndale, a proceeding, however, that met strenuous opposition from that part of the community which considered itself specially called to resist every innovation—to serve as a sort of tide wall, against which the advancing wave of progress may dash and break itself in vain—a class of persons abundant everywhere, and useful when barriers are necessary, but very embarrassing and disagreeable when it becomes desirable to remove them. The village lay in a green hollow. Smooth fields sloped down to the small stream which sang along the valley, wide meadows full of flowers and rich in luxuriant grasses ran out between the hills, a picturesque bridge spanned the river, and old elms leaned over and caressed the flowing water.

"What shall I do?"

The Blacksmith speaks too late.

It was a place for a poet to dream in and for an artist to long to see upon canvas, if poets and artists had been indigenous productions of the valley, as they were not.

Esthetics stood a small chance in that hard-working, practical, matter-of-fact community. In religion, Puritan; in politics, conservative. It might not have been easy to define the belief, but that was of no consequence, since it was all written down in the books in charge of the deacons. It was enough that it made them upright and stedfast. But in Thorndale conservatism did not mean clinging for ever to the remains of a defunct party, or destroying the country in order to save the Constitution; the Declaration of Independence was not become a glittering generality, it was the embodiment of a principle, splendid and incontrovertible, to be maintained by the sacrifice of life if need be.

So the obscure little town slept, quite unaware of the new ideas that were shaking the world abroad, patronised the stagecoach, and received weekly papers from the metropolis; and so it might have done till the end of the century had not one of those restless Yankee vandals, who are continually improving upon nature and turning things to account, found his way into it.

His quick eye detected the capacities of the little stream, and his fertile brain devised a way to win a fortune. And so the innocent river was set to work, a mill was placed upon its brink and great wheels were put in motion. No more idle singing away the summer days under the elms, no more loitering under the mossy arches of the bridge. Shut in by ponderous gates and hemmed in by masonry, the river was made to do its part in the world's work.

In former times the Thornes had been wealthy as well as influential, but in the doctor's day the family fortune was much diminished. He caught eagerly at the suggestion that he should take a share in the mill, and by-and-bye he had purchased the entire property, and was sole owner. Streets of small houses sprang up around the river, laborers went in and out at the red brick mill, the buzz of machinery was heard all day long, and presently the people became aware that Dr. Thorne was fast accumulating a fortune.

But still he went his rounds; the black horse and shabby chaise were as ubiquitous as ever.

Just at this hour the equipage is standing before the door of a farmhouse five miles away, and in the spacious dining-room at home the doctor's family are waiting for him to come to tea.

The sun shines into the room, playing about the polished tea-service, quivering among the fuchsias and verbenas in the windows, and crowning Bell's bright head like a glory. The room is full of light; the great, cheery fire on the hearth, leaping up in broad sheets of flame, and the red splendor of the sun shaming it with greater brightness. But at last the sun withdrew in discomfiture, a few faint gleams wavered about the distant mountain tops, and then twilight, gray and soft, settled down upon the valley.

Miss Lucy, the doctor's sister, and his housekeeper for these ten years past, put up her sewing and began to knit—she was always knitting when she was not sewing. It was an axiom of hers that not a moment should be allowed to pass unimproved, a principle she had endeavored, with indifferent success, to impress upon the doctor's daughters.

There were three of them—Helen, Susie and Bell. Helen was blonde, beautiful and stately; Susie was pretty and piquant, full of charming, saucy ways; but Bell—as everybody knew and as everybody took occasion to say when the Thornes were in question—Bell was the flower of the family. Bell, who stood looking into the gray dimness out of doors, her brown eyes dreamy and soft, and the delicate curves of her face white and still as marble, was sure to make a brilliant match and cover her father's name with honor. Bell was supposed to be watching for the appearance of the chaise around the corner, but I doubt if she would have known it had it crossed her vision at that moment.

Under the window lay the garden, half buried in russet leaves, a few late asters along the borders, and some tall chrysanthemums persistent in white and gold. Just over the way was the mill, its many windows alight, and indistinct figures flitting across them. Farther on were the houses of the operatives, the shops and the market. The aristocratic part of the town lay along the hillside, overlooking the busy village in some disdain, and climbing up the long, green slopes, that finally became wide fields, the real country at last. The road wound steeply to the top, and all along its margin were pretty rural homes. In that high, square house lived the Rev. Mr. Fossil, the incumbent of the first parish, and just opposite, confronting him in position, as he did in theology, was the parsonage where young Mr. Broadchurch lived in lonely bachelorhood, both the exponents of a living faith that chose to manifest itself in different forms.

The handsome balconied house, pretentious in style and florid in architecture, was the property of the Beverleys, a rich, city family, at present domiciled in their winter residence in Madison square. A little beyond was the quaint, antique place where the Livingstons had dwelt from time immemorial, always proud, and now poor, represented by a young man just out of the law school and looking about for an eligible opening.

It is quite certain that Bell could not see the queer, old-fashioned gables of the mansion with her soft brown eyes; equally sure that she did see them with that keen, interior vision, which has the power of annihilating space and setting walls and other opaque objects at defiance. While she looked the sweet days of the summer just past came back very vivid and real, days made glorious by love and hope.

In his stay at home that summer, Ward Livingston, fresh from his professional studies and the seclusion of college walls, threw himself into village society with genial *abandon*. He became a habitué of Dr. Thorne's house, and naturally enough fell in love with Bell. He was brilliant and ambitious, susceptible to the charms of womanly sweetness and beauty, and not without generous and kindly impulses. Everybody said it would be a splendid match. The doctor acquiesced with great secret satisfaction, and the lovers themselves floated adown the fairy stream with perfect confidence in each other. There was, perhaps, a little calculation in Ward Livingston's mind; not that he would have married for money, but, since Bell was beautiful and lovable, it was not treason to be glad that she was rich as well. What he would have done had Dr. Thorne been poor it was not necessary to consider. He could not be insensible to the advantage that Bell's fortune would give him. He was glad to be spared excessive toil and the pinches of poverty, for all such things were distasteful to him. It was fortunate that Bell was not a poor man's daughter. And yet Ward was very much in love with her.

While Bell was looking out of the window and thinking of her lover, a light burst out from the large open building near the mill. It was the forge fire. A red flame shot up, a shower of sparks flew about, and presently were heard the blows of the ponderous hammer.

A stalwart figure came into the light. It was not graceful or elegant, more strong than symmetrical, in no respect of a character to please a young girl's eye or win her fancy. Yet it compelled Bell's attention and put Ward Livingston out of her thoughts, until a footfall on the garden walk aroused her, the bell was rung impatiently, and Bell sprang forward to meet him.

"Don't go yet, Ward," said Bell's gentle voice.

He had no wish to go. He never wanted to miss that sweet presence again. Sybarite as he was, he could have spent his life at her side in idle romancing and half-whispered talk. But the train was just about leaving, and he was going to the city, where he had opened an office. He must wait there for business. But that need not delay their marriage, since there was not poverty to keep them apart.

And so he had won a shy permission to return for her at Christmas. Dr. Thorne graciously assented, and Helen and Susie were in the dining-room talking about bridal dresses, and should there be a reception, and would not Bell be a beautiful bride?

The inexorable minutes brought the hour for the railway train.

"And now, indeed, I must go, dear!"

Bell's eyes were hid by the sweeping lashes, a tear or two stole into sight, and now, with a great sob, she clung to him in a passion of tender pain.

"I cannot bear to have you go," she cried.

Bell, the shy, wayward girl, whose love he had first guessed and never won to a full confession, forget her maidenly shame, and her heart overflowed in words that thrilled him. He never forgot them, never forgot the touch of her clinging hands and the pathos in her voice, though there came a time when he would have been glad to shake off the remembrance. He would love her for ever, he said. The words were a solemn vow. He meant them to be such. All that was best in him was fully awake. At that moment he was just what Bell believed him to be.

Ten minutes afterwards, when he passed the blacksmith's shop on his way to the station, he wished that Stephen Blair were not standing in front of his forge, where he must speak to him. Stephen was an honest fellow, and he would not go by an old playmate without a pleasant word, but now there were tears in his eyes, and Bell's voice, her ways, her beauty and graces, and the knowledge of her love for him filled his mind, and he did not want to take his thoughts away from her. As he came abreast of the shop door, Stephen walked away without once looking at him.

"There goes Miss Bell's sweetheart, no doubt," said one of the smutty workmen, between his blouse upon the anvil. "Eh, Stephen?"

"No doubt," echoed Stephen.

"'Twill be a fine match. The old squire's son's a handsome lad, and Miss Bell's the flower of the doctor's family."

"The flower of the family," muttered Stephen.

"Do you know will they be married soon?" persisted the man.

Would he never be still? Stephen turned abruptly and angrily, and went into another part of the building. It was where the machinery of the mill was sent for repair, and it had the grimy look of the shop without its picturesque forge fire.

A window looked upon the river. Over the bridge was the railway station, and just below the small cottage where Stephen's mother kept house for him.

He crossed his brown, stout arms upon the sill and looked after Ward Livingston. There he was walking up and down the platform—slight, elegant, polished. Stephen looked scornfully at his own brawny limbs.

"A pretty figure to win a girl's love," he muttered. "Hard, rough hands—coarse dress—and complexion like an Indian! Was there no other girl in the world that I must needs fall in love with her—the delicate fairy? Vulcan and Venus! Pshaw! That was all a fable. Women love what is graceful and petite. How easy Ward Livingston's motions are! How his dress fits him! Did he ever doubt if she would care for him? Does he worship the very air around her? Feel—that I could ever think I could be anything to her!"

He could have cursed his folly. Stephen Blair was strongly made; grown coarse and dark with labor and exposure; a man of herculean build; with a ponderous brain, a low, massive forehead and blue eyes—looking out from overhanging brows—that gave to his face whatever beauty it had, with their shifting lights, their evanescent softness and tender longing, perpetually contradicting his burly figure and massive features. Presently the train went out. He took his straw hat and went over the bridge into his garden. There was work to be done here—delicate plants to be housed for winter blossoming. He set himself about it. His old mother, pattering about the kitchen preparing his dinner, looked out and saw him. A glow of pride thrills her heart. Her brave, manly boy! There wasn't another like him in the whole world. How hard he had worked! how hard he had studied! He had as good an education as the minister himself. What was the want of college to such as Stephen? And now he was getting on, and sure to be a rich man one of those days. All because of that queer piece of machinery in the corner.

The November morning was sunny, but the still air was keenly cold. There were little fringes of ice along the edge of the river, and small icicles were pendent from the eaves of Stephen Blair's shop. The music of the waterfall was muffled, and the spray congealed on the wells, and everywhere it was frosty and cold and disheartening. A little figure in grey cloak and furs, and a crimson hood, was coming up the road—in relief against a background of golden sunshine.

Stephen Blair, clearing away the debris of the season's growth from his garden, saw it, and his heart was warmed in a moment as the summer could never have warmed it. Bell was just from the post office.

The hands hidden in the muff clasped a letter from Ward Livingston. She had peeped into it on her way, and half understood, half imagined the drift of the six closely written pages. The world was not gloomy to Bell. The sharp air only made her blood leap faster.

At the end of the walk was the cozy fire in the room, and the long hour alone, in which to read and re-read Ward's letter. Coming to Stephen's gate the rustling in the dry leaves broke in upon the pleasant flow of her thoughts. She stopped to speak to him. Her happiness must have overflowed in her words and eyes, for the simple sentence stirred him almost to tears. He came down to the gate, shifting lights playing over his brown face.

"You are not ill, Stephen?" said Bell, in a little surprise.

"No!" He caught at a stem of clematis that hung over the gate, and crushed it in his strong fingers.

"We never see anything of you now," said Bell, gently. "Why don't you come in as you used to?" She saw that he was in trouble, and had a vague fear that she might have seemed unfriendly of late, knowing that all that summer Ward Livingston had stood between her and the whole world.

"Because—" The sentence came to an abrupt stop.

Bell looked up inquiringly, and then drew back in sudden pain. There was no need of Stephen's stammered words, no need of the tones so saturated with tenderness. But once spoken a feeling of despairing resignation came upon him. He had done what he had a thousand times told himself it would be madness and folly ever to do. And now she knew that he loved her, and he stood waiting for what she would say, his hands clutching the gate, his stalwart form still as stone, the wild tumult that shook him a moment ago hushed, hoping nothing—he had never hoped—and fearing nothing—for had he not always been certain of the worst? In her quick agitation the gray muff fell to the ground, and Ward's letter slipped out and lay there unheeded. The white hands fluttered a moment, and finally the soft palm rested on Stephen's coarse, brown fingers.

A cloud of tears rose to her eyes.

"Oh! Stephen," she cried, in great pity. "I am so sorry for you. I thought you knew I was promised to Ward."

"I did know it!" It was like an automaton speaking.

All at once Bell saw clearly into the strong nature she had power to move so deeply. There was something there quite new to her, something that Ward's light-hearted, happy love could not have known. She longed to comfort him, but her instincts told her that no comfort could be taken. She could only cry helplessly, and pray for him in her heart. By-and-bye she said:

"I can't forgive myself for grieving you, Stephen. I have always admired you so much—you have had few things to make you happy—and now I must bring you a new sorrow."

He could not help seeing her truth and kindness. He forced himself to speak.

"It is more a joy, Bell. Hopeless as it is, I would not have missed it. God-make your life what you could have made mine." He turned away from her, his face white with emotion.

Bell picked up her letter—Stephen could not have touched it for his life—and walked slowly home. The brightness was taken out of the morning. The sunshine all gone out of her heart. She put Ward's letter away. How could she read it now?

That night the forge fires flashed out into the darkness. Bell looked over the way and saw the sparks go out in the frosty air.

"Poor Stephen!"

At noon the next day the church bell rang out in loud and eager appeal. The doves came flying away from the tower with a whirr and chatter, and soft rustle of wings, and settled down upon the deck of the tall liberty pole in the centre of the common.

What could it mean? With many a perk and deft twist of the head, they asked each other the question. For were not the recognised uses of the bell few and familiar? At rare intervals it broke into the sweet, summer silence or pulsed along the dead white wintry stillness in slow measured strokes, telling to all the wide country round that a soul had passed; then the stir in the village street was hushed; the oxen stood still in the furrow, and the ploughman reverently uncovered his head and counted the strokes; the solemn voice stole into farmhouses miles away on the green hillsides, and silenced the playful talk of young girls, and touched the springs of memory of old people; it knelled through the flickering consciousness of the ill and dying, and woke shuddering sobs in those who watched and feared; it took the glory out of the summer and chilled anew the pale winter day.

But these were not the low, slow-beating throbs of sorrow. They burst in loud clangor—they shrieked along the air in mad cries—they rained in swift, sonorous, unintermitting strokes that startled a vague fear in the village people, and it set them running hither and thither with wild questions kindling on their lips.

Some looked from the hill and saw a red flame flash out of the valley.

"The mill is on fire! The mill is on fire!"

Dr. Thorne, visiting his patients three miles off, saw a gray cloud of smoke darken the sky, and instantly turned his horse's head homewards.

Over the hills, rushing through the hollows, tramping along wooded roads, the premonition of danger growing every moment more vivid, nearer the clamor of the bell, more distinct the shouts of the people, and Dr. Thorne at last looked down into the hollow upon the mill—a great furnace of searing, leaping, seething flame, upon a sea of upturned faces and swelling masses of smoke. He threw himself from the chaise into the crowd. Shrieks of terror and pity rose around him. Figures crossed the windows between sheets of crimson fire. The doctor sprang forward. A dozen hands restrained him. "They're all sa[f]e but one," said some one huskily. "See, see!" The mass of people scarcely breathed; nothing was heard except the crackling of the fire-fiend. All eyes were strained in an agony of doubt.

A large, strong man with a childish-looking girl clinging to his shoulders—everybody knew widow Brown's little girl, who supported her mother by working in the mill—appeared at one of the windows.

"Stephen Blair! God bless him," said the doctor.

A sobbing whisper ran through the crowd.

"The stairs are burnt away!"

People rushed forward with ladders; the fierce flames drove them back.

Stephen hesitated. The fire raged above him; it tossed in red waves under his feet; it made a wall behind him; sharp, hissing tongues leapt out and seared his clothing. A shudder stirred the crowd. Groans and cries arose.

Stephen waved his hands. They fell back.

Only one way, and that must be sought quickly. A little stronger hold upon the girl in his arms, a moment's bracing his nerves for the leap, a half uttered prayer, and then in the terrible, blinding fear nobody could see—in the agony of dread nobody could hear, till the long exultant shout rang out, and the people cried for joy, and said to each other that both were safe.

Swifter the red flames leapt from wall to wall; more dense the volumes of smoke; more frequent the crash of falling bricks. It was barely possible to save the adjacent buildings; the mill, full of combustible matter, had been past hope from the first.

Dr. Thorne had seen it, and remembered with a pang of self-reproach that he had neglected to renew the insurance, which ran out on the last day of October.

There was nothing to be done but to stand with folded arms, and watch the fire as it swept away the accumulations of years.

At last the long, blue wreaths, that linked rafter to rafter, that festooned the ceilings, and played along the rows of machinery, were quenched in smoke; presently the wall fell in, and the mill was a smouldering ruin.

"Will it be a loss, father?" whispered Bell.

The doctor drew her closer to him with a quick impulse of thankfulness that Bell at least would be spared the pinches of poverty. Helen was strong, and Susie light-hearted, and as for himself, there was a great deal of work left in him yet. So his reply was in a cheerful voice that did not accord with the words:

"A total loss, my dear. I'm poorer now than I was twenty years ago."

When the doctor joined his family at teatime the room wore its usual pleasant aspect. Bell had a book open before her; Helen was sewing; Susie making tea, and Miss Lucy was knitting. The doctor was slightly irritated. It seemed unnatural and unfeeling that everything should be so bright and gay.

"I believe Lucy would knit if the world was on fire," he thought.

The doctor glanced at her work. Blue and white—technically called "mixed." What became of it all nobody knew. It is certain that blue and white was never worn in the family.

"You know there was no insurance, Lucy," said the doctor, desperately. She knew that well enough, and it would have been a relief if she could have scolded him for his negligence, but the girls impressed it upon her that father was not to be reproached, so she contented herself with an expressive sniff, and refrained from putting any sugar in her tea, because they must now be economical.

They talked over the misfortune by the waning fire.

It was very hard! What would Ward say, thought Bell. She must write to him by to-morrow's mail.

This March day was a foreshadowing of summer; the sunshine was golden; the wild winds were asleep; the blue birds were singing in the elms, and the water rippled pleasantly. Easter was sure to be delightful, and Susie was to be a bride at Easter. The young minister had decided that her sprightliness would be a fit counterpart to his dignity. So the girls sat at work upon the *trousseau*.

There were clouds of snowy muslin about, airy wefts of tulle, almost as unsubstantial as the dewy webs woven over the lips of the grass blades by the spiders. Bell sewed very quietly and

steadily; pale, only for pink flushes that rose suddenly when some one spoke to her.

Upon the hill the young heir of the Livingstons sat alone in what was once the family parlor, meagre enough now. Heir to half a hundred acres of worn-out land; a crazy old house and a barren pride, he said to himself bitterly. He threw more wood upon the fire; it was the only bright thing near him. Out of doors were the mild spring air and the inspiration of the coming summer, but Ward Livingston shut himself up in the bleak house with his black thoughts for company. Black thoughts indeed. They could scarcely have been darker. Three months ago he had heard that Dr. Thorne had lost his fortune. He had crumpled up Bell's dainty letter into a mass of indistinguishable wrinkles, in the first passion of disappointment and regret into which the news had thrown him.

What were they to do now? Of course there could be no wedding at Christmas. Bell would understand that—had said so, indeed—and he needn't sit and dwell upon that, only write and tell her how sorry he was. Which he did. And Bell's reply lay yet unanswered in his portfolio. For what was he to do? Poor little Bell! He said that every day for the first month. He imagined her prematurely old and faded, harassed by the hateful necessity of economy, submitting patiently to the detestable makeshifts of poverty. He thought of himself—poor—burdened with a household; hesitating at a butcher's stall between cheap joints; walking a mile on a rainy day to save sixpence; going to libraries to consult books he could not afford to buy; sitting in the gallery at the theatre; refusing invitations that he could not afford to return, and hoarding stray pennies instead of giving them to beggars. Bah! How he despised it all. Why didn't the old fool of a doctor look after his insurance? why didn't he keep a watch? But what was the good of cursing his folly.

There was no need of snatching down the curtain with a pull that tore off the shabby fringes. Madeline Beverley could not see him at that distance though her window was open, staring at him so impertinently. What had brought the Beverleys into the country so early? Did Madeline know he was here? A splendid woman; style, talent, grace and wealth. Did he understand the look which her fine, shallow black eyes flashed out upon him the last time they met? His heart quickened a little at the recollection. But after all Bell was more to his taste—dear little Bell—a thousand times more lovable. If Bell had owned the fortune of the Beverleys, Madeline's eyes would have rained their lightnings upon him in vain. But suppose—just for a moment—that he married Madeline. What then? What but an easy path to the station he coveted, reputation, ease, luxury; he thought of the house in Madison square; its elegant furnishing, its dainty *bijouterie*, its pictures, and the subtle atmosphere of refinement that pervaded it. There was the little note Bell had sent to him a week ago. "Release him from his engagement!" The paper almost burnt his fingers. He threw it down, execrating himself. But what was he to do? It would not do to offer her love and beggary. And so he had come home, not to break the engagement exactly, but then she would see that they must be separated, perhaps for years. He had been here two days, and as yet he had not seen her. Perhaps, after all, it would be better to go back to New York, and write to her, and if anything should happen to prevent his seeing her again. Ah! there were lights in the drawing-room at the Beverleys. He must go over and call. It would be only civil to do so. Mrs. Beverley had teased him last winter about Bell. He was glad now that he had not told her of his engagement.

By this time you will see that Ward Livingston was not quite the impersonation of honor that Bell thought him. Yet not wholly unprincipled, and far from heartless; smitten with guilt and shame, and yearning for the dear love now irrevocably lost to him, he crept out of the village at daylight the next day, false to Bell and all that was best in his nature.

The noon sun shone into the parlor at Dr. Thorne's when Bell sat alone. It seemed cruel. She would have liked to go away into some quiet place away from the light and beauty, and all the interests of life. Her father came in, and sitting in his armchair by the fire, rattled the newspaper uneasily. Presently he said:

"Bell, come here, child!"

She went, dropping on a cricket at his feet. He stroked her hair a moment.

"Bell, what is this about Ward?"

Bell made her voice very quiet and steady to reply:

"It is all over between us, father."

A few more questions and answers, and then the doctor uttered some sharp, angry words.

"Oh, don't, I can't bear that," cried Bell, and then he held her fast in his arms while she shook with passionate sobs.

Dr. Thorne's kindly nature was roused to anger. The loss of money was nothing to this. If it would be of any use to do anything; but nothing could restore Bell's faith; nothing could make him what she had believed him to be.

The June air is disturbed by martial music; the streets are noisy with shouts; the coming trains are beset by crowds of the village people eager for the news.

Thorndale is awake. The old Cromwellian spirit, dormant all these working, thriving years, shows itself in the sturdy yeomen, burns in the eye, swells in the proud, valiant heart, and nerves to the heroic resolve. The great tide swept over the whole North; not a country village so poor in patriotism as not to spring to arms when the life of the nation was threatened; not a hamlet so small that it had not its offering to lay upon the altar.

Far up in the blue June sky the flag unwound its starry folds, and eyes flashed as they caught sight of it; the blood leaped more swiftly along its channels, and life lost its paltriness and insignificance; the doors of the recruiting office fell back before an enthusiastic crowd.

All this went on under the windows of Dr. Thorne's parlor, and the whole household were vividly interested; Bell most of all. And now Miss Lucy knit to some purpose. The doctor, coming into dinner, announced the last recruit.

"Stephen Blair has enlisted."

A glow of tender pride swept over Bell's face.

"I knew Stephen would go!"

Something in her voice made them all look at her. After a moment the doctor turned away, saying to himself:

"Nonsense! it isn't at all likely. Such a rough fellow as Stephen Blair; good as gold though, but—women like polish. Absurd in me to think of it."

But he held the newspaper upside down, and went on thinking of it.

"Do you want to go, Stephen?"

He had come in for a moment, longing to have a sight of her before he went. He hesitated.

"No, I don't want to go. I have my mother to care for, and there are a good many things I want to do."

Not throwing his life away in a freak, no childish impulse, but the valor that reasons and dares because it must.

He glanced at her standing pale and beautiful in the soft lamplight.

"I had planned to do a great many things," he continued, with a little sigh. "I may not get all all I wished out of life, but I shall have its worth. That is what I thought, Bell. But that is past now. I must go. People talk of the military spirit. I'm afraid I haven't it. I don't care for the glory; all the pomp and pageantry of war are but little to me. I would rather stay in my shop, and see the flowers blossom, and hear the summer sounds. I think I'm not afraid to die, but it is hard to leave everything I care for behind me."

It was her he was thinking of, and yet he had no hope.

"But the cause, Stephen!" cried Bell.

"Yes, the cause—the holiest and noblest that man ever fought for; don't fear that I won't stand by it, Bell. The old flag has not sheltered me all my life for me to turn my back upon it now." Bell was silent.

Ward would have been capable of an impulse of patriotism—would he have shown that steady, wise valor that takes up its cross and bears it manfully. So at last Stephen bade her good-bye.

"I wanted to see you once more, Bell. It won't be so hard to go now," and with that he was at the door.

"Stephen, dear Stephen!" cried Bell. She ran to the door. "I want you to know how much I honor you; I knew you would go, but I did not know till now how brave it would be in you."

Her praise thrilled him; he caught her hands, covered them with fervid kisses, said some half articulate words and so was gone.

The next day Bell was in her room looking through the shut blinds upon the scene in the street below. Close ranks of men in the gray uniform of the service, a swarm of women and children pressing close up to them, the State banner, white and lustrous, fluttering over the throng of heads like a colossal bird; and more definite than all else, a figure towering above its fellows, and broad-shouldered and muscular, a sunburnt face a little pallid for all the excitement, and wistful eyes that scanned the group in the doorway again and again, and each time turns away baffled and disappointed.

Dear, brave Stephen! She did not love him, but that he had cared for her was something to be secretly proud of all her life. She could not go and stand with the rest under that storm of glances, but now, as the drums beat, the music of the band rose rich and inspiring, and the command was given to march, she threw open the blind, the brown face was instantly raised, and the wistful blue eyes met her own. Stephen carried away in his heart a picture that never for a moment grew dim—a slight figure framed in by the crimson drapery of the window, the rippling brown hair blown away from the temples, the sweet, half-smiling mouth, and the soft, dove eyes that could hardly see him for tears.

The regiment arrived in New York. It was a grand ovation. Music, crowds of people, the streets blossoming in red, white and blue; fair hands waving, and cheer after cheer welcomed the heroes. Madeline Beverley looked from between parted curtains. "Isn't it splendid?" Her black eyes were sparkling and her color brighter. Ward looked on, a cloud on his face—he knew those men.

"It is as fine as a review in the Champs Elysées," continued Madeline.

"What should you think of my going?" said Ward, gravely.

"You!" Her eyes kindled. It would be a fine thing to have him a colonel or even a captain.

"Can you get a commission?"

"No! I don't know enough to carry a captain's sword. I meant to go as a private."

"A private!" Her lip curled. "There are enough people to do that—such as those. After all, what would the glory be worth if you should be killed?"

That was what Ward was thinking, and so he presently sat down on the velvet sofa and begged her to play to him. Bell was wondering if he would go—she hoped so. If he had been hers she would have yielded him—oh, so readily—although it would have been like parting with her own life.

Two years have opened graves all over the land and left empty chairs at thousands of firesides, and taxed the courage and faith of the people. Thornedale kept her heroes in remembrance. Sometimes the church bell tolled its solemn pæan over the dead soldier, and then the war came home very vividly.

The village was proud of her men—of Stephen Blair especially. Always in front, never grumbling, and never shirking, Stephen did his duty; and the soldiers who have fought, and marched, and half starved know what it is to do that.

Sometimes the papers came to him, and one day he read Ward Livingston's marriage. A bitter hope sprang up within him. "He was never good enough for her. I never dared say it before, but I knew it."

And so the days went on, dreary camp routine, picket duty, facing the cannon, storming fortifications, till at last, retreating inch by inch under a rain of shot and shell, some fearful missile struck him and he fell. The storm of battle swept over him, and after a long time Stephen awoke from his swoon to find himself almost alone under the starlight.

He was carried in and pronounced not quite hopeless; and one day when the train stopped at Thornedale the wounded soldier was lifted out and set upon the platform, glad enough to see the dear old place once more, and to hear the never-forgotten music of the river. He might have been gone a lifetime, so much had he lived in the time.

There were no blazing fires in the shop now; the great forge hammer was silent. Stephen pleased himself with thinking that he would rekindle them by-and-bye, and put the idle river to new uses; he would fashion into shape those ideal forms that haunted his busy brain. But his strong hands had grown very weak, he almost feared he should never have complete mastery over them again. The languor would not go. Every day after a little while he hobbled out to the shop and sat down in the corner where the curious implements of his craft lay about. It was slow work; the warm sunshine came in and fell on the dark bits of iron, and the shadows of the white clouds that drifted over the sky glided up to his feet. Stephen wondered if this was what it was to be ill—to feel the energy all gone from his frame, the ambition and purpose slipped away from his heart.

There was no spring left in him, he said sadly. And now glancing up and over the way, he sees the windows open in Dr. Thorne's parlor, and he knows how genial and homelike is the atmosphere within.

And so sitting and thinking, the dull pain telling him what it is that he needs, he sees a little familiar figure come out at the door and along the street. Bell is coming to bring him the daily paper. She will pass the door and go on to the cottage he thinks, and he will let her do so.

The afternoon silence is unbroken and very sweet to Bell. Nothing but the rippling flow of the brook, the gentle monotony of the cicada's chirp, and the quiet, yellow sunshine sleeping on the houses, and the white, dusty road and the dark picturesque shop.

Bell's heart was very light; the two years past had developed her wonderfully. "It was a shame," she said, "to grow morbid and miserable over her own sorrow in such a time. Nothing was left now of her grief but a little added tenderness and depth and strength of feeling, and these might well have been won at a greater cost."

The flutter of her blue muslin dress caught Stephen's eye, perhaps the magnetism of his presence made her look around when just abreast of the shop door.

"Oh, Stephen! are you here? I was just coming to give you the paper," and before he could rise she had put it into his hands. Stephen glanced over it in some embarrassment. He had seen her at home often since his return, but now the shyness that he thought he had outlived fettered him.

Bell looked around with a girl's curiosity at the unfamiliar things about. Those curious cog-wheels and that revolving cylinder—what were they? She would ask; and turning to Stephen, met a look that frightened away the smile from her lips. She wound her hat ribbons around her fingers in great confusion. Stephen looked at her, all his love and yearning shining in his eyes. Would she take him? He thought of his crippled limb; he magnified his uncouthness.

The sunshine played around her, the wind stirred her wavy hair, brushed the fringe of the shawl she wore across her white hands. How fair she was! the delicate creature, in the dark room with all those black, rough things around her. He bit his lip. Oh, it was hopeless! Bell saw the gray look settled upon his face, and remembered that November morning two years before. How strong he was then, and now so weak and maimed. It was very pitiful. Tears sprang to her eyes. Did he care for her now? Bell stepped to the window. A minute or two passed. The rush of the falling water just below filled the silence; but she must say something.

"What are those curious things, Stephen?" she asked presently, going back to the thought he had scared away.

Stephen explained: "Inventions—he had puzzled over them in the evenings before he went to the army—patented now some of them and proved." Bell's face brightened in surprise and pleasure.

"They will make you rich, won't they?"

"Yes." But there was no gladness in his face or voice.

"And famous too?"

"Perhaps!"

"You are very sober about it," she said playfully.

"Arn't you unreasonable?"

"Am I?"

Bell caught her breath and changed color.

"Rich and famous, what else can you want?"

He rose and was beside her with three steps.

"You know what I want. Oh! Bell, give it to me!"

* * * * * *

"Well, I never!" It was Miss Lucy who said it.

"What do you mean?"

"To think that the flower of our family should marry a blacksmith!"

"Pshaw! Hugh Miller was a stonecutter. Come, Robin," and Dr. Thorne stepped into the chaise and drove off.

The cottage has put out many queer little wings and projections; a bay window looks over the river, and scarlet beans climb about it, and blue and white morning-glories open in the summer sunrise; the forge fires are blazing.

Bell comes over and looks at the wonderful things growing up under Stephen's direction, her brown hair blown away from her forehead in the pretty old fashion. They walk back to the cottage together, and there are not two happier people in the wide world.

NEUTRALITY.

A vulture sat on an old oak tree,
As brave a bird as a vulture can be,
And he cocked his head so knowingly,
As he piped away—"Neutrality."

A rooster perched on a neighboring tree,
Crowed long and loud exultingly;
Cock-a-doodle-doo for the "Land of the Free,"
Our motto shall be—"Neutrality."

And so they kept up a jolly good time,
Pluming themselves on the nerve sublime
That had saved their beaks from the dirt and slime
Of warring peoples in other climes.

So they roosted together on a shaky old tree,
This gray old vulture and the cock, you see;
And they got as fat as fat can be,
Singing all the time—"Neutrality."

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

"Tom, what in the world put matrimony into your head?"
"Well, the fact is, Joe, I was getting short of shirts."

A merchant having advertised for a youth who was "quick at figures," a young man appeared the next morning, bringing his mother's certificate of his agility in the lancers and the polka!

A gentleman presented a lace collar to the object of his adoration, and in a jocular way said: "Do not let any one else rumple it."
"No, dear," said the lady, "I will take it off."

The wit deservedly won his bet who, in company, when every one was bragging of his tall relations, wagered that he himself had a brother twelve feet high. He had, he said, "two half brothers, each measuring six feet."

The lion and the horse disputed one day as to whose eyesight was best. The lion saw, on a dark night, a white hair in milk; the horse saw a black hair in pitch. So the horse won.

"How do you like me now?" asked a belle of her spouse, as she sailed into the room with a sweeping train of muslin following her.
"Well," said he, "it is impossible for me to like you any longer."

We lately met a grammarian, says a Californian paper, who has just made a tour through the mines, cogitating thus: "Positive, mine; comparative, miner; superlative, minus!"

"Well, Sambo, what's yer up to, now-a-days?"
"Oh, I is the carp'ner and jiner."
"He! I guess yer is! What department do you perform?"
"What department? Why, I does the circular work."
"What's dat?"
"Why, I turns the grindstone!"

"Pat, you have dated your letter a week ahead. It is not so late in the month by one week, you spalpeen."
"Troth, boy, indade an' its meself that is wanting sweet Kathleen to get it in advance of the mail. Shure I'll not care if she gets it three days afore it is written, me darlint."

Widow Grizzle's husband lately died of cholera. In the midst of the most acute bodily pain, after the hand of death had touched him, and while writhing in agony, his gentle wife said to him:
"Well, Mr. Grizzle, you needn't kick about so and wear all the sheets out, if you are dying."

Punch, some time since, had this joke:
"Iron Vessels.—The duel between the Merrimac and the Monitor was a fight between pot and kettle, and indeed pot is the vessel which our navy is going to."
When the Alabama went down he ordered it to be reprinted.

Wafer says that, although he never saw a a "tie" run off, he has seen lots of collars limp within the past few days.

Why are several young ladies going in a wagon to a country ball, with no end of baggage, like trees?
Because their hearts are in their trunks.

Marine.—"How terribly the ship labors!" exclaimed the passenger to the captain, as they stood together in the bight of the binnacle; "what cargo have you in the hold?"
"Petroleum," replied the captain, turning his telescope into his trousers' pocket.
"Oh! ah!—petroleum," rejoined the passenger—"that's rock-oil; no wonder she rocks."

Apropos to Gen. Grant, a soldier writes from the front that although the men like their *otium cum dig*, they prefer the *otium* without the *dig*.

The Child's War Times.—The other day while a child was running at full speed on the sidewalk she had a serious fall. Knees and forehead were very badly bruised, and the skin peeled from one arm. That night, as she was being undressed for bed, she looked pitifully at her numerous wounds, and sorrowfully exclaimed to her mother:
"Oh, dear! what dreadful times these war times are!"

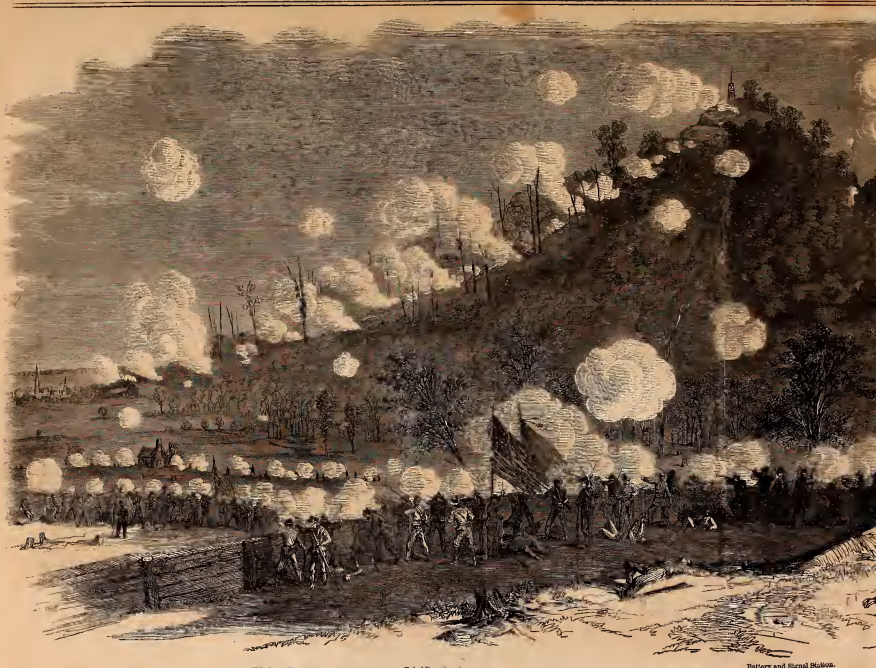
The latest and most interesting work published in Germany has this dry German title: "Hantsewen fachouk ouangtsonsmon; Bibliotheca Sindogica, als Wegweiser zur Sinolofischen Literatur." It is about Chinese Literature.

"Much remains unsung," as a tomcat said when a brickbat cut short his serenade.

How should a lover go into his fair one's house. Always with a ring and never without a rap.

At a recent meeting of the British Ethnological Society, it is said there were placed "casts of the skull of an individual at different periods of adult life, to show the changes" produced in 10 years. It is on the same principle, we suppose, that the two skulls of Dean Swift are preserved in Ireland, one when he was a boy and the other when he was a man.

A Plain Salad.—The Southerners, at the commencement of the war, being asked what they wanted, replied, "lettuce alone;" and the Northerners have, out of sheer perversity, been trying ever since to give them a dressing.



Marietta. 15th Army Corps. Rebel Breastworks. Battery and Signal Station.

SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA—THE 15TH AND 17TH ARMY CORPS ATTACKING THE REBEL POSITIO

JUST MY LUCK.

We know exactly how many there are] always waiting for something to turn up, and when it does not contenting themselves with abusing the said luck; but the oddest instance I ever knew was one of those specimens of which so many flocked to the California mines in 1859, and who were known there as "Pikes," whether they came from Missouri or not. It had been hard times with Mr. Pike, and he had not struck anything for a long time, the result of which was that he was dead broke, or, as he expressed it, "the deadest broke man you ever have saw."

The truth was Mr. Pike was lazy, very lazy, and would sooner starve than work at any time. He was first-rate at playing poker, bluff or seven-up, and was a master-hand at playing the fiddle, being thoroughly posted in all dancing-tunes. One day, when things looked amazingly dark with him, Mr. Pike sat upon the head of an old barrel, shuffling a villainously dirty pack of cards upon another, apparently for amusement. Just at this moment along came a gentleman, and stepped up to the unemployed man.

"You play the fiddle, don't you?" he said.

"Wal, what then?" was Mr. Pike's response.

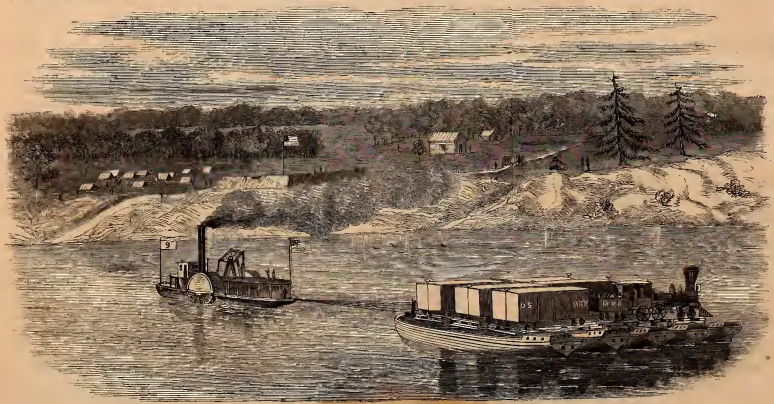
"Why, there's a little party about half a mile below here, and they sent me up for you. If you'll come down and play a little for them to dance they'll give you ten dollars."

"Carn't go," said Mr. Pike.

"Can't go!" said the gentleman, astonished, knowing that Pike hadn't had a chance to make so much in a month before; "why can't you?"

"Bekase I carn't—that's the reason! It's just my luck to git an invitation to a party, and—not go."

Mr. Pike was excused.



A U. S. MAIL RAILROAD TRAIN CARRIED UP THE JAMES RIVER.—FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUT. G. M'ARDLE.—SEE PAGE 311.

I once saw a specimen o
Pike genus on the wharf a
Francisco, who had come ove
from Missouri, and was g
with open-mouthed wonde
ship for the first time. I
been raining in the night
her sails were shaken out to
hanging like great bags fro
yards. Mr. Pike looked at
for several minutes, and
turning to me, he said:

"Wal! I've often hear
'bout them freights thes
ships bring, but I never k
till now how they brought
Now I see they fetch 'e
them ere bags!"

Another gentleman of the
style, making his first visit
wharves to see maritime o
fastened his attention on
mense anchor lying ashore
remark was:

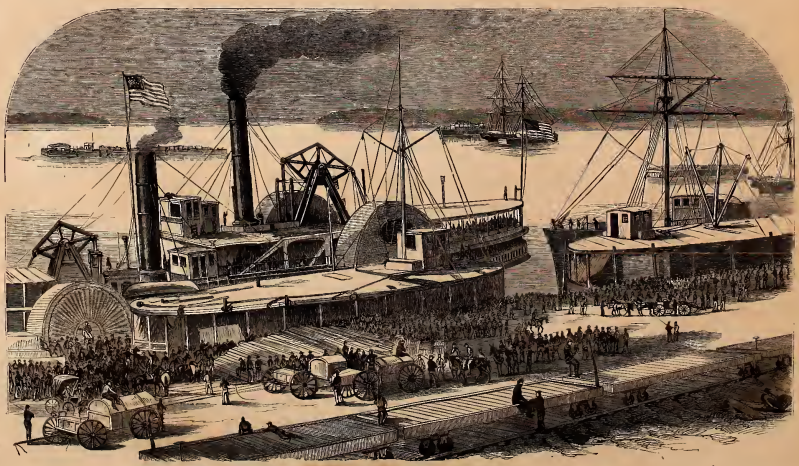
"Now, what cussed fool br
that ere big pick out to
forny? They mout a bi
they couldn't a got it up
mines!"

A Flash of Lightni
A flash of lightning onc
covered an inexhaustible tre
Near the city of Pas, in
stands a mountain, whic
natives call Telemini. O
mountain a flash of lightnin
charging itself, forced a cra
its girdle, which, falling o
side of a hill, discovered s
immense quantity of gold i
meute, says Ulloa, that g
some time sold at Pas even
as eight pieces of eight per
A treasure of this kind woul
to promise inexhaustible
to the proprietors of the
tain; but the part whenc
crag was severed is so e
covered with snow and ice
the whole year that they
never been able to deriv
other benefit than that
first instance.

It is said that the pi
away from the butcher h
he heard that prevention is
than cure.

Battery. 17th Army Corps.

POSITION ON KENESAW MOUNTAIN, JUNE 29.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. F. E. HILLEN.



THE SIXTH CORPS EMBARKING AT CITY POINT, TO PROCEED TO THE RELIEF OF WASHINGTON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—SEE PAGE 311.

ISABEL.

Like two rosebuds crushed in snow
  Are the cheeks of Isabel;
Like the violets that grow
  'Mong the daisies in the dell
Are her eyes: the stars of night
  Ne'er a mortal heart did swell
With such pure and fond delight
  As the eyes of Isabel.

Music trembles on the lip
  Of the fairy Isabel;
Oh! I'd give such sweets to sip
  Wealth that Crœsus ne'er could tell;
I would coin my brain and soul,
  Could the mintage buy a spell
That would waft me to my goal—
  Waft and win me Isabel.

As the sound of silver fine,
  Is the voice of Isabel;
Wit, like bubbles on the wine,
  Pure as pearls in ocean shell,
Sparkle through her golden theme;
  Joyful as a marriage bell
I could glide adown life's stream
  In one boat with Isabel.

THE MYSTERY OF "THE PLACE:"

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

BY J. W. WATSON.

PART III.—CHAPTER V.

"And so, ma'am, you couldn't say certainly whether the figure that you saw and spoke to in your room, the first time, was man or woman?"

Isabelle could not say. The light was so imperfect that it was impossible to see with certainty, but by the robe she thought it was a woman.

"Could she tell, by what she saw of the face, how old it might be?" questioned Mr. Brobbett.

"Yes; perhaps about thirty or thirty-five. But the face had such a strange, staring expression, something unexplainable, that it could not well be set down for an especial age."

"Was there no sound uttered by it?"

"None; only a loud breathing, which could be heard across the room."

Mr. Darius Brobbett discussed every point with Isabelle and Wilton, and asked every question, and then discussing a hearty supper under the eagle eyes of Miller, a supervision that was thoroughly returned by Mr. Brobbett, though less observable, announced his intention of taking a walk down to the village, a mile distant, where about an hour afterwards he could be seen seated at the village store, acting oracle for a group of country people, having, before his departure from "The Place," cautioned both Isabelle and Wilton against mentioning to any one his profession, or speaking of him in any other light than as a humble friend of Mr. Peyton's, come down to him with a message.

"And so," said Mr. Brobbett, "your poorhouse is ten miles away. Well, that's better than having it right here under your noses, don't you see. And I suppose you haven't got many vagrants about here as a permanent thing?"

"No," spoke up one of the gossips, "we ain't troubled with that ere sort o' cattle much."

"No woman, now, for instance?" suggested Mr. Brobbett.

"There ain't a right poor woman out of the poor'us within twelve mile but aunt Sally Nichols, an' she's not been outen her shanty for this two year or more."

"Nor any crazy folks, nor idiots, I suppose, now?" was Mr. Brobbett's next observation.

"There arn't sich a thing anywhere within ridin' distance, 'cept crazy Pete."

"And I guess it was Pete I met on the road coming up to-day?" said Mr. Brobbett, artfully, not wishing to have to ask a direct description of that individual.

"Guess not," was the rejoinder. "Pete's went down to stay at his gran'father's three weeks ago, an' hasn't got back yit."

Which bothered Mr. Brobbett exceedingly, leaving no hook on which to hang the supposition that the attempt may have been made by some roving vagabond or maniac of the neighborhood. Therefore Mr. Brobbett ventured on another tack and talked about Stanfield, finally settling down to a bit of gossip about the Swinton family.

"The old man was an honest fellow," said one white-haired ancient, who stood, whip in hand and a team at the door, just to drink one mug more of cider, and hear just one more story from somebody. "He didn't turn up his nose at his callin', even though he made money and got rich. But I can't say as much for that ere son of his, the father of the present one. He went to York and dabbled a little in everything, and everything turned to gold on his hands, but there didn't come a good name with it. And it's the same way with this one—nobody knows much about him. When he was young he was wild and run away from home, and they hear'd about him down to South Ameriky, and other outlandish places, and it wasn't till long after he'd grow'd to be a man that he came home again!"

"And I s'pose he stays down here now and looks after the farm?" said Mr. Brobbett, looking out of the corner of his eye at the old farmer.

"Looks arter the farm! He! he! he! Karl'ate he don't keer none 'bout the farm. Why, he's got more money in one day than you or I in a year. He's down here a heap, but it ain't to look arter the farm."

"What is it, then?" said Mr. Brobbett, coming to the direct question.

"That's zactly what nobody knows. There's strange talk 'bout things up to "The Place." Some says one thing and some says another; but it's a fact that there's something strange about it."

"Ghosts, now, for instance," said Mr. Brobbett, hazarding the idea.

"That's so!" said the old man. "Ghosts it is. I'm too old a bird to be caught with chaff, an' I don't say 'at I b'lieve in ghosts, but I shouldn't like sich stories to git around 'bout my place as there is up to Swinton's."

"D'ye mind the time when Jim Blakeley saw that thing hoppin' around the house last winter?" chimed in a rough-looking teamster, who had been baking his boots to a cinder for the last hour. "Warn't he skeered though! Glory! But when he kim in yer that night, he was jist as white under the gills as any ghost."

"What did he see?" said Mr. Brobbett, deeply interested.

"Why he seed a woman dressed in a long gownd, an' a lot of fixings all over her arms and head. He'd bin up to "The Place" to team a load of wood to 'em, and was just comin' away, 'bout dark, when this ere thing run right out in front of his horses, and then kim up alongside and grinned right in his face. Jim swore he'd never seen sich eyes since he was born."

"Did it say anything?" was Mr. Brobbett's next question.

"Yes; guess it did. It said a lot o' things that Jim didn't understand. He says it's 'cause it was not English; but us fellers say it was 'cause Jim was too frightened."

Deeply interested was Mr. Brobbett, and exceedingly pleased was Mr. Brobbett's friends at having found a real live Yorker who didn't "put on airs," and who would listen to their recitals with zest. And thoughtful was Mr. Brobbett that night as he walked down to "The Place," and perhaps a little fearful, if it could be judged by a certain nervous handling of a deft contrivance for discharging seven half ounces of lead with unerring certainty, which he always carried in a certain pocket for certain occasions. Particularly did Mr. Darius Brobbett finger this instrument as he went up that lonely garden walk, and especially did his small gray eyes snap around in every bush and over every stone both of the grounds and the house; but to no effect, for he was soon safely housed and in consultation with Peyton, without having met with any adventure similar to that of the veritable Jim Blakeley.

"Now, then, sir," said Mr. Brobbett, earnestly, "there's one thing in all this matter that we've got to discuss, and that thing is ghosts."

Wilton could not help smiling at this first proposition of the detective, who went on:

"Because I'm a man who don't believe in ghosts, and never did. So that part's settled."

Peyton nodded assent.

"The next thing to consider is that this affair has been done by some person with a motive."

Another nod of assent.

"Now, then, who could have a motive in the death of Mrs. Swinton but her husband? and next, who could he get to do the job?"

Peyton waited to hear farther.

"He didn't do it himself, that's clear. That it wasn't done by that housekeeper or the girl is also clear. Consequently, the next idea is, who is there outside to do it? As far as I've been able to learn to-night, no one. Now, Mrs. Swinton says positively that there has been no one here in consultation with Colonel Swinton or Mrs. Miller since she entered the house; and as they didn't know of her coming, the thing couldn't have been arranged before. On this, p'raps she's mistaken; but if she isn't, there's one thing certain, which is, that if they've been able to cover up their footprints so well as that, they'll be able to cover 'em up altogether, and we shan't be able to hit on the one that did it at all. Now, then, what's the next supposition? Why, that they didn't know anything about it at all, and that it was done by some strange beggar or tramp for robbery, or by some crazy person—a supposition that don't hold good, don't you see, because if it was so they wouldn't be so anxious to hush it up. You see that, don't you?"

Peyton did see it, and responded by saying:

"What then?"

But there Mr. Brobbett was bothered.

"What then?" he echoed; "that's the question. Why, what's the next idea? That there's somebody in this house that we don't know of—that's the next idea!"

And Mr. Brobbett looked into Peyton's astonished face with a very professional satisfaction.

"Impossible!" ejaculated Wilton. "If there had been, Mrs. Swinton must have seen some demonstration of it."

"Mrs. Swinton hasn't got more than two eyes," said Mr. Brobbett, oracularly.

"What do you advise, then?" Peyton asked.

"What do I advise?" said Mr. Brobbett. "Why I advise this house to be searched. It can't do any harm; and if any opposition is made, I advise the locking of Colonel Swinton into his own room and the handcuffing of Mrs. Housekeeper—that's what I advise!"

And Mr. Brobbett clinched his advice by bringing the articles mentioned from his pocket, and giving them a gentle shake before Peyton's eyes.

"Rather a positive way of doing the thing," was Peyton's quiet reply.

"Positives is what we want. We must have positives when we get such folks as this 'ere Miller to deal with!"

And Mr. Brobbett cast a half glance towards the door, as though he was slightly timid about that lady's entering in the midst of their colloquy.

Therefore it was agreed that next morning, without mentioning the matter to Isabelle or Mrs. Peyton—for, as Mr. Brobbett remarked, "Women have their uses, but they're better not mixed up in these affairs"—the house was to be searched at all hazards, and so Mr. Brobbett and Peyton separated, the first to go with rather more noise than was his wont to his room, as though he wanted it apparent he was not afraid, on the principle that a boy whistles in the dark, and having prepared himself partially for bed and blown out the light, to silently and stealthily, taking that same seven-shooting instrument in his hand, wrap himself in a blanket, and, in the very darkest corner of the room, seat himself in a rocking-chair, and with eyes wide open take up what looked very like a watch for the night.

It was long after midnight, and all the inmates of "The Place" were supposed to be hushed in sleep. Isabelle shared her couch with Mrs. Peyton, and Wilton slept in an adjoining room, from which a knock on the wall could summon him in an instant, while Mr. Brobbett's apartment was on the opposite side of the hall, and directly under that of Colonel Swinton.

The first breath to break the monotony of the night was the sound of a quick voice from the room above, not words that Mr. Brobbett could distinguish, but as though a frightened call had been made, and almost instantly the sound of feet upon the floor, at which, like an alarmed dog, Mr. Brobbett pricked up his ears and listened with an intensity that should have penetrated ceiling and floor. In another moment a sound was heard as of the fall of a heavy body above, and Mr. Brobbett, starting to his feet, opened his door that led into the hall, and stood on one side, waiting. He did not have to wait long, for in a few seconds the door facing the stairs, at their head, opened hastily, and a loud, sharp laugh rang over the house, that almost in an instant cured Mr. Brobbett of his disbelief in ghosts, and was followed by a voice, which he knew directly as that of Colonel Swinton's though he had never heard it, crying sharply for Miller.

Following upon this came the patter of rapid steps upon the stairs, and Mr. Brobbett dashed into the unlighted hall to receive into his arms a figure that made even his cold blood dance through his veins hotly, by its very grasp, for though the detective had proffered his body as a stoppage to the flying figure, he found in a moment that a pair of hands were on his throat with the tenacity of a fiend, which all his strength failed to unlock. Never before had Mr. Brobbett been in such a situation. It was only by the dim light of the moon struggling through his own room into the hall that he could see anything of the figure that had clutched him, and by it he saw what he hardly could believe human. The figure was tall, almost too much so for a woman, with face of a very dark hue, eyes absolutely black and deeply sunken, and skin fairly drawn tight over the bones. This was the fearful apparition that had fastened upon Mr. Brobbett's throat, not allowing him even a chance to call aloud. It was a terrible struggle for a minute between him and the figure, but the lithe, active man was almost at the first grasp overpowered, and fell, the figure going down with him, but not relinquishing its hold. Suddenly there was a report, a flash, a fierce and deathly scream, and the figure rolled away from Mr. Brobbett's throat at the very moment that Peyton's door opened and Mrs. Miller appeared at the top of the stairs.

Mr. Brobbett was on his feet instantly, shaking himself like a beaten dog, and running his hands in a frightened way over his throat, and Miller and Colonel Swinton were bending over the prostrate figure, with Peyton looking on as though confounded beyond action.

"For God's sake, Peyton, keep Isabelle and your wife from coming here! Do it if you care for them!" came gasping from Swinton.

Peyton turned towards their room, and stopped his wife, who had that instant opened the door, and with a few hurried words begging them to remain there quiet, took the key and made a surety of their obedience by locking the door on the outside. He came back to see Colonel Swinton and Miller raising the prostrate figure in their arms and preparing to carry it away. Mr. Brobbett was a silent spectator, as though stupified with the part he had played, and Wilton could only offer his assistance to be rejected by Colonel Swinton.

"No, no!" he answered to the proffer, "for God's sake, Peyton, let us alone now. Everything shall be explained in the morning. Believe me, everything shall be explained. Don't let that man go out of the house. If you really care for Isabelle, now is your time to show it. Don't tell her or your wife anything until I see you in the morning. Keep that man in the house. No harm shall come to him," and he disappeared up the stairs, carrying the limp and lifeless figure in his arms.

Peyton returned to the spot where stood Mr. Brobbett, and taking him by the arm led him back to his room, where, when a lamp was lit, it revealed a face white with the startling nature of the event through which he had just passed, and eyes twice as restless as those of an hour before.

"What do you think of that?" he stammered out to Peyton.

"Strange! very strange, and terrible!"

"What d'ye think he'll do about it?" Mr. Brobbett said, pointing with his thumb towards the upper room.

"Nothing to you," was Peyton's assured reply.

Mr. Brobbett seemed much relieved, and sat down.

"I wouldn't have had the thing happened for twenty dollars!" said Mr. Brobbett, slapping his thigh with an emphasis, as though he had placed a high pecuniary value on the transaction.

"Now, Mr. Brobbett, there's only one thing for me to ask of you, and that is that you remain quiet here and get over this; sleep if you can, and to-morrow morning we shall have an explanation."

"Oh, I'm not agoing to run away, even if I'm hung for it," answered Mr. Brobbett. "You'll find me here in the morning, alive or dead."

And so Peyton returned to his room, and from there to that of his wife and Isabelle, to reassure them, and beg them to wait till morning for an explanation, and once more quiet, if not sleep, settled upon the house.

CHAPTER VI.

It was scarce daylight next morning when Mrs. Miller appeared at Peyton's room with a request from Colonel Swinton for an interview, a request that Peyton was wakingly expectant of, and instantly accorded. That the housekeeper had passed through a night of terrible agitation was depicted on her face. She looked ten years older than the day before, and in her very tone and manner of address to Wilton showed a sinking of that courage which, whether it was real or unreal, kept her stern and proud the day previous.

He entered the room to find Colonel Swinton stretched upon the bed, and to see by the light, which was still burning upon the mantel, a white face and bloodless lips, accompanied by a look from the eyes that told of strength and will burned, if not to the socket, at least to that point where the light flickers and is unsteady. Swinton pointed to a chair at his bedside, and Peyton seated himself, waiting for some words from him that should open the conversation. When he did speak it was in a low, deliberate tone, as a man would speak who had been weakened by sickness.

"Peyton, it seems that I am to appeal in my embarrassments more to you than to my wife, and ask the mercy at your hands that I should ask at hers!"

"Colonel Swinton, you talk to me in riddles. I have not the slightest conception of your meaning. I have, I believe, in this matter acted only as a true friend of Mrs. Swinton's, and in so doing I should certainly have been a true friend of yours."

"Have you shown much friendship in bringing a stranger into my house to be a witness of what it would have been better to have kept within ourselves?"

"You made no offer, so far, to enter upon any confidential relations with Mrs. Swinton, to say nothing of myself. You have offered nothing that would have led to the expectation of a scene like that of last night!"

"Who was that man?" asked Swinton, without answering Peyton's accusation.

Peyton was silent.

"Will you not tell me who the man is that has become a partner in revelations that should have been kept only within a family knowledge?"

Peyton hesitated a moment, and then answered:

"He was an employed detective."

"As I suspected!" Swinton said, as though speaking to himself. "What does he know?"

"Nothing, as yet, but what you know of."

"But what I know of? How do I know of what he or you may have come to the knowledge of?"

"Colonel Swinton, I know nothing but what your wife has told me, and what has been told yourself, as well as what I saw last night."

"And this morning you expect from me a solution of this mystery, as you think it?"

"Yes!"

"Peyton, I do not feel that I have any right to deny it, either to yourself or Isabelle, but I say to you, before I proceed, that the revelation will be ruin to both her and myself!"

Colonel Swinton had raised himself to a sitting position on the bed, as he said this, with a fierce earnestness, but not in a threatening way, when Miller entered, not as she usually entered the room of the sick man, but hastily and without quiet. She came directly to his bedside and leaned over, whispering a few words in his ear. Colonel Swinton sprang from the bed, and hurried on a dressing-gown that hung over a chair; turning to Peyton as he did so, and making a vehement motion of his hand, he said:

"Come! for God's sake, follow me!"

Through the hall they went to a passage on the right, off from which led a staircase, independent of the main one. Up this, preceded by Miller, to a door, the only one at the head of the stairs, which the housekeeper seemed to open by some spring which she stooped to reach, and at once they were in a suite of rooms furnished with more care and expense than the rest of the house, and filled with small articles of foreign make and of exquisite taste and workmanship.

Past two rooms, apparently used as parlors or drawing-rooms, into a large chamber the three hurried to find Doctor Warner standing by the side of a luxurious bed, leaning one hand upon the foot, and looking earnestly upon whoever lay therein.

Colonel Swinton was the first to approach the couch, at the side of which he knelt, and took the hand that lay listlessly from the coverings. Peyton stood in silent astonishment just inside the door, to see the figure in the bed turn, and to recognise the features which he knew must be those of the creature, be it man or woman, that had attempted the life of Isabelle and of Mr. Brobbett. The dark, sunken eyes now lacked the wildness they had borne, and the face had no ferocity of air. The lips were bloodless, and the nostrils pinched, but there was an air of intelligence in the expression as Swinton pressed the withered hand to his lips. Doctor Warner bent down to the ear of the kneeling man and whispered some words, of which Peyton could catch only the one, "Dying!"

Swinton had drawn his face close to that of the figure, and in a voice trembling with emotion, said:

"Marie, do you know me?"

The woman made a motion, as though to rise, and passed her hand lightly down the face of the speaker.

"Doctor, do you think there is any returning reason?"

"There is no doubt of it," was the answer.

Again Swinton bent his face to the woman and whispered a few caressing words in French. Her countenance lightened up in an instant, and a low, muttering sound passed from her lips. Miller had drawn nearer the bed, and stood looking with tearful eyes upon the dying woman, who, catching a quick look up into her face, slowly put forth the other hand to the housekeeper, who, seizing it, pressed it to her lips, and sobbing out "Oh, madame!" as suddenly released it, and passing to the upper end of the room hid her face in her hands and wept silently. All this was strangely mysterious to Wilton; strange to find the luxuriously furnished apartments where only the refused part of the house could be expected; strange to see this dying woman, whom he could connect with no part of Swinton's history, installed as

their occupant; and stranger still to see him so filled with emotion, so regardless of Wilton's presence, and to see this woman, Mrs. Miller, whom he had taken for the embodiment of iciness and selfishness, give way to what he knew must be real regret and heart sorrow for the dying woman.

For some minutes all remained in silence, the heavy breathing of the woman only being heard, until Doctor Warner made a step towards her and took up the hand that Miller had released, and touched the pulse.

"She can last but a few minutes longer," he said, in a low whisper to Swinton.

The dying woman must have caught the sound or the words, for she turned her eyes quickly upon him, and in a voice strongly betraying the foreign accent, said:

"Only a few minutes, monsieur?"

Swinton started to his feet with an exclamation of astonishment, and looked for an instant almost in terror at the speaker, and Miller was by the bedside before the words had ceased. The woman brought back her eyes to Swinton's face, and spoke again:

"George!"

"Oh, Marie! how happy I am to hear your voice once again!"

"It has been a long, long sleep," she said, in a low weary tone, "but I am awake now."

Swinton was leaning over, pressing his face close to hers, and looking into her dim eyes.

"You are crying, George! Is it because I have awakened and can once more speak to you, or because, as monsieur says, I am to die in a few minutes?"

There was no answer but the echo of the one she was addressing.

"Is it not better that I should die? Something tells me that I have been a weary burden to you for many years. Sometimes I knew this in my dreams, but never while I was waking. Now I can look in your face and upon the touches of silver in your hair, and see that for years what you must have borne burdened with one whose race was accursed. Oh! why did you so burden yourself because I loved you? Do not turn away your face, George, I know the secret, I have always known it, even in my most vacant hours. Monsieur, can you not give that which will make strength, that I may live, if only for an hour, that I may say all I would say to him who has given up his best years for me, who has never spoken harshly or looked unkindly, even when I in my madness would have slain him? No! well let it be so then! Oh, I remember it all now! George, put your hand upon my heart. Where are you, darling? The light grows dim. Let your face lie close to mine. Kiss—kiss—kiss me, George!"

There was a sad stillness in the room, only broken by the sobs of Miller, and the long suppressed moans of Swinton, and Peyton went forth and left them with their dead. The catlike step of Dr. Warner followed him to the outer room, where he spoke:

"Mr. Peyton, as Colonel Swinton's trusted friend, I would beg that you defer the balance of the interview I was forced to break off for an hour or two, and allow no word of what you have seen to pass your lips until its conclusion. Colonel Swinton will keep nothing from you. You shall know all as soon as he is sufficiently composed to speak with you."

Peyton bowed to the doctor in acquiescence, and left the apartment. What he had passed through seemed almost like a dream, and even though he had been a witness, it offered no elucidation to his mind. Who was the woman from whom he had seen life depart that morning? She had been a maniac without doubt, and in that state had attacked Isabelle and Mr. Brobbett, but she had died sane, expressing the deepest love to Swinton and gratitude to those about her. All the surroundings showed that she had been kept with care and luxury; but why she had been allowed to wander out, and while attempting the life of another lose her own, was a marvel that Peyton could not unravel.

He found Mr. Brobbett in his room, discussing his breakfast with an appetite little impaired by the events of the night, and yet nervously anxious to know the meaning of what he had passed through. Mr. Brobbett did not generally hesitate to ask questions, but there was something in the face of Peyton that forbade it, and taking it for granted that the request that he should wait a few hours for a gratification of curiosity was properly founded, he was almost silent. It was the same with Peyton's wife and Isabelle, and all awaited in silent anxiety the time that should elucidate the mystery.

RAILROAD TRAINS GOING UP THE JAMES.

THE use of railroads in our war distinguishes it from all others on record. Their vital importance makes their destruction, defence, repair, matter of constant and ceaseless thought. With our superior means of mechanical construction, we are less alive to their importance than the rebels, who value them as above all price. Hence, in the recent raid, they actually tore up railroad tracks to carry off for use South, hoping to get this cumbrous booty safe to Richmond.

Among the contrivances is a curious one, which we illustrate in this paper, by which trains are sent up the James river to City Point. "Five or six barges are lashed together by means of stringpieces, upon which sleepers are placed and a track laid, so as to roll the cars on and off with rapidity and little labor. The whole arrangement constitutes one grand platform or floating bridge, which is towed by a small steamboat or tug. Great credit is due to the skill and management of E. L. Wentz, Esq., Superintendent and Engineer U. S. M. R. R., for such an arrangement, as shown in the sketch, as a whole train in a few hours is transported to City Point, a distance of 90 miles, with comparatively little trouble and small expenditure of labor. The rapidity with which a whole railroad is moved from one point to another by this means would seem almost incredible, and what a vast amount of money is saved the Government, besides the great convenience to the army, and in point of time is an item that is incalculable. Docks, bridges and details for the whole road are in like manner carried on this floating dock or bridge, which is one of the modern improvements in securing to the army complete success."

TREASURE-TROVE.

BY ADA VROOMAN.

FADE on my sight, ye Northern skies!
No more I see your sullen hue,
But spaces sweet of sunny blue
And lines of palaces arise.

A wind from Pæstum's rosy bowers
Sweeps o'er my brow, and low and sweet
With many a pause and murmur fleet
Sings Philomela through the flowers.

Along the shore the azure waves
Lisp in the sunshine; far and near
The Contadina's song I hear,
And on the sand Venetia laves

Her feet in Adria! beauteous queen,
And beauteous bride, whose smiling face
Sheds all around a wordless grace,
And still preserves the golden mean.

And now upon her seven hills
The mistress of the world I see;
Oh, Rome! I bow and worship thee—
Faith now my longing wish fulfils.

Mine eyes have known thee; happy eyes
To know the towers that Cæsar knew,
To gaze upon the selfsame blue
That stained the haughty victor's skies.

Yet, happy heart, within those streets
The Cenci's daughter met her doom,
And dying, left an added gloom
To that which every tyrant greets.

But now before my eager sight
The vision fades; a mist of tears
Has dimmed the dream of my first years—
I see instead a haze of light.

Afar gleams Florence in the sun—
Her level roofs and marble spires
Aglow with golden noontide fires—
Of fairy cities, fairest one.

I yearn to clasp thee. Even so
Yearned Dante in his exiled gloom—
Nor found content within the tomb—
No more than I shall ever know

Without thee, Italy, my own!
My queen of all the peopled earth!
My land—if not by right of birth,
By right of loving—it is known

To poet-hearts whate'er we love
Is ours; and thus I call thee mine,
Though but in dreams I see thee shine,
And know thee as my TREASURE-TROVE.

THE REBELS AT BLAIR'S HOUSE.

THE elegant residence of the Hon. Montgomery Blair, at Silver Spring, near Washington, was totally destroyed by the rebels, although it was professed at first that it was preserved through the interference of Ex-Vice President Breckinridge. The loss is a national one, as among the contents were an extensive correspondence with the greatest men of his day, matters invaluable for the future political history of the country.

Our Artist gives a sketch of the ruins, and a graphic picture of the raiders carousing in the ruins. Upon one of the bronze urns shown was the inscription in pencil:

"MISS B. B.—The rebels—Confederates—have, as far as possible, protected your house from destruction. The United States Generals wouldn't have trusted you thus, if you had been a rebel, as you call us. May you see from this treatment that we are willing to wage this war in a civilized manner. You have lost the likeness of some one of your pretty lady friends. It is in safe hands. It was preserved from ill-treatment by a gentlemanly Southern.

"Yours respectfully,
"M. J. ALEX.

"Newberne, Pulaski Co., Va."

What protection was the ruins tell. The writer well knew that no American General would have treated the house of a rebel as Blair's house was treated, and frankly admits it. They spared nothing but a carte-de-visite, so complete was their havoc, and this was carried off. On another vase was written:

"The Johnny rebs is besegin the federal captol July 12, 1864."

BATTLE AT FORT STEVENS,

July 12.

WHEN news of the rebel invasion reached Grant, he sent up to City Point the old 6th corps that had so long battled under Sedgwick. Our readers will find a view of their embarkation at City Point in our columns to-day. They went perhaps enjoying the scare of the Washington people, little suspecting that they were to have a brilliant little battle of their own under the eyes of the President.

About six o'clock on the 12th the rebels showed themselves coming down a declivity on both sides of Seventh street road (Brookville turnpike) into a little valley running across the road about a mile north of Fort Stevens. Gen. Wright ordered a small brigade of infantry to clean out the enemy from his front. The dwellings on the hill opposite, shelter for sharpshooters, were preliminarily emptied by shells, which set them on fire—shells sent from Forts Massachusetts and Slocum. Then our infantry rose, and, with a fanlike spreading to the right and left, dashed with hurrahs of delight at the two positions on each side of the Seventh street road. The rebels slid out of their riflepits and leaped from behind their fences and trees, and raced. They did not stand a moment. A regiment of cavalry issued from a wood, seemingly Blair's, to the succor of their flying infantry and sharpshooters. Our men halted to receive the troopers' charge—fired into them at close quarters—checked them—fired again, and kept firing. In three minutes neither rebel cavalry nor infantry was in sight. Our troops double-quicked in line of battle over the crest of the heights, and disappeared in pursuit, with hurrahs and laughter, on the other side, driving Rhodes and Gordon's divisions of Ewell's corps in headlong flight before them.

The little brigade that did the pretty work this evening was Dan. Bidwell's, the 3d brigade, 2d division, 6th corps, consisting of the 43d New York, 49th New York, 77th New York, 122d New York, 61st Pennsylvania, and 7th Maine. The three assaulting regiments were the 49th New York, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Johnson; 7th Maine, commanded by Major Jones; and 77th New York, commanded by Lieut.-Gen. French. Their losses were nearly 200, among them four field officers.

Brief as was the combat last evening, it was bloody. Of the rebels I counted the burial to-day of about 250, and saw and talked with 69 desperately wounded. The usual proportion between killed and wounded, if maintained in their action, would, with the ascertained killed, make a total of killed and wounded of 1,500.

WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN.

WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN, who was recently confirmed as Mr. Chase's successor as Secretary of the Treasury, was born at Boscowen, N. H., on the 16th of October, 1806. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1823, and was admitted to the bar in 1827. In 1829 he removed to Portland, Maine, and in 1831 was elected to the State Legislature. The youngest member of that body, he greatly distinguished himself in a debate on the United States Bank. He rose rapidly in his profession, and in 1840, as Whig candidate for Congress, outrun the strength of his party. In 1843 he was nominated for re-election, but declined, preferring to return to the practice of his profession. In 1850 he was again elected to Congress, but through an error in the returns, his seat was given to his competitor. He was a member of the National Convention which nominated Gen. Harrison for the Presidency in 1840. He was also a member of the Convention of 1848, which nominated Gen. Taylor, in which he supported the claims of Mr. Webster, and of the Convention of 1852, which nominated Gen. Scott. In 1854, he was, as a Whig, elected to the United States Senate, and on the night of March 3 made a strong and thrilling speech against the Nebraska bill, which had a decided effect, and established his reputation at once as one of the ablest members of the Senate. In 1859 he was re-elected as United States Senator for six years by the unanimous vote of his party, without the formality of a previous nomination, it being the first instance of the kind in the history of the State. Mr. Fessenden, as Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, has had abundant experience, and has proved himself to be a thoroughly worthy and competent man.

[In our last paper but one, by an error not discovered in season, a portrait of the late Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen was given with the name of the new Secretary of the Treasury. We give to-day a fine portrait from the photograph by Brady.]

BATTLES OF KENESAW MOUNTAIN,

June 22-7.

KENESAW mountain, a second Lookout among its fellows, as some one well remarks, was the spot chosen by Johnston as the last defence to Atlanta, in the series of Alps on Alps through which the American army has fought its way. It is about four miles in length, some 400 feet high, difficult of ascent, with spurs on the flanks, and presenting, as our readers can judge, a most dignified appearance.

Sherman resolved to flank it, and on the 22d the corps of the right and left of his army advanced, the centre maintaining its position around and upon the base of the mountain in the teeth of a very heavy artillery fire from the rebel batteries.

The 20th and 23d wheeled on the left, to hem in the rebels between our line and the railroad. The 14th Kentucky first met the enemy, who charged furiously, to check the movement. Schofield and Hooker were, however, ready. Williams's division drove back the enemy with artillery alone, without the employment of a musket. Batteries I and M of the 1st New York had secured positions which gave them a crossfire upon the rebels as they advanced across an open field, and it had proved entirely too hot for them.

Again, about six o'clock, they made the same attempt, and were driven back still more rapidly by a combined fire of artillery and musketry, which must, from the openness of the ground, have proved very destructive. Our losses were slight. They did not probably exceed 200 killed and wounded during the day, and one quarter of this loss was suffered by the 14th Kentucky.

To cover this assault upon Hooker, at eleven A.M. the enemy opened a rapid but random fire upon our centre with his artillery, placed in our immediate front, on high ridges, and from Big and Little Kenesaw and Bald Gap; our artillery returned their salutations with great vigor and precision. At every discharge of our guns the rebels could be seen running in every direction, so accurate was the fire of our cannoneers. The enemy's guns, mounted on Kenesaw, were 20lb Parrotts, capable of very long range. Their fire was principally directed on Whitaker's brigade, which still held the hills taken from the enemy.

The points desired having been gained by these operations, Sherman, thinking to gain time by a grand assault, made a general attack on the mountain.

The day was exceedingly warm, but otherwise pleasant, the roads in good order, the men in fine health and good spirits, and the powder dry.

The line of battle described an irregular semicircle. McPherson commanded the left, with Frank Blair upon his extreme; Schofield was upon the right, with Cox on the extreme right; while Thomas's gallant Army of the Cumberland occupied the centre, with Hooker, for the first time since the advance, in reserve—or, at least, the divisions commanded by Geary and Butterfield. The line ranged through swamps into dense patches of woods, and over hills indiscriminately. Vestiges of forests and second growth hung in broken patches on each flank, rendering cavalry operations extremely difficult. The centre, at least Palmer's and a portion of Howard's corps, occupied a bare, open plain, full of gullies and ravines, and only further diversified by a few stunted bushes and a solitary group of sugar trees. The left was more eligibly located, and occupied territory from which it might hurl considerable destruction upon the enemy, without subjecting it to much exposure. In front of Logan, particularly, a long ledge of rocks presented itself, enclosed by a further protection of a bevy of solid oaks. Schofield held a strong position in case he had to resist an attack, his corps being located upon the cleverest side of an elevation, partly hedged in and in process of cultivation, and partly left to its own ungrateful sterility.

The rebels, of course, had the hill, and swarmed upon it, with Hardee upon their left, with four divisions, commanded by Gens. Frank Cheatham, Pat Cleburne, Walker and Bates, with Loring (Polk's successor) upon the right, with three divisions, his own, Teach's and Claiborne's and Wither's, while that notorious one-armed, one-legged fighting devil, Hood, commanded the centre, composed of Stevens's, Stewart's, Anderson's and Hindman's divisions.

At six o'clock, Blair, upon our extreme left, moved forward to the left of Kenesaw, as if to make the rebels believe he designed turning their right wing and attacking the mountain in the rear. His men moved a considerable distance, encountering nothing but skirmishers. Dodge, on Blair's right, advanced a heavy force of skirmishers to within 40 paces of the rebel riflepits, where they halted and threw up fortifications.

Dodge's advance was supported by the troops of Gresham's division of Blair's corps, who also fought successfully with the enemy's skirmishers until the 52d Indiana, being drawn into what seemed an ambuscado, lost heavily in killed, wounded and prisoners. Gen. Dodge sent up five additional regiments to protect the flank of his line, and held on to his position. Logan's corps, on the right of Dodge's, had a severe fight.

Promptly at the hour designated, he moved out three of his brigades to assail the right half of Kenesaw. Walcott's brigade of Howard's division was on the left; Giles A. Smith's, of Morgan L. Smith's and Lightburn's, of the same division, on the right. These, advancing, scattered the enemy's skirmishers, and, pushing on up the hill with impetuosity, carried part of the rebel riflepits. Some of the retreating enemy were captured while endeavoring to escape to a gorge which separates partly the right and left halves of Kenesaw. Still pressing forward our troops arrived at the foot of a perpendicular cliff 30 feet high, from the crest of which the rebels formed in line of battle, poured forth a destructive fire, and rolled down stones upon the men. Seeing it impossible to scale these cliffs our line halted, retired a short distance and fortified on the extreme right. Cox's division of Schofield's corps attended to some rebel works on the Sandtown road and occupied them, driving the rebels beyond Hascall, and maintained some sharp skirmishing with the enemy during the day, but it was on the centre where the most desperate conflict took place.

Mitchell's and McCook's brigades of Davis's division were formed into two columns, with a battalion from Harker's, Wagner's and Kimball's, of Newton's division. At a given signal Mitchell, McCook and Harker emerged from behind our own fortifications, and rushed towards the enemy with splendid courage and enthusiasm. They beat back the enemy's advance, carried the first line of works, and charged up to the foot of his first line of defences. Wagner followed closely upon the left of Harker and Kimball. Upon the left of Wagner it seemed as though we would certainly break the rebel lines; the colors of several regiments were planted before the works, and some of our soldiers mounted the ramparts, but the death of Harker and the wounding of McCook, the terribly destructive fire of both musketry and artillery poured into our columns, and the difficulty of deploying such long columns under such fire, rendered it necessary to recall our men. Davis's 2d brigade threw up works between these they had carried and the main rebel line, and there remained. The whole contest lasted little more than an hour. We lost from 2,500 to 3,000 men, including many valuable officers. As the enemy fought behind works altogether, his loss was not so great. Harker's heroism was admired by all.

Our sketches of these two stubborn battles show the nature of the difficult task before our gallant men.

Marietta, seen to the left on the large sketch, was soon occupied by our forces. Johnston had indeed held Kenesaw against a first attack, but he durst not stand there.

Marietta is immediately on the railroad to Atlanta; it is 113 miles south of Chattanooga, and 20 miles north of Atlanta, and 11 miles north of Chattahoochee river. We took possession of the place, and hold it as an important one. Marietta has been a very beautiful town. It contained a population of about 3,000, and was a place of great wealth. It was also a place where considerable manufacturing was done for the rebels, in the way of shoes, clothing, caps, etc. It was noted for its paper manufactory, a large part of the paper used South being manufactured here. Much of the paper on which Confederate money and bonds are printed was manufactured at this place. We captured no commissary stores or supplies here of consequence. Most of the citizens fled at our approach, carrying with them their effects.

LITTLE JOHNNY'S CATECHISM.

From the *Owl*.

BRITANNIA—Can you tell me, child, what you are?

LITTLE JOHNNY—I am a very small member of a very weak Cabinet, in a very great country.

BRITANNIA—How do you account for having become this member?

LITTLE JOHNNY—By reason of the name which I inherited from my fathers and my grandfathers at my birth.

BRITANNIA—Did they give you anything else at your birth which should fit you for your present post?

LITTLE JOHNNY—Yes; the talent of sacrificing everything to keep it, and of providing for all my relations and friends.

BRITANNIA—Have you any other higher duties?

LITTLE JOHNNY—No.

BRITANNIA—Oh, poor Johnny! how sadly you have been neglected. Tell me, child, how did you expect to keep in office?

LITTLE JOHNNY—By preserving Denmark and keeping the peace.

BRITANNIA—And what have you done?

LITTLE JOHNNY—Dismembered Denmark, and involved this country in war.

BRITANNIA—And will this keep you in office?

LITTLE JOHNNY—No; bou-hou—it will turn me out.

BRITANNIA—Who hates you more than the Germans?

LITTLE JOHNNY—The Danes.

BRITANNIA—Who laughs at you more than Bismark?

LITTLE JOHNNY—The Emperor of the French.

BRITANNIA—If you go to war without him, what will happen?

LITTLE JOHNNY—We shall blockade all the German ports, and keep out our own commerce, and everything will go into Germany through France, and American cruisers under the German flag will destroy our commerce, and the French will carry the trade of the world and get the Rhine provinces, and we shall probably go to war with the United States, and we shall not be able to send enough troops to turn the Germans out of Denmark—so that the war cannot be a success, and if it is, success will be worse than failure.

BRITANNIA—Naughty boy; did you see all this at the beginning?

LITTLE JOHNNY—No; I never could see very far ahead.

BRITANNIA—Well, you have got matters into a great mess; but pay attention. You want to revenge yourself on Prussia?

LITTLE JOHNNY—Oh! yes.

BRITANNIA—And you think you can do it by going to war against Germany?

LITTLE JOHNNY—Yes.

BRITANNIA—Silly child. Do you know that the Emperor will not go with you unless you separate Federal Germany from despotic Prussia; that Bismark wants to see Hamburg blockaded by English Ships; that to fight against the principle of nationality in Holstein makes the co-operation of the Emperor impossible? But you can support independent Holstein and Germany against the tyranny of Prussia, and get the Emperor to assist you against Prussia, and get a better line for the Danes, besides humiliating Prussia. My dear boy, I know German politics are rather difficult to understand; but before going to war, you really must have a clear idea of who is your enemy, and how you can best damage him. If you go to war with Germany, you fight against your best ally. If you go to war for Germany, you will destroy Prussia, and get far better terms in the end for Denmark. If you had only asked somebody who knew about it at the beginning, you might have saved yourself this lesson, which will make everybody laugh at you.

THE editor of the New York *Monthly* states that a gentleman of the highest veracity related to him the following snake story, which beats anything we have read lately: "Going into an ordinary for his dinner, he was surprised to observe the extra care with which a gentleman, who took the seat opposite to him, took off his hat. He turned his head as nearly upside down as possible without breaking his neck; then placing his hand over his hat, he again turned it, and received its carefully guarded contents, concealed in a pocket-handkerchief, on his hand, then gently laying the back of his hand on the cushion, he slid the hat and its contents off and commenced his dinner. The attention of my friend was irresistibly attracted towards the hat, and his surprise was greatly increased on observing the head of a sizeable snake thrust out and looking sharply about him. The gentleman, perceiving the discovery, addressed him thus: 'My dear sir, I was in hopes to have dined alone, and not annoyed any one with my poor pet. Allow me to explain: He is perfectly harmless—only a common black snake. I was advised to carry him on my head for rheumatism. I have done so for several weeks and am cured—positively cured of a most agonizing malady. I dare not yet part with him, the memory of my sufferings is too vivid; all my care is to avoid discovery, and to treat my pet as well as possible in his irksome confinement. I feed him on milk and eggs, and he does not seem to suffer. Pardon me for my annoyance; you have my story—it is true. I am thankful to the informer for my cure, and to you for your courtesy in not leaving your dinner in disgust.'"

THE artificial register of a man's voice above its natural compass is like a sham-fight—it is a false-set-to.

SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA—THE ATTACK OF THE 14TH, 16TH AND 20TH ARMY CORPS ON KENESAW MOUNTAIN, JUNE 22.—From a Sketch on the Special Artist, J. F. E. Hulse.—See Page 311.

THE OPERATIONS NEAR WASHINGTON—SCENE OF THE FIGHT IN FRONT OF FORT STEVENS, JULY 12 AND 13.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. F. MULLER.

A SIMILE.

The family is like a book;
  The children are the leaves,
The parents are the cover,
  Protective beauty gives.

At first the pages of the book
  Are blank and purely fair—
But Time soon writeth memories
  And painteth pictures there.

Love is the little golden clasp
  That bindeth up the trust:
Oh, break it not! lest all the leaves
  Should scatter and be lost.

AMY.

"Amy Ley is sick and not expected to live," said a bright, black-eyed boy to his companion one beautiful autumn morning, as he entered the schoolroom.

"What did you say, Willie?" I asked, feeling alarmed at the unwelcome tidings.

"Why, teacher," answered the child, "Amy was taken very sick last night with the fever, and Mr. Ley came over after mother, at twelve o'clock last night, and got brother John to go for the doctor. When mother came home this morning she said Amy could not live, and the doctor said so too."

I could not question the child further, I felt too sad and too heartsick. Could it be possible that one so young and beautiful as Amy should be called away in her youth, just when life was most fair and lovely? With a sad heart I rang the school-bell to call my happy pupils to their studies, and as I took my seat among them I knew not how soon I would miss one of their merry faces, how soon one of my little flock might be called away, or that I too might receive the summons. The preceding Sabbath I had spent the day at Amy's home. Amy had much to tell me as we sat together on the vine-covered portico. She was talking of the happy future, around which fancy wove so many shining garlands. She was soon to be a bride, and as she drew forth her wedding-dress I kissed her blushing cheek, and prayed that life might be always fair. But, then, the morrow: how little we know what it has in store for us. It was now Thursday. Amy was soon to pass into the land of shades.

That was a dreary day to me, and as I dismissed my scholars in the evening, I fondly hoped the case was not so bad as Willie said it was.

That evening I walked slowly and sadly across the fields that led to Amy's home. The twilight was growing deeper and darker, but I did not heed it, for my thoughts were far away, trying to solve the mysteries of the future. But as I entered the sick room I saw at a glance that hope was fruitless. Amy was lying on the bed, pale and motionless, and her short, quick breathing told that life was ebbing fast, the doctor stood by, holding her pulse, but as I entered he laid it down and went away. Father and mother, sisters and brothers stood around, watching the loved one with anxious care. James Walton, the affianced husband, was seated at the foot of the bed with his face buried in his hands, and I saw his strong frame quiver and shake, like a tall tree of the forest as it bends to the merciless wind. Oh, how I pitied him.

I kissed the beautiful invalid. She opened her eyes and looked at me, a faint smile shot across her features, but that was all. My entrance aroused James. He arose and stood by the bedside, and as her gaze fell on him she stretched forth her arms for him to come nearer. He bent low till his face touched hers and kissed her fevered lips, and then, covering his face with his hands, wept bitterly. I left the room and turned my steps towards home. What right had I, a stranger, to intrude? That was no time for idle gazers on. The parents, I knew, would rather be alone with their dying child.

The moon had risen and was shining brightly as I retraced my steps, and my heart felt subdued and sorrowful.

The next morning Amy was dead. She had passed away calmly as the day had ended, and never again would we see her more. The Sabbath she was buried, laid in the deep, silent tomb. How beautiful she looked in her bridal robes! Little did she think as she stitched together the snowy fabric that it would moulder around her in the tomb.

James Walton turned away from that spot a ruined man, just two years before he had first met Amy, while on a visit to his uncle's who lived close by.

"You are very much interested in agriculture, my boy," said the old man; "I will take you over to farmer Ley's this evening; I want you to see his farm; everything is in apple-pie order, and he has a fine daughter, too," said the old man, with a sly laugh; "you will need a little woman to take care of you some of these days, and Amy is a fine girl."

"Pshaw, uncle," said James, "you don't think I could ever coax a woman to have me, for she could never endure to live out on the bleak prairie, and I got along very well keeping bachelor's hall."

But in spite of his bantering tones, James was interested, and why he could not tell. Perhaps it was fate.

That day was their first meeting, and the artless girl made an impression on his strong heart never to be erased. His visit was considerably lengthened, and those pleasant autumnal evenings invariably found him at farmer Ley's. Sometimes he and Amy would take a walk over the cooling hills, at others a moonlight ride, always together and always happy, and when he went away he left his own heart and took Amy's with him. It was the next spring the rebellion broke out James wrote to Amy in this manner:

"Amy, strong arms and brave hearts are wanted; will you not say, Go, James, with God's blessing, and protect our insulted banner?"

And Amy did say it, though it cost her many bitter tears, and many round spots on the paper showed where they had fallen, but she loved her young lover most deeply and truly for his noble patriotism.

A few weeks found him with a band of men as brave and noble as himself; it was Capt. James now.

Amy was sitting by the window, sewing, one day all alone, when a loud knock at the halldoor startled her; who could it be? and laying aside her work she went to the door.

A handsome officer in uniform stood before her.

"Oh! James, James," she exclaimed, joyously, "how glad I am that you have come."

"I could not go away without seeing you, Amy," he said; "but when this war is over I will have you with me always, shall I not, Amy?"

And Amy said, "As you please, James."

That was their last meeting till he came home to make her his bride, but the day she was to have been his found her the bride of death.

No wonder he was stunned by the blow, sometimes the tall trees that have stood the storms of many years are laid prostrate at a single mighty blast. He went back to his men so changed, so altered; he was no longer the gayest, happiest man in the regiment, poor James. Was there any work to be done requiring heart or courage, Capt. James was the man, foremost in danger; the bravest of the brave was Capt. James, loved, honored and respected by all who knew him, and the boys said, We will follow where Capt. James leads. Through many bloody battles he passed untouched, but at last, once when the shouts of victory were long and loud, his voice was not among them, and they found him cold and lifeless among the slain; an opened picture was in the rigid hand, dead Amy's picture. They dug his grave, and he and the picture will moulder together, but in happier spheres may their souls be reunited.

An Ancient Custom.—The triennial ceremony of "throwing the dart" in Cork harbor was performed a short time ago by the Mayor of that city. This is one of the very few still extant of those quaint ceremonials by which in olden time municipal boundaries were preserved and corporate rights asserted. A similar civic pageant, called "riding the fringes" (franchise) was formerly held by the Lord Mayor and Corporation of Dublin, in which, after riding round the inland boundaries of the borough, the cavalcade halted at a point on the shore near Bullock, whence the Lord Mayor hurled a dart into the sea, the spot where it fell making the limit of his maritime jurisdiction. At 2 P. M. the members of the Court Town Council embarked on board a steam vessel, attended by the civic officers and the band of the Cork City Artillery. A number of ladies also accompanied the party. The steamer proceeded out to sea until she reached an imaginary line between Poor Head and Cork Head, which is supposed to be the maritime boundary of the borough. Here the Mayor donned his official robes, and proceeded, attended by the mace and sword-bearer, the city treasurer and the town clerk—all wearing their official costumes—to the prow of the vessel, whence he launched the javelin into the water, thereby asserting his authority as resident High Admiral of the port. The event was celebrated by a banquet in the evening.

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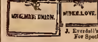

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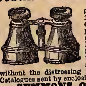

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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 463—Vol. XVIII.] NEW YORK, AUGUST 13, 1864. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly. 10 Weeks $1 00.

What is the Prospect?

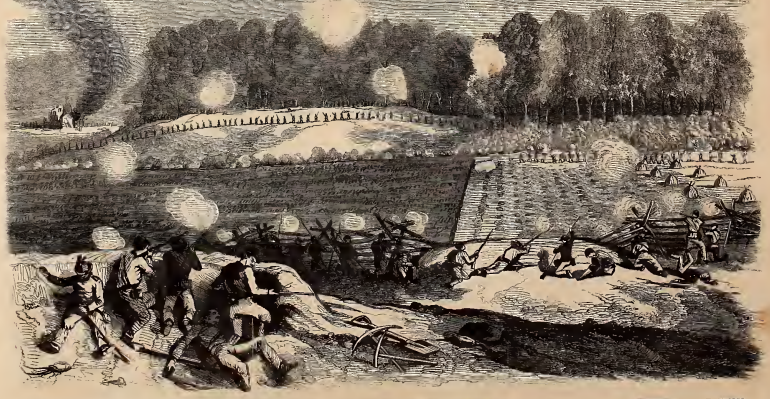
What is the prospect? When will this long night of dreadful war give way to the welcome dawn of peace? Notwithstanding the apparently inexhaustible military forces, resources and facilities of all kinds possessed by the loyal States, as developed in the prosecution of this gigantic war, we are beginning to feel its pressure on every side, in everything and in every way. With the continued expenditure of a thousand millions a year, for even another year, against a national income from war tariffs and war taxes of less than one-third this enormous outlay, the national currency must still continue to decline, in value, more or less, the prices of the essentials of life, of labor, and all the products of labor, must still continue to advance, until we reach that fearful crisis of a financial collapse, and its dreadful consequences of universal bankruptcy and confusion. We think there is reason to apprehend that unless, in the interval to December next, some victories are obtained by our armies so decisive and comprehensive as to banish all doubts of the issue of this mighty struggle, the national treasury will not much longer be able to sustain itself, although Mr. Secretary Fessenden may display the highest financial abilities, and the broadest sagacity, in his efforts to weather the storm.

The war drags heavily. The rebellion, in this campaign, exhibits a degree of vitality and tenacity which it was supposed it had for ever lost with the staggering disaster of Chattanooga last November. The late contemptible peace-at-any price faction of the North is becoming bold, boastful and defiant, and threatens to rule the Chicago Democratic Presidential Convention; the original enthusiasm of the great Northern war party is no longer visible to the naked eye; dark forebodings are entertained, and gloomy prognostics are uttered on every hand; and yet the general confidence of the country in the crowning result of this terrible contest was never so firmly set, nor so clear in its perceptions as it is to-day.

How are we to explain this strange anomaly between the doubts and fears which are everywhere manifested and immovable faith in the approaching triumph of the Union which everywhere seems to exist? This is an interesting enigma, but its solution is simple and easy. There is, whatever may appear upon the surface, a prevailing impression in the public mind that the vital forces of the rebellion are nearly expended; that strong and energetic as it still appears, it is but the strength of a dying man, and the energy of despair. In a word, the great body of the intelligent people of the loyal States believe that Gens. Grant and Sherman, before they go again into winter quarters, will certainly demolish or disperse the two great armies upon which Jeff Davis has staked his fortunes and those of his sinking Confederacy.

Neither successful rebel raids nor disgraceful Union defeats of a secondary character, East or

HOW HORSES ARE TREATED IN THE ARMY—CAUSE OF THE TREMENDOUS LOSS OF HORSES.—FROM AN ACTUAL SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST IN TENNESSEE.



SCENES BEFORE WASHINGTON DURING THE REBEL RAID—REBEL ASSAULT ON THE WORKS NEAR WASHINGTON, REPULSED BY DISMOUNTED CAVALRY AND MILITIA, JULY 12.—SKETCHED BY GEO. H. DURRIE.

West, nor the long detention of Gen. Grant on the south side of Petersburg, nor the embarrassments of the Treasury, nor the derangements of trade, nor the multiplication of our taxes, nor the proclamation of another draft for 500,000 men, nor have all these things, together with the mischievous peace agitations of a deluded peace faction, been sufficient to shake the faith of the loyal masses of the country in the near approach of the complete success of the national cause, military, financial and political.

At length, too, this faith of the people in the triumph of the Union is beginning to be justified by the substantial achievements of our armies East and West, by the recent tremendous manifestations of the strength and tenacity with which Gen. Grant sticks to his purpose of capturing Richmond, and in the steady and irresistible movements of Gen. Sherman, which have carried his splendid army from Chattanooga down into the heart of Georgia, and to the focus of a railroad system which virtually secures him the command of the State and the whole South-west. It is to the veteran and never-failing army of the Potomac under Gen. Grant, and to the irresistible grand army of the West under Gen. Sherman, that the great body of the people of the mighty North look for the speedy settlement of all doubts, and fears, and embarrassments touching the important question of the probable duration and final issue of of the war. We fully share in this cheering belief that the rebellion is at last in its dying struggles, that the end is near, and that the most glorious rewards to the active friends of the Union for the great sacrifices they have made upon its altars will soon be revealed over the length and breadth of the land. Yet a little while and the fulfilment of this cheering vision of victory, peace and reunion will be made visible to all eyes. The present overwhelming campaign will surely end in this crowning result to the Union.

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537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 13, 1864.

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Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

The recent raid was not ended as soon as supposed. After Wright abandoned the pursuit of the rebels, they turned on Averill, who fought gallantly, supported by Crook, near Winchester, on the 24th and 25th of July, but was at last driven through Martinsburg and fell back to Harper's Ferry.

Col. Mulligan, while gallantly leading his men, was mortally wounded and taken prisoner.

The rebels immediately began to destroy the Baltimore and Ohio railroad.

Sheridan is said to have attacked Early at the Rappahannock and recaptured much booty.

GRANT'S ARMY.

Grant's plans are beginning to unfold. He made a movement north of the James.

Gen. Foster is at Deep Bottom, beyond the James, seriously threatening Richmond by the nearest road. His position is some miles nearer to the capital than Harrison's landing is.

Lee, alarmed at this, sent troops to check him. On the 28th Grant sent Hancock silently and secretly to aid Foster. The rebels, however, discovered it and attacked them on the ponton bridge over the James. But Hancock, in a brief action, drove them into their entrenchments, took many prisoners, and recaptured four Parrott guns lost by us in May.

Lee, evidently expecting a battle, here made all preparation, strengthening his works and concentrating his troops. Torbert and Gregg's division of Sheridan's cavalry force next engaged the enemy and was for a time forced back by the overpowering body in front.

While both parties were apparently equally earnest in preparing for the great battle here and skirmishing constantly, Grant was preparing a surprise before Petersburg.

At ten minutes to five on the 30th he exploded a mine before Burnside's position, made by Col. Pleasant's 48th Penn., blowing up one of Lee's forts nearest to the Appomattox, and our men of the 5th, 9th and 18th corps, under a murderous artillery fire that had for a time been pouring into the rebel works, rushed into the enemy's entrenchments, carrying the first line.

PENNSYLVANIA.

The new rebel raid has come off. On the 29th July it was announced that the enemy were approaching Chambersburg. At three A.M. on the 30th a rebel force of 800 reached it, after driving back a small force near Mercersburg. Gen. McCausland demanded at once $100,000 in gold, and almost immediately fired the town, destroying 265 of the most valuable and elegant public and private buildings. It was fired at eleven A.M., and the rebels decamped at once, as Averill was said to be approaching. He entered soon after and pursued them to McConnellsburg.

MISSOURI.

In consequence of the audacity of the rebel guerillas and their brutality, Gen. Rosecrans, by the authority of the War Department, has called for nine regiments of six and twelve months volunteers for the protection of the State from guerillas and to repel invasion.

In the same connection Gov. Hall has issued a proclamation, stating the emergency for more troops to be great, and urging the people to fill up the regiments at once.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The news from Charleston to the 21st states that Fort Sumter was undergoing another destructive bombardment from our batteries and fleet. The firing was very slow, but accurate, and serious damage resulted to some of the strongest portions of the fort. The fire on Charleston is also kept up.

The work of erecting residences for the rebel prisoners on Morris island progresses, though the rebels annoy the workmen to the extent of their ability by shelling the buildings.

GEORGIA.

The battle of the 22d, in which Hood attacked the veterans of Hooker, Howard and Newton, resulted in a total repulse of the rebels, with heavy loss; but in a subsequent attack on Blair's corps he gained a temporary advantage, enabling him to boast of a complete victory. He has, however, lost at least 7,000 men, while Sherman's loss does not exceed 2,000, and he utterly failed to relieve Atlanta.

Gen. Forster's late expedition created a great scare in Savannah. The rams were moved down to the obstructions of the river, and Gen. Johnston sent a brigade of Georgia troops to Savannah, which was diverted at Augusta to John's island, where they participated in the fight of the 9th.

ARKANSAS.

On the 15th July 250 of the 10th Illinois were surrounded in their camp, at Zaracy, by 1,500 of Shelby's men; about one-half cut their way out, the rest were taken.

Price's army is at Camden, and Kirby Smith is attempting to prevent reinforcements from Banks reaching Gen. Steele.

NAVAL.

The steamer Kingston, of the Georgetown and New York line, ran ashore, near the mouth of the Rappahannock, on the 22d, and was destroyed by the rebels, who boarded her in boats. The pilot, a Baltimore man, was suspected of treachery.

The steamer B. M. Runyon struck a snag off Griffith's landing, Miss., on the 21st, and sunk; many of the 10th Missouri cavalry were lost.

On the 8th the Kanawha, Penguin and Aroostook destroyed a blockade-runner coming out of Galveston.

Invisible Gold Ink.—Put as much gold in as small a quantity of nitric acid as will dissolve it, and when this is done dilute with two or three times the quantity of distilled water. Next dissolve, in a separate vessel, fine pewter into nitric acid, and when well impregnated add an equal quantity of distilled water. Write your characters in the first solution, and let the paper written on, etc., dry in the shade. To make them appear, draw a hair pencil or sponge dipped in the second solution over the paper.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A deputation of influential British sympathisers had an interview with Lord Palmerston on the 15th of July, seeking to advise the Government to lead in an offer of European mediation in the American war. The Anglo-rebel party argued the matter with considerable tact and point. The position of the English Cabinet on the subject may be collected from the witty, poetical, yet profound sentence in which Lord Palmerston conveyed the essence of his reply, reminding his audience that

> They who in quarrels interpose
> Will often wipe a bloody nose.

It is intimated by the London *Herald* that Mr. Lindsay had, previous to this, withdrawn his recognition motion from the books of the House of Commons, in consequence of an implied assurance, given by Lord Palmerston to Mr. Mason and himself, that the Premier would support recognition at a more opportune moment.

There was a large demand for United States stocks in Frankfort, prices having fallen in consequence of the report of a great rise in the exchanges in New York.

The rebel loan had again advanced in London.

Peace negotiations were in progress between Denmark and the allied Germans. A truce to the 31st July had been concluded. The German blockade is to be raised in the meantime, and the basis of a peace laid down. The new Prime Minister of Denmark had sent a peace message to Berlin and Vienna.

It was proposed in the Italian Senate to break off diplomatic relations with Spain, the Queen not having recognised the new kingdom. The Foreign Minister replied that, as Italy had been recognised by the Great Powers, she did not need the acknowledgment of Spain. An Italian Senator urged the Government to seize the Spanish college at Bologna.

The London *Morning Post*, in an editorial on the question of the alleged Holy Alliance, observes that nobody can follow the remarks made on the documents lately published without arriving at the conviction, which is by degrees becoming more firmly established abroad, of their genuineness. How could the Prussian Minister admit that he wrote that dispatch and yet expect to keep the peace? Of two evils he chose the least, nor will it be the first time in the history of diplomacy that a statesman has denied a fact to avert the disaster of a war, for such a war as France might wage against Prussia, upon the strength of the dispatches, could not fail at the present moment to be disastrous.

The King of the Belgians was about to pay a two days' visit to the Emperor Napoleon at Vichy.

The Danish question has assumed a painful aspect. The preliminaries are to be settled in Vienna; in the meantime hostilities had been suspended. It is said that Louis Napoleon had declared against Denmark entering the Germanic Confederation, as it would give Germany a naval element dangerous to France. The ill-feeling between the King of Prussia and the British press was very intense.

TOWN GOSSIP.

Who can picture the glories of a good, old-fashioned rainstorm to a parched city?

Our country cousins, all over the land, who have of late been mourning over burnt-up crops and unhealthy cattle from drought, can have some idea of it, but they fail to realise the first hissing patter of the rain on the baked pavements and the glowing housetops, that drink in the falling drops and send them off turned into steam enough to whisk the whole town away at the rate of a North river steamboat.

For 40 days and 40 nights New York was without rain, and that with some days when the mercury counted up to 100. At last it came in torrents, and water enough fell in a couple of hours to put out the fires that were burning in the ground and cool the red hot metal roofs. To be sure Miss McFlimsey was excessively annoyed at the fall thereof, because upon that very morning she had arranged to leave for Newport, and was obliged to defer it until next day; and also was Mrs. Dildrum Doldrum terribly put out, for upon that identical morning she expected all the Mildrums out to Doldrum Hall for a *fête champetre*, which accordingly met with an indefinite postponement, as the creams and jellies would not keep. Outside of these little disappointments the rain of the last week came off charmingly, and was hailed by the pent-up members of "The Can't Get Away Club" with genuine satisfaction.

To one who is fond of looking out of the windows there are a good many things in a city rainstorm worthy of real thought and remark. We shall mention one of these. While the grateful showers were pouring down the other morning we could not help noticing the hundreds of little ones, from three years to 14, paddling their way through it to school. Children generally love to be in the rain, but the consequences are not understood by them, but should be by the parents or teachers. On that day thousands of children sat all day in school with wet garments and feet, possibly in strong draughts, or what is worse, sweltering in close rooms, and sowed the seeds of disease, to remain with them for life. It was everybody's business to see that they did not come to school in the rain, or if they did, that their clothes or shoes should be dried, and consequently it was nobody's business.

The same rule applies to the thousands of young girls in the workshops of the city. From the breaking of day, in summer rain or winter snow, they can be seen wending their way umbrellaless, and oftentimes half clad, to their places of labor, there to sit or work in their saturated garments for 10 or 12 hours, or until they dry from the heat of their bodies. The plan is not calculated to make healthy mothers, or to fit them for the duties they may have to perform when "I don't work any more now, I'm married."

There seem now to be but two all-absorbing topics in every circle. The first is the expected draft, and the second the still rising value of everything necessary for our daily life. This latter does not alone affect the poor, but those who have heretofore supposed themselves comfortably affluent suddenly find that their good incomes have dwindled into a bare and economical living. People, while struggling in the present, cannot help looking forward to the coming winter and thinking of its difficulties in advance. With coal at $18 per ton, and provisions at even its present high rates, the six months of cold weather bids fair to be a severe trial to the working man. Add to this the fear that he may be snatched away into the army, and no $1,000 to purchase a substitute, while his wife and children must be left to battle along as best they may, and the prospect is a hard one for the poor man.

We look upon the apathy of our people to the families of soldiers in the Union army as something terribly criminal. We think that those who were dependent for support on one who is now absent in the service should be supported, not as an ungraceful act of charity, or a stintedly doled-out relief fund, but as a right, by the local authorities. What is a few millions, more or less, to preserve children from starvation and death, and women from something worse? These are miseries that can be avoided. They are simply miseries that our full pockets can cure, and they should be cured even though future generations labor to repay it.

The whole system of society is a perpetual dead-headism, and it seems almost like running one's head against a stone wall to correct any branch of an evil so great.

But there are certain heads of this hydra which it is more than a personal duty to lop away. The first is the deadheadism supposed to exist between the theatres and the press. We take hold of it with less compunction, from the fact that it has long been the object of the theatrical management to make it appear that they are overrun by the applications of pressmen for free entrances. To those who are cognizant of the facts no refutation of such an assertion is necessary, but to the public sometimes explanations of even the most simple truths are a vital necessity.

The most straightforward way to do this will be with figures as the illustrating power. A daily paper that makes any pretension to keeping the run of theatres and noticing their doings will not, during the week, insert less than 250 lines of critique or paragraphs calling public attention. Should this be paid for merely as an advertisement, at the lowest rate, say 25 cents per line, it would amount to $62 50. In making this estimate we ignore the fact that these notices always occupy the best part of the paper, and are written at the expense of its proprietors, but simply put it on a business ground.

Now let us see what compensation the management makes for this service. The name of the editor-in-chief is of course on the free list, and to be liberal we will say two *attachés* of the paper. For the sake of argument we will admit that each of these gentlemen go every night to the theatre, and occupy seats, keeping the management from realising the sums of 50 cents each or nine dollars per week in all. The management can certainly not claim greater liberality than this, but while we allow him the claim, the truth will be that none of these *attachés* or editors will really be found there, but the regular dramatic reporter, kept at the expense of the paper to advertise the management.

The manager knows this fact, and farther knows that, should this gratuitous support of the press be withdrawn, he would have to double the amount of his advertising and printing, and seek new modes of reaching the public attention, such as would tend to a terrible depletion of his treasury. In return for this favor the manager throws open his doors to the press, placing it on a par with the general public, less the pecuniary disbursement. When, therefore, an editor presents himself before the doorkeeper, should that functionary's memory and temper be good, he is admitted, if not he must give his name and await identification. If he goes through this without flinching, he is allowed to have a seat if he can get one; if not he has the privilege of bribing some flunkey of an usher, with a quarter, to give him one of those marked "engaged" by this said flunkey, or he may stand, as others stand who will not do it.

These are the privileges an editor gets from that so much coveted free admission to the theatres. We know that there is a weakness in human nature towards whatever they can get for nothing, and that even a millionaire is not above free tickets to a show, but we respectfully beg leave to assert that the rule does not apply to the deadheadism of the press. All they get in that line is paid for ten times over.

The event of the week in the dramatic line has been the production of "The Rose of Castile," by the English opera company at the Olympic. The opera is one of the weakest of Balfe's; weak in music, in plot and in action. There is a sameness in the music throughout, and at no time does it rise to a point calculated to excite enthusiasm. The story is the old one, treated in a hundred ways, of a queen of Spain who plays a masquerading match with the Infanta of Castile, she disguised as a peasant girl, and he as a muleteer, each seeking in a mysterious, operatic way to find and win the other. The object is, of course, finally accomplished after various adventures, and much bad music, to the entire satisfaction of everybody, even the audience, if we can judge by the applause from a crowded house. Mad. Borchard has not during the last week come up to her standard, and the reason given is illness. She has little to do in her rôle calculated to produce startling effects, the better portions of the opera being given to the tenor, Mr. Castle, who sings badly, acts badly, and gets through his speaking part in a way that would do discredit to a schoolboy's first attempt. He has a rather good song in the first act, "Yes, I am a Muleteer," which he does better than anything else set down for him. In the second act Miss Louisa Myers sang "Love's the greatest Plague in Life," with an earnestness and pleasing manner, and satisfied her audience intensely; but it was not until Campbell in the third act gave them "Hark! hark, methinks I hear!" that they awakened to a good hearty encore.

In spite of its defects the opera was a success, and in spite of the shortcomings of the company, the chorus and the orchestra, it was calculated to draw for a long time to come; therefore, under the circumstances, we are sorry to know that, by some misunderstanding, the season was obliged to close in the flush of its success, the house being wanted for other purposes.

At Wallack's the Irish drama is still being done with *Mr.* Dan Bryant as its exponent, the Mr. having been achieved since its owner debutted in the dramatic line, to be laid by, undoubtedly, when he returns to burnt cork and the banjo, a consummation he declares will occur, and most devoutly to be wished. We say this not because we think Mr. Dan Bryant a poor exponent of the Irish stage business; on the contrary, we regard him as equal, if not superior, to any in that line, but we deprecate the spoiling of a good African to add to the already surfeited Irish line.

Niblo's, with Lucille Western, is doing a cool business with the "Sea of Ice." The ice scene in the second act ought either to cool the public wonderfully or do exactly the reverse.

Helen Western, at the Broadway, still crowds that neat little house nightly, and is demonstrating that the public have a growing taste for the emphatic drama and for well-shaped limbs. There is no disputing the versatility of, as the bills say, "the young, the beautiful, the fascinating," etc.

Barnum still sticks to "Mazulme," and shows the public that he knew what they wanted. It is very clear that an audience in very hot weather like to see violent action, and the spryer the pantomimist jumps about the more they admire, and congratulate themselves on their own exemption.

We will venture to say that never before has New York in the very height of the hottest weather seen a more prosperous theatrical season. With everybody that is anybody out of town, all our theatres and places of amusement are crowded nightly to excess. Money is plenty, and the people without care. Who says we have a terrible civil war raging in our midst?

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The official statement of the public debt, as appears by the records, shows that the debt outstanding bearing interest in coin is $883,887,842, a difference less than the amount stated on the 19th July of $731,000; the interest being $52,623,281. The amount of debt bearing interest in lawful money is $404,553,520, or nearly a million and a half more than in the previous statement, with an aggregate lawful money interest of $21,027,000. The debt bearing no interest is $516,732,032. The debt on which interest has ceased is $370,190. The recapitulation shows the aggregate amount outstanding to be $1,805,523,565, with interest in both gold and lawful money to the amount of $73,650,530. The principal is $0,320,000 more than last month's statement. The unpaid requisitions amount to about $77,000,000, and the amount in the Treasury is nearly $15,000,000.

—— Provost-Marshal-General Fry has issued a circular, to the effect that skilled mechanics and operatives employed in the arsenals and navy-yards of the United States, who shall be drafted and on examination be held to service, will not be required to report for duty under such draft, as long as they remain in the aforesaid service, provided the officer in charge shall certify that their labor as mechanics or operatives is necessary for the naval or military service.

—— The quota of this State is alleged to be 89,318. This is about 2,700 to each Congressional District, taking the average. It is one in seven and six-tenths of the total vote of the President in 1860: and nearly one in 44 of the entire population. This ratio would produce, on the population of the Free States and Territories in 1860, about 435,000 men—a considerable figure below the half million call.

—— The quota of New Jersey under the 500,000 call is 15,891, or 3,180 for each Congressional District, as an average. New Jersey gave 121,125 votes for President, and had a population of 489,555 in 1860. The draft calls for about one in seven and six-tenths of the voters (same as in New York State), and one in 31 of the population.

—— Missouri's quota is said to be 26,678, about one in 44½ of her population in 1860, and one in 6¾ of her voters for President.

—— The steamer B. M. Runyon, from Natchez, struck a snag off Griffith's landing, 15 miles below Greenville, Miss., on the 21st of July, and sank to the hurricane roof in about five minutes. She had 600 people on board, including 440 of the 10th Missouri cavalry, 50 refugees, some furloughed soldiers, and a number of cabin passengers. About 50 were lost. Half of this number belonged to the cavalry regiment, and the remainder, excepting two, were refugees and negroes. But two cabin passengers are believed to have been lost. Gunboat No. 11 came up about 20 minutes after the disaster, and recovered about 40 persons. Others swam ashore.

—— The New York *Tribune* says: "Those who write to inquire whether the payment of $300 commutation exempts for three full years from all drafts are informed that such payment, if made at any time prior to February last, does so exempt. In February, the law was changed so that the payment of $300 thenceforth exempted only for the impending draft; while since the passage of the act of this month there is no commutation whatever. All who are henceforth drafted, and are found liable, must serve in person by a substitute."

—— Twenty of the mechanics who recently left Hartford and vicinity to go to Nashville and Chattanooga, to work for Government, have been gobbled up by Confederate guerillas in the neighborhood of Chattanooga.

—— Extensive woodland fires are reported around East Corinth, Calais, Ellsworth and Danville, Maine, and some of the stagedrivers are obliged to run their horses for miles through the fire and smoke from both sides of them.

—— There is abundance of testimony, it said, to prove the recent allegations about the "Order of American Knights," who have been conspiring for a new North-West Confederacy.

—— Cyrus W. Field has gone to find a place in Trinity Bay, N. F., for landing the American end of the Atlantic Telegraph cable, with one of Queen Victoria's steamers-of-war to carry him from St. John's.

—— The sports of the New York Schutzen Club were brought to a close on the 28th July, the first prize falling to Mr. L. Kissinger, who was duly crowned Schutzen Konig with all honors. A banquet at Mr. Sommers's hotel closed the proceedings.

—— An exchange says: "Female gymnastics are becoming quite popular in the country as well as in the city. Mrs. Plumb has been very instrumental in spreading so excellent a taste. In a few years our belles will be famous for their muscular development and health, as they are now for their beauty."

—— The Boston *Transcript* says: "The crop returns look better and better. In Pennsylvania there is an enormous yield of everything, and the drought and insects have done less damage at the West than was generally supposed. Indian corn, which had begun to curl up extensively, is now looking promising, owing to the recent rains, and potatoes, buckwheat and sorghum will yield fairly. The wheat and hay crops have been almost as good as the average."

—— The authorities at Richmond grant passes to all women, children and old men who may desire to come North. Indeed, they rather encourage the emigration.

Military.—Should Gen. Fry adhere to the opinion of Solicitor Whiting, denying exemption to 100 day men, some dissatisfaction will arise in Massachusetts. When Gov. Andrew had made his arrangements with the War Department, some days ago, respecting the 100 day men, he telegraphed to his Adjutant-General to proceed at once, saying that the men would not be liable to be drafted until their term of service had expired.

Personal.—The Troy *Times* says: "The wife of Gen. Seymour has received several letters from her husband, who is now in Charleston, under the order of Gen. Jones assigning Federal prisoners to localities exposed to the fire of our shells. Gen. Seymour states that he is in good health and spirits, and speaks of a recent order he has seen, instructing the Confederate officers to treat him humanely during his stay there. The order was countersigned by Davis, and was prompted in consideration of Seymour's humane treatment of the rebel wounded after the battle of Sharpsburg."

—— Gen. McPherson, who was killed near Atlanta, was engaged to be married to a beautiful and accomplished young lady of Baltimore. The dispatch announcing his death by accident fell into her hands on its arrival. It was addressed to her mother, who, not being able to see well without her glasses, passed it to the daughter, engaged to the deceased, to read it. Seeing that it recorded his death, she instantly fainted.

—— Hon. David Turpie has been nominated for Congress in the Ninth District of Indiana, against Mr. Colfax. He is candidate for the Lieutenant-Governorship, and whether or not he will accept the nomination for Congress is uncertain.

—— The Governor of the State of Maine ordered Company A of the State Guards, Bangor, to garrison Fort McClary, at Kittery Point, for 60 days. Mr. Hamlin is a member of that company, and, like a true soldier, accompanied the expedition. He is now at the fort, and will do his duty.

—— Senator Sprague, of Rhode Island, has furnished a "substitute," who left Providence for the field on the 23d July.

—— In the Supreme Court at Chambers, Mrs. Fernando Wood applied for an order appointing a receiver to take charge of her interests under the will of her late father, Drake Mills. She claims title to 10,000 shares of the stock of the Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad Company, under the will. On the other hand, it is claimed that there is another legatee.

—— Mr. Moses Taylor declines the appointment of the United States Assistant Treasurer at New York. His reason is the pressure of his other business, which would prevent the care and attention which he deems due to the position offered him.

—— On Wednesday evening, July 27, the citizens of Perth Amboy, ladies and gentlemen, gave to Rear-Admiral David R. Porter a serenade by Grafulla's Band. The Admiral is on a brief furlough. He appeared in acknowledgement of the compliment, and Mr. Vincent Colyer, of this city, delivered an address of welcome.

—— James P. Holcomb, of Virginia, one of the Confederate peace negotiators, was for a while a student at Yale College, in the class which graduated in 1840. He resided several years in Cincinnati, and is known as the author or editor of several law treatises. He is at present professor of law in the University of Virginia, and was a member of the last Richmond Congress.

Obituary.—The death of the Rev. John Meginnis of San Francisco, and formerly of this city, is announced. The deceased was a native of Ireland, and 68 years of age. He was ordained a priest by the late Bishop England of Charleston, S. C., and officiated at St. James's Catholic church, New York, until 1841, and afterwards until 1850, when he removed to California, at St. Andrew's. On arriving in California he became pastor of St. Patrick's church, holding that position up to 1862. By his will almost all his property is left to the Branch Orphan Asylum at Mount St. Vincent's, where a handsome chapel at which he had officiated up to within a few weeks of his death had been built. The funeral of the deceased clergyman was attended by a vast number of persons to whom he had endeared himself.

—— Miss Caroline M. Nixon died in Bangor, Me., on the 20th July. She was the divorced wife of James M. Nixon, the theatrical manager: was herself some years ago a dashing equestrian performer, and was travelling professionally at the time of her death. She had last winter an "equestrian arena" under her management in Brooklyn. Amid much domestic trouble she always maintained an honorable personal and professional reputation.

Accidents and Offences.—Capt. Street, of the British barque Delaware, from Demarara, reports that another disastrous fire occurred at that place on the 4th ult., which destroyed a large portion of the town saved from the previous fire. The loss is several millions of dollars.

—— A destructive fire occurred at Napanee, C. W., a few days ago. A large cabinet factory, a plaster mill, a sawmill and a large new foundry, with two dwelling-houses, were totally destroyed. Loss, about $50,000.

—— The beautiful little village of Phelps, Ontario county, N. Y., was the scene of a terrible conflagration on the 20th July. Five horses were burned and 25 buildings destroyed. The total loss was about $35,000, only a third of which is covered by insurance. This is the second time within a few weeks that the village has suffered severely by fire.

—— One of the workshops attached to the Western House of Refuge, at Rochester, N. Y., was totally destroyed by fire on the 24th of July. The sparks from this fire were carried by the wind to the Lake avenue church, a quarter of a mile distant, which was also burned. Total loss, about $80,000.

—— The fire at Springfield, Mass., on the 23d July, was the most disastrous that has ever occurred in that city. The entire loss is estimated at $122,000, on which there was an insurance of $80,000.

—— Wm. H. Baily, a Custom-House attaché, was lately committed by Justice Dowling, on a charge of forging notes to the amount of $1,435, on the well-known firm of Howland & Aspinwall.

—— On the 23d July, about an hour after sundown, Dupont's powder mills, at Wilmington, Delaware, were blown up, caused by a spark struck out by the machinery. Two mills were destroyed. Several persons were injured, but no lives were lost. The loss will amount to about $60,000.

—— A fatal accident occurred at Baltimore on Tuesday morning, the 26th July. The front wall of a warehouse in course of erection on Peca street, near Lexington street, fell. Mrs. James Keysers, passing at the time, was caught beneath the ruins. Her skull was fractured, and both legs were broken, and her life is despaired of. Frank Lipp, a lad, seven years of age, was fatally injured. Two workmen were also injured, but not fatally.

—— The railroad elevator and adjoining sheds at Ogdensburg were burned on the 28th July, with 2,000 barrels flour and 100,000 bushels grain.

—— Mr. John Bellamy was, on the 28th July, arrested on a charge of setting fire to his store, No. 396 Broome street, on the 15th June last, with the intention of defrauding the insurance companies. Justice Dowling held him to bail in the sum of $5,000.

—— At a late hour on Monday, the 25th July, G. P. Folsom, an additional Paymaster in the United States Army, was arrested in Washington, by order of the Secretary of War. Folsom is said to be a defaulter to the amount of about $11,000.

—— Late on Wednesday night, the 27th July, William Pinto Bunaventura, an Italian, residing at No. 68 Catharine street, and who has been partially insane for some months, attempted to commit suicide by shooting himself with a pistol. Placing the muzzle of the weapon in his mouth, he fired, the ball passing up into his head and lodging under the left eye. He was conveyed to the New York Hospital.

Art, Literature and Science.—Mr. John Harrington has on his easel, at his studio, 16th street, a view of Province Town, Cape Cod. Harrington is one of those who divide their time between the pen and the pencil, and with greater success than generally attends a divided allegiance. His paintings are distinguished for their truthfulness and color. Rosenberg is another artist who is equally great with his pen. He has lately completed a tragedy for Forrest, and is now preparing for the press a volume of poems, which cannot fail to place him in the first rank of our living poets.

Odds and Ends.—The New York *Times* says: "The Newport *News* condemns the 'secesh' sentiment prevailing at that fashionable watering-place. It states that the rebel cockade is prominently displayed every day on the fashionable drives, by women who are loud-mouthed in their denunciation of the Northern people and the Union army. In the parlors these degraded females give expression to sentiments that no respectable woman will entertain, while the secession brawlers keep gentlemen away from clubs."

—— The old elm on the village green at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, has been cut down and sold at auction for $10 to a person who received $100 for small pieces from it within a short time after. The tree was at least 300 years old, and had been struck several times by lightning. The distance from the ground to its first limb was over 100 feet. Everybody in Pittsfield regretted that safety made its removal necessary.

—— It is reported that among the heaviest individual orders for United States Five-Twenty Bonds recently executed in the London market, and pointedly referred to by the London *Times* and *Herald*, was one from The O'Donoghue, an Irish Representative in the Imperial Parliament, whom Rev. Henry Ward Beecher on his return from England expressly mentioned as one of our staunchest friends in the British Islands.

—— Try this, some of you. Fasten a nail or key to a string, and suspend it to your thumb and finger, and the nail will oscillate like a pendulum. Let some one place his open hand under the nail, and it will change to a circular motion. Then let a third person place his hand upon your shoulder, and the nail becomes in a moment stationary.

—— One of the Sandwich Islands judges is named Ii; but, says an exchange paper, "whether it is pronounced Big-I-Little-I, Double-I, Eye-Eye, or My-Eyes, nobody knows."

—— The Lewiston (Maine) *Journal* says there are a couple of old maids in our town who have been trying to see how many cats can be multiplied by one pair. In three years the number was 442 cats and kittens.

—— John and Julia's chess problem, by Amator. John to move and mate in two moves:

John moves his arm round Julia's neck;
She moves one square, and whispers—check;
He nothing daunted, moves right straight
His lips to hers, and calls out—"mate!"

—— Edmond About, in his late work on "Progress," divides the French elements of character into these two—the churchwarden element and the café element. The former is the work of the church and the priests; the latter is fond of pleasure, war and glory, opposes the government and hates the priests.

—— Dumas was lately vaunting to a fellow *litterateur* of the beauty of Naples, and disparaging Paris. The Parisian tartly replied that it was known that the city was so dirty it was impossible to put a foot down anywhere in safety. "But the sky is pure and celestial," said Dumas. "Yes," responded his antagonist, "because it is beyond the reach of Neapolitans to dirty it."

—— It was recently asserted in the French Chambers by a government orator in reply to M. Thiers that the value of the real property of France was 83,000,000,000 of francs, or about 16,600,000,000 of dollars; and of personal property 100,020,000,000 of francs, or 24,000,000,000 of dollars. Of these last, 7,000,000,000 of francs were in moneyed securities.

—— An ingenious Frenchman residing at Dunkirk has devoted the last ten years of his life to teaching music to poultry. He has taught a drake to sing many notes like a canary, and is now teaching a turkey to talk.

—— A French writer computes the loss of life by railroad travelling to be one in every 7,000,000 passengers.

—— It appears from a Parliamentary return that the total number of electors for cities and boroughs in England and Wales was 478,447 in 1862–3, and 491,229 in 1883–4. In Scotland the numbers were 52,519 in 1862–3, and 52,618 in 1863–4. The total number of electors for counties in England and Wales amounted to 534,085 in 1802–3, and 535,788 in 1863–4. In Scottish counties the numbers have decreased from 49,043 in 1862–3 to 49,109 in 1863–4.

The fact is well-known that Dr. Gouraud's Italian Medicated Soap is a certain remedy for all cutaneous diseases of the skin, as well as a potent remedy in the cure of pimples, freckles, tan, sunburns, &c. This delicious and soothing compound can be had at the Doctor's depot, 453 Broadway; and our Philadelphia readers can obtain it at Mr. Upham's well-known establishment, South Eighth street.

DESTRUCTION OF ARMY HORSES.

The destruction of horses during our civil war is something utterly unparalleled. Statements of the daily loss have been made which are so great that they almost exceed belief. The contract for the dead horses has been one of the most profitable, if not one of the most agreeable, even among those which have made so many contractors millionaires. The mortality is caused mainly by frauds in furnishing unsound horses, and oftener still by the gross neglect of the horses. They are frequently left without food, no provision being made to get up the necessary supplies. An artist with the Army of the Cumberland some time since sent us a sketch, which we now produce, and which proves conclusively how far this neglect has gone. The wagons were actually gnawed down to the bottom by the starving horses.

SCENES AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL DURING THE REBEL RAID.

We gave in our last some sketches of this raid, which will figure so prominently in the history of our National Capital, and add now two others, the night attack on the 11th of July, and the repulse of a rebel assault by the 25th New York dismounted cavalry and militia, holding the extreme advance of our skirmish line.

The dwellings of Richard Butt, Wm. Bell, John H. McChesney, Robert McChesney, James Morrison, Abner Shoemaker, and a house occupied by David Donlay, all of them immediately in front of Fort Massachusetts, and which obstructed the range of our guns, were burned by our troops to prevent their being used as shelter for the enemy's sharpshooters. These at one time had advanced to within less than 75 yards of the fort under the cover afforded by the buildings and the immense undergrowth of bushes over the stumps of the first military clearings.

The ruins of these houses and of others fired by the enemy will be seen in our sketches.

Brisk skirmishing began again at daylight on the 12th in front of Forts Massachusetts and Stevens, on the Seventh street turnpike, about four miles and a half from the city. The rebel sharpshooters appeared to be numerous, and kept up a continual fire upon our men.

THE REBEL RAM SAVANNAH.

The recent alarm at Savannah caused the rebels to send down the harbor their ram Savannah—the main defence of the city. Poor Georgia! with Sherman advancing into her heart, and exposed to an attack in her great city at any moment, with no part absolutely safe, begins to realize the beauties of Secession. The ram Savannah, on which she stakes her defence, is a ram of the Merrimac pattern, to which the rebels so steadily adhere. She has been for some time ready for service, but the speedy punishment and capture of the Atlanta has been such a lesson, that she has never ventured to come out to engage the Union vessels. The sketch we give is from a drawing by our Special Artist from a distant view. In her recent movements she wisely kept out of action.

THE ALBANY STEAMBOAT ST. JOHN.

Travellers up or down the Hudson will miss it greatly if they do not make a trip on the magnificent steamboat St. John, which we illustrate in our paper. The press, too often, perhaps, praises any new boat when it is first put on a line, but in this case we cannot go beyond the truth in styling it the most magnificent boat ever yet seen on the North river, and surely this is high praise.

The St. John is 417 feet long, with a breadth of 85 feet. The wheel has a diameter of 47 feet, and is driven by an 86-inch cylinder.

Its immense surface affords unexampled accommodations; and our readers will not be surprised to learn that there are between 300 and 400 staterooms, and will carry in comfort over 1,000 people. The furniture throughout is elegant and the decorations of the saloons magnificent. It is one of those floating palaces that seem to exist only in the Arabian tales, and never to be met with in such a matter-of-fact age and country as our own.

She was built by John Englis, and is now commanded by Capt. W. H. Peck.

The St. John is one of the well-known People's Line (P. C. Smith, Agent), and leaves New York on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, connecting with the various lines of railroad from Albany for the North and West.

SIGNAL TOWER ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

The tide of war has rolled away southward from Lookout Mountain, and it is again an object of interesting resort in summer, with its attractions heightened by its glorious historic associations, and the chance of being caught by guerillas.

Lookout mountain is one of the most noted earth giants in America, and terrifically uplifts its majestic presence to a height of 2,400 feet above the Tennessee river at its base. The ascent to the summit is by a road four miles long, cut out of its awful and precipitous sides; but when reached, the lover of nature is amply repaid for his pilgrimage thither. Standing on its summit the tourist drinks a bracing air; his eye wanders over a vast sea of forests and cultivated fields, until its vision is bounded by the mountains, 50 miles distant. The dashing Tennessee meanders in graceful curves beneath his feet, now lost to view, and then the glimmer of its waters breaks out again in the far distance. Awful precipices and mighty rocks are all around; and looking from their dizzy heights, the rushing locomotive, the struggling steamboat and the lazy wagon train seem mere playthings amid the great realities of nature. But the most charming view of this great natural picture is from the "Point." From this place the tourist's rapture-smitten eyes peer forth on a wondrous picture of plain, river, city and farms, farmhouses, woods and lofty hills and far-distant mountain ranges, no words can portray, no pencil paint. At one sweep of the eye, from west to east, six States may be seen, Alabama, Tennessee, Georgia, North and South Carolina and Virginia. Looking straight out from the pinnacled "Point," towards the North, the eye is charmed, the heart filled, the soul intoxicated with a vision of loveliness and beauty as rare and glorious as that which greeted Cortez and his bold followers when, from the crest of the Cordilleras, their ravished gaze first fell upon the lake-dotted, palace-spangled, mountain-girdled Valley of Mexico. To the left you behold the Racoon Mountain, one of the sentinels of that wild pass where the Tennessee madly breaks through the barriers of its mountain home; in front the Cumberland chain, stretching grandly away towards the north; to the right, in the rear distance, the Chilhowee range, sweeping around in graceful curves from south to north, while above and beyond, majestically overtopping all, rise the distant Alleghanies, robed in hues as "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue" as poet ever sang, or lover ever dreamed. Within these mountain ranges, and spread out at your feet like an illuminated chart, lies a vast, shield-shaped plain, diversified by wooded hills, sparkling streams—the lovely Tennessee running through it from end to end like a curled white ribbon garlanding its beauty—thread-like lines of railway, fair-lying farms, with speck-like cottages in their midst, and in the centre a gem of increasing splendor—the little city of Chattanooga. It was from this point that the Indians were wont to descry the distant approach of the emigrant boats of the white men, and give notice to their confederates stationed below to be in readiness to attack them. Traces of military occupation will long remain in this remote wilderness, and travellers have pointed out the rebel signal station, the works that Hooker stormed, the heights he scaled.

LITERATURE.

We have great pleasure in calling attention to a new *Art Journal*, whose start in life has been so successful that it bids fair to be one of those rare phenomenon in the periodical press of the present day—both a critical and pecuniary success. It is with a feeling of additional pleasure that we recognise it as the property and under the editorial supervision of one with whom our readers have had a long acquaintanceship, an acquaintanceship which we believe was disagreeable neither to him nor them, although his connection as editor has for some time ceased with this paper. We allude to Henry C. Watson.

The leading feature of *Watson's Art Journal* is musical criticism, although general art and literature both receive a fair share of genial and critical consideration. The tone of the criticism is elevated in character, yet liberally predisposed to kindness rather than censure; and as an intellectual *brochure*, this journal must rank among the very best which have ever appealed to the musical and artistic public. One feature it possesses that is undoubtedly attractive; every week it publishes one or two "Lyrics for Music," in many of which we recognise the graceful and facile pen of the editor himself. We should be tempted to quote from these charming lyrics, one or more of them, but we think that the best way will be to recommend our readers to forward their subscriptions for the *Journal* to the publication office, at Dodworth's Hall, which will insure their regular receipt of one of the most talented and thorough of the many attempts to establish a permanent channel for sound artistic criticism in New York. It deserves the success that it has met with, and it is with decided gratification that we chronicle this fact in our own columns.

Trinity Collection of Church Music.—This collection has been made by the late Dr. Hodges of Trinity Church, in this city, with valuable editions by the present editor, S. Parkman Tuckerman, organist in St. Paul's church, Boston. It is undeniably the best work of the kind ever published in the United States, and indeed we may frankly say that it is a volume which deserves, for its general correctness and comprehensiveness, to be in the hands of every church choir or serious choral society in the country.

LOVEABLE WOMEN.

According to a new "Theory of Harmony and Form," certain combinations of a circle, triangle and square produce a perfect type of female beauty. This may be called reducing loveliness to a mathematical demonstration. We have always considered women a wonderful problem, yet never suspected that this was the true solution. But perhaps the theory is only symbolical. A hoop is a circle, the Eugenie cocked hat is a triangle, and the fashionable cloaks are all squares. Possibly the new theorists intend it to be understood that these three, with a good-looking girl "included," constitute the beau ideal of feminine fascination. If so, we don't agree with them. The "Theory" goes on to say, however, that the "regulation of the geometrical figures must be in accord with certain harmonic proportions existing in music;" from which we infer that a lady mathematically beautiful appears to most advantage when dancing to the sound of a piano.

Our own notion of a truly loveable woman—and none other is really beautiful—is not mathematical, though it may comprehend harmony and melody, especially of the voice. There are women of sweet, maidenly natures, growing up in the practice of kindnesses, of tender household duties, of simple godly aims, and of genial, pleasant accomplishments,

"Till, at the last, they set themselves to man
Like perfect music unto noble words."

Byron brings before us the image of one of this sweet sisterhood in half a dozen lines:

——"Around her shone
The nameless charms unmarked by her alone;
The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face,
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole—
And oh! that eye was in itself a soul."

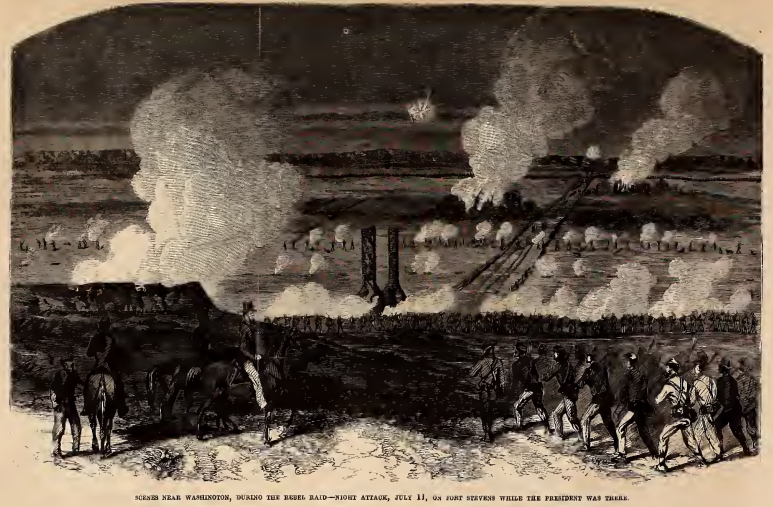
One rarely sees this style of lady in the street in a pork-pie hat with a scarlet feather, or at the opera heavily fettered with jewellery. She does not divide her walking hours into three equal parts—devoting one to gossip, one to shopping, and one to flirting. She reads, thinks, never scolds; and when she loves—she loves.

Army pies are so terribly tough that the soldiers call them leather pies. A poor fellow of Grant's army, whose arm had just been amputated, was being carried past a stand the other day where an old woman was selling pies, when he raised himself in the ambulance and called out:

"I say, old woman, are those pies sewed or pegged?"

The Ruling Passion.—In the "Bald Eagle Ridges," in Clinton county, Pennsylvania, lives a certain maiden lady. Twice in her lifetime she was engaged to be married, and twice some unforeseen event interposed to destroy her hopes of matrimonial bliss. Hers was a sad case. Time began to wrinkle her fair brow, and no new suitors were there to offer themselves. To add to her distress she became sick, "nigh unto death." The junior preacher on the circuit—a large, overgrown and bashful boy—was sent for. The sick room was well filled with sympathizing neighbors when the young divine made his appearance, and, after some remarks, proceeded to read a portion of the Scripture. He fell upon the chapter in which the woman of Samaria is introduced. When he read the words: "Go call thy husband," the sick woman groaned a little; but when he uttered the words: "The woman answered and said, I have no husband," the dying woman rose upright in her bed, her eyes flashing fire as she squeaked out the following: "I ain't agoin' to stand yer taunts, if you are a preacher—clear out of the house now! I've had two chances for a husband, and will live to see another—see ef I don't!" She recovered, but the war interfered with her matrimonial prospects.

Advice that every Man should Read.—We have probably all of us met with instances in which a word heedlessly spoken against the reputation of a female has become dark enough to overshadow her whole existence. To those who are accustomed—not necessarily from bad motives, but from thoughtlessness—to speak lightly of females, we recommend these hints as worthy of consideration: Never use a lady's name in an improper time or in mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think are untrue, or allusions that you feel she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a reckless and unprincipled manner, shun them, for they are the very worst members of the community—men lost to every sense of honor—every feeling of humanity. Many a good and worthy woman's character has been for ever ruined, and her heart broken by a lie, manufactured by some villain, and repeated where it should not have been, and in the presence of those whose little judgment could not deter them from circulating the foul and bragging report. A slander is soon propagated, and the smallest thing derogatory to a woman's character will fly on the wings of the wind, and magnify as it circulates, until its monstrous weight crushes its poor unconscious victim. Respect the name of woman, for your mothers and sisters are women; and as you would have their fair name untarnished and their lives unembittered by the slanderer's biting tongue, heed the ill that your own words may bring upon the mother, the sister or the wife of some fellow-creature.



SCENES NEAR WASHINGTON, DURING THE REBEL RAID—NIGHT ATTACK, JULY 11, ON FORT STEVENS WHILE THE PRESIDENT WAS THERE.

COL. B. F. TRACY,

109th N. Y.

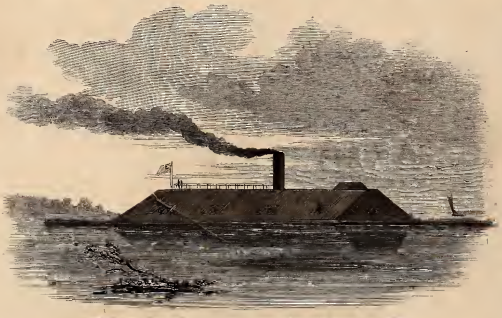
It would be unfair to the officers of inferior rank if we were to confine our illustrations simply to the many brigadier and major-generals. We have taken as a creditable specimen of the colonels the commanding officer of the 109th New York.

Col. B. F. Tracy was, at the beginning of the war, a successful lawyer in Tioga county. He was born at Owego, in that division of the State of New York, on the 26th of April, 1830. Here he was educated and admitted to the bar. At the age of 23 he was so prominent that he was, in spite of his youth, elected District Attorney, and filled the position with such credit to himself and satisfaction to his constituents that he was re-elected.

In the fall of 1861 the people of the county were deeply interested in the completion of the Chenango Canal, and urged Mr. Tracy to allow himself to be put forward as a candidate for the Assembly, to urge the measure. He was elected, and obtained the passage of the required act, which, however, failed to become a law from the fact that the Governor omitted to sign it.

In the summer of 1862 he was selected by the Military Committee for the 24th Senatorial District to raise a regiment of volunteers. It was a new field entirely to him, but he undertook the task with his wonted energy, and raising two regiments, offered to get up a third. On the 22d July, 1862, he was commissioned Colonel of the 109th, and on the 30th of August marched with it the seat of war. After some time spent in the defences of Washington it was ordered to Warrenton Junction, where it joined the 9th corps, being attached to Gen. Hartranft's brigade, of the 3d (Wilcox's) division.

At the battle of the Wilderness, May 6th, it carried the enemy's rifle-pits, though unable to hold them. In a second charge they again carried them, and pushed on their Colonel in the van, but as he was not supported he fell back to the captured works, and forming them, held them against all attacks.



THE DEFENCES OF SAVANNAH—THE REBEL RAM SAVANNAH, NOW READY FOR ACTION.

SIGNAL STATION ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, ERECTED BY THE REBELS DURING THEIR OCCUPATION.

THE GENEVAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Is situated on Gates Avenue, corner of Hunter street, Brooklyn, and was constructed during the past winter and spring, under the supervision of Mr. John H. Kelso, for the Greene Avenue Presbyterian Church. It was ready for occupation in April, but owing to the absence of the pastor (Rev. W. B. Lee), was not dedicated until the 10th of June.

The edifice is built of brick, and its extreme appearance is neat, symmetrical and substantial. Within, the principal room or auditorium is about 35 feet by 60 feet, and 25 feet in height, abundantly lighted and well furnished. Opposite the platform and desk, and under the front gable, is an ornamental stained window, bordered by leaves of oak, encircling the legend, "Jehovah Tsid-kenu"—"The Lord our Righteousness"—an old testament title of Christ.

The trussing of the roof timbers is exposed, having been finished and grained in oak, to correspond with the other woodwork; the walls are rough cast in blocks, representing cut-stone; the whole effect is pleasant; the room will seat about 300 persons; cost, $9,000.

It was formally dedicated on Sunday, June 19th.

The sermon in the morning was preached by the Rev. Philip Schoff, D. D. The theme was the internal and external development of the Church of God, as illustrated by the twin parables of the leaven and the mustard seed. In addition to the pastor, Rev. W. B. Lee, the Rev. Drs. Hodge and Norris assisted in the services. In the afternoon the dedication sermon was preached by the pastor from text Exodus xxv. 8: "Let them build me a sanctuary that I may dwell amongst them." A discourse solemn, impressive and evangelical.

The Rev. Dr. West administered the ordinance of baptism to the youngest child of the pastor previous to the sermon, and at the conclusion of the discourse offered the formal dedicatory prayer. The Rev. Messrs. Beebe and Hancock, of the Presbytery of Nassau, were also present and assisted in the exercises.

In the evening the Rev. Dr. Rice preached from Ephesians ii. 8: "By grace are ye saved;" and was assisted in the accompanying services by the Rev. D. H. Junkin, D. D., and the Rev. Dr. Elmendorf, of the Reformed Dutch Church, and also by Rev. Mr. Neander, of the Presbytery of Nassau. Several other clergymen also were present. The house was filled throughout the day with a most attentive and interesting audience.

THE GENEVAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

In our old age the mind brings together the scenes of to-day and those of the long gone time. We shut 80 years into each other like the joints of a pocket telescope.

There are many trials in life which do not seem to come from unwisdom or folly. They are silver arrows shot from the bow of God and fixed inextricably in the quivering heart.

THE ARK.

BY ROSENBERG.

I.

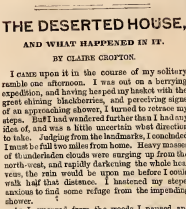
Sallye surging round my soul
Swart and deep the waters roll—
No horizon can I see
Where a place of rest may be.
Out, young Passion! out and try
The pathless wave and boundless sky;
Passion's wing is loosed in vain—
Passion finds nor pause nor rest—
With ruffled wing and rumpled breast,
Passion cometh home again.

II.

Out, Ambition! stronger still—
Great of heart and large of will—
Vulture wing and eagle eye—
Sweep the wave and search the sky,
Spite of storm and battling wind,
Place and spot of rest to find.
But in vain, Ambition's flight
Sweeps the wave for place of rest;
Home it comes, with bleeding breast,
Shattered wing and failing might.

III.

Dear Home-dweller! gentle Love!
Timid plume and eye of dove!
Thine at length the task to try—
Out, and search the wave and sky.
Nor flies the trembling one in vain—
Back it comes in joy again.
Love brings home the olive-leaf—
Love has found the place of rest—
Woman's true and tender breast—
Only home in every grief.



THE DESERTED HOUSE,

AND WHAT HAPPENED IN IT.

BY CLAIRE CROFTON.

I came upon it in the course of my solitary ramble one afternoon. I was out on a berrying expedition, and having heaped my basket with the great shining blackberries, and perceiving signs of an approaching shower, I turned to retrace my steps. But I had wandered further than I had any idea of, and was a little uncertain what direction to take. Judging from the landmarks, I concluded I must be full two miles from home. Heavy masses of thunder-laden clouds were surging up from the north-west, and rapidly darkening the whole heavens, the rain would be upon me before I could walk half that distance. I hastened my steps, anxious to find some refuge from the impending shower.

As I emerged from the wood I paused and glanced around me in every direction. Only one human habitation was in sight, that was solitary farmhouse, situate in the midst of a field, at some distance from the highway. I let down the bars, which formed the primitive mode of entrance into the domain, and hurried along the narrow foot-path leading to the house, hoping to find shelter beneath its roof. As I approached the lonely dwelling I could discover no signs of life about the premises; no smoke wreath curled gracefully from the tall chimney, no open door invited the traveller to enter. A nearer view satisfied me that the place was deserted. The house was old, weather-stained and dilapidated, loose clapboards rattled in the wind, and moss and lichens grew upon the roof. The front yard was overrun with burdock, plantain and human wormwood. Here and there a sunflower or hollyhock reared its head among the weeds, but there were no other flowers. A straggling line of gooseberry and currant bushes beside the wall, and a few scattered, scraggy plum trees in that direction, gave proof that a garden had once existed there.

The air of desolation and neglect that brooded over the whole place gave me a disagreeable, almost painful sensation, but there was no time for extended observations. A burst of thunder rattled over my head, and a few heavy raindrops, the *stand-couriers* of the coming storm, pattered on the dusty grass at my feet.

I ran up the stone steps and tried the heavy-panelled door; it was fast, and refused to open to my needs. The windows were without blind or curtain, and through them I could look into the square, empty rooms within.

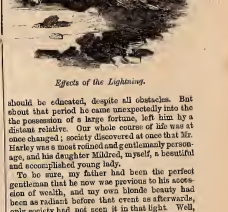
"There must be another way of entrance, and I will find it," I said.

And hurrying round the corner of the house, found a second door, on the backside. This, less securely fastened then the other, yielded to my efforts to open it, and I entered the house.

Passing through a long entry, I found myself in a large room, which must have served as a kitchen in former days. The atmosphere of the apartment was close and musty, and my first act was to set down my basket and throw open a window to admit the fresh air. Then I glanced around me. The room was bare of furniture. There was a large open fireplace at one end, black and yawning, like the mouth of a cavern; the smoke-stained ceiling was seamed with great cracks, and looked ready to give way altogether. The mouldy wallpaper hung off in loose flakes from the wall, and rattled like dry bones in the gust of air that swept through the room. I started nervously at the sound, and felt relieved when I discovered that had occasioned it. I had rather set my time look on a grave and a headstone than on a deserted house. In the one we know that a human body lies mouldering back to its kindred dust; but the other is full of vague terrors and undefined apprehensions, there is a brooding silence in the air, as though it were thick with mysteries which it dared not impart. The very walls have a language of their own, they are written all over with hieroglyphics by invisible fingers; the windows look like so many great eyes,

COL. B. F. TRACY, 102ND N. Y. V.

Sheltering from the Storm.



Effects of the Lightning.

ladies and unwinking, guarding the secrets of the house, while they read those of your own souls. There is a rustling of garments over long past years; you feel, though you do not hear, the sound of foot-falls, and you start with a shiver through your whole frame as a chilly breath, with the sound of a sigh in it, fans your cheek.

Such fancies thronged my mind as I stood on the deserted hearthstone and gazed around the dismantled room, and I found myself repeating, half unconsciously:

"Over all there hung a shadow of a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
Which said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The house is haunted!"

"Pshaw!" I exclaimed, impatiently, "this is mere childish weakness. I thought that my nerves were stronger. Longfellow says that 'All houses wherein men have lived and died are haunted houses.' If that's so, ghosts are too plentiful to make it worth one's while to be afraid of them; besides, they never make their appearance by daylight, they are regular birds of darkness."

I did not attempt to visit the other parts of the house, but, throwing off my hat and shawl, crouched down on the white pine floor, beside the open window, and watched the blackened sky, lit up almost momentarily by sheets of dazzling flame. The roll of the thunder was continuous, and the rain came down as though threatening the earth with a second deluge.

"If this continues till night, as it seems likely to do," thought I, "I shall have the choice of spending the night here, or trying to grope my way through the darkness. A pleasant prospect, truly. What an adventure it would be to relate to my summer friends!"

And that thought suggested others, and I forgot all about the storm in the train of reflections that awakened. Six weeks before I had been engaged in the follies and flirtations of a fashionable watering-place. Why had I left it so suddenly? Ah, thereby hangs a tale.

Until my seventeenth year I had known nothing of wealth or luxury, for up to that time my father's daily life had been a hand-to-hand struggle with poverty, to procure the means of subsistence and of educating his children, as he had resolved they

should be educated, despite all obstacles. But about that period he came unexpectedly into the the possession of a large fortune, left him by a distant relative. Our whole course of life was at once changed; society discovered at once that Mr. Harley was a most refined and gentlemanly personage, and his daughter Mildred, myself, a beautiful and accomplished young lady.

To be sure, my father had been the perfect gentleman that he now was previous to his accession of wealth, and my own blonde beauty had been as radiant before that event as afterwards, only society had not seen it in that light. Well, perhaps a gem does show the fairer for its rich setting, and my wealth of golden brown hair may have shown more lustrous with the milk-white pearls twined amid its silken braids than it did when simply garnished with wild flowers, and the snow of my neck and arms may have gleamed whiter in contrast with the sparkling jewels with which they were wreathed. At any rate, I was not disposed to quarrel with the admiration that was now accorded me, nor to depreciate its value. I was an heiress; I became a belle, and for three years had queened it right royally over my subjects.

Among my admirers I numbered a young lawyer, Sweyn Selcott by name, who was employed by my father in his business connected with the property to which he had become heir. My father thought highly of him, and perhaps my own opinion was not less favorable. He was poor, in the common acceptation of the term, having only his native talents and energy to depend upon in winning his way in the world, but rich in the most noble qualities of head and heart, and in a reputation that was without a stain. He never spoke to me of his love, but he betrayed it by look and act, and I was as sure of its existence as though the confession had been already breathed in my ear. I knew that it was pride alone that withheld the avowal, for he dreaded the imputation of being a fortune-seeker, and perhaps feared that I should do him that injustice.

I have said that the beginning of the fashionable season that summer found me at Newport. Sweyn Selcott soon joined our party there. It was the first time he had ever left his business to idle at a watering-place; was I wrong in supposing that I was the magnet that attracted him there? One

pleasant night he drew me away from the heat and glare of the ballroom on to the moonlit piazza, where we were joined by another couple, my friend Annie Wilbur and her lover. Annie was in high spirits, and commenced giving Mr. Selcott an animated description of a ride we had taken that day and a cottage at which we had called for water.

"It was such a cottage as we read about in novels, Mr. Selcott," she said, "all embowered in vines and roses. I looked to see Mildred go into extacies over it, and was disappointed that she did not, for she is strongly inclined to the sentimental, you know."

"I did not know it," said Mr. Selcott, quietly.

"Oh, yes; you should have heard her, as I did, read the ballad of 'Edwin and Angelina' the other day. The very tone in which she repeated

"'No wealth nor power had he,
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me,'

spoke volumes."

"How many?" I asked, drily.

"Oh, a dozen, or so," said Annie, laughing; "but no one could have read those lines as you read them without having fully adopted their spirit. You evidently believed the doctrine."

I reddened with anger and annoyance at her badinage. Sweyn Selcott's eyes were fixed full on my face; was he trying to read my thoughts? What spirit of evil prompted me to answer Annie as I did?

"You are mistaken," I said, "in thinking that I incline to 'love in a cottage' and that sort of sentimental trash. I have seen too much of the evils of poverty to be willing to encounter them again. My ideal of a residence is a brown stone front, in a fashionable avenue. I prefer gaslight to glowworms, velvet tapestry carpets to rush-covered floors, silk damask to plain white muslin for curtains, and rosewood and marble to cheap pine for furniture. I consider vases, pictures and statuettes as indispensable articles, and a liberal supply of well-trained servants as among the necessaries of life."

I had spoken with a tone and emphasis that left no doubt as to my meaning just what I said. What bitter cause for repentance I soon had! Was it the moonlight falling full on Sweyn Selcott's face which gave it that white, fixed look, or had my words produced it?

"You have drawn the picture with a skilful hand," said Annie, gaily; "but wouldn't the presence of a certain rich young M. C. be necessary to complete it?"

"Perhaps so," I answered, carelessly, as I turned away.

Her M. C. meant, not a member of Congress, but a wealthy young Philadelphian, Mortimer Crosby, who was foremost in my train of devotees, and the allusion was understood by my companions.

"The night air is chilly. Shall we return to the ballroom?" said Mr. Selcott, folding my shawl about me. He spoke in a hoarse, changed voice, and I accepted his arm in silence. At the door of the ballroom he said abruptly:

"I leave this place in the morning."

"So soon!" I said, with a slight start.

"Yes; I ought to have gone before—I have lingered here too long."

Some one approached at that moment and claimed my hand for the dance. Mr. Selcott bowed and withdrew. I did not see him again that evening.

Early the next morning a note was placed in my hand; it was very brief, and ran thus:

"Mildred—I could not leave without bidding you farewell. You have roused me from the sweetest dream that ever man indulged in. But, painful as is the awakening, I thank you for the frankness that has left me nothing either to hope or fear. We shall never meet again. May you be happy. Farewell! Sweyn Selcott."

Well, it was all over then. I might have expected it, knowing him as I did. What if the hand that held the tiny scroll was clenched until the nails pierced the tender flesh. What if the red blood ebbed away from cheek and lip, leaving my face ghastly in its pallor! If my own hand had recklessly spilled the wine of life, I was not one to sigh and complain because the tempting draught could never again be offered to my thirsting lips. No matter how painfully the heart might throb beneath its silken vest so that the world never suspected the secret of its suffering.

I remained at Newport a week longer, outwardly gayer and more brilliant than ever; then I declared to my father that I was sick to death of the everlasting round of dancing, boating and bathing, and I coaxed him to take me on a visit to my aunt Margaret Howe. He consented willingly, for he almost idolized me, his youngest child, and I believe he would have accompanied me to Siberia without a murmur, had I fancied a pleasure jaunt to that somewhat distant locality.

I loved my aunt Margaret dearly, for she had supplied a mother's place to me through the years that I had been motherless. She lived on a farm in a pleasant little country place called Eastbrook, and hither we journeyed as fast as cars and stage-coaches could convey us.

She received me with open arms, and inveighed energetically against the late hours and health-destroying pleasures that had, as she supposed, stolen the roses from my cheeks. She at once established a regimen which she made me carry out most faithfully. She kept me in the open air, got me to hunt hen's nests, pull peas and work in the flower garden; sent me to bed at preposterously early hours, and had me rise with the sun; gave me new milk and fresh eggs, the sweetest of butter and the whitest of home-made bread for my breakfast, and then wondered what could ail me that all her efforts failed to win back my bloom and spirits. But I was improving mentally if not physically. Hours of solitary thought and communion with nature were gradually, but surely, effecting a change in my character. It dawned upon me that there were nobler aims and purposes in life than those I had been pursuing. The bitterness had all gone out of my heart. I acknowledged to myself, humbly and sorrowfully, that I had foolishly wrecked my own happiness, but henceforth, heaven helping me, I would live for the good of others.

My aunt's latest specific had been to send me out on long daily walks, ostensibly for the purpose of gathering berries, and this brings me back to that particular afternoon, and my situation in the deserted house.

Wrapt in my own thoughts, I heeded neither the war of elements without nor the gloom and loneliness within, until a harsh, creaking sound startled me out of my reverie and on to my feet. It was the opening of the front door which I had tried in vain. I heard it groan as it swung inward on its rusty hinges, and then closed again with a clash. Next came quick, heavy footsteps along the passage way and into the room adjoining the one which I occupied. I stood expectant, and a little apprehensive. The door between the rooms was flung open, and—could I believe the evidence of my eyes?—there, on the threshold, stood Sweyn Selcott, gazing upon me with a look of unutterable surprise, as though doubting the reality of the vision before him. We stood facing each other in silence. He was the first to speak:

"Mildred—Miss Harley—is it really you in bodily form, or is it only an illusion of the eyesight?"

It is certainly me, and in the flesh," I replied, with a smile, surprise, and a slight touch of amusement at the singularity of the affair, relieving me of the embarrassment which I should otherwise have felt at this unexpected meeting.

"Ah, yes, your voice proves your identity; but how in the name of all that's wonderful does it happen that I find you here?"

"That is easily explained. I am visiting a relative in this neighborhood—Mrs. Margaret Howe. I came out this afternoon to gather berries—in proof whereof witness my basket—I lost my way in the wood, saw the shower coming up, descried this house and effected an entrance by force of arms just in time to escape the rain. Now account for your own appearance, if you please."

"Mine! Oh, I came for the sole purpose of looking once more on my old home before I bade it farewell for ever, but less fortunate than you, I was caught by the shower before I reached the house."

"Your old home?" I said, inquiringly.

"Yes; this place belongs to me. You did not suspect that I was the owner of so much real estate, did you? I am happy that it has afforded you shelter. Allow me to welcome you to my ancestral halls!"

He spoke in such light, mocking tones, that I was uncertain whether he was in jest or earnest.

"I can't believe you are serious," I said; "if the place is really yours, it must have come to you in fee from some brokendown client. It looks as though it might have passed through a lawsuit bodily."

"No," he answered more gravely, "I inherited it from an uncle, I will tell you about it, but first let me find you a chair, I think there are some stowed away in the attic."

He ran lightly up the stairs and returned presently, bearing two old-fashioned flag-bottomed chairs, one of which he placed for me and invited me to be seated.

"I wish I could offer you refreshments," he said gaily, "but unfortunately my larder is empty."

"I can supply that deficiency," I said, smiling; "please accept some of my berries, you will find them nearly as sweet as those you eat in childhood, when all fruit retains its original Eden freshness to the taste."

He accepted them with thanks, pronouncing them delicious. He did not take the other chair, but remained standing on the hearth with his arm resting on the mantelpiece.

"I promised," he said, after a moment's pause, "to tell you how I came in possession of this place. The story can be told in a few words. It was the home of my uncle, the only relative I ever knew—for I was orphaned in infancy. He adopted me, and was in all respects a father to me. He was a singular being; silent and gloomy always, his very presence threw a chilling shadow over my childish sports. What secret sorrow or painful memory was slowly eating out his life I never knew, but in all the years that I lived with him I never saw him smile. The man's face was a living tombstone; engraven in its deep lines you might read 'Sacred to the memory of—what?' Some lost hope, some buried passion perhaps, whose death had made him the wreck that he was. He was kind to me always, and though avoiding society himself, permitted me to mingle with it as freely as I chose.

"When I was sixteen I left his roof to enter on my collegiate course, and in after years only visited it at intervals. After leaving college I commenced the study of the law, and had just taken out a licence to practice when I was summoned home to attend the funeral of my uncle. He had died suddenly of heart disease while in the act of inditing a letter to me, and was found sitting in his chair, the pen still clasped in his stiffened fingers. From the few lines written it was evident that he was about to impart to me some important communication, but death cut short the intended revelation. As heir-at-law I came in possession of this house and the small farm attached to it.

"There had always been an impression in the neighborhood that my uncle was a wealthy man. In early life he had been engaged in mercantile pursuits, which he had abandoned suddenly from some unknown cause, probably it was connected with the sad secret of his life, whatever that might be.

"He had always paid my expenses, and supplied me liberally with pocket-money. I knew not from what source he derived his funds, for he was reserved in all his transactions, and I loved him too sincerely to question him with regard to anything that he chose to keep secret; but I had given no credit to the vague rumors concerning his supposed wealth, and felt no disappointment at finding myself heir only to a tumble-down house and a few acres of unproductive land. Henceforth I must depend entirely on my own resources. A lingering attachment to the home of my childhood made me unwilling to sell the place, if indeed I could have found a purchaser, and the isolated situation of the house rendered it difficult to find a tenant for it, so I fastened up the premises and left the place to solitude. That was seven years ago. I have seldom visited it since, but of late I have felt an irresistible longing to look upon it once more before the ocean divided me from it, perhaps for ever."

"The ocean!" I said; "are you going to leave your native land?"

"I start for California next week."

"Indeed!"

I tried hard to steady my voice, and I do not think there was any faltering in its tones as I continued:

"Do you think of making a permanent home on that auriferous soil, or shall you return when you have achieved—what I suppose is the object of your ambition—a fortune?"

"Who knows? It will be just as destiny decides. Perhaps at some far distant day, say twenty years or so from the present time, if my life is spared, I may return to look once more on familiar scenes and the faces of old friends, if any such are left."

He paused a moment, and then resumed in a half-bitter, half-mocking tone:

"If such a thing should happen, I presume I should have the pleasure of finding you a blooming matron, presiding as Mrs. Mortimer Crosby, or Mrs. Somebody else, over the palatial mansion you are destined to occupy."

Why need he have said that? Did he wish to torture me? I almost hated him for the moment as he stood there, so cool and calm, looking down upon me from his six feet of altitude, with those dark, searching eyes, that seemed to read my face as they would an open book. How handsome he was, to be sure; with those finely chiselled features set off by the closely curling beard and hair, as black and glossy as—as—well, after all I can find no better comparison than that much-used raven's wing. My manner was coolness itself, as I answered:

"Very possibly you may. Time brings strange changes, and teaches us some startling truths, and you may chance to learn a lesson from it."

"What do you mean, Mildred?" he asked quickly.

"Nothing in particular; my words had a general application."

There was silence for a few moments. Our conversation had been interrupted every now and then by rattling volleys of thunder, and sharp, blinding flashes of lightning. I had drawn my chair close to the open window, he observed it, and said hastily:

"You must not sit there, Mildred! it is dangerous, and that window ought not to be open."

I rose just as he stepped forward to close it. How shall I describe what followed? A broad sheet of blue flame suddenly illuminated the room. I felt myself flung backward, as by an invisible hand. A current of electricity seemed pouring through my system. A stunning crash, as though the house was falling about our heads, was in my ears for an instant, then sight and sense failed together. When they returned, dimly at first, and then more perfectly, I rose slowly up from the floor on which I had been lying prostrate, and gazed around me with a stunned and bewildered feeling. The room was filled with a strongly sulphureous smell that nearly choked me. I saw at once where the fiery bolt had struck. The whole wall of the room opposite the window was a confused mass of ruins. Blackened and splintered boards, torn and shrivelled paper, fragments of brick and heaps of plaster were mingled together indiscriminately.

But my companion, Sweyn Selcott, where was he? A second glance showed him to me. He lay directly in the pathway made by the lightning, extended at full length, silent and motionless as the dead. Was he living? I dared not ask myself the question as I knelt, awestruck, at his side. His eyes were closed as if in slumber, his face calm and placid as that of an infant. There was no mark of the fiery fluid on his person, as far as I could observe. I raised his head on my arm, and loosened his neckcloth, then I clasped his wrist, and searched breathlessly for the faint throbbing that should whisper of life. But no pulse fluttered beneath the pressure of my trembling fingers. I tried his temples, the same terrible stillness there. Water! water! surely that would revive him. It was pouring in torrents outside, but I had no vessel to catch it in. Necessity suggested the expedient. I seized my light shawl and held it outstretched from the window. It was saturated in a moment. Then I wrung the cool stream from its folds on to his head, and let it trickle down his face. Again and again I repeated the experiment, pausing only to chafe his cold hands, or to watch eagerly for the faintest symptom of returning consciousness. All in vain! Not the lightest breath fluttered from between the closed lips, not the faintest tremor stirred an eyelid. Was this indeed death? Help must be procured at some rate, but how was I to obtain it. If I went forth in that drenching rain, ignorant as I was what course to take, might it not be hours before I could reach a house and dispatch assistance? And if a faint spark of life still lingered in the form before me, would it not be utterly extinguished before the long-delayed help could arrive? I had kept complete control over myself until this moment; doing everything that suggested itself as calmly as if I was about some ordinary employment; knowing that if I would be of any service to him, I must not give way to tears or terrors.

But now, as I gazed on that white, still face, all hope abandoned me, and the anguish of my heart found vent in one wild, despairing cry:

"Dead! dead! Oh, my God! and I loved him so!"

Has human love, in its strong agony and mighty passion, power to call back the soul that is fluttering on the verge of eternity?

I almost thought so the next moment, as I detected a slight, tremulous motion of my companion's lips, so slight at first that I feared my eyes had deceived me, but a little after a flickering light, like a ripple of sunshine, swept slowly over his face. I watched with clasped hands and suspended breath, divided betwixt hope and fear. Then the dark eyes opened slowly, and fixed themselves full on my face, as I bent over him. He lay quietly regarding me for a few moments, as though trying to collect his thoughts sufficiently to account for my presence so near him. Presently he spoke:

"Where am I? What has happened?"

I told him in a few words. My voice quivered a little now, and the tears struggled hard to force their way, but I kept them back resolutely.

"I remember all now," he said; "I saw the flash, but was conscious of nothing more. I think I was prostrated, and the breath driven from my body, by the mere force of the shock, as I have read of men on the battlefield being struck down by the wind of a cannon-ball that passed without touching them. I do not think that I am injured at all; I wonder if I could rise?"

I gave him my hand, and with some difficulty he regained his feet, but he staggered with weakness, and I was obliged to assist him to a chair. I sank into the other, my strength all gone, now that the excitement which had kept it up had passed away.

"My poor child," he said, "how white you are! and you tremble from weakness more than I do. You must have been terribly frightened."

I smiled faintly in answer.

"I think," he added, after gazing for a moment on the wreck wrought by the lightning, "I think we have both been very near the gates of death this day."

He shaded his eyes with his hand, and his lips moved as if in prayer. My own head was bowed, and from both hearts went up a fervent thanksgiving to the All-Father for the life that He had preserved.

"What is this?" said my companion, with a look of surprise, as he passed his hand across his open throat, and then through his damp hair.

I explained what I had done.

"And you had the courage and presence of mind to use means for my recovery. You are a brave girl, Mildred."

I was silent; he leaned towards me.

"Mildred, the first thing of which I was conscious when recovering from that deathlike trance was the sound of your voice. I heard it, as in a dream, before I could move a finger or give the faintest sign of life, but every word was distinctly audible to me. Mildred, will you abide by that confession?"

I turned away my head, and put up my hands to hide the burning blushes that were covering face and neck.

"Mildred," he resumed; "I have loved you long, with a love as deep and devoted as ever glowed in a human bosom. But you were an heiress, and pride restrained the confession of my feelings. I had made up my mind, however, to hazard the avowal, when some remarks of yours, the last night of my stay at Newport, completely crushed my hopes, and I left your presence resolved to quit friends at home, and seek, amid far distant scenes, to forget one whom I had loved so vainly and so well. You remember the words to which I allude."

"That foolish speech," I said; "pray forget that I uttered it. I never meant it in earnest, and have regretted it bitterly since."

I paused in confusion, maiden pride and shame checking the confession of what I had suffered.

"I will forget it gladly," he replied, "if you will only permit me to remember those other words spoken to-day."

I did not answer in words, but slowly, timidly, I turned, and with beating heart, and downcast eyes, laid my hand in his.

He clasped it close, and drawing me nearer—but no matter for the rest. The next half hour slipped swiftly by, for we had much to say to each other.

"But your father," questioned my companion, a little doubtingly.

"Will not say 'no,' where I have answered 'yes,'" I replied. "Rest easy on that score. My father loves me too well to oppose me in anything essential to my happiness."

The rain had nearly ceased. The clouds were breaking away, showing the blue sky between their rifts, and the thunder muttered faintly in the distance.

"We shall be able to venture forth soon," remarked my companion.

"Are you strong enough to walk so far?" I asked, doubtingly.

"We shall not need to walk; I left my horse and carriage in the shed, not a dozen rods from the house."

He had risen as he spoke, and approaching the fireplace, stood gazing on the ruins. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation that drew me to his side, and following the direction of his eyes I saw what attracted his attention. The wall above the mantelpiece was not of plaster, but of woodwork curiously panelled. This had been covered with paper which was torn away, and through the shattered woodwork a cavity in the wall beneath was plainly visible. My companion pushed aside the broken panel, and revealed a tiny closet with a single shelf in it. On this shelf lay a square package, of moderate size, wrapped in brown paper, and strongly secured. It was directed on the outside:

"For my nephew, Sweyn Selcott. To be opened only by him."

"It is my uncle's handwriting," said Selcott, "and doubtless it was the secret of this hiding-place which he was about to reveal when his hand was palsied by death."

He broke the seals of the package, and removing several wrappings, the inner one being of oiled silk, disclosed the contents—a number of papers neatly tied together.

"We will sit down and look these over at our leisure," he said. "Come, Mildred, your interests are one with mine now, help me to examine these papers."

The man was growing saucy with success, but rather liked it in him, and casting myself demurely by his side we commenced the examination.

The first document opened purported to be the last will and testament of William Bridport, Esq., and bequeathed, in due legal form and phrase, to his well-beloved nephew, Sweyn Selcott, all the property of which the writer died possessed. Then followed the enumeration of various sums of money deposited in different banking-houses in the State of M——.

Sweyn (he insisted on my calling him that) ran them over rapidly.

"The figures amount to thirty thousand dollars," he said. "Not quite enough for that brown stone front, Mildred, but I think we shall arrive at it in time."

"No more of that, an' thou lovest me," I replied, laughing and coloring, but I added, mischievously, "I suppose you will not care to go to California, now that you have found a fortune nearer home?"

"No," he said, "my motive for going to California was destroyed by the first discovery that I made here to-day: this is the second and best one. The old house has been very kind to me, it has given me both a bride and fortune, but it gave the greatest treasure first."

"You are getting unendurable," I said: "go on with the reading."

The will was duly signed and witnessed.

"I shall have no difficulty in proving this instrument," observed my companion, "I know all three witnesses to be living; but what could have induced my uncle to deposit it in such a hiding-place? But this dull timely stroke of lightning, a blessing in more ways than one, the package might have remained undiscovered until the house crumbled in ruins, and possibly never have been recovered. However, the set was of a piece with his whole character, and I will not question his motives, for I am certain that he thought he was acting for my benefit."

A part of the other papers were certificates given by the officers of the various banks in which the money was deposited. Then we came to a roll of manuscript labelled "The Story of William Selcott."

"We will leave this unread for the present," said Sweyn. "We will not sadden our present profound happiness by a tale of suffering, perhaps remorse. Some day we will read it together."

We did read it together a few months later, or rather I sat at my husband's knee while he read the narrative aloud. I may give it to the world some day, but at present it has nothing to do with my story.

By the time we had finished the papers, the rain had entirely ceased; the sun was shining once more, and we proposed to leave the house which had been to us the scene of such startling events.

The sun was sinking behind the western hills as we went out together, and were true and hush, and tiny blade of grass, seemed dowered with a new glory and beauty. As we crossed the threshold both of us paused involuntarily, and breathed a silent blessing on the Deserted House.

THE MYSTERY OF "THE PLACE."

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

BY J. W. WATSON.

PART III.—CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

VERY little over an hour had elapsed when Mrs. Miller summoned Peyton to Colonel Swinton's room. There he found him stretched at length upon his bed, prostrate and helpless, with sunken eyes and hollow temples, that told an unerring tale of agony and remorse. Peyton was seated but a moment when Swinton spoke:

"Peyton, I have much to ask pardon for. Not only from my wife, but from you and from the world. God, who looks into our hearts, will, I think, pardon many of my faults. His hand has been in the events of the past few days, as to spare me but to save Isabelle from a lifelong sorrow."

He stopped for a moment to recover his breath, and Peyton remained silent.

"I wish to make all the revelations I have to make, Peyton, to you, before anything is said to Isabelle, that you may advise that which is best for her. I truly believe you are her friend, whether you will ever be mine time can only show. Let me tell my story.

"You have, without doubt, heard much of gossip, such gossip as floats through society, that which a man never bears himself, but which he has an instinctive knowledge is being whispered in his very presence—of my youth. I was a wild boy. Fagan, but never a wicked one, and when finally I left my home and went abroad, it was to seek that freedom which might have easily been accorded me without doing either myself or my family injury. My father was a hard man, who while retaining wealth before the world, had lost his reputation in doing so, and sought to force me into a rigid course, that I might not follow his errors. It was from this rigidity of government that I broke and wandered away, without caring what became of me. I went first to Havana, afterwards to Mexico, and finally, after several years, brought up in the neighborhood of Buenos Ayres, South America, where I was attracted by the dangers and reckless life of a cattle hunter. Time led me into looking upon what at first I had only regarded as adventure in the shi ht of business, and I soon found myself making money fast as a dealer in the products of the hunt. This business brought me into contact with many commercial houses of the city, among which was that of Guerin. One day at the mass I saw the daughter of Gabriel Guerin, and was at once attracted. I am going to speak truthfully—and I say attracted. I was too young to know my own heart, and less unsettled in character to control it. Marie Guerin was very beautiful and very young—only fifteen—though even at that age she possessed the ripe charms of twenty in the northern climate.

"The result of my first day of attraction was that I should seek Marie in her home—an easy accomplished matter—as I already had gained the favor of the father. Gabriel Guerin, having come to Buenos Ayres twenty years before, and married a Spanish woman, and Marie, while having every appearance of the hau, was in manner and speech only French. We had not met many times when I knew that she loved me, a love that was shown with all the passionate ardor of her race, and a love that flattered my old blood, though I could not return it in the measure it was given. She was so beautiful, and it was a pleasant thing to be among my associates the compliments that were showered on me 'La belle Guerin,' and congratulations to him who was so favored by her.

"Still there was a mystery hung about the family, though what it was I could never unravel. In fact I cared little to do so, I was too much flattered in the love I had gained, the first love of a beautiful woman, to question the fate that had given her room bestowed upon myself. How it came about after many months I do not know, but one day Gabriel Guerin called me to his study and bade me remember the wild, passionate embraces, the torrent of words, glowing almost with idolatry, with which she dismissed me to her father for his consent.

"I was confounded when he received my proposition almost in horror, and prayed me to forget my intention and forget my love. Why? He would not answer. It not bear equal in education, family, wealth, everything, and I did not see how her happiness and my own, fly from her, forget her. At last, roused to anger, I declared my intention of seeking Marie without his consent, and was about to leave him, when he caught my arm and told the story of his youthful love.

"Insanity was her heritage! For generations the females of the Navarrez family had died in madhouses—her own mother was one of the victims at that time an inmate of an asylum in the suburbs of the city, though supposed by every one but her husband to be dead. Marie herself had already shown unmistakable evidences of the malady. It had been the great sorrow of his life; but he could not bear to think of the years of misery that had been proffered him, and the result had been that he had prayed that none would demand Marie in marriage, knowing the consequences, but if they did, it should not be without a reconciliation with her mother. He had spent the years of years from yielding to the passion of youth, and linking himself to one who could only bring him unhappiness. And then she stood before me, and the words as he had power to utter, spoke to me of all the years he had loved this woman, who had been shut from him by the cruelty of fate, and incapable of distinguishing kindness from brutality, who did not even know the one whom she had once so loved, and who was now, after many years to year, still loving her who was living and still dead. As he spoke, the agony in my heart sank within me, but still I could not refrain from going back to Marie and once more seeing her; the old mad appeal was as unheeded as before, and the day I announced to him that I was still of the mind to make her my wife, and to bear all risks on what he so much feared.

"With his eyes full with tears, Gabriel Guerin unwillingly gave his consent to our marriage, providing it was concealed, under circumstances which he wishes. These wishes were, first, that all the ceremonies should be private; and second, that I should take my wife with me to Europe for one or two years to travel. Both I willingly consented to, and as a proper delay we were married and left the city for Europe.

"I will not go through events. It is enough to say that our married life for a time passed when I saw the first symptoms of the terror that was coming upon us. I battled against it in every way that thought suggested, using every exciting whatever had the least air of possibility as tending to cure or alleviation. We went to Paris and consulted with that most famous of medical skill in the world, but it was without effect, and less than one year from my marriage I had upon my hands a child, who did not even know or recognize her husband.

"For a long time I fought against this, and would not believe it a reality, but at last the fearful truth fastened itself upon me, and I endeavored to do that which I conscientiously thought best, which was to return to Buenos Ayres, and in quiet either await the recovery, if such a thing were possible, or give up my life to care for her whom I had sworn to protect. Almost on the very day that I was to leave London for South America, news came of the death of Marie's father, and of mine, a coincidence that seemed strangely intended to affect my future course, for now I must return to my own country, and the inducement to go to that of Marie's was lessened.

"You can understand the restless responsibility, the sleepless seclusion of my task. I arrived in New York, and with difficulty found means of concealing my wife, while sending her to an asylum. My marriage had never been announced to my relatives, and now I determined it should not be known, unless Marie should recover. I would not present to them a maniac as my bride. Everything I could do to alleviate her condition was done, and in this way, for four years, I lived in New York, having her always with me, without ever being rewarded with even a smile of recognition. At the end of that time, by the death of my father's mother, I became the owner of this place, and after mature consideration I determined to remove Marie to it. After several visits, and conversations with Miller, I concluded to retain her here, and to entrust her with my secret. This trust has since been extended to Dr. Warner, and I have never yet had cause to regret my trust; they have both been firm, true friends to myself, and kind to Marie, and in everything I have acted with their confidence, and I may say with their advice.

"And now, Peyton, I come to another dark chapter! It is ten years since I first brought Marie to this house. For one-half that time I was free even to the threshold, but gradually the desire crept upon me to get out once again into the world. It began with a few days' absence, and as I gathered confidence in the care and affection of Miller and Dr. Warner for my poor Marie, the periods lengthened, until it would be only days here, and weeks away. As I was received into society, not only as a man of wealth, but as an eligible man in every way, was it any wonder that the charm grew upon me? and I began to think of my future in a different light than ever before. For the first time I really began to regard Marie as a burden, and to cherish some hope that the time would come when I should be free to marry again, that I might perpetuate my name, and have some one to whom I could leave the wealth that was accumulating on my hands. Such was economy and quiet of my life.

"This for years was a dormant thought, until that one in which I met Isabelle. God forgive me for my weakness! I saw her, and smothering the memory of my living, dead wife, I loved Isabelle! For a while I struggled against it, and then arguing sophistically that as she was dead to me, and that so she must be dead to all the world, I sought Isabelle to my wife, and was even more anxious than her mercenary uncle to hasten the ceremony, for I feared that in that it would have little chance to be noised abroad.

"A few days before our marriage I came down here, and called Miller and Dr. Warner into my study, announced to them that I was already married, and told them all my reasons for so doing. Had they then entered their protest against it, I think I was still time to retreat, but it was not so. At first they were both shocked at the announcement, but there was not the hesitation on their parts tongues. For nearly ten years we had been accustomed to deception, though no words have passed between us since that day when I first announced my act, prematurely, still I believe that they have formed some secret argument in palliation of my course than I could myself.

"It was not until after my marriage with Isabelle that I first began to suffer from my situation! Then I had the deep remorse for the wrong I had done the poor maniac, and the sorrow for that to which I had doomed her upon the first, but it came seeming should glance from her mad eyes to punish my crime, even though she knew nothing of it. No one could know, and I dreaded to look upon the last, for fear that upon some day she would know of it, and would curse me for the evil I had brought upon her.

"Now you know why I took Isabelle away from the house of the country, and why I desired to keep her away, and why I was filled with terror and guilty remorse when she found her way down here. Even the precautions had by Warner and Miller, and I had most perfect reliance in them, but that did not better it. It was like fearful work of mind I had been at, and going for months that brought upon me this sickness, and from it I could not recover.

"And now to come to the night when Isabelle was attacked by Marie. How this occurred, and how she got out of her apartments, has been an unexplainable riddle. Miller sleeps in the room adjoining Marie's, with the door open, and every night locks, bolts, and bars Isabelle's door. We have not, up to this time, been able to find any way of her getting out, or of her getting into Marie's room, and it is more marvellous still, it is the first time she ever showed a desire to do injury. Last night I was awakened by a slight noise, and found Isabelle standing beside me. She saw me start from the bed, and fled into the hall, after which you know what occurred.

"Now, Peyton, my secret is in your hands. Whatever you say shall be done, must be. If it is your decision that I shall go this hour to Isabelle, and on my knees implore her faults, and tell her, though I love her, I am willing to resign her for ever, that she is an unwedded wife, and that she may do with me as she will, or with my property, I will; but if, on the contrary, you think that all this must be buried in oblivion, and that my crime shall be only known to those three who already know it, who shall also know of my repentance, then I can feel that I still have a future."

Swinton ceased, and looked full upon Peyton, who had not spoken for a long while for a few minutes, in deep thought. When he raised it, it was to ask Swinton:

"Can she be concealed from Isabelle?"

"With your aid," was Swinton's answer.

"How?"

"By not acknowledging the relationship of Marie," said Swinton, hesitatingly.

Peyton rested coldly for a moment, and then said:

* * * * * * *

"It is hard."

"Thank you!" Swinton said, quickly. "It is only what I expected from your good sense, and your expressed friendship for Isabelle. I have reliance in the devotion of Dr. Warner and Miller, as well as in their interest, and if you are, as you have asserted, truly Isabelle's friend and brother, I shall have a reliance on you, made secure by my devotion to her."

Peyton rose from his seat, and grasped Swinton's hand, saying as he did so:

"I believe you, and shall be equally your friend. And now to send away this man, the unwilling cause of Marie's death."

"You can purchase his silence, though he knows nothing, at such price as you please. In that desk you will find money. Give him plenty!" and Swinton handed Peyton a key.

A few minutes after Peyton was in Mr. Brobbett's room, where that gentleman was walking about in nervous anxiety, and immediately on Peyton's appearance hailed him with,

"Well?"

"Mr. Brobbett, you are a man of business, and I am going to talk to you in that way," said Peyton, to which Mr. Brobbett nodded an assent. "And to begin, let me ask you what you would consider proper compensation for a case of this kind supposing you pursued it no further, and returned to New York?"

Mr. Brobbett gave a little anxious smile, and answered:

"Well, Mr. Peyton, if I was paid liberally, twenty dollars would be a worther good thing."

"And how much more, Mr. Brobbett, would you expect to entirely forget the occurrences of the past few hours, the moment you left the boundaries of this place?"

Mr. Brobbett smiled more easily, and answered

"These are things generally left to gentlemen themselves. You're a lawyer, Mr. Peyton, and you know all about it?"

"Then, Mr. Brobbett, I shall give you another twenty for that?"

"Very good. Thank you!" responded Mr. Brobbett, breaking into a smile at last.

"And now, Mr. Brobbett, a final question. How soon can you leave? Before you, and at what out say explanation of the odd affair of last night, and to feel that it never will be explained? Or will something more be said to me?"

Mr. Brobbett nodded a delighted assent, and Peyton went on:

"Then, Mr. Brobbett, allow me to hand you one hundred dollars, and please receive my thanks. Should ever anything occurs in your line again, I shall most assuredly send you, and have perfect confidence in your judgment and secrecy. Now, when will you like to leave?"

Mr. Brobbett threw on his face of smiles, and a quarto volume of thanks, and declared that he would leave immediately, in fact that he would not wait until the carriage which had brought the waltz to the depot, and so Mr. Brobbett went away.

A few minutes later Isabelle stood by her husband's bedside. The work of the night had made its mark on her face, and if it were but for pity Isabelle could not have resisted the tender look of forth, nor prevented him pressing here to his lips the hand he longed to speak.

"Isabelle, I have much to ask your forgiveness for, much, for apparent neglect, which, though not neglect, would lead to the same end. For ever, and for the long future you will have no complaint to make. For the present, whom I have sought to hide from the world, I will not say to hide, up within a few days, a harmless maniac. For her faults, and for my own, and for my own and yours, Isabelle, I have sought to hide this existence, and yet not let her suffer in any way. I was unable for this and that but has been where I was taken ill, and it was my desire that you should not become acquainted with this secret, that I had made up my mind to keep it away. I have explained all this to Peyton, and he has left the attack upon you is a mystery to us all, that we cannot in any way see how she could escape from her rooms. The secret of her existence you have buried with Dr. Warner, Miller and myself; and the secret of her self will remain with the same, and with you and Peyton. Isabelle, will you forgive me for my deception, and allow me by a life of love and protection to compensate for the past?" and Swinton drew the yielding woman into his arms, and kissed her earnestly.

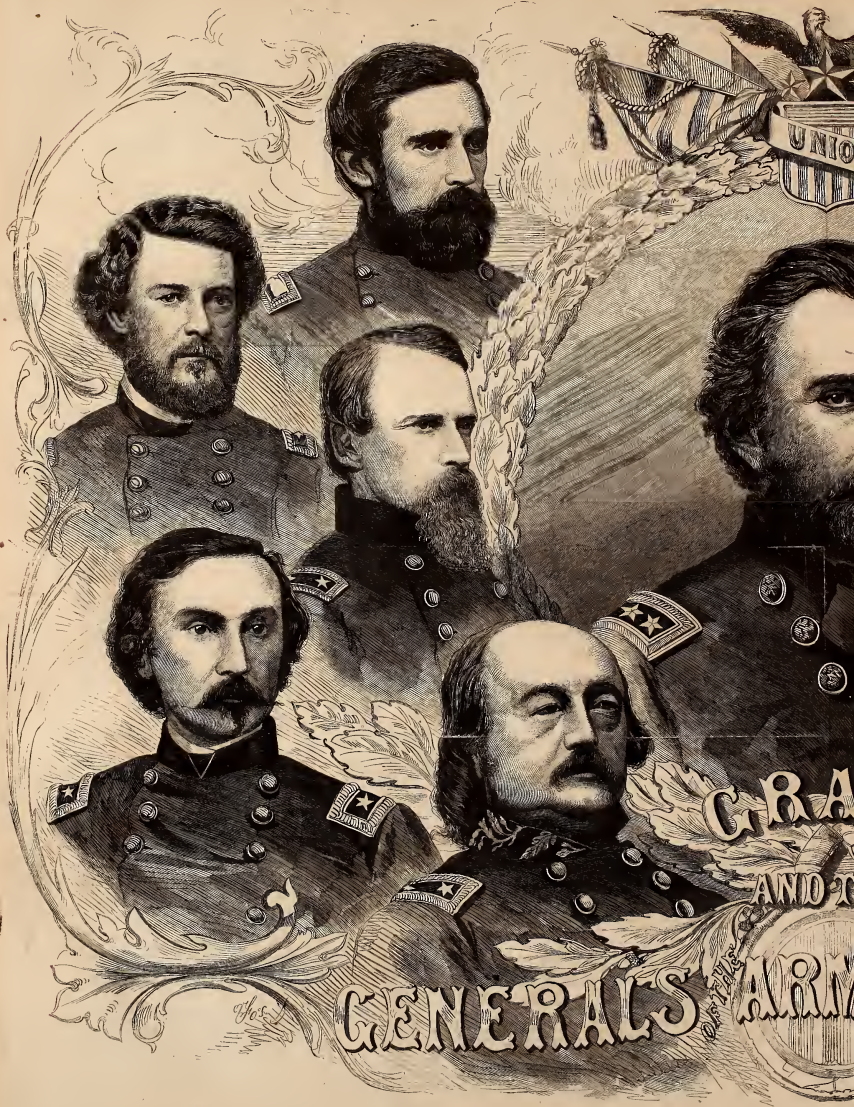
"Ah, George, how can I resist anything you ask from my love! Only speak to me as you do now, and I shall be happy. Indeed, I love you my husband. I love you, only suffer me to be with you, and be kind, and I ask no other happiness. For the future we have to consider, but what they may be; let me but share them with you, and you shall never have cause to repent it. And to Marie, I will try to forgive her, though I never bear me speak of this one which bee cast such a shadow between us," and Isabelle twined her arms around his neck, and returned warmly his kiss.

The next day the body of Marie was borne to the ancient burial-place of the Swinton family, a few rods only from the house, no strangers being present but the undertaker and clergyman, and laid to rest beneath the frozen sod, there to lie in body until the hour of eternal life, while the spirit of her life and love was received and buried in the hearts of those who stood about her grave.

Years have passed since then, and the end has justified the trust, and in the keeping of the secret from Isabelle, who lives a beloved wife, a revered mother and a happy woman.

THE END.

A WELL PRESERVED NATIVE.—The *Daily Union*, published at Virginia, Nevada Territory, says the remains of a native of Washoe have been found in the immense salt field near Sand Springs, about 35 miles from Carson, and consequently about 4,000 feet higher above the surface. The body was in a state of complete preservation, and from appearances, as also in the cedar pavilion for many years, or perhaps for ages. The skin resembles dry the tint of a mummy, and it was evident that it had been perfectly saturated with brine, which preserved its decay. The Indian was about the usual size, and resembled the Pintes that now inhabit the same locality. Part of a bone, skin and a rude bow were found near by, and at a distance of a few yards a pair of oil-horns of enormous size were discovered. The supposition is that this native met his end while hunting, and the animal that had been wounded had taken refuge in the water, whither he was followed by the Indian, who sank in the mud at the bottom, and was unable to extricate himself and thus perished.



WRIGHT. WARREN. RAWLINS. BIRNEY. BUTLER. GRANT.

T. MEADE. SHERIDAN. SMITH. BURNSIDE. HANCOCK.

AN ODE TO MEMORY.

BY HENRY NEELE.

"Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"—*Job.*

AND where is he? not by her side
Whose every want he loved to tend;
Not o'er those valleys wandering wide,
Where, sweetly lost, he oft would wend;
That form beloved he marks not more,
Those scenes admired no more shall see;
The scenes are lovely as before,
And she as fair—but where is he?

Ah, no! the radiance is not dim
That used to gild his favorite hill;
The pleasures that were dear to him
Are dear to life and nature still;
But, ah! his home is not as fair—
Neglected must his garden be;
The lilies droop and wither there,
And seem to whisper, "Where is he?"

His was the pomp, the crowded hall;
But where is now the proud display?
His riches, honors, pleasures, all
Desire could frame; but where are they?
And he, as some tall rock that stands
Protected by the circling sea,
Surrounded by admiring bands,
Seemed proudly strong—oh! where is he?

The churchyard bears an added stone,
The fireside shows a vacant chair,
Here sadness dwells and weeps alone,
And death displays his banner there;
The life is gone, the breath has fled,
And what has been no more shall be;
The well-known form, the welcome tread,
Oh! where are they, and where is he!

NINA MARSH;

OR,

THE SECRET OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER I.—NINA MARSH.

BEECHWOOD MANOR was one of those fine old places that carry romance with them. The building was rambling and somewhat disconnected, showing easily the additions of successive centuries, but commodious withal. The prevailing style of architecture was Elizabethan; but one of the wings which had been added by the grandfather of the present proprietor had obviously been designed by a man with more invention than science, since it bore about as much resemblance to the parent structure as a mongrel-bred puppy to its high-caste mother—the slight similitude between them being all the more provoking, perhaps, from suggesting the model without fulfilling the conditions. Nevertheless, Beechwood Manor, standing amongst its grand old trees, in an extensive park well filled with deer and cattle, was, as we have said, a fine old place, and amply deserving of the admiration in which it was generally held.

John Clumber Marsh, Esq., the present owner of the house and large estate adjoining, was one of the old generation of country squires. He loved his home above all places in the world, quitting it with reluctance, and returning to it with delight. He was an honest-hearted man—the old squire; shrewd about money matters, but strictly just. He was not, perhaps, what may be called religious, his system of faith being more of habit than principle; but he was strictly moral in his life and dealings. His word was as good as his bond; and though he exacted the uttermost farthing due to him for corn or cattle, it was with a manly determination to be treated as he would treat others, and a conviction that he was giving a fair equivalent in return.

No one could deny that he was conscientious to a degree, and a man who followed duty only, even where it appeared natural that he should listen to his heart. He was considered hard and stern by some on this account; but it may be noted that those who quarrelled with Mr. Marsh were people of whom the world in general were not much inclined to make friends. Certainly it may be said that he was not sympathetic—that he had little pity for sinners, let their temptations have been what they might; still, he was a good husband, an excellent father, a just landlord and a sincere friend; and if there was something wanting to this fair category of virtues, it was a want all were not fitted to discern, and which some few might have considered superfluous where there was already so much to provoke admiration and esteem.

Mrs. Marsh, his wife, was one of those gentle, patient, self-sacrificing women who merge their very individuality in that of their husband, and are perfectly satisfied to shine by reflection only. These tranquil dispositions are not the most beautiful, but they are the most convenient. Mrs. Marsh at fifty looked barely thirty-five. You could trace no gray hair amongst her fair, ample curls, and her cheek was pure and unwrinkled.

When you live through others, allowing them to suffer for you, and only taking a meek share of their burdens, it is wonderful how you keep your complexion and your temper. You sip slowly and tranquilly at the cup of life, never drinking deep enough to reach the bitter dregs. Your beverage is somewhat frothy and flavorless—true; but then your head is always clear, your hand steady, and what wit you have is ready at command—all gifts of great price in this age of glib pens and prompt tongues.

Mrs. Marsh had the credit of being rather a wise person, simply because she knew how to keep silence with good grace; and if there is a certain egotism about such characters generally, it is an egotism which is absolutely forced upon them when they, like Mrs. Marsh, have husbands who admit no share in their authority, and ward off rebellion by teaching their wives that the indulgence of self is the highest aspiration they can have. Mr. Marsh was an amiable and conscientious despot, but still he was a despot; and Mrs. Marsh, like those who live under a government as wise as absolute, forgot to calculate his power, and was, moreover, perfectly persuaded that his rule was as moderate as it was just.

Madeleine, the eldest daughter, was a large, sleepy-eyed, apathetic woman, in whose character there was no one salient point one might hope to grasp. She had, occasionally, a bright idea—in fancy work, and had embroidered a screen from her own design, but otherwise might have been thought a fool, had she not inherited her mother's most blessed gift of silence.

Katie, the youngest daughter, a beautiful child of ten, made up the present party.

Mr. Marsh had just returned from the seaside, whither he had been accompanied by all his family excepting one daughter, who, meanwhile, had been paying a long-promised visit to a friend in the North. They had arrived at the station, which was some little distance from the house, and Mr. Marsh was now driving his family home, Mrs. Marsh being seated at his side in front of the phaeton, and his two daughters behind, whilst the coachman, with a groom and a lady's-maid, all in a sort of luggage-van, were to be seen just passing through the lodge gates.

It was one of Mr. Marsh's peculiarities that he would never allow any one to take the reins but himself, having a most characteristic dislike to being driven. Fortunately he was an excellent whip, and it was pleasant to notice the calm ease with which he managed the impetuous horses, keeping them to a smooth, unbroken trot all the way up the avenue, guiding them steadily round an abrupt corner, and finally bringing them to a sudden halt within an inch of the steps leading up to the house door.

Simmons, the butler, had heard the sound of wheels, and was already prepared to welcome his master and mistress home again. Mr. Marsh alighted and carefully helped down his wife and daughters, then they all entered the house.

"Is Miss Nina here?" inquired Mr. Marsh, more by way of saying something encouraging to the attentive butler than from any doubt he allowed himself to entertain on the point.

"Yes, sir."

"What time did she arrive?"

"At a quarter to seven, sir."

Mr. Marsh turned and examined the clock. It was just one minute past the hour, and the hall was already illuminated by a large lamp overhead. Then he took out his watch, and looked curiously from that to the clock.

"You are half an hour behind London time; let that be attended to," was his first remark. Then he added, quickly, "A quarter to seven, did you say? You have made a mistake, Simmons; Miss Nina was to come by the five o'clock train."

"Yes, sir; but she missed that one, and came on by the next."

Mr. Marsh looked as though he did not realise the possibility of people missing a thing they wished to reach, whilst Mrs. Marsh, who was growing somewhat anxious, ventured to inquire how Miss Nina got home.

"She walked, ma'am," returned the ever-respectful Simmons, speaking with a reluctance it was impossible to hide.

"What! Miss Nina was allowed to walk, when there were horses and carriages here doing nothing!" exclaimed Mr. Marsh, sternly. "Pray let me know how this occurred."

"The under-groom drove the pony-carriage to Blankford for Miss Nina, sir; but as she did not keep her time, and the next train came in so late, he thought it was no use stopping."

Mr. Marsh frowned, but said no more, and then he led the way upstairs, his wife and daughters following in his wake.

On the landing they were met by the housekeeper, a tall, dignified-looking person of about forty, who, both in appearance and manners, might have done credit to a far higher station. She removed Mrs. Marsh's wrappers, respectfully inquiring after her health.

Mrs. Marsh answered that she was all the better for her trip, but that the evening had come over so suddenly dark and chilly that she feared—nay, was quite sure—that she must have caught cold.

"Oh, mama! How could you think it dark and chilly?" exclaimed Katie, enthusiastically. "I never was out in a more delicious evening in all my life."

Mr. Marsh had entered the drawing-room by this time, or perhaps Katie might not have ventured to express her ideas so freely, her father having an inalienable conviction that it was morally wrong for a young person to acknowledge to an opinion of her own under any conditions or circumstances.

"And Nina, Mrs. Trent, where's Nina?" added Katie in her bright, impetuous way. "I want to see her so badly; why didn't she come down?"

"Miss Nina is lying on the bed in her own room, miss. She felt tired after her walk, and asked for a cup of strong tea, saying she should rest quietly until you all came home. I will call her, miss, if you like."

"No; I'll go myself, thank you."

"And Katie, my dear," said Mrs. Marsh, "tell Nina her papa won't be pleased unless she comes at once."

But Katie found her sister's door locked against her for the first time in her life. Nina's voice was low and faint when it came in answer to those eager childish greetings. She was evidently suffering as well as fatigued.

"My darling," she murmured in a smothered tone, as if her face were pressed in deep against the pillows, "I am longing to see you all—dear mama, and you, Katie, especially; but I am so tired, so ill, I cannot rise just yet. But I shall be better, perhaps, in a minute or two, and then I'll come. Tell papa so, dear, won't you?"

"And you will try not to be very long, Nina?" said Katie, plaintively, for she almost worshipped her second sister, and was standing there amongst the shadows tearful with her longing after the tender kiss and loving touch she had not felt for months.

"I will try. But stop—I must come now whilst I can. It is better, perhaps."

A low, smothered, "Oh, my God, have pity!" and then the door opened and Nina Marsh stood on the threshold.

She had not been lying down, it seemed, for her hair was carefully braided so as to form a high coronet above her pure, pale brows. She held a lamp in one hand, and the other she extended so as to pull her young sister close to her breast.

"Oh, Nina, I have missed you so!" and then the fresh, sweet lips were pressed over and over again on the white, quivering mouth of her sister.

"Come, Katie," said Nina, presently, "you must let me go to papa now."

"You oughtn't to be made to go to anybody, Nina, darling, so ill as you look."

"Hush, Katie, I am not ill, only tired. Don't tell people about it; it would only make me worse, and I am so weary now—almost weary enough to die."

"Oh, Nina!" and the child held against her with a tighter strain.

"But it won't be, darling—I can't expect that. I wish I could. If it were not for leaving mama and you, I could be so glad to feel ill—for I am ill, Katie, and I told you a falsehood when I declared that I was not. But it doesn't matter what I say or do now—nothing can make me worse than I am already. Listen here, child. If you knew me well—you who love me and think me all that is good and beautiful, you would shrink from me with loathing."

"Oh, Nina, don't speak so; you frighten me."

"How did I speak?" said her sister, giving a scared look about, and then putting her hand confusedly to her head. "What did I tell you, Katie?"

"You told me that I should loathe you, Nina, if I knew all."

"All what, Katie? I am raving, I think. There is nothing to know—nothing to tell. Come to papa, child."

Nina almost dragged her little sister with her through the passages and into the drawing-room. With the lamp still in her hand she passed up to her father's side, all the majesty of her beauty—that grand, large, imposing beauty—displayed before him as she bent her head to receive his kiss on her brows. Mr. Marsh was not over pleased that Nina had not come before, and would not condescend to ask any questions as to her visit, etc., but just embraced her coldly, and let her go. Then Nina sat down, simply because she could not stand.

Whereas Madeleine and Katie took after their mother in face, Nina, who was incomparably the most beautiful of the three, bore a strong resemblance to her father—by no means a handsome man. She had the same deep gray eyes, only in her they were so lovely, thickly fringed by their long black lashes, that you turned from their glance firmly believing that you would never tolerate black or blue eyes again. Darkening with anger, softening with tenderness, paling with languor, fathomless in thought, but through all their changes eyes to win with a smile, and vanquish by a tear, is it to be wondered that Nina, even in her childish days, had grasped a sceptre before which the strongest were fain to kneel? Her nose was a delicate aquiline, and in her mouth and chin, with their steady, determined make, you recognised at once the daughter of Mr. Marsh, and pictured to yourself that she must share his strong will, as also his love of power. But never yet have gods or men seen sweeter lips than those of Nina Marsh. The firm downward curve at the corners was almost smothered in dimples, witholding its revelation of hidden strength from all but the most discerning. To those therefore who were either too obtuse or too blinded by admiration to be good judges that crimson mouth seemed only formed for smiles and kisses, and gave to the grandeur of Nina's beauty its gleam of softness and enchanting grace.

Finding that her father did not talk, Nina had taken up a book, and was pretending to read. But you could see that her eyes wandered into vacancy instead of fixing themselves on the page, and every moment came that weary, unconscious motion of her fingers to her head.

At last Mrs. Marsh came in. She had made every possible arrangement for her own comfort first, not because she really valued this beyond a sight of her daughter's face, but simply from habit. She quickened her pace and her eyes brightened when she caught sight of Nina, who made no motion to rise and welcome her, only sat silent in her chair, cowering down as if Mrs. Marsh were coming to strike and not to embrace her.

"Nina, my love," exclaimed Mrs. Marsh, and she wound her soft, loving arms round that rigid, majestic figure.

"Mother, there's nothing to know—nothing to tell—don't let Katie—"

And then the sharp, ringing voice stopped abruptly, and Nina fell senseless at her mother's feet.

Mrs. Marsh gave a helpless glance at her husband, as if to inquire what had better be done, but he was already at her side, his plan of action thoroughly matured, and ready to be put into immediate practice.

"Call Mrs. Trent," said he, calmly, but quickly. "And, Sophia, my dear, you would be better in your own room for the present."

It did not seem hard to Mrs. Marsh to be banished from her daughter's side at such a time. She knew that her husband meant to save her, and she was too much under his authority, too accustomed to think all he did must be right, to understand that she ought not to be saved. Mr. Marsh might have known that she was not fitted for the post he was about to delegate to Mrs. Trent, but at any rate he should have allowed her to try—break down, rest, and begin again—anything rather than stifle in the bud that first maternal instinct which prompted her to exert all her energy to preserve the life she had bestowed.

She did hesitate one moment on the threshold, looking wistfully back at her daughter's motionless figure; but Mr. Marsh's quiet "Now, my dear, if you please," seemed to fix her wavering resolution, and she disappeared.

In another minute Mrs. Trent was standing by her master's side.

"Now, Mrs. Trent, look here," said Mr. Marsh. "Miss Nina has, I believe, an attack of brain fever, and must, therefore, have medical aid without a second's unnecessary delay. I shall carry her into her own room, and lay her on the bed, and you must undress her. Meanwhile, I shall go myself for a doctor. And now take the lamp, if you please, and lead the way."

Mrs. Trent was quite equal to the emergency. She showed herself perfectly cool and collected, and inspired you with instinctive confidence in her strength and efficiency. Mr. Marsh had no need to add another word. Mrs. Trent understood at once all that was expected of her, and was prepared to perform it to the best of her ability.

Her character was not unlike her master's, only in her this latent power and strength of will had become suddenly developed by adversity, whereas in Mr. Marsh it had been in steady demonstration through life, being a principle in one and a habit in the other.

Nina was already undressed, and was tossing and moaning in her bed, when the hoofs of Mr. Marsh's horse were heard striking the gravel in a sharp gallop. Then Mrs. Trent locked the door, and proceeded decidedly, but regretfully, to shear the hot, burning head of its ample tresses, binding it round with a cool, moist bandage in lieu of its rich coronet of shining braids. This she renewed every five minutes, unheeding the plaintive voice of poor little Katie, who was sobbing in the corridor as if her heart would break.

The child knew how hopeless it was to appeal for admittance, and the mystery of her beloved sister's illness made her grief all the more intense. She slunk away to her own room when she heard her father returning, and yet, constant in her enthusiastic love, she would neither eat nor sleep that night, but sat on the floor just within her own little bedchamber, the door ajar, listening in eager terror to every sound from the sick room, her tears falling afresh every time that Nina's voice pierced the stillness of the house with its sharp cries or moans.

Dr. Oundle, on his arrival, expressed full approbation of Mrs. Trent's thoughtful arrangements, and congratulated Mr. Marsh upon his good fortune in having any one so efficient and trustworthy about him at such a crisis. He acknowledged that he could see but faint hopes of life for Nina. Still, she was young, her constitution was naturally vigorous, and under these circumstances there was always a chance; at the same time he felt it right to warn her family not to be too sanguine where there was, unfortunately, so little to hope and so much to fear.

These words had been addressed to Mr. Marsh in Mrs. Trent's presence, but when they were concluded Dr. Oundle drew the former aside, and inquired if Miss Marsh had had any mental shock of late to account for this attack.

"Oh, dear me, no, nothing of the kind!" answered Mr. Marsh, very decidedly.

"I am inclined to believe, sir, that you will find yourself mistaken," continued Dr. Oundle, with equal confidence; "and if you will take my advice, you will close the sick room determinedly against every one of the servants, excepting, of course, Mrs. Trent, whom I should believe to be perfectly trustworthy and discreet. The ravings of delirium are full of distorted fancies and strange beliefs, and the vulgar and ignorant are so easily impressed with the truth of anything that gratifies their taste for gossip and their love of the horrible. It would be hard if Miss Marsh, after struggling so painfully into life, should have that life poisoned by calumny or misrepresentation, and no effort could be too great to prevent such a catastrophe."

Dr. Oundle was a kind-hearted man, and he spoke now with significance which Mr. Marsh felt almost inclined to resent. He repeated his assertion that his daughter had had nothing to disturb her; and Dr. Oundle, whilst shaking his head a little dubiously, begged that, in any case, his hint might receive due attention.

"I had already settled that it should be as you propose," replied Mr. Marsh, "Mrs. Trent being the only person I could at all trust about my daughter at such a time. I can safely answer that no one will relieve her watch, unless it be myself."

Dr. Oundle looked almost compassionately into the calm, stern face of Mr. Marsh, then said gently:

"Better leave it to Mrs. Trent; we men are awkward nurses at the best."

Then he took up his hat, and refusing Mr. Marsh's offer for refreshments, left the sick-room and the house, promising to call again in the course of two or three hours, when he had seen a patient elsewhere who was needing his services quite as much as his patient here.

But why describe that long, sharp wrestle with death—that victory which left weakness behind, that for awhile it seemed almost a defeat? Nina was, at last, allowed to see her family again, and poor little Katie, pale and red, was the first to creep in. Mrs. Marsh stayed to compose herself in the passage, for she, too, felt strangely near crying—nearer than she could remember to have ever been in all her life before.

Madeleine was just learning a difficult stitch in crochet, and was so excited with her success that she bore the interview remarkably well. Nina seemed oppressed rather than cheered by these visitors, and when they were going she sighed, and beckoned back Katie, who was lingering on the threshold, and bade her sit down by her side. Mrs. Trent had not the heart to object, and was glad that she had not done so when she found Nina sleeping quietly with the cool fingers of her sister pressed with both of her hot, eager palms.

CHAPTER II.—FRIENDS OR FOES?

From that day Nina progressed far more rapidly towards recovery. She was now able to quit her room for several hours every day. She seldom saw her father on these occasions. His nephew, Cyril Marsh, captain in the — Hussars, and next heir to the Beechwood estate, was now staying with him, and the two gentlemen were making laudable efforts to thin the preserves. Nina seemed to feel something approaching to relief at her father's absence. As a stern shadow he had darkened her delirium, standing above her, like some fierce Virginius, with the slaughtering knife in his hand; and she could not rid her mind of these impressions sufficiently to look forward without shuddering to being again under the unceasing scrutiny of his keen eye.

But one morning Mr. Marsh sent a message from the breakfast-table that he hoped Nina would spare herself as much as possible during the day, in order that she might be able to join them all in the drawing-room for a little while after dinner. Now, Mr. Marsh's requests, however gently worded, were understood as, and meant for, commands; and, therefore, his daughter had no alternative but to obey.

But even at the last she could scarcely gather up her courage for the effort. She kept lingering in her own room long after she had heard Mr. Mr. Marsh and his guest leaving the dining-room. Her cousin was an utter stranger to her. Some misunderstanding between Mr. Marsh and his brother had prevented any intimacy during the lifetime of the latter; and for the last ten years Capt. Marsh had been in India with his regiment, having only just returned to England. And as yet Nina was still weak enough to feel meeting with strangers a serious grief.

Presently Katie came bounding along the passages, sent by Mr. Marsh to request that Nina would join them at once. Nina rose, drew her shawl closer about her, and, with a hard, defiant look about the lips which brought out the lines and stifled the dimples, she marched in amongst them all.

Capt. Marsh was leaning against the mantelpiece, talking to her father, when she entered. He kept his eyes steadily upon her as she advanced, and even amidst his admiration you could catch an expression of perplexity and discontent, as if he discerned something in her which he could neither understand nor approve.

Nina met that calm, scrutinising glance; and, though she returned it by a haughty toss of the head, it was plain to see that she did not relish her cousin's neighborhood, and had some reason to fear his penetration. And yet there was a feeling in the heart of each—or rather, perhaps, an instinct—that it would be impossible for them to be indifferent to each other; that they must be either warm friends or bitter enemies.

Captain Marsh was by no means a handsome man, and yet his face somehow caught your attention at once, and attracted you, in spite of yourself. His frame was almost herculean in proportion, but well knit together, broad and muscular, without being obese. His face resembled somewhat that of an intelligent mastiff. The eyes were deep set; the nose long, and thickening slightly at the nostrils; the cheeks bronzed with the Indian suns; whilst the whole of the lower part of the face was concealed in hair, Captain Marsh patronising no barber. But his beard, moustache and whiskers were all of silky blonde, and became him well; only beneath this wealth of hair you could just manage to trace the outline of a firm, well-shaped under lip, a somewhat obstinate-looking chin, and you guessed therefrom that Captain Marsh had a pretty strong will, and knew how to hold his own. But the first impression he gave you was of strength, not only physical but mental. The merest child might have seen that it might rely on him, and trust itself to his care; and though Captain Marsh, unfortunately, like his uncle, was by no means a religious man, the best Christian could hardly have been more outwardly moral in his life and dealings, more fit to be trusted in honor by the weakest of women, or more thoroughly to be relied on for keeping his great passions under due guard and discipline.

Although Captain Marsh was a favorite with the rest of his relations, he seemed to make but scanty progress in the good graces of Nina. They rarely spoke together, though Nina was now more in the drawing-room, and, consequently, in his company.

Captain Marsh was trying to guard himself against the fascination of her beauty and weakness combined—able allies in the subjugation of strong, brave men. He was pleased to believe that he had been successful, and rather dared defeat in his anxiety to show his victory. He was always perfectly civil to Nina, even attentive at times; but the genial frankness of his manner to the others seemed frozen into a calculating courtesy directly he neared her side. He was determined not to be conquered by one whom he could not trust.

Nina's eyes were very beautiful, but they had no honest glances. They shrank before her father's scrutiny, and were downcast under his regard. On Mrs. Marsh and Katie they were raised freely, but self-reproachfully; but on the poor they never looked at all. Besides this, Nina, always melancholy, was often irritable and difficult to please; the carriage of her majestic head sometimes defiant, at others humble. And so, taking all these things into consideration, Cyril Marsh came to the conclusion that it would not do for him to fall in love with his beautiful cousin.

But then a man who has made this resolution is in far more danger than one who has never thought about it at all. You cannot play with fire without burning your fingers. You may fancy that you are a safe distance from the sparks, and plume yourself greatly on your prudence and foresight in having gained your pleasure without risk; but presently you begin to feel a strange, intense warmth creeping over you, and one quick glance suffices to show that the fire has been smouldering a long time, and that it is now too late to extinguish the flame.

At first Captain Marsh made a study of Nina, and pursued his investigations with equal coolness and vigor. But the time came when he lost the power of controlling his own thoughts, and they went from necessity rather than pleasure to that quiet, steady figure on the sofa, with its bent head, sorrowful lips and eyes of shadow.

Perhaps Nina, if less brilliant, was more touchingly beautiful now than she had ever been. Her hair, which had been cut close to her head, curled in small, crisp rings, making her loveliness so childlike; and she would only dress herself in such sombre colors—black being her favorite wear. Captain Marsh wished she would smile sometimes. He longed to see those firm, grave lips sweetened and rendered graciously mobile or petulantly bright by some new play of feeling.

From longing, Captain Marsh, who was rapidly forgetting his good resolutions, came to trying if he could not compass his wishes by some happy expedient. So one night he left the group at the centre table, and followed Nina to her distant sofa. He stooped down, and spoke low.

"I have been waiting anxiously for you to discover that we must be either friends or foes."

Nina flushed a deep, angry red. She knew this well, but she did not care to have her belief put into words, or hear it corroborated by those lips. Her eyes gave him a sudden deep flash of declared hostility.

"Which is it to be, Miss Nina?"

He spoke lower than ever now, and his voice was almost eager—almost impassioned.

"Neither one nor the other. Let us be mere acquaintances alone."

"Unfortunately, that is impossible now."

"I don't see why."

"We are too much alike. When such as we meet, it is either to take each other by the hand in loving amity, or to scratch and fight like cat and dog. But I am inclined to think that we should be better as friends," he significantly concluded.

"If I were to make friends I should not keep them," answered Nina, with a passionate self-reproach which seemed to be irrepressible. "You may desire to be brought nearer to me on account of your regard for the others; but I am like none of them, and not half so worthy of any affectionate cousinship with you as even Madeleine, wrapped up as she is in fancy-work to the exclusion of duty and good feeling. As far as I am concerned, a friend might be pleasant, but it would certainly be dangerous at the same time; and for your sake, I certainly ought to warn you——"

"That you might also be dangerous to me as well as pleasant?"

"I cannot tell," replied Nina, simply and sorrowfully; "but it is right of me to guard against the mere possibility."

"But you certainly owe me a reason as well as a warning. Without that you had better not have spoken at all, since one without the other is worse than useless."

"You may take what you like, and do what you like, now that I have spoken and eased my conscience," said Nina irritably; and she turned to her book again, and accorded him no further notice.

Captain Marsh half rose, looking perplexed and not over-pleased. Nina's lips were hard set, and her eyes were flashing. Cyril caught the gleam of a sidelong glance interrogating him angrily as to why he stayed, and he sat down again determinedly, his will as obstinate as her own.

"Now I have received your warning, listen to mine. You have some secret that you wish to guard from all the world, but especially from your father and me."

Nina shuddered convulsively.

"This secret caused your illness, and was, no doubt, betrayed during your delirium," continued Captain Marsh, his intellect developing itself under the stimulus of this contest into a keenness that was almost pitiless. "But this is nothing to me. I mean to find out this secret, since you dare me to the discovery by your want of candor. But I shall adopt no means that are not perfectly fair and straightforward. I told you that we must be either friends or foes, and you chose the latter alternative, and are, therefore, no doubt, fully prepared to take the consequences."

Nina turned his way then; his eyes were dim, but her lips did not look much like asking quarter. There are some women with whom pride is the first instinct, and comes before self-preservation; and Nina was one of these. She knew Captain Marsh was pitiless under her disdain, but that a word might have softened him, and yet she would not speak that word. She bowed to him haughtily.

"Allow me to salute you in your new character as the persecutor of woman. Is that a military accomplishment, pray?"

"It would be quite as apposite if I were to inquire if deceit were a feminine attribute."

"And if I were to answer that it was, what would you gain by the acknowledgment?"

"An insight into character, and a safeguard against many subsequent dangers and temptations."

"But I won't acknowledge it. Circumstances may force a certain course of action on people against their every instinct, but it is not right to attribute to choice that which may be the result of a most miserable necessity."

"But this necessity is easily explained."

And, in spite of himself, his voice was low and eager again, seeming to plead that she would allow him to respect her with an earnestness that almost proclaimed his love.

"That might be impossible."

"Then you refuse to come to terms, Miss Marsh?"

"I do not see what right you have to dictate any to me."

"The right that every man has who finds his affection going where his trust cannot follow," answered Cyril under his breath.

A flush passed across Nina's face, but it was gone almost before he could know it had been there. She was very pale when she next spoke.

"Why can't you be satisfied with the medium regard offered just now?"

"Because I am a true Marsh, like yourself, and cannot accept this milk-and-water friendship any more than you can in reality give it. Now look at me well, cousin Nina, before you decide against your own interests. I am strong and capable, and not like a man who, though well-intentioned, would be likely to injure, through weakness and incapacity, just where he would most wish to serve. I should be a discreet as well as a powerful ally."

A long, weary sigh, as with one who is giving up everything that can make life pleasant, and bidding adieu to hope, and then Nina answered, calmly enough:

"Thank you all the same; but I require no ally."

"Very well; then you know the consequences. When I find myself in danger of a serious wound, I am justified in seeking preventives by every effort in my power—cure being impossible to one of my disposition when once the blow is given."

And Captain Marsh rose again and moved a few paces from her side, but slowly and hesitatingly, as if hoping for and almost expecting a recall.

At this moment Mr. Marsh put down the paper which he had been reading, and called out from the centre table:

"Cyril, when did you say Colonel St. George was coming?"

"Colonel Who? What did papa say?" exclaimed Nina, turning round on her cousin and stretching out her hand to detain him.

It was evident that her emotion completely mastered her for once. Her lips were apart, her eyes distended, her face bloodless.

"Colonel St. George," answered Cyril, softly, and he placed himself before her in order to conceal her agitation from the others, whilst he replied to his uncle's question:

"At the end of the week, I believe. I hardly understood, though, what day, for he had an engagement at Lord Gillingham's, and could not be quite sure when he would get away."

He ventured to cast a glance at Nina as he finished speaking, to see if she had recovered herself. Mr. Marsh had returned to his paper, and the other two were busily occupied in different ways. Captain Marsh stooped over the couch on which his cousin reclined, and demanded, in a fierce whisper, what Colonel St. George was to her.

"Nothing," she faintly murmured.

"You are telling me a falsehood," he continued, sternly, "a direct, obvious falsehood."

"I am so weak, so very weak," she answered, in complete desperation. "You were kind to me just now; you stood before me that they might not see. Don't be cruel again. I have sat up a long time to-night, and have been talking more than usual. I had better go to bed. No; don't tell them so—let me slip away."

She was very humble now, and she was using all her power, too, smiling on him with her beautiful eyes, beseeching him with her sweet lips, even calling him by name in the urgency of her need that he should stand by her as a friend at that hour.

"You see, cousin Cyril, I am not quite strong yet. It was so kind of you to do what you did just now; only be kinder still, and help me to get away without being seen. You will, won't you, Cyril?"

"Look here, Nina; one of us two must have a sleepless night. Which shall it be?"

"Not I, Cyril; I have so many."

"A man who permits himself to love a woman he cannot trust must either act the tyrant or the fool. To-night I may show myself the latter; but to-morrow I shall have my turn in a different character. Now go."

He walked back to the table as he finished speaking, and began an animated conversation with Mrs. Marsh. Presently Mr. Marsh put down his paper, firstly, because he greatly relished his nephew's company; and, secondly, because he considered it highly discourteous to leave him to such poor entertainment as women's tongues could afford. Then Madeleine drew attention to the fact that Nina was gone.

"She felt tired," said Captain Marsh. "I had been making her talk more than she was quite strong enough to bear, I fancy. She did not wish to disturb any of you, and, therefore, went quietly away without saying good-night."

Madeleine had given all her interest to the complications of her crochet pattern long before this explanation was concluded, and Mrs. Marsh had taken possession of the *Times*. She never ventured to touch it until she could feel sure that her husband would not want it again, Mr. Marsh particularly objecting to letting any portion of it out of his own hands. But now the patient little woman saw her opportunity, and profited by it at once. She began to read with a face of demure satisfaction, whilst Mr. Marsh and his nephew discussed questions of state and policy with the consistency of practical men, until the clock struck eleven, when the night candles were brought in and all retired to rest.

The next day Nina made fitful visits to the drawing-room, running away again to her own room at every sound of footsteps on the stairs. When evening came she insisted upon making one of the usual group at the centre table, and held some light work in her hand, from which she never once lifted her eyes. Captain Marsh had got over the fascination of the previous night, and was now cool and watchful, and quite determined that she should not take advantage of him again. He even tried her in every way he could, constantly mentioning Colonel St. George's visit, and regarding her curiously meanwhile.

But Nina was on her guard, too, and not a muscle of her face moved. He could not see that her needle even quickened its pace through the muslin. He redoubled his efforts to provoke her into retort, or at least make her show openly her misery and displeasure.

Loving passionately where his reason disproved made Cyril harsh and despotic. He felt inclined to visit his own folly on Nina, although, in his sober moments, he could not but exonerate her from all blame. She had been as cold and repellent as possible, even rejecting haughtily his offers of friendship. She had done all in her power to disenchant him until the previous evening, when, in her agony of mind, she had fawned on him, using all her feminine wiles to gain her end. But the motive for these was so clearly obvious that the greatest coxcomb in creation could not have misinterpreted her meaning. Altogether, reviewing these things, Captain Marsh could not help feeling that he had been conquered for once, and was thirsting for a counter-victory to wipe out the stain of defeat.

But his triumph was nearer than he could have believed. Mr. Marsh was out. He had gone to a magistrate's meeting early that morning on horseback, and had probably stayed to dinner with one of his friends. At any rate, he had not yet returned. It was snowing fast outside, and Mrs. Marsh was thinking of ordering dry things to be got ready for her husband when he did arrive, and was so flurried at this unusual responsibility that she could not sit still a minute. During one of her numerous journeys, Madeleine was absent at the same time, matching a shade of wool she was needing for her work, and Katie having been in bed some hours, Nina and her cousin were left alone.

She dropped her embroidery then, and looked up at him.

"Captain Marsh," she said, gently.

He slightly bowed, but he would not even glance her way.

"You have great influence with my father," she went on, in a low, eager voice; "it is easy to see that; will you, then, do what you can to prevent Colonel St. George from coming here?"

"What is Colonel St. George to you?" said Cyril, sternly.

"Nothing; only I do not want him here."

"If he is nothing to you, I do not see how his arrival can concern you."

"A stranger, and at such a time," murmured Nina, evasively.

"That's just it. I could understand your scruples better if he were an old friend who might be likely to notice the change in you, and inquire the reason; or, again, if he were a lover who would be sure to take umbrage at your altered looks and manner as a sort of treason against himself. Under any other circumstances, I do not see what earthly difference Colonel St. George's presence can make to you."

"Unfortunately, it is impossible for me to explain."

"Then it is impossible for me to serve you, unless you can make it clear to me that I ought to do so."

"And that I cannot."

"He is your lover?" inquired Cyril, in a tone of almost fierce interrogation.

"No."

"Your husband?"

"No."

"You have some feeling for him which he does not reciprocate?"

"I only know that I hate him. I cannot tell whether he returns this feeling or not."

"Then, Nina Marsh, he is—"

"Stop! Captain Marsh," said Nina, rising from her chair in haughty displeasure. "I have answered you so far obediently enough, because you befriended me last night, and I thought might be induced to do the same again. But you cannot go one step farther without forgetting that you are a gentleman and that I am the daughter of Mr. Marsh."

And she gathered her work together in her tremulous hands, and, bowing coldly to him, left the room.

THE CROSSING OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE.

The Chattahoochee is a beautiful stream, though at times, owing to the heavy rains, the water is turbid. It is fringed by a curtain of willows and hazel, and the bottoms on each side are green with luxurious crops of corn, which—alas! for the planters, will never be gathered. Much of the wheat and barley had been harvested and carried South. What was put in barns here is fast being consumed as forage for the horses and mules of Sherman's army.

Deluded by the vain boasts of the Southern press, the people of the rebel States believed Atlanta not only impregnable but unattainable. With a range of almost impassable mountains before it, held by a large army, commanded by one of their best Generals, Joseph E. Johnston, they laughed to scorn the idea that a Northern army could reach it.

Not Chicamauga, Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain, Buzzard's Roost, Resaca nor Kenesaw convinced them till they beheld Johnston a fugitive in Atlanta and deprived of his command. Conscious of his inability, he abandoned his strong works on the Southern bank of the river, which, low as the water was, no troops could have forded and then charged up the steep bank.

We give a sketch of Sherman's army descending the last of the mountain range to reach the level region on the Chattahoochee.

We are indebted to a gentleman of the army for a sketch of the crossing of the 16th army corps at Roswell's Ferry on the 10th, a sketch the more acceptable, as our Special Artist, C. E. F. Hillen, while with the advance, received a severe wound, which prevented his forwarding us sketches of the important scenes he has gone forward to witness. Last year the same artist was captured by the enemy, while at the peril of life contributing to the instruction of our readers, and perpetuating in our columns the events of this fearful war.

A white man not long since sued a black man in one of the courts, and while the trial was before the judge the litigants came to an amicable settlement, and so the counsel stated to the court.

"A verbal settlement will not answer," replied the judge; "it must be in writing."

"Here is the agreement in black and white," responded the counsel, pointing to the parties; "pray, what does your honor want more than this?"

"I say, Brown, what a close shaver Jones is. Why he'll squabble about a penny!"
"Well, what if he does? The less one squabbles about the better."

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—SHELLING SECESSIONVILLE FROM FORT STRONG.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. T. CRANE.

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

THE long siege of Charleston continues, if indeed we can properly style siege a distant bombardment. The nearer approach of our army seems hardly possible, but recently a movement was made by which Secessionville, a place frequently figuring in our accounts of operations, was shelled by Gen. Foster from Morris Island.

Our Artist gives an interesting view of Fort Strong while hurling its allowance of destructive material on the devoted spot. This fort is situated on the upper end of Folly Island, and was erected by Major-Gen. Gillmore. It is two and a half miles from James Island.

These bombardments are not wanton. They are resolved by the enemy, who fire at our steamers, and especially at the Pinnter, the boat carried off by Small and other negroes, and the mere appearance of which tends singularly to ruffle the equanimity of our Southern fellow-citizens.

We give also a view of Fort Johnson, the Citizens' Battery and Battery Simpkins, James Island, S. C.

The above rebel works are located on the extreme northern end of James Island. The "Citizens' Battery" and "Battery Simpkins" face the Union works on Morris Island. Fort Johnson appears to be a mere mass of yellow sand, but beneath the earthen coat are placed formidable guns. Charleston is seen in the background. A recent assault by the Union troops upon Fort Johnson proved unsuccessful, owing to a lack of proper support, resulting in a loss of 105 Unionist prisoners.

Our sketch was taken from Fort Wagner.

GRANT AND THE GENERALS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

OUR double-page groups together the men in whose hands are the great operations now carrying on against Richmond and Petersburg, all men whose services, during the past three years have made their names familiar to the country—men whose capacity has been tested by a thousand events.

Of Grant it is unnecessary to speak. The man who, at the beginning of the war, was regarded in his own State, and finally placed at a desk, has, by a dogged perseverance, a wonderful energy and fertility of resource, made his mark at Belmont, Donelson, Pittsburg landing, and the series of splendid victories that resulted in the reduction of Vicksburg, the more recent dislodgment of Bragg from Lookout mountain and Missionary ridge; how, step by step, he forced Lee back from the Rapidan to below Richmond is too recent to need a word.

And who has he around him to accomplish his plans? Meade, commanding the Army of the Potomac proper; the man who led the Pennsylvania reserves on so many a bloody field; who, suddenly, a year ago, placed in command of the army, met and broke Lee's course of triumph at Gettysburg.

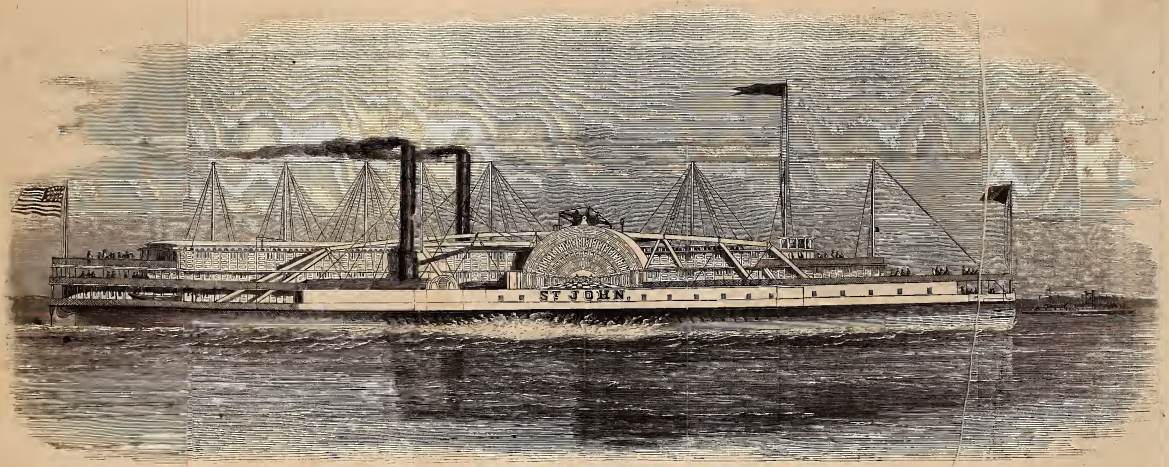
Butler, commanding the department in which the operations are now carried on, the man of energy and administrative talent, who first shed light on the negro question by declaring slaves used by the enemy contraband of war; who, in his government of New Orleans, achieved wonders that even now can scarcely be credited, giving that city freedom from rowdy rule, from daily murders and outrages, and giving it, too, such a thorough sanitary government that the yellow fever has ceased its visits.

These men are world known.

Of the Corps Commanders and other Generals grouped around some are as well-known:

Maj.-Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside, once commander of the army in which he now commands a corps, led a brigade at Bull run. Took Hatteras in January, 1862, by defeating the enemy at Roanoke and Newberne. Planted the national army in North Carolina, and rescued Fort Macon, made that State the weak spot of the rebellion. Here he fought at South mountain and Antietam all know. His defeat at Fredericksburg, in

THE WAR IN GEORGIA—THE 16TH ARMY CORPS FORDING THE CHATTAHOOCHEE AT ROSWELL'S FERRY, JULY 10.—FROM A SKETCH BY GEO. D. SATTLER, 2ND IOWA INFANTRY.



THE STEAMER STEAMER ST. JOHN, OF THE PEOPLE'S LINE FOR ALBANY, CAPT. WILLIAM H. PACK.—SEE PAGE 823.

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—CHARLESTON, FORT JOHNSON, THE CITIZEN'S BATTERY, BATTERY SIMPKINS, &C., FROM JAMES ISLAND.

December, 1862, placed him indeed under a cloud, but his successful defence of Nashville brought him forward again as one of our great Generals.

Hancock, who wears the stars of a Major-General, has made himself known by his hard fighting. Born in 1824, he graduated at West Point at the age of 20, and entered the army merely as a 2d Lieutenant of Infantry. When the rebellion broke out he was Assistant-Quartermaster-General, with the rank of Captain. On the 23d of Sept., 1861, he was appointed a Brigadier-General of Volunteers. He decided the battle of Williamsburg by a brilliant charge, which stamped on the public memory the quality of the man. At White Oak swamp, Golding's farm, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, in the third decisive day at Gettysburg, and in all Grant's battles he has been ever in the thick of fight; a modest, quiet, unassuming man, with all his high renown.

Maj.-Gen. Wm. Farrar Smith, popularly known as "Baldy Smith," is one of the first engineer officers of our army, was born at St. Albans, Vermont, Feb. 17, 1824, and graduating fourth in his class entered the Topographical Engineers. He was a 2d Lieutenant in 1840, a 1st Lieutenant in 1853, a Captain in 1859. During this time he was engaged as Assistant [illegible]rofessor of Mathematics at West Point, and as Engineer in Lake Superior, the Rio Grande, in Texas, and on the Mexican boundary. When the rebellion broke out he was Secretary of the Lighthouse Board, but at once took the field as Colonel of the 3d Vermont Volunteers. In August, 1861, he was made a Brigadier-General, and appointed to command a division in Franklin's corps. He has been a Major-General since July 4, 1862; distinguished himself at Antietam, and commanded the 6th corps at Fredericksburg. His services in the present campaign, under Grant, are fresh in the popular mind.

Wright, who commands the corps of the noblehearted Sedgwick, was born in Connecticut, in 1822, and graduated at West Point in 1841, standing so high as to receive brevet rank in the Engineers. He was employed in instructing in this branch of military science for some years; was 1st Lieutenant, Feb., 1848; Captain, July, 1855; Major, in August, 1861. The next month he was appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and commanded the 2d brigade in the expedition to Port Royal. He reduced Fernandina in 1862, and subsequently joined the Army of the Potomac, and for a time commanded the Department of Ohio. He is now in command of the forces protecting Washington.

Gen. Warren has by his stubborn fighting and unambitious character made his name as illustrious in our day as the victim of Bunker Hill did in the first war of Independence. He is a native of New York, and graduated at West Point in July, 1850, receiving a brevet of 2d Lieutenancy in the Topographical Engineers. He became 1st Lieutenant in 1856, and was employed to direct the Government explorations and surveys in Nebraska. His Captain's commission dates September 9, 1861. In the same month, in the following year, he was appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and in May, 1863, Major-General. He commanded the 5th Army Corps.

Major-Gen. D. D. Birney is a native of Alabama, but appointed from Pennsylvania. He has long been known as a brigade and division commander, and now at the head of a gallant corps enjoys the confidence of all, having distinguished himself in some of the hardest fought battles of the war.

Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, whose commission as Major-General dates December 31, 1862, was born in Massachusetts, but appointed from Ohio. He graduated at West Point in July, 1853, and was appointed brevet 2d Lieutenant in the 1st infantry. Transferred subsequently to the 4th infantry, he distinguished himself in a conflict with the Indians at the cascades in Washington Territory, in 1856. He is now Captain in the 13th infantry. In the present war he has been distinguished as a cavalry officer, having commended that arm under Rosecrans with such ability that he has been placed in command of the cavalry of the army of the Potomac by Gen. Grant.

Of Gen. Rawlins, Chief of Staff to Gen. Grant, we need not speak, having not long since given a sketch of his life.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

If a young woman bide you take heart, you probably can take hers.

Coleridge, the poet and philosopher, once arriving at an inn, called out:

"Waiter, do you dine here collectively or individually?"

"Sir," replied the knight of the napkin, "we dines at six."

An Englishman, boasting of the superiority of the horses in his country, mentioned that the celebrated Eclipse had run a mile in a minute.

"My good fellow!" exclaimed an American present, "that is less than the average rate of our common roadsters. I live at my country seat, near Philadelphia; and when I ride in a hurry to town of a morning, my own shadow can't keep up with me, but generally comes into the warehouse to find me from a minute to a minute and a half after my arrival. One morning the beast was restless, and I rode him as hard as I possibly could several times round a large factory—just to take the old Harry out of him. Well, sir, he went so fast that the whole time I saw my back directly before me, and was twice in danger of riding over myself."

An Irishman who was at the celebrated battle of Bull's run was somewhat startled when the head of his companion on the left was taken off by a cannonball. In a few minutes, however, a spent ball broke off the finger of his comrade on the other side. The latter threw down his gun and howled with pain, when the Irishman rushed upon him exclaiming:

"You owld woman, stop cryin'! You are making more noise about it than the man who just lost his head."

The other day, for a distance of 40 miles, I travelled along with Mrs. Graves. She was a sweet and interesting woman—so sweet and interesting that, fastidious as I am on the subject, I believe I would have been willing to have kissed her. I had, however, several reasons for not perpetrating this act. First, I am such a good husband I wouldn't even be guilty of the appearance of disloyalty to my sweet wife. Secondly, I was afraid our fellow-passengers would see me, and tell Graves. Third, I do not think Mrs. G. would let me.

The New York newsboys make the most of the sensation headlines with which the telegraph dispatches are garnished. Seeing one little fellow unusually silent, a friend of ours asked:

"What's the news, my boy?"

"Oh, there's a whole lot of news, but nothing to holler!"

News with "nothing to holler" is a bad fix for the newsboys.

A curious boy in Lochwinnoch parish, Scotland, asked his mother about the origin of man, etc., and was answered:

"We are all made of clay."

"Are the horses made of clay, too?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," was the reply; "all of clay."

"Than, mother, Duncan Donelson has but one leg; has the clay been unco dear, d'ye think, when he gangs wi' a timber ane?"

Lady Chandos, who was still a coquette in her advanced maturity, came to a party after eleven o'clock.

"How late you are, my charmer?" said the mistress of the house, provokingly.

"I am quite ashamed," answered her ladyship, "but my maid is so very slow; she takes more than an hour and a half to do my hair."

"Fortunately," observed one of her friends, "you are not obliged to stay at home while she is doing it."

A fellow having imbibed rather freely took it into his head that he could fly, and to get a good position, ascended a signpost and started. He was questioned the next day as to how he liked flying. "Oh," said he, "it's nothing to fly, the alighting is the hardest part of the operation."

A novel mode of bringing an obstinate juror to his senses was adopted recently at Santa Cruz, California. He held out against the other eleven, who had promptly agreed upon a verdict of guilty. After an hour of argument with no avail, it was at last proposed that the jury should return a verdict of guilty by eleven jurymen, who believed the other one to be a confederate of the prisoner and a great rascal. This ended it. The obstinate juror saw twenty vigilance committees in his mind's eye, and in five minutes the jury unanimously returned a verdict of guilty.

An urchin suffering from the application of the birch, said: "Forty rods are said to be a furlong. I know better; let anybody get such a plaguy licking as I've had and he'll find out that one rod makes an acher."

A young lady once married a man by the name of Dust, against the wishes of her parents. After a short time they lived unhappily together, and she returned to her father's house, but he refused to receive her, saying, "Dust thou art, and unto Dust thou shalt return."

Bandboxes.—The whiskered sex have been, ever since bandboxes were invented, down upon them with objurgations. It will be a triumph to the ladies to know, by the following narrative, how the self-styled lords of creation were on one occasion indebted to the potency of the heretofore despised and ridiculed encumbrance for a comfortable ride: The editor of the Cleveland *Herald* formed one of a party of four travelling over the Pennsylvania railroad. At Altoona, in order to avoid the tobacco-spitting nuisance of other parts of trains, the party endeavored to enter the ladies' car, but were politely informed that they could not be admitted unless in company with ladies. We will let the writer tell his own story: "We yielded to the ruling as correct. Just then a gentleman, bearing a bandbox, mounted the platform, and the key was turned in the lock without a question. Through the window we saw the result of the innocent fraud, as the lucky passenger handed over the bandbox to a lady, with laughing thanks at the complete success of his happy expedient. Upon that hint one of the number spoke through the window and was handed that patent bandbox. Its second appearance at the door worked a like result, and the same experiment with the box three times successively gained entrance unquestioned. The fourth man, and the one who had first been repulsed, now, with a faint hope of success, bore the magic box to the car door, but the Cerberus of the car remembered faces, and for a moment hesitated, but as the handbox was raised to his vision, stepped aside, and, with 'Beg your pardon, sir; I did not see your bandbox,' opened the car, and the triumph was complete. The bandbox power won over at least four friends to that abused article, who hereafter will not be found among its scoffers."

"I am surprised, my dear, that I have never seen you blush," said a gentleman to his wife.

"The fact is, my dear," was her reply, "that I was born to blush unseen!"

The only tolerable things we can find in *Punch* are these. Our readers may smile at the hunchback's Americanisms:

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Grant reduced to grunt.
Sheridan's Rivals successful.
Hunter hunted.
Harker toasted.
Macpherson not an Ossy 'un; his cavalry cut up.
Thomas's men rendered fit for Guy's.
Pillow on Sherman's rear.

The book of the growling, snarling, snapping author may very properly be dog's-eared.

"Is that clock right over there?" asked a visitor the other day.

"Right over there?" said the boy; "'taint nowhere else."

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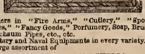

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Proposals for Loan.

Treasury Department, July 25, 1864.

Notice is hereby given that subscriptions will be received by the Treasurer of the United States, the several Assistant Treasurers and designated Depositaries, and by the National Banks designated and qualified as Depositaries and Financial Agents, for Treasury Notes payable three years from August 15, 1864, bearing interest at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum, with semi-annual coupons attached, payable in lawful money.

These notes will be convertible, at the option of the holder at maturity, into six per cent. gold bearing bonds, redeemable after five and payable twenty years from August 15, 1867.

The notes will be issued in denominations of fifty, one hundred, five hundred, one thousand and five thousand dollars, and will be issued in blank, or payable to order, as may be directed by the subscribers.

All subscriptions must be for fifty dollars, or some multiple of fifty dollars.

Duplicate certificates will be issued for all deposits. The parties depositing must endorse upon the *original* certificate the denomination of notes required, and whether they are to be issued in blank or payable to order. When so endorsed it must be left with the officer receiving the deposit, to be forwarded to this Department.

The notes will be transmitted to the owners free of transportation charges as soon after the receipt of the original Certificates of Deposit as they can be prepared.

Interest will be allowed to August 15 on all deposits made prior to that date, and will be paid by the Department upon the receipt of the original certificates.

As the notes draw interest from August 15, persons making deposits subsequent to that date must pay the interest accrued from date of note to date of deposit.

Parties depositing twenty-five thousand dollars and upwards for these notes at any one time will be allowed a commission of one-quarter of one per cent., which will be paid by this Department upon the receipt of a bill for the amount, certified to by the officer with whom the deposit was made. No deductions for commissions must be made from the deposits.

Officers receiving deposits will see that the proper endorsements are made upon the original certificates.

All officers authorized to receive deposits are requested to give to applicants all desired information, and afford every facility for making subscriptions.

W. P. FESSENDEN,
Secretary of the Treasury.

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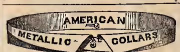

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The War for the Union—What we Have Gained, and What we Have Yet to Do.

"WHAT have you gained by this fratricidal war?" is the familiar inquiry of that incurable partizan whose hostility to "the powers that be" has carried him and his sympathies over to the enemy. "What have you gained from this unholy crusade for the subjugation of the South? How much nearer are you to Richmond than you were in the summer of 1862? How much longer can you sustain these annual drafts of 500,000 men, and this war expenditure of a thousand millions a year?"

Let us briefly endeavor to answer these questions in good faith, conceding the point that we have lost much in men, time, means and money, that might have been saved had the war been more vigorously and wisely prosecuted than it has been. First, then, we turn to the inquiry, "What have we gained by this war?" We have gained in territory one-half the domains claimed as belonging to the so-called "Confederate States." In the last rebel Congress the States represented were Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas, Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas—thirteen—when the whole section of country now under the actual occupation and authority of Davis and his confederates has been reduced to the interior portions of the last eight States above-named. The Northern military line of the rebellion, which, in 1861, ran north-westward from Manassas to Kentucky, and thence through the heart of that State to Columbus, on the Mississippi river, a thousand miles and more above the sea, has been pushed so far down into Georgia as to threaten the complete isolation of all the "Confederacy" north of the Savannah river from the States below. From Columbus to the Gulf of Mexico, overcoming numerous armies, and a chain of fortifications, armed flotillas, rafts, mines and other obstructions unparalleled in the defences of any other river of modern or ancient times, the Mississippi has been reopened and occupied, and is now in the absolute and permanent occupation of the Government.

Thus that half of the Davis Confederacy which lies west of the Mississippi is in the condition of a wing of an army hopelessly cut off from the main body, so that, in a practical military view, we have reduced the vital forces of the rebellion to the interior portions of the single tier of States, and parts of States, lying between Richmond and Mobile.

So much for the territory recovered, in a military estimate, practically. In the population reclaimed from the rebellion we have gained two-thirds of its original strength; and in the valuable resources for peace or war, wrested from the enemy, our gains have been correspondingly great. Nor do these constitute all our gains. In the beginning of this war the rebel leaders, from the commercial power of King Cotton, confidently counted upon a timely coalition from England and France, upon the destruction of our commerce on the high seas, and the raising of the blockade by a numerous fleet of foreign-built privateers and ironclads, and upon the active armed co-operation of a powerful division of the Northern Democracy. We have gained the neutrality of England, which secures the neutrality of France; there is but one rebel privateer now left dodging about upon the high seas; the ironclads built for the enemy are out of the way, and as for a rising of the Northern peace Democracy, in support of King Jeff, we dare say that they are fully convinced it would not begin to pay expenses.

All these things we have gained—one-half the original area claimed by the rebellion, two-thirds of its population, two-thirds of its most valuable military resources and lines of communication, including the whole line of the Mississippi river, the dethronement of King Cotton, the neutrality of England and France, and the substantial unity of the great North and the loyal States of the South upon this grand, paramount and supreme Jacksonian idea that "the Union was and shall be preserved." If we have changed the issue from 19,000,000 of people against 12,000,000 to 27,000,000 of people against less than 8,000,000, is it not manifest that we have gained enough to insure our final success, and as the crowning reward of the present campaign?

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Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

Since the unfortunate failure of the assault on Lee's lines all has been quiet before Petersburg. That developed the fact that a very small force can hold Lee's lines against Grant's army; and hence there is every probability of Lee attempting a Northern invasion in force. Indeed such a movement by an army, under Johnston, is announced. Our dead have been buried under a flag of truce. Our loss was 1,800 killed and wounded, and 1,000 prisoners.

The rebels since fired a mine, but it failed to blow up our saps, and they retreated after a fruitless charge.

The President went down to Fortress Monroe, and had a long interview with Grant, on Sunday, July 31st.

WESTERN VIRGINIA AND MARYLAND.

There is now no question but that the rebels are preparing to hurl a large and well-prepared army on Maryland, Pennsylvania and the District, in hopes of relieving Georgia and Richmond.

Early has a force of 35,000, and Johnston is marching with veteran troops to join him.

Parties have crossed at Nolan's ferry, Williamsport and Hancock, and are centreing near Antietam.

Gen. Sheridan is in command of the Union troops, regulars and militia.

GEORGIA.

Hood is said to have lost 25,000 men killed, wounded and missing since he took command.

On the 26th July Gen. E. McCook, with 3,200 cavalry, was sent by Gen. Stoneman to cut the Macon and Western railroad. He succeeded in demolishing 18 miles of the road. He then started to capture a rebel train of 500 wagons, going from Atlanta to Macon. He took and destroyed it, capturing Hood's papers and 500 prisoners. His men unfortunately made free with the liquors found, and when McCook was attacked and surrounded by Gen. Ransom they were utterly defeated, lost all their prisoners, and got back to Marietta in small bodies. Up to the latest dates 1,500 had come in.

FLORIDA.

Fort Hobson, near Pensacola, has just been captured by Gen. Asboth, with 18 guns, a quantity of stores and ammunition.

MISSISSIPPI.

Guerillas are very active in this State. On the 25th a plantation, five miles from Vicksburg, was totally destroyed. A Texan regiment destroyed another near Natchez, killing the whites, and carrying off the negroes and property.

Other parties with artillery are attacking steamers. The Fairchild, at Aston landing, was struck 17 times.

ALABAMA.

Admiral Farragut, with a very powerful fleet, has begun the attack on Mobile. Gen. Granger commands the land forces.

On the 30th of July it was announced in New Orleans that Farragut had passed Forts Morgan and Gaines, and entered the bay. Farragut has four monitors, four Mississippi ironclads, nine screw-sloops, four double-enders, six screw gunboats, and some tugs, in all 32 vessels, with 231 guns.

LOUISIANA.

A general exchange of prisoners effected with the rebels has brought to New Orleans nearly 1,000 officers and men, lost by Gen. Banks in his Red river expedition.

The 18th U. S. cavalry routed a body of rebels near Baton Rouge in July.

ARKANSAS.

A party of negro soldiers was repulsed by guerillas near Wilson's landing, on the 30th, but a cavalry party the next day routed the guerillas, killing 40.

The reports of rebels shelling Little Rock and Pine Bluff are false. Price is at Camden; Marmaduke at Monticello, menacing St. Charles; Fagan is on the Arkansas, Selby near Jacksonport. They live and keep up their organizations by small raids.

KENTUCKY.

Rebel guerillas hold Henderson and Paris, where they are committing their usual depredations. Lieut. Gamble and a party were taken and murdered.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The expedition sent by Gen. Palmer to the Chowan river, under Lieut. Ward, recaptured the steamer Arrow, with a large quantity of cotton, &c.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Alexandra, about which so much discussion has taken place in the Court of Queen's Bench, left the Mersey on Sunday, July 17, for Nassau, with a general cargo of merchandise. The name of the vessel has been changed, and she is now called the Mary; and it is said that she is to be a trader between the Mersey and Nassau. The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says that the intelligence from the wheat growing districts is not unfavorable. A dispatch from Vienna of July 16, says: "The proposals of Denmark, addressed direct to the courts of Berlin and Vienna, have been met on the part of Austria and Prussia by a suspension of arms on land and sea until July 31, during which period the blockade will be raised. The German Powers have added the request that Denmark will immediately send Plenipotentiaries to Vienna, in order to come to an understanding with Austria and Prussia relative to the basis of peace."

Garibaldi, who appears to be in poor health, left Ischia July 19 for Caprera. His reception by the public was very enthusiastic.

The Richmond correspondent of the London *Times* compares Grant to the Russian Gen. Suwarrow. He thinks his chances of success very small, and declares that Gen. Lee has inflicted upon him a loss of 15,000 men in the battle of June 1.

The French Government has invited the European Powers to an International Congress next autumn, to regulate telegraphic communications in Europe. No invitation had been sent to the British Government, as the telegraphic lines are all under the control of private companies. The debates in Parliament were very unimportant, the opposition appearing to consider the debate of the 9th July as conclusive for the session. One of Layard's most telling hits was the assurance he gave that if Palmerston were displaced the rebel rams would sail from Liverpool, and this, Mr. Layard added, emphatically, means war with America.

In reply to an inquiry of Mr. Lindsay, Lord Palmerston states again in the House of Commons that he thought that at present there was no advantage to be gained by meddling in the American war. According to the *Independance Belge*, Mr. Slidell has left Paris on a visit to Napoleon, at Vichy.

The first sitting of the Peace Conference of Vienna took place on the 26th of July. Herr Von Bismark was in Vienna, and was to take part in the Peace Negotiations. The Chambers of the kingdom of Wurtemberg have unanimously resolved to protest against the occupation of the city of Rendsburg, in Holstein, by Prussian troops, and to request the Government to oppose, in conjunction with other States, this violence with the necessary means.

The forces of Major Gordon, who has rendered such important services to the Government of China, have been disbanded. In Japan quarters have been arranged for the British troops at Yeddo.

TOWN GOSSIP.

THE old adage that "one-half the world knows not how the other half lives" might once have been true, but in these days the per centage has altered, and nine-tenths of the world certainly knows how the whole of it lives.

Let those who are at this moment enjoying the pure air of heaven, where nothing less sweet than the scent of the clover comes up on the wind, think of the millions who are stifling in cities, stowed in cellars and garrets, breathing the fetid air created by decaying animal and vegetable refuse, under a sun marking over a hundred degrees of heat.

That all the country may know something of the overcrowded state of this Babylon in which we live, let a small summary be taken.

New York has 580 tenement-houses that have a gross population of 10,933 families, or an average of 85 persons each; 193 that have 111 persons each; 71 that have 140 persons each; and 29 that have, altogether, 5,449 inmates, or 187 persons to each tenement, or a total of 86,112 people crowded into 873 houses.

On the other hand, for two miles on the Fifth avenue, the grandest and wealthiest part, on both sides of the way, the entire population will only come up to 400 families, while in a single block of tenements only a few hundred yards away, 700 families, or nearly 4,000 people are crowded, sweltering and dying under the blazing sun.

Upon some of these summer nights, after a day of uncommon heat, it is a study of painful interest to go into these densely populated districts and witness the outpouring of the people. The sidewalks swarm with them; the doorways are alive; the gutters fester with the children, while every window of the great caravanserais hang full with dirty women, far outstretched to catch a breath of the passing air. Cleanliness in such quarters is next to impossible, and without it health is a myth. Coolness is an absurd idea, when every room has its stove or furnace, with fire for family cooking, until the building is one mass of heated air.

It requires these super-heated summer days to make one realize the dirtiness and decay of a city like New York. She has none of the natural advantages of personal cleanliness. She does not lie, like Brooklyn, on an inclined plane, so that every shower washes away her dirt, nor has she those excellent scavengers, the turkey buzzards, of some Southern cities; but being flat and unsewered, is obliged to take her chances with such officials as are deputed to wash her face and comb her hair, chances that are just now very slim indeed.

New York is perhaps at this moment seeing the very darkest days of its existence. There is more of gloom hanging over all classes of society than can be understood in a glance. Some have asserted that New York has prospered by the war, and has nothing to complain of. This is not so. She may have prospered in some respects, but whatever she has made by commerce and manufactures has been spent with an open and liberal hand in supporting our armies and giving strength to the Government. New York is at this moment $250,000,000 poorer than she was three years ago. She has been drained of her mechanics and skilled labor, and though those that are left are constantly employed and are congratulated on their prosperity, they are not as well off with their enhanced wages as they were three years ago. All classes dread the coming draft, and have lost confidence in a speedy cessation of the war. They are beginning to talk vaguely of peace, and yet are willing to accord no terms save those for which we are fighting.

What a world of speculation and thought there is in the columns of a daily newspaper with its little local record. We catch one up for a moment, and three paragraphs meet our eye, standing consecutively in the same column, that illustrate some of the strange phases of the city. The first is a short report of the trial of a man for murder—not worthy of more than a paragraph in these days when ten thousand murders are sometimes done in a day—the victim being his wife. He shot her with a pistol, which he claims went off accidentally. He is sentenced to one year in the penitentiary! Now why, we ask, this year? If the man killed his wife intentionally, her life is surely worth more than a year, and if as he says, accidentally, why imprison at all? There is something strange in the wisdom of judges and jurors, something beyond human ken.

The next is a case where an infuriated cow, while being driven through the streets, breaks away and runs the gauntlet of Broadway at midday, finally fetching up at the City Hall Park, and being secured by a score or two of police, and a hundred or two of cow-hunting citizens of every age. The paper very coolly observing, at the end of the relation, that they believe a law exists for the prevention of cattle-driving through the streets. Yes! there is a law, as there is law for many other things, and yet we wager that not one of that score of policemen, who assisted at the capture, undertook to put that law in force. We were a few days ago witness to a case where several hundred pigs were being driven across the city, and when within a block of Broadway managed somehow to get a confused old lady in the midst, and before she could be rescued she was knocked down, and the whole drove passed over her prostrate body leaving her a very short distance removed from death; and yet with two policemen and 20 citizens looking on, neither pig-owners or pig-drivers were punished.

The third case is of servant whipping, a strange amusement for one professing to be a leader of *ton*, and a gentleman (?) This squire of high degree one day fancied that he should like to give his cook a thrashing, which desire he gratified by slashing the artist of pots and kettles over the eyes with an oyster knife, at an expense of $250, which sum the jury mulcted him in to pay for the scar the lady brought into court. Had he cut off her nose, the price, no doubt, would have been $500, and had he succeeded in entirely decapitating her, there can be little doubt that this fashionable freak would have cost him at least $1,000. We are certainly beginning to realise the days when a gentleman can kick the waiter, and have it put in the bill without further argument.

We, in common with all the rest of mankind, have had a fast day, so-called, if we are to judge practically, because on that day people live fast, drink fast, drive fast horses, and do fast things generally. On that day the stores were all made fast, and the thousands of clerks and employés from whom the fast day would not deduct a day's wages blessed Abraham Lincoln, and looked upon him as a convenient institution for that occasion only. The churches had poor attendance, but the chance was too good for the political parsons, such as Mayor Gunther referred to in his message, to let slip, and accordingly they dealt out destruction from the pulpit on all such as did not agree with them in opinion. We will venture to say that the night of the fast day brought forth more intoxicated men than any single day since the first day of this year; that there was more horse-running on the roads leading out of the city, and more general dissipation than any day of the year save the 4th of July and New Year's day. There is nothing like a fast day to bring about an unbending of the public back and a general hilarious jubilee.

Before we close our talk of this week, there is something on which we congratulate every New Yorker, and we can see no reason why not every countryman who visits New York, and that is the destruction of the old Park barracks, and an attempt to restore the Park to something like its former looks. These unsightly, prison-like places have been an eyesore to the people for two years, and we verily believe have done more to retard enlistments than all things else put together. The very sight of such a loathsome place in the very heart of the city, and the thought of the soldier that upon entering the service he was to be consigned to such a prison, was enough to discourage the stoutest heart. But the fiat has gone forth and the barracks must come down, to the utter destruction of millions of lives, innocent creatures gathered from every quarter of the land, without distinction from the backs and bosoms of rebels and Union soldiers. Farewell ye barracks, and may your shadow never more encumber the view of Broadway!

And now for a word or two about the theatres, though there is little to say.

Wallack's does, and no doubt will continue to do for some weeks to come, a fine business with Dan Bryant in the Milesian line. Every night Miss Ione Burke, as Eily O'Connor, is dipped in the cool waters of Myles's Cave, not a bad dip, we take it, for these warm nights, and comes out all again the fresher for her bath.

Which reminds us that Lucille Western has ended with that cooling, heating drama, "The Sea of Ice," and goes on with "East Lynne" for a spell, by way of a change, while upon the opposite side of the street, at the Broadway, her sister Helen has ended her engagement, and "the young, the beautiful, the fascinating," after taking a benefit and presenting to every gentleman a *carte de visite*, and to every lady a bouquet, while the audience indiscriminately were bedewed with Night-Blooming Cereus—a rather brilliant idea for this time of the year—retires gracefully for other fields of conquest, and to win other admirers to the nude drama.

The Olympic still continues closed, and the Winter Garden the same, though the latter soon opens with a thoroughly renovated interior and a company that will be more likely to elicit commendation than that of last season.

The Bowery side of the city has known two sensations in a dramatic way during the past week, the first being the reopening of the Old Bowery, repainted and decorated, and the second the placing of a native company in the Stadts Theatre for a summer season, to do the usual style of drama suiting the taste of the east side. The company makes up in quantity what it lacks in quality, being, as the bills strike us, rather numerous, and counting among it one or two pretty and clever women, one of whom, Miss Milly Sackett, deserves especial notice. She is of the *soubrette* school, and has all the elements about her for success, a pretty face and form, quick, sparkling action, and is still young. We make no doubt that a little time will transplant her to the Broadway side of the town, supposing the Broadway managers ever penetrate to the east for novelty.

At the Museum Barnum is illustrating what we have always asserted, that New York has a positive and decided taste for pantomime. "Mazulm" still holds its own, and crowded houses attest its success. No doubt with its ending another of the same sort will be ready, and, without forcing public sentiment, the pantomime may become an institution among us.

The actors held another meeting on Thursday last, at Cooper Institute, Mr. Davidge in the chair, at which, as far as we could see, they enjoyed themselves. Mr. Davidge told a funny story, a style of thing in which he rather excels, and the meeting received a deputation from the Workingmen's Union, offering sympathy and, possibly, something stronger. If, however, there was anything of the kind about, we can only say—speaking in our province as reporter—that we didn't see it.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—Three-fifths of the adult white population of California are men without wives. Four out of every five white men are bachelors, and from necessity; for while there are 183,856 white men in the State, there are only 48,140 white women. Thus leaving 134,706 men without wives.

—— A young man, residing in Providence, who was exempted a year ago on the plea that he was the sole support of an aged mother, has been enrolled at the request of his mother, who complained that he had been living upon her earnings ever since.

—— The Kearsarge and McClellan Base Ball Clubs played a match on the 4th at Hoboken. It was won by the "Little Macs," after a gallant contest.

—— The New York *Times* has at last denounced the miserable system of changing our official material every four years, to which the corruption and inefficiency of our Government are undoubtedly due.

—— John Morrissey and H. W. Genet have made a match between Fillingham and Gen. Butler, stakes $10,000, two mile heats, to harness, over the Fashion Course, in September.

—— The St. Joseph (Mo.) *Herald* is informed by an old Indian trader among the Missouri Sioux Indians, that these Indians have now in their possession, not as prisoners but as slaves, 10 white women, and that no one can ransom them, as they are valued far more than riches. The only way they can be released is by the strong arm of the military power. The maltreatment to which they are subject is beyond the power of description. The same journal is informed that a party of 600 Indians recently attacked an emigrant train, 13 of whom were massacred, when the remainder surrendered, after a desperate resistance.

—— Gen. Hunter has banished from Frederick city, Maryland, all those suspected of being friendly to the rebels.

—— Lieut.-Col. Halpine has resigned his position of Adjutant-General of Western Virginia. Mr. Stanton accepted the resignation in a most complimentary letter to the gallant soldier. Col. Halpine is not only a brave officer but a brilliant writer. His health has been so much shattered by his labors that repose is absolutely necessary.

—— Hay is plentiful in Maine, and the quality excellent.

—— The new East Broadway line of cars commenced running on the 1st inst. The route of these new cars is from the Dry Dock, through Grand street, East Broadway and Chatham street to the Astor House. The President of the new line is Mr. John Kerr, and the Superintendent is Mr. John Ryan. The cars are neat and commodious vehicles, possessing all the latest improvements, well ventilated, well cushioned and well managed.

—— The first meeting of the open board of brokers was held on the 1st inst., at noon, in their new building, just finished in Broad street. The board was a large one, and considerable enthusiasm was manifested on opening. A few remarks were made by the President, congratulatory to the board, after which they immediately proceeded to business. In the course of the hour a subscription was taken up for the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers at Willett's Point Hospital, netting the nice little sum of $175.

—— A meeting of the Actors' Protective Association was held at the Cooper Institute on the 4th inst. Mr. Davidge took the chair, and made a very spirited defence of the action of the body in demanding an advance of salaries. The Workingmen's Association sent a sympathising deputation to the actors, and a conference was arranged between the bodies. Several new members were admitted, and the meeting adjourned to the 18th inst.

Naval.—Experiments have been made at Toulon with a new kind of ironclad gunboats, with improvements that will enable them to move at a rapid rate on land as well as on water. These small vessels sit very low in the water, and have on the deck an ironclad shelter, pierced with six portholes and 18 embrasures. As they can be taken to pieces in a few hours and divided into eighteen blocks, including the engine, these gunboats could, if required, engage in a naval combat off the coast of Provence with a speed of eight knots, then be taken to pieces, and, having been carried away by railway, be ready to fight again off the coasts of the Atlantic in 36 hours, after crossing the whole of France. If this new engine of war had existed during the Italian campaign Mantua and Peschiera might have been captured almost without a blow, and Venice might have seen a miniature ironclad fleet navigating her lagoons.

—— An English engineer is reported to have said that, at the expense of £10,000, he would construct a small ironclad vessel of greater speed by far than any in her Majesty's navy, and arming her with three 30 ton guns, he would sink the whole French navy in three hours. There is, perhaps, no boast in this, after our experience of what big guns can do (*vide* the Kearsarge).

—— The Portland *Advertiser*, of Aug. 2, says: "A number of the new monitors have proved to be unseaworthy, owing to the lack of depth, sinking so low in the water as to render them unfit for navigation. Mr. Lawrence, the builder of the Wassuc, in this city, proposes to remedy this defect in the Wassuc, by increasing the depth of the vessel 22 inches, which, it is believed, will render the vessel light enough to sail well, and also allow her to be submerged to the surface of the water in time of action. We notice that the work on the vessel is progressing favorably, the turret being ready to be raised to its place. The turret-shafts and rims are on the ground, and the pilot-house is in the hands of the workmen."

—— It is said by the captains who have been captured by the Florida that she is a much more formidable ship than the Alabama, in crew and other respects.

—— Affairs at Mobile begin to assume an interesting phase. Admiral Farragut is gathering at that point a powerful fleet, which has already succeeded in almost entirely closing the port against blockade-runners. Until the Admiral is reinforced with more monitors, however, active operations against the city may not be expected. The success of Gen. Sherman at Atlanta will greatly influence Admiral Farragut's conduct in timing the attack.

Personal.—Dumas the elder has commenced giving readings from his works *à la* Charles Dickens.

—— John Savage, the well-known dramatist and author, has accepted the position of editor of the New Orleans *Daily Times*. A complimentary dinner is to be given to him previous to his departure.

—— The Governor of the State of Maine ordered Company A, of the State Guards, Bangor, to garrison Fort McClary, at Kittery Point, for 60 days. Mr. Hamlin is a member of that company, and like a true soldier, accompanied the expedition.

—— "Gamma," a correspondent of the Mobile *Register*, in a recent letter, tells the following anecdote of the "Bayard of the South:" "In Gen. Lee's tent meat is eaten but twice a week, the General not allowing it oftener because he believes the indulgence in meat to be criminal, in the present straitened condition of the country. His ordinary dinner consists of a heart of cabbage, boiled in salt water, and a pound of corn bread."

—— Among the passengers by the Scotia, which arrived on Tuesday of last week from Liverpool, were Mrs.

Bateman, daughters and servant. The many friends of the young American songstress will be glad once more to see her face, and will certainly give her a warm welcome.

—A dispatch from Lieut.-Col. G. G. Loring, of Gen. Burnside's staff, to Col. H. Lee, Jr., of Boston, dated Aug. 5, says that during a fire of trains it was ascertained that Gen. Bartlett and Col. Weld were prisoners in the hands of the rebels. Both officers were uninjured.

—Secretary W. Pitt Fessenden is now on a visit to his native city, Portland, Maine.

—Senator Sebastian of Arkansas, and his family have arrived in Memphis, their homestead and plantation having been completely destroyed.

—Miss Annie E. Jones, better known as "the pretty Rebel Spy" and as "Major Jones," an intelligent young woman only 20 years old, who has been a prisoner of State for the last year, was released by order of Secretary Stanton on the Burnside jail, in Massachusetts, and left for Boston last week.

Obituary.—Thos. Colley Grattan, the well-known novelist and essayist, died lately in London, aged 68. He was born in Dublin, and entered the army. Marrying a lady of Belgian descent, he resigned and settled in France. In 1839 he produced "Pelham," a poetical romance, in the style of Lord Lytton's novel of the same name. Appointment by Prince Talleyrand to the consulate at Boston, Massachusetts, Mexico, Washington living, Lamartine and many other distinguished men, and became a frequent contributor to the *Edinburgh Review* and to the *New Monthly Magazine*, which then under the editorship of Thomas Campbell. In 1839 appeared "Highways and By-Ways, by a Wandering Gentleman," the work by which his reputation will be best remembered. Then he produced in succession, "Jane Seaton, the Scrivener," a play written for Keah, "Tales of Men and Cities" (1850), "Traits of the Tuscan Wits," "The Heiress of Bruges" (1851), "The History of the Netherlands," "Jacqueline of Holland" (1852), which was followed his experiences of Belgium during the Revolution, and his residence in Holland and Italy, where he wrote his "Legends of the Rhine" and "Agnes de Mansfield." On the accession of Prince Albert, of Saxe-Coburg, to the newly created throne of Belgium, Mr. Grattan returned to Brussels, and in 1857 was appointed, at the special request of His Majesty, British Consul at Boston. His new office brought out him in a new direction, and his first pamphlet on the boundary question in America. In 1858 he was appointed, as a novelty, to the consulate of his son, who had been acting as his deputy, and he was appointed a member of the privy chamber in the royal household. Mr. Grattan has also written "Civilized America" (1859), "Passages in the Life of Mr. Joseph Sturge" (1861), "Bayard and the Distinguished Seats of America" (1862), "Rome Pontifical and Theocratic" (1863), &c.

—The Rev. Daniel Waldo, the celebrated centenarian, died at Syracuse, N. Y., on Saturday, July 6, from an infection of the throat. He was born in Connecticut, in September, 1763, served in the Revolutionary war, and was present at Bunker's Hill. In 1791 he graduated at Yale College, and built he entered the ministry of the Congregational church, which he has for many years resigned on account of his infirmities. He was highly respected. In 1850 he was, on the nomination of Henry Clay, elected Chaplain of the House of Representatives. He was a man of correct personal habits, which he carried to extraordinary lengths and longevity. He preached frequently during the past year, and was a believer of a literal hell.

—Prof. Hadley, of the Union Theological Seminary, died on the 31st from City Point while acting as agent on the relief steamer of the Sanitary Commission, having been at the front since the last of June.

Col. George W. Logan, of the 14th Tennessee cavalry, died a few days ago at Fayetteville, Tenn. Col. Bridges was a leading Congress, elected in 1861, but, like many in rebellion, was prevented from taking his seat until near the close of the Congress.

—Mrs. Sarah Hollingsworth, residing in the rear of No. 1,111 Spruce road, Philadelphia, died lately at the advanced age of 110 years.

—Wm. Livingston, one of the proprietors of the Congress Spring, died at Saratoga on the 8th inst.

Foreign.—Among the latest arrivals in Paris is that of Victor, Duke Decazes minister of the Bey of Tunis, who is said to have an immense quantity of treasure with him. The fleet took a very glory during the Russian crusade; but has now found a sumptuous asylum of sportsmen in the Faubourg St. Honore. His success is expected shortly.

—Baron Baude, D. Jerrold, having completed his inquiries concerning the institutions for the poor in London and France, is about to investigate theories the manufacturing districts of France and the quaint Belgium chambers of the artisans. In time he will make a work giving a complete view of the poor of Europe.

—A correspondent writing from Hamburg says: "On the 4th of July the Americans here made a separate excursion of the little watering-place of Blankenese, about 16 miles from here. They had ordered a steamer there, and several large loads of American were sent. In some of their carriages they had the United States flag flying, and I am told that it excited much surprise in Blankenese, particularly with the police, who thought it was a political row, and at once arrested some of the party, and marched them off to the judge, who asked the object and purpose of the display of American flags; of these arrested explained that it was an American flag, and is borne by the U. S. Consul-General at Frankfort, who was one of the party, and who was also Consul for Hamburg. Which Blankenese was informed by the Judge, on hearing the explanation, dismissed the charge, expressed regret that the eagle police should have been guilty of such an act."

—The only remaining member in a railroad-car in London as shall be unarrested. The supposed murderer is a German, Antonio Munier. The evidence was purely circumstantial, but of a very precise nature. The hat which the carriage had been proved to be his, while the watchman of the murdered man has been traced to him. The supposed murderer had sailed in the Victoria for New York, which is daily expected. As, however, Inspector Ashbrooke was in pursuit of the vessel, there is no doubt that he will be captured. The jewelry, which is in Mr. Bridge's chain, and the cash, also brought the last for Mailer, accompanied the English clerk on New York. Mailer had received bills from our Minister, Mr. Adams, to the authorities here.

—Some interesting discoveries have been made at Pompeii, in the house which was lately built at the cost of the destruction of that city. The house contained a large quantity of Roman marble, now brought to light, and valued at $2,000 pounds sterling. On the ground floor the existence of a magnificent bath room was found; the woodwork is burned away, but the bronze ornaments are in a state of preservation, consisting of a lion's claws, which formed the legs, and green's heads, which supported the bath. This bath is now being restored according to its original design. The blocks of marble are to be used for plinths in the most valuable statues of the museum.

—The Earl of Bachon has just been fined $10,000,in Edinburgh, for a lesion with a married lady.

Art, Literature and Science.—Sheldon & Co. will publish the "Autobiography of Lieut.-Gen. Winfield Scott." The work is to embrace a complete history of the life of Mr. Scott, and will be, in fact, a history of his life and times.

—Lieut. Strain is preparing for publication his adventures in California, Utah and Nevada. Carleton is to be the publisher. He has had an offer to lecture in England, which he has promised to accept when his book is published.

Accidents and Offences.—July 29, Mr. James Ward, a working and prominent citizen of Niles, Ohio, was shot down dead in the street by Frank G. Robbins. The latter had been paying illicit visits to a married woman named Sternbeck, living in a house of Mr. Ward's, and she had been warned by the latter to leave the premises. To avoid revenge upon Mr. Ward, the guilty pair, both heavily armed, were on their way to his house, but meeting his son, they attacked and beat him severely, and Mr. W. coming to the rescue, Robbins drew a pistol and shot him through the head.

Odds and Ends.—It may be interesting to our readers to know that in these times of high prices many fruits can be preserved with little or no sugar. Currants, gooseberries, cherries, peaches and quinces require no sugar to preserve them. Strawberries, raspberries, &c., do not require more than four ounces of sugar to a pound of fruit. Put them in the same way as if you used the usual quantity of sugar—that is, expel the cold by the application of heat; let it gradually rise to boiling, then take it off the fire, and when cold, bottle it.

—The Russian Prince Dino commences a severe article on the Czar's visit to Paris, and after a prodigious flourish of trumpets, ridiculously lofty, ends in a mouse, as it were, for he says that the Czar has been received with great cordiality by the people. Yet let us not be unjust, even to this mighty monarch. He has, at least, one virtue which is rare in Russia—he is not before him admitted of but one solution—admitting, that is, the principle of the thing, and not the grains of the particular case in which it was submitted. That problem was, whether the Russian Government was justified in the step it took for the more insolvable of empire, steadily resolved to suppress the Polish nationality, and to incorporate the Polish provinces secret or peculiarity sanctions, to extend them at once and forever and always.

—The reason why the rebels are called Johnnies is because they are like the Scotch soldiers called the rebels "Sandy," in 1863 "Johnnie" in 1864 "Johnnie" in 1745 "Johnnie." A correspondent gives us the following interesting account of the matter: "In the Highlands of Scotland, the name of 'Johnny' originated in a quarrel between a couple of young men, both named John. In the fighting the rest of the boys (the rebels) depended on English soldiers, and the name of 'Johnny' was applied to them. It is a very significant thing that they were able to engage themselves out. Cornwallis, Burgoyne, Howe, Clinton, Gage, and Prescott was no better than a Johnny Bull anyhow, and the name of 'Johnny' was the same as that of a Johnny Bull sigth. The quarrel was stopped by an Englishman, who, when he heard the name of 'Johnny,' he said, 'I'd as soon be called a nigger as a Johnny.'"

—In a recent translation of Hamlet into French, the following occurs:

"Frailty, thy name is woman,"

is made—

"Mademoiselle Frailty is the name of the lady."

—Cassell's *Popular Natural History* means to be the cheapest work of the kind ever published in Britain: "When some men of science were engaged in Hyde Park, collecting specimens of the flora of the earth, they were greatly annoyed by the domestic animals which were feeding thereabouts, breaking through their telescopes, planting signals, running to and fro, and otherwise disturbing the learned gentlemen in their pursuits. But the climax is the following story: A Scotch gentleman, who had been botanizing in the Rocky Mountains of South America, Dr. Pinchard, Secretary to the Geological Society, and Professor Henslow, were all busily engaged in arranging the rarest plants they had collected, when a Highland cow, which had become such pets in its ire as to defy Cupid himself.

—Mr. Fenning, the theologian of many schools, the man of the law was a poet, the cousin, and a short time ago, the chief of the Fenian conspiracy.

The scene which we have described at the 31st annual meeting of the Cattle Show, which opened in Agricultural Hall, Islington, on Tuesday, July 5th. It was attended by a large number of persons from all parts of the kingdom, who came as competitors or spectators. The entries lading at the show were numerous, and the first prizes amounted to £500, varying from £2 for the best specimen of poultry to £50 for the prize ox.

The gentlemen shot first the national round—at sixty yards, ten shots each man. The next shot was at two dozen at 80 yards. At 21s' o'clock, after a luncheon hour, the Queen's Prize was fired for—nineteen during the national rounds of four dozen arrows at 60 yards and two dozen at 100 yards, the latter distance completing the 12 dozen.

The Queen's Prize round was enclosed with a railing, with seats for spectators at one end. There were double targets, with a space between them, and placed apart than those of the ladies. At the end of each target was a flag-staff, and the former in the centre of a graceful dresses and the latter conspicuous with their bright scarlet, proceeding from one side to the other, the scene was animated and pleasing.

The Queen's Prize was won by Dobbin, who the highest score, 49 out of a possible 60; Mrs. Atkinson (Sherwood) scoring 45; Mrs. Atkinson (Bingley) 44; Mrs. Hall (Grand National), 43; Miss Quinn (Upperary), 39; Mrs. Fenner (Beech Grove), 37; and Mrs. H. B. Hare made the 7 remainder of gold, 8s. and Mrs. H. B. Hare made the 7 remainder of gold, 8s. and Mrs. H. B. Hare made the 7 remainder of gold, 8s.

THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—CONTRABANDS COMING IN TO THE UNION CAMP.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Edwin Forbes.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.—1. INCROYABLE COAT. 2. DRESS OF LIGHT GREY SILK. 3. DRESS OF PIQUE.—SEE PAGE 339.

WHEN MY SHIP COMES HOME FROM SEA.

BY J. W. WATSON.

My darling climbed upon my knee,
With fond, exultant laughter,
"Papa," she said, "you sweet papa,
'Tis you that I am after!

I want such lots of pretty things,
Such toys, and hooks, and dresses;
I want a bird with silver wings,
And dolls with golden tresses.

"And then, papa, you sweet papa,
I want a velvet bonnet,
I want a dress of snow-white silk,
With tiny rosebuds on it;
I want a house as high as me,
With chairs and sofas shinny,
And then I want—oh, let me see!—
Of hooks—I want full twenty!

"I want—" but here I closed the mouth
With kisses and embraces,
And took between my open palms
The happiest of faces.
I said, while gazing in her eyes,
Where love in light lay basking,
"My darling, when my ship comes home,
You shall have all your asking."

Clouds never send down to ask the grass and plants below how much they need; they rain for the relief of their own full bosoms.

True Love.

BY MARION POWELL.

CHAPTER I.

"Well, good-bye, George; I'm off," said Fred Hamilton; "I go this way."

"I should like you to go to the theatre with me; I expect to meet some of the boys. Put off your engagement for once, Fred—come!"

"No, not to-night. I hope you will have a nice time and enjoy yourselves; but I must go. So once more good-bye."

So saying, they parted. Fred Hamilton walked thoughtfully along the quiet streets, while his friend made his way towards the gay thoroughfare of Broadway.

Fred Hamilton was a young man of middle height, not in the true sense of the word handsome, for his features were not perfect, but his bright, intelligent, dark eye, his noble brow and glossy brown hair made many think him so. His generous heart seemed to speak from his eyes; to know him was to love and respect him.

After walking some distance he suddenly stopped in front of a large brick house, glanced at the well-lighted windows, then ran up the steps and rang the bell. In a minute or so the door was opened by a respectable-looking girl, who seemed to know him, and at once asked him into the parlor. It was a pretty, neat, bright-looking little room; in fact, both inside and out an air of comfort, though not of wealth, appeared to reign.

Fred Hamilton sat down, took up a book, laid it down again, then looked at the pictures, all of which he had seen dozens of times before, and finally seated himself upon the sofa, and rested his head upon his hand. He was aroused by a gentle footstep. He looked up, and there she stood, bright and smiling as ever.

The hidden Passion revealed.

The Substitute.

"Ah!" she said, holding out her hand, "so you have come again. I thought you had quite forgotten us. Why have you not been?"

"Does it seem so very long since I was here?" and his dark eyes brightened. "The last time I called you were out—had gone to the theatre, I think your father said. Did you enjoy yourself?"

"Yes, very much indeed."

And she blushed, for his eyes were fixed upon her. He saw it, his heart seemed to sink within him, why he knew not. She looked up, their eyes met, and for the first time Lizzie realized the fact that Fred Hamilton loved her. She had looked upon him as a dear friend, and thought he understood it—alas! how could she have been so blind?—but her heart was given to another, and she thought he must know it. Now that her eyes were opened she hardly knew what to say or how to act. Seeing her embarrassment, he broke the silence:

"Lizzie, you seemed pleased to see me; yet now you do not speak, and scarcely answer my questions. Why is it? Have I offended? If so, it was certainly unintentional."

"Indeed, Fred, you have not said or done anything to annoy me. I was only thinking——"

"Thinking! Of whom?" he asked, with a searching glance.

"I did not say I was thinking of any one," she answered, smiling. "But tell me about that friend of yours who went to the war; have you heard from him, and is he well? Poor fellow! he seemed so young to encounter all the dangers of a soldier's life."

Before Fred Hamilton could answer her father entered, followed by Mr. Alton. Lizzie rose and went forward to greet him. He stooped and kissed her. When he turned and saw Fred, he laughed:

"I was not aware of your presence, Hamilton; but, no matter, you need not blush, Lizzie, at my kissing you."

"Not before such an old friend as Fred," added her father; "I dare say he understands all about it. How have you been, Hamilton?" he continued, shaking his hand in a friendly manner.

"I have been quite well, thank you, Mr. Edwards."

"You look pale. You stick too close to business, boy. Come oftener, and have a chat with us. We shall feel lonely when Lizzie leaves us; that lucky young scamp is going to take her away."

Lizzie! How that name thrilled him. A lucky fellow indeed! Good God! he dared not think of it. What! realise that she was seen to become another's; no wonder he looked pale. Thank heaven they little knew why—no, and what was more, they must not know. He tried to rouse himself and join in the conversation. How could he cast that one maddening thought aside while she sat before him, drinking in every word that fell from the lips of his rival? It was useless, all attempts were vain, he seemed spellbound, he could not shake off the cloud that had fallen upon him, his heart felt as a deadweight within him.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwards both noticed it and condoled with him upon his ill-health, but Lizzie was silent. At last he arose, and pleading a bad headache, left.

How different were his feelings two short hours ago! He then walked the same streets with a light footstep and happy heart; now the world seemed a dreary blank. As he stood on the steps of his boarding-house he thought:

"O God! the change that has come over me since I started with George. My hopes were high, the world seemed bright, and life had its charms for me; now, I would to heaven I had never seen the light! I am a changed man. Oh, Lizzie, Lizzie! may you be happy with him—may he love you as I do! 'Tis well she does not dream of my agony—nay, does not even give me a passing thought!"

With a sigh he turned, opened the door, and, not wishing to see any of the other boarders, went directly to his room. He threw himself into an armchair, rested his head upon his hand, wondering why it had pleased his God to deal him such a heavy blow.

And what of Lizzie—did she guess the truth? That night when she retired it was not to sleep; her heart smote her. Why had she not seen it before? She had not dreamed that he loved her. She thought he understood the sisterly feeling she felt for him, and had therefore paid him more little attentions, which she would not, had she thought he was unaware of her engagement with Mr. Alton. It was true she had not told him herself, but he was well acquainted with Mr. Alton. But it was plain he had not observed it. Lizzie knew he was a young man to feel such a disappointment bitterly; and even if not, she would never have trifled with the affections of any one. She could not find pleasure in giving pain merely to gratify a selfish vanity. Still she could hardly blame herself, not having done anything to encourage him.

Fred Hamilton was without near relatives, having lost both father and mother when quite young. Almost alone in the world, he was then, as bookkeeper in in a large store, receiving a good salary, which, by his prudence and freedom from the many vices that young men indulge in, enabled him to enjoy the society of those who would otherwise have been strangers to him.

Mr. Alton was in a good business for himself; but very different in all respects to his friend, he certainly kept pretty close to his business, and had his redeeming points. But there was not the noble, generous heart and manly spirit. He was of a fine personal appearance, still he lacked the handsome, open face of Fred Hamilton.

Fred Hamilton's first impulses were to be led on by his young friends, who would have gladly reckoned him as one in all their frolics; but upon second thoughts he determined to bear it like a man, and hoped it was all for the best. If he had been quiet and reserved before, he was still more so now. He remained at home—if a boarding-house can be called home—every evening and read, or if any of his friends chose to drop in he was glad to see them; they were sure of a welcome and a pleasant friendly chat with him. He still refused to join in their gay parties. Many of his friends noticed the change, wondered why it was, but none seemed to guess the real cause. He called now and then at the house of Mr. Edwards to see how they all were. He generally appeared cheerful. Lizzie was the only one who knew why his visits were less frequent.

The engagement between Lizzie and Mr. Alton was at last pretty well known; still, the time for their marriage was not fixed. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards were in no hurry to part with her; they wished them to wait for another year at least. Thus time passed on—the war broke out, and our nation was plunged into the deepest distress; merchants failed, families of affluence were beggared; besides the many homes that were made desolate by the departure of the loved ones, who went at the first call to bear arms against the traitors who would have invaded our country.

Among the first to suffer was Mr. Alton; who with his partner lost all. Mr. Edwards also met with some heavy reverses; still he managed to keep his head above water, and took his intended son-in-law into his own office.

This was of course a great trial to Mr. Alton, who felt it would necessarily compel him to defer their marriage for some time: he became depressed in spirits; Lizzie tried to cheer him, saying: "It was for the best and all would be well;" he could not look at things in the light she did, he had not the same faith in Providence: and when she was so cheerful he would complain she did not care for him; still she hoped on and bore all patiently. She had still another trouble in store—the draft commenced—days and nights of uncertainty passed—at last the news came—Mr. Alton was drafted.

Poor Lizzie! who had cheered others through their difficulties, was now almost heartbroken. It was hard for her to part with him at all; and then to go, to be surrounded by all the dangers of war, she felt sure she would never see him again! Besides, what made it still worse, his heart was not in the cause, and if he went it would be against his will.

One evening he came pale and low-spirited; he took her hand, kissed her, then without speaking sat down. She stood by his side, laid her little hand upon his head, brushed the hair back and pressed a kiss upon his forehead.

"What is it, dear Harry?" she asked; "tell me, why do you look so pale? I cannot bear to see you thus."

"Lizzie, I have come to say good-bye. I must go. I have tried my best, but all in vain; there is no alternative but to pay for a substitute; that, dearest, you know I cannot do," and he drew her towards him. "Oh, Lizzie, how can I part with you?"

"If I could only go with you, Harry."

"That would be impossible, darling."

"Then you cannot, must not go! Oh, you cannot leave! What would become of me if anything happened to you, dear Harry?"

"Heaven only knows, Lizzie, what will become of us both; as for myself, I would rather die than live in such a state of uncertainty. I am almost inclined to put an end to my miserable existence."

"Oh, Harry, do not talk so—we have much to be grateful for; there are many worse off than you; we must trust in Providence," and she laid her head upon his shoulder; she felt she could not talk to him—her heart was full—another word and she would be unable to restrain her tears. It was a hard task for her to perform. If she gave vent to her real feelings it would only make him worse, and if she tried to be cheerful he would think she did not care for him. Thus she sat, hardly knowing what to do, when the bell rang, and the servant announced Mr. Hamilton. He came in, and seeing the depressed spirits of both, asked:

"Is it then true, Harry, that you are going to the war?"

"Yes, it is; I know not at what moment I may have to start."

"I am sorry for you; it must be a great trial to you, Lizzie." He turned towards her and saw she was in tears. He then said:

"Why, Lizzie, fancy him coming back a hero—you should not give way thus; I thought you had more faith and strength of will; it may all turn out for the best; he may come back a colonel. Who knows what may happen?"

"Yes, and he may never come back at all," she answered, sobbing.

"But you must hope that he will."

"I feel, if he goes, I shall never see him again."

"That is nonsense—he will run the same chance as others do, most certainly."

"Besides, what makes it still worse, he does not wish to go, it is against his will; he feels he shall never return."

Fred turned to Mr. Alton, who sat silent and dejected.

"Why do you go, Alton, with that feeling?"

"You may rely upon it I would not if I could avoid it in any way; but—" he hesitated.

The truth flashed upon Fred. He did not speak. After a few moments' silence he said:

"Alton, you shall not go! Come, cheer up, Lizzie. You shall not be parted. I have nothing to keep me home; I will go as your substitute."

Mr. Alton at first would not listen to it. Lizzie was silent, she could not speak.

"Alton," said Fred, "it is my wish. As I said before, I have nothing to make home dear to me—in fact I have none—with you it is very different—do not refuse me—I shall feel doubly rewarded knowing I have made two happy. Alton, putting yourself out of the question, for Lizzie's sake hear me and consider."

"Oh, Fred, it is too kind, too noble a sacrifice. How can we ever repay you? But no, it is too much, we must not hear of it," she said.

"Lizzy, if you would really show your gratitude accept my offer. I will leave you now, Alton. I will see you to-morrow. Good-night."

Feeling her expressions of gratitude would unman him he hurried from the house, almost overcome with emotion. He stood for a moment in the fresh air, while the gentle breeze fanned his heated brow.

"'Twas heaven gave me strength. Thank God. It is well. Oh, Lizzie, it is for you I go, for you I risk my life. If I fall, it will be joy to know I leave you happy, that one thought will reward and cheer me."

That evening, when Mr. and Mrs. Edwards returned and heard what had passed, they were overpowered by their feelings. What could surpass the generous conduct of Fred Hamilton? Still they were at a loss to know how to advise Mr. Alton. It was hard for them to decide—they felt their child's happiness depended upon it, yet they did not like to persuade him to accept the noble offer of his friend. It was therefore left to the next morning, when he was to meet Fred Hamilton. With what great anxiety did Lizzie look forward to the evening, when she would see Alton and learn the result.

When Alton and Hamilton met he said:

"Fred, I cannot consent to your going. I should never forgive myself if anything happened to you; besides, how could I ever repay you. It must not be."

"Alton, not another word. It is for Lizzie's sake I go. As I may never return, I will tell you, Alton, you have won a prize I would have given worlds to win. Is it strange then that I rush to the battlefield and in its exciting scenes seek to bury in oblivion all thoughts of her? But it is useless—I have already said enough—you can now understand why I go—for go I must. All I ask is, be kind and cherish her, may you be happy! God bless you both!"

All arguing was in vain; and Alton, who was too glad of the chance, with some appearance of reluctance, consented. That evening he clasped Lizzie to his heart, a free man. Many a blessing fell upon the head of the brave Fred Hamilton—many a prayer went up to heaven for his safe return.

CHAPTER II.

It was a bright morning, the sun arose in all its glory, not a cloud dimmed the clear blue sky; but, ah! there was many a sad heart—many a tearful eye—for on that morning a regiment of brave young men were to say farewell to their dear friends, and start for the field of battle, to fight for their country. Alas! how few would return to their homes; it was a sad, heartrending, yet beautiful sight, as they marched along with their bright bayonets glistening in the sunlight; how awful to think of the work for which those weapons were intended! The dreadful scenes of bloodshed and slaughter those young men would behold! Among them was our friend, Fred Hamilton; how noble and handsome he looked in his uniform; but how sad, how thoughtful, as he marched with his comrades; yet he gave a friendly smile, every now and then, when he recognised an old friend walking with the crowd.

After going through the principal streets of the city, they reached at last the dock whence they were to embark for their place of destination; there lay an old, unsafe boat, fit only for the transportation of cattle, instead of brave heroes who were about to risk their lives for their country. Fred stood alone, his thoughts wandered back to the many happy days he had passed in that dear old city—of her who dwelt there—should he ever return? ever see her again? Hark! a voice called his name; he looked, and there he saw Alton and Lizzie; his heart beat wildly; he held out his hands, taking one of each of theirs; he grasped them warmly; he did not speak for a moment; then with one great effort he gulped down the choking lump in his throat, and smothered his emotions.

"This is more than I expected; it is very kind of you!"

"Can I ever repay you, Hamilton?" said Alton.

"I can never do one-half enough to show my gratitude to you, Fred," interupted Lizzie.

"We have only a few minutes to be together, do not spend them thus; we may never meet again, dear friends."

"Oh, do not talk so, Fred!" and a tear glistened in her bright eyes.

"It is the truth, Lizzie, if it should be so, you will both think of me sometimes. Alton, be ever kind and loving as you are now; take good care of her; give my kind love to Mr. and Mrs. Edwards; ask them to write to me; and Lizzie, you write, too, with Alton—will you? God bless you both! May you be happy!" he took her hands in his, and fixed his eyes upon her sweet face, as though to read her very thoughts.

"Alton," he said, without raising his eyes, "May I take one farewell kiss?"

He stooped, and pressed a kiss upon her lips, which she returned.

"Lizzie, that has repaid me; that kiss shall lead me on to victory! farewell!" with a gentle pressure of the hand—a last fond look—he parted with her.

As he turned he saw the tears roll down her fair cheek; he brushed those away that started to his own eyes, for they dimmed his sight; there he stood with folded arms: he wished to watch her as long as she was in view; then he turned away with a sigh, leaned against the side of the vessel, rested his head upon his hands, and gave vent to his feelings.

"Oh, God! I thought I was a man, and yet is it unmanly to have feeling? What heart could bear so heavy a blow without being crushed? but it is over: the knowledge of her happiness should cheer me. Among all these men there must be many with hearts as sad as mine. I wonder who that poor fellow is? he seems bowed down with grief. Ah! it is the same I noticed with that sweet young creature, and beautiful boy, who trotted about and interested the sternest men; no wonder he is broken-hearted? What is my sorrow when compared to his? Oh! Lizzie were you mine, could I leave you thus? but why will my thoughts wander back to her? it must not, shall not be. I wish I could cheer that poor fellow, he haunts my thoughts. When the first outburst of grief is over I will try to speak to him! How fond he appeared of her; how proud of his child; what father would not be proud of such a boy? he will be a comfort to his mother; a small image of the one she loves; they both look very young; too young by far to taste a cup so bitter as separation. Oh! heavens, war is cruel, thus to tear fond hearts asunder; to desolate so many happy homes! Why do we fight? When will it end? Patriotism must be a strong passion when men can crush every feeling of love and fond affection, and leave all to die for a bleeding country. He is calmer now; I will speak to him; I pity him from my very heart; may God spare him to them!"

We will not follow the brave boys on their journey, nor relate the many hardships and dangers they encountered when they arrived at their place of destination.

Six weeks have passed since Fred Hamilton left for the scene of action. Lizzie sits alone in the little room where he first felt the pang of unrequited love; where he had so nobly offered to go, and leave her happy with her rival. She is now perusing a letter from him with evident emotion. He has already passed through a battle uninjured, and has written while yet the boom of cannon sounded in his ear.

"Poor dear fellow!" she exclaimed. "Oh, mother, fancy the danger he has been in; what should I do if Harry was away fighting, surrounded by all the frightful scenes he speaks of? thank heaven! he is at home, and safe. Can I ever show my gratitude to him, who so nobly sacrificed himself? Heaven only knows he may never return!"

"God grant he may; he is too brave and good to fall so young," answered Mrs. Edwards.

"And yet it is so often the bravest fall first; I fear he will be reckless."

"I do not think so; recklessness does not display true courage. Fred will not flinch; but he will not run into unnecessary danger. I often think of him, and feel with you we may never see him again; but we must hope Providence will watch over him, we must leave all to the will of heaven."

"Yes, God knows what is best for us all," answered Lizzie, thoughtfully.

"And it would be well if we always thought so, my dear; but, come, do take a walk, you look pale, the fresh air will do you good."

Just at this minute there was a ring at the bell, and a young friend came to ask her out; they, therefore, both started for a walk.

When she returned she found her father already home, and reading Fred Hamilton's letter.

"Where is Harry? I thought he said he would come home with you to tea this evening; did he not?"

"He may be here soon; he may possibly not come at all, for he is not well; he was obliged to leave the office this morning, and I have not seen him since; he told me to tell you, Lizzie, he would be here in the course of the evening if he feels better."

"What was the matter?" asked Lizzie, anxiously.

"A bad headache; he will be all right again to-morrow; I should not be surpised to see him come in now."

Soon after tea Lizzie was sitting in the little room, watching the clock, when hearing his well-known footstep, she ran to the door herself to welcome him.

"Oh, Harry! I am so glad you have come; I have been watching for you; but how pale and ill you look; you should not have ventured out to-night."

"I could not stay at home; seeing you, dearest, will do me good."

"Now, Alton, this is very wrong; I declare I feel half inclined to send you home at once."

"No, you will not! now he is here, he must stay a little while, papa."

"Very well, but take my advice and go home early, a long night's rest will do you good."

"I will get you a cup of tea," said Mrs. Edwards.

"I have taken tea, thank you."

"Yes, but what is the tea you get at the boarding-houses?"

"Do take one cup; you know you like mama's tea; I will get it, then you cannot refuse."

Lizzie ran down and soon brought it up.

"Here is some cake I made, you must taste that too."

Then she sat on a stool at his feet while he talked of the happy future, when she would gladden him with her bright smile, and tend him if his head ached; that evening passed. At last he arose, and bidding Mr. and Mrs. Edwards good night, prepared to depart. Lizzie went to the door with him; he gave her their usual farewell kiss, but still lingered, holding her hand in his.

"This will not do; I must go."

He again gave her a fond kiss, then with a last loving look they departed.

He walked slowly, for he felt tired and weak; he had scarcely gone three blocks when he met a friend, who induced him to go in and take a drink, assuring him it would do him good. They played a game or two at billiards, took several drinks, then went home together.

The next morning when Mr. Edwards went to his store Alton had not arrived. After some time a gentleman boarding at his house called, and said he was sorry to be the bearer of sad news; Mr. Alton was very ill, having been delirious all night. Mr. Edwards went at once with his own doctor to him; found his mind wandering, and pronounced it typhoid fever in its worst form. Alton was continually calling to Lizzie to come and hold his head.

"Lizzie do not leave me. Do not take her from me! Where is she? Why does she not come? Oh, Lizzie, Lizzie, place your little cool hand on my head; it is burning—it feels on fire. Where is Hamilton, Lizzie? Tell him not to let me die; he loves you; for your sake he will save me. I cannot leave you to go and fight, it would kill me, Lizzie. I do not want to die yet. Lizzie, you stay with me—do not go away! He says he beat me at billiards; I won't pay—it's a lie. I did not drink much; it's not that makes my head ache; if you stay with me I shall get well."

Poor Lizzie, who was now there with her mother, stood pale as death, holding his head and trying to speak to him. It was hard for her to see one she loved in such a state, but she could not bear to leave him; she watched patiently at his side, and waited anxiously for the return of his reason.

The doctor was sad and silent, he gave little hope. After a long and weary watch he at last opened his eyes and recognised her. Her heart was gladdened, but alas! not for long, he gradually grew weaker, and ere long was no more. He

died with her hand in his, and his eyes fixed upon her face.

We will not try to describe Lizzie's grief, she was almost heartbroken, it seemed to her impossible. What! Alton lost to her for ever?

When the first outburst of grief was over she seemed utterly indifferent to everything, taking no interest in anything; the only thing that ever roused her was a letter or news from Hamilton. He often wrote to them, and she answered, writing long and kind letters to him; it diverted her mind and cheered him through all the hardships he endured for her sake.

Thus months flew by, they had not heard from Hamilton for some time, when one morning Mr. Edwards was looking over the paper, and his eye fell upon the name of Fred Hamilton among the wounded.

"I hope to heaven it is not Fred, and yet it cannot be all a mistake."

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Lizzie, starting up, and glancing over the paper.

"What has happened?" asked Mrs. Edwards.

It was too plain—"Frederick Hamilton, severely." This was a great shock to all of them, and they anxiously awaited further news.

At last a letter came from Fred, penned by one of his comrades; he was in the hospital, improving slowly; every now and then they received a few lines saying he was better, and sending his love. After a long time a line came written with a trembling but well-known hand, thanking them for the many things they had sent, and their words of comfort worth more to him.

One evening as Mr. and Mrs. Edwards and Lizzie were sitting alone, the bell rang, the servant said a gentleman wished to see them. As he came in Mr. Edwards arose and bowed, Lizzie raised her eyes from her work, then started up, and exclaimed:

"Oh! is it, can it be Fred? and so changed."

He came forward with unsteady step and took her hand.

"Yes, Lizzie, I am slightly changed," he said, in a trembling voice.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwards were unable to speak, but their friendly grasp of the hand and affectionate kiss told more than words.

Fred Hamilton, who was still very weak, was now completely overpowered; he sank almost exhausted into a chair. Lizzie stood by him in silence, holding his hand. Her father handed him a glass of wine.

"Take it, it will revive you."

He let go her hand and took it. The movement threw his overcoat back. Lizzie started, uttered a faint cry, then buried her face in her hands. Her parents looked in surprise, while Fred excaimed:

"What is it, Lizzie?"

"Oh, can you ever forgive me, Fred?"

A thought flashed across his mind, she had seen his armless coatsleeve. Yes, Fred had lost his right arm. It was a great shock to both Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, as well as Lizzie. They sat talking for a long time, and insisted upon him remaining with them, he would be sure of good nursing and every comfort. It was indeed more than he had hoped; while he reclined upon the sofa, Lizzie sat and read to him. Thus weeks passed, and he began to be more like himself again. One day when he had been out, and returned home very tired, he threw himself upon the sofa. He looked quite pale and careworn, Lizzie noticed it and sat by his side.

"What is it? why are you so sad and low-spirited to-day? Has anything happened to annoy you?"

"No; do I really look so sad and pale? It is indeed ungrateful when I have had such excellent nursing," he sighed.

"You look tired, shall I turn the blinds so that you may get a nap? or would you like me to read to you?"

"Oh, Lizzie, you are too kind!"

"No, I cannot be too kind, I cannot do too much for you."

"Yes; fancy how sadly I shall miss all your kind attentions when I am far away."

"When and where are you going?"

"I hardly know myself," he answered.

"Why do you go?"

"Because I must—I dare not stay—I have been here too long already—it must not be."

"How can you talk so, Fred? You know how much we all think of you, we shall miss you sadly indeed. Why do you think of leaving us yet?"

"For many, many reasons, Lizzie; how can I repay you for all your unremitting kindness and attention?"

"Say, rather, can we ever repay you? Oh, Fred, when I think of it—the debt of gratitude I owe you!"

"Do not mention it, Lizzie, I pray. You have repaid, aye, doubly repaid me!"

"No, Fred, I can never repay you, I only wish I could."

"Lizzie, you can, it is in your power."

"How? tell me, I beg."

"By becoming my wife."

She was silent.

"Forgive me, Lizzie. Is it too much—dare I hope? Can you love me, or will you try?"

"Fred," she began in a trembling voice, "it is not worth while trying, for I do love you," and she rested her head upon his shoulder.

"Lizzie, this is more than I hoped for—I am too happy. Thank heaven!" He drew her closer to him, "is it a dream?—tell me again that you love me, Lizzie, and that you will be mine!"

Yes, she did love him, 'tis true, with a different love to that she had felt for Alton, but none the less true and lasting.

When Mr. and Mrs. Edwards heard the news they were overjoyed; it was what they had long wished but hardly dared to hope.

"Take her, Hamilton, my boy, and be happy—you deserve to be! May God bless you both! I have reason to be proud of my brave and noble son-in-law."

With what unbounded joy did Fred Hamilton look upon the blushing Lizzie, who was so soon to be his bride. How doubly rewarded did he feel for all the dangers he had encountered, for the sacrifice he had made, when he called her his own, a prize he had so fairly won.

WHERE IS THE SUMMER.

BY JOHN HILLYARD CAMERON.

It has wafted away its fairest things
Beyond this far blue sea.
It has skimmed the wave with its sunny wings,
For the clime where its home should be;
And its voice has breathed forth its saddest tone
For the land it has left with its dead alone!

It has wooed the breeze with its whisper low,
From the wild wood's trembling shade;
It has robbed the groves where the streamlets flow
Of the song that their murmur made—
And has stolen away from the field and flower
The fragrance it shed in its brightest hour.

It has lured the songsters of joyous note
From their rest on leaf and spray,
It has swept the mead where the bee-birds float,
And the summer insects play;
And has borne with its joyous train along
The forests' last breath of feathered song.

It has color'd the clouds that softly hung
Like flakes in the air on high,
It has treasured the light that the sunbeams flung
On those flakes as they shot them by;
And has fled away with their golden hue
Where the sun's more bright, and the sky's more blue!

A STROKE OF FORTUNE.

Ah, what a beautiful lookout had the studio of Armand Le Claire, on the fourth flat back, of No.—Rue Victoire. There was an angelic grisette, who lived across the yard, at the same elevation, and had two little flowerpots, one for a rose and the other for mignonette, invariably on her window-sill. Was it because his friend Felix, who passed most of his time with him, admired her so much, and flattened his nose so often for her sake against the glass, that she bestowed so much attention upon them? We will see.

It is morning, and the two friends have just extemporized a breakfast over an apparatus heated by a spirit-lamp. Felix, as usual, is gazing pensively at the apartment of the fair Lucette (for such was the name of *la petite*), while Armand, after trying in vain to compose himself at his easel, rises and begins to pace the floor with an air of anxiety and vexation. His studio was like all other studios, cans, paints, pots, easels, brushes, pallete, figures, broken casts, etc., were all commingled in picturesque confusion. Finally Lucette shuts the blinds, a sure sign of her departure for the day (for the little woman was a seamstress). Felix philosophically lights a cigar, seats himself in a chair, elevates one leg upon an adjacent table and reposes the other upon the head of a plaster Shakespeare.

"My dear Armand," said Felix, "be cool. Take comfort. It will be all the same thing a hundred years hence."

"Bah!" replied Armand. "Cool! Comfort! I am inconsolable, wretched beyond description. Hang philosophy! Wait till you have suffered as I have."

"By the way, now that I think of it, what is the matter?" said Felix. "It is deucedly vulgar to be miserable, unless indeed it is to be happy."

"Why, you know Angelique d'Hantville?"

"The little heiress, with red hair?" said Felix, leisurely puffing his cigar.

"Wretch! No; a sylph, with auburn tresses. We first met in the Bois de Boulogne. It was before my father died from grief at the loss of his fortune, through infernal stock speculations. I was then rich, but an artist from choice. I painted Angelique's likeness, read with her, gazed with her on the pictures in the Louvre (for she was devoted to art and to me) by sunlight, moonlight, starlight, twilight, midnight—in fact, by no light at all, save what flashed from her own beautiful eyes—and, finally, we became engaged. Old Bullion, her father, blessed us both, and we were as happy as——"

"Two clams in high water, as the Americans say," replied Felix.

"*Peste!* No! Old B. heard of my mischance, and forbade me his house when he found I was penniless."

"Cheer up, old fellow," said Felix. "There's nothing in all that to make you miserable. I should consider it pleasant—devilish pleasant—that is, if my charming little Lucette was not concerned."

"Since that time I have not seen her; but I have no doubt of her fidelity and devotion. And now, robbed of my love, I am beset with duns, my pictures are damned by the critics, and I have serious thoughts of suicide and occupying public attention for three days in the Rue Morgue."

"Nonsense!" said Felix. "It is infernally uncomfortable to be fished out of the Seine and disembowelled for the anatomical benefit of hospital students. And now that I think of it, I know a man that will extricate you out of your difficulties, restore you to the arms of your Angelique, and make you a rich man besides. Of course you know M. Tobias Canard?"

"Tobias Canard! No; never heard of such a person."

"What! Not know Canard! Tobias!" exclaimed Felix. "The greatest operator on the Bourse! Poor innocent youth! Your early education must have been sadly neglected. Wait a while, and I will bring him to you. This is a lucky thought."

Saying this, Felix darted out of the room, leaving Armand to bitter reflection and cold coffee. He tried to paint, but inspiration had fled; he looked out of the window, but Lucette was not there. The sight of her bright, innocent, beautiful face (eclipsed only, in his opinion, by that of Angelique) was wanting. So he mixed himself a glass of cognac and sugar, and plunged into the mysteries of the latest effusion of Dumas *père*. While thus agreeably occupied, the bootmaker, tailor, landlord and other friends visited him on financial matters, but he managed to get rid of these, and again dropped into gloomy abstraction. At length his reverie was broken by the appearance of Felix, accompanied by his astounding friend, M. Tobias Canard.

Tobias was astounding. Fat, miraculously dressed, a gorgeous cravat, a hat knowingly cocked on one side, with an immense curl, a gold-headed cane, an eyeglass stuck in one eye, and an easy, confident manner, may give the reader some idea of the magnate of the Paris Bourse. They were introduced.

"Ha!" said Tobias, taking out his watch, "have just got fifteen minutes to spare—must be on 'Change directly—any quantity of things to do—stocks to buy, etc., etc. What can I do for you, M. Armand Le Claire? Your friend, Felix, has been telling me your position, and I'm the man to get you out of it. Down to day—up to-morrow. That's my motto."

Tobias laughed with an easy assurance, and squinted at some pictures on the wall as if with the one eye of a critic.

"My dear Monsieur Canard," said Armand, "I fear you can be of little service to me. I am crossed in love, broken in fortune, crucified by the critics—in other words—I am used up."

"Never mind," said M. Canard, turning round quickly. "I know your case. I'll fix you out all right. The secret of success in this world is comprised in one single word, and that word is itself a secret. But to oblige you, I will impart it. Let me whisper it in your ear."

Here the magnate placed his mouth to Armand's ear and whispered. Armand suddenly jumped a pace or two backwards, and in evident astonishment exclaimed:

"Humbug! Did you say humbug, M. Canard?"

"'Decidedly and emphatically humbug—plain humbug. That's my motto," complacently observed the magnate. "Have you any friend or relative, my dear Le Claire, from whom you may reasonably expect any little legacy?"

"None," said Armand, gloomily. "Not one from whom I expect a brass farthing. To be sure I have an uncle in the East Indies, but whether he is rich or poor I know not."

"His name?"

"Belmont," said Armand. But, pshaw—"

"No pshaw about it," said the magnate. "He's a nabob, I feel assured that he is nothing short of a nabob, and we must kill him immediately."

"Kill who?" cried Armand. "What do you mean, Monsieur Canard?"

"Mean! I said kill—yes, sir, kill. We shall kill him at once, and you shall inherit the whole of his immense property. You'll see. Felix, amuse your friend while I am writing."

Saying which, the busy little man sat down and commenced writing.

Armand looked at Felix and congratulated him on having such an amiable cut-throat for an acquaintance. Felix looked out of the window and mused on Lucette and flowerpots. At length M. Canard rose, and read as follows:

"Sad intelligence from Bombay. By the latest advices we are apprised of the death of the venerable and respected M. Belmont, the head of the wealthy and ancient house of Belmont, Rothschild & Co., of Bombay. The whole of his immense property falls to his nearest heir and nephew, M. Armand Le Claire, a young and accomplished artist of this city. By this stroke of fortune M. Le Claire comes into possession of upwards of ten millions of francs. We are pleased to learn that the young gentleman is in every way worthy of his good fortune."

"There," said Tobias, "I flatter myself that will make a sensation item in to-morrow's newspapers."

"And do you think," said Armand, "that I will lend myself to such an imposition? No, sir! Emphatically no!"

"Felix," said Tobias, after quizzing Armand through his eyeglass, "your friend is green—remarkably verdant. However, Monsieur Le Claire, we shall not quarrel. I shall give you an opportunity of making your fortune. To-morrow, your paper on the Bourse will be as good as Baron Rothschild's. They will see it in the papers. Everybody will see it, and you shall be a rich man in spite of yourself."

"I won't submit to such a humbug—such a villainous hoax," exclaimed Armand. "My honor, my—"

"Fiddlesticks!" said Tobias. "Leave it all to me. Here. I want you to buy some stocks. Which do you prefer? Many are choice—some my own getting up—and they are rising, sir, rising like an immense balloon."

Here the magnate took out his stock book and marked down Armand for so many shares of this, so many shares of that, and so on to the tune of about two millions.

Armand stood astonished. He made up his mind that Tobias was a quiz—so he decided to let the play go on.

"No matter," he said; "put me down for what you please. I'll take anything—everything—will take the Bourse, if you choose, or the superintendence of the *credit mobilier*. I'm your man."

"Bravo!" said the magnate. "You are a very sensible young fellow, I really believe. Sign these notes (for the stocks), and you, Felix, endorse them. Before twenty-four hours are over you will be a rich man."

Armand and Felix did as requested, both thinking the whole thing an immense *canard*. Whereupon the gay and festive Tobias, after saying *au revoir*, took his departure, humming an air from one of the latest operas. On the stairway he happened to meet Mr. Stultz, the *tailleur par excellence* of the world, who, with a formidable piece of paper in his hand and a countenance irate, was proceeding to pay a visit to our friend Armand.

"Ha! Stultz, my boy—how are you? Give us your hand," said the magnate, slapping him violently on the back; "I suppose you have come to congratulate Le Claire upon his unexpected good fortune."

"I have come," replied Stultz, "to congratulate him with this," showing a bill of huge proportions.

"A mere trifle. Clap on at least a hundred per cent. He'll pay it. Of course you've heard the news. Why, man, do you stare so? Don't you know his uncle is dead—nabob—worth ten millions, and he'll have it all. I am going to have charge of his funds for investment. Ha! ha! old fellow. Clap on the items."

"I'm thunderstruck." said the bewildered and unhappy Stultz; "I must see him at once. Of course he will want a new full suit of mourning. His uncle must have been a very nice man, and I am very sorry to hear of his death."

Whereupon the sympathetic tailor wended his way to the *atelier* of Armand, and Tobias took himself off in the direction of the Bourse.

The two friends after the magnate's departure burst out a laughing, but their merriment was suddenly dispelled by the fatal Stultz.

"My dear, worthy friend, Le Claire, let me embrace you. Oh! I could weep and cry both at this moment. Your poor uncle—only ten millions! Ha! ha! ha!"

Here Stultz gave way. His feelings were too much for him, and he fell upon Armand's neck, after the most approved manner of the latest sensation school. Armand had not been blessed so vigorously since old Bullion blessed him and Angelique. In turn, he squeezed Stultz till he was glad to let go, and then quietly submitted to be measured for the suit of mourning. The leader of fashion would not hear of the payment of the old score.

"Any time—any time will do," he said; "and now adieu. Bless you both. Monsieur Felix, I shall expect you to visit me soon, and look at my new styles."

Stultz departed, leaving Armand and Felix more astounded than before. The whole thing, in their opinion, was excellent; so Armand resumed his pencil, and Felix proceeded to cook the dinner.

The next morning Armand met some of his former friends—those that had shaken him off, and all seemed glad to see him, and insisted upon his dining with them. Such a revolution! What did it mean? Was the moral world turned upside down?

The magnate, on the other hand, went to the Bourse, and sold old Bullion the stocks opposite the name of Armand, at a net profit of five hundred thousand francs; but unfortunately they collapsed at the next board.

After breakfast, Armand and Felix were surprised by the entrance of Bullion and Mr. Canard, arm in arm, the latter smiling and twirling his eyeglass with an air of triumph.

"Monsieur Le Claire," said Bullion, "pardon the neglect of the past two years. Give me you hand. Let the past be the past. M. Canard and I both agree that Angelique shall be yours. The dear girl consents, and we shall all be so happy—oh, so happy—"

"In the country, of course," suggested the magnate, putting his right forefinger alongside of his nose.

"Monsieur Le Claire," continued Bullion, "I had the misfortune to lose yesterday half a million—but it was to you, and I am consequently so happy—"

"Of course you are? What is half a million to the happiness of this young man, and your angelic, long suffering Angelique," exclaimed Tobias.

"Let a father embrace you. Bless you—bless you, my son," said the affectionate Bullion, clasping Armand in his arms.

The scene was touching—the tableau was striking. The magnate knelt upon one knee and bowed his head, while Felix again flattened his nose in the direction of the apartment of Lucette.

"Ah! the French are sublime."

"Yes," said Bullion, frantically; "she is yours, and I will add another half million as her dowry."

And then in a low tone, he whispered to Tobias, "Did you say ten millions, Monsieur Canard?"

"Only ten," said the magnate, *sotto voce*.

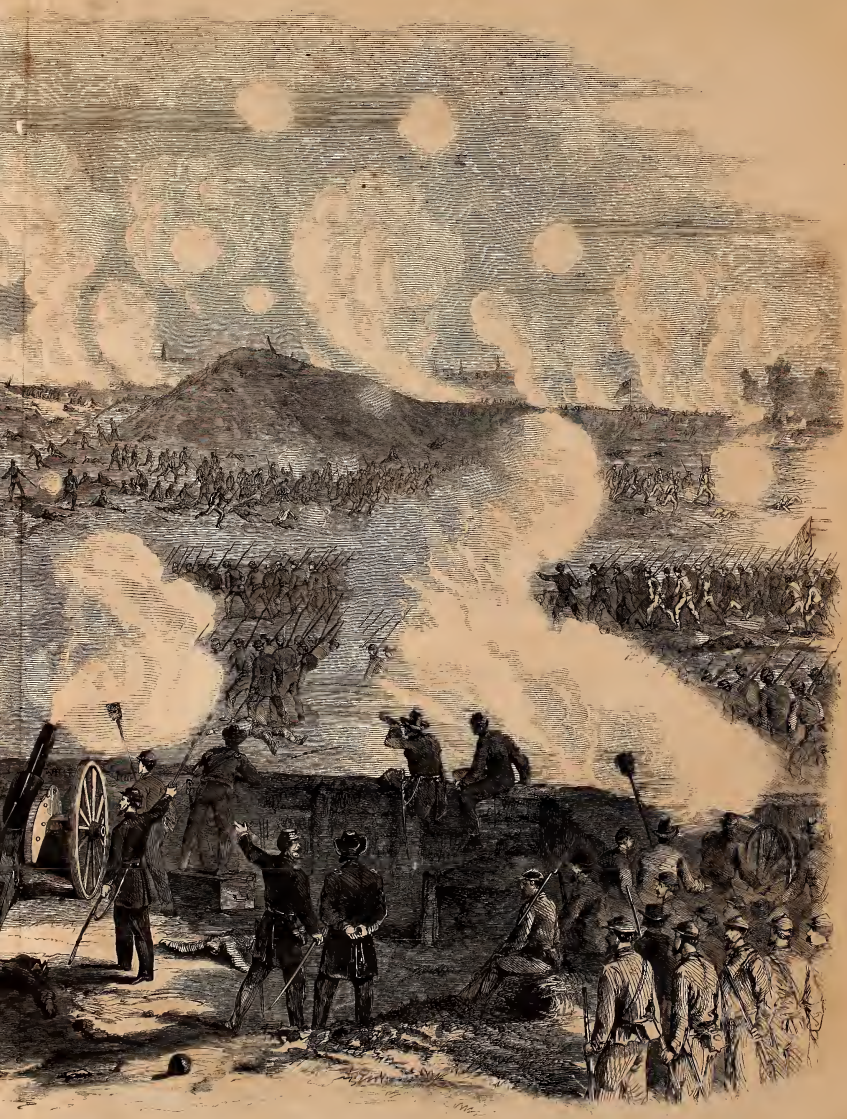
Need we write more? Why harrow up the souls and feelings of the Parisian community, by detailing the happiness that flowed in upon the fortunate Armand and his beloved Angelique. Suffice it to say that they were married. Felix (for we must not leave him out in the cold), wooed and won the fair Lucette, and Tobias, the magnate, alternately lives at Armand's house and at his friend's.

THE OURANG-OUTANG.

In Sierra Leone is a species of ourang-outang, so strong and so industrious, that, when properly trained and fed, they work like servants. They generally walk upright on their two hind feet. Sometimes they are employed to pound substances in a mortar, and they are frequently taught to go to rivers and to bring water in small pitchers, and if they are not soon taken off they let them fall; and when they perceive they are broken the poor fellows sometimes weep like a child in anticipation of the flogging they are to receive.

Buffon saw an ourang-outang that performed a multitude of funny tricks. He would present his hand to lead his visitors about the room, and promenade as gravely as if he was one of the most important personages of the company. He would even sit down at the table, unfold his napkin, wipe his lips like any other gentleman, use spoon or fork in carrying food to his mouth, pour his liquor into a glass—for it seems he had not become a convert to the principles of total abstinence—and touch his glass to that of the person who drank with him. When invited to take tea he brought a cup and saucer, placed them on the table, put in sugar, poured out the tea, and, after allowing it to cool, drank it with the utmost propriety.

THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—THE NINTH CORPS CHARGING ON THE ENEMY'S WORKS AFTER THE E



ER THE EXPLOSION OF THE MINE, JULY 30.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist.

SUGGESTED BY SEEING WILD ROSES BLOOMING

Beside the Railway Track.

On its straight iron pathway the long train was rushing,
With its noise, and its smoke, and its great human load:
And I saw where a wild rose in beauty was blushing,
Fresh and sweet by the side of the hot dusty road.

Untrained were its branches, untended it flourished,
No eye watched its opening or mourned its decay,
But its leaves by the soft dews of Heaven were nourished,
And it opened its buds in the warm light of day.

I asked why it grew there, where none prized its beauty?
For thousands who passed none had leisure to stay;
And the answer came sweetly, "I do but my duty,
I was told to grow here by the side of the way."

There are those on life's pathway whose spirits are willing
To dwell where the busy crowd passes them by;
But the dew from above on their leaves are distilling,
And they bloom 'neath the smiles of the All-seeing Eye.

They are loved by the few—like the rose they remind us,
When tempted from duty's safe pathway to stray,
We too have a place and a mission assigned us,
Though it be but to grow by the side of the way.

NINA MARSH;

OR,

THE SECRET OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER III.—THE FOG THICKENS.

Duncan Milnthorpe St. George, Earl of Gillingham, could not have been called an estimable character, even by the most servile worshippers of the aristocracy. He lived in pleasant oblivion of the Decalogue, breaking every commandment that men can break without being taken to prison or incurring any plebeian penalties.

Nature had not been niggardly to him at first starting; but he had ruined a fine constitution by his excesses, and his face had become so disfigured by the constant indulgence of evil passions and bad habits that it was difficult to conceive how he could ever have been thought a handsome man. He could put on a manner of gracious ease and dignity when occasion required, and was the first to resent any familiarity which the exposure of his vices might have caused; still, even in his best moods, he was not to be trusted, since you could not tell but that he might suddenly change his smile for a sneer, his smooth pleasantry for a bitter retort. He was one of those men whom it is hard to flatter, dangerous to offend, and impossible to deceive.

The principal part of his morning was generally spent in the stables; and occasionally, after what he styled a heavy lunch—by some strange contradiction of terms, since it consisted of liquids rather than solids—he would joke the grooms about their sweethearts, even suggesting a transfer if he found these same sweethearts at all to his own taste; but woe betide the individual who ventured to get in the least degree familiar on the strength of his lordship's little jests; the earl would smile—true, but the next morning the house-steward would call the delinquent aside, give him a month's wages, a curt dismissal, and a warning that it would be worse than useless for him to apply for a character at Rendlesham Court. And this was the man who, believing Nina Marsh to be everything that was pure, honest and beautiful, had allowed his thoughts to dwell upon her, and had even dared to covet her for his own!

Lord Gillingham had never intended to marry; but his cousin and heir, Maurice St. George, had been staying with him these last few days, and his confidence in the matter of succession had suggested a scheme of revenge. His lordship liked to disappoint people; and he was more than ever resolute in securing Nina for himself because Colonel St. George had acknowledged to an acquaintance with her with a reluctance which was not certainly his wont when a beautiful woman was in question.

This reticence raised the earl's suspicions. What could be the motive, unless his cousin was enamored of Miss Marsh himself, and feared the confession might provoke rivalry? His lordship began to scent another relish in his wooing, even more agreeable than the first. He hated Maurice St. George for being his heir, for having a good constitution and a fine figure, and for looking a young man still at thirty-six, when he himself, at forty, was quite old and worn out.

They were both bad men, but had pursued different principles in their vices. The earl had rushed headlong at pleasure; the colonel had sipped at the cup quietly, and had, therefore, kept the flavor longer on his palate. Lord Gillingham had rather despised his relative for his temperance in days gone by, but now he began to think that his system might have been the right one, after all. He looked down irritably at his gouty leg, swathed in bandages and supported on cushions, and then smiled at Colonel St. George, seated opposite him at table. But the earl's smile was by no means a pleasant one, and Maurice was not duped into believing that it was intended as a sign of extra goodwill.

He pushed aside the bottle which Lord Gillingham had just sent his way, as if to indicate that he meant to keep his wits about him in case of an attack.

"Why, hang it, St. George! done already? You used to be such a milksop," exclaimed the earl, trying to look pleasantly convivial, but failing miserably in the attempt.

"Enough is as good as a feast," answered the colonel, putting his hand over the glass which his officious relative was about to refill.

"Ah, that is always the creed of you cold-blooded people."

"And the safest too. A little stimulates one agreeably; too much surfeits one disagreeably."

"And when did you first turn stoic?" inquired the earl with another of his dangerous smiles.

"Since I discovered the expediency of propitiating father Time."

"And of spiting me for having taken him by the forelock, eh?" said the earl, with a malicious sneer.

"My dear lord," answered the other, in a tone of insolent triumph, "it is not generally known, because success always has been and always will be popular, but there is often quite as much skill and good generalship displayed in conducting a retreat as there is in consummating a victory."

"Only that the results are not so substantial and satisfactory. Ah, by-the-bye," resumed the earl, after a pause, "what has become of Mrs. St. George? Nobody hears anything of her now-a-days."

"There is no reason that they should, considering that she has been in her grave above a year," replied the other quietly.

"Come, now, St. George, that won't do."

The other did not seem the least annoyed or discomposed at his relative's scepticism, only the earl noticed that he filled his glass again and drank off the contents without one pause to catch the flavor, and his lordship surmised therefrom that the colonel was not quite so cool and collected as he wished to appear.

"Egad! St. George," pursued this amiable nobleman, speaking with unusual sincerity, "I am glad to find that you are vulnerable on one point, at least."

"I never pretended to be otherwise," answered the colonel, smiling disdainfully into the other's eyes. "A man does not exactly care to be reminded of past follies, even when he has outlived the consequences."

"But have you outlived the consequences? That's the question."

"Certainly, since Mrs. St. George has been dead now exactly one year, one month and five days."

"By Jove! Maurice," exclaimed the earl, with brutal cordiality, "one can't help having a certain sort of respect for you, you make your lies sound so much like the truth."

"I am sorry not to be able to accept your lordship's compliment," replied the colonel, in a tone of smooth contempt. "I haven't the certificate of Mrs. St. George's death by me at present, but if you will call at my lodgings some day, when you happen to be in town, I will show it to you with the greatest pleasure."

Lord Gillingham looked staggered, but not convinced.

"You had better have brought it with you," he said, significantly. "It always looks suspicious when you can't produce your proofs."

"I can easily send for the certificate, if that is all. I will order it down by to-morrow's post, and then you can examine it at your leisure."

"Oh! it doesn't signify to me, you know," replied the earl, carelessly; "only, if you should take a fancy to one of those Marsh girls, it would look well to be ready provided with some such document for the old gentleman's inspection."

"I don't think Mr. Marsh would take upon himself to doubt my honor."

"I don't know about that. Mr. Marsh is not one to be easily cowed, let me tell you."

"I have no wish either to cow him or to marry one of his daughters," said the colonel, impatiently.

"Oh! well, never mind; don't let us quarrel about nothing. Fill your glass."

And so Colonel St. George did, over and over again, drinking even deeper than the earl himself, and seeming to forget that he had been preaching moderation earlier in the evening. Towards eleven o'clock the butler brought in some strong coffee, and then the two gentlemen retired to the drawing-room, where the card table was set, and *écarté* prosecuted with unwavering zest and equal relish, until four in the morning, when brandy-and-water, in unlimited doses, closed the sitting.

It was verging towards noon when the earl and his visitor met in the breakfast-room the next—or, rather, later in the same—day. The sun was shining brightly in at the deep bay window, as if to shame the two haggard, nerveless, listless men who sat down in its light to toy capriciously with the good food garnishing the board.

The earl was not in a good temper—he never was of a morning—and Colonel St. George was paying too dear a penalty for his temporary oblivion of a favorite doctrine to feel especially pleased with himself or any one else. He sat moodily playing with his knife and fork, and scattering the curry in fragments over his plate. His appetite seldom failed him under any circumstances, but this morning he felt as if eating were one of the cruelest necessities of life. At last he rose irritably from the table, and went to the window.

"Well, this is denced slow work, I must say," put in the earl, as he followed his example; "let us have some bitter ale, then light our cigars, and take a stroll. I feel quite unnerved myself."

"You go to the Marshes to-night?" inquired the earl, presently, when they were out into the grounds.

"Yes," was the laconic reply. And the colonel walked on at a sharper pace, apparently occupied with his cigar.

"That second Marsh girl is a fine specimen of womankind," continued his lordship, looking keenly into his cousin's face. "She is a sort of person no one would be ashamed to own anywhere."

"Certainly not."

"By Jove! she's handsome enough to make us regret that we are not marrying men, eh, St. George?"

"It would take a great deal to make one regret that," answered the other, carelessly.

"I don't know," replied the earl, whom any one not understanding him well might have thought most charmingly candid. "This sort of life one leads is all very well up to a certain point, but it gets deucedly tiresome and wearing at last. Now, here am I, for instance; if I happen to be ill I may get well as I can, or die like a dog, and go to the devil too."

"I don't think a wife would be much assistance to you in preventing that catastrophe—only, perhaps, hasten it," said Colonel St. George, with a cold, cynical smile. "My opinion is, that when people are well off they'd better keep as they are."

"And when they are not well off?"

"A change may not better their condition."

"That is true enough, but still it is worth a trial."

"And fall from Scylla into Charybdis!"

"You're such a deuce of a stoic now-a-days," said the earl, resentfully, and he led the way to the stables. "Come and take a peep at Bonny Bird, if you haven't lost all your taste for a prime piece of horseflesh. After all, perhaps you are right about the women—one's safest out of the way; but a good horse serves you whilst he can, and when he's worn out you shoot him, and there's an end of the matter."

And the earl entered the stables as he finished speaking, and here the conversation dropped. But his lordship had certainly won the day. Colonel St. George was quite deceived, whilst greatly priding himself upon his penetration. He believed the earl's candor to be a lure. He had spoken of marriage, for the first time in his life, with tolerance, even approval, and his cousin imagined therefrom that matrimony was the farthest from his thoughts, and that his sole object in discussing it in terms of commendation was to render him tremulous as to his inheritance.

The earl had well calculated the effect of his frankness. He knew that the other would suspect him of murder or manslaughter rather than suspect him of telling the truth; and he chuckled pleasantly to himself over the success of his stratagem, pretending to have arrived at a solemn conclusion that honesty was the best policy after all.

He certainly did mean to marry Nina Marsh, and had no fears as to rejection; but he reserved this revelation for a surprise, thinking that the sting of disappointment would be stronger and deeper to his cousin if it came upon him suddenly and without warning. He did not mean to be balked of one iota of his triumph; at the very moment the colonel thought himself the most secure, the blow should be struck.

He was not deceived as to Colonel St. George's true feelings towards Nina Marsh. He smiled when she was mentioned, but he winced too—on the sly. A man who has passed his whole lifetime nursing his own bad passions, and raking up those of others, grows at last as keen as he is cruel.

Lord Gillingham wanted Nina for himself, because her beauty pleased his eye and satisfied his pride; but the first and true stimulus to possession, in a man benumbed by satiety like the earl, could not be the loveliness and virtue of any woman, were she a Cornelia dowered with a Helen's imperial charms. He wanted something to quicken his relish and give it duration, and he saw these now in the misery and disappointment of a man robbed of a long-promised inheritance.

The earl thought it probable that Colonel St. George had drawn largely on his expectations. As it happened, his lordship was mistaken; but this conviction was exceedingly agreeable to him, since it promised that his scheme of revenge on his too-confident cousin would be crowned by his utter ruin; and the future, for whose enjoyment he had been nursing his constitution, and restraining himself in his pleasures—that future would be a prison. The earl chuckled to himself quite joyously. He only wondered that he had never thought of this before. He could almost have blessed the sweetness and beauty of Nina Marsh for having suggested to him such an easy and pleasant vengeance.

That evening Colonel St. George left for Beechwood Manor. He arrived just as the first dinner-bell was ringing, and therefore went straight to his own room. After a careful toilet he descended, the butler meeting him in the hall, and conducting him to the presence of his host. The drawing-room at Beechwood was a large, handsome apartment, and the scene within, as the door opened, was brilliant and striking.

Mrs. Marsh, still beautiful in face and slender in figure, reclined on a gold and crimson couch, sharing it with her eldest daughter, whose large but handsome form, languid fairness, and sleepy eyes made a pleasingly voluptuous picture. At the fireplace stood Mr. Marsh and his nephew, carrying on a low, earnest conversation, whilst at the other end of the room sat Nina, attired in a simple dress of black net, her fathomless eyes, darkened by some inward feeling, turned eagerly towards the door.

But the scene changed, as if by magic, directly Colonel St. George's name was heard. Mr. Marsh went forward to greet him in his quiet but cordial way; Cyril wheeled sharply about, and fixed his stern, jealous eyes on Nina, almost threatening her, daring her to show any emotion; whilst Nina herself, rising, as if by some uncontrollable impulse, took refuge at her mother's side—standing there, pale, upright, calm and dignified, her lips compressed and hardened into one thin crimson line, but her whole air full of royal pride and inexorable disdain.

They met thus—the colonel bowing almost to the ground before her—when Mr. Marsh waved his hand that way, and mentioned her name—she haughty and distant, but a gray shadow seeming to creep over all the sweetness of her beauty, leaving it cold, and hard, and unwomanly.

Another minute and Colonel St. George was speaking to her—some few light, courteous words which the apparent shortness of their acquaintance seemed to warrant, and then Captain Marsh, cool and watchful as some inflexible Nemesis standing sentry over his prey, saw Nina stoop, ostensibly to repossess herself of her pocket-handkerchief, and yet leaving it on the ground longer than was necessary, as if to pique the other's gallantry; and with a strange, fierce thrill he noticed Colonel St. George lifting carefully amongst the folds of delicate cambric and lace a tiny paper, manage to separate the two, unperceived by the others, then return the handkerchief to its owner, the note to his own pocket.

Presently Colonel St. George vacated his place, being challenged to conversation by Mr. Marsh, who thought no guest could be fittingly entertained unless entertained by himself. Then it was Cyril's turn to draw near and stoop down to his beautiful cousin's ear.

"What is that letter you have just given to Colonel St. George?" inquired the young man, in a tone as despotic as severe.

She faced him with resolute, defiant eyes.

"I have given him no letter," she said.

"I thought a Marsh never lied," was his retort, spoken gently now, almost sorrowfully.

"The Marshes are like other people—they compromise with their consciences at times when hard pressed."

"That is poor policy, Nina, to give it no worse name."

"Who made you a judge over me?" exclaimed Nina, almost fiercely, for her conscience was backing his words with stinging severity, and condemning unflinchingly, less a course of action which now seemed to be rendered inevitable by circumstances than the oblivion of duty and principle from which all this deception had sprung.

Captain Marsh, perhaps, divined the self-reproach which leavened Nina's sharpness, and in fact, created it, for his voice was almost tender in its exceeding softness when he next spoke.

"Nina, don't you know that a woman like you has great influence either for good or evil, since her beauty is a crown and kingdom, and makes her power absolute over many subjects? You ought to hold a pure court, and wield a stainless sceptre, making those who are first subjugated by the sweetness of your gracious loveliness the wiser and better for their worship. You should give them a truer and better reverence for womanhood through your goodness, and nobler purposes through your nobility. This is a woman's mission when God has dowered her with the gift of touching all hearts with a look, and swaying the strongest with a smile. Nina, if you reject the best part in your authority to take up with the vilest, you will have a great deal to answer for some day—more than you can believe. Do not forget the responsibilities that go hand-in-hand with your privileges."

He paused here, awaiting her answer.

"I forget nothing," said she; "I wish I could; perhaps then I might suffer less."

Her voice died away in a low, restrained sob; and Captain Marsh was about to speak again, when Colonel St. George crossed the room, and placed himself in front of Nina, addressing her in a tone of light *badinage*.

Nina laughed, and Captain Marsh turned away, disgusted and sick at heart.

He did not know how harsh and unnatural that laugh was—how unlike the clear, free, joyous sweetness of her gaiety in times gone by. He had never seen her happy. Though but nineteen, all the richness of her youth had gone from her before he had even set his eyes upon her face. Nina could remember having once been light-hearted, as she could remember some pleasant, far-off dream. A dark abyss of misery connected those days with the present. The dread gulf which stands between our mortality and the promised immortality would have seemed to her more easy to traverse than one backward step into the terrible past. It was not death she feared; there is something immeasurably worse to a proud woman who reverences the honor of men because it is the symbol of her own purity, and that is shame.

The weary evening dragged on in torture to Captain Marsh. He was truly thankful when he saw the tray of silver candlesticks brought in, and Mr. Marsh, with the quiet, easy courtesy for which he was noted, conduct Colonel St. George to the door of the drawing-room, wishing him a good night. Then the members of the family also retired, excepting Mr. Marsh, who stayed behind a little while merely to propose to his nephew that they should start early the next morning for a distant part of the estate which had not been shot over, in order to give Colonel St. George a good day's sport; he then casually mentioned that Lord Gillingham and a few other neighbors would dine with them that same evening, after which they both shook hands, and separated to their respective rooms.

But Captain Marsh did not feel as if sleep were possible to him that night. He tried to read, but a dark syren came to shadow every page, and distort its meaning. He felt inwardly hot and restless. To his powerful frame he added an energetic temperament. To sit still, with his hands idle before him, was purgatory to Cyril Marsh. He began to pace his room up and down with sharp, hurried strides; then he suddenly remembered that the one beneath him was occupied by Madeleine, whom his restlessness might keep as wakeful as himself, and he decided to go and walk on the terrace, hoping that he might ease the weariness of his mind by transferring it to his body.

He passed softly down the stairs, quietly unbarred the door, and passed out into the night.

Everything was profoundly still. One side of the house lay in deep shadow; the other was illumined by a broad pale beam of moonlight. In the air was the scent of the dying roses; not a breeze stirred tree or shrub, which lay pencilled against the clear gray sky in tranquil repose; the low, murmuring sound of the distant brook came in fitful echoes through the shrubberies: in everything there was the beauty of autumn, falling softly amongst the decayed leaves.

Captain Marsh felt tranquillised by these influences. There was still hot within him, but he could reason with himself now; only he had arrived at that point when his struggles, instead of quenching the flame, fanned it into stronger life. He wrestled against loving when he already loved. But he could still deceive himself, and gain a little power that way. Even at the last, when his brisk march had made him feel as if sleep would now be possible, and he had, therefore determined to go in, he turned out of his way on some specious excuse, in order to feast his eyes on the shape of a head-band marked clear against the light in Nina's window.

And who shall dare to say, after this, that a woman in her weakness is not a good match for a man in his strength?

Captain Marsh re-entered the house with the same caution he had used in leaving it. He bolted the door carefully behind him, and passed on tiptoe through the passages. The housekeeper's room was at the end of the hall, almost at the foot of the grand staircase.

Mrs. Trent was unlike an ordinary dependant, inasmuch as her quality and self-reliance gave her a marked position, and excited notice. Her place in the household occupied an important one merely from the grave earnestness with which it was filled. You could not overlook her, and, perhaps involuntarily, you would admire her when you spoke as an equal rather than a menial. Captain Marsh, strong and trustworthy himself, had not failed to divine instinctively those qualities in Mrs. Trent which answered to his own, and felt a certain interest in analysing a character whose nobility lent grace to her homely duties.

It was, perhaps, through reviewing Mrs. Trent's claims to attention that Cyril came to look curiously in the direction of her room. To his astonishment, knowing the regular hours kept at Beechwood, the door was ajar and the place well lighted. He had glanced through the aperture as he passed, and was still more surprised to see Mrs. Trent standing erect by the table, with a white but determined face, whilst Colonel St. George, from a chair opposite her, seemed by his mere attitude to express defiance and disdain.

"My good creature," Captain Marsh heard him say, in a voice choked through, "all the talking in the world would do no good to either. You are both tarred with the same brush."

"We could not touch pitch, even in ignorance, without being defiled," was the contemptuous reply.

"Vastly complimentary to me that last remark of yours," said the colonel, stretching himself in his chair, and swinging it round so as to rub his rough myself of a whole hour of sweet sleep in order to hear flatteries that would sound just as well in the middle of the day, we will proceed to business if you please."

So the Captain Marsh had listened in such perplexity and surprise that he had not remembered the imputation to which he would render himself liable were he overheard. But the word "business" aroused him from his abstraction, and Cyril was so strictly honorable that he not only went away at once, but also felt hot with shame at his involuntary breach of integrity. Retreating hastily from the sound of Mrs. Trent's voice, Cyril had not distinguished another word of her conversation, Captain Marsh reached his own room, and was quickly in bed, where his lucky fatigue was soon dissipated by several hours of quiet repose.

CHAPTER IV.—A DINNER PARTY AT BEECHWOOD MANOR.

Mr. Marsh seldom gave more than two dinner-parties in a season. These two were carried out in style to make compensation for their paucity. Directly the invitations were sent off Mr. Marsh would be in a violent state of excitement. He would and inform her how many guests were to assemble, and what sort of provision he should make for them. Then he was left to her, and was well satisfied her part. Mrs. Marsh was no more consulted about any of the arrangements than if she had been a baby. Her only care was in the matter of toilette, upon which Mr. Marsh was apt to be very fastidious in these occasions. He liked to see everything done well. Dress was necessary to ladies both as an occupation and a distraction, he used to say, for as her had nothing else to attend to, they should make an effort to insure a satisfactory result. Knowing, therefore, from long experience, Mr. Marsh's opinions on the point, his wife's trouble may be better imagined than described when, on going into Nina's room before descending into the drawing-room previous to the arrival of her guests, she found her daughter dressed in her accustomed black, and unadorned by a single jewel or flower.

"My dear Nina, whatever can mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Marsh, with a look of blank dismay. "Have you forgotten that friends are coming to-night?"

"No, mamma," answered the other quietly.

"Then surely you could not have intended to wear black alone? We are not in mourning, and you know how particular your papa is."

"Mother, if this were the mere gratification of some caprice I would yield at once, for your sake; but it is a question of duty and good feeling, and therefore I cannot give up the point."

"But, Nina, your papa will be sure to blame me."

"No, he won't, mamma; he has found of late that I have a will of my own, and am not to be guided by a silken string, even in such a kind hand as yours. Besides, I will tell him candidly that it was my obstinacy and not your forgetfulness."

"But pray, just to oblige me, put some ornament in your hair. You look now as if you were going to be present at a funeral instead of a dinner-party."

Nina's lips quivered with a vague, undecided effort at self-control, and she bent her eyes wistfully on her mother's face. But this expression soon yielded to one of determination and scorn.

"Mamma, I am sorry to disoblige you, but I am quite papa's slaves. None of us could get near you to tell you our troubles, for everything would go to him, and he would not hear any thing (—he could be much to us, or rather to me. I love him, but I dread him; and if he kisses me I shudder."

"Oh, Nina!"

"It is true, mamma. When he comes into the room where I am, all my own cheery spirit is gone. We have heard of the tortures of the Inquisition, but what are they to mine? I am on the rack all day, and cannot sleep for it at night, when I could almost taste the sleep that gives me strength to bear the renewed tortures of another day."

"Oh, Nina!" said Mrs. Marsh again, and this time her soft blue eyes were strained with tears.

"I must speak, mamma—I must—I am obeying don't you see? Oh, if you had been to me the mother that some women are to their daughters, you would have saved me so much sorrow, so much shame! If I could love you now to you when I knew that the first taint of evil was making its way within me, and felt sure that my confidence would have been sacred, oh, mother, what you would have spared me! But you never belonged to me, Nina. You have belonged to papa and cousin, and you would have betrayed me—you know you would!—only to gain one single glance of approbation from him. And I—I abhorred her."

But here she suddenly paused and broke into a wild, forced laugh.

"I am giving you a whole chapter of heroics, which is rather unlike, when you consider how much I have to hide as to them myself," she added, turning from Mrs. Marsh and speaking to a mirror near. "Now see, mamma, will this do?" and she looked round so as to face her again, a wreath of myrtle stars encircling her head.

The glow on her cheek and the gleam in her eye seemed to gather new brightness mingling with the snow of her myrtle crown. Mrs. Marsh regarded her with admiring tenderness.

"How well you look, my child, at last. "Only do try to be a little more gay—you've seemed so miserable since your illness—and don't talk in that very queer way. You know I don't like it, and I think but my first duty is to your papa, and it would not be right that I should keep anything from him."

"I don't see that."

"No, my love, because you are not married. But you will understand, when you are, what I mean. And now give me a kiss, and mind be a little more like your onewelf this evening."

"I will, mamma dear," said Nina quietly, and as she spoke she felt that she might and could be more gay.

Be it a sin or a sorrow, when once you have grown accustomed to it half its burden is gone. It is against the laws of Nature that grief should be eternal, and though remorse may last out with life, every day as it darkens into night takes something from the poignancy of its sorrow and regret, at last it wears to a thin shadow, whose passage can only be renewed by some sudden shock.

Nina was young and beautiful, and had come by right to the favor of men. If she could not take pleasure in life she must have a certain satisfaction in her beauty and in the power it exercised. She loved supremacy, and a "sad Pamela," she knew, might be charming enough for a time, but a gay Pamela was irresistible. Hence the vagaries and power. Nina was wise in the wisdom of this world, and she said to herself—

"Why should I not profit by my youth? I have suffered enough to expiate my sin. Besides, I am not a heroine but a woman, after all. The sword of Damocles hangs suspended over my head, like ivory or lead. Only let me remember that the love of a husband cannot be bestowed by me, that my shadow would fall like a curse on a pure heart!" only mindful of this, I may get some small satisfaction out of my life, and, if I will, in the future bring what it may—shame, despair, death—upon my youth and beauty as capital still, and I will have some interest out of it then."

As Nina entered the drawing-room that night Captain Marsh's eyes detected at once a radical change. Her face was hardened, her manner reckless, her eyes brilliant but cold. Cyril looked on in deep perplexity, and wondered what this new change portended; and though he had longed to see her glad again, her rest laugh struck to his heart with a chill. He had a template at his elbow, a sweet, unconscious child, but still a woman in the capacity of feeling. Katie was clinging about him, plucking unceremoniously at his long, silken beard, as Nina walked into the room. Cyril's hand was upon the child's arm in a way set at once. Then she suddenly returned, dug her little rosy fist into his closed fingers, and tried to feed him with cherries.

"You are to come," said the little lady, imperiously. "You weren't good and kind to him the night, and I heard you saying naughty things, and making her cry. But now you've got to come and be kind to her, or else I won't love you any more."

"Don't make your punishment so severe," answered Cyril, smiling at the child, but still watching keenly every movement of her elder sister.

"Ah, but I will; and I'll hurt you harder in the heard my next pull, if you don't do as I tell you."

"In view of such a dire penalty, I suppose I must obey. But what am I to say when I get there?"

"Say!" repeated Katie, disdainfully. "The first thing I always hear, when company comes, is, 'How do you do? I hope you are quite well.'"

"Oh, then, I am to ask Nina if she is quite well?"

"Of course," answered the little lady, looking as if she thought her cousin's admission had been shamefully neglected.

Perhaps Cyril took a deal of an excuse to sun himself in the new brightness, for he turned sharply on his heel and walked up to Nina's side.

"Katie is allowing herself to be fed somewhat about your health," he said, "though why it is impossible to say—your eyes and cheeks both give brilliant contradiction to her fears."

"Don't you know that love is blind?" replied Nina, with a light laugh.

"Then we are indeed to pity him were he here to-night."

"Now I perceive what I have all along surmised," said Nina, in a tone of deep bitterness. "You have no respect for me, or you would not pay me compliments."

He was astonished at her penetration. Cyril only spoke lightly to those of whom he thought lightly. To Nina, therefore, he had often been discourteous and tyrannical, but never insincere. But now, when he spoke of her beauty as a desirable and perishable gift, it was with leaden irony, for he could almost have torn and crushed the myrtle crown for becoming her so well. He thought Mr. Marsh very slow on describing to Colonel St. George the evening before, he thought of the last Beechwood ball, and blamed the recklessness of those beautiful lips, and Nina's loveliness turned him as sick as if it had been a foul blasphemy.

"I will conquer her," he said to himself, with a fierce throb. "I will teach her to look beautiful for me alone. I will have her distributing so lavishly the sweetness of her smiles, the touch of her hand. I hate her now, but I will have her all the same. She shall not drive me. Does she think that my heart is made of snow? Have I none of the passions that burden other men because I am cold? Oh, my love, my love, to worship at every shrine in my way? She is nothing to me beyond any other woman whose beauty is pleasant to the eye; but I will make her mine, if it is only to humble her and show her what it is for a woman to scorn the affection of an honest man. I must reverse others. I have no wrongs of my own to avenge; I am heart-whole still. Poor Nina, she has very gracious a love there, for I have been in her presence now for days and hours; I have seen her sad and gay, weak and strong, pale and blooming, and have kept my senses all through. I have nothing to fear at present, but may take up my task with a good heart and a light hand. She is accustomed of the panther breed—sleek, and beautiful, and false, and she may tear my hand in the scuffle, but she can never reach my heart, for that is truly guarded against her wiles. I may have thought love possible to me, but I will make her believe it is not."

Captain Marsh ended his contradictory reflections with a triumphant smile as he stepped carelessly on to the drawing-room floor. Colonel St. George by Nina's chair. He was too happy in believing himself so secure not to be indulgent to others. He spied the weakness he could not share. He was sublimely unconscious that the light of Nina's eyes, as she looked confidingly at which Nina had seen Colonel St. George approach. But so it is—let them say what they like—men deceive themselves far oftener than women deceive them.

There was a look of confidence in Cyril's face that was startling to the dishonoured lady, smiling and twirling his huge moustache. But Colonel St. George had scarcely exchanged three words with Nina before the door opened, and the first guests were announced:

"Mr. and Miss Daw."

Miss Daw was a fine-looking girl, with a high color, and a look of perfect happiness and good temper. She was dressed in white, and wore a beautiful part of the day on horseback, and was as dauntless in the chase as any Nimrod of the party. Her offhand hearty manner and broad, good-humored laugh were quite unlike a child, she had been left to her brothers indulgent guardianship. John, of the same age, was generally out with them, performed his trust to the best of his ability. He engaged a most sapient governess, who undertook to teach everything, but for she did—everything in general, and nothing in particular. In the scramble, Anna Maria was first losing all the wit she possessed, when that brother suddenly came to the rescue, dismissed the paragon, and recommended his sister to a finishing school. Anna adopted the notion with enthusiastic earnestness, and soon became an apt scholar in Jack's hands.

"Good evening, Jack," said Cyril, with a little elphering, can't you?" inquired Jack, a little anxiously, of his sister one day.

"I—I—don't know," she said.

"And play a little air or two on the pianoforte when there's company?"

"Why, as to that, I can, Jack."

"Then what the deuce do you want more?"

"I don't want anything more, Jack."

"That's a good girl," said Jack, obviously immensely relieved, and patting her shoulder with his huge hand. "Then you can dance, and always make a padding some day, and then you'll do."

Jack's theories upon female education were somewhat peculiar, and he was a little uncomfortable at first as to how they would look in practice; but when he saw Anna growing straight and tall, and that she was making no inroads on his pocket with perfect ease, and amuse herself in wet weather, Jack chuckled to himself in great glee, and loudly declared that he had hit the right nail on the head this time.

As to his own advantage in respect to education, they had been remarkably meagre, depending entirely upon his own exertions; and, as he passed the day outdoors in all weathers, and went to sleep immediately after dinner of an evening, it may be surmised that Jack Dawas had not plucked enough fruit off the tree of knowledge to render it a very unsightly object. Jack frequented all the fairs within a hundred miles, and never missed a race, even if only a sporting meeting.

Dinner parties were Jack's abhorrence as a rule, but Jack nourished in his secret soul a deep, hopeless, chivalrous passion for Nina; and to sit in the same room with her a whole evening, listening to the sound of her voice, sunning himself in the brightness of her face, was a privilege Jack valued more highly than all his patrimonial acres. He was sonsense he did not shine in society, and measured out the large red hands as he tried to squeeze them into gloves; his small and all his awkwardness, there were occasional glimpses of true honest feeling, and a sort of rough dignity which raised him above contempt, and gradually created affection and confidence where you might have thought it impossible a first effort to bestow either one or the other.

Jack was always the first arrival.

"It's such a deuced hore, you know, Nan," he used to say to his sister, "to be marching in when the room's full. Somehow, it takes away the use of my legs. I shouldn't mind when I'd finished horseback, because I feel at home there; but when you get me into drawing-rooms, and tell me to sit just so, and behave prettily, I'm out of my reckoning, Nan, and that's a fact. I'm always so infernally off my head, too, on such occasions. Foreign chickabaw are poor food, now, aren't they? I look to myself doing a hard day's riding without substantial food, and plenty of goal to wash 'em down!"

Jack and his sister had scarcely taken their seat before Lord Gillingham arrived. He was quickly followed by Madame de Pène and her daughter. Madame had very people who could not be overlooked in any society, and they chose to frequent Madame de Pène was the widow of a French dancing-master, and had taken a house at Beechwood on account of the cheapness of the neighborhood, and her old school friendship for Mrs. Marsh. A small cottage was all she could afford to rent, but her elegant taste soon converted it into a fitting habitation for any lady in the land. A refulgent, glittering ornamentality disposed, a moderate supply of muslin and damask, and Madame de Pène, by happy and judicious duality of the mistress, her drawing-room looked as fresh and luxurious as the boudoir of a queen. The same principle had effect upon the toilette of herself and daughter. She could not afford to buy cheap things, she said, and certainly no one would have thought of such a thing in connection against anything they saw on either Madame or Mademoiselle de Pène. For herself it was a rich and tasteful style in which people of her quality love, because the ornaments, accompaniments, or whatever they may be called, were judiciously varied; and Gabrielle, as her mother's maxim, always looked so fresh, and sweet, and ladylike, that gorgeous combinations were wasted in discount wherever she appeared, and the men raved about white muslin and natural flowers.

ANECDOTE OF THE STORK.

The stork in Schleswig is the pet of the country people, who cherish all manner of superstitious concerning him. They encourage him to build upon their roofs, and consider his presence there to be favorable to the neighborhood of their wives. Happy is the cottager in the summer whose gable is graced with a nest of the native eggs are to be seen staring above the heads of those in which are brought over by cunning fowlers. Among many stories that were told us in which the stork figured I noted one as being particularly curious and well substantiated.

A mischievous Schleswigian deemed took advantage of the momentary absence of a brooding pair to remove the eggs and substitute those of an owl. When hatched the young owls were very ugly, and it was evident that the domestic happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Stork was seriously jeopardized by the appearance of the newly born. Stork pere was manifestly puzzled and put out by the unnatural appearance of his offspring. It was nothing of the paternal profile about them, and probably he wondered how they were, when returning home into of evenings, so ill-looking, blank-eyed fellow, to whom he recognised in them a certain family likeness.

After addressing remonstrances to his wife in the form of some pretty severe pecks, he flew away, but presently returned, bringing with him other storks of the neighborhood, the elders of the tribe. They held a consultation, and the result was that they threw the young owls out of the nest, and then, after which they carefully covered the eggs with their wings, and sat down upon them. The result of the second to them that in no manual a case, and had carried out the same plan with success. Other constituting themselves into a Crosswell court extraordinary.

LIFE IN BED.

We all know that sleep is so necessary to the support of existence that we have refreshed, and would soon wear out without it, and if it were not for the intervals of healthful insensibility that sleep affords to the brain we should all go mad within a few months. Even plants sleep, and the cold lymph that flows through the sensitive system of vegetable existence if the active principle of their existence were not recruited by repose.

Children believed to grow faster during their slumber than when awake; and although some very superficial observers may have refused to the theory that it is possible for man to live and enjoy life without the luxury of sleep, and the vacillating character of the pendulum in live without assistance, is so manifestly the result of mechanism, that it is clear that the bed is just the thing to avoid. We lie down to sleep, but we pass many an hour in bed, calculating, planning, and thinking. In the course of a year, if averaged, to some extent, we will be between the sheets and blankets. On the first of January every man takes a new lease of life, and with it a new set of habits, and a new determination to live more regularly than he has done before. Perhaps the myth which represents the "average" of these resolutions designed as having had such a genial effect on their immediate progress, was intended to typify the use of "average nature's sweet restorer." There are both strength and wisdom in the allusion, also why should the proprietor of consulting it have grown into a proverb?

OUTDOOR AMUSEMENTS OF ENGLISH LADIES—NATIONAL ARCHERY MEETING AT ALEXANDRA PARK, MUSWELL HILL, NEAR LONDON, JULY 6, 7 AND 8.

COTTON PACKING IN INDIA—DAVID WILSON'S NEW PATENT COTTON PRESS.

THE WAR IN THE SOUTH—PAYING OFF NEGRO SOLDIERS AT HILTON HEAD, S. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

THE NEW BARRACKS AT THE BATTERY, N. Y.

When New York had its fort just below the Bowling Green, a few rocks in a shoal place before it occupied the site of the present Battery. This was gradually filled in and a few guns planted as an outer defence, giving it the name it has since borne. The species of castle or fort which was subsequently added has had a curious history, and as the Battery became in time a fashionable promenade, the Castle became a Garden, in days when gardens were the rage; then it was transformed into an Opera House, and has now become the centre of that most important and well-managed institution, "The Commission of Emigration." The Battery has long ceased to be a fashionable promenade. The fair and their admirers no longer visit it to enjoy the delicious breezes from the bay or the panorama of the commerce of the great city. It is a pity to have such beauties thrown away, but with the uptown tendency of fashion it has become deserted.

Our Park has for a time been given up to the Government for barracks, recruiting booths, etc.; these have now been removed, and one of our Artists gives our readers a view of the Battery as it is, with the newly erected barracks, which have invested it once more with its ancient military look.

Governor's Island in the background and Castle Garden will enable our readers to fix the position of the barracks, which are commodious, well built and far superior to those in the Park in every respect.

The buildings to the left are the Commissary Department and storehouses; in the centre and to the right are the quarters of the men. In the front is the Recruiting Office, where Supervisor Blunt labors so earnestly to fill up New York's various quotas; to the right are the Hospital and the Sutler's Department, the latter under the charge of J. L. Frazer, formerly Colonel of the 47th New York, at whose hands the soldiers know they always receive fair dealings. On the right, near Castle Garden, is the wharf where conscripts and volunteers take steamer to go to Hart's Island.

PAYING OFF NEGRO SOLDIERS.

How strange it is now to look back at the commencement of this war! What advance has been made in many ideas. When it was first suggested that the negroes who escaping from slavery were becoming a burthen on the Government should be armed and drilled, a feeling of intense bitterness was aroused. The opponents of the Government and the sympathisers with rebellion were of course loudest and most vehement in their denunciation of the system. The rebel Government threatened and has fulfilled its threat of refusing quarter to negro soldiers and their officers, but Government persisted, and a considerable part of the army now consists of negro soldiers. The matter is no longer an experiment. The regiments differ greatly; those with capable, diligent officers surpassing of course those where the men who hold commissions shirk the unwelcome task of drilling and guiding their men.

Our Artist before Charleston sketched the paying off of one of the negro regiments; and if we may judge from the bearing of the men, they have found officers who aim to do their duty to their command and their country.

THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG.

The Explosion of the Mine—The Attack on the Rebel Line.

Since our last, issued just as the news came in of the explosion of the rebel mine, filling all with exultant hope that another day would give us news of the effectual breaking up of Lee's army, further details have come, unfortunately damping our expectations.

Our readers will readily understand the position of affairs by our illustration on pages 280-1 of this volume, a few weeks since. The fort there shown was that which Lieut-Col. Pleasants, 48th Penn., with his skilled miners, undertook to mine. The work was commenced on the 25th of June, and was prosecuted with the utmost secrecy, the very soldiers in the adjoining breastworks being ignorant of the plan and wondering at the subterranean talking. The muddy boots of the men as they marched in from work puzzled some, but few suspected the truth.

The excavation was commenced in the side of the hill whereon our exterior line of works runs. The tunnel, or to use the technical term "gallery," is about four and a half feet high, nearly as many feet wide at the bottom, and two feet wide at the top. The usual army pick was not suited to the work, as the flukes were too broad to permit their swinging in the tunnel. This difficulty was easily overcome by filing down the flukes to the size of the regular mining pick. Water was met with not far from the entrance, and for a time gave no little trouble. The floor, however, was planked, and the sides and ceiling shored up. A quicksand was met with, and to obviate it the range of the tunnel was curved upward, so that the latter half was several feet higher than at the entrance. The earth, as soon as excavated, was conveyed in handbarrows made of cracker boxes or half barrels to the mouth, where it was emptied into bags which were afterwards used on the top of the breastworks. In this manner no betraying accumulation of earth took place. The ventilation was ingeniously effected by fires.

At length the end was reached, and the triangulation was abundantly verified in the noises overhead. The nailing of timber and planks could be distinctly heard, and left no doubt that the men were directly beneath the rebel fort. The enemy were evidently making a flooring for their artillery. As near as could be ascertained, the distance from the tunnel to the fort was 20 feet.

After it was sufficiently evident that a point directly under the fort was reached the construction of the mine was commenced. The angle of the fort projects towards our line, and under this line the tunnel diverged

THE NEW BARRACKS AT THE BATTERY, NEW YORK.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

into two galleries, each running, as near as could be ascertained, under each side. Six tons of powder were placed in it, and at 4.40 A. M., on the 30th of July, this mass of powder was fired. In an instant a column of yellow earth rose in the air, as high says one as Bunker Hill monument, then curled over like a fountain and fell; human forms, stones, timbers, arms, being distinguishable in the mass. A dull smoke seemed to fill the horizon, shutting out Petersburg from view. The 1st North Carolina, an old and sturdy regiment, was hurled out of existence. At once a hundred cannon opened along our front, and at half-past five the 9th corps charged, carrying the fort with a part of the line on each side.

The 2d division, which was in the centre, advanced and carried the second line, a short distance beyond the fort, and rested, holding ground with the utmost determination.

It was at this time the colored division, under Gen. White, was pushed forward and ordered to charge and carry the crest of the hill, which would have decided the contest.

The troops advanced in good order as far as the first line, where they received a galling fire, which checked them, and although quite a number kept on advancing, the greater number seemed to become utterly demoralized, part taking refuge in the fort, and the remainder running to the rear as fast as possible.

They were rallied and again pushed forward, but without success, the greater part of the officers being killed or wounded.

During this time they seemed to be without any one to manage them, and finally they fell back to the rear, out of range of the volleys of canister and musketry that were ploughing through their ranks. Their losses are very heavy, particularly in officers, as will be seen by the following figures: 23d colored, 15 officers killed and wounded, 400 men, including missing; 28th U. S. colored, 11 officers, 150 men killed, wounded and missing; 27th colored, 6 officers, 150 men killed, wounded and missing; 31st colored (formerly the 30th C. V.), 8 officers, 275 men killed, wounded and missing; 31st colored, 7 officers, 200 men killed, wounded and missing; 43d colored, 6 officers and a large number of men; 38th colored, several officers, about 250 men, killed, wounded and missing.

The loss in the 2d division, 9th corps, was very severe, and is estimated at from 1,000 to 1,200.

Gen. Bartlett succeeded in reaching the fort with his command, but having accidentally broken his cork leg, was unable to get off the field. He, however, held possession of the ground for several hours, and only surrendered when all hope of escape was gone.

The fruit of the movement, well concerted and directed, was swept away. The troops charged too late, and none but veterans should have been sent on so important a mission. The time lost enabled the rebels to gather, and we must add it to our other great repulses. We illustrate the working of the mine, and also the charge after the explosion.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A lady who sings in the choir of a certain church in Eighth street, having been teased at for marrying a very small man, remarked that she had always found short meter hims the easiest to get along with.

Alboni, in reply to a friend who wanted to know why she perspired so profusely when singing Verdi's music, replied that it wasn't ordinary perspiration but Verdi-grease.

At a camp meeting in this State, recently, a zealous brother excused himself for "hooking" and appropriating to his own necessities some "good old rye" by saying: "My dear brethren, here, of all places, the 'spirit' should be most freely 'poured out.'"

Jean Paul thus addresses young girls: "The young men fall on their knees before you, but remember it is as infantry before cavalry—that they may conquer and kill; or as the hunter, who only on banded knees takes aim at his victims."

We consider the old man's reply to his son as to the meaning of the word humbug nearer correct than Webster's. "Humbug, my son, is when your mother says she loves me, and don't sew the buttons on my shirt."

The following order, *verbatim et literatim*, is said to have been received by an undertaker from an afflicted widower: "Sur—mi waif ts dad, and wants tu be berried to-morrow. At wunner klok. U nose wair to dig the Hole—by the side of mi too Uther waifs. Let it be deep."

Soon after the death of the poet Wordsworth a man met a farmer in the neighborhood, and said to him:

"You have had a great loss."

"What loss?"

"Why, you have lost the great poet!"

"Oh! aye," said the farmer, "he is dead; but then, nae doubt wife'll carry on 't bus'ness, and mak' it as profitable as ever it wer."

"What are you doing?" said a father to his son, who was tinkering an old watch.

"Improving my time," was the rejoinder.

Chloroform is recommended as excellent for scolding wives. A husband who has tried it says, "No family should be without it."

A fellow who has some "music in his soul" says that the most cheerful and soothing of all fireside melodies are the blended tones of a cricket, a teakettle, a loving wife, and the crowing of the baby.

"Patrick," said a judge, "what do you say to the charge; are you guilty or not guilty."

"Faith, that is difficult for your honor to tell, let alone myself. Wait till I hear the evidence."

"It is strange," muttered a young man, as he staggered home from a supper party, "how evil communications corrupt good manners. I have been surrounded by tumblers all the evening, and now I am a tumbler myself."

Why is a boy that objects to taking "a dose of oil" like a pugilist? Because he shies his castor.

We don't see why a lady in crinoline should go abroad for companionship. Let her be content in her own circle.

Matrimony resembles the moderator lamp. There is always something the matter with it.

Why do hens always lay in the daytime? Because at night they become roosters.

Some 20 or 30 years ago old Phleg, up in Chester county, was telling his friend Jones concerning a fight. Phleg had very little education, but Jones was a man of right smart reading. So Phleg went on telling that they "fit and fit."

"And," said Jones, with a knowing look, "did they keep on fitting?"

Old Phleg drew himself up, and looking sour as buttermilk into Jones's face, he said:

"You're mighty precise about langwige—fout, then, blast you."

A witness, in his eagerness to leave the court-room, forgot his manners, and put on his hat before he had quite reached the door. A surly officer, standing by, cried out gruffly:

"Take your hat off!"

"I am taking myself off as fast as I can," was the reply; "and if you have no objection, I will take my hat off with me."

George III., speaking to Archbishop Stretton of his large family, used the expression, "I believe your grace has better than a dozen?"

"No, sire," replied the archbishop, "only eleven."

"Well," rejoined the king, "is not that better than a dozen?"

A KINGLY HERITAGE.

I have a little drop of blood
Whose course is wild and fleet;
Sometimes I feel it in my soul,
And sometimes in my feet.
Sometimes it courses like a rill
And sometimes like a flood,
And often I am deluged with
This little drop of blood.

I know from whence the heritage—
From out the hearts of kings;
Sometimes it grows ethereal
And spreads itself in wings;
And then I feel the souls of winds
Go bearing me away,
Back to the high ancestral halls
Where jewelled fountains play.

Within the royal temple's aisles
Divinest singers sing,
And at the holy altar shrines
The sweetest censers swing,
The incense of whose pure perfume
Melts through the azure dome,
And forms again, in spirit flowers,
In the Mighty Spirit's home.

The crowns that graced the haughty brows
Of my ancestral kings
Were not of yellow gold and stones,
But glorious eagles' wings.
Their palace-halls—the boundless woods,
Their shrines—the forest bowers,
Their singers—all the birds of Heaven,
Their incense-cups—the flowers.

The temples that they worshipped in
They were not made with hands,
And they had their hunting-grounds of One
Who never sells His lands.
Ye sleep, O kingly ancestors,
Beneath the forest trees,
But your royal ghosts are still about,
Upon the woodland breeze.

Sometimes they tramp across my heart
As through a hunting-ground;
I feel a hundred Indians leap
Within it at a bound.
'Tis but a little drop of blood,
And yet I feel it roll
As if a thousand tomahawks
Were lifted in my soul!

It lights the secret council-fires
Within my heart and brain,
At which the soul in silence sits,
And deigns not to complain.
Your royal ghosts, O woodland kings!
They reign in me at will,
And bid me, with imperial pride,
To suffer and be still.

They do not teach, when smote, to turn
And give the other cheek;
Alas! O lordly ancestors,
Ye were not over meek.
Too much of eagle in your souls,
Too little of the dove:
My heritage is rich in hate,
But poor enough in love!

ANTIPATHIES AND FEARS.

It is a difficult matter to account for the dislikes some persons have been known to entertain. Yet many instances are upon record of unaccountable antipathies, so deeply rooted that no exertion of the mind was capable of eradicating them. Of this we have a striking instance in the brave Marquis de la Roche Jacquelin, who, though he was undaunted in the field of battle, yet could never help trembling and turning pale at the sight of the harmless squirrel. He was the first to laugh at his own weakness, but his utmost efforts were never able to overcome this involuntary terror.

Cardinals Cordona and Caraffe, a Venetian nobleman of the family of Barbarazi, and Lady Heneage, one of the maids of honor to Queen Elizabeth, swooned at the mere sight of a rose.

There was once a family in Aquitaine which entertained so great an aversion to apples that the mere sight of one set their noses bleeding. The very least particle of olive oil introduced in any dish, and however well disguised, was so obnoxious to a Count of Darmstadt that he was immediately seized with fainting fits.

We are informed by Bartholus, that he knew a man, of a bold and courageous disposition, who could not see a dog, no matter how small, without immediately shaking with apprehension, and being seized with convulsive trembling in his left arm and in his hand.

Weinzithius mentions a person, of a noble family, who was not able to bear the gaze of an old woman; and being once drawn out by force from his supper, into the presence of one, what was only intended as merriment by his friends ended in death for him, for he fell down and died on the spot. The terrors felt by some persons at the various phenomena of nature are less unaccountable. Augustus was so much alarmed at meteors that he carried about him the skin of a calf—then thought to be an excellent guard against lightning; and during a thunderstorm, according to Suetonius, he sought refuge underground, in vaults or cellars. Caligula, who labored under similar fears, whenever it thundered wrapped his head up in some covering—or, if he was in bed, leaped out of it, and hid himself underneath.

A bishop of Langres, Charles d'Escars, always fainted at the beginning of a lunar eclipse, and remained insensible as long as it lasted. This weakness proved eventually fatal to him, for, when old and infirm, having fainted, as usual, at the time of an eclipse, he was too weak to recover, and expired.

In the year 1844 a French soldier was obliged to quit the service, because he could not overcome his violent repugnance and disgust towards animal food.

Dr. Prout knew a person on whom mutton acted as a poison. "He could not eat it in any form. The peculiarity was supposed to be owing to caprice, but the mutton was repeatedly disguised, and uniformly produced the same result—violent vomiting and diarrhœa."

Hahn relates of himself, that seven or eight strawberries would produce convulsions. Many are unable to eat eggs, and cakes or puddings having eggs in their composition produce serious disturbances in the health of such persons, if they are induced to eat them without knowing it.

A person in public company accusing the Irish nation of being the most unpolished in the world, was mildly answered by an Irish gentleman "that it ought to be otherwise, for the Irish met with hard rubs enough to polish any nation upon earth."

Army and Campaign Badges!

On the receipt of $1 I will send a Solid Silver Shield (Pure Coin) or the 1st, 2d, 3d, 5th, 6th, 11th or 12th A. C. Badge, or the SOLDIER'S CHARM (a Medallion), with Likeness of GEN. GRANT AND UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER on the front, and your Name, Regiment and Co. Handsomely Engraved on the opposite side. And for $1 50 I will send you either the 4th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 23d A. C. Badge or the New Artillery, Cavalry, Battery, Engineer or Pontonier Pin, Engraved as above.

Also, for 25 cents I will send a Sample of the Campaign Badge, with Likeness of either President Lincoln, Gens McClellan, Grant, Fremont, or any of the Candidates; together with my Wholesale Illustrated Circular to Agents

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Proposals for Loan.

Treasury Department, July 25, 1864.

Notice is hereby given that subscriptions will be received by the Treasurer of the United States, the several Assistant Treasurers and designated Depositaries, and by the National Banks designated and qualified as Depositaries and Financial Agents, for Treasury Notes payable three years from August 15, 1864, bearing interest at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum, with semi-annual coupons attached, payable in lawful money.

These notes will be convertible, at the option of the holder at maturity, into six per cent. gold bearing bonds, redeemable after five and payable twenty years from August 15, 1867.

The notes will be issued in denominations of fifty, one hundred, five hundred, one thousand and five thousand dollars, and will be issued in blank, or payable to order, as may be directed by the subscribers.

All subscriptions must be for fifty dollars, or some multiple of fifty dollars.

Duplicate certificates will be issued for all deposits. The parties depositing must endorse upon the *original* certificate the denomination of notes required, and whether they are to be issued in blank or payable to order. When so endorsed it must be left with the officer receiving the deposit, to be forwarded to this Department.

The notes will be transmitted to the owners free of transportation charges as soon after the receipt of the original Certificates of Deposit as they can be prepared.

Interest will be allowed to August 15 on all deposits made prior to that date, and will be paid by the Department upon the receipt of the original certificates.

As the notes draw interest from August 15, persons making deposits subsequent to that date must pay the interest accrued from date of note to date of deposit.

Parties depositing twenty-five thousand dollars and upwards for these notes at any one time will be allowed a commission of one-quarter of one per cent., which will be paid by this Department upon the receipt of a bill for the amount, certified to by the officer with whom the deposit was made. No deductions for commissions must be made from the deposits.

Officers receiving deposits will see that the proper endorsements are made upon the original certificates.

All officers authorized to receive deposits are requested to give to applicants all desired information, and afford every facility for making subscriptions.

W. P. FESSENDEN,
Secretary of the Treasury.

ALL RESPECTABLE BANKS AND BANKERS throughout the country will doubtless AFFORD FACILITIES TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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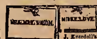

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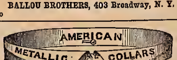

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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 465—Vol. XVIII.] NEW YORK, AUGUST 27, 1864. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS $1 00.

Mobile—Admiral Farragut's Operations and their Military Importance.

In the late daring and difficult, but brilliantly successful operations of Admiral Farragut, below Mobile, he has administered a staggering blow to the rebellion in the South-west. In running the gauntlet of Fort Morgan—a large, substantial, defensive work, carefully built by the United States, at an expense of $1,500,000, and raking, with more than 100 guns, at short range, the main inlet to the bay—the indomitable old Admiral repeated that bold and perilous enterprise which carried him up to New Orleans; in capturing, with the assistance of Gen. Granger's land forces, Fort Gaines—another substantial Government work, mounting 50 heavy guns; and in dislodging the enemy from the supporting sand batteries on the adjacent islands, he secured complete possession of Mobile bay and the gateway and inland line of navigation thence through Mississippi sound and Lake Pontchartrain to New Orleans. With these advantages gained, the intelligent reader will readily perceive the great value of Farragut and Granger's position, in support of Sherman in Georgia and Great in Virginia.

We write this article in advance of any authentic reports of any farther successes by our land and naval forces below Mobile. We think it probable, too, that, from the extreme shallowness of the water in the upper portion of the bay, and from the number and extent of the enemy's works on all the land approaches leading to the city, that its reduction will yet require something of the labors of a regular siege. It will, however, suffice for our present purpose, that Farragut and Granger are in occupation of the bay and its land and water approaches from the New Orleans side. In possession of these, the work towards the reduction of the city may be deliberately prosecuted; and in the meantime the imminent danger which menaces Mobile extends to Atlanta and to Richmond.

To strengthen the army of Hood against the exhausting pressure of Sherman, Mobile had so far been drawn upon, that on the approach of Farragut's squadron, the able-bodied men at the disposition of Gen. Maury, we have no doubt, were diminished to the detachments needed to man his ironclads, cottonclads, regular forts and earthworks, perhaps not over five thousand men all told. He, in turn, must be heavily reinforced, or Granger's infantry, with Farragut's light draft fresh water gunboats, will speedily enforce the evacuation of the city. But from what quarter are these indispensable reinforcements to Maury to be drawn? The necessities of Hood in Georgia have resulted in draining the country of its rebel reserves, regulars and guerillas, infantry and cavalry, from the Atlantic seaboard to the Mississippi river. It is apparent, then, that Hood's army or Georgia must be sacrificed to save Mobile, or that Mobile must be abandoned to save Georgia. Assuming that the latter alternative is adopted, the Union forces at Mobile, by those navigable rivers the Tombigbee and the Alabama, secure at once, in a military view, possession of the State, for those vital commercial channels along which are established the most important of all the depots of "Confederate" cotton and corn, amounting to hundreds of millions of dollars in value, cannot be lost without losing the State.

But the possession of Mobile will not only dispossess the enemy of Alabama—for, by way of the navigable Alabama river to the Montgomery railroad, it will enable our forces from Mobile to move conveniently, with reinforcements and supplies, to the support of Sherman in Georgia. We are, therefore, inclined

Rebels carrying water to the Union wounded and holding up their canteens as flags of truce.

"Come, Yanks, for God's sake take me out of this place! It is all over now, and there's no use letting a fellow stick here."

Planting the Stars and Stripes on the rebel works after the explosion.

The Union wounded running the gauntlet of bullets to reach the entrenchments.

INCIDENTS IN THE BATTLE OF PETERSBURG AFTER THE EXPLOSION OF THE MINE, JULY 30.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

to the opinion that there is a foundation of truth in the rumors afloat that Gen. Lee has been compelled to weaken his army in Richmond, in order to strengthen Hood in Georgia. If this has been done, however, the next defeat or retreat of Hood will, in all probability, be followed by the stealthy removal of Lee's entire army southward; and from a careful review of the military situation in that quarter, we have every reason to expect that a disastrous retreat or defeat of Hood will be the next great military event in Georgia.

The Seven-Thirties.

WHAT ARE THEY?

We trust that a large portion of our readers have pondered the appeal of Mr. Fessenden, our new Secretary of the Treasury. The purport of it is that the People of the United States, acting as a body through their agent the Government, wish individuals to lend them two hundred millions of dollars for three years, at seven and three-tenths per cent. annual interest, payable every six months. For this they offer Treasury Notes—that is, in reality, notes drawn and endorsed by every man in the country. The loan is wanted for a great national purpose, to effect which every man, unless he be a traitor at heart if not in act, is solemnly pledged.

The Appeal is addressed not merely to a few great capitalists, but also to the many whose aggregate means constitute the mass of the wealth of the land. The notes upon which this loan is asked are from $50 upward. Every man who has fifty dollars can take part in this loan. Apart from patriotism and the duty which all owe to their country, no investment is so desirable as this.

It is secure. Every dollar of every man's property is pledged for the punctual payment of the interest, and of the debt when due. The security is increasing in value. For some years before the war we were earning 1,000 millions a year more than we spent. During the three years of the war, owing to the high prices and constant demand for labor, we have earned more than ever before.

No man who could or would work has been idle; and, except for the war, we have spent less than before. In three years of the war we of the United States have certainly earned 3,000 millions more than we have spent apart from the war.

The cost of the war may be set down at 2,000 millions. Deducting this from our net earnings, the People who are security for this loan are 1,000 millions richer today than they were when the war broke out.

No other investment can be so easily convertible. The man who has a Treasury note for $50, or $100, or $1,000, can turn it into money more readily, and upon better terms, than if it were invested upon bond and mortgage, or in railroad stocks.

The interest offered is higher than can be realized from any other safe and convertible investment. It is, moreover, readily collectable when due. To each note are affixed five "coupons," or *interest tickets*, due at the expiration of each successive half year. The holder of a note has simply to cut off one of these coupons, present it at the nearest bank or Government Agency, and receive his interest; the note itself need not be presented at all. Or a coupon thus payable will everywhere be equivalent, when due, to money.

Thus, while this loan presents great advantages to large capitalists, it offers special inducements to those who wish to make a safe and profitable investment of small savings. It is in every way the best Savings Bank; for every institution of this kind must somehow invest its deposits profitably in order to pay interest and expenses. They will invest largely in this loan, as the best investment. But from the gross interest which they receive they must deduct largely for the expenses of the Bank. Their usual rate of interest allowed to depositors is five per cent. upon sums over $500. The person who invests directly with Government will receive almost 50 per cent. more. Thus the man who deposits $1,000 in a private Savings' Bank receives $50 a year interest; if he deposits the same sum in this National Savings' Bank he receives $73. For those who wish to find a safe, convenient and profitable means of investing the surplus earnings which they have reserved for their old age or for the benefit of their children, there is nothing which presents so many advantages as this National Loan.

It is convertible into a six per cent. gold-bearing bond. At the expiration of three years a holder of the notes of the 7-30 loan has the option of accepting payment in full or of funding his notes in a six per cent. gold interest bond, the principal payable in not less than five nor more than twenty years from its date as the Government may elect.

For six months past, these bonds have ranged at an average premium of about eight per cent. in the New York market, and have sold at 109 to-day (August 12th), thus making the real rate of interest over 10 per cent.; and besides, to make the inducement even greater, Congress by special act exempts its Treasury notes from State and municipal taxation. Could Shylock ask more? Was patriotism ever so liberally rewarded?

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537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 27, 1864.

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Summary of the Week.

MARYLAND AND PENNSYLVANIA.

The anticipations as to a new and more formidable rebel invasion of the Free States than any hitherto seen have not been realised, and the haters of this country and its institutions are not yet gratified with the sight of Washington in ruins.

The appointment of Gen. Sheridan to the command of a department, embracing the area of rebel incursion, has been hailed with unanimous applause.

McCausland was pursued in his retreat by Gen. Kelley, and attacking the Union commander on the 1st at Folck's mill and Oldtown, was beaten; and at New creek, on the 4th, at three P. M., was completely beaten and retreated by night. On the 7th Averill overtook McCausland at Morefield, defeated him again, taking all his artillery and 500 prisoners; Bradley Johnson was taken, but escaped in disguise, and the wretch McCausland barely escaped in the mountains.

Early retreated from Winchester on the 11th, with an immense train, closely pursued by our men. On the 13th, Mosby attacked a train near Berryville, and succeeded in burning 15 or 20 wagons.

VIRGINIA.

It was known that the rebels were busy countermining, and everything was in readiness. Their mine proved, however, a miserable *fiasco*. It was exploded at five P.M. on the 5th, so far from our lines that not even a clod was buried within the entrenchments. They came on yelling like hounds, but when the smoke cleared away found themselves under a concentrated fire and retreated.

There have been no important movements since. A brisk fire on our shipping in the James is being steadily kept up.

Col. Stedman, commanding 2d brigade, 2d division, 18th corps, was mortally wounded by a stray shot.

On the 7th an ordnance boat, while unloading, was blown up, causing a fearful destruction of life and property.

GEORGIA.

Sherman still holds his position before Atlanta. Since the repulse by Logan, Hood has made no attempt on Sherman's lines. His great success has been the capture of Gen. Stoneman and part of his command, near Macon, on the 30th July. Stoneman set out from Decatur on the 27th, to release, if possible, our prisoners at Macon. He destroyed railroads and other property at Gordon, and near Macon; but between Clinton and Hillsborough was attacked by the enemy in force. Stoneman charged in front, driving them back, but a rebel charge on his flank threw his whole force into a panic. About 400 were taken prisoners, including Gen. Stoneman.

On the 3d Stanley, with the 4th corps, attacked the rebel lines and gained some advantage.

The rebels are sending reinforcements to Atlanta, and Bragg, Johnston and other generals are at Macon, to save, if possible, the cause of rebellion and treason.

ARKANSAS.

The rebels, under Cooper, Gano and Standwaite, 5,000 strong, with 12 pieces of artillery, advanced on the 31st to attack Fort Smith. Gen. Thayer did not wait for them but advanced a mile and a half, and in half an hour routed them completely. They did not wait to stand, but retreated in haste from our cavalry.

On the 26th Major Carmichael, with a small force of the 15th Illinois cavalry, and some negro troops, attacked a rebel force near Helena, and defeated it. Our loss was 40 killed and wounded; that of the rebels in killed alone over 100.

KENTUCKY.

Guerillas are ravaging Brandenburg and Orabamtown.

TENNESSEE.

Gen. A. J. Smith started on the 9th with an expedition from Memphis.

TEXAS.

A party of loyal Texans captured Eagle Pass from the rebels, on June 19th, and another party rose on the rebels at San Antonio, defeating them and holding the town till an overwhelming rebel force came up. For some reason not explained we have evacuated Brownsville and other points on the Rio Grande, retaining possession only of Brazos.

ALABAMA.

On the 4th Admiral Farragut attacked the forts at the mouth of Mobile bay. The next day Lieut.-Col. Williams abandoned and blew up Fort Powell.

On the 8th Col. Charles Anderson, 21st Alabama, surrendered Fort Gaines, with 600 men and six months' provisions, and the stars and stripes were raised.

The rebels were not more successful on water. The monitor Tecumseh, Capt. Craven, was blown up by a torpedo, near the obstructions, but after a desperate fight, in which our loss was severe, we captured the rebel ram, Tennessee, with Admiral Buchanan severely wounded. The rebel Selma, Lieut. Comstock, struck to the monitor Metacomet, Capt. Drush. Two other rebel boats, the Morgan and Gaines, took refuge under the guns of Fort Morgan. The Philippi, one of our dispatch boats, was burned at sea. Fort Morgan is invested by land and water.

FLORIDA.

On the 23d July Gen. Birney marched from Jacksonville, and routing the enemy at Whiteville, pushed on to Baldwin, capturing a large quantity of arms and supplies, and destroying much railroad stock and rebel property. A battle took place on the 1st at Brandy Station. The Alice Price was recently run aground and lost, after doing much service.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Gen. Foster's step in procuring rebel Generals to put under fire at Charleston has proved effective. The rebels attempted to prevent the erection of houses for them, and, satisfied that they could very easily kill off their own Generals, proposed an exchange. Five of our Generals—Seymour, Wessels, Scammon, Shaler and Hickman, and 45 field officers—have thus been restored to us. They have since, however, it is said, sent a large number of our officers to Charleston.

LOUISIANA.

On the 26th July, Lieut. Washburn, on the Clyde, proceeded to Lac Fausse Pointe, routed the rebels and destroyed flatboats holding them, and two sawmills.

On the 29th a skirmish took place at Morganzia, in which the rebels were repulsed with loss.

On August 5th Major Remington, 11th N. Y. cavalry, was attacked near Donaldsonville by a large rebel force, but cut his way through.

INDIAN AFFAIRS.

Our authorities having declined Father De Smet's plan of pacification and preferred war are reaping the fruit. The Indians are sweeping the road from Fort Kearney to South Pass, and a general combination from Texas to the British line is spoken of as actually plotted.

NAVAL.

A new rebel pirate, the Tallahassee, Capt. John T. Wood, C. S. N., on the 12th August, destroyed at the entrance of New York harbor the brigs Carrie Estelle and Richards, the barque Bay State and schooners S. A. Boyce and Atlantic. He also captured the pilot boat A. Funk and schooner Carroll, bonding the latter. He subsequently took and bonded the barque Suliote, but burned the ship Adriatic and pilot boat Wm. Bell.

TOWN GOSSIP.

Heat, heat, nothing but heat intolerable! That "oldest inhabitant," of whom we have all heard and read, tells us confidentially, that such nights as the past few have never before been known in New York. August nights, by rights, should be cool, no matter how scorching the days, but in this case the rule is reversed and the nights are hotter than the days—if such a thing can be imagined.

For grown people we have little sympathy when they are crowded and jammed together in cities during the heated term. The country cries aloud for labor of every description, and there is no reason why the city should not be relieved of some of it, and at the same time the laborer gain the advantage of fresh air and wholesome food. But for the children who are not free adults, there should be large sympathy. To see the poor emaciated, sickly, careworn babies that crowd the streets, and sweltering nurses patiently enduring the semi-cooking that is gradually sending them graveward, is enough to make man forswear his race and live in a cave.

There is no reason whatever that one-half of all the deaths that occur in this city should be children. We contend that they are killed by the carelessness or ignorance of their parents. There is no medium in the case of children, they are either over-attended, or utterly neglected. We have seen within a day or two a mother who utterly refused her little one ice and fruit. "Why?" we naturally asked. "Because they were not healthy." And so the little child went gasping through the hot summer hours, fed upon potatoes, butter and baker's bread, chunks of meat and tea. If it lives through the season it will only argue that it has the constitution of a horse, and if it dies—well, the mother will not be indicted for murder!

We do not see that the derangement of the currency, and the high price of all things keeps people in town, or deters them from extravagance at the watering-places and in travel. Stewart's, Lord & Taylor's and Legrain's do all the business they want to do by orders from out of town, and by those who run in for a day to do their shopping. These establishments tell us that they are not ambitious to sell, as they do not know, even at the present inflated prices, that they will be able to replace their stock, so uncertain is the value of gold.

Legrain says that if he could be left to stand at his door and receive the ladies, showing them his gorgeous silks and velvets, and turning them away satisfied with the sight, and one of his airy, fairy fans, which he distributes with such irresistible smiles, he would be happy beyond expression. But when the dear creatures carry away his organdies and silks, which this winter he may not be able to buy in Paris at double the present selling price, he cannot help putting a grimace into the smile, unobservable to the fair buyer, but springing directly from a cramp in the pocket.

While these weighty matters of dress and pleasure are filling the minds of the fairer portion of creation, their lords and masters are fearfully exercised by the the thought of this coming draft for 20,000 men, and the fact that *our* masters, the Supervisors, Aldermen and Councilmen are doing nothing to help it, but letting every little country town run away with our bone and sinew, by paying higher bounties than this rich and great city. We hardly think the people realise its importance. The conscription has been shaken at them so often that they cannot believe they will ever be stricken by it. On this point they will be mistaken. The blow will certainly come, and, no matter what the cost, will be enforced. Its pains and penalties might have been mitigated had New York been blessed with rulers possessing any common sense or an idea beyond politics; but now it has come too late, and every poor man who has home attachments should awake to the fact that any moment may take him from them, unless he has sufficient of this world's lucre to purchase a man, the ruling price just now being about $700, with a rising market.

We have preached so many times upon the text of street obstructions that we are disinclined to repeat, but we cannot refrain from telling an incident that meets our eyes from the very window where we sit, in the neighborhood of Broadway and Astor place. Yesterday afternoon, twenty-four hours since, an over-worked omnibus horse fell opposite to our windows and died, close to the curbstone of the west side of the street. Upon that spot the sun beats down at about 110 degrees or more. This morning some neighbor, with the fear of infection before his eyes, sprinkled lime over the head of the carrion and partially covered it with straw. About an hour ago a gentleman was passing with a young girl of twelve, in a buggy, when his horse started at the sight of his dead compeer, made a side jump, overturned the buggy, throwing them both out at the expense of a broken arm to the young girl and a cut head to himself. At this four P.M. of the second day the putrid animal still lies in the greatest thoroughfare of the city. A common case.

One of the most remarkable things we know of in a great city is the utter selfishness of its denizens. So far is this carried that it is impossible to permanently interest neighbors. To some this would undoubtedly be the highest point of human bliss. They would declare that the nearest approach to a good neighbor was the one that attended to his own business and strictly let other people's alone. This idea, so acted on, is undoubtedly good, but this personal passiveness leads to positive selfishness, and he who overlooks the welfare of his neighbor will overlook that of the public and be without the first great principle of patriotism.

This is strongly illustrated every day, when we see in every social circle and every public place men who are known rebels and traitors go undenounced and free. A few evenings since we were present at a large hotel on Broadway, and heard a man declare, in the presence of a dozen, that he had come up from the South as captain in command of a company in an Alabama regiment upon the late Maryland raid of Early and Breckinridge, and had left his company when they were in front of Washington, that he might come North, and that he was going back on the first chance. Here, now, was a man who was an avowed rebel, and no doubt a spy, and yet no attempt was made to arrest him, though there were several sound Union men among those who heard the boast. It was everybody's business, and, consequently, nobody's, therefore the rebel boaster escaped punishment, and without doubt is enabled to pass through the entire North, getting all the information he wants to carry to his friends South.

There is something strange to us in the quiet manner with which a New Yorker puts up with a swindle. He pays two prices for everything he eats and wears, and never gives a grumble of dissent. His markets are given up to speculators and middlemen, who drive out the farmers and producers, buying up what they have to sell at the lowest pittance, and selling it again to the small grocers and dealers at 100 per cent. advance, the grocer or dealer, in his turn, putting on another 100 per cent., which sum he gets after a little tight squeezing. New Yorkers get nothing from first hands. The very houses they live in have to be manipulated by agents, who make from 5 to 10 per cent. of rent on the subletting, or as a charge for collection. There is not one thing worn upon their backs or passing between their lips but is taxed by the speculator. A remarkable instance of this just now is the milk question. The price of the lacteal fluid, even in its state of dilution, has gone up to ten cents per quart. It is one of the petty swindles to which the public submit with a groan, but it now comes out that the price which the farmer receives for this same fluid in pure state is exactly two and a half cents per quart, leaving a clear profit to somebody of exactly 400 per cent., to say nothing of the assistance of the pump.

Dropping lacteal and other abuses let us seek something in other channels. It seems almost like madness

during this excessive heat, when the inside of a theatre is little less than purgatory, to discuss what is going to be done for our amusement during the coming fall season, but perhaps the very discussion will be cooling.

To begin then, Maretzek inaugurates the opera on the first Monday in October with Gounod's "Mirielle" and Donizetti's "Don Sebastian," both new to the American public. His candidates for public favor will be Carlotta Carozzi Zucchi, from La Scala of Milan; Elvira Brambella, from Madrid; B. Massimiano, tenor robusto, from Madrid. What may be the quality of these new artists report saith not, but without doubt, passable, or the maestro would not offer them for the suffrages of a New York public. Of the old company, Morensi, Bellini, Susini and Lotti are engaged, while a *debutante*, Frida de Gebelle, a contralto, will make an early appearance in the season.

The Winter Garden opens this week with John S. Clarke as the attraction, and new paint, putty and pretty things as assistants. The house has been renovated throughout, and once more will look like the Winter Garden of ye olden time.

The Olympic is undergoing a dressing of the same sort. When and of what the opening is to consist has not yet been announced.

The Broadway remains closed until the last Monday in August, and then Mr. E. Owens will circulate his figure as the bright, particular star, and an attempt will be made to show the public something new.

Niblo's still sticks to Lucille Western with tenacity. This week she is doing "East Lynne," herself as Lady Isabelle and Madame Vine. On the conclusion of her engagement Miss Heron follows.

Wallack's are still doing the Irish, with Dan Bryant as its expositor. "The White Horse of the Peppers" is the attraction for this week, and at the end of which time Mr. D. B. withdraws into the burnt cork and banjo line once more. Miss Olive Logan, a western actress of some celebrity, has been elected to join the company, and make her first appearance on Monday of the present week.

Barnum's has a new pantomime, "The Enchanted Horn," before the public, and the public seem to have given it their approval.

Such places of amusement as are open have nothing to complain of. They are all full nightly, some of them uncomfortably so

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The City Inspector reports that the deaths in New York during the past week were 675—138 men, 104 women, 242 boys and 191 girls—an increase of 86 upon the mortality of the previous week, and a decrease of 295 as compared with the mortality of the corresponding week of 1863. Of the deceased, 380 were children under five years of age. The mortality by the principal diseases was as follows: Cholera infantum, 130; consumption, 74; infantile convulsions, 41; diarrhea, 38; infantile marasmus, 35; dropsy in the head, 20; typhoid fever, 12; inflammation of the brain, 18; small pox, 5; deaths from external causes, 34—among which are reported two premature births, eight drowned, and five killed by accidents. There were 102 deaths in the institutions, and 49 interments in Potter's Field.

—— There 193 deaths in Brooklyn during the past week, being an increase of two over the previous week. There were 33 men, 30 women, 57 boys and 73 girls. Their nativity were United States 146, Ireland 35, England 5, Germany 3, Scotland 2, West Indies 1, British America 1. The principal diseases were cholera infantum, dysentery, consumption, convulsions and congestion of the brain.

—— The New England Agricultural Society will hold their first exhibition at Springfield, Mass., from September 6th to the 9th inclusive. Liberal prizes to the amount of $10,000 are offered. Farmers meetings are to be held each evening, and the exhibition will close on Friday with an address from his Excellency, John A. Andrew, Governor of Massachusetts.

—— The hay crop this year is going to be light, but the dairymen in this vicinity say it will be really worth more than the crop last year, and that two loads of the present crop will be worth as much for feeding purposes as three loads of the last crop, when the stalks were unusually coarse, heavy and hollow.

—— Milk is 16 cents per quart in Baltimore.

—— A correspondent asks: "How is it that salaries and wages have come up in the South and not in the North? The mechanics and clerks in New York are worse off than the same classes are in Richmond." Simply because the price of labor has risen with the necessaries of life.

—— There seems to be a great disposition in the War Office to overstate the quota due from New York on our two last drafts. A commission was appointed to correct the former injustice, and now again Gov. Seymour demands a second commission to arrange the present difficulty, which threatens to be very serious, since Adjutant-Gen. Sprague asserts there is an excess of nearly 15,000 men in the present apportioning.

—— A grand McClellan mass meeting was held on the 10th August in Union square, comprising in the aggregate hardly less than 100,000 people. There were four stands, from which the numerous multitude was addressed by able speakers. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed, and notwithstanding the vast number present all separated in quietness.

—— There were 1,828 emigrants landed here last week, making a total of 116,660 since the first of January. The number that arrived in the corresponding period of 1863 was 96,984. The commutation balance now in bank is $69,673 92.

—— The Indians in Nebraska are becoming very troublesome, stealing stock, burning trains and killing whites indiscriminately. There were 11 dead bodies seen by the roadside near Fort Kearney, but a few days since. Six whites were killed at T[illegible] Mile Creek on the 9th. It is supposed that the [illegible] are urged on by members of Quantrell's band of murderers.

—— Some time since charges of a serious nature, relating to the business of the Commissioners of Emigration, were made against Mr. Bernard Casserly, their agent. A thorough investigation has been held, and the report of the committee fully exonerated Mr. Casserly, and the board fully sustain the committee.

—— Nearly all the New England delegates to the Chicago Convention will participate in a conference at New York previous to going West. With one or two exceptions all the Maine delegates are peace men.

—— The new stamp duties went into effect on the 1st of August. It concerns everybody to know that all receipts for amounts over $20, and all checks or drafts at sight, whatever the amount, must have a two cent stamp. Several changes are also made in the other stamp duties.

—— The newspaper reporters of Philadelphia have determined to form an association for self-protection, mutual improvement, and "the elevation of the members to an exalted standing in society."

—— A terribly hot wind from the south-west, similar to a sirocco or simoom, passed over Ontonagon, south shore of Lake Superior, a few days since. Vegetation withered under its influence, as though it had been a blast from a furnace.

—— The Shakespeareans, under the lead of Field-Marshal Davidge, drill their troops with great assiduity. It is considered certain that the managers will have to surrender to the actors, as they have to the musicians. Eventually the public will have to pay an increased rate of admittance.

—— A correspondent says that the Kearsarge Base Ball Club was not defeated by the McClellanites—it being a drawn game. We took the account from the *Herald*. A match will shortly come off in Hoboken between the Union Club and the Lone Star Club.

—— Edward A. Stevens has announced his intention of building a railroad from Long Branch to Sandy Hook, connecting them by a fast boat with New York.

—— The thermometer stood at 96 in Washington on 11th inst., and 94 in New York. Some declare it to have been the hottest day for 29 years.

—— The authorities in Chicago recently commenced a crusade against the Cyprians of that city, with so much brutality that several of them, wearied with being hunted about like wild beasts instead of fallen human beings, destroyed themselves with poison. A party of six hired a carriage, and going to the lake drowned themselves.

—— The fish in Little river, Conn., were poisoned the other day with sulphuric acid, from a factory at Hartford. There had been a total stoppage of water near the factory for 24 hours, and the poison as soon as the water was "let off" by the heavy rains entered the river below in large doses.

Southern.—The Mobile *Advertiser* gives this anecdote of Gen. Sherman: "Beckwith, the commissary on Sherman's staff, went into the General's tent a few days since and accosted him thus: 'General, we must make another contract for beef; we have not enough to last three months.' 'Have you enough to last two months?' inquired the General. 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, in less than two months the army will be in —— or in Atlanta; if it goes to the former place we shall need no beef; if to the latter, we shall find enough. Make no more contracts, Beckwith.'"

—— The Southern papers are very severe upon Capt. Semmes. The Atlanta *Appeal* says: "Notwithstanding his great and valuable services, Capt. Semmes will, no doubt, receive the censure of the country and incur the displeasure of his Government for having accepted the challenge of the Kearsarge, by which he lost his own noble vessel. As the Alabama was not, in the strict sense of the word, a vessel of war, it was no part of Capt. Semmes's duty to engage in mortal combat with the enemy on any other pretext than that of self-protection. It was rather his duty to have shunned a conflict with the enemy when it was in his power to do so. We fear it will be long before we shall look upon the like of the Alabama again."

—— The Atlanta correspondent of the Mobile *News* says: "I can give you no idea of the excitement in Atlanta. Everybody seems to be hurrying off, and especially the women. Wagons loaded with household furniture, and everything else that can be packed upon them, crowd every street, and women, old and young, and children innumerable, are hurrying to and fro, leading pet lambs, deer and other little household objects of affection, as though they intended to save all they could. Every train of cars is loaded to its utmost capacity, and there is no grumbling about seats, for even the fair ones are but too glad to get even a standing place in a box car. The excitement beats anything I ever saw, and I hope I may never witness such again. But in the midst of all this the soldiers are cool, and cheerful, and sanguine."

Personal.—Lieut. Frank Brownell, the avenger of Ellsworth, has been appointed Assistant Provost-Marshal of one of the sub-districts of St. Louis.

—— The Union Convention of Ohio nominated Eggleston for Senator by 84 over S. P. Chase, who had only 30 votes.

—— The Committee of the Sanitary Fair, through Mr. Blodgett, have presented to Inspector James Leonard, as a testimony of their esteem, a most superbly mounted revolver. Capt. Leonard has the good fortune of being that *rara avis in terris*, popular with all parties, a distinction he has won by 20 years unswerving integrity, graced with the courtesy of the gentleman.

—— Mrs. Tyler, widow of the late ex-President, denies the marriage of his daughter with a Union soldier.

—— The venerable missionary of the American Board, Rev. Jonas King, D.D., of Athens, Greece, arrived in this city on the 9th of August, in the steamer Washington, 12 days from Havre. It is 36 years since Dr. King left the United States.

—— Admiral Dahlgren has received a photograph of the malicious forged plan of campaign placed by the rebels upon his son's body, and says the paper is a barefaced, atrocious forgery, so palpable that the wickedness of the act is only equalled by the recklessness with which the miserable caitiffs have adhered to it.

—— The Free Town *Observer* (Sierra Leone) states that M. Jules Gerard, known as the Lion-Killer, has failed in his attempt to reach the interior of the continent by the route to Timbuctoo. He had been attacked and plundered by the natives, and with difficulty escaped with life.

—— The London *Morning Herald* speaks of its correspondent "Manhattan," the late Joseph B. Scoville, "as a splendid instance of lofty virtue."

—— Miss Bateman will return to England in October.

—— Miss Braddon has agreed to write a new novel for the *St. James's Magazine*, its title, "Only a Clod."

—— Mr. Secretary Stanton, the American Mars, we are glad to see, is not insensible to the charms of Venus. He has released the pretty rebel spy, Annie Jones, commonly called "Major Jones."

—— John Forney, the proprietor of the Philadelphia *Press*, is about to pay a visit to Europe. He will probably take Dr. Shelton Mackenzie with him as his private secretary. His mission is—so it is rumored—to Lord Palmerston.

Obituary.—James McCall, one of our city millionaires, and President of the Metropolitan Bank, died on the 11th of August, in New York, of disease of the heart.

—— Isaac L. Varian, formerly Mayor of New York, died at his residence, at Peekskill, on the 11th Aug.

—— The Hon. John Brown Francis, one of our most respectable politicians, died, Aug. 9, at his residence, Spring street, Warwick, L. I. He was born in 1791, graduated at Brown University, 1808, and had occupied the positions of Senator and Governor.

—— Capt. Stephen R. Reynolds died on the 30th July, aged 29, from the effects of a wound received in the battle of Cold Harbor. He was an officer of distinguished gallantry.

—— Says the Wheeling *Intelligencer*: "Rebel prisoners recently captured report that Major Barry, formerly agent of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at Moundsville, and well-known in this city, died in Richmond, not long ago, of dropsy. It will be recollected that Major Barry was compelled to leave Moundsville on account of his secession proclivities."

Accidents and Offences.—During a shower in Philadelphia, lately, a little girl named Clarissa Hurd, residing corner of Lackawana and Church streets, met a sudden death. She was seated by an open window sewing. While her hand rested her needle pointed outward. A flash of lightning rent the sky, and before the peal of thunder followed the child was stricken a corpse. The electric fluid touched the point of the needle, passed through the child's body, and crossing the apartment, shattered a chimney-piece into ruins. Through the hole thus made the subtle agent of destruction passed from the house.

—— The Reformatory at St. Vincent de Paul has been burned down, it is suspected, by an incendiary. Two of the 75 inmates are supposed to have perished.

—— Three substitute brokers recently kidnapped three boys from Brandon, Vt., the oldest of whom was only 16, and took them to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., where two of them were sold as substitutes, being induced to swear that they were from Canada, and were 18 years of age. The third boy, whose name is Ollery C. Wheeler, and whose father is a wealthy and well-known citizen of Brandon, refused to perjure himself, and stoutly refused to enlist. He was then brought to Troy, kept three days a prisoner under the influence of liquor, and sold as a substitute. The boys' parents have taken means to recover them.

—— Mr. Orson C. Cone, editor of the Somerset *Messenger*, who was brought before U. S. Commissioner Whitehead, at Newark, last week, was arrested for violating the 25th section of the Enrollment Act, approved March 3, 1863, by republishing from the Newark *Evening Journal* the article which caused the arrest of Mr. Fuller.

Foreign.—When Sydney Smith said that no reform would or could take place in the railroad travelling till a bishop had been roasted alive, he knew the English nature to a nicety. The recent murder of a respectable banker's clerk in a first-class car has had the effect of calling the attention of the public to the danger of being locked up, sometimes for hours, with either a felon or a madman. Some of the journals are advocating the adoption of the American system.

—— A Paris correspondent of the Newark *Advertiser* says: "The population of the French capital, according to returns just issued by the Hotel de Ville, amounts now to 1,696,251, contained in 20 arrondissements or districts, each of which is presided over by a Mayor. There are, therefore, in Paris no less than 21 Mayors, the Prefect being the Chief Mayor, and presiding over all. According to these same returns, which I was looking over the other day, I find that the number of births in the last year was 53,312, of which 26,505 were boys and 25,507 girls. Of the whole number, 14,501 were illegitimate, and 37,721 were born in wedlock. The number of deaths was 42,185, and the excess of births, 10,127. The marriages celebrated were 15,916."

—— Here is what Ruskin says of his countrymen: "We English, as a nation, know not, and [illegible] not to know, a single broad or basic principle of hu[illegible] justice. We have only our instincts to guide us. We will hit anybody again who hits us. We will take care of our own families and our own pockets, and we are characterized in our present phase of enlightenment mainly by rage in speculation, lavish expenditure on suspicion or panic, generosity wherein generosity is useless, anxiety for the souls of savages, regardless of those of civilized nations, enthusiasm for the liberation of blacks, apathy to enslavements of whites, proper horror for regicide, polite respect for populicide, sympathy for those whom we can no longer serve, and reverence for the dead whom we have ourselves delivered to death."

—— A new spire, 554 feet high is building on the church of St. Stephen, of Vienna, and will, when completed, be the highest in Europe.

—— The *Salut Public*, of Lyons, says that dresses with crinolines require three metres more material than the ordinary ones. As no less than 20,000,000 of ladies' dresses are made every year in France, the additional quantity used is 60,000,000 of metres, which, at two francs a metre, makes a sum of 120,000,000 francs. Two extra petticoats required cost 120,000,000 more. The steel cages, at 15 francs each, add a further sum of 150,000,000. These three sums together make a tribute of 390,000,000, or about one-fifth of the State budget.

—— Vela, the Italian sculptor, has been commissioned by the Empress Eugenie to execute a colossal statue of Christopher Columbus, to be erected in some public square in Paris.

Chit-Chat.—There is an old man at North Adams, named Burdick, who was drafted at Berlin, New York, and served in Vermont, in the war of 1812, and was never discharged from service, and is now entitled to 50 years pay, which, including rations, amounts to $5,000.

—— The *Opinione Nationale*, of Paris, says: "An intimate alliance between England and France is regarded at London as more and more probable. Here is what is written on this subject to the general agency of correspondence: 'The programme which the Palmerston ministry seems to have decided to follow, since its victory, cannot fail to be important—at home, measures of reform; abroad, a revival of the Anglo-French alliance, in terms of the greatest cordiality, with the formal intention of endeavoring, in conjunction with France, to put an end to the dreadful carnage of which America is the scene and the victim. If Lord Russell does not frankly adopt this programme he will give place to Earl Clarendon."

—— The London *Times*, in commenting on the harshness shown by the Prussians to the Danes, says: "It is easy to perceive from this how little the Germans are accustomed to the position of conquerors."

—— A correspondent, who seems to be an aspirant for the honors of martyrdom, *à la* Lafayette, calls our attention to the remarkable significance in the initials of both the *ex* and the present Secretaries of the Treasury. S. P. Chase meaning *Shin-Plaster* Chase and W. P. Fessenden, *Waste-Paper* Fessenden. In a word, says our malignant correspondent, they are both about equal to greenbacks.

"LATE" IS NOT "NEVER."

"Of course, murder will out; ays, and then there's God's vengeance upon the murderer, and the rest of it. Yes, and you believe all that; ah! *tant mieux*; but, shall I tell you a history?"

"Well, the night is fine, as our October nights here are apt to be; the coffee is not bad; the ice, that orange and pistaccio, among others, far from despicable; the tobacco was passable; you are disposed to listen; there is a crowd here in Florian, which is equivalent to solitude, for no one knows what his neighbor is chattering; Anna Bazzuri in "Beatrice" has excited you far beyond sleep, albeit the Campanile clock has tolled out its solemn One. They will let you in at Daniele's at any hour at which you choose to ring the bell which hangs, *delcussée*, on the Piazza dei Shiavoni, so half an hour, more or less, signifies little. I am not indisposed to talk, and will tell you a story. *Bottega! un caffe e fuoco.*"

Let me place my interlocutor before my readers. A man whom a careless observer might have described as old, for his hair was gray, "but not with years," as you discovered when you looked at him. There was a roundness of contour, a vigor, a flexibility in his movements that pertained not to advanced age, and belied the promise of the grizzled hairs, in which but few chesnut remnants recalled their earlier hue. All this showed that the aspect of age was but the disguise of prematurely blasted youth, and arrested attention on the person who, one fine night, in St. Mark's Square, Venice, thus bespoke him who now writes. There was bright moonlight; the broad square was afloat in radiance; the many-domed, multi-pinnacled cathedral loomed out like some Cyclop work in frosted silver; down the arcade streamed lines of idlers, purposely gloating over the glittering goldsmith's ware at the arched angel of the "Mercreria," or the equally glistening, if less costly, *objets de Venice*, the shell gauds of the neighboring traveller traps. In Florian and Sattil overflowed a mass of loungers, frothing over into the outer breadth of the piazza, playing chess, drinking coffee, eating ice, hatching treason, abusing the Austrians; it was 1859, and the Lombard campaign was imminent. There is your scene, now for the *dramatis personæ*.

Imprimis. Your servant, not very tall; stout (his enemies say squat, but that's mendacious), auburn of hair (the detractor's aforesaid call it red, but that's their ill-nature), not ill-looking (his private opinion), very expressive countenance and gentlemanlike exterior—of course.

Secundo. The narrator, nothing out of the common; none of your melo-dramatic heroes, not the slightest flavor of daggers or trapdoors about him, all nineteenth century, modern and polished. He was prematurely grizzled, not his fault, as he said, but his misfortune. The man could moon all day over Basilica, *chiesa*, or *Accademia*; was unwearying in sight-seeing, the most exhaustive of tests; had a wrist of catgut in a *salle d'armes* could sit up till daylight at opera, or post opera orgie; seemed to renounce sleep and disown fatigue, yet had the exterior of elder manhood. He lived as one beyond all sordid necessities, all the waifs and strays of Venice flocked round him as to a certain haven for mendicity, and the omnipotent Austrian police was cap-in-hand to him in all places. I never understood him, and ended by giving him up.

Let him speak for himself.

"I think I hinted that murder now and then managed to slip through the meshes of our wisdom; of course you will say that to be safe it must be subtle, that the coarse, violent assassin pays a premium on detection.

"I knew a man, a 'party' if you like, since the *mot* is popular. Where did he live? well, say India; Hindostan is wide. Suppose we call him Smith, the forgery may be pardoned.

"I knew him—not a bad creature, kindly and well enough disposed towards his fellow men. We will describe him as a subaltern of Native Infantry, aged nine-and-twenty or so, and married for the past three years; his wife, a fairly pretty woman, some four years his junior. He was a popular, pleasant man, and content with his lot. But—aye! there's always a but—this man, in a sort of fool's paradise, lived content. When, without any particular warning, his life clouded, his wife fell ill, grew worse, medical men did their best (we won't say to kill her), and the end of it was that she he loved 'lay a dying.'

"'My dear fellow, nerve yourself, we can do no more, she will die,' so spake the regimental doctor, and the rumble of his departing wheels rolled out the requiem of his hearer's longings, and he knew that all the devotion of years was coming to naught, and he had to tell her. How was it to be done? God knows how, but in some incoherent wise it was accomplished, and, out of his insanity knowledge came to her. She knew that she must die; and he, more shattered of heart than she, grovelled by her couch and, what? prayed? Did he? I suspect he must have gone nearer to what you would have called blaspheming.

"When a hand touched his, and a voice spoke: 'Tom, don't break that simple man's heart of yours about me,' and somehow there was a hard cynical ring in the tone which grated on the husband. 'I am not worth it, Tom. I have carried about me long enough the weight of deception, the burden of a lie. In my own despite, in the candor of death, I am speaking out. I shall teach you to curse me, my poor Tom; but I must tell you, I cannot die and hoodwink you. Your manly faith has not faltered, and I must at last be true.'

"What was going to be disclosed, what black arcana were to be revealed! He sat in paralysis, she went on, and of what she said this is the epitome.

"Suddenly ordered on service (his regiment had take part in the Sutlej campaign), he, like so many others, had to leave his wife behind, and alone. One they knew had, in the long weariness of those lonely days, wormed himself into her confidence, her affection, had triumphed and remained exultant. On her fell sickness, repentance, confession, death; on her husband, solitude, without even a loving regret to mitigate its bitterness—he remaining unscathed.

"Well, well: and Nemesis? Listen. A January afternoon, a broad expanse of level yellow-green (a crop of wheat and pease; these things ripen then in India), a line of coolies, two Englishmen, gun in hand, away buzz the quail—*brrr, brrr—piff, paff*—'my bird,' 'your eye wiped, old fellow,' 'hold, on, load,' &c., &c., 'all right, '*line bandho*,' '*chulo*'—*brrr, brrr—piff, paff*—' Oh, my God! and a hurry of feet, and a man down, and blood on the trampled corn, not blood of quail!

"And while men of dark skin hurry away on foot to seek aid, one fair-skinned and fair-haired man, unharmed, bends over another who lies prone in the ripening harvest. The wounded man is very pale, the sound man, with fingers compressing the wound in his companion's thigh, to all appearance very earnest for his welfare. Brown-hued humanity is hurrying hither and thither. The white man unhurt, watches closely, the injury done by his unlucky shot (his uncocked gun had exploded suddenly), a space is left about the twain. Then speaks he who is unscathed.

"'Bryan, you will never more mislead wife of mine.'

"And he removes his finger from the severed artery.

"And straightway the wounded man, who, with every fibre in his shot-shattered frame has been holding on to life, abjures existence; looks up in his friend's face, sees in it what extinguishes all vitality in him, tries to speak and fails, and in the sudden horror—dies.

"And murder will out?, *Bon à savoir! Bottega! un gelato di limonada.*"

He ate his ice, looking just a little pale, for he had excited himself as he went on. We strolled round the piazza; and then, passing in front of the cathedral and the palace, parted at the corner of the Piazetta. In a day or two afterwards the rail rolled me away towards Milan and Turin.

This odd story has since recurred to me, while, at times, I recall scraps of my quondam associate's conversation, which had in them hints of many years spent abroad, and in torrid climes. And again, he had a way of looking at the Austrian troops, whenever he saw them under arms, and a quick appreciation of defects or good points in their *tenue* or their manœuvres, that had in it a smack of the barrack yard and parade ground.

Had he ever lived in India, I wonder? Was it, perchance, his own story which he had just half-scoffingly sketched?—who knows? He was just the kind of man whom I should decline to trust, if feeling that I had played him any trick for which he was likely to bear me malice.

THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG—CHARGE OF THE 2ND DIVISION, 9TH ARMY CORPS, INTO THE CRATER, JULY 30.—FROM A SKETCH BY ANDREW McCALLUM.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.—1. WALKING DRESS. 2. EVENING DRESS. 3. WALKING DRESS FOR YOUNG LADY.

EVENING.

Upon the ocean's pallid straud
I sat and dreamed alone,
While on the waves, like golden sand,
The sun's last beams were strown,
And twilight, in a converse land,
To early day had grown.

Methought I heard an olden tale,
Told in the water's tune,
That breathed of home and that deep vale
Where, in the mouth of June,
We sat and talked with faces pale
Beneath the quiet moon.

All day we sat and talked, and kept
The feast of love all day,
Till, with the lamp, the fisher crept
Along the darkling bay,
And she, like April, smiled and wept,
But never said me Nay.

All day, till twilight from the hill
In deepening shadows fell,
And far across the distant mill
We heard the evening bell;
And then the voice which haunts me still
Whispered—"Mine own, farewell!"

The past is past for evermore;
My memory now is cold;
And only on the surging shore,
Or in the whispering wold,
I feel again the love I bore
In those bright days of old.

It the ant gives an example of industry, it is much more than a good many uncles do.

Jane Benson's Trials.

BY CHARLES F. PRESTON.

CHAPTER I.

Here, you, Jane!" called Mrs. Mordaunt, harshly, down the back stairs, "where are you going, I should like to know?"

"I am going to school, aunt," was the timid reply.

"No, you are not," was the decisive reply. "I can't spare you this morning. You must stay at home and help Bridget."

Jane took off her plain straw bonnet with a sigh, and hung it upon the nail behind the door. Then without a word she went down into the kitchen where she was soon busied in washing potatoes for dinner.

She was now about thirteen years old. Despite the plain calico dress which she wore, her sweet attractive face made her appear to advantage beside her handsomely-dressed but irredeemably plain cousins, Sophia and Annette. Of this the latter seemed quite aware, and as if Jane was culpable on the score of her looks, never lost an opportunity to sneer at and ridicule her. Annette was about Jane's age, Sophia two years older. They attended a fashionable school, where they learned a little of everything superficially. Mrs. Mordaunt paid the high rate of tuition without a murmur, feeling ambitious that her children should associate with their social superiors on a footing of equality. She had framed and hung up in a conspicuous position two landscape drawings which Sophia had accomplished with considerable aid from her drawing-teacher. Although Nature appeared to a decided disadvantage in these artistic efforts, Mrs. Mordaunt felt proud of them as an evidence of her daughter's talent.

"She takes after me, Mrs. Beal," she remarked to a neighbor. "When I was a child I was for ever making pictures on the slate. I have no doubt that I should have done myself credit if circumstances had allowed me to gratify my tastes."

DISCOVERY OF AN IMPORTANT DOCUMENT.

And who was Jane?

She was the only daughter of Mr. Mordaunt's sister. At four years of age she had been left an orphan, and had ever since been an inmate of her uncle's house. Mrs. Mordaunt represented that she was an object of charity, and claimed the credit of providing her with a home. Jane believed this to be the case. There were very few who were aware that her uncle held for her in trust a property yielding three hundred dollars yearly, which considerably more than compensated him for any expenses he was put to on her account. He and his wife quietly ignored this circumstance, and made Jane a household drudge, making her sleep with the cook, whom she assisted by day. The fact was Jane's little fortune had been

A CUSTOMER FOR FRENCH BOOKS.

swallowed up by unsuccessful speculations, and her uncle would have found it difficult to replace it.

We left Jane washing potatoes in the kitchen. She had scarcely finished this task when she was pressed into the service of the laundress, and sent to hang out clothes.

The little girl sighed.

"How shall I ever learn anything," she thought to herself, "if I am kept out of school half the time. Then the teacher will blame me because I don't study out of school. I am sure I would if aunt would let me, but she keeps me at work all the time. Perhaps she will let me go to school this afternoon."

But poor Jane was destined to be disappointed in her hopes.

"You will have to stay at home this afternoon, Jane," said her aunt, presently. "I want you to sew on Sophia's dress."

"Miss Whitcomb scolds me for not coming more regularly," said Jane, timidly.

"I can't help it," said Mrs. Mordaunt, coldly. "You must tell her you are needed at home."

"Can't I sit up this evening and sew instead, aunt?"

"I desire you will say nothing more on the subject, Jane," said her aunt. "You can't go, and you need say nothing more on the subject. How-

ever, if you will be a good girl I will give you one of Annette's old dresses."

This did not impart so much pleasure to Jane as might have been expected. Her cousin was somewhat smaller than herself, and her shape quite different. Jane had taste enough to perceive that she appeared by no means to advantage in Annette's cast-off dresses, and under the circumstances she did not feel inclined to express her gratitude very warmly. She therefore said nothing.

"Well, Jane, what do you say?" asked her aunt, sharply.

"I don't know, aunt."

"Don't know! Where's your manners, child? Don't you know what you ought to say when you receive a present?"

"Thank you," faltered Jane; "but Annette's dresses don't fit me very well, aunt," she ventured to add.

"Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Mordaunt, stopping short and transfixing her niece with her cold glance, "here's vanity for you with a vengeance. Perhaps you'd like to have me buy you a silk dress, miss?"

As each of her cousins had several, the desire might not have been altogether unnatural on the part of Jane, particularly as it would have been bought with her own money. She felt emboldened to say:

"Sophia and Annette wear silk dresses."

"And suppose they do," retorted Mrs. Mordaunt. "There's some difference between you and them, I should say. We have enough to do for you as it is, and much thanks we get for it. But you are not worth wasting words upon. You will stay at home from school as I have bidden you."

At this moment the door bell rung, and Mrs. Mordaunt, adjusting the folds of her moire antique, walked complacently to the drawing-room, to receive her callers.

Jane, with a sigh, went back to her menial employments.

CHAPTER II.

Although Mrs. Mordaunt sent her own daughters to a fashionable school, it is not for a moment to be supposed that Jane was allowed similar advantages. Indeed it must be acknowledged that her plain, unfashionable and unbecoming attire would have make her out a strange figure at Madame Pompadour's Select School for Young Ladies, while madame herself would have been sensibly shocked at the proposition to take such a pupil. However, her susceptibilities were in no danger. Nobody was likely to make an application in Jane's behalf.

Jane was extremely fond of study. She learned rapidly, and with moderate advantages would have made a brilliant scholar, far excelling her superficial cousins. One day she picked up an elementary French book which had belonged to Sophia, but had been thrown aside for one of a higher grade. As it was not likely to be inquired after she took it up to her attic and hid it away in her trunk. Whenever she found an opportunity she pored over it, trying hard to master it. Of course she found the way beset with difficulties, but perseverance and hard labor enabled her to overcome many of these. To her delight she found she was actually making progress. There was one point, however, which puzzled her. She did not know how to pronounce the words. She determined, without betraying her secret, to apply to her cousin.

"Sophia," she said, one day, as that young lady lay stretched on a lounge in what she doubtless considered an attitude of elegant repose, "I wish you'd read a little to me out of your French book."

Her cousin opened her eyes in amazement.

"What on earth do you want me to do that for?" she inquired, in undisguised curiosity.

"I thought I would like to hear how it sounds," answered Jane, deprecatingly.

"It's too much trouble," said Sophia, languidly.

"But I should like so much to hear just a little," pleaded Jane. "I heard you saying something in French the other day to Annette, and I thought how glad I should be if I knew as much as you."

Sophia was vain, and this compliment had its effect.

"Oh, well," said she, "just bring me that book on the table. Only I don't see what good it's going to do you. You would never be able to learn French. You haven't got ability enough."

Jane thought it best to ignore this uncomplimentary remark, and brought the book.

Sophia could pronounce French better than she could read it, as Madame Pompadour, who was a Frenchwoman, took special pains to practise her scholars in this way.

Jane followed her cousin most attentively as she read, and her quick comprehension enabled her to seize the prominent principles which regulated the pronunciation. Occasionally she asked a question which Sophia, who felt that she was showing off her knowledge to advantage, graciously answered.

When the lesson was over Jane thanked her cousin gratefully.

Sophia looked at her curiously.

"You're a queer girl, Jane," she said. "Why should you care about all this? I can't conceive."

"I just thought I'd like to know how it sounded," said Jane, apologetically.

"Have you got any gloves, Jane?" asked Sophia, who felt unusually gracious.

"No," said Jane.

"Then here's a pair of mine you may have. They need mending, but they'll make a very good pair then."

"Thank you, Sophia."

So by dint of perseverance Jane managed to get through her French book. By this time she had become so much interested in the language that she felt anxious to go on. But there was one great difficulty. She had no more books, and no more money to buy them with.

"What's the matter wid you, Janey?" inquired her humble friend Bridget, who felt a sincere affection for the young girl who was left so much to her companionship.

"I was thinking, Bridget," said Jane, with a sigh, "how much I should like a little money."

"And what would you do wid it?" asked Bridget.

"I'd buy a French reader and a French dictionary," said Jane.

"Does your cousins learn French?" inquired Bridget, not over grammatically.

"Yes, Bridget; and I should like to learn too."

"It's a shame of the misthress to niglict you so entirely, poor dear. I'm sure you'd make a better scholar than them, if she'd only give you a chance."

"She thinks I am only fit to work in the kitchen," said Jane, sadly. "I shall grow up ignorant, and that's worse than not having money."

"I don't know about that, darlin'," said Bridget. "If you had money you could ride in your own coach, and have a fine house, and wear silk gowns ivery day in the year."

"I'd rather be able to sing and play, and be a fine scholar."

"It's likely yer right," said Bridget, a little puzzled; "but I'd rather have the money to buy fine things wid. And what's the price of them books that yer cousin's got?"

"I could buy second-hand copies for two or three dollars," said Jane. "Second-hand ones would do just as well."

"Why won't you put their names down on a bit of paper like?" said Bridget.

Jane complied with this request, though she did not know what it meant; and Bridget, poring over the paper with an air of owl-like wisdom, put it in her pocket.

The next day a bookseller was considerably surprised at a visit from a stout, red-faced Irish girl, who presented a piece of paper with the remark:

"Have ye got them books, sir, that's down there?"

"They are French books," he said, looking up at her.

"Av coorse; I know that," returned Bridget, for it was she.

"Yes, I have them," he answered.

"If ye have them second-hand, sir," said Bridget, "they'll do me just as well. Maybe I shall be wanting to buy some more."

"Are you intending to study French yourself?" the bookseller could not help asking.

"What else would I be wanting the books for?" returned Bridget, with an air of importance. "My education was niglicted when I was a girl, and now I want to learn something."

Bridget was determined not to betray Jane's secret, and for this reason gave the ludicrous impression that she wanted the books for her own use.

"A queer customer," thought the shopkeeper with amusement.

A serviceable though well-worn copy of each of the volumes was found. The price proved to be fifty cents for the one, and a dollar and a half for the other.

Bridget took out her pocket-book, and with an air of great satisfaction produced a two dollar bill.

"Ye may rowl 'em up for me," she said, consequentially.

The bookseller, though not undertaking to roll them up, carefully wrapped them in paper, and the promising French scholar walked off with her purchase.

"I've got something for ye, Janey," she said, mysteriously, to our young heroine, after she got home. "It's upstairs."

Jane accompanied her to the little attic room, and there lay the books she had so much coveted.

"What, Bridget! did you buy these for me?" she exclaimed. "You ought not to have spent your money for me."

"Whisht, my darlin', I may spind my own money as I like. Was them what you wanted?"

"They are just what I wanted. How kind you are!"

"Hush now—it's nothing at all."

"When I am grown up I will earn money and pay you, Bridget."

"Well, my darlin', just as you please. Maybe instead of that you can teach me a little of the lingo. Mesilf would like to know how it seems to spake in that outlandish way. It must be mighty quare entirely."

"O yes, Bridget; I'll teach you a little now."

"Will ye?" asked Bridget, delighted.

"Yes. Now, whenever you want to say yes, you must say '*oui*.'"

"We! That's mighty quare entirely. Then its the two of us make yes?"

Jane laughed.

"No it isn't that kind of a we. It is spelt o-u-i."

"And what means no?" inquired the French pupil.

"*Non.*"

"Nong!" repeated Bridget, with a strong Hibernian accent.

"Yes, Bridget, that's right. Shall I teach you some more?"

"Not to-day, Janey. That's all I can remimber to once."

With great pride in her new acquirements, Bridget kept repeating to herself "we" and "nong," till at the teatable, when Mrs. Mordaunt asked her to bring in a fresh supply of tea, she blurted out:

"We."

"Bridget talking French!" exclaimed Sophia, nearly choking with laughter.

"Yes," said Bridget, recovering from her confusion and assuming an air of importance. "It's mesilf that took lessons once."

Such a burst of laughter followed that poor Bridget retreated to the kitchen in confusion.

Jane, however, lost no time in availing herself of Bridget's gifts. Occasionally she would encounter obstacles which she found it difficult to surmount, but in general her quick apprehension carried her bravely through them. When her French reader was finished, Bridget bought her another book, and before a year was over Jane, little as her cousins suspected it, was a considerably better French scholar and read the language with greater readiness than either.

But Jane thought it best to keep this new acquirement to herself.

CHAPTER III.

So four years slipped away.

Jane was now seventeen years of age, about the middle height; with a face that had lost none of its youthful sweetness, she possessed more than ordinary beauty. Mrs. Mordaunt could not help acknowledging to herself that her niece would prove a dangerous rival to her plain cousins if any opportunity of comparison should be offered. She determined to allow no such opportunity. Jane was kept more than ever in the background. She was strictly confined to the servants' quarters whenever there was company, and was still dressed in the cast-off clothes of her cousins. This was a bitter humiliation to her. She would have been contented with anything of her own, however plain, but it chafed her pride to be treated as a beggar.

"But, after all," she thought, "am I anything more? I am a humble dependent on my uncle's bounty. If I am ever so situated as to earn my own living, I shall be happy."

At this time her leading idea was to become a governess or teacher in a school. This would be respectable and to her taste. But she felt that, in order to compass this she must be well educated, and how could she ever acquire an education in her present circumstances?

In the last chapter an account was given of the manner in which Jane succeeded in acquiring the French language, thanks to Bridget's timely loan. But, as may readily be supposed, she did not stop there. She ascertained what books her cousins used in other departments, and one by one obtained them. Though without a teacher, her firm resolutions enabled her to acquire a more thorough acquaintance with them than her cousins, with all their advantages, succeeded in doing.

In one respect, however, they had the advantage. Instrumental music was quite out of her reach; she must be content to do without it. Yet as she heard Sophia and Annette drumming away on the long-suffering piano in a manner which might well jar on the susceptible nerves of a genuine lover of music, she often felt, with a sigh, that she could acquit herself with much greater credit if she only had the opportunity.

One day she made a discovery which materially improved her position.

In the loft was an old barrel filled indiscriminately with old rags and paper litter.

Her aunt seeing her at leisure one afternoon chanced to think of this barrel, and ordered Jane to go up and pick out the rags, and burn the old paper.

Somewhat unwillingly she undertook the task. She had recently commenced Latin, and was promising herself an hour or two to spend upon it. But sometimes it happens that our apparent hardships are really mercies in disguise. When Jane climbed with unwilling feet the steep and narrow staircase, she little dreamed of the discovery which she was destined to make.

For about half an hour Jane pursued her uninteresting task. She was required not only to separate the rags from the paper, but again to sort the rags into white and colored.

In her search she came at length to a small collection of letters addressed to her uncle. One yellow with age was open. Casting her eye upon the signature, suddenly Jane's heart beat fast and tumultuously.

The letter was signed "Mary Benson," and this she recognised as her mother's name. She had always felt a strong desire to learn something about her mother, but neither Mr. nor Mrs. Mordaunt ever seemed disposed to speak of her. It may be that their sense of the wrong they were doing the child made the mother's memory unpleasant.

Jane felt no scruples about reading the letter. She first kissed it reverently, and then sitting down upon a small hair trunk turned to the first page, and commenced reading.

The characters were small, and the ink had faded so as to make it difficult to read, but Jane would have persevered if it had taken the entire afternoon.

This was the letter:

"My Dear Brother—I sit down to write to you, feeling that I have but a little while longer to live. Consumption has fastened upon me, and I cannot hope to escape from its deadly grasp. I do not think I dread death. I have confidence in my heavenly Father, and I feel that He will consider mercifully my many shortcomings. I have one reason for wishing to live. My little Jane is now three years old. She promises to grow up an unusually attractive child. I feel that she will need a mother's care, and for her sake I could wish to live. Yet if my heavenly Father ordains otherwise, I am in His hands.

"This leads me to the request which it is the object of this letter to make. When I am gone I wish you to receive my little girl, and care for her as you would for one of your own daughters. I particularly wish that she should have a good education. I think nothing will make up for the lack of that. I do not feel to say more upon this point. You will understand me, my dear brother, and I think you will not refuse to co-operate in carrying out my plans and hopes.

"In making this request, my brother, I am glad I shall be imposing no expense upon you. I shall leave Jane five thousand dollars, safely invested. The interest of this sum will reimburse you for any expense you may incur. When she is eighteen, I wish her to have the immediate control of this sum. She will, no doubt, be willing to be guided by you as to the proper mode of investment.

"But this letter has tired me. I grow tired easily now. With many prayers for the happiness of yourself and my little niece—I remain, your affectionate sister, Mary Benson."

The emotion with which Jane read this touching letter may be imagined. But, mingled with this, there was a deep feeling of indignation against the brother, who could so cruelly disregard a sister's dying request. Her heart bounded with the thought that she was no longer the poor dependent she had supposed. She had money enough to support her in comfort, and it would be hers in less than a year.

Yet how had she been reared? As the companion of her uncle's servants, with the most limited advantages of education. That she did possess a fund of knowledge and information was due solely to her own efforts. She had acquired, not by her uncle's help, but in spite of him.

A new resolution had inspired her. She had hitherto submitted uncomplainingly and unresistingly to the demands upon her. She had toiled as a servant. Her time had been consumed in menial occupations. This she had done, feeling it her duty to compensate her uncle for her board. Now that she had learned that she was no dependent, that he had received more than a full equivalent for all he had hitherto expended upon her, her soul revolted against this oppression. She determined to assert her independence, and that without delay.

Carefully concealing the precious letter in her bosom, she left her unfinished task, and went downstairs.

She met her aunt on the landing.

"Have you finished sorting the rags, Jane?" inquired Mrs. Mordaunt.

"I have not," said Jane, coldly.

"Then what are you down here for? Go up immediately, and finish them."

"I would rather be excused," said Jane, coolly. "You can give the task to some one of your servants."

"What!" exclaimed her aunt, her face white with anger, "do you mean to defy me? Do you dare to refuse obedience? Go up immediately."

"I must decline, aunt," said Jane, perfectly collected. "I may as well give you notice that you must find some one else to do your drudgery. I have slaved for you for years. I have resolved to do so no longer."

"Good heavens! are you mad?" exclaimed Mrs. Mordaunt. "What has come over you?"

"I have only come to a resolution which I am sorry I had not come to before."

"You ungrateful trollop!" shrieked her aunt, her anger at a white heat, "do you expect we are going to support you in idleness? It would serve you right to turn you out to shift for yourself."

Jane turned her gaze meaningly upon her aunt.

"Very well," said she; "let my uncle make over to me the five thousand which my mother left him in trust for me, and I will go to-day."

Mrs. Mordaunt's face turned white, but this time with consternation.

"Who has told you of this?" she ejaculated.

"It matters not," said Jane, marking with a feeling of inward triumph her aunt's dismay. "It is enough that I know it. I shall require a private interview with my uncle to-day. Meanwhile, madam, if I am to remain under your roof you will assign me a better room than I at present occupy; I shall at once require new clothing, and an opportunity to make up the deficiences in my education, which has been so shamefully neglected."

Mrs. Mordaunt did not venture upon a reply. Without a word she turned and descended the stairs. Jane's assertion of independence had come upon her like a thunderclap. She felt that she must at once consult her husband.

CHAPTER IV.

Somewhat to his wife's surprise, Mr. Mordaunt heard her narrative without exhibiting signs of disturbance.

"I think," he said, after a pause, "it will be best to send her off at once to a boarding-school."

"What!" exclaimed his wife, in astonishment. "Are you going to give up to her like that?"

"I will tell you my object," said her husband. "You remember hearing me speak of my uncle Joshua?"

"Yes."

"He has been in India for the last thirty years, and, as I believe, has accumulated a princely fortune."

"Well?"

"This morning I received a telegram, dated Halifax, informing me that he had got thus far on his way home. Of course I shall invite him to take up his residence here, and it is our fault, wife, if we dont induce the old fellow to remember us handsomely in his will."

"Yes, I see," said Mrs. Mordaunt, eagerly. "What a fine thing it will be for the dear girls."

"He has no other near relation except Jane. It is just as well that she should be out of the house. Then there will be less chance of her coming into competition with our daughters. As to Jane's inheritance—though it will trouble me to raise the money—it will be nothing to what we may get from Uncle Joshua."

"Yes, yes—let her go at once—the farther off the better. I don't like the girl—and that's the truth of it. I should feel like killing her if I thought she was likely to interfere with Sophia and Annette. How much do you think your uncle is worth?"

"Half a million, I have no doubt."

Mrs. Mordaunt's eyes sparkled. Visions of a splendid house, a fine carriage and magnificent furniture danced before her imagination.

"Let us get Jane off without delay!" she said. "I tremble lest your uncle should arrive before she comes."

"Send her up to me."

Five minutes after Jane entered the room.

"Jane!" said her uncle, abruptly, "would you like to go to boarding-school?"

"Very much," was the cold reply.

She did not express any gratitude, because she felt none. This plan of her uncle's she regarded as a tardy justice.

"It is best that no time should be lost," said Mr. Mordaunt, somewhat annoyed by her manner. "Can you be ready to start to-morrow?"

"Where am I to go, sir?"

"To ——, Pennsylvania."

"I have no dresses fit to wear."

Mr. Mordaunt drew out his pocketbook.

"Here are one hundred dollars," he said. "You may go out this afternoon and purchase a trunk and the necessary materials for dresses. They can be made up when you have arrived."

"Very well, sir."

Jane felt as eager to go as her uncle and aunt to have her. Her cousins at first sneered at the idea of her going to boarding-school, but when they learned their father's motive they heartily approved it.

The next afternoon Jane had started on her journey.

A day later Uncle Joshua arrived.

* * * * * *

They were all sitting round the breakfast table a week later. Uncle Joshua, a man of sixty-five, small and dried up by Indian heat, appeared to enjoy thoroughly the cordial family circle into which he had stepped. All seemed to vie with each other in showing him attention. How should he suspect their motives to be interested?

"By the way," said he, "didn't your sister Mary leave a daughter?"

"Yes," said Mr. Mordaunt, uneasily.

"And where is she now?"

"I have had the charge of her ever since her mother's death. She is now at boarding-school."

"I hope she is as sweet and attractive as her mother. I remember her as a charming girl."

Mrs. Mordaunt put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Ah, sir," said she, "it is a painful subject. It is well that her mother did not live to see how she has turned out."

"You startle me!" said Uncle Joshua, with an air of concern. "What is the matter with her?"

"She has been very unruly and disobedient from the first. She could never be got to attend to her lessons. She is shockingly ignorant for her age. We have been obliged to send her off to a distant boarding-school to see if something cannot be made of her."

"I am truly sorry to hear it—Mary's child too!" murmured Uncle Joshua sorrowfully. "As you say, it would have pained her poor mother to know how she has turned out."

"Yes, sir; it has grieved us all very much. But let us change the unpleasant subject. We will hope for a change for the better."

While this conversation was going on Bridget was waiting on the table. The honest handmaid's indignation was stirred to hear her favorite so unjustly spoken of. She would like to have interrupted Mrs. Mordaunt, but thought of a better way.

"O, you owld sinner!" she said to herself, mentally shaking her fist at her mistress. "Won't I expose yer desatoful doings!"

"I'd like to spake a word to you, sir!" fell upon Uncle Joshua's ears in a strong Hibernian accent, later in the day.

"Indeed!" was the astonished ejaculation. "Well, say on, my good girl."

Bridget did say on. In a tone of indignant eloquence she told Uncle Joshua the whole story, how poor Jane had been snubbed and ill-treated, and made to work in the kitchen; how she had been cut off from all educational advantages, and made to consort with servants, until just before his arrival she had been packed off to a boarding-school. Bridget told how she had secretly found means to study, and with an eloquence born of friendship, which lost none of its effect because the language was uncouth, praised the poor girl whom her aunt had sought to vilify.

Uncle Joshua listened in silence.

"Where is this boarding-school?" he finally asked.

"In ——, State of Pennsylvany," responded Bridget.

"I will go there at once and see Jane. If I find that you have told the truth, you shall not go without your reward. Meanwhile don't say anything about where I have gone."

"That I won't, your honor," said Bridget with a joyful look.

Uncle Joshua explained to his host that he must make an unexpected journey, but resisted all hints to reveal his destination.

The explanation came in due time.

Four days later Mr. Mordaunt received the following letter:

"Nephew—You will observe from the date of this letter that I resolved to satisfy my mind as to the truth of the stories you and Mrs. Mordaunt chose to tell me about Mary's child. I will not inquire your motives. Enough that I am convinced you have done her a cruel injustice—and that intentionally. You have cruelly abused her dead mother's trust. That she is not as ignorant as your wife represented is only accounted for by her studying in secret. As to her temper, I find that she has been shamefully misrepresented.

"I must call your attention to the fact that she will be eighteen nine months from to-day. At that time your guardianship ceases, and I shall call upon you, in her name, to surrender the sum which legally belongs to her.

"I shall immediately purchase a house in the city and install Jane as its mistress. My present intention is to make her my heiress. Had I found things as they should be, she would only have received one-third, and your daughters would have shared equally with her. This is now impossible. You and your wife have only yourselves to blame for this disappointment. Had you behaved properly you would have had no occasion for repentance now. It will be my endeavor to make up to the poor child the advantages of which your cruel parsimony has deprived her.

"Your uncle,
"Joshua Mordaunt."

Mr. Mordaunt crushed the letter in his fingers, and turning to his wife assailed her with bitter reproaches, charging upon her this bitter disappointment. She retorted, and a scene of harsh altercation followed.

Jane was avenged.

Sophia and Annette, as they walk along Broadway, gaze with envy and jealousy at Jane's sweet face as she rides by in her uncle's handsome coach. They are ready to fawn upon her now, and are eager to claim relationship. Jane receives their advances politely but coldly. She cannot quite forget the past. As for faithful Bridget, she occupies a prominent place in Uncle Joshua's household, and is remunerated so handsomely for her services that she possesses no less than three silk dresses, a white satin bonnet in the latest style, and a gold breastpin of mammoth proportions. Her evident prosperity has led to overtures of marriage from several admirers, but Bridget likes her place too well to be lured from it.

"What would I do wid a husband, shure?" she says. "I wouldn't leave my swate young misthress if I could have tin of 'em." And that settles the question.

LILY'S BALL.

Lily gave a party,
And her playmates, all
Gaily drest, came in their best
To dance at Lily's ball.

Little Quaker Primrose
Sat and never stirr'd,
And, except in whispers,
Never spoke a word.

Tulip fine and Dahlia
Shone in silk and satin;
Learned old Convolvulus
Was tiresome with his Latin.

Snowdrop nearly fainted,
Because the room was hot,
And went away, before the rest,
With sweet Forget-me-not.

Pansy danced with Daffodil,
Rose with Violet;
Silly Daisy fell in love
With pretty Mignonette.

But, when they danced the country-dance,
One could scarcely tell
Which of these two danced it best—
Cowslip or Heatherbell.

Between the dances, when they all
Were seated in their places,
I thought I'd never seen before
So many pretty faces.

But of all the pretty maidens
I saw at Lily's ball,
Darling Lily was to me
The sweetest of them all.

And when the dance was over
They went down stairs to sup,
And each had a taste of Honeycake,
With dew in a Buttercup.

And all were dressed to go away
Before the set of sun:
And Lily said "Good-bye!" and gave
A kiss to every one.

And before the moon or a single star
Was shining overhead
Lily and all her little friends
Were fast asleep in bed.

THE THREE MISSES PINKERTON.

BY A. BROCK.

There was Miss Sarah Pinkerton, Miss Lucinda Pinkerton and Miss Bunty Pinkerton, the last name being a corruption of her proper one, Abundance. Whether her paternal parent had indeed felt that in his third daughter he had a sufficient supply or not, I cannot pretend to say; at all events, Dame Nature kindly took the hint and ceased her favors, only revenging herself by making Miss Abundance's figure suitable to her name and the reverse of her sisters, namely, stout. Miss Sarah (or, as I believe the fashion now makes it, Sadie) was tall and thin, and from a kind desire on her part to place herself on a level with all around her, had contracted a habit of stooping which made her very round-shouldered. She was not "fair, fat and forty," but sallow, slim and thirty. Having fifteen years before safely crossed the placid little bay of childhood, she had ever since been searching for a manly hand to guide her down the stream of matrimony, but unsuccessfully. Several times had her spirits been revived by hope, as some masculine craft would come sailing by her side, but alas! each time as they approached the first lock, where it is necessary the keeper should tie the two vessels securely together for ever before entering the matrimonial stream, they ignominiously backed out, and she was left, each time more enfeebled, to urge her barque away from the entrance of the old maids' channel, to which it was evident she was drifting. These disappointments had somewhat affected her disposition, but she was too proud to confess the trouble, and indignantly said:

"She would not marry the best man living. They never knew when they were well off, but expected the wife to be always ready at a beck or a bid. Always with the eternal smile on her face. No matter if the baby has cried all day long, teething, and Biddy has gone off and left you with all the housework to do, while your own head aches enough to split, 'tis you husband that needs comforting, therefore be sure to have a good dinner ready, and to smile as though angels took you direct to heaven on his departure, and only brought you back in time to meet him at the door on his return. Remember, the poor fellow has been down town all day, toiling hard at reading the newspapers and picking his teeth in the easy chair, with his feet up on the desk, or possibly exercising sufficiently now and then to pay some old Molly four or five cents for a couple of splendid apples, to spoil his appetite for the dinner which requires so much care to suit his fastidious lordship. No, no! She did not want to be the slave of any man."

Nevertheless, we surmise she would not have refused that honor had the opportunity occurred, but would have lisped out the "Yes" as sweetly as her neighbor.

Miss Lucinda was a little morsel of humanity, twenty-six years of age and not weighing over ninety pounds. A most notable housewife, what speck of dust her little black eyes failed to discover would never be found. Whew! what a little scold it was.

"Sarah Pinkerton," she would say, not at all in awe of her big sister, "I should be ashamed if I could not put the covers on the preserve jars any better than you have done. Here is this black currant jam dropping all down on the shelf where you let the brandied paper dip into them yesterday, and these peaches I shall have to boil over again, you tied them so loosely that the air has got to them and they are working like journeymen."

Miss Lucinda had been more successful than her sister, for once she had a lover and was soon to be married, but in a fit of anger at some misdemeanor on his part she ordered him to leave the house, which he did, and to her great sorrow never returned.

And now for Miss Bunty. There is no gainsaying the fact, that although she was too fleshy for good proportions, she was nevertheless as sweet a little dumpling as you could find, and a perfect darling in the bargain. Bless her heart! she never abused the men like Miss Sarah or frightened off her lovers, scolding like Miss Lucinda, but amiable and sweet-tempered, frank and affectionate, everybody loved her. Indeed she had no occasion to abuse the opposite sex, for even if they did not all want to marry her, there was not one among them who would not perpetrate any piece of folly on her account.

She was about twenty-two years of age, though you would have guessed her eighteen, with the rosiest cheeks and blackest eyes imaginable. She had not a bit of romance in her, and declared she did not care if she never got married; she liked the boys first-rate as they were, perhaps a nearer acquaintance might spoil her high opinion of them. Now she could go skating or coasting, whichever she pleased, and there was no one to tell her the latter was boyish and rude except Sadie and Cind. They treated her as though she was still a child, and seemed to consider her almost too young for long skirts and high-necked waists. But she was very well suited to be thought so, for I overheard her one day slily insinuate to her companions (lazy little thing), that it saved her a world of trouble, and she was afraid it wouldn't be long before Sadie would be lecturing her on the propriety of being in boys' society so much, and Cinda would be introducing her into the mysteries of pie and bread-making.

But "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," she gaily sang as she left them, and tripped lightly up the steps into the house, and—into the arms of a gentleman who was conversing with Sadie just inside the door.

"Oh!" exclaimed Bunty.

"Dear me, you rude child!" said Sadie.

Not a word said the gentleman, but closely watched her with an amused face, as with her rosy cheeks still rosier she hurried upstairs out of sight.

"Then you think it would be impossible for you to accommodate me with a room, Miss Pinkerton? I have such a repugnance to boarding-houses."

"I am very sorry, sir, but we have only one spare room, and that we always like to have ready for our friends but I think, perhaps, our next-door neighbor has one."

"Thank you. Good-morning."

"Sadie, who was that?" piped little Miss Curiosity, from the top of the stairs.

"Nobody that you care anything about, Bunty, and I will be obliged to you if hereafter you will learn to act more like a lady, and less like a hoyden. Tumbling into visitors' arms in that rude, boisterous fashion."

"Now, Sadie, don't be cross, you know I could not help it, and accidents will happen in—you know the rest. So now tell me what he wanted, that's a dear?"

"He wanted me to take him to board. What could make him think we wanted boarders, I cannot imagine."

"Well, but who is he, Sadie?"

"Why, what a tease you are. He is the new professor at the college, and his name is—let me see, here is his card—Prof. Arthur Smitheon. He is a very gentlemanly person. I don't think I have met one of the opposite sex in some time who has pleased me so much. I shall get papa to bring him here to tea some time."

"Oh! do. Won't we have fun, and perhaps he'll take a fancy to you, Sadie, and become my brother-in-law."

"Don't be silly, Bunty."

"No; I'll try not to, but I thought he looked as though he was in no hurry to leave your delectable society when I came in, and from what I saw of him he looked like a first-rate old gentleman."

"Old! no such thing," and the blush which she had held her breath to bring to her face at Bunty's former words died away. "I'm sure he's not a day over thirty."

"Oh—my," exclaimed the amazed Bunty, as her irate sister hastily disappeared in the sitting room. "I guess I'll take a look at this professor the next time I meet him. What new notion has that dear old Sadie got into her head now, I wonder?"

True to her word Sarah prevailed upon Mr. Pinkerton to bring the professor to tea one evening, and true to her word Bunty took a good look at him, and inwardly pronounced him a mighty good-looking fellow, and (as Sadie had said) not a day over thirty. Mrs. Pinkerton having previously quitted this wicked world, Miss Sarah, of course, did the honors of the table, inquiring most solicitously if his tea was sweet enough, and smiling sugar all the while. Miss Lucinda took her seat opposite their guest, and dealt out to him with a lavish hand her choice preserves and cakes, while her black eyes sparkled, and her glib tongue worked as though she was storming a fort, and each word was a bullet or cannon-ball, with a terribly effective sentence now and then by way of shell; while Bunty, the most wicked of them, sat demure and innocent as a kitten, planning mischief while she quietly offered him butter or cheese, and peeping slily at him while the finishing grace was being said.

Alas! poor professor! Tribulation in petticoats is getting possession of you. Everything is going wrong. Many, many visits he made to the house after that evening, but Bunty, knowing full well whom he really came to see, and that it was no accident which made her meet him every afternoon when taking her walk, no matter which way she went, at first for fun and afterwards for fear, demurely forced the conviction upon Sadie that his first visit to the house had settled the question, and that anybody could see with what respect and almost adoration he looked up to her, not daring to offer himself for fear of rejection, thereby losing her beloved society.

On the strength of this supposition Sadie thawed a little from her dignity, throwing a portion of the oil of tenderness into her manner, and trying to encourage his (as she supposed) sinking courage. And thus several months passed; Sadie feeling more and more sure of her conquest, Bunty meanwhile feeding the flame, when one day she chanced to mention, in the presence of Lucinda, her expectation of a wedding in the family before long.

"Yes," replied Lucinda, with an attempt to blush, "I think myself he will make known his wishes before long. I hope, however, he will not be in too great a hurry for me to have time to get a handsome outfit. I think I had better begin immediately, to make sure."

"What!" said the astonished Sadie. "Why, my dear sister, I did not know that you, too, contemplated marriage. Do tell us who it is? Perhaps we can have a double wedding."

"A double fiddlesticks, Sarah! You don't mean to tell me you entertain thoughts of matrimony. And as to the person I am speaking of, anybody with a grain of sense can see how dearly the professor loves me, though he has never had the courage to mention—— Good Lord! Sarah, what is the matter? Bunty! Bunty! Come here—quick; Sadie's fainted! Run and get the camphor."

But it was unnecessary. Miss Pinkerton's wrath quickly recalled her senses, and a perfect torrent of epithets, such as "perfidious wretch," "traitress," and the like followed, ably replied to by the equally angry Lucinda. An hour and a half of tears and abuse ensued, during which Bunty, terrified at the storm she had helped to raise, fled to her room and locked the door. How it ended she never knew, but Sarah and Lucinda were invisible during the remainder of the day, and for a week hardly spoke to one another, each, however, treating the poor professor as their own property when he called, to his infinite annoyance.

At last one day Mr. Pinkerton came home, looking very important, and with a letter in his hand:

"My daughters," he said, "I have this day received for one of you an offer of marriage from a person whom I highly esteem"—Sarah and Lucinda immediately proceeded to look conscious—"and though loth to spare the love of either of you, yet, knowing I cannot always be your stronghold to lean upon, I must say I trust it will meet your approval, as he seems very earnest about it"—here they cast triumphant looks at each other. "I at first determined to read the missive aloud, but on reconsidering the matter concluded to let the rightful owner use her own judgment"—both started forward to receive it, but gave a little scream as Mr. Pinkerton quietly continued—"my dear Bunty, take it."

But Bunty sprang to her father, and clasping her arms around his neck sobbed as though she had lost a friend rather than gained a lover.

"Why, Bunty, daughter, don't cry so. I am sure I do not wish you to marry him if you feel so bad about it. Don't you love him?"

This made Bunty laugh.

"I guess I do, a little, papa."

"Only a little?"

"Well, yes, a little more than a little. On the whole, papa, I think I will marry him——"

"If you don't I shall sue you for breach of promise, my darling," said a manly voice at her side. "You know," said Arthur, taking her in his arms, "it is full two months since that promise was given, and I shall claim its fulfilment soon."

"Was there ever such another deceitful child?" quoth Miss Lucinda.

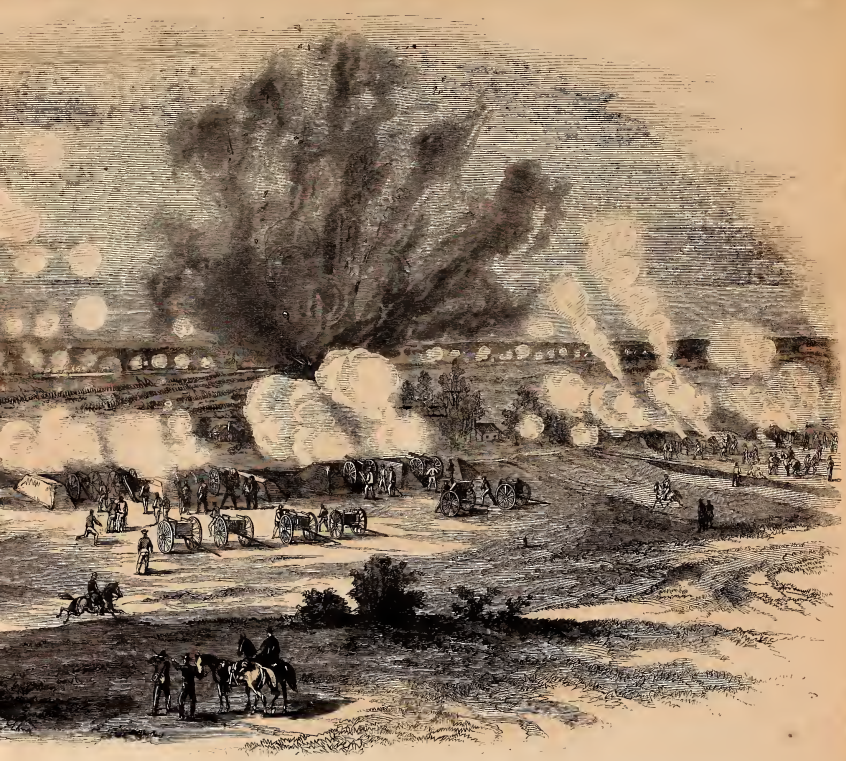
"Never," sighed poor Miss Sarah.

The Sick Brigand.—Henry Ward Beecher says of slavery and the Constitution: "You must recollect that in all stages it was the opinion of every man who founded the Constitution that slavery was dying, and that they did not feel as you or I would have felt, but said 'Ease it up in every way.' Slavery was like some brigand brought into an Alpine convent, where he was given a room and a place to prepare to die in decently, and the old brigand did not die, but called in his confederates, and ruled the very hospital where he was being nursed for a Christian burial."

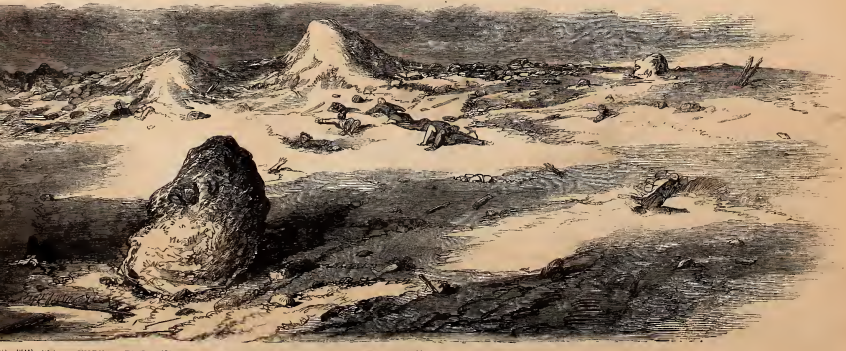
A thief who broke out of jail in Ohio, the other day, being captured, told the sheriff that he might have escaped, but he had conscientious scruples about travelling on Sunday.

THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG—BATTLE OF JULY 30—EXPLOSION OF THE MINE AND CHA

THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG—BATTLE OF JULY 30—VIEW OF THE



D CHARGE ON THE ENEMY'S WORKS BY THE 9TH CORPS.—From a Sketch by Andrew McCallum.



F THE REBEL WORKS AFTER THE EXPLOSION AND BATTLE.—From a Sketch by E. F. Mullen.

SEASHORE FANCIES.

O pleasant waters, rippling on the sand,
Green and pellucid as the beryl-stone,
With crested breakers heaving toward the land,
Chanting their ceaseless breezy monotone,
What snowy little feet at girlish play
Have ye not kissed on Newport's beach to-day?

O waves, what foam around yon lonely rock,
Boding the distant storm with hoarser roar,
Has not some ship, beneath the tempest's shock,
Gone down, a piteous wreck, to rise no more?
Lost in the mighty billows' wash and sway,
What gallant hearts have ye not stilled to-day?

O dancing breakers, fresh from other seas,
Whereon the lingering, loving sunshine smiles,
Your spray is fragrance on the fragrant breeze
Borne from the spice-groves of those palmy isles
Where dusky maids make merriment alway—
Have ye not laved their perfect forms to-day?

O tossing billows, come ye from afar,
Where over icefields the Aurora beams,
Dimming the radiance of the northern star
That through the lengthened night of winter gleams
Upon the toppling icebergs, grim and gray?
Have ye not lashed their frozen sides to-day?

O sea of life, whose waters heave and roll,
Ye lave sad wrecks and joyous youthful forms,
Ye bring sweet fragrance to the weary soul,
And chill it with the breath of icy storms;
Here, on the shore, we smile, and weep, and pray,
O waves, cleanse all our sins from us to-day!

NINA MARSH;

OR,

THE SECRET OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

Madame de Pène was no favorite with Mr. Marsh, because he hated clever and sprightly women as a rule, and had a strong prejudice against her nation into the bargain; but he always behaved to her with marked respect. High-born, but poor, and alienated by her long exile from those relatives whose rank and influence must have determined her own position in the world, Madame de Pène's situation was one to excite the sympathy of every true gentleman, and Mr. Marsh treated her, as if she were not a deposed sovereign, but a reigning queen. The two ladies always walked up to the manor-house, because they could not afford the expense of a carriage; but Mr. Marsh took care that they should be driven home, and was invariably at the door to receive them when they arrived—a courtesy which he would not have extended to any duchess or countess in the land.

Madame de Pène was led by her attentive host to a seat on Mrs. Marsh's sofa, and then Gabrielle slid away to Nina's side. There was a strong friendship between these two, totally dissimilar though they were both in disposition and temperament, perhaps all the more on that account. But there was one great difference in the affection each felt for the other. Gabrielle was full of trust towards everybody, and especially towards Nina, to whom she would willingly have confided a secret affecting her very life, if she could have had any such; whereas Nina had no faith in women at all, not even Gabrielle, and would, had she been sore pressed, have gone to a man, even a stranger, rather than have confided in her nearest female friend. But still they were sincerely attached to each other, with a fondness on Gabrielle's side which was returned by a moderately tender partiality on that of the other, Nina deriving a passable degree of pleasure from an intimacy which made the young French girl's life rosy with joy.

With a radiant gleam in her great velvet eyes, Gabrielle pressed tenderly to Nina's side, and was welcomed by a smile. They could have a little cosy conversation together in their corner, for other guests were arriving, and diverted attention from their neighborhood. First the Honorable Lawrence Vane strolled indolently into the room. He was inclined to be patronising and supercilious, but, catching sight of a superior star from his own firmament, he graciously condescended to modify his too-overpowering distinction, and fawned about Lord Gillingham until the earl turned upon him, and growled out some brutel pleasantry which was not intelligible to the bystanders excepting through its effects. The Honorable Lawrence became suddenly humble, and gave no one any trouble through the rest of the evening. Lord and Lady Boughton were the next arrivals—he a tall, pompous, consequential man, as sour as a crab-apple, as yellow as a guinea, and as stiff as a poker; she a sweet, interesting creature of forty, who was playing the young bride for the fourth time, and seemed to have profited by practice. Then came some *nouveaux riches*—a Sir Barnard Sykes, with his over-dressed wife and under-dressed daughters. The clergyman of the parish, a gentleman and a scholar—a good, amiable man, whose very failings "leant to virtue's side"—completed the party.

No sooner were all the guests assembled than dinner was announced. Nina had become the prey of Lawrence Vane, and Captain Marsh thought himself lucky in securing Gabrielle de Pène. The little French girl looked as artless as a child, and seemed quite as engaging. She talked a great deal, treating Captain Marsh as if he were an old man, and so antediluvian in appearance as to be quite a curiosity in his way. Gabrielle thought a long beard an absolute sign of patriarchal years, and referred to Cyril's reminiscences as worthy of all respect from their antiquity alone. Her companion was sufficiently amused at her innocent impertinence and sprightly sallies, but he quite intended to make profit out of her neighborhood, and skilfully drew the conversation on to Nina's beauty, hoping that it might lead to some revelation of Nina's sentiments and tastes. The young French girl looked askance at him through a long, blinding sweep of silken lashes. She was evidently measuring her ground, and trying to discover what interest he had in her reply. But Captain Marsh, divined the unspoken thought, and met her scrutiny with a careless smile.

A simple country girl has no chance with a man of the world. When she has displayed all her little arts and wiles, and feels that her little stock-in-trade is quite exhausted, she is just as far advanced in reality as if she had sat mute and passive all the while. To begin anew would be mere waste of time, and there she is left, "with her fair side all unguarded," quite at the mercy of the victor. Poor Gabrielle's innocent little weapons were rapidly blunted by her adversary's fencing, and she was soon, or appeared to be, blurting out all she knew with the most charming confidence in the world.

That dear, darling Nina was just as good as she was beautiful. Did he know what happened about her the other day?

No, he did not, and cared very little besides, to judge from the attention he paid to the *salmi* on his plate. At the same time he had no objection to lending half an ear to her candid prattle.

"Well, first of all, do you know an old woman here named Dame Oldum?"

"No, indeed, I do not."

"How strange! She is quite the character of the neighborhood, a wicked, cunning, hardened old soul, who hasn't the least bit of heart that any one can find out. All those who have dealings with her she cheats, some of the villagers she intimidates, and the rest she what mama calls 'ombugs.'"

"Well done, Dame Oldum!" explained Cyril, with ironical emphasis. "She should keep a school for embryo diplomatists."

"You needn't interrupt me," said Gabrielle, with another sidelong glance as keen as petulant. "We hate the old woman, Nina and I, because she is so servile, and begins to flatter us and tells us how pretty we are directly she sees us."

"And you don't like to be told you are pretty?"

"*Cela dépend*," answered the French girl, with a little shrug of her graceful shoulders. "Not by such people; we neither of us could, you know, because we understand why it is done."

"But if I were to tell you how charming I thought you, would it afford you any gratification?"

"It wouldn't elate me to any unsafe degree."

"You are too accustomed to the assertion, I presume? We are told that French ladies live on bonbons and compliments."

"Not very substantial food! Mama and I conform more to the usages of our adopted country and patronise less ethereal fare."

"And leave the bonbons and compliments for dessert?"

"We are neither of us at all *gourmande* in that respect. But are you going to let me tell my tale or not?"

"Certainly. I am all interest and attention."

"Well, you know how fast it rained the day before yesterday? Such rain it was! Thick and pelting, so that you could not be out in it five minutes without being wet to the skin. But I was out, nevertheless, simply because I could not help myself. Mama was anxiously expecting a letter, and as it was close upon dinner-time the servant could not conveniently leave, and I volunteered to go in her place. I met no one until I came to the churchyard, when, to my great astonishment, I saw Nina just in front of me, walking very fast. She was so strangely dressed, too, in some sort of costume that gave one the idea of disguise. Every now and then she looked anxiously behind her to see if she was observed, and once I caught sight of her face, which was calm and resolute, but very white. You may be sure this excited my curiosity, and I was most desirous of fathoming the mystery which could bring Nina out on such a day. So I watched, not hiding up at all, for Nina could have seen me well if she had turned my way, which, by some chance or other she did not happen to do. We were both going the same road, and as we reached the top of the hill, and neared the post-office, she slackened her speed, looked cautiously towards the village, and then knocked softly and stealthily at Dame Oldum's door. I never was so surprised in my life, for I had often heard Nina say that nothing should ever tempt her to go there again. I was close behind her now, but so absorbed was she in her own thoughts that she never once perceived me. Presently Dame Oldum came to the door. Nina marched straight into the house without even an invitation, and then what do you think I heard her say?"

"Well, what?" inquired Captain Marsh, dropping his knife and fork, and speaking with irrepressible eagerness.

"Good morning, dame. I hope your rheumatism is better to-day."

And Gabrielle rose from her seat, swept him a demure little curtsey, and followed the ladies out of the room.

Captain Marsh was exceedingly annoyed at his defeat. He began to realise now that Gabrielle was not quite so simple as she wished to appear.

"I might have known," he said to himself, with a bitter sneer at his own credulity, "that a French girl could only be a French girl, even if transplanted to another soil; a leopard does not change its spots with clime. At any rate, I have been completely fooled this time. That girl has got my secret out of me as sure as I'm alive."

Cyril ended his reflections by a dubious pull at his long beard, then buried his cares in a glass o *lacryma christi*.

Meanwhile Nina and Gabrielle were chatting together on a little couch in the drawing-room, pleasantly constructed for the accommodation of one stout person, or two more slenderly fashioned not notedly repugnant to a little home-pressure.

"I have made a great discovery to-night," said Gabrielle at last.

"Well, what is it?" inquired Nina.

"That the gallant captain is desperately in love with your beautiful self."

"Nonsense, Gabrielle!" said Nina, her voice cold enough, but her face as warm as a rich red flush could make it.

"I assure you it is an absolute fact. I suspected that it would be so, and to-night I have gained the certainty I required. And how do you think I did it?"

"I don't know—how should I?"

"Well, it was cleverly managed, though I shouldn't say so, perhaps. I told him some long story about your visit to Dame Oldum the other day."

Nina gave such a sharp, sudden start that the very sofa shook.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed Gabrielle, anxiously. "Are you in pain, or did I startle you?"

"Neither, Gabrielle. Go on; a pin pricked me, that is all."

"Well, it was a rich study; you should have seen! Captain Marsh was careless and a little insolent at first, pretending to be greatly occupied with his dinner, and hardly deigning to glance my way; but I made the whole affair appear so mysterious, declaring that you were in disguise and afraid of being seen, etc., until I piled the agony up with your stealthy knock at Dame Oldum's door and sudden entry. 'And then what do you think I heard her say?' was my conclusion, and I came to an impressive pause."

Nina tried to speak now, but her voice died away in her throat, and her hand, which had fallen down helplessly at her side, was clenched and blue. She had just strength enough to sit upright and listen, that was all.

Gabrielle looked puzzled. She dared ask no questions, but she went on mechanically, without any pleasure in her recital.

"He had dropped his knife and fork, and was turning my way, with such an eager, excited face. I am sure his heart stood still to listen, and he was quite white from the earnest strain of attention in which I hold him. 'Well, what?' he almost gasped at last. 'Good-morning, dame; I hope your rheumatism is better to-day,' said I; and then I made him a little curtsey, and slipped after you out of the room."

Nina heaved a great sigh of relief.

"Was that all?" she inquired, in a deep, hoarse voice. "You didn't tell him anything more?"

"What more could I tell him, Nina? That was all I heard?"

"Oh, Gabrielle!" said Nina, drawing a long breath, "you did frighten me terribly. I would have given almost anything rather than Captain Marsh, above everybody, should have known that I went to Dame Oldum's that day."

"And why?"

"I can't tell you now, in case he should ask,' murmured Nina, evasively; "but I may, perhaps, let you know when he is gone."

Gabrielle said no more, but she drew her own conclusions, and the first of them was that she had been nearer the truth than she had supposed in attributing some mystery to Nina; but her impression was that this mystery concerned both Nina and Captain Marsh, and related to some love-passages between them, which, for some incomprehensible reason, they desired to conceal. This secrecy chilled Gabrielle's affection, whilst it sharpened her wits. She withdrew into a corner and watched the game, and it seemed strange, even to herself, what bitterness and suspicion towards Nina took the place of her former love and trust.

Meanwhile Jack Dawes had possessed himself of the vacant chair by Nina's side. Jack was supremely happy in all but one respect, and that was he could think of nothing to say. He racked his brain till it ached; then he occupied himself squeezing on his gloves. This operation afforded him some relief, as it might appear a tolerable excuse for silence, considering the difficulty of the undertaking, but when once it was concluded Jack felt more uncomfortable than ever. He got redder and more fidgety every moment, until Nina's womanly compassion was aroused in his behalf, and she furnished him with a subject of conversation.

"Have you been hunting much lately, Mr. Dawes?"

Jack's face brightened immediately.

"Well, you see, Miss Nina, this isn't the country it used to be for that sort of thing; the farmers are so deu—I mean so very tetchy, and have put up no end of wire fences on purpose to kill the horses and break our necks. But we'd a jolly run, as times go, yesterday. Nan was there, and got the brush, after the pluckiest riding I ever saw."

And Jack glowed with brotherly pride and satisfaction as he spoke.

"We all know what a splendid horsewoman Miss Dawes is," said Nina kindly.

"Well, you see, Miss Nina, I stuck to her when she was young, and there's nothing like that; and Nan's uncommon clever at anything. The way she amuses herself is wonderful. I always thought ladies were quite down in the mouth and fidgety in wet weather, but she isn't; and the best part of it is she amuses herself with nothing at all."

Jack stopped here to laugh and was honestly elated at his own success, never having found half so much to say to Nina in all his life before. He began to think he had underrated his own conversational powers, and that modesty, and not want of ability, had hitherto kept him from shining in society. Jack was going to begin again before the steam went off, as he mentally expressed it, when Lord Gillingham sat himself down on Nina's other side, and bent his head to whisper some exaggerated compliment in her ear.

He meant to do the agreeable to Nina, he had taken his seat with that distinct purpose, and also somewhat to punish Jack Dawes for daring to poach on his manor. He began to launch out some of his bitter, biting pleasantries at the young squire. Jack bore them patiently enough at first, because he saw marks of disapprobation on Nina's face. He was determined not to be bullied into a retreat, and Lord Gillingham was equally determined that he should find it convenient to shift his quarters, and that, too, before long.

Lord Gillingham was not a man to remember that he was an earl for anything else but the privileges his rank bestowed, and the opportunities it gave him for riding roughshod over anybody that cringed in his path. He could appear very courtly when he liked, as, also, exceedingly coarse, which made it impossible for any gentleman to quarrel with him, unless he made up his mind to answer in kind. Jack Dawes sat doggedly silent, and quite as obstinate in his purpose as the earl himself. He lordship grew savage at last, according to his usual habit when opposed; he spread out his long thin white hand on his knee, glanced from it, significantly, to Jack's bulky fist, then said, in a tone of smooth insolence:

"Would you oblige me, Mr. Jackdaw, with one of your cast-off gloves? I want it for my cabinet of curiosities."

"Yes, it is a pretty big, stout hand," answered Jack, a sudden gleam of fierceness creeping into his eyes, "but it's nothing to my arm. I believe I could fell an ox without shaking in my shoes. I was at Roydans fair one day—not in such good company as I might have been, perhaps, but still honest lads enough, as honest as lords, maybe—and one man, who was the worse for liquor, began imitating the note of a jackdaw, and pointing me out to the crowd, and jeering at me. Now, I stand most things, except being made game of, so, I drove my fist into his face and knocked pretty well all his front teeth out, besides damaging one eye; and now nobody cares much to molest me, peer or peasant, for I'm not apt to be partial at all—only, perhaps, if I have a little bit of fancy one way or the other, it is for a lord, when it comes to fighting, because they give in soonest, and are more easy to beat."

"Felling oxen and knocking out people's front teeth are scarcely drawing-room accomplishments, it seems to me."

"And I don't profess to be a drawing-room man. I was invited, and so I expected they meant me to come; but, another time, I'll just ask who's to be here first, for a good dinner's one thing and good company's another."

And the young squire rose, squeezed Nina's hand, with an accompanying glance, earnestly apologetic, as much as to say, "I did not mean anything against you and yours—I am only protecting myself;" then, with a sort of rough dignity it was more easy to respect than to ridicule, he crossed the room to fetch his sister, went, with her on his arm, to bid his host and hostess good-night, and quietly left the room.

"What an insufferable boor!" exclaimed his lordship, but not before the door had fairly closed upon Jack Dawes.

"I don't agree with you," answered Nina, shortly.

And she left her seat at his side and joined Lady Boughton and Madame de Pène.

Lord Gillingham gave vent to a suppressed oath and rose too. As he was borne homeward in his softly-cushioned carriage he decided, without difficulty, that he had not speeded so much in his wooing as he had led himself to expect.

CHAPTER V.—DAME OLDUM HAS A LITTLE EVENING PARTY.

The village of Beechwood was shadowed towards the east by a semi-circle of gaunt old hills. Most of the laborers' cottages nestled close beneath these, glad of the shelter from keen winds in winter and the hot sun in summer. They were built so evenly side by side—Mr. Marsh, to whom they all belonged, having the genius of order in a high degree—and were so neatly twinned, each one by its opposite neighbor, that Beechwood could boast quite a respectable street.

The Red Lion Inn was the last house in the village, and had formerly been advertised by a flaming signpost. A sandy lion, with a golden mane, was seen beating the air with its forepaws, and opening wide its huge jaws at the evident risk of dislocation. "A terrible rampagious brute" he was christened by the little boys of the last generation, who stole scared, but charmed, glances at him as they passed by to their games on the common. And certainly he did not look as if human veal would at all offend his palate—rather the contrary. Made dishes were quite out of his way; he preferred *biftek au naturel* to the cunningest *ragoût* that could be devised, and, instead of having his joints carved at the sideboard, he kept them under his own paw. But the lion was getting old now, and could not pick a bone as he used to do. The boys knew this, and their courage rose with its weakness. They tell us of a race of Indians who, when their fathers grew old, and could no longer follow the chase or go to war, immediately slaughtered them and dished them up. The boys did not dish up the lion, for the simple reason that he was not composed of digestible materials, but they put him to a perpetual shame, and otherwise maltreated him, until at last he was so battered and subdued that he had only two fore-quarters and a half an eye with which to bid defiance to his enemies.

At the back of the inn there was a narrow, zigzag path, which led, past the post-office, to a little cottage perched on the very summit of the hill, and resembling more the eyrie of some bird of prey than the abode of a human creature. This was Dame Oldum's castle, and the rendezvous of all the gossips whose wind was as long as their tongues.

Dame Oldum, was a keen, wicked little old woman, with small reverence for any authority, human or divine. Self-interest was the governing principle of her life. She despised weakly people,

always insisting that eve[...]dy might be healthy if they liked. She had [...]r ailed anything in her life, and could do [...]ood a day's work as when she was young, and perhaps better, for, as she was wont to say, she knew more how to begin now so as to make her time go the furthest.

Dame Oldum was rather an important person in the village, and the *entrée* of her house was considered a great privilege. Her parties were always select; but it may be noted that no one was invited who could not in some way compensate for the expense incurred for her entertainment, either in the information she could supply, the advantages she could insure to her hostess, or the amusement she could afford. Little Rose, her son Ben's betrothed, was unwillingly exempt from these conditions, and only brought her blushes and prettiness to the feast, thereby greatly conducing to Ben's enjoyment at the expense of the rest.

Dame Oldum's cottage was always neat and trim, but to-night it looked unusually gay. She had placed a few china ornaments on the mantelpiece, and, with her best tea-service displayed on a white cloth, kept in countenance by a large dish of shrimps, another of plum-cake, with slices of bread-and-butter in abundance, there certainly seemed no mean inhospitable welcome for her guests.

Eliza Wells, the under-housemaid at Mr. Marsh's, was the first to arrive. Eliza wore a red silk dress shot with yellow, had long pink streamers flowing down her back, and brooches and bracelets *ad infinitum*. Eliza was a person of education, and cut off the tips of her words by way of showing she had been to a grammar-school and was accustomed to good society.

"Well, 'Liza," said Dame Oldum, giving her an encouraging nod, "how are you all at your place?"

"Thank you extremely," answered Eliza, "but they are not what may be called particular salubrious. Miss Nina has been a poor creature ever since her illness."

"Perhaps she's got something on her mind, and that keeps her back."

"What should she have on her mind?" said Miss Wells, a little scornfully; "she can buy anything she takes a fancy to, and is made as much of by the gentlefolks as if she was a queen; besides, it's as clear as noonday to any one that's got discernment that my Lord Gillingham would give anything to have her."

"And what does she say to him?"

"Not much as anybody can find out; but she's not a person to show her feelings; she was always reservated since I can remember."

"And the two gentleman staying there now, are they fond of her at all?"

"That's what none of us can make out. Sometimes they seem to be, and sometimes they don't seem to be."

"And there's nothing partic'lar or myster'ous-like in the manner of either of 'em?"

"What should there be?" And Eliza opened wide her pale gray eyes, and looked considerably astonished at the question.

"Oh, nothing," answered Dame Oldum, a strange, crafty smile hovering about her thin lips; "only sometimes the courting is done secret. But servants are cleverer than their masters take them for, and see what is going on underhand without wanting any telling; that was my meaning. But now you'll sit down, won't you? We shall have Jim's company, I suppose?"

"Thank you; he'll be here punctual at eight o'clock. He can't get away before, but he'll come for certain then."

"Jim's a tidy little fellow," said Mrs. Oldum, more as if she were commenting than questioning.

"So he may be as far as looks go, but his habits are not genteel."

"What's the matter with them?"

"He's too fond of the 'public' for my taste," answered Miss Wells, with a resentful flutter of her long black streamers.

"You see, young men will be young men," was the current consolation Dame Oldum volunteered.

"So they may be for aught I care," retorted the young lady, with whom this was, naturally, a sore subject; "but still I'm not beholden to Jim for his favor in any respect. A person of my education can pick and choose pretty well where she likes."

"I know that," answered the old woman, with one of her fawning smiles; "still, you might go farther and fare worse. Jim's a nice little fellow, and has plenty of gumption."

"I've no notion of such gumption," said the other, sharply.

And Dame Oldum, seeing that the wound was too recent for her remedies to take effect, prudently changed the subject. She bustled about the room, in order to give her visitor time to recover her equanimity; then she replenished the fire, and set the kettle, hissing, amongst the logs. This cheerful sound fell pleasantly on the housemaid's ear.

"A cup of tea is a refreshing thing," she remarked, when Dame Oldum turned her way again. "I'm always glad of my tea now, for our meals up there are not what they used to be, and the men complain sadly about limits in their beer."

"How's that?"

"Why, you see, since this last housekeeper came, she's been more for master's interest than ours. Not that we haven't enough, and so on, but still the quality of it isn't as it used to be; we only got poultry now second-hand from the other table, and we don't have anything hot for breakfast, which I miss in particular, for my constitution is one that requires a great deal of support."

"Do you hear any talk of giving away soup this winter?" inquired the old woman, presently. "If so, you'll speak a kind word for me, won't you?"

"Nonsense, mother!" said Ben, entering the kitchen in time to catch her sentence; "we don't want any charity things."

"We want whatever we can get," answered his mother, sharply. "If a poor lone widder-woman, who has worked and slaved all her life, doesn't want such things, I don't know who does."

Ben, a great, stalwart fellow of six feet high, put up his colossal shoulders, and gave a little significant whistle; then he took his hat, saying he was going a little way down the hill to meet Rose, and should be back in a few minutes."

"So he's still sweet in that quarter," inquired, or, rather, remarked, Miss Wells, when Ben's huge person had disappeared through the doorway. "I wonder he does't look higher, I'm sure."

They were on Mrs. Oldum's sore subject now, and Eliza was soon reminded of the fact.

"It's no use talking," said the old woman, harshly; "you can't alter things. Men are all fools where the women are concerned. If they can get hold of a face with a little pink about it, their mothers, or anybody else, may go to the workus for what they'll hold out a hand to save 'em. There's Ben, as might marry so well, if he'd a mind to it," she added, with a little complacent glance at the china ornaments and well-filled board, "a-going to throw himself away on a little hussy like that, who's got nine brothers and sisters, a hailing mother, and a father with no gumption at all. It's enough to make one forget one's manners, and reg'lar swear. If he'd chose you, now, I shouldn't have minded. I dare say you've made some little savings, and you've been brought up in a way as would bring credit to any fam'ly; but as for her, I could—"

But here words failed Dame Oldum, or expediency disciplined her temper, for she came to a sudden pause.

"But couldn't something be done to put a stop to it?" suggested Eliza, simpering over the compliment to herself. "It's a shame to see such a fine young man as Mr. Ben making so mean of himself as to condescend to a common laborer's daughter. If he could be made to see that she wasn't so modest and pretty-behaved as he thought—"

"He wouldn't believe it; she always looks as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth."

"She's very hypocritic to my mind," said Miss Wells, spitefully; "and as to her looks, I don't see anything to boast of."

At this moment Ben returned, leading his sweetheart by the hand. Miss Wells rose and made her a ceremonious inclination, whilst the old woman accorded her no sort of attention at all.

Poor little Rose gave a wistful, saddened glance up into her lover's face, and pressed closer to his strong arm.

"Never you mind, little one," said the great fellow, bending down to her with eyes of earnest love; "I'll have who I like in my house, and them as can't be civil to you sha'n't stop, that's all."

"I'm sure I'm very glad to see Miss Rose," said the housemaid, with an insinuating smile on her lip, but eyes that said different things; "I hope you are well, miss."

But Dame Oldum still kept a sullen silence.

"I'd better go home, Ben," whispered Rose, in tears; "I'd rather; please, Ben."

"Then I say you sha'n't," answered Ben, with despotic tenderness. "I've stood just as much putting down and riding over rough-shod as I mean to stand. If mother can't make herself agreeable to them as I invites as well as to them she invites, why we'll part company, that's all. There's a cottage to let down street, and then there'll be nothing to keep us from being married at once."

Dame Oldum turned sharply upon him.

"Yes, and forsake your poor old mother, who has worked the skin off her bones to keep a roof over your head; you're a pretty lad, you are!"

"I don't want to forsake you, mother; I only want you to behave pleasant to Rose, and make her welcome when she comes to the house."

Dame Oldum advanced into the middle of the room with a cruelly wicked and threatening look in her keen old face, then she made an elaborate curtsey.

"I am very glad to see you, miss, and thank you for coming," she hissed at Rose through her toothless gums.

"Thank you for having me, dame," answered little Rose with great sweetness, and seeing her satisfied, Ben, who had a certain fear of his mother, and, moreover, was too indolent by nature to take the trouble of quarrelling if he could help it, pretended to be satisfied too, and helped Rose to remove her things.

She was a pretty creature—almost a child. Her blonde hair danced in waves about her sweet face, the deep violet eyes stealing sly glances at you from under the sweeping brown lashes. In the sun there was gold in her hair, and the gleam of an amethyst in her tender eyes. Red-lipped, even-featured, with the brilliancy of health on her cheeks, and the unshackled freedom of nature in her supple limbs, was it to be wondered that great Ben from his own strength and height should look down with a species of admiring worship on the sweet favor of this child?

Ben had often stealthily compared his hand with hers as it nestled in his broad palm, contented but tremulous, and he marvelled in his stout, honest heart how anything could have been fashioned so small and weak. Ben's passion might have been rough, but it was chivalrous. Ben had solemnly promised himself that, when Rose belonged to him, those frail fingers, reddened with their coarse toil, should have perfect rest, and that Rose should gain more from his vigor of arm than the protection promised.

Rose's position was by no means an enviable one that night, in spite of Ben's loving care. Presently other guests arrived, but they all took their tone from the mistress, who was too strong in her wicked craft to be set at defiance by ordinary people. Rose ate but little; under such a battery of envious eyes she could only sigh and be silent. Dame Oldum was as malicious as she dared be, significantly inquiring if Rose took sugar in her tea, as if it were a luxury to which she could not be accustomed, and, therefore, had no right to expect. But Rose was very patient and gentle by nature, and she would not have uttered a complaint or shown any resentment for the world. There was nothing she so much feared as any breach between Ben and his mother. She would have been very miserable, only that her lover's great hand sought hers now and then under the table, and seemed to speak so pressingly of his feelings, that all the rest was endurable after that.

When tea was over the table was promptly cleared, and a dirty pack of cards produced. Miss Wells kindly volunteered to teach them "vantoon," nuts serving as counters. Rose was soon forgotten in the excitement of the game; and, on Jim's arrival a little later, the fun raged so fast and strong that Rose could venture to mix all her nuts with Ben's, and even show him each card, consulting him earnestly as to how much she ought to stake.

Luck favored Rose, as if to spite her tormentors. It was astonishing how often she had *vingt-et-un*, and how many she turned out of their deal; until at last, as Miss Wells whispered to her neighbor, "There was no doubt but what she did it out of spite, on purpose."

The game did not proceed very rapidly, as most of the players were very weak at addition, and stronger in detraction than subtraction. They were often innocently waiting to be paid when they had exceeded the orthodox number by nine or ten. But Miss Wells kept her sharp eyes on all, and under auspices creditors received their due. At half-past nine a bottle of homemade wine was put on the table, accompanied by the remains of the plumcake and another dish of nuts, and after this refreshment all prepared to start.

Rose was the first to go, because, as she whispered to Ben, she did not like to keep her father up late after his day's work. Ben stealthily filled her pockets with the nuts they had won together, knowing how deeply this unexpected treat would rejoice the hearts of her little brothers and sisters at home. Then Rose put on her bonnet and shawl, almost ashamed of their simplicity, little knowing that she, in her neat but common things, look far more like a lady than the others in their flaunting finery. At the last Rose let go of Ben's arm and went to Dame Oldum, who received her in sullen silence.

"Thank you for inviting me," said the sweet little Jesuit; "I have passed a very pleasant evening, and am much obliged to you."

But from the free breath drawn outside, as she grasped almost nervously at Ben's arm, you might have divined the unspoken thought in Rose's heart. Her step was buoyant now, her laughter ready and unrestrained. Ben could see by the moonlight that all the roses had come back to her cheek, freshened by the stiff night breeze.

"It has been pleasant coming and going with you," said Rose, with innocent casuistry. "It has made everything seem nice. I can't get out often, you know, because mother wants me so badly at home. But oh, Ben!" she suddenly added, "how heavy my pocket is, and how it swings against my side! What can be in it?"

Ben chuckled.

"It's something you've put there for a trick."

Ben looked as if he were quite incapable of such meanness, whilst Rose dug her little eager hand into her pocket, and brought it out again full of nuts.

"Oh, how pleased the children will be!" she joyously exclaimed; "there's such a lot! I wanted to take a few, but I was afraid of what they would say, and you must have done it, Ben. You are always so good to me; I wish I knew how to be kind to you."

"You are a kind little one; you do more for me than anybody has ever done yet—you keep me straight. I used to spend all my evenings at the 'public' before we got acquainted, and now I haven't set foot inside the door for over six months. I wish I was a king?" added Ben, enthusiastically, "and then I'd build you a house like Squire Marsh's, and you should go about dressed in silks and satins, with a great golden crown on your head, and you shouldn't so much as lift your little finger, but have lords and ladies to wait on you like servants, you should! You're handsome and pretty-behaved enough for a queen, any way."

"But I don't want to be one, Ben. When I come home to live with you, and have your dinners to get, and all your sewing to do, I shall be quite happy; and so I am now, only there are troubles at home from father's being so poor and mother so ailing; but I know it is God sends us such things, and we've no right to grumble at them."

"You never do grumble, Rose; leastways, I never heard you," said Ben, who was as truthful as he was tender.

"I try not: but sometimes I feel as if I should like things to be better, and then I think of you, Ben, and all your kindness, and I feel ashamed of being down-hearted. But here we are at home—please knock very gentle, in case we should wake poor mother; she sleeps so light. And, Ben, you won't bear any malice about to-night, will you?" pleaded Rose, as he stood over her waiting to say good-bye. "I sha'n't."

"You're an angel, if ever there was one," answered Ben, stooping to draw her close to his warm, honest heart. "God bless you, Rose."

"And you too, Ben."

"Oh! it don't signify about me; I'd rather you had it all."

And Ben felt so ashamed that the great tears of love overflowing his eyes should be seen by another man, that he dodged round the corner and disappeared, just as Seth Woodman opened the door and let his daughter into the house.

A Drawn Bet.—Queen Elizabeth's portrait.

FIREFLIES.

'Tis June, and all the lowland swamps
  Are rich with tufted reeds and ferns,
And filmy with the vaporous damps
  That rise when twilight's crimson burns;
And as the deepening dusk of night
Steals purpling up from vale to height,
The wanton fireflies show their fitful light.

Soft gleams on clover-blooms they fling,
  And glimmer in each shadowy dell,
Or downward, with a sudden swing,
  Fall, as of old a Pleiad fell;
And on the fields bright gems they strow,
And up and down the meadow go,
And through the forest wander to and fro.

They store no hive nor earthly cell,
  They sip no honey from the rose;
By day unseen, unknown they dwell,
  Nor aught of their rare gift disclose;
Yet, when the night upon the swamps
Calls out the murk and misty damps,
They pierce the shadows with their shining lamps.

Now ye, who in life's garish light,
  Unseen, unknown, walk to and fro,
When Death shall bring a dreamless night,
  May ye not find your lamps aglow?
God works, we know not why nor how,
And one day lights, close hidden now,
May blaze like gems upon an angel's brow.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Queen's speech proroguing the British Parliament was delivered by commission. It regretted her failure to make peace between Germany and Denmark, and declared her intention still to remain neutral in the American civil war.

The House of Lords had finally declared against Mrs. Yelverton's marriage. That indomitable woman had announced her determination of moving the case into Scotland.

An armistice for nine months had been agreed on between Denmark and Austria and Prussia, whose Governments had taken the case out of the hands of the Federal Convention, much to the disgust of those solemn nihilities, who had protested against the arrogance of two powers superseding over thirty high and mighty principalities, many of which have not as many Teutons in them as Hoboken, New Jersey.

The Emperor Napoleon had counselled moderation to the courts of Berlin and Vienna in their dealings with Denmark, in whose favor much sympathy existed in the British and French peoples.

The French press were much annoyed and surprised at Lord Palmerston declining to recognise the empire in Mexico, as he did not consider it quite established yet. It is considered, therefore, most probable that Mr. Lincoln will not accept an ambassador from Maximilian, and consequently no minister from us will be accredited, despite the *Moniteur's* deliberate assurance that Mr. Dayton had assured the French Emperor that the authorities of Washington would recognise the Mexican Empire.

AN HONEST DEACON.

Deacon N—— was an honest old codger, a kind neighbor, a good Christian, but lackaday! the deacon would occasionally get exceedingly "mellow," and almost every Sunday at dinner he would indulge in his favorite cider brandy to such an extent that it was with difficulty he reached his pew in the broad aisle, near the pulpit, and between the minister's and the village squire's. One Sunday morning the parson told his flock that he should preach a sermon touching many glaring sins so conspicuous among them, and he hoped they would listen attentively and not flinch if he happened to be severe. The afternoon came, and the house was full; everybody turned out to hear their neighbors "dressed down" by the minister, who, after well opening his sermon, commenced upon the transgressors with a loud voice, with the question:

"Where is the drunkard?"

A solemn pause succeeded the inquiry, when up rose Deacon N——, his face red from frequent draughts of his favorite drink, and steadying himself as well as he could by the pew rail, looked up to the parson, and replied in a trembling and piping voice:

"Here I am."

Of course a consternation in the congregation was the result of the honest deacon's response; however, the parson went on with his remarks as he had written them, commenting severely upon the drunkards, and closed by warning them to forsake at once such evil habits, if they would seek salvation and flee from the coming wrath. The deacon then made a low bow and seated himself.

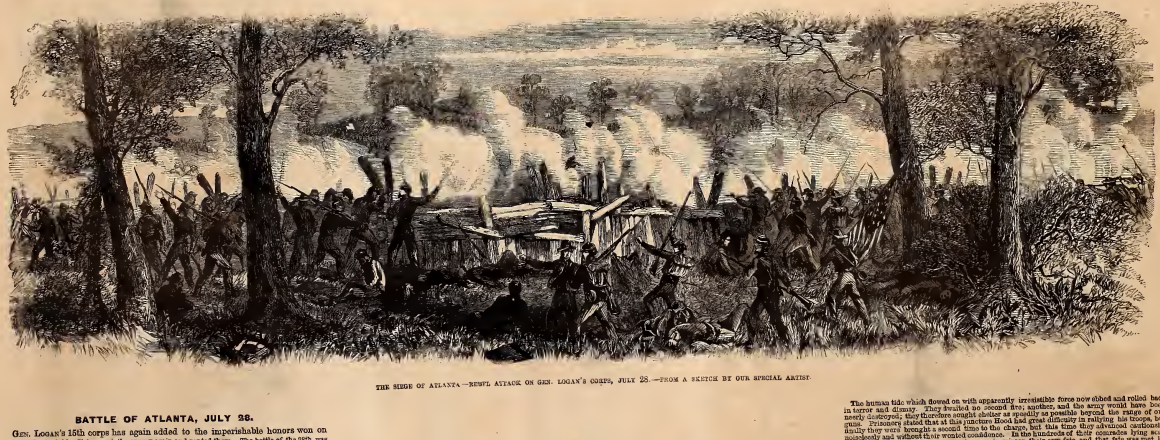
"And now," asked the preacher, in his loudest tones, "where is the hypocrite?"

A pause, but no one responded. Eyes were turned upon this and that man; but the most glances seemed directed to the squire's pew, and indeed the parson seemed to squint hard in that direction. The deacon saw where the shaft was aimed, or where it should be aimed, and rising once more, leaned over his pew to the squire, whom he tapped on the shoulder, and thus addressed him:

"Come, squire, why don't you stand up? I did when he called on me."

The new loan offered by the Secretary of the Treasury, the details of which will be found in our advertising columns, is one that appeals to the prudential as well as patriotic feelings of all. It is one of the best and safest investments that can be made. The banks have taken those loans readily; and there is no reason why a man having $50 to invest should put it in a Savings' Bank and get 5 per cent., while the bank simply takes his money and buys Government security paying 7-30. To say nothing of the loss avoided, there is something patriotic in sustaining the Government.

Fight between a Bull and an Elephant.—The *Correspondencia* of Madrid furnishes the particulars of a fight between a bull and an elephant. The elephant is the largest and oldest that has ever been seen in Europe, as his enormous tusks indicate. He travelled a long time with the female, who died recently, since then the surviving elephant has been subject to paroxysms of fury, which his keeper has opposed with great difficulty. When the elephant was brought to the *Place des Taureaux*, a fiery young bull was turned out. The bull advanced against his terrible adversary without evincing the slightest fear. He attempted to flank him, in order to wound him; but the elephant, exhibiting an equal agility in his motion, did not suffer him to approach. Finally the bull attacked him in front; but, everywhere confronted by the formidable tusks which interposed an impregnable barrier, he did not succeed in wounding him. At last, in one of the assaults, the bull succeeded in thrusting his head beneath the tusks; but, before he could penetrate the tough hide of the elephant, he fell to the earth. The spectators only saw the elephant bend his head slightly and rest the extremities of his tusks, which had been plugged, upon the back of the bull. From that moment the bull was *hors de combat*, and when they afterwards killed him it was found that three ribs were completely crushed by the almost imperceptible movement the elephant had made in holding him with his tusks. It appears that the proprietor of the elephant intends to take him to Madrid for another contest.



THE SIEGE OF ATLANTA.—REWEL ATTACK ON GEN. LOGAN'S CORPS, JULY 28.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

BATTLE OF ATLANTA, JULY 28.

GEN. LOGAN'S 15th corps has again added to the imperishable honors won on many a bloody field. It has met the enemy again and routed them. The battle of the 22th was more brilliant than any of its predecessors, from the fact that the whole rebel army was massed against a single corps, with a view, if possible, of breaking it, and getting at our communications in the vicinity of the Chattahoochee.

The army of the Tennessee, which for so long a time held a position on our left, had been ordered to take up a position on our right, and had executed the movement with great skill and celerity during the night of the 27th, so that by morning they had not only reached their new position, but had fortified at strongly, and were prepared to receive any attack which might be made.

The rebels, early in the morning, discovered that some change had been made in our position, but were unable to make out its character, and immediately commenced demonstrations on our right. Indeed there is reason to believe they thought that way had been weakened rather than strengthened, and Hood thought to take advantage of it. He believed himself able to flank Sherman and make him abandon the works he could not force after two terrible battles, and with that view he massed his troops as already indicated; and his dispositions evince that he possesses no mean order of military talent. Had his designs succeeded, he would have so interrupted Sherman's communications that that commander would have been compelled to give battle at a disadvantage, and on Hood's own terms.

The skirmishing commenced early in the morning, but several hours were consumed in the preliminaries. Loring's corps was on the left, and it was in it that the chief flanking movements were assigned; while nearly all the remainder of the rebel army was massed directly in front of Logan, a few brigades extended further to the right and a few to the left of Dodge. The reason of Hood's extreme caution was his entire ignorance of the strength of the opposing forces. He left only a brigade left to protect communications. He did not believed Sherman to be there. But when once his army was on the move he was not long in discovering his mistake. The cavalry, after driving in our pickets, moved forward, and the infantry, coming out when within 400 yards of our fortification. Gen. Hood superintended the movement, and was seen riding up and down the lines encouraging his men, and pointing out the easy victory he anticipated, while his subordinates were equally busy in urging the line forward. Along our lines they observed a General and his staff moving slowly and halting, as if to confer with every regimental commander; but not a head was seen above the works, and for aught the assailants positively knew, they were intrenchments, save by the gun pockets and skirmishers they had driven in and seen mount over the entrenchments. They, however, suspected from the frequent pauses of the General in question that there was a garrison behind the embankments before them, and they were right. The commander was Gen. Logan. There was a storm of bullets spring several him; he wavered not, but continued his movements down the lines. "Keep your men here," was his order to each regimental commander, "till the rebels are within easy range, then let no shot be thrown away." Meeting no force, the assailants took courage, and when within 300 yards raised a tremendous yell and started on the double quick, but at that instant the signal was given, and every battery double-charged with canister was let loose, and the apparently deserted fortifications being lined with heads, and at every foot a shining musket was aimed at the assailants. I have personally heard of the murderous fire poured forth from the heights of Bunker Hill and from behind the cotton bales of New Orleans, but how feeble those when compared with the destroying volley which swept in a single instant hundreds of men into eternity and hid thousands upon the earth unarmed, many of them for life, on the plain before Atlanta.

The human tide which flowed on with apparently irresistible force now ebbed and rolled back in terror and dismay. They breaked no second fire; another, and the army would have been nearly destroyed; they therefore sought shelter as speedily as possible beyond the range of our guns. Prisoners stated that at this juncture Hood had great difficulty in rallying and reorganizing; finally they were brought a second time to the charge, but this time they advanced cautiously and without their wonted confidence. In the hundreds of instances of their bodies lying scattered over the ground, they saw, as in a magic mirror, their own fate, and that fate was met by other thousands before the dreadful carnage befell them. By this time Hood had tried our flank, but it was not unprotected, and his troops were repulsed at every point with great loss, he himself very severely, and some say, mortally wounded, while leading the charge. He had a bad record; his course at New Orleans was looked upon with suspicion, and from that hour he had held but a subordinate position in the field, and he determined by his courage on that day to redeem his character. But it is probable that he has his pay and his reward. Skirmishing, too, had commenced in front of Dodge's corps, but it was only heavy skirmishing; as there was no serious attempt to charge. The main advance, however, continued, the soldiers lying down and rising, and then rising, advancing a short distance and only exposed by the dead, the dying and in two hours the field was clear of all combatants and only occupied by the dead, the dying and the severely wounded, the assailants having been abandoned; Hood had returned to his works.

When once it was discovered that the rebels had finally retreated, our men at once commenced burying the dead and taking care of the wounded. Up to this time, 715 bodies had been interred; burying the dead and taking care of the wounded. Up to this time, 715 bodies had been interred; but it is believed that at least 1,000 were carried away by the rebels. Over 1,500 severely wounded but it is believed that at least 1,000 were carried away by the rebels. Over 1,500 severely wounded were left in our hands, and estimating the loss in the proper proportion of wounded to dead, it could not be much less than 5,000.

THE NEW STEAM YACHT CLARA CLARITA.

AMONG the novelties that have made their appearance in New York harbor this summer is the elegant steam yacht Clara Clarita, of the New York Yacht club. Beautiful in build, swift beyond any former boat of her length, furnished like a palace, and armed like a warrior, she might produce a vivid sensation. As our readers observe she is schooner-rigged, and of an original model, every ground line proclaiming her speed. She was built at the yard of Lawrence and Foulks, Brooklyn; her engines destined by J. V. Holmes, and made by the Novelty Works, under the superintendence of Chief Engineer William Vanderbilt. She is 136 feet long, 24 feet beam and 12 feet deep. On her trial trip, July 26, she ran down to the Lightship in 2 hours 7 minutes from Castle William, equal to 34.3 miles per hour.

Her furniture is rich but tasteful. She is upholstered with silk rep lined with gold satin; her curtains are of rich silk damask. Her floors are covered with velvet tapestry; her ceiling is white and gold. She carries two 13-pounder steel rifled guns.

THE STEAM YACHT CLARA CLARITA, OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

A CURIOUS BOATRACE IN ENGLAND.

AT the King's Lynn Royal Regatta on the Ouse, above the Free Bridge, a curious sight was witnessed this year, and one peculiar to the district. This was a race for ship's boats, each paddled by six men with corn shovels or scoops. The men sit facing the bows and use the shovels in the way that an Indian does his paddles. Five boats entered the lists, and the sight of the great sinewy competitors shovelling their way through was most amusing, adding greatly to the enjoyment of the day. Our illustration was taken soon after the start. The boat Active won the first prize of 52 10s.

THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG—THE FIFTH CORPS AWAITING THE ORDER TO ADVANCE, JULY 30.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. F. MULLEN.

THE BATTLE OF PETERSBURG.

July 30.

We give no inconsiderable space to-day to the sketches sent from the front by our Special Artist, portraying the vivid scenes of the explosion of Pleasant's mine and the operations of the army after the enemy's works had been hurled into the air.

On our double page will be found a fine panoramic view of the scene at the moment of the explosion. In the background, near the centre, may be seen the spires of Petersburg and the stark ruins of houses destroyed by our bombardment. The Petersburg railroad, on the left, may be noticed and followed, as it approaches the front, by the enemy's works, which are formidable defences in themselves, and were rendered trebly strong in position and the pith charge ready to advance. The explosion of the mine, bearing aloft the wretched garrison and obscuring the sky with its dark mass, is the centre of interest.

The sketch below is an accurate representation of the enemy's works as they appeared when the explosion was over. It was taken at the moment when the rebels had fled from the works, fearing another explosion, at the moment when our charge, if made, would have been successful.

The charge made finally by the 9d division of the 9th Army Corps is shown from the hand of one who witnessed it near at hand. It was made bravely, but from faults which the court of inquiry will explain, time had been lost, officers were absent, and the result was a sad slaughter of men whom the country cannot afford to lose.

The 5th, awaiting the order to charge, forms the subject of the last of the series, and furnishes a sad commentary on the mismanagement which turned into a disaster what every indication promised to render a success.

Incidents.

With our other illustrations we give some incidents of the exciting 30th of July. A correspondent of one of the dailies says:

"No pen can adequately depict the sufferings of the wounded who lay between the lines of the two armies after the fight. Most of them that were able ran the gauntlet of bullets, and either fell by the way or arrived within our entrenchments, but the badly wounded may be seen writhing in their agony and wildly lifting their hands to heaven for aid and relief. Their groans and cries for water, water, can be distinctly heard in our entrenchments without the power to relieve without a certainty of being shot. To the credit of the rebs, however, be it said, they have done what they would not allow our men to do—carry water in their canteens to some of our suffering wounded, holding up their canteens as flags of truce.

"On arriving at the exploded fort, our troops found it a heterogeneous mass of bone earth, guns and gun-carriages, dead and wounded gunners, &c. One poor fellow, pulling the dirt out of his eyes, in his delirium, said: 'Boys, are we forced, attacked? Are we driving them? That's right, give them hell!' He soon revived, however, to find himself a prisoner. Another, buried up to his armpits in loose dirt, on being approached, cried: 'Come, Rusks, for God's sake, take me out of this place. It is all over now, and there's no use letting a fellow stick here. Come, take me out quick, and I will do as much for you some time.' He was taken out.

"One of the charging officers, noticing the dirt move near him as if a mole or gopher were at work under it, commenced digging, and finally dug out a rebel lieutenant, who actually revived, and conversed freely with the officers before being brought from the ground. Several others were exhumed from their living graves, and restored to consciousness, and will survive."

PARIS FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

OWING to the absence of the Imperial Court from Paris, and the departure of many families for the Baths &c sary, the Paris fashions for August must be considered as those rather of the Dispersion than of that favored locality which generally gives an impulse

A STRANGE ENGLISH REGATTA—A SHOVEL RACE OF CORK FUNERALS.

to innovation. Nevertheless, the peculiar stamp of the Parisienne will not fail to be recognised even at hundreds of leagues from the capital; and, though she may reign with less *éclat*, her influence will not be felt the less during the time when she may be regarded as abdicating a portion of her claims to the admiration of the rest of the world, in matters of taste and dress, by the adoption of such toilettes *négligees* as those which compose our present engraving.

Although easy of wear, these light costumes are not without their peculiar complications; and, to be altogether graceful, require care in the selection and arrangement of the colors for ornament. In addition to the ordinary disposition to patronise foulards, alpacas and barèges, great favor is being bestowed upon white muslin dresses of the first quality, trimmed fantastically with strips of silk disposed in all directions, according to the caprices of the modiste. Indeed, light dresses generally, ornamented with silk strips attached as just mentioned, or with very small passementerie trimmings, enjoy a vogue altogether undisputed, and really merit the patronage they meet with even in the highest quarters.

The headdresses and bonnets worn at this season are extremely varied in style and shape. The chapeau Windsor in Tuscan (shown in one of our illustrations), is one of the most fashionable of the round description; but the legitimate bonnet in white tulle—small, round and with or without bavolet—completes, *à ravir*, the white muslin costume just alluded to. The bavolet is usually replaced by a bow in tulle or by a garland of small flowers gracefully arranged.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Walking Dress.*—Robe and paletot of gray foulard, with three rows of dark violet silk and passementerie trimming on the skirt; round the edge of the paletot, across the shoulders, and on the cuffs, a single row of similar trimming is adapted with a most pleasing effect. The small round chapeau is in white tulle bouillonné, the bavolet being replaced by a large tulle bow; orange bow and ribbons.

Fig. 2. *Evening Dress.*—Very pale alpaca robe, ornamented with silk embroidery in several shades of velvet. The skirt especially presents a very pretty and novel appearance, and the dress is completed by the Moldavian vest, and the muslin chemisette, of which only a small portion is seen above the black silk plastron edged with violet. The headdress is the coiffure Catalane, in Valenciennes lace, with black and violet bow in front.

Fig. 3. *Walking Dress for a Young Lady.*—Light stone-colored toilet, the paletot and robe being of uniform color, but trimmed with pink silk ornaments soutachés. The paletot is relatively more abundantly decorated than the skirt. Tuscan chapeau Windsor, almost covered with eagles' feathers and white feathers, the latter placed in front.

SENDING SEEDS AND PLANTS BY MAIL.

THE late act of Congress in authorising the sending of seeds, plants and cuttings by mail at a low rate of postage is one of no small importance to the great mass of the people, extended as they are over so wide a district of country. It is often difficult in many parts of the country to procure fresh garden seeds, cuttings of rare trees, and new and valuable plants; and to order them by express, even on express routes, the charges in many instances will exceed several times the value of the things ordered. But the late act of Congress authorises the sending of seeds, cuttings, etc., at so low a rate of postage as to bring them within the reach of all.

The law specifies "seeds, cuttings, bulbs, roots and scions," which may be sent in packages not exceeding four pounds in weight, the specified limits of the law, at a rate of postage of two cents for every four ounces, or the same for any additional fraction of four ounces; prepaid by stamps.

Formerly these things were subject to letter postage, and were generally put up in oiled silk, which is quite expensive, but since the reduction of postage this mode of carriage has been so extensively adopted that paper has been so prepared as to render it impervious to water and air, and is now sold at comparatively low prices. This paper is prepared by giving it a coat of boiled linseed oil, with a small quantity of dissolved India rubber added. Those who wish to prepare paper for their own use can make an article equally good by giving it a coat of linseed oil, and when dry, or nearly so, give it a coat of shellac dissolved in alcohol, reduced to the consistence of common varnish. Fine Manilla paper should be used.

To insure the safe transportation of plants in the mail the roots should be protected with a covering of half an inch or an inch in thickness of swamp moss, or that gathered from the logs or rocks found in deeply shaded woods and on the north side of steep hills. The moss should be moderately damp, and spread out upon the paper of suitable size, and with a small portion of the moss mixed among the roots. The whole is then rolled up snugly and tied, and then again covered with a wrapper of common post office paper, to receive the directions, and marked "Seeds" or "Plants," as the case may be.

VEGETABLE LIFE.—It has been calculated that the sunflower produces 4,000, and a single thistle 24,000 seeds the first year; therefore, the second year's crop would amount to 16,000,000 of seeds in the former, and 576,000,000 of seeds in the latter instance. How immense the amount of vegetable life which may spring from a single seed! Happily for mankind, every vegetable embryo is not destined to give rise to a future progeny. Millions of seeds or vegetable embryo are annually called into existence, but a variety of causes destroys their incipient life. Many seeds are used as food by animals and a great many more decay. Were it not for the operation of these causes by which the species is kept within prescribed limits, such is the fecundity of nature that there can be no doubt that the seed from a single thistle or dandelion would, in the course of a few years, be sufficient to cover with plants not only every square inch of the superficies of our own world, but the entire surface of every other planet in the solar system. But although nature has been thus careful to insure a repetition of their beautiful and evanescent forms, all plants multiply within proscribed limits which they cannot pass; fecundity is, therefore, no barrier to the variety which everywhere prevails, which is the principal charm of the vegetable creation, and from which we derive so much instruction in the study of their individual forms. When, however, the seed falls into a soil favorable to its germination, it will grow and become a plant, running through all the phases of the vegetation of its predecessor.

EFFECT OF LIGHT.—Dr. Moore, the metaphysician, thus speaks of the effect of light on body and mind: "A tadpole confined in darkness would never become a frog; and an infant being deprived of heaven's free light will only grow into a shapeless idiot, instead of a beautiful and reasonable being. Hence, in the deep dark gorges and ravines of the Swiss Valais, where the direct sunshine never reaches, the hideous prevalence of idiocy startles the traveller. It is a strange, melancholy idiocy. Many citizens are incapable of any articulate speech; some are deaf, some are blind, some labor under all these privations, and all are misshapen in almost every part of the body. I believe there is in all places a marked difference in the healthiness of houses according to their aspect with regard to the sun, and those are decidedly the healthiest, other things being equal, in which all the rooms are, during some part of the day, fully exposed to the direct light. Epidemics attack inhabitants on the shady side of the street, and totally exempt those on the other side; and even in epidemics, such as ague, the morbid influence is often thus partial in its labors.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

NEWSPAPER people are proverbially temperate as well as virtuous. We believe one of the craft did get slightly tight a few days ago, and the following is a sample of his paper the next day: "Yesterday morning, at four o'clock P.M., a small man, named Jones or Smith, with a heel in the hole of his trousers, committed arsenic by swallowing a dose of suicide. The verdict of the inquest returned a jury that the deceased came to the fact in accordance with his death. He left a child and six small wives to lament the end of his unfortunate loss. In death we are in the midst of life."

A GENTLEMAN, on board a steamboat with his family, was asked by his children, "What made the boat go?" when he gave them a very minute description of the machinery and its principles, in the following words: "You see, my dears, this thingumbob here goes down through that hole and fastens the jigmaree, and then connects with the crinkum-crankum; and then that man—he's the engineer, you know—kind o' stirs up the —what-do-you-call-it—with a long poker, and they all shove along, and the boat goes ahead."

A GENTLEMAN was once arguing with a Scotch lady, when at length he stopped.

"I tell you what, ma'am," said he, "I'll not argue with you any longer; you're not open to conviction."

"Not open to conviction, sir!" was the indignant reply. "I scorn the imputation, sir; I am open to conviction. But," she added, after a moment's pause, "show me the man that can convince me."

"As to being conflicted with the gout," said Mrs. Partington, "high living doesn't always bring it on. It is incoherent in some families, and is handed down from father to son. Mr. Hammer, poor soul, who has been so long ill with it, disinherits it from his wife's grandfather."

A FEW days since I was sitting with Mr. Daw, the lawyer, in his office, in Court square; a client came in, and said:

"'Stokes, the livery-stablekeeper, took me in dreadfully yesterday, and I want to be even with him."

"State your case," said Daw.

Client: "I asked how much he would charge me for a horse to go to Dedham. He said fifteen shillings. I took the horse and went, and when I came back I paid him fifteen shillings, and he said he wanted another fifteen shillings for coming back, and made me pay it."

Daw gave him some legal advice, which the client immediately acted upon as follows:

He went to the stablekeeper and said:

"How much will you charge me for a horse to go to Salem?"

Stablekeeper replied: "Thirty shillings."

"Harness him, then."

Client went to Salem, came back by railroad, and went to stablekeeper, saying:

"Here is your money," paying him thirty shillings.

"Where is my horse?" demands the stablekeeper.

"He's at Salem," says client; "I only hired him to go to Salem."

COOKE, once performing in a country town, became indebted to a tailor for a suit of clothes. Shears offered to give him a receipt in full if he would allow him to play Catesby to his Richard. Cooke assented. In the tent scene, Richard started from his knees and shouted, "Who's there?" Shears rushed on, determined to make a hit, but Cooke looked so fiercely that Shears was frightened, and stammering out the beginning of his answer, unfortunately, in the middle, "'Tis I, my lord; the early village cock," the audience was in a roar. Cooke surveyed the speechless offender for some, as if enjoying his agony, and then growled out, in an audible tone, "Why, in the name of mischief, don't you crow, then?"

IT is said there are "tricks in all trades," and we believe it. Here is a development in this direction, which the reader can add to his present stock of facts proving the truth of the old adage.

"Never you buy a fat pig at New York," was the advice given us by one who had been there.

"And why not a fat pig?"

"'Cause, you see, they fat 'em too fast for the New York market sometimes."

"How so?"

"Why, you see, some of them west country dealers fetch their pigs in pretty nigh skin and bone. Well, jest afore fair day they gives 'em corn and salt—nothin' but jess corn and salt—no swill, no water. Next day pigs is amazin' thirsty. Then the sarpents gin 'em jest as much water as they kin drink. The pigs put into it, and keeps a drinkin' and drinkin.' 'Sposen on an average they swallow about a pail apiece. That makes 'em look all filled out, and sleek and heavy, I tell you; but there ain't no heart and substance in it. You carry one of 'em ere critters home, and calculate you've got a busterin' pile of pork; but jest you look in your hog-pen next mornin', and you won't find nothin' but a hog frame, skin an' bone, and dear at that. You can't tell me nothin' about fat pigs: I've been there, and I've seen 'em manufactur'd'"

A HANDSOME young lady being asked if she gave a kiss, replied:

"No; but I often have one stolen."

SOME people allow their affairs to become so deranged that their liabities quite go out of their minds.

WHO IS A QUARTERMASTER?—The man who gives the poor soldiers one quarter, and keeps the rest himself.

"UNION is not always strength," as the sailor said when he saw the purser mixing his rum with water.

LOVE generally makes a wise man act like a fool, and interest sometimes make a fool act like a wise man.

A LAWYER'S ELOQUENCE.—A young American lawyer lately concluded his argument in a case of trespass with the following sublime burst:

"If, gentlemen of the jury, the defendant's hogs are permitted to roam at large over the fair fields of my client, with impunity and without pokes, then—yes, then, indeed, have our forefathers fought, and bled, and died in vain."

"MOTHER, where's Bill?"

"My, son, do not let me hear you say Bill again. You should say William."

"Well, mother, where's William?"

"In the yard, feeding the ducks."

"Oh, yes, I see him now. But, mother, what makes the ducks have such broad williams?"

"Go out to your brother directly, you little scamp, or I'll box your ears."

A WOMAN had a man taken before a magistrate for coming into her house, and putting her in fear of an assault.

"Besides," said she, "he called me out of my name."

"But that's a civil action, madam," said the counsel for the defendant.

"No; it's not a civil action," cried the indignant lady, "and nobody but a lawyer would say so."

"I SAY, Sambo, can you answer dis conundrum; suppose I gib you a bottle of whiskey shut wid a cork; how would you get de whiskey out without pullin' de cork or breakin' de bottle?"

"I gibe dat up."

"Why, push de cork in. Yah, yah!"

A COCKNEY conducted two ladies to the observatory, to see an eclipse of the moon. They were too late: the eclipse was over, and the ladies were disappointed. "Oh," exclaimed our hero, "don't fret. I know the astronomer very well; he is a very polite man, and I am sure he will begin again."

A MAN may very well afford to have gray hairs, when a wife or sweetheart is getting too blind to distinguish them.

A ROMANTIC and laughable incident occurred lately at a London railway station. A lady "fair, fat and forty," expecting her husband to return to London by a certain train, went to the depot to meet him. After searching through the cars (or railway carriages, as they are termed in England) for some time, she astonished her companions by suddenly throwing herself into the arms of a venerable-looking, white-chokered son of Adam, exclaiming in a flurried and dulcet voice: "Oh, you dear old Charley, I've found you at last!" After sundry salutations of the basial order, she released the object of her warm regard, and, on taking a second sight, exclaimed in bashful accents: "Oh, dear, sir, I am afraid I've kissed the wrong man!"

The awed and gallant Lothario, taking off his hat, replied:

"Madam, I cannot but regret that I am not the right man and in the right place. Allow me to salute you for Charley!"

SOME wag tells a story of an old gentleman whose eight or ten clerks bored him continually with conundrums. Going home one evening, he was stopped in front of a closed store, by a countryman, who asked:

"Can you tell me, my friend, why this store is closed?"

"Go to blazes with your conundrums," cried he. "I've been bored to death with 'em these three weeks!"

YOUR LIKENESS OR YOUR LIFE!

Aspirants for fame in a photograph frame
Have a passion so morbid to hang in the street,
That the mob of renown 'midst the crowd of the town
Renders famous the mortal whose face you don't meet.

A MARRIED lady, who was in the habit of spending most of her time in the society of her neighbors, happened one day to be suddenly taken ill, and sent her husband in great haste for a physician. The husband ran a short distance, but soon returned, anxiously exclaiming:

"My dear, where shall I find you when I return?"

THE following epitaph conveys a back-handed compliment (unconsciously, no doubt) to the unfortunate deceased lord and master:

"Maria Brown, wife of Timothy Brown, aged 80 years. She lived with her husband 50 years, and died in the confident hope of a better life."

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U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

The Secretary of the Treasury gives notice that subscriptions will be received for Coupon Treasury Notes, payable three years from August 15th, 1864, with semi-annual interest at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum—principal and interest both to be paid in lawful money.

These notes will be convertible, at the option of the holder at maturity, into six per cent. gold bearing bonds, payable not less than five nor more than twenty years from their date, as the Government may elect.

They will be issued in denominations of fifty, one hundred, five hundred, one thousand and five thousand dollars, and all subscriptions must be for fifty dollars, or some multiple of fifty dollars.

The notes will be transmitted to the owners free of transportation charges as soon after the receipt of the original Certificates of Deposit as they can be prepared.

As the notes draw interest from August 15, persons making deposits subsequent to that date must pay the interest accrued from date of note to date of deposit.

Parties depositing twenty-five thousand dollars and upwards for these notes at any one time will be allowed a commission of one-quarter of one per cent., which will be paid by the Treasury Department upon the receipt of a bill for the amount, certified to by the officer with whom the deposit was made. No deductions for commissions must be made from the deposits.

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IT IS A NATIONAL SAVINGS BANK, offering a higher rate of interest than any other, and *the best security.* Any savings bank which pays its depositors in U. S. Notes, considers that it is paying in the best circulating medium of the country, and it *cannot* pay in anything better, for its own assets are either in Government securities or in notes or bonds payable in Government paper.

It is equally convenient as a temporary or permanent investment. The notes can always be sold for within a fraction of their face and accumulated interest, and are the best security with banks as collaterals for discounts.

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In addition to the very liberal interest on the notes for three years, this privilege of conversion is now worth about three per cent. per annum, for the current rate for 5-20 Bonds is not less than *nine per cent. premium*, and before the war the premium on six per cent. U. S. stocks was over twenty per cent. It will be seen that the actual profit on this loan, at the present market rate, is not less than ten per cent. per annum.

Its Exemption from State or Municipal Taxation.

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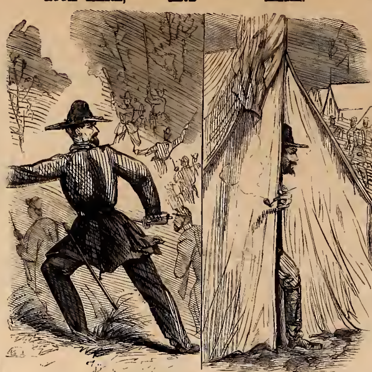

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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The Peace Question—The Ultimatum of Jeff Davis.

In the late peace mission of Messrs. Gilmore (or Edmund Kirke) and Jaques, to Richmond, although a volunteer enterprise on their own responsibility, these gentlemen, in our opinion, have rendered no small service to the Government and the common cause of the loyal States. From various sources through the newspaper organs of the unconditional peace party of the North, there had been such positive and circumstantial assurances of a disposition on the part of the chiefs of the rebellion to enter into negotiations for peace, and upon terms that would be acceptable to the North, that, looking to the practical unity of the North, it had become a matter of great importance to ascertain the real opinions of Jefferson Davis upon this question.

We have no doubt that Messrs. Gilmore and Jaques were themselves persuaded, before undertaking their journey to Richmond, that, in view of the desperate situation of the rebellion, they would find the rebel President and his ruling associates prepared to listen to almost any propositions that would open the door to negotiations for peace. From the interesting report submitted to the public by Mr. Gilmore, through the *Atlantic Monthly*, of the results of this mission of himself and patriotic colleague, we infer that they had also agreed Mr. Lincoln into such active sympathy with their hopeful anticipations, that he not only aided them in every needful way upon their journey, but that, in the conversation with Jeff Davis, they spoke according to the suggestions they had received at the White House. In other words, although they acted upon their own individual responsibility, and without any official credentials to back them, they doubtless appeared before Davis as in reality the representatives of the President of the United States, and were manifestly so entertained and dismissed.

Hence the importance of the essential facts connected with this remarkable peace conference between Mr. Gilmore, the learned and experienced traveller in the South, and anti-slavery romance writer, and his brave and patriotic colleague of the church militant, the Rev. Col. Jaques, on the one side, and the implacable despot of the so-called Confederate States on the other side. The peace overtures presented by Mr. Gilmore included the abolition of slavery, a general amnesty on behalf of the parties concerned in the rebellion, no confiscation, the return of the rebellious States to the Union, the debts of the so-called Confederate Government to be ignored, and the debts of the United States to fall alike upon all the States North and South. These propositions, we will assume, make up President Lincoln's ultimatum in behalf of peace. We think, too, whatever may be said of the condition precedent of the abolition of slavery by the rebellious States, the remaining propositions will be among the leading features of a treaty of peace, whether undertaken before or delayed till the 4th of March next.

The peace ultimatum of the rebel President, on the other hand, allows no margin whatever for peace negotiations or an armistice. The independence or subjugation of the rebellious confederated States is all that he has to offer. His people, he tells us, are not fighting for slavery, but for independence; that they cannot and will not return and place themselves again under the Government of the United States upon any terms; that, in fact, they are resolved upon an independent Southern confederacy, and will "die in the last ditch" rather than surrender. Accepting this report of Mr. Gilmore as conscientiously correct, we accept this fact as thus abundantly established—that our only available negotiators for peace are such masters of diplomacy as Gens. Grant and Sherman, and that invincible seafaring ambassador, Admiral Farragut. From a careful reading of Mr. Gilmore's report of this late peace mission to Richmond, we can arrive at no other conclusion. Gen. Grant, therefore, is the proper man to send into the rebel capital as our next ambassador in behalf of peace. His style of argument in favor of reunion is so convincing that we are quite sure his presence in the rebel capital will at once settle the question. Nor can we believe that any overtures or any arguments in view of peace negotiations or an armistice will be entertained by Jeff

FARRAGUT'S NAVAL VICTORY IN MOBILE HARBOR—THE HARTFORD ENGAGING THE REBEL RAM TENNESSEE.

Davis while he remains in Richmond. His situation is desperate; but he cannot yet run the hazards of any approach towards submission. He still points defiantly to the army of Gen. Lee, and leaves the issue of Union or Disunion to be settled between him and Gen. Grant. Anxious, therefore, as we are, from every consideration of interest and humanity, for the return of the blessings of peace, it is manifest that these blessings can only be recovered with the restoration of the Union, and that this consummation can be reached only through a vigorous prosecution of the war. In this view of the subject we have every cause for encouragement; for we are entirely satisfied that as this rebellion, originally supported in men and supplies from 12,000,000 of our Southern people, stands now reduced, practically, to a confederacy of less than 5,000,000, one-half blacks, the end must be near at hand.

The Seven-Thirties.

WHAT ARE THEY?

We trust that a large portion of our readers have pondered the appeal of Mr. Fessenden, our new Secretary of the Treasury. The purport of it is that the People of the United States, acting as a body through their agent the Government, wish individuals to lend them two hundred millions of dollars for three years, at seven and three-tenths per cent. annual interest, payable every six months. For this they offer Treasury Notes—that is, in reality, notes drawn and endorsed by every man in the country. The loan is wanted for a great national purpose, to effect which every man, unless he be a traitor at heart if not in act, is solemnly pledged.

The Appeal is addressed not merely to a few great capitalists, but also to the many whose aggregate means constitute the mass of the wealth of the land. The notes upon which this loan is asked are from $50 upward. Every man who has fifty dollars can take part in this loan. Apart from patriotism and the duty which all owe to their country, no investment is so desirable as this.

It is secure. Every dollar of every man's property is pledged for the punctual payment of the interest, and of the debt when due. The security is increasing in value. For some years before the war we were earning 1,000 millions a year more than we spent. During the three years of the war, owing to the high prices and constant demand for labor, we have earned more than ever before.

No man who could or would work has been idle; and, except for the war, we have spent less than before. In three years of the war we of the United States have certainly earned 3,000 millions more than we have spent apart from the war.

The cost of the war may be set down at 2,000 millions. Deducting this from our net earnings, the People who are security for this loan are 1,000 millions richer to-day than they were when the war broke out.

No other investment can be so easily convertible. The man who has a Treasury note for $50, or $100, or $1,000, can turn it into money more readily, and upon better terms, than if it were invested upon bond and mortgage, or in railroad stocks.

The interest offered is higher than can be realized from any other safe and convertible investment. It is, moreover, readily collectable when due. To each note are affixed five "coupons," or *interest tickets*, due at the expiration of each successive half year. The holder of a note has simply to cut off one of these coupons, present it at the nearest bank or Government Agency, and receive his interest; the note itself need not be presented at all. Or a coupon thus payable will everywhere be equivalent, when due, to money.

Thus, while this loan presents great advantages to large capitalists, it offers special inducements to those who wish to make a safe and profitable investment of small savings. It is in every way the best Savings Bank; for every institution of this kind must somehow invest its deposits profitably in order to pay interest and expenses. They will invest largely in this loan, as the best investment. But from the gross interest which they receive they must deduct largely for the expenses of the Bank. Their usual rate of interest allowed to depositors is five per cent. upon sums over $500. The person who invests directly with Government will receive almost 50 per cent. more. Thus the man who deposits $1,000 in a private Savings' Bank receives $50 a year interest; if he deposits the same sum in this National Savings' Bank he receives $73. For those who wish to find a safe, convenient and profitable means of investing the surplus earnings which they have reserved for their old age or for the benefit of their children, there is nothing which presents so many advantages as this National Loan.

It is convertible into a six per cent. gold-bearing bond. At the expiration of three years a holder of the notes of the 7-30 loan has the option of accepting payment in full or of funding his notes in a six per cent. gold interest bond, the principal payable in not less than five nor more than twenty years from its date as the Government may elect.

For six months past, these bonds have ranged at an average premium of about eight per cent. in the New York market, and have sold at 109 to-day (August 12th), thus making the real rate of interest over 10 per cent.; and besides, to make the inducement even greater, Congress by special act exempts its Treasury notes from State and municipal taxation. Could Shylock ask more? Was patriotism ever so liberally rewarded?

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 3, 1864.

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Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

Gen. Grant, on the 14th Aug., commenced a new movement by throwing Hancock's corps and the divisions of Terry and Foster across the James at Deep Bottom. The rebels were completely surprised. Gen. Birney cleared the riflepits; Barlow carried part of the works, taking many prisoners. This brings Hancock within two miles of Fort Darling.

Gen. Butler is engaged here in digging a canal across Dutch gap, by which seven miles on the river will be saved. The recent movement of Hancock took a battery that annoyed the canal workers.

On the 16th Warren, with the 5th corps, advanced to and crossed the Weldon railroad. He took up a strong position and was soon attacked by Hill, who forced him back a little, but was finally compelled to retire.

On the 19th Birney's 10th corps was attacked, but the colored troops repulsed the enemy.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

A blockade-runner attempting to get into Charleston ran ashore on Sullivan's island on the 12th, and was entirely destroyed by the Morris island batteries.

GEORGIA.

Sherman has pushed his right around to East Point, cutting off Hood's communication with Montgomery and Macon.

On the 6th Aug., in an attempt on the enemy's lines, the 23d army corps gained some advantage but lost over 500 men. Sherman's batteries are actually in the city of Atlanta sweeping the streets. Darien, in McIntosh county, is said to have been burned by our raiders.

Gen. Wheeler, with 1,700 men, on the 14th Aug., invested Dalton and demanded its surrender. Col. Siebold had but 800 men, yet he refused, and held out till he was relieved by Gen. Steedman, when he took the offensive and drove Wheeler off, a colored regiment throwing them into confusion. Wheeler lost 150 men. He is attempting to cut off Sherman's railroad line, and especially to destroy the tunnel at Tunnel hill.

Gen. Steedman started from Chattanooga and engaged Wheeler at Greysville. The action was severe; Steedman was wounded and Col. Streight killed.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

Gen. Sheridan has his army well in hand ready for Early's threatened advance. The position is one of almost uninterrupted disaster heretofore, and we trust that Sheridan will add to his laurels by a decisive victory.

Early has been reinforced by part of Longstreet's corps, but Sheridan is driving him down. In a recent fight at Front Royal, Meredith's cavalry division routed a party of rebel infantry, taking several hundred prisoners, 47 officers and three battle flags.

On the 11th Aug. Custer engaged the enemy near Winchester, and with Devens and Cesnola utterly routed them. The difficulty of guarding all the passes and preventing rebel attacks on his flank, rear and supplies, has induced Sheridan to fall back to Berryville, so as to be able to watch all important points.

MISSISSIPPI.

A sharp skirmish took place near Abbeyville on the 10th of August, in which Gen. Hatch defeated the rebel Chalmers, taking prisoners and caissons.

On the 13th Gen. Smith destroyed a part of Forrest's command at Hurricane creek, killing 50.

ARKANSAS.

The steamer Empress, from New Orleans, when near Guiness landing, was attacked from the Arkansas shore by a battery of six 12-pounders, supported by cavalry. Sixty shot and shell struck, killing five and wounding 11 of her 500 passengers. The Captain, Malley, was killed, and she would have been taken but for the fortunate appearance of gunboat No. 3.

KENTUCKY.

On the 13th of August 300 guerillas attacked Selma, Livingston county, but the garrison, 30 men of the 4th Kentucky, repulsed them, killing 8, wounding 15, and capturing more. The Union loss, three killed, one wounded.

A more successful party plundered West Point. The rebel Johnson still holds Henderson, and a party, under Hall, is at Brownsboro.

TENNESSEE.

A rebel force has taken possession of Cleveland, and a Union force left Chattanooga to dislodge them.

ILLINOIS.

Guerillas, on the 13th of August, captured three steamers near Shawneetown, loaded with cattle for Government. The rebel force (1,500 strong) was commanded by Col. Johnson.

NAVAL.

Since our last the Tallahassee has burnt the pilot-boat Wm. Bell and the ship Adriatic, from London. She captured also the brig Billow, schooners Spokane and R. E. Pesker, barque Glenalvon, and many others. Most of these were either captured or burned. She took 25 sail off Martinicus rock, six off Cape Sable, two off Portland, and then ran into Halifax. The British Admiral stopped her coaling, and she sailed again on the 20th.

Admiral Farragut's report gives his loss in the battle off Mobile at 44 killed and 88 wounded.

Farragut demanded on the 9th the surrender of Fort Morgan, and on its refusal prepared for a combined attack. The rebels destroyed all the outbuildings and burned the last of their vessels at the fort.

FOREIGN NEWS.

There is very little to interest us in the news from the Old World. Peace had been agreed upon between Denmark and the two great German Powers, but the price paid by the former was very high. Denmark had given up Schleswig and Holstein and part of Jutland.

The British people were very indignant at the wholesale territorial spoliation inflicted on Denmark by Austria and Prussia under the peace treaty drawn up at Vienna. Denmark could not resist longer in arms, the English Government and crown would not, or could not, aid her, so the brave little kingdom had to succumb. The real friends of Denmark were consoled with the hope that the Germans would quarrel over the division of the booty, and be in the end themselves robbed by Napoleon to a much greater extent.

The President of the Danish Council had communicated the matter to the Rigsraad, at the private sitting, and on the following day a motion was offered, and supported by a considerable number of the members, declaring that the silence with which the announcement was received must not be construed into an approval of the conduct of the Government.

Furloughs have been granted to all the Danish recruits undergoing preliminary drill. Troops were returning to Copenhagen from Funen.

The German papers assert that the Duchies have been surrendered in their entirety without reservation, and that Austria and Prussia have full liberty to dispose of them.

The Austrian Government has addressed a circular note to its representatives abroad, giving an analysis of the preliminary peace, and stating all questions relative to future disposal.

The arrogant manner with which Austria and Prussia had taken the entire affair out of the hands of the Germanic Confederation, had deeply wounded that pugnacious and pompous body, and would very probably end in widening the breach between the people and the unpopular King of Prussia, who had forbidden the circulation of *Punch* in consequence of its bitter attacks on him. Some numbers of the London *Times* had been seized for similar articles. Bismark, the Prussian Premier, was rapidly forcing on a conflict between the Prussians and their King, but the Teutonic is a very patient race, and the most experienced journalists of France and England had arrived at the conclusion that the daring and despotic minister would triumph.

The London and Paris papers adhere to their opinion that a new Holy Alliance had been formed between the rulers of Russia, Austria and Prussia. The *Opinione Nationale* says it will have the effect of cementing the alliance between France, England and the German people as against their tyrants. The King of the Belgians was on a visit to Louis Napoleon at Vichy.

The *Moniteur de l'Armée* says officially that "a notable part of the French army in Mexico" is to be brought home this year, and in the enumeration of the regiments, battalions and companies which are to return in 1864, gives the impression that this "notable part" will consist of about 10,000 men. As for the rest of the army, circumstances will decide the epoch of their return.

TOWN GOSSIP.

We cannot see that anything is so absorbing at the present moment as the coming draft and the means to avoid it. We fear patriotism among those who are left behind is almost a dead letter, but we also believe that it burns as bright in our armies as it ever did, and consequently that the draft is an excellent tonic and calculated to revive, especially if the patient should happen to get a front seat before Atlanta or Petersburg.

We will give the patriotic stay-at-home citizens of this great village just one month more to realise the force of what is coming. If then, with the taking of nearly 20,000 men from among us, they do not wake up to the fact that we have a war on hand, we are mistaken. There can be no doubt that this conscription is a bitter pill to take, but we feel that New York deserves it, and deserves it precisely in the shape she will receive it, that is, harder than any district or county in the State. With her immense wealth she could have avoided its severity. Money would have eased the road and left but little to do on the 5th of September, but unfortunately for the people there was nothing for the political masters who govern us to make, no job to be managed or stealings to be gotten, and consequently the people are left to suffer, while every other part of the State, with a mere fraction of our wealth, has carried away our men by the inducement of higher bounties, and is rapidly relieving itself of the incubus of the coming draft. In the meantime bounty brokers and runners are getting rich at the cost of our citizens and the men whom they are sending to represent them in the field. An able-bodied man is worth near about $1,000 bounty, and a stipend of $10 per month for three years. The risks are not large, and the man who is temperate can come out of the matter in a year or so with his $1,000 intact, and have enough to buy and stock a farm, or start a business for himself, provided he does not share the sum with a bounty broker, against which folly we would not insure one man in ten

Apropos of the draft, we were shown a very pleasant letter a day or two since from a "gintleman," a native of that isle commonly called "green," but of whose natives we can vouch that they partake of none of the color. We had assisted in putting the "gintleman" through as an able-bodied substitute to represent a friend of ours in the armies of our country, helping him to say in the long future that he had shown his patriotism to the extent of $900, in the hope that the innocent-looking alien who bore a musket in his name might bleach his bones on Southern soil to his the Yankee born's credit. The enlisting was well and speedily done, and $900 in greenbacks greeted Patrick's palm, more money than he had ever seen before, and our friend shook hands affectionately with him, giving as a parting injunction that he should never turn his back on the enemy, and that he should write and inform him how he was and if he wanted anything. Three weeks elapsed and the following letter reached our friend:

"On Board Ship—This Day—1864.

"Misther P——l, rispicted sur:

"Matein yer wishes, I take my pin in hand to rite yees a line, and baps my blissin's, an' those av Bridget, an' the childer, on yer head. May the blissin' av hivven wait on ye for the help ye've given a poor by to get along in the worrld. The granebacks ye was pleased to presint me didn't go a great way, blissid sur, in gitten sov'reigns, but there's enough to make the ould cabin at home my own; to buy a cow, a pig or two, an' mayhap put some sthicks av furnitur in the place, an' a drap of male in the tub, to say nothin' av a sup of whiskey an the day. It's many a night an' day in ould Enniskillen I'll be thinkin' av ye, and blissin' the hour I went to Amerriky to list. Befor this litter raches ye I'll be on the broad Atlantic, far from the "home av the free an' the land av the brave;" but maybe, av yees don't git over yer throubles I'll come back, misther P——l, an' list agin. By the piper I'll do more, sur, I'll tell all the byes at Enniskillen, an' they'll come over an' be yer substitutes as I have. Me love to Mrs. P——l, and the childer, an' yours, to command till deth.

"Patrick McDowd.

"P. S.—As yees told me av I wanted anything to ask ye for it, why it just sthrikes me that av ye would sind over by the nixt packet a small, little tub av boohou whiskey, the like av which I kind av took to while I was in Amerriky, it would plase the boys at Enniskillen, an' maybe fitch 'em along quicker as substitutes. An' resave me blissin' agin. Patrick McDowd."

Enough on that head, for Julia who stands beside us, watching with a great pair of brown eyes all we are writing, says she does wish we would write about things of more importance than the draft: hoops and crinoline, now, for instance, or milk, or the advance in stage fare, or the high price and deteriorated quality of sherry cobblers and ices, and a hundred other things that agitate society every day. Accordingly we shall take them up consecutively.

Hoops, she says, are gradually going out, more's the pity, and ladies are coming back to the old days of a multiplicity of skirts hanging heavy and limp from the waist. Nor is this all, for it seems that a plot is on foot to inaugurate their banishment by frowning down every hoop appearance at the coming season of opera. Upon what this movement is founded we do not positively know, but we opine that it has something to do with the late agitation at the Grand Opera, Paris. If this is so, we can only inform the fair dandizettes who are making the effort that the Parisian crinoline excitement did not arise among the audience, but was an absolute order issued by the director to the coryphees and lady attendants upon the stage, an order against which they rebelled, but which has been strenuously carried, and should be adopted in our own theatres. The object gained is that it makes the understandings of the ladies less apparent when they are not absolutely dressed for a pedal display. In other words, a chorus may be got up superbly in all outer covering, but from a supposition on their part that their long skirts hide the omission the shoes and stockings are oftentimes positively objectionable, and the use of crinoline makes the display unavoidable. That is the secret of the Paris opera crinoline talk, and we hope our own managers will profit by it.

And now about milk. Can any of our rural friends realise the good city of New York without milk for its breakfast? And yet this thing does occur sometimes, especially on last Wednesday morning, when the singular spectacle was presented of thousands of people traversing the streets, from six to nine A.M., carrying pitchers and pails of every size, and searching for the lacteal. The milk train of the Erie road had collided with an up train, near Turner's, and New York was milkless until after twelve o'clock, the only ones escaping the general impoverishment being those who believe in the stump-tail article and act accordingly. An incident of the kind only shows how perfectly we are creatures of habit, and how the deprivation of even so unimportant an article as milk is calculated to overthrow the whole social system.

Next comes the rise in stage-fare, which is being quietly carried out this week, though only a few weeks since it was put down by universal acclamation. This time the stage proprietors have gone moderately to work,

and have only tacked two cents on, making the whole fare eight cents, a rise for the sanction of which they have appealed to the public in a card tacked up in each bus, wherein they explain to their patrons the relative prices of hay, oats, feed and iron in 1860 and now. We think that the public will now generously admit the rise, and not frown it down as they did a few weeks since.

The week has been signaled in the dramatic line by the re-opening of the Winter Garden, new painted and puttied, and with a partially new company. The night was inaugurated by Mr. J. S. Clarke as Major de Boots in "Everybody's Friend," in which he brought to bear those inimitable legs, which have already electrified the public as the property of Mr. Toodles. Among the new candidates for favor this season are Miss Carr, who did what little she had to do, as Mrs. Major de Bootes, very cleverly, emphasising her "Major!" with considerable vim; Mr. Walcot, jun., as Felix Featherly, reminded us much of his father, not that we would insinuate he is as good an actor as his father once was, but that there is something of the senior's mannerism about him; Mrs. S. Brown, as Mrs. Swansdown, was neat and pretty, as she is in everything she does, and is a real addition to the company. Of the old company, the pretty and always good Mrs. Chanfrau deserves first mention, and next comes Dolly Davenport, who seemed to partake of the spirit of the new paint and putty, and to act in that way.

The adornments of the house are not very extensive, but are enough to do entirely away with the mouldy, dilapidated look it bore last season. The proscenium has been illustrated from the plays of Shakespeare by Mr. John Lafarge, of which illustrations, as works of art, the less we say the better it will be for Mr. Lafarge. The footlights have been sunk the same as in the Olympic—a great improvement—and the stage has been recarpeted, but there is still room for great additions to the scenic stock. The orchestra is under the leadership of Mr. Robert Stoepel, which will be a warrantee for its having been strengthened and improved. All things considered, we congratulate Manager Stuart on his advance, and earnestly hope that the house will never again run into the sere and yellow leaf that it did under last season's direction.

Mr. Dan Bryant closed at Wallack's on Saturday last, and Miss Olive Logan commenced on Monday with a new play by Mrs. Bateman, called "Eveleen," of which next week we shall have something to say.

The new Broadway, once Wallack's, opens on Monday next, with Mr. John Owens.

Heller announces his opening for the 12th of Sept., and among the new things in which he has been getting posted is that last sensation of London entitled "Anthropoglossos."

The Anthropoglossos is a single mechanical head which sings six songs with a human voice. Heller proposes to give us a whole dozen of Anthropoglossos, arranged as a minstrel band. We tell the thing as it is told to us, without comment. Beside which the magical man promises several new things from the other side of the water, calculated to rather stultify matter-of-fact people.

The actors have held another meeting, and Mr. Davidge announced their success in most emphatic terms, declaring their numbers at about one hundred, and comparing the movement to that of the Anti-Corn Law League, which began with thirty-five members and ended with a whole nation.

Barnum is doing a splendid summer business with his pantomime company, and bids fair, by present appearances, to make it a winter company also.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—A telegram was received on the 17th August by Gen. Hays emanating from the War Department, and conveying instructions to have all the enrolment lists ready by the 1st of September, as it is the intention of the Government to carry out the draft on the 5th. Notification of completion of the enrolment will be transmitted to Washington, in order that the proper quotas may be set down. It is stated that a large number of troops will be sent to the city to enforce the draft.

—— A great wrestling match was held on the 17th of August between Harry Hill, the proprietor of the Cremorne Garden, and a young Philadelphian, Prickett, for $500. Prickett was the victor. Harry Hill is nearly 50 and his antagonist but 24.

—— A large and enthusiastic mass meeting of the printers of this city, and co-operating delegations from the various working men's associations, was held in the City Hall Park on the 18th Aug. A large body of the printers, headed by a band of music, marched in procession to the Park, where speeches were made and resolutions adopted setting forth the justice of the demand of the Typographical Union for the increased scale of prices.

—— The official report of the Treasurer of the recent Sanitary Fair in Brooklyn has just been published, and shows the receipts of the Fair to have been as follows:

Cash donations	$208,523 30
Admissions	50,572 07
General sales	126,971 66
Dept. of articles, relics, etc.	10,502 08
"Drum Beat" Committee	3,051 06
Post Office	830 55
Skating pond	587 45
Refreshment saloons	15,975 16
New England Kitchen	4,815 99
Sales of buildings, etc.	1,609 88
Total	$403,423 28

The expenditures were as follows:

Buildings and decorations	$12,749 93
Rent of Academy	4,750 00
Doorkeepers, ticket sellers and clerks	2,017 50
Gas, fuel and insurance	728 72
Music, badges, flags, etc.	1,125 44
Certificates to contributors	1,236 40
Advertising and printing	5,483 59
Other expenses	938 97
Total	$29,029 54

—— The Metropolitan Gas Company have notified the city authorities that from Sept. 1 their charge will be $50 per year for each street lamp—just double the present price. No contract exists with them. Their district is that part of the city between the rivers and 42d and 79th streets. The Manhattan is the only Gas Company now under contract with the city. The contract extends to 1868, at $15 per lamp.

—— Nearly 16 millions of the National loan have been taken.

—— Seventeen newspapers have been discontinued in New York State since the 1st of August, on account of the high price of material.

—— The largest gambling-house in America, outside New York, is kept by John Morrissey at Saratoga.

—— In Idaho nothing goes as a circulating medium but gold dust. Every man carries his little buckskin pouch, and, no matter what his purchase is, he pays for it in the precious legal tender of the realm, which is weighed on scales kept for the purpose, whether the article bought be a cigar, a drink of whiskey, or something of more utility and value.

—— The barbarities practised by guerillas in Missouri have probably no parallel in any war on record. They appear to act more like fiends than men in human form with human impulses. Some of their atrocities are most horrible to relate. A few days ago a young man named Hart was murdered in St. Francois county, under circumstances of the most revolting character. When found after his capture by the bushwackers he was suspended from a tree in such a way as to have produced a lingering and excruciating death, his hands being tied behind his back by hickory thongs passed through holes bored in his wrists. Other marks of aggravated torture were found upon his person. Another case of extraordinary atrocity was the killing of an old Methodist preacher, named Morris, in Platte county—a man 60 years of age—whose eyes were first put out, and then he was shot. The shooting of innocent, unarmed citizens is a thing of daily occurrence.

—— The New York horse railroads intend petitioning the Legislature to increase the fare to 10 cents.

—— It is reckoned that the summer residents of New Orleans is larger than it has ever been before, numbering 175,000. Since the Union forces have occupied the city there has been no yellow fever.

—— Litchfield, Conn., has voted an additional $500 to every one who will volunteer.

—— The imports for the first seven months in 1864 exceeds those of 1863 by $40,000,000, while the gold duty increase is $16,000,000.

—— Patrick McGrath, a Massachusetts shoemaker, went to Canada to escape the draft, and died of starvation in the streets of Quebec.

—— The "pretty waiter-girls" have all been expelled from the concert saloons in Philadelphia, under the operation of a new law enacted by the Legislature.

—— The hard-working car horses in New York are kept in good order from 13 pounds of hay and 17 pounds of meal per day.

—— A coachman, of aristocratic proclivities, advertises for a situation, with the proviso that "none need apply who have not kept their carriages over three years." A hit at shoddy.

—— A substitute broker in Poughkeepsie got rightly served a few days since. In trying to get a countryman drunk he took too much himself, and was enlisted by the individual whom he hoped to sell. He did not find out his mistake until the next morning.

—— Mr. John Mullaly, editor of a weekly paper in this city called the *Metropolitan Record*, was arrested on the 19th by United States Deputy-Marshal Peel, on a warrant issued by Commissioner Osborn. The warrant of arrest was issued on the affidavit of United States District Attorney Smith, which warrant sets forth that the said John Mullaly, in an issue of the *Metropolitan Record* of the 6th of August last, caused to be printed, issued and published an article entitled the "Coming Draft" and other articles, in which he counsels one Seymour and other persons to resist the draft ordered by the President of the United States, to take place in September next. The accused was brought before Commissioner Osborn to answer; but examination into the case was postponed till the 23d of Aug., Mr. Mullaly in the meantime being admitted to bail in the sum of $2,500.

Military.—Hexamer's battery, which left Hudson county three years since, and has served with great distinction in the Army of the Potomac, was mustered out of the United States service at Trenton on the 18th, and returned home on the 19th, arriving in Jersey city at three P. M., where they received a public reception, both military and civic. The number of men returned is 65; 31 have re-enlisted and remain; three were killed during their absence; the time of nine of them expired a few weeks since, and the balance have been discharged on account of wounds, disability, &c. They went out 152 strong. The members of the battery have participated in the following battles: West Point, Gaines's mills, Malvern hill, Harrison's landing, Bull run, Fairfax Court-house, Antietam, first Fredericksburg, second Gettysburg, Battle of the Wilderness, Coal Harbor and Petersburg.

Personal.—The Davenport Brothers, with their manager, Harry Palmer, sailed for Europe on the 20th of August.

—— The American Consul at Alexandria, who has had a difficulty with the Egyptian Government, is not Mr. Charles Hale of Boston, this official not having arrived at his post yet, being detained in England.

—— Gen. Burnside is at Providence, R. I., on a visit to his family. It is said he is at variance with Gen. Meade, each blaming the other for the misfortune of the 30th ult.

—— Edmund Kirke, who lately paid a visit to Jeff Davis with Col. Jacques, is about publishing a volume on the subject. An excellent way to puff a work.

—— Lady Franklin is said to be a strong sympathizer with the rebels. She recently entertained a party of them at her residence in London. The reasons for such sympathies in that quarter are not understood.

—— Queen Victoria has been pleased to confer the dignity of Baronet of the United Kingdom upon Sir Charles Lyell, the eminent geologist, by the title of Sir Charles Lyell, Baronet of Kinnordy, in the county of Forfar.

—— Admiral Buchanan, who has been taken prisoner at Mobile, was commandant of the Washington Navy Yard in 1861. He resigned on the 19th of April, and afterwards asked to be restored, but his request was refused. He commanded the Merrimac in her attack on our fleet in Hampton Roads, and in the battle with the Monitor, and blew her up when Norfolk was occupied by Gen. Wool.

Obituary.—The Utica *Herald* announces the death of Philo Gridley, former Justice of the Supreme Court of this State. He had been in low health for a long time. Judge Gridley was a native of Connecticut, and was born in 1797. He selected the law for a profession, and made his residence at Hamilton, Madison county, where he resided for over 30 years, highly respected. In 1838 he was appointed Vice-Chancellor of the Fifth Circuit, by Gov. Marcy, and continued in office till the adoption of the Constitution of 1846, after which he was elected to the Bench of the Supreme Court, and held that position six years. He was the Judge before whom the notorious Alexander McLeod was tried for murder in 1841. As a jurist he had few superiors, and his dispatch of business was rapid. The "delays of justice" and the "uncertainty of the law" were not axioms of his court. After the expiration of his official term Judge Gridley removed to Utica, where he spent the remainder of his life. His death removes another of the veterans of Western New York.

—— Simeon Hagan died at Sprague, Conn., July 22. He was 95 years old, and was born in the house in which he died.

—— Zelger, a bass singer, long connected with the Italian opera in London, died lately at Ghent from poison very singularly administered. It appears that some three years since M. Zelger, having to perform the part of Walter in "Guillaume Tell," at Covent Garden, and having to whiten his moustache and beard, made use of a new composition, which, in the course of the night, brought on a violent fit of vomiting, which was succeeded by a long lethargy. From that time, says the London *Musical World*, his health was never completely restored, and he sank, in all probability, a victim to his imprudence or heedlessness.

Accidents and Offences.—Emanuel Herzberg, a physician, 51 years of age, having an office at No. 1 Amity street, was arrested on Aug. 16 by officer Croker, of the Lower Police-court, on a warrant issued by Justice Hogan. Dr. Herzberg was charged by Miss Mena Baddendick, a girl 16 years of age, living at 439 Washington street, with having, by force and violence and against her will, committed an indecent and felonious assault upon her. The complainant called at the doctor's office to consult him in regard to her health, when he sent her to an upper room of the premises, where he appeared soon afterwards and committed the crime.

—— A few miles from Utica the other night a wounded soldier knocked at the cottage door of a woman, whose husband is a soldier in the Potomac army. She kindly made him welcome, and upon his showing her his honorable discharge and credentials to his excellent conduct from his officer, invited him to stay all night. During the night three burglars attempted to break into her house; the soldier flew to the rescue, and killed one; wounding and capturing the other two; one of whom was her brother-in-law. The rascals came after $500 which her husband had sent her the day previous.

Foreign.—The horses in the Emperor's carriage took fright the other day, when a most serious accident seemed inevitable. They were, however, pulled up at last. The Emperor said to the Princess of Metternich, who was with him in the carriage, "We narrowly escaped death." "Your Majesty escaped death—I immortality!" she promptly and wittily replied.

—— A Liverpool magistrate, having had occasion to give an opinion as to a matrimonial difficulty which came up before him, concluded his remarks with the following opinion: "It is always a bad arrangement for married people, whether high or low, rich or poor, to have a wife's sister, or a brother, or other relatives living in the same house with them."

—— Lord Overstone, who has just died, has left personal property valued at £5,000,000 sterling. At the present exchange it equals $70,000,000 of greenbacks. He was formerly one of the firm of Jones, Lloyd & Co., London bankers.

—— Prince Napoleon's newest born is to bear the name of Louis Napoleon. Its godfather is to be the King of Portugal; its godmother, Princess Mathilde.

—— They have a queer monarch in India, whom the Bombay press just now are giving "particular fits." He is called the Gækwar (President) of Baroda. It seems that his highness recently spent £500 in celebrating the marriage of a pair of his favorite pigeons: and he is now about to throw away still larger sums on the marriage of some dogs that have just arrived from England.

Chit-Chat.—The leading article of a London journal of large weekly circulation makes the following confession, while maintaining that England can fight as well as ever: "This nation of shopkeepers is that of the Nile, of Balaklava, of Aliwal—that built the Alabama, that manned her, that carried her into action with the Kearsarge. The men that fought against such odds—the surgeon that sank with the ship rather than desert his post—the gunners that loaded and fired till the sinking of the ship drowned out the fires of the engines—these men were Englishmen—as true hearts of oak, as seasoned chips of the old block, as ever swept the seas with Blake, or with Rodney, Howe or Duncan."

—— Professor Snell, of Amherst College, who has kept a meterological register for 28 years, says that Monday, the first day of August, was the hottest day during that period.

—— Gen. Scott refers to it as "a striking fact, that three ex-Vice Presidents, Aaron Burr, John C. Calhoun and John C. Breckinridge became, each in his day, a leader in treason."

—— A soldier's wife, writing to one of the west-end aldermen, of this city, in regard to her State aid, says: "I have not had any children since my husband went away. I have three, and if I had known of this war I might have had three more, as I should like to send a regiment of my own raising to the army, as I am patriotic and Union clean through, though I am styled a Massachusetts negro, here in New York State, because I am for the war until every man is free as God created him." Great deal of self-reliance about that woman.

—— A few leading Boston ladies have signed a card "to retrench our expenditure in dress." We know of a lady who has not had a new dress for three years, and who has never failed, since this war began, to devote a large portion of each day to working for the cause. When we see ladies in calico dresses we have faith in their addresses.

—— The Vergennes *Vermonter* says that in Ferrisburg, the other day, two sisters, women grown, were seen engaged in most essentially aiding in harvesting the hay. One of the sisters was riding the mowing machine, guiding the horses, and cutting down the grass—the other was riding the horse-rake. It is worthy of mention that the only brother of these sisters is in the army.

—— Charles Gates, a minor son of William K. Gates, of Lee, Mass., wished to enlist, three years ago, but his aged parents objected to it. One morning he was sent to drive the cows to pasture, on his way to work, taking his dinner with him. But at night he did not come back, because he had run away and enlisted in the 10th regiment. He remained through the three years without a furlough, and returned with the regiment, unharmed by the rebel bullets. He arrived at the old pasture at home one night last week, just at "cow-time," and leisurely drove up the same old cows, as if he hadn't been away for three years. His reception was a joyful one, none the less so as his coming was a complete surprise.

—— No proper name can escape being turned to ridicule, by adding to it a droll prefix. Lyon, a great coxcomb, to his serious distress, was everywhere greeted as "Dandy Lion." No man was ever more annoyed than he was by this ridiculous joke, and great was his relief when he inherited an estate, with the privilege of assuming the name of "Winder." Had he laid aside his absurd style of dress, it is possible he might have thus escaped the ridicule to which he had thus exposed himself: his relentless companions merely altered but his nickname, and he was ever afterwards known as "Beau Winder."

—— When the war first broke out, a young married man of Steubenville, Ohio, volunteered. He was reported killed at Perryville, and subsequently his wife received a metallic coffin, which purported to be the body of her husband. She buried it with all due ceremony and affection, and after more than a year elapsed she married again. A few days since an exchanged prisoner passed through Steubenville, and left a message from the husband supposed to be dead, that he would probably be soon exchanged and would be home again. Her present husband is a worthy man, and the case becomes somewhat embarrassing.

—— At the new Richmond Theatre they have two "new" comedies; "The Gay Deceiver" and "Leap Year," and in rehearsal "Sixteen String Jack," "The Bohemians of Paris," and other novelties.

—— "Boy!" called out Brown to the waiter at Sam's. "Don't call me boy, sir; I'm no boy, sir," said the latter. "Then do as you'd be done by," put in Brown, "and don't call this mutton lamb any more!"

—— Cherubini's widow died lately at Neuilly, aged 91.

—— A gentleman at Charleston, who before the war had considerable property and lived well, wrote lately to his mother, in Washington, as follows: "It is trying indeed to me to feed and clothe my family of eight. I shall be thankful if I live through this unnatural and horrid business, and am able to save my little ones from absolute want and starvation. We live principally on corn bread and rice, with not a piece of fresh beef more than once in three weeks, and no coffee, tea or sugar. $25 of Confederate money is really worth about $1 of former times. There are, however, innumerable persons in the South far worse off than us. The following are the prices of living: Beef, $5 ℔ lb; bacon, $5 and $6 ℔ lb; corn meal, $15 and $20 ℔ bushel; flour, $275 and $300 ℔ barrel; molasses, $40 ℔ gallon; sugar (brown), $7 and $8 ℔ lb; coffee, $12 ℔ lb; tea, $28 and $30 ℔ lb; bread (bakers'), small loaves, $1 ℔ loaf—good sized loaf, $2; boots, $300 ℔ pair; shoes, $100 to $125 ℔ pair; cloth, $80, $90 and $100 ℔ yard, and everything else in proportion."

The new Cosmetic, Distilled Dew, is rapidly gaining popularity with the fair sex. It is one of the most refreshing and beautifying preparations ever offered, and has none of those deleterious effects which too frequently attend similar washes. The office is 718 Broadway.

New York and Erie Line.—For persons going West the New York and Erie line is one that particularly recommends itself to travellers. It is a broad guage line, and the cars are clean, airy and commodious. We must particularly praise the night cars; they are really admirable. The arrangements are under the superintendence of our excellent friend, Mr. Charles Minot, who stands at the head of railroad officials.

The Navies of the World.—The navy of Great Britain carries 14,050 guns; of France, 8,876; United States, 4,184; Russia, 2,013; Holland, 1,220; Denmark, 958; Sweden, 920; Spain, 904; Austria, 852; Italy, 789; Portugal, 362; Norway, 340; Turkey, 297; Brazil, 276; Prussia, 265; Greece, 149; Peru, 104; Chili, 66; and Belgium, 28. The navies of the world consist of 1,684 steamers and 1,296 sailing ships, carrying 36,653 guns.

The red, white and blue—the red cheeks, the white teeth, and blue eyes of a lovely girl, are as good a flag as a young soldier in the battle of life need fight under.

OUR MEXICAN FRONTIER.

Cotton was, from the first, the capital of the rebels in carrying on their operations. As one by one their ports were captured or blockaded the cotton trade was driven to the Rio Grande, and when our occupation of Brownsville interrupted it here it retired up the river to Piedras Negras. Here, on a steamboat, a cotton press was improvised, and as the caravans from the interior reached the bank and crossed the cotton was packed and sent down to Matamoras.

Our Special Artist, while on the Mexican side, visited the depot of this trade, and his sketch will give our readers some idea of the activity with which trade is carried on in this recently lonely spot. The din of commerce, the mixture of English and Spanish languages, costume and manners, make it a most exciting scene.

THE BRIDGE OVER THE MATTAPONY AT MILFORD STATION.

The beauty of American scenery, either when spring first clothes the landscape with green or in the full drapery of summer, or when fall dyes the leaves with those wondrous colors which give a charm to death, can never exhaust in its inspiration poetry and art. This pretty picture of a Virginia scene, how little does it breathe of war? Yet, here within three months the two mighty armies now contending before Petersburg swept by on the path of blood from the Rappahannock to the Appomattox. The Mattapony is a pleasant little river, formed of branches to which fancifully the successive syllables of the name have been given, so that Mat—Ta—Po and Ny combine to form with sound and water the Mattapony. It rises in Spottsylvania county, and after forming the boundary between counties that bear the royal names of King and Queen and King William, swells the waters of the Pamunky, and thus reaches the York and Chesapeake bay.

MONARCHY IN NORTH AMERICA.

Triumphal Entry of the Emperor Maximilian and his Empress into Mexico.

The conclusion has been reached; the empire founded on French bayonets is established! After long delays and hesitation Maximilian sailed to Mexico, and, reaching Vera Cruz on the 28th May, proceeded at once to the capital. His entrance was invested by the French with all possible pomp, and we illustrate it, from a drawing by a French Artist, as one of the great events of the time.

The entrance took place on the 12th of June. The previous day, at eleven A.M., 500 horsemen and 250 calèches, filled with all the important personages who could be gathered, rode out to receive the sovereigns as far as Santa Cruz. Here Maximilian and his wife descended from their carriage, having arrived with a brilliant cortége. Amid the sound of cannon and church-bells, the Emperor and Empress advanced on foot to the city, where they were received by the civil authorities and by many Archbishops and Bishops. The Chapter of the Abbey of Guadalupe conducted them under a canopy to the cathedral, amid a wondering but not very enthusiastic crowd.

They were here received and felicitated by Gen. Bazaine and Gen. Neigre.

The next day, at eleven A.M., they entered Mexico itself with great pomp. The street was lined with soldiers and flowers were thrown before them at every step. If we believe French accounts, the reception was one of the most enthusiastic ever given to a new prince.

A PERSISTENT YANKEE.

A correspondent writing from before Petersburg relates the following:

A sergeant stepped out from a riflepit on Sunday and moved towards the enemy, waving a late paper, regardless of the probability that he would at any moment be shot. A rebel officer shouted to him to go back, but the sergeant was unmindful of the warning, and asked:

"Won't you exchange newspapers?"

"No," said the rebel, "I have no paper, and I want you to go back."

With a singular persistence the sergeant continued to advance, saying:

"Well, if you hain't a paper, I reckon some of your men have, and I want to exchange, I tell you."

"My men have not got anything of the kind and you must go back," said the officer, in a louder tone, and with great emphasis.

Nothing daunted, the Yankee sergeant still advanced until he stood plumply before the indignant officer, and said:

"I tell ye now you needn't get your dander up. I don't mean no harm no way. P'raps if ye ain't got no newspaper, ye might give me suthin' else. Maybe your men would like some coffee for tobacco. I'm dreadful anxious for a trade."

The astonished officer could only repeat his command:

"Go back, you rascal, or I'll take you a prisoner. I tell you we have nothing to exchange, and we don't want anything to do with you Yankees."

The sergeant said ruefully:

"Well, then, if you hain't got nothin', why, here's the paper, anyway, and if you get one from Richmond this afternoon, you can send it over. You'll find my name thar on that."

The man's impudence, or the officer's eagerness for news, made him accept. He took the paper, and asked the sergeant what was the news from Petersburg.

"Oh! our folks say we can go in there just when we want to, but we are waiting to gobble all you fellows first," was the reply.

"Well, I don't know but what you can do it!" said the lieutenant, turning on his heel and re-entering the riflepit; "meanwhile, my man, you had better go back."

This time the sergeant obeyed the oft-repeated order, and, on telling his adventure, was the hero of the morning among his comrades.

Should Bitter Beer be taken Before or During Meals?—For some time past I have been of opinion that bitter beer, which is now in very general use, possesses the property of suspending or retarding the process of digestion if taken during a full meal, more particularly with meat diet. If it be true that the process of digestion is allied to that of fermentation, may we not infer that whatever possesses the property of arresting fermentation may also arrest or retard digestion? We know that hops, when added to beer, especially in excess, prevents the liquor from passing so readily into acetous fermentation; and I believe Liebig informs us that bitters, opium, tobacco, essential oils, etc., also possess the same property. It therefore becomes a dietetical question whether doctors should recommend patients to take bitter beer (the bitter principle may not always be hops, but something more objectionable) during a full meal on meat diet, or whether such beer should be taken before dinner as an ordinary tonic.

A shopkeeper purchased of an Irishwoman a quantity of butter, the lumps of which, intended for pounds, he weighed in the balance and found wanting.

"Sure it's your own fault if they are light," said Biddy, in reply to the complaints of the buyer; "it's your own fault, sir, for wasn't it with a pound of your own soap, I bought here myself, that I weighed them with?"

The shopkeeper had nothing more to say on that subject.

EXPLOSION OF THE POWDER BARGES HENDRICKS AND GENERAL MEADE AT CITY POINT, VA., AUGUST 8.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. F. MULLEN.

OUR MEXICAN FRONTIER.—COTTON PRESS AT PIEDRAS NEGRAS, ON THE RIO GRANDE, THE CENTRE OF THE REBEL TRADE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. ROMVILLE.

MERCY.

As angel lit on the vesper star,
When the red sun sank to rest,
And her robes were white as virgin snow
On the moonlit valley's breast.

A diamond wand in her right hand bore
A broidered banner sure,
And she sighing looked on the scene below,
Through the brown of the dewy air.

One by one young planets winked
Through the veil of the twilight sky,
Like the stolen glances flashing sent
From a harem beauty's eye.

The raging crescent's trembling light
Fell softly soft and mild,
And the world beneath was stilly calm
As the soul of a sleeping child.

The robin hopped along the path
Nigh tame as tame may be;
The black bat flitted closely by
From the shade of the linden tree.

The drowsy daisy had closed its lid,
The forest birds all were mute,
And the stream crooned sweet on the listening ear,
As the notes of a chanted lute.

"I've seen the cannon's sullen mouth
Point straight to a breast of crime,
But the bloodless ball kissed far beyond,
For a mother had asked in time.

"I've seen the blackened chasm yawn
For a ship on the foam-rimmed wave,
But the wild surge shrank like a frightened thing
At the prayer of the wilder brave.

"I've seen the lightning's forked flame
Dart down with a mission to slay,
But the maiden's cry up quicker came,
And the fire-lance turned away.

"There is love even yet for the guilty of earth,
There is joy for the penitent's tear,
O God! that the ensign of havoc should flout
And the rivers run raddily there.

"Your spirit, vain man! should be dove-like and pure
As the fount of the jewelly rill,
But the gates of your Eden no passing fair
Ope wide to the serpent still."

The seraph said, and unseen away
Flew back to the realms of light,
And the evening star waxed brighter then
In the gloom of the gathering night.

A RING TO WEAR.

BY CATHARINE EARNSHAW.

CHAPTER I.

IT is four years since I last saw Christine Lindsay. Knowing the hopelessness of my love, I still possessed the dear knowledge that she had once loved me even as I still loved her. I could not strive for the repentie of other affections or fancies, for to my heart "twas sweeter for her despairing" than a triumphant life with any other. Every scene of splendor or beauty brought her more vividly to my memory, and now, as I leaned from my window, I seemed to be standing again by her side. Ladies and gentlemen were promenading on the piazza below my window—their voices rose in the murmurous music of society in modulated tones. I listened without hearing, wondering if they were as happy as they seemed. The summer season was getting to its height, and every coach to-day had brought some new arrival. I had come from Havre but a few weeks before, and was interested in learning the ways of America's elite.

"There's the last carriage from the boat," some one on the piazza remarked, as a carriage wheeled into the approach.

"There's not another boat to-night, is there?"

BRIDGE OVER THE MATTAPONY RIVER, NEAR MILFORD STATION, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. FORBES.

"No; thank fortune. At this rate of arrivals, somebody would be obliged to leave. If this is a big hotel, Lloyd can't store many more away."

"Don't grumble," said the other voice; "these last new-comers are an addition to our society, I assure you. If this moonlight doesn't deceive me, the people alighting from that carriage are the Molvanes party whom I met a month ago in Newport. Yes, I am sure. We'll see them at breakfast, and if you say so, I'll present you."

"And who, pray, are the Molvanes?"

"Don't know exactly—they are not Americans. They are very rich, I'm quite sure of that."

Here the two young men walked out of hearing. It was the only connected conversation I heard from the piazza, so I happened to remember it. But it had passed from my mind long before the next morning, and was only recalled by a remark made to me by Felton, one of the gentlemen whose words I had overheard. He sat beside me at table, and asked, after a desultory talk of a few minutes:

"Mr. Standish, has it happened that you have ever met with the Molvanes in your travels?"

"Never, to my knowledge; why do you ask?" I replied.

"Oh, simple curiosity, that's all. They came here last night, but I don't see them at breakfast. They are English, or Scotch, I should judge, and most aggravatingly exclusive. I believe you English always are."

"I won't discuss that," I said, smiling, "for I am not English—I am Scotch."

"Not English?" cried Felton; "I could have sworn you were. Why, Standish is pure English."

"Yes, I know it," I said, feeling the old cloud of my life settling over my face.

Felton looked towards the door which had just opened. An elderly lady and gentleman entered.

"Ah, there is Mr. and Mrs. Molvane. How unfortunate that the star of the party, their ward, remains invisible. I wonder if they will recognise me?"

While my valuable companion rattledon, I locked up at the table where the new-comers had taken their places. They were entire strangers to me, and I only gave them the interested glance that a man gives to fellow-countrymen whenever he sees them in a foreign land. Their look was unmistakably Scotch, of the educated, upper class. Resolving that I would introduce myself to them on the plea of a common nationality, so soon as an opportunity occurred, I went on with my breakfast, listening with placid interest to the talk going on round me.

I was absent all that day. I went out, as I had done several times since my arrival here, alone in a little rowboat. The sea was glowing with sunset gold as I at last left my boat and walked up the sands to the house. Instead of going up the broad gravelled way I passed through a small oak grove that formed a part of the grounds of the hotel. I walked listlessly, with bent head and hands clasped behind me. The path I took wound deviously, and passed behind a little grapevine arbor. When I came close to this I saw the gleam of a lady's hand from between the broad leaves. Some one was half reclined the other side of the lattice, and had passed her hand through the greenery. All I could see was that snowy hand—not rounded as fine ladies' hands are, but with slender fingers, a shape betokening intellect and power. With a suffocating cessation of the pulses of my heart, I had recognised that hand, for whose honorable possession I would give my life. On one of its fingers burned with coal-like fire the ruby ring I had placed there years ago. I stood still, half panting with the suddenness of the recognition. Self-indignant that I had not more control, I governed my accelerated pulses and walked on up the path. I had hardly taken half-a-dozen steps before Felton called to me. He was leaning against the entrance to the arbor; he said:

HAPPY MOMENTS.

"Have you become a wood-or-water-sprite Standish, that you have deserted us to-day?"

His tone indicated that he wished me to stop, but I continued walking, and answered:

"If I have been transformed it is only into a priest of Neptune. I've been on the sea all day."

"Well, come back and tell us about it—or are you in the first stages of starvation? You must be, unless you devoured your fish uncooked."

Thus called, I turned back. Had the girl in the arbor recognised my voice, or had she, with woman's perogatives, forgotten it as a thing of a never-to-be-recovered past?

I stood at the arbor door, and glanced at her face as Felton said:

"A fellow-countryman, Miss Molvane—Mr. Standish."

As I had so often in visions seen Christine Lindsay so she stood before me now. Paler than when I had seen her last, with less of impulse and more of coldness in her face; her mouth showed somewhat of habitual self-restraint, and some would have called it haughty; the purple darkness of her eyes gleamed royally as ever.

She bowed distantly yet graciously, and as sat down she let the folds of her handkerchief over her left hand. Was she afraid that again pressure to cherish high hopes because still were the ring she had promised to Heldshe come to wear it as a task, only for sake and not for love? To think that she ceased to care for me gave a more dreadful than to know that she could never be mine. shall not be bored by any observances on my part, I thought. Felton sat down opposite her, but I remained standing. It was evident that he thought this our first meeting, indeed there was no reason why he should not.

"Have you been in the States a long time, Miss Molvane," I asked. "If I understood Mr. Felton, he said you are not American."

"No; I came to Boston some six months ago, so you see I have not been here so long but that I sometimes feel a pang of homesickness."

The old, familiar music of her voice, the old enchanting endearments of her presence; and I was talking with her like a stranger. I wondered if I should ever accustom myself to this intercourse.

"You still are true to your old love of heath and

THE RING RECOGNISED BY ITS GIVER.

mountain then?" I said. "You seem to disprove the doctrine that, for a woman, it only requires absence to induce forgetfulness." I did not speak bitterly, only in the quiescent tones of one stranger to another.

Involuntarily, and it seemed unconsciously, she raised her handkerchief to her lips, thus showing the subdued sparkle of her ring. She replied:

"Mr. Standish can hardly be a Highlander, if he says a Scotchwoman can ever forget."

"I beg your pardon," I returned, "I only suggested that possibility; I know full well the Gaelic tenacity, I believe I share in it, as I certainly have a right to do."

I stood at the door, half resolved to walk abruptly away. She spoke again, and I listened with downcast eyes, half imagining I stood with her again in her father's house by the heavy rolling Dee.

"And you—have you just left Scotland? Have you any news from home?"

I looked up and said, with frigid tones:

"I, Miss Melvain! I am self-expatriated. I have not been in Scotland for four years."

She turned slightly pale, her lips trembled; she did not reply, and I went up to the house, leaving Felton to prattle to an auditor who I felt confident would not understand what he said.

Several days passed, during which I only saw the Melvanes at table. I was favored with invitations to join several excursions; being told by Felton, as an inducement, that Miss Melvane was going. Though I did not absolutely decline, still I did not go.

At last Felton declared I was ungallant, and a bear. Any other man would be delighted, he said; they were so exclusive, he wondered that they had recognised him. Meanwhile, I was trying to imagine why Christine had dropped her own name—that of Lindsay—for which I knew her to have a strong hereditary family pride. I wondered if some dreadful thing had happened to the Lindsays—were they dead, or dishonored? and so the heiress had for ever cast from her that endeared name for the less ancient one of her uncle Melvane. When I had last seen Christine at home she had worn about her neck the Lindsay chain which the heir of her family always preserved as the token of their implacable hatred to the Drummond clan, with whom they had been at feud since the memory of the oldest Lindsay—for tradition had handed the quarrel from father to son.

Since Christine had been with me at the same hotel, her presence had unavoidably recalled still more vividly, if possible, that time of enchanted, mutual love, before it had been discovered that I was one of the detested race of Drummonds and that henceforth, for ever, there would be an insuperable bar between me and the woman I loved. Though I fled from this paradise from which I was excluded, I could not bring myself to take the name which belonged to me by birth and blood. I preferred the name by which Christine Lindsay had called me, and so I relinquished to my unknown younger brother the rights of Angus Drummond.

Sitting alone on the sands, hearing the monotone of the waves on this strange American coast, I imagined and lived again in sweet idlesse those times when loch and brae were dearest sights in the world to me, because I saw them with Christine. Sometimes from the rocks or in a boat near the shore I heard her voice in laugh or talk with some pleasure party, and the sound melted into my dreams and made that memory of the past more real for a moment than this hopeless present. How inexhaustible seemed our fairy mine of joy. But, suddenly and fiercely as fairy w ath, our joy had fled, our sky was clouded, and a wanderer over the face of the earth. So the thoughts ran into each other as I lay in the sha ow of a rock on the beach, one afternoon in August. One arm was bent over my face, and with my eyes on the blue above me, I listened to the roll of the blue at my feet.

A shrill voice near me caused me to start slightly.

"My!" it said, in subdued treble, "here is a man asleep. Do you know him, or must we leave this shady place just as soon as we find it?"

The voice of Christine replied in a low tone:

"It is Mr. Standish, who is stopping at the same hotel with us. We won't disturb him."

I rose to my feet. "I beg you will not leave because I am here, Miss Melvane," I said. "I will not frighten you, if you'll let me stay, or if you desire it, I'll depart."

"You will displease me greatly if you go away," she replied. "We are not princesses, to drive people from a chosen solitude. We are the intruders, Mr. Standish."

She stood tracing characters with her parasol in the sand as she spoke. The warm glories of this summer day had tinted her olive face with a faint crimson, and given to her eyes a languid fire that answered back to the splendor of sky and sea.

"We never consider a happiness as an intruder," I said, with more the air of a gallant compliment than I had intended. She turned her eyes from the water to me with an air of cool surprise, that I fancied, in spite of its coolness, had a little of grief in it; then she looked towards her companion and presented me to her. An airy flutter of ribbons, smiles and kindness, Miss Gervase, from Boston, greeted me with superabundant good will, and while Miss Melvane strolled along the sands in the shadow of the rocks, we chatted together of routs and theatres till I felt as if I had been desecrating the solemn minstrelsy of the sea.

At last Christine returned and stood by us; there fell a silence between us, broken by Christine, who said to Miss Gervase:

"Dora, if you have satisfied your exploring desires we will go back, for I don't fancy a solitary supper."

The two girls started off towards the pebbly path, down which they had descended to this sheltered nook. Some undefined feeling that they might not want me prevented my accompanying them. I leaned back against the ragged iron-bued rocks and listened to their retreating footsteps, and watching Christine as she walked over the stones. Still musingly looking at the point of rocks round which they had disappeared, I was surprised to see them return, Miss Gervase, in advance, walking hurriedly. As they came near I noticed that the face of Miss Gervase was pale, it seemed to me with terror. I looked eagerly at Christine. Only the crimson tints had left her cheeks, otherwise she looked as when she had left me.

"Oh, Mr. Standish, what is to be done?" cried Miss Gervase, with clasped hands. "The tide has come in over the path by which we came, and we can't get up there."

For the first time I noticed that the water had risen into the gulleys of sand, and through a rocky gap, which, when they came, had been green with slippery seaweed and yellow with long, snaky kelp. I remembered the way by which I had reached this spot, and I said:

"There is no need for alarm—at least, I think not. If you are sufficiently hardy to return with me in the rough way I explored, we shall be able to reach the top of the rocks in safety."

"Any way to get out of this horrid place," Miss Gervase said.

Christine smiled, and remarked:

"What an adjective to apply, Dora! I think this the most picturesque spot I've found on the coast."

"Doubtless," was the reply; "I'll agree with you when I can view it from the rocks yonder. Till then, let me despise it heartily."

Meanwhile they were scrambling up the rocks, assisted by my hand and their own steady spirit. The path grew more difficult every moment. My nerves seemed steel, so strong was my purpose to conduct the two girls in safety. I was aware also of a feeling of triumphant joy that again Christine Lindsay was dependent on me for rescue. We did not talk, I only gave the necessary directions, and they responded only by actions. We came to a chasm; a huge, black rock, with the marks of centuries on its blackened surface, was cut downwards in the middle, split through more smoothly than human hands could have done it. It formed a gully so wide that I could just conveniently leap across it, when I came down to the sands alone. Could I ever get the two girls over? Afar down the barnacled sides, in the miniature ravine at the bottom, the water came in, in thunderous claps that seemed to shake the coast, and that sent the spray up over us in blinding beauty, making the rocks glow with slippery sheen.

We stood a moment on the verge, with the tide every moment creeping up the rocky points, that were covered with a rank growth of seagrowing weeds and moss. I waited to get full breath before I essayed the leap. Miss Gervase looked at me with terror-stricken face, but she uttered no word and made no scene, as I might have judged she would from our interview on the sands below. Christine stood a little apart, her face, with its parted lips and dilated eyes, fixed towards the fierce waters that came coiling and then rushing into their home in the stony gulley. She looked as if some weird spirit had fascinated and was beckoning her to its home—as if she might have heard the music of Parthenope, and would throw herself into the sea for the sake of the melody she heard.

"Miss Melvane," I said, "will you try this leap with me? It is a necessity for us."

She turned towards me, her face glowing with some inward exultation.

"Let Dora go first," she replied; "then, if you want to come back, you may take me."

"If I want to come back!" I repeated, forgetting myself so far as to look for an instant into her eyes.

I turned abruptly from her, and cautioning Miss Gervase not to make an effort herself, I took her in my arms and jumped across. One false movement and we both should crash down over the century-hardened rocks, broken, dead. But I safely cleared the gap and placed Miss Gervase, faint and trembling, on the stone, and with an agile bound was back again.

Christine had not been looking at the waters then; that she had thought of nothing and looked at nothing but me I knew by the expression of her face. I extended my hands without speaking. She advanced a step towards me, and then her foot slipped and she staggered towards the chasm. My heart seemed riven by some horrible fate. I reached her side and caught her in my arms.

"My God!" I cried. "Christine, you will kill yourself, for all my efforts."

I trembled so that I hardly dared think of essaying the crossing again. She perceived the vibration of my frame, and withdrew herself from my arms.

"I have startled you," she said; "I was very careless. I will try to take more heed. I forgot where I was standing."

By a great exertion I brought back my nerves into the tenseness of action. I felt tempted to whisper to her, as I again held her in my arms, that I could not deplore a fate that should precipitate us into eternity so long as she was with me, but I said nothing. I took her safely over, and when we were sufficiently rested we walked back to the hotel. Miss Gervase uttered her thanks in a tone so true and womanly that I should have felt repaid had I done her a service at a greater risk. Christine remained silent till we reached the deserted piazza, then, as Miss Gervase entered, she turned to me and gave me her hand, her left hand, with my ring burning upon it.

"Mr. Standish," she said.

I held her hand in both my own. I waited for her to continue. Her face was averted, and I could not see her eyes. She stood for a moment thus, as if struggling to speak, then withdrew her hand and hastily entered the house.

That evening Miss Gervase spread the story through the parlors, and for the hour nothing else was talked of. Miss Melvane, they said, was somewhat indisposed from the excitement of the afternoon. She did not come downstairs. I stood by the chair of Miss Gervase, that evening, interested by the sweet gratitude I saw in her beautiful face. I felt myself somewhat drawn towards her, because she had been with Christine, because I now no longer wondered that Christine had chosen her for a friend. Underneath the graceful frivolity of fashionable life I discovered the pure throbs of a kind, impulsive, womanly heart. I was so unconscious of the remarks my attention, coupled with the events of the afternoon, had caused, that I hardly understood Felton, when he said, as he bade me good-night:

"Confounded lucky thing of yours, Standish. Old Gervase is a rich old Beacon-streeter. I wish you joy."

I forgot his words without wondering what they meant. Afterwards I learned that he only expressed the gossip of the evening.

CHAPTER II.

Without, a fair, still night of summer, with stars burning warm and yellow, a faint, sweet wind that hardly stirred the tall beach grass, and that let the foam of the waves fall softly, without tossing it into spray. Such a night calmed my heart as I stood on the R—— House piazza and looked away from the gaiety around me. Within there was the crush of a dance, the mazes of enervating, inebriating music, the heavy scent of heliotrope mingling with the perfume of newly kidded hands and the fume of sweet wines.

Leaning on the railing, I was suddenly aware of the fragrance of heather floating on the air. I turned quietly. Near me, but half screened by the national festoons of this festal night, I saw Christine standing alone, and looking, as I had been doing, out at the calm waters. It was not for me to resist going to her side and speaking to her. It was a fortnight since I had rescued her from the incoming tide, and I had hardly spoken with her since, though not a day had passed without interviews with her friend, Miss Gervase. I stood for a moment watching her. She seemed then to my warm imagination as beautiful and unattainable as a fairy princess. Her heavy garnet silk, the rich lustre of the gold she wore, increased rather than lessened her imperial Southern beauty. A blonde would have been overloaded thus dressed, but not an olive-hued and dusky-eyed brunette.

I stood by her side. There was snowy lace at her throat and over her neck. I looked in vain for the gleam of that Lindsay chain, whose accompanying vow had been so fatal to my happiness. A sprig of purple heather was in her hair, and in the fingers of the hand that hung over the railing.

She turned her faultless face towards me with a calm greeting. Her manner seemed like snow, soft and cold, but still not precisely repelling. The absence of her chain, for which I could not imagine a reason, gave me a nameless hope—a hope which I dared not own to myself.

"You are very fortunate in being able to procure heather here at a ball by the American seaside, Miss Melvane. Where in the world did you obtain it? Excuse my curiosity."

"It is very pardonable," she smiled. "I sent to Boston this morning for it. But see, Mr. Standish," she held the spray towards me, "it is only a frail houseplant, after all. It lacks the vivid bloom of our native shrub."

I took the flower in my hand.

"It is homesick, like you, Miss Melvane."

"I!"

She raised her eyes, brilliant and distant, to mine for a moment.

"You are very rapid in forming conclusions."

"Am I not correct?" I asked. "You are not aware how closely I scan your face. What other interpretation shall I give that inexpressibly sad curve of your mouth, that droop of your eyelids when you are alone and at rest. You long for the home you have left behind."

The red of something like angry surprise flashed over her face. She looked for a moment out over the sea before she replied. Then her voice, instead of being indignant, was ironical.

"Mr. Standish has changed somewhat if he now finds amusing occupation in such objectless study of faces."

It was the first allusion, however remote, to the fact of her having known me before. My tone was as cold as her own as I replied:

"I do not study faces; I am no physiognomist."

I could hardly prevent myself from asking why the chain was absent from her neck. Still nothing but her own words could have made me speak of it. I still held her flower in my hand.

"Will you oblige me to return it?" I asked.

"Is the knight begging flowers of his fair ladye?" asked a sweetly modulated tone behind us.

Miss Gervase stood near us, her sapphire eyes blazing with soft flame. Miss Melvane bent slightly forward, and said, in answer, to my question:

"Yes; if you please," in so distant a manner that I could have flung the blossom, in despairing rage, at her feet.

I placed it silently in her extended hand and turned abruptly to Miss Gervase, saying, as I offered her my arm:

"You see the fair ladye keeps her blooms. It must be that I am not a faithful knight—" some wretched impulse prompted me to bend my head towards my companion and murmur the words: "not faithful to her."

I placed my hand over the fair fingers on my arm as I spoke. The cold, serene manner of Miss Melvane had taunted me to it; I had no hope that in hearing those words she would be as miserable as the spirit that prompted me to utter them had made me.

I led Miss Gervase to the far end of the piazza; as we returned slowly we saw Christine standing, with a proud droop of the head, tenderly fondling the flowers in her hand. She turned before we reached her and entered the parlors. Half an hour later, when Miss Gervase and I stood among the dancers, Christine was floating through the maze with starlit eyes and speaking face, listening with rare kindness to the whispered words of her partner, and her partner was the dashing, fashionable Felton.

His face bore evidence that he was under a more complete enchantment than I had deemed him capable of feeling. At last he whirled his companion near the recess where I sat with Miss Gervase. He stood over her chair, and in the pauses of our talk I heard snatches of their conversation:

"Yes," she was saying, in assent to some remarks of Felton; "they prefer the quiet of the evening to this heat. I left them on the verandah."

Felton said something and laughed slightly as he ceased speaking. I glanced at Miss Gervase, she, too, had heard their words, and her cheeks flushed as her eyes met mine. I wished to speak, but I could think of nothing to say. Again Christine spoke, this time with only the casual interest one takes in a stranger.

"Everyway worthy, I presume. Mr. Standish seems to be a gentleman. You say he is a countryman of mine, too, Mr. Felton; if such is the case I ought to be assured of his superiority."

She laughed. I could not hear Felton's reply, but from his tone he must have murmured a compliment.

I begged Miss Gervase to dance with me, and in a moment more we were gliding past the two whose unwilling listeners we had been.

So completely did Miss Melvane withdraw herself from me, that, had I striven to see her, I could not have succeeded. It was not my purpose to make any efforts towards interviews with her, and my reason told me that I should be glad she thus seconded my desire for self-restraint. Though she was every day in some excursion with me, though every night I saw her in the parlors, I was as far removed from her as though she was in Scotland and I in America. Had I been less passionately and hopelessly in love with her I should have left the place where she was, thus acting upon the dictates of my conscience. But how could I forego the happiness, dreary and unlighted as that happiness was, of looking upon her as she moved through the rooms and talked with her companions? I saw every movement of hers, though I might be apparently devoted to Miss Gervase.

Unconsciously to myself, I became the cavalier of Miss Gervase, never once thinking the remarks it might cause. I escorted her and her only to all places of amusement. I was not sufficient of an egotist to think that she might come to like me; I forgot that my rescuing her from that fearful high tide might throw a glamour over her eyes for me. In the sweetness of her heart I found the only relief I knew from the bitterness of the destiny that separated me from Christine, and that relief was only momentary and partial. Sometimes, in the darkness of my misery, I wished that Christine and I had never met again after that brief time of happiness for us both. Had I not seen her, I might have been comforted by the belief that she still loved.

How imbecile I seemed to myself in those days! Wretched where I was, and yet unable to leave. Vacillating between what I thought my duty and the inclination that gave me the poor pleasure of seeing Christine, though between us there passed no words.

A month since I had seen Miss Melvane at the R—— House. Divided between my desire to stay, and the duty that pointed out a different path to me, I had at length resolved to leave and wander in search of the apathy which seemed so far off. I would give myself a few more days of life in the presence of Miss Melvane, but next week I should leave the seashore. I would shut from my life the fair imaginings that only rendered me morbid and unfit for even the life of a man of wealth and leisure. Had the country-seat of my family—the Drummonds—been in any other part of Scotland than adjoining the estates of the Lindsays, I might have resolved to return and devote myself to the sylvan life to which my fancy inclined. But the thought of revisiting scenes of such dear reminiscences, with the brand of an exile on my heart, was too bitter to encounter.

These thoughts and memories brooded like dark winged birds over my soul as I sat alone in the grape-vined arbor of the hotel grounds. Looking out at the entrance with introspective and unseeing eyes, I was suddenly aware of a shadow at the door. Startled from my reverie, I returned to the present—but without moving from my position. It was the handsome, graceful form of Felton who stood there. His face was turned somewhat from me, and he did not at first notice that I was there. He held a small miniature in his hand, his eyes were on it, and in the tender curving of his lips I knew how the picture affected him. I was not so far off but that I could recognise in the picture the unrivalled lineaments of Christine Melvane. How came Felton to have the portrait of Miss Melvane? Their friendship must be fast merging into a stronger feeling. This then was the enduring, the eternal love which was to outlive any separation. Could I forget Christine's face as she had told me how deathless was the passion I for the first time had called into life? It had become now quite imperative that I should forget. Unwilling to penetrate into the privacy of Felton's heart, I dropped the book I had not been reading and yawned. He turned abruptly, with indignant face, but as he saw me, his expression changed; he advanced to my side.

"It is you then, Standish?" he said; "I was afraid it might be some of the tattling old dowagers round here, and I'm in a bad mood for them."

He sat down by me and absently took the book

that had fallen from my hands, turning over the leaves carefully, though he held it wrong side up.

"You seem particularly glum," I said, clasping my hands over my head, and looking lazily at him, though it seemed as if my eyes must read his soul's most guarded hopes.

"Did you see the picture I had just now?" he asked suddenly.

"I saw you had a picture," I replied.

"It was a lady's picture," he said.

"Is it so very strange that the handsome Felton should have a lady's miniature?" I exclaimed. "Fortunate woman, I should say!"

"Don't laugh at me," he said, with nothing of his easy, graceful assurance. "Here, I don't mind showing you the picture, for if the original refuses me, I shall—oh, Standish, I shall be accursed!"

I was startled by the vehemence with which he spoke. I could hardly recognise in him the brilliant and seemingly care-free acquaintance of this watering-place. I looked at the shadow of the face he had placed in my hand. The midnight eyes and dewy, crimson lips of Christine met my gaze. I was not to be betrayed into a long look at that bewitching face, I instantly closed the case and returned it, saying:

"You are already favored if she has given you this."

"Yes, so I should think," he said, "if she had given it me. I just found this by the seat where Miss Gervase has been sitting; it probably belongs to her, and I shall return it to-night."

He did not resist the inclination to look again at the face. Even while I felt the torment of jealousy and despair, I could not but admit that I had never really admired this man till this moment, when I discovered how strongly he loved this woman so worthy of it.

"I have laughed at love," he said, at last, "because I thought the fleeting fancies I have felt were all I should ever know. Now, at last the grand passion of my life has met me. Do not laugh, Standish, when I tell you how I long to declare my love to her, and yet how I dare not, for fear of that dreadful possibility. Am I so very weak?"

He bent his face to his hands as he finished speaking; I put my hand on his shoulder.

"You know I am incapable of laughing at you, Felton. Do you wish me to tell what I think of the probabilities of your success?"

He looked up eagerly as a boy, but with all a man's earnestness in his face.

"Yes—tell me!"

"I can only say what I judge from her manner. Idling here as I have been, I have fallen into the habit of observing. I have watched you somewhat, Felton; it seems to my judgment that you will be accepted."

I would have said more, but I would not continue unless I could speak in the calm, cool tone in which I had thus far spoken. His face grew radiant at my words.

"I have sometimes thought," he said, "that she favored me more than others; but somehow I have lost all the egotism I ever possessed, and which used to serve me so well that I never feared a repulse in any matter. I wonder why it is?"

"It is very evident why it is," I said. "I prophesy a happy future to you," I continued, rising from my seat, for I felt that I could not longer sustain such a conversation. Felton rose and grasped my hand.

"Wish me success, Standish," he said.

I could not force myself to wish that another man might marry the woman I loved. I felt myself grow pale as he spoke.

"Don't you wish I may be happy?" he asked, for I stood dumb, strangely different from my manner a moment ago. I rallied and replied:

"I have prophesied happiness, is not that sufficient? Your love makes you exacting even to your friends."

He looked at me doubtfully a moment, then said:

"You seem very kind to me, but I don't think I understand you yet. For all your apparent frankness with me, I see I do not know you. However, I do not repent having spoken to you."

I returned the pressure of his hand, and said earnestly:

"Believe me, you shall never repent it."

He walked away, leaving me indignant with myself that I had not better control of emotions which should have been in complete submission. It was humiliating that I had lived all my life a man of the world, and still allowed myself to be swayed by thoughts of things unattainable.

I hardly saw Felton again for a day or two. I was shoving my boat from the sands into the water, preparatory to one of my solitary rowing expeditions, when Felton called to me from the ridge of the beach where he and Christine were standing. I paused in my labors and the two came down to me.

"What in the world are you going to do with that little shell?" Felton asked; "it's not large enough for one, is it?"

"I'm going to take my last row, for I leave the day after to-morrow."

Christine, who was turning over shells with her foot, did not pause in her occupation or look up.

"To leave!" exclaimed Felton, "that's very unfortunate; we reckoned on you for one of the managers of our excursion inland this week. You'll postpone your departure of course?"

"Impossible!" I said, decidedly.

"Miss Gervase will persuade you," he replied, with a laugh. "I wish your boat was larger, Standish, for Miss Melvane and I were just saying we had never been in a row boat on the ocean. She thinks the sense of nearness to Neptune would give a delightful feeling of insecurity."

"My craft will carry just two," I said, "is it useless to leave it to your own agreement whether one of you shall go?"

"Is it perfectly safe?" Felton asked.

"Oh, yes—entirely so."

"I'm going to try the original method of a 'toss-up'" said Felton, "provided you will acquiesce in the decision, Miss Melvane, and further provided that you'll return to the hotel without an escort if I win. Is it agreed?"

He turned his gay, animated face to hers with an expression hard to resist. She looked cold and somewhat distant, but she said:

"Certainly, if you wish it."

"Your emblazonment shall be the Indian's head," he said, tossing a penny in the air.

I could not be an indifferent spectator. Though I expected no pleasure, even if Miss Melvane should be my companion, yet I felt a wild hope that I might be once more alone in her presence, and when Felton cried:

"I have lost, and you have won!" I felt such a vibration through my frame as only Christine could cause. I glanced at her face. Her eyes were soft and sweet, but her mouth was curved in the set lines of resplendent pride.

"I fear this expedition is unpleasant to the lady," I said; "I will excuse her attendance if she wishes it, though her presence would give me great pleasure."

"I avail myself of no excuse, Mr. Standish. If you will take me out, I shall like to go."

"I am ready then," I said.

She took my extended hand and seated herself in the boat. I shoved off, feeling that once more I held in my hands the life of Christine, even as I had done years ago in the defiles of Glen Darroch. I tried to take all the comfort I could from that thought. But it was hard to have her thus sitting near me, we two alone on the water, and between us the insuperable wall of a deadly family feud. Without that barrier there rose the brilliant face of Felton to mock unconsciously at any shadow of a hope I might have.

"You do not know but I am a very unskilful boatman, Miss Melvane; yet you trust to my guidance. I should feel very grateful, for to believe that one places confidence in me is one of the happiest feelings."

I had resolved I would for this hour pass her cool reserve, I would not now seem like the indifferent stranger I had appeared during her stay at the shore. She looked up with softened mouth and eyes, and said in her most melodious tones:

"Then let me be the one to inspire in you one of your happiest feelings, for I trust in you entirely."

My eyes flamed, my lips grew hot with the words. I wished to speak, but she turned away with an unmistakable look on her face, which said, "thus far and no farther." I only said in a constrained voice:

"You are very kind, you know that I appreciate your kindness."

An unhappy silence fell upon us. Miss Melvane sat leaning over the boat's side, trailing her hand in the water, till the drops of the emerald sea turned to blood as they gleamed on the ruby on her finger.

Meanwhile the sun was sinking in the sky, fast nearing the western horizon. I rested on my oars, and looked across the water over the softening landscape towards the departing sun.

Miss Melvane said, "Mr. Standish," I turned towards her. Her hand was raised slightly and extended towards the west to which I had been looking. She repeated in a musical monotone:

"Above the sea, beneath the sky,
Suspended 'tween two worlds of bliss,
Our slumberous hearts shall pulse and lie
Becalmed upon this dear idlesse;
Our fancies fly with yon curlew,
Or poise on foam with that seamew.

So drift we on in royal state
Over this gleaming amethyst,
Till out by the sun's fair Western gate
Wavered the golden evening mist,
And brought to our wistful, yearning eyes
A glimpse of our longed-for Paradise."

Her voice had murmured into the silence; it ceased, and she bent again over the side of the boat.

"That is not an improvization, is it, Miss Melvane?" I asked.

"Oh, no, I was quoting."

"The song of some languid lover afloat with his lady-love, I suppose?" I said.

"No; the song of one friend to another. Shall we go back now, Mr. Standish?"

For reply I turned the boat in shore. As the keel grated on the sand, Miss Melvane waved her handkerchief to some one walking at a little distance on the beach. I looked up, and Miss Gervase bowed to me.

"Has she become reconciled to your departure?" Christine asked, lifting her skirts and stepping from the boat.

"She does not yet know that I am going," I replied.

"You are competent to console her, so I need not feel troubled for my friend. Thank you for my row; I have enjoyed it very much."

She gave me a little gracious bow, and walked up towards the hotel. Miss Gervase was standing with a group of ladies and gentlemen. I felt almost sure that she would like me to join them, but the remarks Miss Melvane had just uttered made me half unwilling to do so. After two or three hesitating steps in a different direction, I advanced towards Miss Gervase. The slight, pleased smile with which she greeted me soothed my perturbed spirit. Unconsciously to myself I led her apart from the rest, and we two walked alone to the hotel. For some reason I did not mention my intended departure to her then. I talked on with reckless haste, till, as we mounted the steps to the piazza, Christine came forward to meet her friend, then I bowed to both and walked away.

In the evening I should receive the farewells of my acquaintances, for I started early the next morning. In the evening I would endeavor to thank Miss Gervase for the kindness she had shown me. I thought of this as I sat in my room awaiting the supper-bell; then everything was merged and overwhelmed in the thought that to-morrow I should again be speeding away from Christine, this time with no assurance of her love to console me. Feverishly throwing such thoughts from me, I walked to my window and leaned out, cooling my unhappy spirit by the sight of the everlasting ocean. In a moment, Christine's voice came up through the open windows of the parlor, and all the grand calm the sea had given to me was gone.

I closed the window and sat down; to-morrow night I would be far enough away from all enchantment. I resolved that I would not stay below, that I would spend the evening in my room. I would receive the adieux of my friends directly after supper, and not prolong the farewells.

I descended when the bell rang, and met Miss Gervase in the hall. She sat beside me at table, and though she talked gaily of almost everything, she did not mention my departure, though half the people near us asked me questions concerning why I was going, and urging me to remain.

With the hand of Miss Gervase on my arm I sauntered through the parlors, offering my good-byes to those who chose to receive them. At last we advanced to Christine, who stood by the window with Felton.

"I came to pay my parting devoirs, Miss Melvane," I said; "join with me in the wish that we may happily meet again."

She did not raise her eyes; she extended her hand and replied:

"I do most sincerely unite with you in that wish. Good-bye!"

A moment after, Miss Gervase and I were alone on the gravelled walk. I told her that she had rendered my stay at the seaside infinitely more pleasant than it otherwise would have been. I offered her gratitude as heartfelt as any I ever knew, and I hoped we might meet again, and meet as warm friends as we parted now.

Till now I had almost forgotten the insinuations I had heard concerning the relations between my companion and myself. I had never possessed the vanity to imagine her particularly interested in me; now at our last interview I could not detect any interest beyond a friendly one. Though her voice was slightly constrained and somewhat cold when she answered, I had no reason to believe I had caused it.

"I am very happy to have amused you, or driven ennui from you, Mr. Standish," she said; "it would seem but fair exchange between us; a sort of payment for your assistance on the rocks."

She withdrew her hand from my arm, and said:

"Shall we not return to the house now? A happy journey to you."

She left me at the foot of the stairs, and I ascended to my room.

Shutting out the sounds of company below I retired at an early hour. Fortunately, I slept heavily; a dreamless sleep from which I was sorry to be awakened. I dressed hurriedly, and locked my trunks. I had still an hour to spare, and stood by my open window inhaling the invigoration of the salt morning breeze. My servant entered to take down my baggage.

"Don't let us lose the first boat," I said, without turning round.

"No, sir; there's time enough," he replied, and advancing to my side, he gave me a card, saying: "The lady wished me to hand you this."

Christine Melvane was the name on the card, and in pencil the words:

"Have you time to grant me a ten minutes' interview in the back parlor?"

I was more surprised than I could have expressed. Crushing the pasteboard in my fingers, I asked the man if the lady was downstairs. Receiving an affirmative answer, the next moment I was standing before Miss Melvane.

She greeted me coolly, seemed prepared for my surprised look, and then said immediately:

"I believe Miss Gervase to be one of my best friends. I certainly love her as such."

I bowed silently. Miss Melvane had been absently twirling the ring on her finger, now she ceased and folded her hands together on her lap.

"I know your time here is very short," she continued, "so I will be as brief as possible. You must understand that because I love Dora Gervase, I am interested in her happiness. You must know also that she has not the slightest knowledge of what I intend to say, and that she must never know. Mr. Standish—"

With a seeming effort she suddenly raised her eyes to mine and continued:

"Mr. Standish, judging from your manner, I certainly thought you loved her."

I could not restrain a slight start she dropped her eyes and said:

"And I am sure she loves you; that she is unhappy that you leave her thus. Had I not felt so assured of your reciprocating that feeling I should not have spoken to you."

I left my seat and walked to the chimney-piece. I leaned my arm on the shelf, and held my hand across my eyes. Now I could be assured that this woman whom I loved was wishing me to marry her friend. At last I said, but without stirring from my position:

"It humiliates as much as it surprises me to learn that you think Miss Gervase has an affection for me. I cannot but think you are mistaken."

"You must believe me," was her reply; "I am positive."

After a moment's pause she continued:

"You must not think me officious, but it seems to me impossible that you should not return that affection. I can hardly bring myself to believe that I am not to expect the entire happiness of my friend."

Her voice sank to a low tone before it ceased. I looked at her. She sat quietly in a low chair by the table; her hands as she had folded them; the ruby gleaming on her white finger. Her whole aspect to a casual observer was that of a sort of interested quiet. That soft stillness stung me to fury. Only the irregular rise and fall of the tiny crimson rose at her throat showed that she was not as entirely indifferent as she looked.

Impelled by something irresistible within me, I turned fiercely towards her, and cried:

"I cannot bear everything! I have been hunted and wounded enough."

I paused, not because I had not words, but because they came too burning, too overwhelming.

"Mr. Standish!" she exclaimed, deprecatingly.

"Let me speak now, once for all," I interrupted. "It is not enough that I should love you intensely, hopelessly, that I should be separated from you by an eternal cruelty. All this I have borne, hoping, believing, that you still loved me, till I met you here. I had fondly hoped the love of a Lindsay might be as everlasting as her hate. You have said that you wished me to marry Miss Gervase, Christine!"

I uttered the last word as I saw the face of Christine gradually turned to me, with an expression as undefinable as it was thrilling. I thought she was going to speak, but she did not.

I went on:

"I have not thought of loving Miss Gervase; thinking of you has always excluded the possibility of such a thing, so I cannot oblige you. I hope you will not be very much disappointed that I am not in love with your friend."

There was silence for a moment, when she said, rising:

"You will please pardon and forget this conversation. Remember that I judge by your manner. I will not detain you."

Her voice was strangely shaken and sweet. I stepped suddenly to her side.

"Forgive me," I said, "but you have not worn the Lindsay chain since you have been here. Have you lost it?"

In the one sentence I seemed to return to the years gone by, to stand once more with Christine in her father's house.

A slight tremor came to her lips. She sat down in the chair from which she had just risen.

"I have no right to that chain," she said, "for I am not a Lindsay."

I sank on my knees at her feet. A future for which I had not hoped seemed opening before me. I took her hand.

"Have you always worn this ring only because you promised to do so?" I asked.

She withdrew her hand, and placed it softly on my forehead. Like a blessing it lingered there, and she said:

"I have worn it because ever since you gave to me I have loved you."

"And I am a Drummond," I murmured, looking into those dusky eyes that caressed me; "I am one of the forbidden race, and now it is you who have been mistaken in your lineage. You know I told you, you had not a Scotch face. Some time you must tell me the story; just now I only want to sit here, and know that between us there is no barrier, no gulf, that now we may love united, as we have so long loved separated."

After, she told me:

"A story of romance, Standish," she said, "but the north of Scotland is fruitful in strange stories. I shall explain to you how justly I came by my olive skin and dark hair. You know that tribe of gipsies that have from time immemorial encamped on the common at the south side of the Lindsay estate. Cunning, covetous as ever any of her people, the nurse employed by Donald Lindsay was a distant connection of the gipsies on the common. The old tale of their craft, Standish. She placed an infant of her tribe in the cradle where the heiress of the Lindsays had lain. That child was the Christine who grew up so strongly tinctured with all the prejudices of the genuine Lindsays, who wore their chain of hate with all their vindictiveness. By-and-bye an old gipsy demanded money from Donald Lindsay in payment for a secret that concerned his house. The proofs were incontestable. Unhappily the real heiress died in her childhood. I need not tell you how terrible a blow this was to my father. I shall always call him so. Though he still loves me, I can never succeed to his estates; they go to her whom I have so long thought my sister. Mr. Melvane, who, if I had been the daughter of Donald Lindsay, would have been my uncle, has adopted me as his daughter and heiress, that is why I am with him here. I eagerly embrace the opportunity of escaping from scenes which recalled everything painful to me."

She paused in her narration, smiled a little as she said:

"And now, Standish, I am not a Lindsay, only Christine, the nameless gipsy girl. Do not forget your Drummond pride."

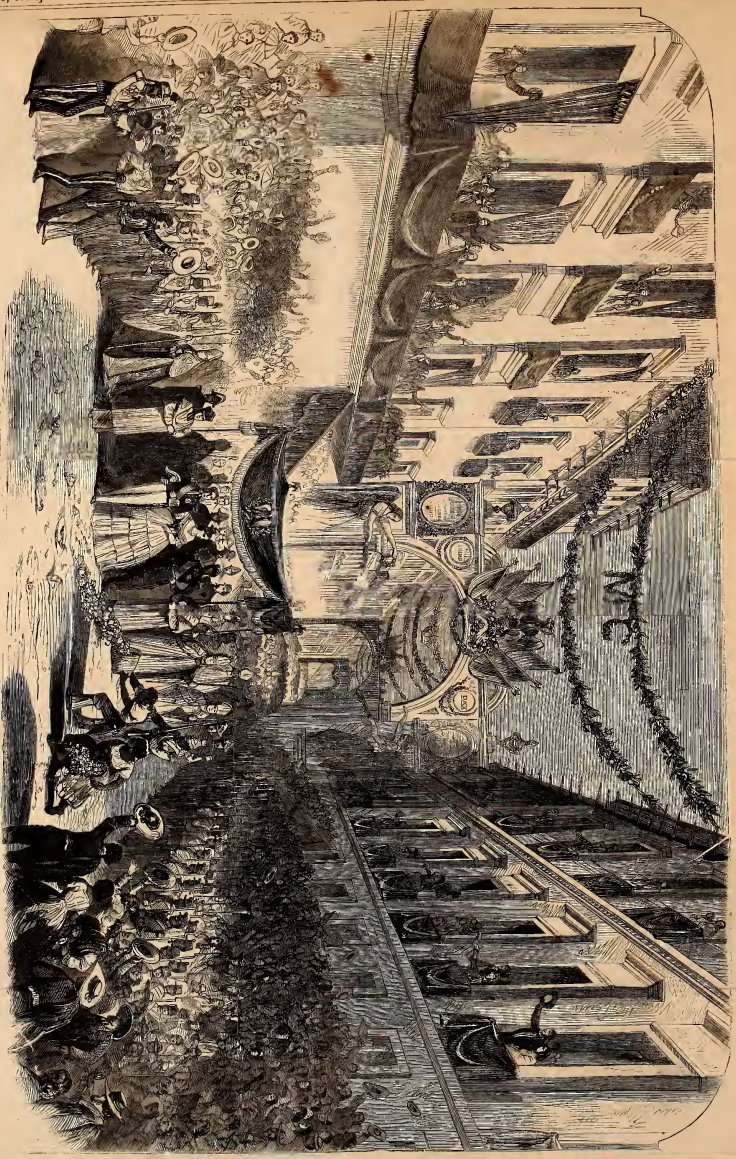
"Your warning is too late," I said, gaily; "besides, you have my pledge of honor," touching as I spoke the ruby on her finger.

She replied, and the tenderness in her voice atoned for my years of loneliness:

"My love, instead of a chain, I have now a ring to wear."

French Peasant Women.—Every human female—from mewling and puking infancy to decrepit age—wears a cap, and nothing else, on the head. Women carry most things on their heads, and they carry everything, and perform all the most laborious labors of rural life. In civilized Boulogne they carried the heaviest trunks from the ship to the custom-house, and again to the carriage. We saw them working in the fields and carrying home the harvest—breaking stones to macadamise the highway—and, along the highway, gathering, with their hands alone, into their aprons, the fresh dropped [illegible] for manure. The leader, the driver, the rider, constant companion and co-worker of the universal donkey is woman; and, of course, she shows the effect of such a position in life. She is, however, always better and neater dressed than man, and seems not unhappy or discontented with her lot. She seems to be as happy as a galley slave in his song, or a negro slave in her dance. But her premature wrinkles and gray hair, and her ultimate decrepitude, show that her more delicate constitution was not made for such a task.

THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG—BURYING THE DEAD BEFORE CEMETERY HILL UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE, AFTER THE REPULSE OF THE NINTH ARMY CORPS.—From a Sketch by E. F. Mullen.



THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRANCE OF THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN AND HIS EMPRESS INTO THE CITY OF MEXICO, JUNE 12, 1864.

SWEET MEMORIES—RAIN.

How they splashed the window pane—
How they leaped upon the plain—
How they glittered in the dell—
How they pattered, tinkled, fell—
The drops of rain!

Oh, we've not forgotten quite
Those sweet beauties brimmed with light!
Gaily dancing, mad with glee,
Kissing blossom, bush and tree,
Soft drops of rain!

Will it e'er entrance again,
Cooling, tinkling, falling rain?
First a sprinkle, then a shower,
With a dashing, drenching power,
Great drops of rain?

BESEECHING.

Hearken, Spirit of the Rain,
Send those liquid gems again—
Now we lift our eyes to thee,
Scorched, we have one only plea,
For drops of rain.

All of blessing's in thy gift—
What's in honor—what's in thrift?
Sirius crisps us flesh and bone,
Days lag on, and falls not one
Sweet drop of rain.

Come, soft sprinklings, gently down—
Bathe the sole and bathe the crown;
Thousands join the fervid prayer,
Burns it through this dogday glare,
For rain, for rain.

NINA MARSH;

OR,

THE SECRET OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER VI.—A DRAWN GAME.

A southerly wind and a cloudy sky heralded in auspiciously the first grand meet of the East Lullshire hounds. There had already been some cub-hunting, but now the season was to begin in right good earnest, and sportsmen welcomed eagerly the promised pleasures.

Jack Dawes merely existed all the summer, but he began to live as soon as he might lift the gun to his shoulder, or guide his hunter across country at the risk of neck and limbs. Booted up to the knees, with sharp spurs at his heels and a red coat on his back, Jack stood this morning on the steps in front of his house, waiting until Anna should be pleased to appear.

"Now, then, Nan!" he kept bawling out; but, finding his summons had no effect, he delivered himself of a "Confound the girl!" not viciously at all, but merely for the sake of relieving his own mind. In another minute Miss Dawes joined him, looking remarkably well in her trim riding-habit and jaunty hat. Jack put the end of his whip into his mouth, and sounded an emphatic whistle, which was responded to in less than a minute by two grooms leading the horses.

Jack and his sister started very quietly, reserving their horses in order that they might be fresh for the grand business of the day. The hounds were to meet in Beechwood Park, the master being a brother magistrate and also a personal friend of Mr. Marsh's.

A breakfast of provisions sufficient to satisfy all comers and tempt all appetites had been prepared at the manor-house; but Jack Dawes felt too sure of meeting Lord Gillingham there to partake of this hospitality, and joined the other gentlemen on the lawn with his sister when breakfast was over.

Nina had never followed the hounds before, but, thirsting for some excitement to dull the gnawing pain at her heart, she had decided to accompany her father on this occasion. Mr. Marsh was not over-pleased with her decision, but he did not oppose it. He felt that she might possibly dare him, and, though he was realising perfectly how much of his authority had passed from him, he did not care to have it actively proved; so Nina had her own way, turning a deaf ear to Katie's supplications and her mother's fears.

Captain Marsh had heard her express her intention of following the hounds, and perhaps he had not believed she would carry it into effect, for he looked almost as much astonished as displeased when he met her in the hall that morning duly equipped, a bright red feather encircling her tiny hat.

"Are we, then, to have the pleasure of your company to-day?" he inquired, in a tone of very doubtful satisfaction.

"And why not?"

"Because I had hoped that you would do nothing of which you knew your father to disapprove."

"Or, rather, of which I knew Captain Marsh to disapprove."

"No, I did not mean that. I am perfectly aware that I have no claim upon you; if I had, you may be sure I should speak in a more decided way. Did you belong to me, I would not permit this risk to your neck and your reputation."

"Your notions are so antediluvian," said Nina, scornfully. "Your mother must have been a sister of Noah's at least."

"Nina, spare my mother—remember she is dead," answered Cyril, in a tone of deep feeling. "Any light mention of her name is the worst pain you can give me."

"I am very, very sorry; I spoke without thought," said Nina, stretching out her hand towards him with something of her old impulsive sweetness. "You could not think I meant that?"

"Oh, Nina, why will you not be always like this?" he exclaimed, as he grasped the hand offered him with an ardor that was irrepressible. "Why will you deny your better self—turning my love into passion one minute and into hatred the next? Surely it cannot be necessary to try so many moods when this one becomes you so well. Nature has given you such a very sweet grace—a grace that may be always used without losing one shade of its gloss, one iota of its charm. To be taken into an honest man's heart, to be kept and cherished there with a love that is almost fierce in its fire and puissance—is that nothing to you, Nina? Can you stand alone, with no one to rejoice in your beauty because it is his own, and sanctified to the 'quiet uses of domestic life?' Nina, I tell you that you, above all women, are dependent upon love; that even as you shut your heart against it you yearn for it too. Do not turn aside cold and ungladdened by the blessedness of home and home ties. Do you know what old age is, standing shivering and desolate at the threshold of happier people, watching their joys without sharing them, longing to pluck the crown of maternity off their brows, because you are childless, and desolate, and sorrowful, with no husband looking on you as a better and dearer self, no little ones clinging about your knees and calling you mother? Nina, my poor child, you have been sore tried and tempted, perhaps you may even have sinned; but I can forgive. You were so young, it was hardly your fault; you were imprudent. Say, child, am I not right?"

"Childless, and desolate, and sorrowful"—he had taught her in words terribly true what her future must be. She had no answer for his questions. What could she say? She only stood mute before him, her cheek deadly white even in the shadow of the red plume.

"Speak, Nina," and his voice was low and eager as he bent over her, until his blonde beard almost swept her cheek.

"What am I to say?"

"Say that you can conscientiously accept the love of an honest man."

She had grown suddenly calm—the calmness, and awe and despair of the prisoner listening to a judge pronouncing doom.

"I cannot answer you, Captain Marsh," was her reply, very coldly and quietly spoken.

"And I am to understand——"

"Nothing—or, rather, anything you like."

"And you can give up your future——"

"I must—to the past."

Her face had softened again as she spoke the last words, and there came a look of wistful tenderness into her eyes, almost contradicting her words. Captain Marsh was deeply agitated, his love and his pride struggling together in his heart as if they were sworn foes who had met at last. He was still bending over her, and she did not move, when Mrs. Trent's door suddenly opened, and she came out into the hall. There was an expression of pity as well as reproach in her face as she went up to Nina and said, with a firmness that sounded almost authoritative:

"They are all ready to start, miss; you had better go. Mr. Marsh has inquired for you two or three times."

Nina gathered up her skirts, stooped to recover her whip, which had dropped to the floor, and then moved swiftly away. When she disappeared Mrs. Trent turned to Captain Marsh and said, decidedly, but respectfully:

"Can I have a few minutes' conversation with you, sir, in my room?"

"I am almost afraid that if, as you say, they are going to start at once, I should be missed," answered Captain Marsh, with perfect courtesy; "but I can come to you this evening after the first dinner-bell has rung and the others have gone to their rooms."

"Thank you, sir; I shall not detain you long."

And Mrs. Trent bowed and re-entered her room. Nina was already mounted when Captain Marsh got out. The scene was a pretty one when viewed from the high step of the old Manor House. The impatient hounds were gathered in a knot at the furthest end of the lawn, and the red coats of the huntsmen gave animation to the dark background of dismantled trees and russet shrubs. Nina formed a fitting centre to the group. Her beautiful cheek had gained a sudden flush of excitement and her lips were apart, whilst her plume swayed backwards and forwards with the motion of her head.

Captain Marsh turned from her with a feeling of shame that was almost loathing for the instant. He had no actual certainty for all his terrible fears, but somehow, looking at her there, sitting her horse with an ease that had something defiant about it, with that red glow on her face and strange wild gleam in her eyes, Cyril found it possible to believe that her silence under his questionings had owned a motive which he dared not misunderstand. If she showed herself sad and humble he was her tyrant; but the instant he could make sure that she was feeling any happiness not taken directly from him, if he saw her gladdening others by her smiles and enriching them with the memory of her sweetness, he was visited by such keen pangs of jealous rage that his heart within him felt like a bitter burning load of pain.

He mounted his horse, scarcely knowing how he got into the saddle, and spurred the poor brute till it reared and snorted with pain. At this moment Lord Gillingham, who had not joined the others at breakfast, as Jack Dawes had supposed he would do, came on the scene. His lordship was splendidly mounted, as he was sure to be, but looked terribly pale and worn, and held his reins in very tremulous fingers.

The hounds now galloped off with their noses to the ground and darted into cover at Grassmere Wood, about a mile further on. You could hear the soft whining of the hounds and the rustle and stamping of horses' feet amongst the dead leaves and tangled underwood. Presently a stout old Reynard was hunted out of her lair and darted through the wood and into some meadows of Mr. Marsh's, hotly pursued by the eager dogs, the huntsmen close at their heels. Then the chase began in real earnest.

The poor fox was sorely pressed, but she kept up a brave heart all through. She never once turned back to measure the strength of her enemies, or to scan their whereabouts, but kept steadily on, marvelling a little, perhaps, that what was death to her should of necessity be sport to them. If the injustice of this principle was made clear to her keen instincts, the knowledge merely generated a feeling of defiance which served to increase her speed. Perhaps, too, there was another thought in her mind of the plump chicken with which she would regale herself after her exertions, should she escape—tasting the sweetness of revenge at the same time that she gratified a somewhat fastidious palate. Certain it is that she began to distance her pursuers by almost imperceptible degrees, and presently the hounds were seen scampering vaguely in all directions, having lost the trace of their sturdy foe. The scent was not to be regained, and the huntsman, perceiving this, drew off the dogs to loud groans of disappointment from the crowd. But Reynard had escaped, and could creep back to her children at night and tell them of her perils; for is there anything, despised and hunted though it be, that has not a true and tender heart towards its own? The shelter of a mother's love is needful even for these, and I cannot tell how far we may be right in depriving them of it for our own amusement.

But old English sports, they say, must not be put down to humor the scruples of a few over-sensitive people who have more nerves than sinews, more heart than brains. So be it, then. Even Nina staunchly supported this doctrine to-day, in the excitement of the chase, and glowed with eagerness, like the rest, when another fox was found and pursued in its turn. A long, breakneck scamper over hill and dale, hedge and ditch, and the gallant brute was caught by the half-maddened hounds, whose fangs were soon reddened with his blood. The brush was rescued in time and proudly accepted by Anna Dawes, who was, as usual, in at the death. A few mangled shreds of the unfortunate fox were the only signs left of the animal's endurance and of the hunter's prowess, but it is to be hoped that, after the fashion of the day, some kinsman was found to edit his "Remains." The last run had been long and spirited, carrying them some eight or ten miles from home. The horses were panting, so were their riders. None of them cared to say that they had had enough, but there was a tacit acknowledgment of the fact in their jaded appearance. It was verging on four o'clock, and the short day was drawing to a close, a thick mist clung to the lowlands, and the deep moan of the autumn wind swept mournfully through the leafless woods.

The reaction that follows so speedily on any unusual excitement seemed to brood over the little party from Beechwood as they quietly wended their way homeward. Mr. Marsh and Colonel St. George rode some few yards in advance of Nina and her cousin. Nina was pale and listless, and drooped over her saddle as if thoroughly wearied by her unwonted exertions. Captain Marsh, for a time, copied her mood, and was also silent. He was not impulsive by nature. In speaking words of love to Nina, whom he could not respect, he, according to her assertion, backed by his own unfailing instinct, had been guided by some strange influence it filled him with dismay to analyse. We know that when a man speaks from passion alone he is apt to regret it a minute afterwards, and to feel, besides, a keen irritation against the person provoking this demonstration. Captain Marsh was just and discreet in ordinary cases; but here, where he felt so deeply, he could not reason ably. He had never been tried in this way before; and perhaps Aristides himself, had he been jealous and ardent by nature, might never have gained the title of "Just." It is quite easy to balance your sympathies conscientiously and to argue logically when you are totally dispassionate, but love is the test of great minds. It is when Samson finds himself shorn and helpless in the bands of a false Delilah that all the violence of his animal nature develops itself, and then revenge becomes to him dearer than life—sweeter than hope.

Captain Marsh was always pitiless after he had been betrayed into confessions which it stung him to know were so true and irrepressible. Nina's attitude was humble and dejected enough, but it gained her no quarter. Cyril kept his eyes steadily on her face, whilst he said, in a cold, measured voice:

"Mrs. Trent knows your secret."

There was a sudden bright flush on her cheek, fading as rapidly as it came; then she turned upon him, calm and white, but resentful.

"I have repeatedly informed you that I did not care for your interference in my affairs. You have taken a most unfair advantage of me once already to-day. Just leave me, and things concerning me, alone for the future, if you can. You are nothing to me, and I am nothing to you. There are two sides to every road—leave me mine, and cross over to your own."

"But supposing I like your side best—"

"Then I shall take the liberty of reminding you that you are no gentleman, Captain Marsh."

"But there is room for two on the path."

"Not without jostling each other."

"Don't be uncomfortable on my account—I don't mind about being jostled," answered Cyril, in a tone of cool obstinacy.

"Then I do," returned Nina.

And, giving her horse a sharp taste of the whip, she cantered up to her father's side, and accorded marked and exclusive attention to Colonel St. George during the rest of the ride.

"Who won this time?" inquired Nina, bending down to her cousin as he pushed forward to help her alight.

There was a gleam of mischief, and mockery, and triumph seductively mingled in her eyes, and the sweetest smile on her parted lips. She knew she was beloved; she felt her power; and, as she stooped towards him, the fragrance of her breath thrilling him through and through as it swept across his cheek, maybe she was realising, too, all the sweetness that may lie in revenge.

"Well, who won?" she imperiously reiterated.

"Neither," he answered, withdrawing himself from her in resolute stoicism—"it was a drawn game."

CHAPTER VII.—DARKNESS MADE VISIBLE.

It was with a feeling nearly approaching to eagerness that Captain Marsh prepared for his interview with Mrs. Trent. The ladies had retired to their respective rooms; so had Colonel St. George. Mr. Marsh was in the library, settling some accounts with his bailiff; the butler was busy in his pantry; so that the coast was left clear for Captain Marsh. He knocked at Mrs. Trent's door, and met a ready summons to enter. The housekeeper looked pale, but was calm and dignified, and the feeling of her superiority was so strongly recalled to Captain Marsh's mind that he forbore to seat himself until he had received an invitation.

Mrs. Trent probably understood his delicacy, for she handed him a chair, and sat down herself. Some women in her position would have considered it necessary to expatiate largely upon the liberty she had ventured to take; but Mrs. Trent had too much independence and self-respect to humble herself before any one. Captain Marsh would not have been there if he had seen anything lowering to his own personal dignity in confronting his uncle's housekeeper. She was a lady, so far as appearance and manner could make her one, and Cyril was too secure of his own position to make those critical distinctions which betray self-made men.

Mrs. Trent began the conversation in a tone of quiet simplicity.

"I know, sir, that you are not easily deceived, and therefore you understood that my interruption this morning was the result of a fixed design, and not accidental, as might have been supposed?"

"Yes, this much I understood, certainly, but I am quite in the dark as to your motive."

"Miss Nina is not free to accept any attention from you, sir."

"Is the obstacle moral or legal?"

"I cannot answer that question."

"Then you have put me more in the dark than ever, Mrs. Trent. I am convinced that Miss Nina does not perceive any legal barrier to an understanding between us, although she acknowledges to some moral impediment, which, at times, she allows me to hope may be surmounted. I am not apt to be over-expansive, Mrs. Trent, but it is useless trying to conceal that which you already know so well; only it seems to me, if you really wish to benefit either of us, you must be more explicit."

"Unfortunately, sir, I am so placed that a full confidence would not only be a personal injury to myself, but rank treachery to another. I must give my warning without explanation or comment."

"I cannot see my way out of all these mysteries, and they perplex and pain me. It seems to me that I might expect candor from my cousin, if not from you."

"There are some things that a woman never tells," answered Mrs. Trent, with a slight constriction of her firm lips.

"But you must remember that, in leading me so far and then forsaking me, you leave me prey to a suspicion which may be far worse than the truth."

"I can tell you this much, Captain Marsh: that Miss Nina is far more to be pitied than blamed—that her honor is stainless in the eyes of God. There may be something worse beyond, but with this I have no right to deal. She judges herself, perhaps, as no one cognizant of all the circumstances of the case would judge her. This is her punishment, and I devoutly hope that it may go no further."

"Is there any risk of this?"

"I hardly know; but I have felt for some time as if we were sleeping on a volcano which might any day break out into full fury. If that hour should ever come when you are by, remember that Miss Nina will have need of a stout heart and a strong arm to carry her through, and do not fail her in her greatest peril."

"So help me God I will not! And now, Mrs. Trent, before I leave, will you allow me to be impertinent enough to ask you two questions about yourself?"

"You may ask them, sir, but I cannot promise to answer them."

"Who are you? (I told you they were very impertinent ones) and what is your connection with Colonel St. George?"

"I am Mr. Marsh's housekeeper, and I have no connection with Colonel St. George."

"But—excuse me—I saw him here, in your room, the other night?"

"You have also done me the favor to enter my room, but any one cognizant of the fact would make a great mistake if he reckoned upon any connection between us on that account."

"Then Colonel St. George came to ask the same question as myself?" inquired Cyril, his curiosity overbalancing his discretion.

"By no means. He had known me in happier days, and it was some information relative to the past that we met to discuss. And now, Captain Marsh," added Mrs. Trent, who had fallen insensibly into the tone and manner of an equal, "it is already a quarter-past six, and Mr. Marsh dines punctually at the half hour; I am afraid you will hardly have time to dress."

"I am an old soldier," answered Cyril, with a faint attempt at a smile; and he went out from this interview, through which he had expected such grand results, not only disappointed, but more perplexed than ever.

Cyril had preserved the impression that Mrs. Trent and Nina were playing at cross purposes. The fault that Nina seemed most to imply Mrs. Trent had denied for her, whilst laying stress on another which all his penetration had not enabled him to discover. And yet, whilst all these miserable complications seemed to leave separate

stains on Nina's loveliness, Cyril did not blench at the thought of his simple, loyal bond with Mrs. Trent, and solemnly renewed his oath to be all and everything to Nina in her hour of need.

Captain Marsh had joined the family circle, and it wanted but two minutes of the half-hour when the door opened, and to the surprise of all, the butler ushered in Lord Gillingham. It seemed that his lordship's mare had cast a shoe and lamed itself somewhat early in the day, and, as it was a valuable animal, and a great favorite with its master, he at once alighted, and led it quietly to the nearest village. Here his lordship saw it shoed himself, put it into the inn stables, and sent a man for his groom; but, getting tired of waiting, the earl, who was not the most patient of peers, finally settled to walk home.

"And now," concluded his lordship, with a frank *bonhomie* he knew well how to assume upon occasion, "I am fain to acknowledge that all my stoicism gave way at the view of your bright windows, and I, therefore, venture to present myself before you, trusting to the hospitality of Mr. Marsh and the indulgence of the ladies;" and he glanced apologetically at his top-boots as he spoke.

"Don't mention it," answered Mr. Marsh, with grave courtesy. "I am sure we all feel greatly indebted to your mare for breaking down so opportunely."

"Such a very pleasant surprise," murmured little Mrs. Marsh, scarcely conscious of her own insincerity. She was not apt to dislike any one, but Lord Gillingham, with his cold cynical smile, and sneering pleasantries, was her especial fear. She drew within herself at the mere sound of his approach. Harmless as she might be, if her harmlessness should inconvenience him, she had just penetration enough to see that even her sex would not save her. A gentle, dependent, timid creature like Mrs. Marsh might be murdered by harsh words as easily as others are murdered with poison or pistol, and she had always a shrinking sensation in his lordship's presence which destroyed all her comfort for the time.

Lord Gillingham was keener than most men, and he readily perceived that he was antagonistic to his gentle hostess. But this was a matter of no moment to him. She never ventured to have a will of her own, if she might occasionally indulge an opinion. Therefore he did not allow himself to fear that her antipathies would in any way damage his prospects.

The earl was unusually demonstrative to-night, having brought his intentions to that stage which necessitated no further concealment. He kept obstinately at Nina's side, his bold eyes scarcely quitting her face, and his manner so marked that it was impossible to misinterpret his meaning.

Colonel St. George watched his kinsman uneasily for a few minutes, then crossed the room, and planted himself on Nina's other side, nearly facing the earl. His lordship's welcome was a vicious scowl. At first their warfare was dumb, and only carried on by expressive signs. It was the old story of the dog in the manger—Colonel St. George had no especial relish for the bone until he saw it likely to be appropriated by another, and then he began at once to perceive that it was the one of all others to tempt and gratify his appetite. Nina heard the low grumblings of the rising storm, and began to tremble for her own security. Seated between the two combatants, it seemed very possible that she might catch, at least, a passing blow. In her extremity she cast a look of passionate appeal at Captain Marsh, without being able to define the influence that governed her.

Cyril's measures were always prompt and decisive. In a second he had crossed the room, and was standing in front of Nina's chair.

"My aunt is begging for a song; I am sure you will oblige her and us. The piano is open—pray let me lead you to it."

Nina rose quickly to accept his offered arm, but not so quickly that she escaped the shot launched at her adversary.

"I say, St. George, where's the marriage certificate?"

Nina came to a sharp halt, and her fingers tightened convulsively on Cyril's arm. Her companion also paused, and listened eagerly for the reply which his cousin was awaiting with a scared face and quivering pulses.

The reply came forth cool and scornful.

"I have already told your lordship that, as a reward for the interest you take in my affairs and my morals, you should have a sight of the precious document. I shall do myself the honor of calling upon you to-morrow to wish you good-bye, and will bring the certificate with me, in order that you may examine it at your leisure."

The earl gave one of his cynical smiles, whilst Nina heaved a sigh of relief, and drew Captain Marsh away. A minute later Lord Gillingham quitted the room, refusing his host's pressing offer of a conveyance.

"That Captain Marsh is an impudent fellow, but he is not dangerous," reflected his lordship, whilst walking home as quickly as the tenderness of his gouty foot would allow. "It's quite plain that Nina does'nt care a straw about him, and it would only be through her affection for him that he could be inconvenient. But St. George must be got rid of, or kept under in some way; he's aiming at high game, it seems to me. But it will come hard if a coronet, and such settlements as I could offer, should not have more weight in a woman's eyes than a handsome person and an insolent demeanor."

His lordship entered the house at this stage, and turned sharply on the obsequious butler.

"Barnes, why wasn't a carriage sent for me?"

"We didn't know where to send, my lord."

"You might have guessed that I should go into Mr. Marsh's. It is a deuced shame to have a set of people about one who can't imagine anything to save their lives. I pay you to think, by Jove! and if you can't think, you'd better go to the devil at once, and have done with it! A donkey would serve me as well as you, if eating, and drinking, and braying are all I am to expect. There, just help me off with my coat, will you, if you are not too proud? I suppose I shall have to attend upon you soon. You're a set of confoundedly idle, sleek rascals, you servants. I'll clear the house and wait upon myself for the future."

Barnes kept a respectful silence. He was too accustomed to his master's unreasonable moods to let them trouble him much. The current threat of clearing the house was quite the favorite joke in the servants' hall.

"He's just bad enough to make him disagreeable," was Barnes's inward reflection as he opened the drawing-room door for his master. "He'll have some brandy-and-water presently, and then he'll be all right."

Lord Gillingham went up to the fire and began to warm himself, whilst Barnes waited silently at the end of the room. It was as much as his place was worth for him to move without orders.

His lordship kept him there a quarter of an hour to a second, then he turned round and confronted the patient butler.

"Do I take brandy-and-water of an evening, or don't I?" inquired the earl, in the tone of a perverse and irritable child. "If I do, get it; if I don't, what the devil's the use of your standing staring there?"

Barnes bowed low, then withdrew. In a few minutes he had returned with the spirit, etc., on a silver tray, and his lordship mixed himself a glass.

Then Barnes left him again. In about an hour he came creeping back on tiptoe to reconnoitre, and found his master lying full length in front of the fire, his head on a stool. So poor Barnes, who dared not go to bed and leave the earl in this dangerous position, replenished the fire, picked out the softest chair he could find, and passed the night watching the drunken slumbers of the prostrate peer.

SWEET FACES.

Child-faces round us beaming,
How wonderful they are!
Although so common seeming,
Yet each a perfect star;
In every crowded city
These new conceits have birth,
And thoughts of God in pity
Are thus express'd on Earth.

When Katie's face I'm viewing,
If she's at work or play,
Whatever she is doing,
She leads my mind away
To where bright birds are winging
Swift flight from tree to tree,
And songs to her are singing,
Or so it seems to me.

There's Rose, a little lady,
Now nearly ten years old,
So quaint and so old-maidy,
So shy, and yet so bold;
In all she says so clever,
In all she does so kind,
And sunlight shines for ever
Her gravest looks behind.

There's Annie, always smiling,
I think she cannot frown,
That smile is so beguiling,
Oh! could I write it down!
Oh! could I to these pages
The perfect charm impart,
To bind through all the ages
The deathless human heart!

If one sweet face has vanished
That seemed to us Divine,
From one delight we're banished,
Yet are not left to pine;
For freely in all places,
As flowers from the sod,
Spring up these childish faces,
So bountiful is God!

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

A Tale of Night-Blindness.

BY H. HIND.

Stopping at the beginning of a steep descent which led to the lake below, he leaned back, and turning to me, said in an excited tone: "I assure you, sir, it is a dreadful thing to be night-blind; it comes on you so suddenly, and you feel so helpless; you stand or sit still without daring to move if you don't know your ground, and you think all sorts of things when it first begins with dimness over your eyes. When it's well on you will wonder whether you will ever see the blessed light again. The cause of it I cannot tell you. The lumbermen, who are most troubled with it, have their own ideas on the subject; they may be right, but it's more in the line of you gentlemen to tell me the reason why the darkness comes over us. I can tell you though what being night-blind is, and how one feels who is smitten. Just as it begins to get dusk everything grows dim at first, and then of a sudden all is black—you can't see an inch before you—you might just as well be stone-blind; you are stone-blind, in fact, so long as the sun is away. It must be pretty light in the morning before you can see. First comes a glimmer, then a brightening, then a sudden light—it's just like dawn and sunrise following close together." "Do men suffer to any other way than being temporarily deprived of sight?" "That depends on circumstances. Some men are terribly put out; I mean that they get frightened and troubled at first, and even when they get night-blinded for days together, and as one would think, accustomed to it, they at times get nervous and ill at ease. We think they have something on their minds when they feel disturbed. It's lonely work I know. A man has time to think on the past, and he knows that he is seen and is watched by others—for a man's face is wild when he is struck—his eyes are wide open, and yet he does not see. He stares at you or over you, or as it seems beyond you, and without any meaning in his look. Some, however, always shut their eyes, knowing how strange their look is from what they have seen of others. But I'll tell you to-night how I felt myself, and a short ten minutes will bring us to the lake; it is growing dark, and though I'm not night-blind now, thank God, yet I always like to be in camp before it grows dark." After supper Laronde came to my tent and asked me if I was ready to hear him. Receiving a ready assent, he threw some birch-bark and dry wood on the fire to make a bright blaze, lit his pipe, and arranged a few spruce branches on the moss near the door of the tent; he then squatted down and began his narrative.

THE NIGHT-BLIND VOYAGERS.

Two years ago I was lumbering on the Matawan, which flows into the Ottawa about a mile above Bytown, the place they now call the city of Ottawa, which the Queen has decided shall be the capital of Canada. Night-blind is a disease of the eyes not uncommon amongst lumberers in the spring of the year, and even after snow has passed away, so that you not must think it the same as the snow-blind. Men struck with this malady see perfectly well during the day, but the moment it becomes dusk they are totally insensible to light of any kind. Two years ago I was lumbering on the Matawan, and one of my comrades in the fall, and the best of friends, was a man named Jerome. I had not seen him for several weeks, and I met him at the mouth of the creek leading into the Matowan, as I was passing down in a canoe picking up the lodged sticks. [Pieces of timber squared by the lumberers.] It was late in the afternoon and I was thinking of hauling the canoe into the bush and going back to the shanty, which might be four miles away. Jerome was also on his way to the shanty, having cleared the creek down to the Matawan. For a week before, night-blindness had been growing on me; but I thought that as I should soon get out of the bush and into the settlements, I would get well at once—as most others do when they reach the clearings. I said nothing to Jerome about my malady, and after a smoke we crossed the river and walked slowly towards the shanty together, talking of what we had been doing during the long winter, and now and then stopping to have a smoke. As near as I can guess, we were about two miles from the shanty, in a rough country, up hill and down hill, with handsome pine, a yard through at the butt, all around us. It began to get dusky, and we both, without saying anything to one another, quickened our steps. I had no fear, for I thought that if my eyes became dark Jerome would guide, and he, as I afterwards found out, thought the same of me. The day had been hot and sultry, a thunderstorm was approaching, and from the hills over which we passed we could see it raining heavily in the north. We reached the Little Beaver Creek, and the crossing place low in a hollow between two hills—the tall pines overhead making it gloomy and dark. There might be three feet of water in the creek; but the current was swift, the crossing bad, and above and below was a rapid which no one could stem in the spring of the year.

In the middle of the stream there was a rock, bare, except during freshets. The river ought to be 30 yards wide there; but a mere brook in summer. We reached the creek and entered it together. Suddenly, before we got to the rock in the middle, Jerome stopped, and stretching out his arm, put his hand on my shoulder, and said:

"*Tiens, Laronde; je ne vois pas bien.*" (Hold on, Laronde; I do not see well.)

"What!" said I, at the moment feeling the darkness growing upon me, "are you night-blind?"

"Yes; and have been so for three weeks. I did not tell you I was on my way to the settlement to get cured."

At that moment a flash of lightning shot across the sky; Jerome held my shoulder in a firm grip, but I felt him tremble. I looked and strained my eyes in vain.

"Jerome," I said, "I am night-blind, too; my sight is gone. I am stone-blind now."

We reached the rock, which was within a yard of us, and sat down hand-in-hand. Neither spoke for a long time; we listened to the stream gurgling past, and we thought how helpless and stricken we were. If we tried to ford the river it was just as likely we should go slanting off down the stream, and perhaps tumble against the slippery stones. Jerome said he could get across if he knew the river; but he had never been at this crossing in the spring, and the water was rising fast. I knew the stream would guide us in a direction that we might reach the shore; but if the current should sweep us off our legs, and we be carried to the rapid below before we could swim to the side, it would be a lost game then. We turned over those chances as we sat on the rock.

"What shall we do?" I said at length.

"We must stay where we are," he replied. "I have been caught before, but it was in the woods, near the shanty, and I heard the shouts and laughter of the men and groped my way. But here we can do nothing: we must stay where we are until daylight comes."

Another flash of lightning revealed all around us for an instant. The near thunder told us that the storm was approaching.

"Jerome," said I, "when the storm comes we can cross; the lightning flashes will follow quick through, and we can find the crossing."

It seemed a long time before the next flash came; and then we prepared to enter the water again in the direction to reach the opposite bank. Sitting on the edge of the rock, and waiting for the next flash, we both began to feel cold; the water was like ice, being nothing but melted snow. Jerome suddenly grasped me tighter, and said:

"The river is rising; we must make haste to cross, or we shall be on the rock all night."

Another flash came at length, and showed us that the river had risen at least eight inches during the last half hour, and that it would be dangerous for stone-blind men to attempt to pass. I suppose the rock might be six feet square on the top, but sloping, and I think it could not be ten feet above the bottom of the creek. Well, we got to the top and sat close together there. Flash after flash showed us how the waters were rising, and the increasing roar of the river became so loud that we could scarcely hear one another speak. Jerome is at best a quiet man, but now he scarcely spoke a word. Once and again he would bend his head down to the rock, holding on tightly to me, and at length he said:

"The water is rising fast; it is within three feet of us now. Let me grasp you while I try and reach it with my foot. I can touch it," he said, after a short trial; "my foot is in it now. God have mercy on us!"

He drew himself up again, shuddering, and we sat in our terrible loneliness close together on that small rock, in black darkness, with roaring waters rising fast around us. Fortunately there was no rain nor wind, and the storm was passing to the west of us. A flash of lightning showed us the moon shining, with some stars and silvery clouds, and then left us in darkness again.

"Now, Jerome," I said, "you never told me you were night-blind before; the storm is over, the water will not rise much higher, we must wait here till sunrise; tell me how you first came night-blind."

"I never liked to talk of it, or I would have told you all about it; it almost made me give up lumbering, it shook me so. Put your arm in mine; sit close, I will put my foot out to mark if the creek rises, and it may please God that we may get through the night."

We sat for a long time without speaking, the noise of the river was too much for us. Jerome was just telling me that the water had risen to within two feet of the top of the rock. I was in the act of leaning forward to feel it, when something thumped heavily against the rock. Jerome felt with his foot, to see if it had lodged. At the same moment there was another thump, then a grating and jarring against the rock; something had rested on it, for the water curled up suddenly, and came within one foot of where we were sitting close together. We strained and pushed, and strained again, but we could not move the lodged stick. Just as we gave up all thought of getting it off, another stick came down, then another, and jammed against the one on the rock, pushing it across. Jerome screamed to me to step over the sticks and let them pass; he, still holding by my hand, did so at once. I tried and slipped, and fell between two sticks, just as they were being jammed together, and the arm was broken like a twig and the flesh crushed. Jerome heard me cry out, and thinking I was falling off the rock, pulled me back with all his force. The stick of timber slid over the rock, followed by the others, and away they went down the stream, while I sank almost fainting with pain into the water. Jerome pulled me back, asking me what was the matter. Suddenly I saw a light. The joy made me forget my pain.

"It's day again," I cried.

What a sight was then revealed around us! The timber from the upper part of the Beaver creek was coming down with the freshet. Several sticks had lodged on our rock, and it was a mercy we were not both swept away.

My arm began to pain me, and yet in my confusion I saw no way of getting off until the creek fell, which we knew would be in three or four hours. I was looking up the river watching the timber coming down, and nursing my broken arm, when Jerome cried out, 'It's jamming at the rapid below, we shall soon get off.' True enough there was a jam about fifty yards from us at a turn of the river, and near the head of the rapid. Jerome caught a good-sized stick. I held on to it with my sound hand and arm, and soon we were safely landed on the jam. We reached the shanty after the men had dispersed to work, but in the course of the day Jerome and I got a ride to the settlement, where I soon got cured of the night-blind and of my broken arm."

EXPLOSION OF THE POWDER BARGES

Hendricks and Gen. Meade, at City Point, Virginia, July 8.

We illustrate in this issue one of the most terrible explosions that as journalists we have been called upon to chronicle since the beginning of the war.

The Hendricks, loaded with ammunition, was unloading about 15 feet from the wharf—about 100 negroes of the Quartermaster's Department being engaged. Nearly 100 barrels of powder still remained on board when she suddenly blew up.

The explosion occurred at a few minutes before one o'clock in the afternoon, and the greater portion of the white men usually employed in the vicinity were absent at dinner, rendering the loss of life much less than would otherwise have been the case. There were, however, several hundred negroes and a number of whites on board the boats and on the banks of the river.

The noise lasted about 30 seconds, and witnesses say the shock was felt a long distance on the side of the road.

In front of the landing were located a number of offices and stores, among them the Post Office and Adams's Express, which were almost utterly torn down, the larger number of persons occupying them escaping with slight bruises.

In the rear of this is a steep bank—as seen in our engraving—its summit being covered with huts, which are occupied chiefly by the colored laborers and their families.

Had the ground been level the loss of life would no doubt have exceeded that which resulted.

Shells, balls etc., struck this camp in a perfect shower, while the ground in the vicinity is actually covered with all kinds of stores, a large number of old saddles and pieces of harness being amongst the debris.

Beyond this were a number of tents, a few of which appear in our sketch. In one of these, Mr. Wood, formerly cashier of Frank Leslie's establishment, was at the time, having left his horse at the river a short distance above. He was the only one untouched in the tent, and soon after reached his horse safely.

A boat loaded with stores was lying alongside and was blown to pieces, and another was torn to pieces, a large portion being raised completely out of the water and hurled through the storehouse on the deck.

The loss of life is not exactly known, but no less than 170 dead bodies were found, and from the fragments strewn around it is supposed that at least 200 perished.

Some ascribe the explosion to a rebel torpedo; others to the fall of a shell in the hold.

THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG.

Burying the Dead under a Flag of Truce, after the Battle of July 30.

After the repulse on the 30th Gen. Burnside sent a flag of truce to ask leave to remove our wounded and bury our dead. On the 1st of August a reply was given, and working parties, white and colored, sent out. Our Artist sketches the terrible scene. The bodies, after lying in a midsummer sun for two days, were terribly altered; swarms of flies gathered around these remains of the gallant fellows who fell. The rebel works swarmed with men, and in front was a line of guards. In the intervening space, between this and our line, the men were busily at work, committing to earth the remains of their comrades. Near the guards our officers met rebel officers at the flag. Among the latter were Gen. Cooper and Gen. Mahone, among the former, Gen. Ferrero. Our dead amounted to 300 in all, less than had been supposed. The time given for the truce was from five A.M. to nine, after which hostilities commenced, but in reality only random musketry firing was heard.

The Wolf.—From the Rio Colorado we had been constantly followed by a large gray wolf. Every evening, as soon as we got into camp, he made his appearance, squatting quietly down at a little distance, and, after we had turned in for the night, helping himself to anything lying about. Our first acquaintance commenced on the prairie, where I had killed the two antelopes, and the excellent dinner he then made on the remains of the carcasse had evidently attached him to our society. In the morning, as we left the camp, he took possession, and quickly ate up the remains of our supper and some little extras I always took care to leave for him. Shortly after he would trot after us, and if we halted a short time to adjust the pack-mules or water the animals, he sat down quietly till we resumed our march. But when I killed an antelope, and was in the act of butchering it, he gravely looked on or lopped round and round, licking his jaw and in a state of evident self-gratulation. I had him twenty times a day within reach of my rifle, but he became such an old friend that I never dreamed of molesting him.

AVOIDING THE DRAFT—AGENTS OF NORTHERN STATES ENGAGING NEGRO SUBSTITUTES AT NORFOLK.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST

NEGRO SUBSTITUTES.

THE scheme of Northern States sending down to the Borders to pick up negroes as substitutes for white men drafted is one of the curious events of the day. Massachusetts began it. New York city, preferring a draft of her citizens, has declined it. Our Artist depicts a scene of this enlisting, this new kind of negro market. To men accustomed to being sold the affair cannot be strange, except in the feature that they pocket the money. A story is told of a man in Missouri—white man—whom ill luck got him among the drafted. He scraped up enough to buy a substitute and sallied out to the negro quarter, seeing a likely subject lounging by an alley, he hailed him with a—"Hallo! don't you want to make some money?" "How, massa?" was the slowly drawled answer. "Why, I am drafted, and will give any man $500 to take my place." "Don't say, massa, so am I; and I have got $700 to give some fellow to go for me. Will you?"

SHELLING WORKMEN ENGAGED ON REBEL RAM AT CHARLESTON.

We give in this paper a most interesting sketch of the rebel ram building in Charleston harbor, as seen through a powerful glass. This is not a work which our army and navy can allow to proceed unmolested, and having got the range quite accurately, as the rebels admit, our gunners drop shell around with a frequency and effect that often compels them to suspend their labors abruptly, and not unfrequently for a considerable time.

GEN. SHERIDAN'S HEADQUARTERS, Harper's Ferry.

THE appointment of Gen. Sheridan, an old and tried army officer, to the general direction of affairs on the Upper Potomac, has restored a confidence sadly shaken by previous miscarriage. Gen. Sheridan, whose portrait we gave so recently that it must be fresh in the minds of our readers, has established his headquarters at a mansion on Harper's ferry heights, which we illustrate. The originally fine mansion shows marks of the deadly struggles that have been carried on around it; the roof and cornice are torn by shells, and the outhouses are similarly injured. The whole place betokens desertion and neglect.

OCCUPATION OF NEW WINDSOR.

OUR readers will find among our illustrations a view of the occupation of New Windsor by rebel cavalry during the recent raid. New Windsor is a thriving post-village in Carroll county, Maryland, near enough to be visited by rebel raiders. As these parties dash into a town some endeavor to escape with valuables; but are generally pursued and pay dearly. The unfortunate countrymen whose wagons are found standing before the village store are sure to be the first losers, the shoemakers and druggists next, and the publicans, of course, are thronged with sinners. It is a sad record to turn over the pages of our paper for the last three years and see our picture-gallery of ruined American towns and villages; how many a thriving place, in the midst of smiling plenty, with every mark of activity, energy and progress, has been left a mass of ruins or marked indelicately by the red hand of war.

Our sketches, truthful and carefully drawn, can scarcely be appreciated; but we notice with pleasure that in England and France they select our illustrations constantly to reproduce.

FARRAGUT'S VICTORY AT MOBILE.

FEW commanders by sea or land have won their way more successfully to the popular heart than

THE REBEL RAM IN CHARLESTON HARBOR, AND WORKMEN ENGAGED IN BUILDING THE REBEL RAM.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

THE WAR IN UPPER VIRGINIA.—GEN. SHERIDAN'S HEADQUARTERS AT HARPER'S FERRY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.

THE RAID INTO MARYLAND.—REBEL CAVALRY OCCUPYING THE TOWN OF NEW WINDSOR.—FROM A SKETCH BY FREDERICK DIELMAN.

Farragut. He has that bluff, persistent, daring recklessness that makes the hero. In his bold rush up to New Orleans he gained every point of applause, and now when the moment for attacking Mobile arrives he brushes past two rebel forts in his own style, silences one, compels another to surrender, forces the enemy to blow up a third, engages their fleet, captures an iron ram and one other vessel, drives another ashore, and clears Mobile bay of the enemy, leaving Gen. Granger, who commands the army on land, to reduce Fort Morgan, as the only remaining foothold of treason on the Gulf shore.

About eight o'clock this morning the attack commenced, the ironclads Tecumseh, Manhattan, Winnebago and Chickasaw leading, closely followed by the wooden vessels Hartford, Monongahela, Tennessee, Metacomet, Oneida, Itasco, &c., 18 in all, lashed two and two, in the same manner as when the Port Hudson batteries were passed. The Brooklyn was the first following the monitors and the Hartford (flagship) second. The Richmond, Lackawanna, Ossipee, Monongahela, Oneida, Galena, Port Royal, Metacomet, Octorara, Seminole and Itasco followed.

When the fleet was fairly under weigh the line headed directly for Fort Morgan, the enemy opening a terrific fire from Forts Morgan and Gaines, and assisted by the guns from the rebel ram Tennessee and four other vessels at the entrance of the bay.

Our only reply to the enemy from this range was the sending of a few shells from 100-pounder Parrotts, stationed at the bows of the vessels, but when the fleet arrived at within a biscuit's throw of Fort Morgan every vessel was ready with her broadside, and as the fleet passed they opened a terrible fire, the cannon rattling in volleys similar to an infantry fire of musketry, driving the gunners from their guns and silencing both fort and water battery.

As soon as the bay was reached the rebel ram Tennessee, gunboat Selma and three others attacked the fleet, and almost before the first gun was fired in the action with them the monitor Tecumseh struck a torpedo, which fairly blew or rather lifted her out of the water, when she descended and disappeared. Nearly all on board were lost, but eight or ten escaping. They were picked up by a boat from the Metacomet while the fight was going on. The fighting was terrific for a time; but it was soon evident that we had the best of the action, though the smoke rendered the engagement very indistinct.

As the Tennessee and other rebel vessels were engaging the fleet, several of the smaller vessels passed them, when the Tennessee would attempt to run them down. The Oneida was cut to the water's edge by her formidable ram, and to prevent her from sinking she was run into shoal water. This vessel also received a shot in her boiler.

The rebel gunboat Selma attempted to leave the fleet quietly and steam to Mobile, but the Metacomet discovered the movement and hastened after her. When the former saw that escape was impossible, she surrendered to Capt. Jarrett, of the Metacomet. The rebel vessel had lost dreadfully in killed and wounded, and when her decks were reached, the dead and dying lay around, while her scuppers ran with blood. Her commander, Lieut. Comstock, formerly of the U. S. navy, was lying dead across the breech of a gun with his bowels torn out. He was evidently in the act of sighting the piece when shot.

The engagement with the enemy's fleet took place on the west side of Mobile bay, in the direction of Fort Powell, and out of range of the guns of Fort Morgan.

The Tennessee boldly steamed in the direction of our fleet, as if for the purpose of running down and destroying the wooden vessels, without paying attention to the monitors, except to keep out of their way: but they persevered in following her and cutting her off, when her whole attention was forced to be directed to them. The fighting did not last long between them, however, for the flagship and the Monongahela steamed in the direction of the Tennessee, the Monongahela striking her amidships with her terrible prow, causing the huge rebel monster to reel like a drunken man.

The Hartford then grappled the Tennessee; but further bloodshed was saved by the latter hoisting the white flag from the pilot-house.

Capt. Pierre Girand led the party who boarded the ram, and the rebel Admiral Buchanan delivered up his sword to him.

The same horrible slaughter was observable all around as on the Selma, and Admiral Buchanan had a leg shot off during the action.

THE CACTUS PLANTS OF CALIFORNIA.

The San Francisco *Bulletin* says: "The cactus—that celebrated family of the floral kingdom, the glory of the hot-houses of Europe and the wonder of travellers, whose flowers and fruits are seen in every league of surface in South California, Arizona and the Peninsula—has never sufficiently attracted the attention of our florists or farmers. Fifty-five species of cactus are known in the botany of these sections, and they include some with magnificent flowers and of extraordinary appearance, forming beautiful ornaments when in the vicinity of other vegetation. If the different species, all covered with thorns, could be got together in a California garden they would form one of the most singular and unique displays it is possible to conceive in gardening, and it is to be remembered that the fruits are as valuable for human food as the flowers are for feasting the eye.

"The Cactacia has an immense range in the altitudes of central North America or in what we may term the California *simulacra* of climates and soils, as they are found from the parallel of Cariboo to Cape St. Lucas, and from the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains in North Dacotah to the Gila river. They are met with in all altitudes between the Gila and Panama, from the line of perpetual snow to that of the seashore.

"Some 200 different species of this singular family of American plants are enumerated in the botany of Mexico, ranging from the shape of a cabbage to that of a grapevine, and looming high as a tree and umbrageous as a small oak. Their flowering is of extraordinary splendor and loveliness, and is from the purest white to vermilion, including every mixture of the prismatic colors. But it is the fruit, the stand-by of the poor and the Indians in the seasons of drought and famine, that unfolds this providential blessing of the desert in all its value.

"Engelman of St. Louis, an eminent writer on this family, enumerates as indigenous to Arizona and South California four genera of the cactus; that is, 37 species of the opuntas or lobe shape, 11 species of the coreus or perpendicular stems, six eumamalarias or mamacs, and six echinocactus or cabbage-heads. Almost every one of these are found in the mountain ranges and deserts of Los Angeles, San Bernardino and San Diego counties. In Lower California many species are met with which are foreign to our parallels and altitudes, one of which, a climbing variety, is found in the dryest months to be full of the purest water. One of the opuntas has a small fruit, specific in scurvies and blood impurities, while others have fruits with the flavor of pineapples, of strawberries, peaches, plums and cherries, of the luscious cheramoya and mangostein, of the fig and grape, and of the lemon, apple and pear.

"The Cactus Opunis, or Indian fig of Mexico—white and red—was introduced into the mission gardens of our State from Santa Clara to San Diego in the early settlement of the country, some 70 years ago; but they are also found indigenous in the mountains of the Colorado, in San Bernardino and San Diego counties. Near the southern missions below Point Conception they grow luxuriantly, particularly at San Barbara, San Fernando and San Gabriel. At the two last-named places they are extremely abundant and luscious. These varieties of the prickly pear are valuable additions to the food of our State, as the fruit is not only very plentiful in summer and fall, but highly nutritive and agreeable, and can be gathered at will, and the plant requires no care. When stripped of the prickles they can be boiled down to an excellent conserve or syrup, or dried in the sun for preservation, as they contain a large quantity of sugar and gum. The plant is easily propagated by slips or seeds, and has a wonderful endurance, vitality and hardiness. It comes to perfection in three years. Its seeds, which are very abundant in the fruit, are roasted by the Indians as a substitute for corn. The mucilage of the leaves or fronds are thrown into water and used in making cements and whitewashes, and gives great strength to these house building materials in the arid districts of Mexico. It is in common use around Los Angeles.

"Being such plentiful and excellent producers of sugary fruit, so necessary to the laboring man in our dry and attenuated atmosphere, this matter should be attended to by our people, as well as the arts of making molasses from maguey, pumpkins, melons, watermelons, grapes, pears, beets, cornstalks, and the wild sugar cane or panoche-carisso of the Tulares. All these fruits are well known to the Indians and Mestizoes of Sonora and New Mexico, and those of Chihuahua and Coahuila, as producing sugar; and particularly the Cactacea and Agave, among the Pimos and Papagos of Arizona, who consider the cactus and the maguey as the gifts of the gods, for from them they receive food, clothing, shelter and fencing. The reduction of these articles to conserves and molasses is often facilitated among these simple people by a concentrating process of roasting and baking, and boiling down slowly afterwards, with a little water, to a viscid syrup which never ferments in their keeping, though several of them are also used in the fabrication of mescal or spirits. Of such an exhilarating quality is this fire-water that when 'in the spirit' they would not give a *claquo* to call themselves king, priest or judge, for they often give for such alcoholics weight for weight in silver, and bless the vendor for his trade."

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A Paris correspondent thus describes an odd scene which he says took place lately at a theatre in the environs of Lyons:

A worthy blacksmith occupied the first seat in the pit (there is no parquette in the theatre) and seemed to be absorbed by the incidents of the drama until the leading juvenile made his appearance, whereupon the excellent spectator leaped on the stage and gave the "leading juvenile" a sound thrashing, which the latter bore with exemplary resignation. The police rushed forward and soon obtained the explanation of the strange proceeding. The blacksmith told them that the "leading juvenile" was his son, whom he believed to be at Paris pursuing his studies, and who drew regularly every month on him for his board, tuition fees and book bill. He excused himself for his impetuosity, but confessed that he could not command himself. The blacksmith agreed to allow the proceedings to continue, and he resumed his seat; but when he shook his fist at the "leading juvenile," and called him blackguard, rogue, knave, etc., whenever he appeared, the laughter in the house destroyed all the effect of the drama. After the curtain fell he collared the "leading juvenile" and carried him home.

Maxims for Husbands.—Resolve in the morning to be patient and cheerful during the day. Laugh heartily on finding all the buttons off your shirt—as usual. Say, merrily, "Boys will be boys," when you discover that the children have emptied the contents of the water jug into your boots. On gashing your chin with a razor, remember that beauty is but skin deep; and in order to divert your thoughts from the pain, recite a speech from Hamlet, or indulge in one of the harmonies of your native land. If breakfast is not ready for you, chuckle and grin pleasantly at the menials; remembering that a merry heart is a continual feast; and go to your daily business with a pleasant smile.

A Quaker, on hearing a man swear at a particularly bad piece of road, went up to him and said:

"Friend, I am under the greatest obligations to thee. I would myself have done what thou hast done, but my religion forbids it. Don't let my conscience, however, bridle thine; give thine indignation wings, and suffer not the prejudice of others to paralyze the tongue of justice and long suffering—yea, verily."

A countryman once brought a piece of board to an artist, with the request that he would paint upon it St. Christopher as large as life.

"But," returned the artist, "that board is much too small for that purpose."

The countryman looked perplexed at this unexpected discovery.

"That's a bad job," said he; "but look'ee, sir, ye can let his feet hang down over the edge of the board."

A few nights since Tom Jones went home to his wife in rather a disguised condition. He had drank so often for the success of our volunteers that he was compelled to eat a handful of cloves to remove the smell of whiskey. While undressing, his wife detected the perfume of the spice, and said:

"Good gracious, Tom, how dreadfully you smell of cloves."

"Eh?" said Tom, starting; "c-l-o-v-e-s?"

"Yes, cloves: any one would think you had been embalmed like a mummy?"

This made his wits go wool-gathering.

"Phew! you are regularly scented with them. Where have you been to-night?" continued the wife.

Tom was thrown entirely off his guard—his brain rambled, and, without the remotest idea of what he was saying, replied:

"W-h-y—hic—Clara, the fact is, I have just been on a little trip to the East Indies, and while I was there fell over a spicebox!"

Then she knew what was the matter.

Judicial Fun.—The late Judge Peters has left behind him a countless host of well-remembered puns; some few of the rarest are worth relating. A gentleman presenting his only son to the notice of the judge, said:

"He is my all."

The boy was a long, thin, whey-faced stripling, and the judge, looking in his face, said to the father:

"Your awl, and your last, too, I suppose; but I can't call him a strapping fellow."

When on the District Court bench, he observed to Judge Washington that one of the witnesses had a vegetable head.

"How so?" was the inquiry.

"He has carroty hair, reddish cheeks, a turn-up nose, and a sage look."

During one of the public days connected with Lafayette's reception, the judge was riding in an open carriage with the general, who regretted that he should be exposed to the annoyance arising from clouds of flying dust.

"I am used to it," said Peters; "I am a judge, and have had dust thrown in my eyes by the lawyers for many years."

A certain Sunday-school teacher was in the habit of making a collection in his juvenile class for missionary objects every Sunday; and this box received stores of pennies which might otherwise have found their way to the drawers of the confectioner and toyman. He was not a little surprised, however, on Sunday, to find a country note crushed in among the weight of copper coin. He was not long in finding it to be a broken bank; and on asking the class who put it there, the donor was soon pointed out to him by his mates, who had seen him deposit it, and thought it a very benevolent gift.

"Didn't you know that this note was good for nothing?"

"Yes," answered the boy.

"Then what did you put it in the box for?"

"I didn't s'pose the little heathen would know the difference, and thought it would be just as good for them."

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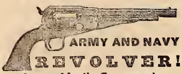

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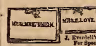

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No. 467—Vol. XVIII.] NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 10, 1864. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly. 13 Weeks $1 00.

The late Military Operations in Virginia—Their Important Results.

Gen. Grant has succeeded in another important step towards the reduction of Richmond. He has done this not without considerable losses, but his gains are immeasurably greater. All the late mysterious and, to the common observer, inexplicable movements of our troops from the south side of the James river to the north side and back again, and up the Shenandoah valley and down again, find their solution in the capture and occupation of the Weldon, Wilmington and Charleston railroad, the main artery between Richmond and Georgia, the head and the heart of the rebellion. Without dwelling, however, upon the beautiful strategic movements and combinations which have been crowned with this substantial success, let us briefly consider the value of the new position, over which the lines of the heroic old army of the Potomac have been extended.

Down to the 4th of July, 1863, there were three great railroad arteries, with numerous ramifications, between Richmond and the rebellious States, reaching even to the abundant military supplies and reinforcements on the west side of the Mississippi, by way of some one of numerous crossings along the 300 miles of the river held by the enemy between Vicksburg and Port Hudson. With the capture of Vicksburg by Gen. Grant, all the country on the west side of the Mississippi river, in a military view, was cut off from Richmond. Next, with the terrible defeat and expulsion of Bragg from Chattanooga, including the expulsion of Longstreet from Knoxville and East Tennessee, one of the three great southern arteries to Richmond, the Virginia and Tennessee railroad, was severed. Now, with the late successful extension of his lines by Gen. Grant, the main and direct railroad from Richmond to Georgia is cut off, so that the only railway line now remaining between Richmond and the South is the interior Danville line, a hastily and imperfectly constructed road, passing, by a circuitous and out-of-the-way route, around to Wilmington and Charleston. This single track railway, with its primitive wagon tire rails, is the last remaining link for military purposes between Richmond and Georgia.

Now, when it is remembered that Lee's army and the cities of Richmond and Petersburg are mainly dependent upon Georgia for their provisions, the loss which they have suffered in the loss of the great Weldon line may be imagined. That Gen. Lee fully comprehended the loss of this vital line is very evident from his desperate attempts of three successive days and nights, by furious charges in solid columns, to recover it. The greatest difficulty experienced by Gen. Grant in this campaign has been the difficulty of getting Lee out of his earthworks. From Spottsylvania Court-house down to the Chickahominy, and thence to Petersburg, Gen. Grant, in flanking his wily adversary out of one strongly fortified position, has never been able to catch him till snugly sheltered behind another. But at Petersburg, the chain of Lee's hidingplaces ends; and hence Gen. Grant's flank movement upon the Weldon road, through which Lee's army has, of late, mainly drawn its subsistence, compelled him to come out and do his best to regain it. He chose, for this object, the favorable time of a dark night, and in the midst of a heavy storm, to make his assault. It was an effort marked with the cunning of an Indian, and the energy of despair on the part of the attacking rebel columns, and it was a surprise to our unprotected troops, and yet the attack was a failure, and the game was lost.

From these facts the intelligent reader will perceive, taking the movements on both sides around Richmond, and away off in the Shenandoah valley into the estimate, as parts of

FRANZ MULLER, THE ENGLISH RAILWAY MURDERER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CLARKE.

THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—SCENE AT TARLETON'S PLANTATION, BAYOU TECHE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

the same game, that Grant is the master of Lee, not only in hard fighting, but in the delicate business of strategy, and that he shapes the movements of the enemy to his own purposes. As the matter now stands, with the loss of the Weldon road, the transfer of reinforcements from Lee to Hood, or from Hood to Lee, becomes a difficult operation, inasmuch as the limited capacity of the Danville line must be monopolized in the transportation of the necessary supplies to Richmond. Nor is this the worst of it to Gen. Lee; for the Danville road is now in greater danger than ever before, and we may be sure that Gen. Grant will not rest until he has reached it, or smoked his adversaries out into the open field to fight for it. Already in the struggle for the Weldon road we have the corroboration of our views of June last, to wit—that in reality the elaborate fortifications of Richmond and Petersburg are of little value to the defence of those cities, while their subsistence depends upon the railroads which connect them with Georgia. Jeff Davis would have us believe that he is in no danger; but the lines of Vicksburg are inevitably closing around him. The advance of flour in Richmond to the extent of $100 on the barrel, since the loss of the Weldon railroad, tells the story.

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AS AN INVESTMENT.

There is one view of investments in Government stocks which has not been generally taken. If taken by shrewd capitalists and speculators, it has not been generally considered by the people. It is this: When, after a long suspension, specie payments, are resumed, all stocks and all prices immediately and largely decline, but *Government stocks* DO NOT *materially decline.* This fact we assert on the ground of *historical experience.* It is true that in the War of 1812-15 Government stocks fell, at one time, to 70; but most of the banks were then suspended or bankrupt, and there was comparatively little currency in the country to buy stocks with. But suppose the gold value of Government stocks were this day 70 (the lowest they were ever till now sold at), the market value at the present rate of gold would be 135, while in fact the stocks are selling below 105. Supposing, then, that the market price of Government securities were, by the resumption of specie payments, to go down to 70 in July, the *decline* would be 35 on 105, equivalent to 33⅓ *per cent.*, while the decline on a railroad stock would be nearly or quite equal to the whole present difference between gold and paper. A common railroad stock, selling now at 105, would decline to 55, or, in the best supposable case, to 60. This is illustrated by the history of every suspension of specie payments we have had, and there are many business men who will recollect what prices of produce, stocks and all saleable commodities were after the commercial revulsions of 1837 and 1839-40. In 1841, '42 and 43, prices were reduced to a degree now scarcely credible. But *Government stocks* did not fall materially. On the contrary, it is a settled principle, deduced from all experience in England and this country, that *Government funds do not fluctuate to the same extent as other kinds of property.* There is good reason for it. The *time, rate of interest* and security are all fixed and permanent. There may be some variations in the market price, owing to the greater or less bulk of the entire currency, but there can be none in the intrinsic value; and hence it is, that *historically* the fluctuations in the value of Government stock have been comparatively small.

In all the recent commercial fluctuations of England (in some of which there has been a complete prostration of all other property), the variation in British consols has not been over five or six per cent. This cannot be said of any other kind of stock. Of railway and bank stocks the great variations and at times wonderful depreciation are notorious. Sudden commercial revulsions have reduced these stocks to one-half their price. Suppose, then, that with gold say at 90 now, and Government stocks at 105, there should be a resumption of gold payments in one year, (and this is a supposition which may become a fact), what would be the relative effect on three kinds of stock—say Government at 105 bank at 118 and railroad at 120? In all human probability the resumption of gold payments in a year would bring them to those relative prices, viz.: Government 90; bank 85; railroad 70.

Judged by *historical experience* this would be nearly the *relative* result. The consequence, then, is that the Government funds depreciate 15 per cent., the banks 25, and the railroads 50. It is more probable, if this statement be thought erroneous, that the actual results would be much more in favor of Government. But we merely give this as an illustration of a general historical truth, that on the resumption of specie payments, or on the occurrence of a great commercial convulsion, the fall in Government stocks will be far less, relatively, than the fall in any other kind of stocks. *The practical inference* from this is plain. The purchase of Government stocks being made for investment, *it is a far safer and more profitable investment for the future,* when gold payments will be resumed, than any other.

Now nobody can doubt that the War, that is, the great bulk and expense of the War, will be over in a year or so; and when that occurs, *there will come a gold standard;* and then, when others are lamenting over the fall of stocks, the holder of Government loans will have no fall to lament. He will, in fact, profit by that change which injures the holders of other property.

THERE is no day born but comes like a stroke of music into the world and sings itself all the way through.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 10, 1864.

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Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

Our forces still hold the position gained by Gen. Warren on the Weldon road, the rebels, after fruitless efforts to regain it, having retired entirely from his front. On Sunday, August 21st, they made a most determined assault, but after three repulses retired. This compensated for our heavy loss on the 19th. A whole rebel brigade was caught between the fire of two columns and almost annihilated, the General, Haywood, being killed.

On the 23d a part of the 2d corps tore up the railroad to a distance of three miles beyond Ream's station, and the 5th corps also destroyed the road to within four miles of Petersburg.

On the 25th Gen. Hancock, who was south of Ream's station, was repeatedly attacked, but in vain. At half-past 5 A.M. a combined attack was made on his centre and left, but he repulsed them as he had done before, and the enemy withdrew, leaving their dead and wounded on the field.

The enemy have lost at least 10,000 in the last two weeks.

On the same day an attack was made on Butler's picket line, but easily repulsed.

SHERIDAN'S ARMY.

Gen. Sheridan has now in fact centred his army at Harper's Ferry.

On the 17th Gen. Torbert kept the enemy at bay on the Winchester and Newtown Pike, Col. Penrose, with the 1st brigade of the 1st division, distinguishing himself greatly.

On the 21st a brisk engagement took place two miles beyond Charlestown. The rebels, at 8 A.M., attempted to pierce our front at Summit Point. The 6th corps and Wilson's cavalry bore the brunt and lost heavily. We drove the enemy over a mile. On the 24th skirmishing was renewed on the left and centre.

On the 24th Moseby attacked the stockade at Arrandale, but after an hour's fight withdrew.

On the 25th the rebels attempted to cross at dam No. 4 but were repulsed. The enemy have since fallen back to Smithfield.

GEORGIA.

Wheeler crossed the river above Chattanooga and captured a train near Cleveland.

On the 13th the 15th corps charged the rebel works at Atlanta and carried the riflepits.

Gen. Kilpatrick succeeded in cutting the Macon road without loss, and made a complete circuit around Atlanta, returning with 200 prisoners, 6 cannon and 4 stands of colors.

On the 19th Maj.-Gen. Dodge was killed at Atlanta while posting a picket line.

The Union prisoners at Andersonville, Ga., have sent a deputation to President Lincoln. There are 35,000 prisoners there suffering fearfully.

ALABAMA.

Farragut and Granger are thundering away at Fort Morgan, the Tennessee taking the place of the Tecumseh, and hurling her deadly missiles at the fort she so recently defended.

Gen. Maury is pressing all—black and white—in order, if possible, to save Mobile.

According to rebel papers, Fort Morgan was taken on the 27th of August.

TENNESSEE.

On the 21st, Forrest, by a bold dash, captured Memphis at 3 A. M. and held the town for two hours. The object was to capture Gen. Washburne and Gen. Hurlbut, but they both escaped. Forrest, as he retired, was pursued by Col. Winslow.

LOUISIANA.

Two steamers, the Atlantic No. 2 and M. R. Cheek, while engaged in an illegal cotton trade, was seized by the rebels at the mouth of Sunflower river.

On the 8th of Aug. the rebels attacked the Independent scouts near Goodrich's landing, but as negro troops came up they were repulsed with loss.

NORTH CAROLINA.

A rebel force attempting to take conscripts by force at Greensboro', on August 24, were driven out of the town, their commander, Major Whitfield, and Capt. Keyoe being killed.

NAVAL.

The Tallahassee has destroyed 22 American fishing vessels off North Cape, Prince Edward's island. We have captured the Lilian, a blockade-runner from Wilmington to Nassau.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE foreign news received during the past week is very unimportant. Parliament is prorogued in England, and the most notable work Lord Palmerston can find to do is to cut the first turf of new railroads, and lecture at country towns. At a recent meeting he again declared the fixed determination of the English Government to remain perfectly neutral in American affairs.

France continues in an equally quiet condition. The King of the Belgians has paid his visit to Louis Napoleon, but the object is not known.

The Germanic Confederation is very angry with the King of Prussia for conducting the Danish negotiations, as though the minor States of Germany were of no account. The French press laid Denmark's misfortunes at England's door, adding, that if she had been cordial with France, the Western Powers could also have saved Poland.

TOWN GOSSIP.

ONCE more we are about to talk of the draft. We do not know any subject so near to the hearts of the people—every one—as that same question of the conscription.

There is no distinction in the classes whom it will affect, the rich man feeling it in his pocket, when called on to disburse a thousand or two for a substitute, and the poor one feeling it in his person and his family. For the first we have no sympathy; it is full time that the rich should do something towards this war, and we cannot believe that the man who goes out with his life in his hands can receive too much as bounty for so doing. New York city started on this belief and was liberal to profusion, but a change has come o'er the spirit of the dream, and now the wealthy town bows before the energy and money of the country, or, in other words, New York, ridden to death by scurvy politicians, has allowed the time to go by when she could have filled her quota, and for the sake of a few millions of dollars, a drop in the bucket of her wealth, has let every little village take away her men by the inducement of higher bounties. There are numberless towns about us that pay $600 cash to one year men, while New York pays only $300 to three year men, and pays even that brutally and grudgingly. The result is that our city is enlisting no men, and to make the matter worse, is, under the prompting of some of these same scurvy politicians, attempting—as we hope, vainly—to sneak out of her duty by trying to prove that she alone has enlisted some 30,000 men in the navy, almost as great a number as there is in it altogether. In two weeks, therefore, New York will be given up to the conscription, and 20,000 men taken away, bountyless and perhaps penniless, to the field. For this they may thank only themselves, and it is to be hoped that when they return to their homes they will be honest enough in the future to attend to their political rights and vote for honest men, not for a politician who can see nothing that has not a money-making job in it.

From the sublime to the ridiculous. We have discussed the draft, we are now about to fly to omnibusses. We know of how little use such discussion is, but still we hope that some day a millenium will come and the little social abuses under which people writhe in large cities will be crushed out by a popular storm of indignation, enough to deter future violators of individual sovereignty from attempting their deeds without fully considering the penalty.

It was a supposable case that when the people submitted without a murmur to the advance in price, that it would have inspirited the proprietors and drivers to civility and attention in proportion, but, *au contraire*, it seems to have actuated them to assume the position of conquerors, and generated impudence. Within the week we have witnessed at least half-a-dozen cases that should have required the attention of the police, if it were not a characteristic of New Yorkers that they allow themselves to be trodden on without offering even words of resistance. We have seen a driver retain a 50 cent. currency bill, not having change, and refuse to return it until he had carried the owner several blocks past his destination. We have seen a driver refuse to release the strap and let a lady out, who—the driver having no pennies for a ten cent. stamp—could only give him seven cents. In that case the application of a gentleman's knife to the leather speedily released the prisoner. We have heard a driver on a fashionable line apply his mouth to the pay hole and pour through it a torrent of profanity and abuse that would have made it justifiable had he been jerked through the aperture, even though it had been one-half smaller.

Coupled with such abuses as this there is a class of passengers who ride in public conveyances who are public nuisances. The man who crosses his legs or puts his foot upon his knee, allowing a dirty boot to wipe itself on good clothes passing him, is a nuisance of the first water, and managers of city railroads are especially recommended to consider him in their instructions to conductors. The man who gets in chewing the stump of an unlighted cigar, and declines to throw it away because he is not smoking, and consequently stenches the whole conveyance, is a filthy nuisance. The man who sits sideways when the seat is crowded is a nuisance. The man who fidgets in a crowded seat is a nuisance. The man who in getting out lifts his feet so high as to wipe the knees of every passenger is a nuisance. The woman who walks on a muddy day, and brings a slushed dress to bespatter and smear all, is a n——e. The woman that spreads her skirts over several seats, and scowls at every new comer, is a n—aughty creature. The woman who brings large baskets inside, and will not trust them to the driver, is the same, and to the woman who insists upon crowding herself in when every seat is filled, making every one else uncomfortable, we say ditto, ditto, ditto, with all our heart.

An incident comes to our knowlege this week which as we have not noticed printed elsewhere we relate. Its locality is Philadelphia, but the moral applies equally to New York, and shows for the hundredth time the importance of having gentlemen and men of humanity as officers of the police, if we cannot have them in the ranks. Mr. Sylvester O. Post, President of the National Life Insurance Company, and once on Gen. Fremont's staff, had occasion to go to Philadelphia a few days since on business. While there he complained of not feeling well, and towards evening on parting with a friend spoke of his head troubling him. An hour afterwards he was found by a policeman on the sidewalk, and without question or examination dragged to the station-house and thrust into a cell as a drunkard, where in a short time he was found dead. The jury declared his death had arisen "from causes unknown." Had we been upon that jury we should have found the death caused by brutality and ill-usage, and recommended the perpetrators into custody for murder.

Among the movements inaugurated in New York to ameliorate the condition of the middle and lower classes, and somewhat guard against the high prices of the present and coming season, is that of associations of families to purchase the necessities of life, in quantities, from first hands, and thereby do away with the infamous system of middle-men. We have seen this plan in operation both in the coal and provision line. In the first the saving was equal to 30 per cent. by sending an agent to the mines and making a special contract for delivery, and in the last a saving in some cases of 100 per cent. To explain this it will be necessary to tell that speculators and hucksters have got our market laws so arranged that a farmer bringing his produce to the city must dispose of it before eight o'clock, or leave. The result is that he is forced to dispose of it to these dealers, as heads of families seldom reach the market as early as this. We have seen, within a week, vegetables and fruit bought by an agent of an association of families at the understated prices:

Potatoes	$2 00 a bushel.	Dealers'	price	$3 00
Tomatoes	30 "	"	"	1 00
Beets	3 a bunch.	"	"	7
Lime Beans	50 a bushel.	"	"	1 00
Squashes	1 00 a barrel.	"	"	2 00
Turnips	1 00 "	"	"	1 50
Cabbage	7 50 a hundred.	"	"	13 00
Apples	75 a bushel.	"	"	1 50
Peaches	1 00 "	"	"	1 50
Musk Melons	75 "	"	"	3 00
Water Melons	8 00 a hundred.	"	"	20 00

All this is simply a fact and capable of demonstration to any one who will go at daylight along Greenwich street towards Washington Market, and question the country people who swarm the street with wagons laden with all the wealth of the soil. Even when they sell in small quantities, the saving is equal to 50 per cent. on the prices of market men. In truth Washington Market is a humbug, and any housekeeper who braves the dirt and stench will find that they can buy just as good and 33 per cent. cheaper in their own neighborhood. We have had within a few days a dealer in the market charge us 60 cents for a half peck of peaches, better than which we had bought that very morning in a small grocery up-town for 40, and 75 cents for a water melon, the superior of which we had just got in the same way for 35 cents.

All these things are worthy the consideration of housekeepers, and might, properly followed up, very much alleviate the distress that must ensue the coming winter, and perhaps have the effect of driving some of the rascally horde of speculators and middle men into honest occupations, or into the army, where their thews and sinews would meet appreciation.

From these subjects, with a jump, let us go to the way New York is amusing herself.

The sensation of the week has been the debut of Miss Olive Logan at Wallack's Theatre, and before we say anything either of the lady or the piece in which she appeared, we wish to denounce the style of criticism with which she has been favored by certain newspapers, calling themselves respectable, of this city. We fail to see that any domestic relation, or any matter of private life, has aught to do with the performer upon the stage. The public and the critic have no right to ask whether the lady, if it be a lady, is maid, wife, widow or divorced woman. She presents herself for their suffrages as an actress, not as a wife, a mother, nor to bear upon her shoulders the prejudices or dislikes that may justly or unjustly belong to her husband, brother or father.

Miss Olive Logan, whom we have just a faint recollection of having seen years ago in some Western city, is of the middle size, neat and compact in form, with a proper stage look for anything but tragedy. She is a good dresser, and with a wealth of hair that is in itself almost equal to a success. She is the daughter of Logan the comedian, who will be remembered by New Yorkers as connected with Burton's Chamber street Theatre, and sister of Miss Eliza Logan, who, though not favoring this city with a taste of her quality, stands well through the West. Miss Olive Logan is the wife of the musical editor of the New York *Herald*, and hence much of the ill-natured notice bestowed upon the lady.

Miss Logan possesses talent of an unquestionable order. What there is of her is nature, and nature that overdoes acting. Though we have never seen the lady in private life, we feel assured that, as she played Eveleen, she acts her part in every day affairs. She has force and vehemence, too much for anything less than tragedy, and yet not suitable for tragedy. A very short time, under proper advice, will calm this down, and the lady is still young enough to profit by all criticism and improve by that study which she will certainly seek. We know this by marking the great change between the first and last nights of Eveleen: the first being almost a failure from the overacting of the heroine, the last almost a success from its manifest improvement.

Of the play, we can only say that it was of the highest sensation school, the first two acts especially presenting tableaux of the most telling order, the third act of a harrowing style, and the last dragging weakly along to a most wretched milk and watery conclusion. The play is put forth as the emanation of Miss Logan's pen, but betrays the hand of a man, and that one who is a reader of Dickens and an admirer. With a proper redressing and strengthening of the last act, "Eveleen" can be made a decidedly clever sensational play, and just the thing for the provincial market.

The Winter Garden is still running Clarke in "Everybody's Friend" and "The Rough Diamond," unto which, as they seem to please the public, we have no objection.

Niblo's gives Miss Heron six nights of "Camille," after which Forrest takes possession, and, as we suppose, will give us a hundred nights or so.

The Broadway reopens, newly painted, puttied and draperied, with Mr. John Owens, and cannot fail to make a success, the house and the location both tending to that consummation.

Barnum has got his whale, all alive, in the new tank, and visitors can indulge their proclivities in that line in a way not get-at-able before. The pantomime company are still at the Museum, drawing crowded houses, and will, according to present appearances, do the same for some weeks.

CLARKE'S photographic gallery, to which by the politeness of A. Pennal, the gentlemanly director, we are indebted for a portrait of Franz Muller, engraved in this paper, will repay a visit. We noticed several very fine and striking likenesses, among which we may note those of N. P. Willis, Esq., Commissioner Acton, Chanfrau and others.

BOOK NOTICES.

Ten Acres Enough: A Pratical Experience, showing how a very small farm may be made to keep a very large family, with extensive and profitable experience in the cultivation of the smaller fruits. New York: James Miller, 12mo, 255 pp.

This is one of the most charming books issued of late years. It is impossible to read without becoming interested in the intelligent and well-directed struggle of the man who abandoned the trials of a small manufacturing business in a city to see what mind and energy could do in cultivating a small piece of ground. To many situated like him it will be a stimulus, a lesson and a guide; to older farmers it will give some valuable hints; to the general reader, and especially to the young, it will prove a most attractive little volume. The style is fresh, full of interest, and there is enough of his domestic life woven in to give character and point to the whole.

General Orders of the War D partment, embracing the years 1861, 1862 and 1863, adapted specially for the use of the Army and Navy of the United States, chronologically arranged. In two volumes. With a full alphabetical index. By Thos. M. O'Brien and Oliver Diefendorf, Military Attorneys, Leavenworth, Kansas. New York: 2 vols., 8vo, 472, 711 pp.

The General Orders of the War Department affect and control so many various interests in the country, as to render their collection a matter of necessity. Messrs. O'Brien and Drefendorf have here given the whole well and accurately printed, and what renders their edition of inestimable value, furnished with a full index. It thus becomes indispensable to Staff Officers of Department and Division Headquarters, Paymasters, Quartermasters, Mustering and Disbursing Officers, Commissaries, Provost Marshals, and, in fact, the whole Staff and Line of the Army. To every branch of the service, the concise and complete form of the publication will prove convenient, and peculiarly commend itself to State authorities and their Militia organizations, also, to Military associations, clerks in various Departments of Government, and libraries throughout the Union. Historians of the War, Editors and others will find their labors of research vastly curtailed by its chronological arrangement and full index.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The military age, as stated in the enrollment law, is between 20 and 45, and not between 18 and 45, as some suppose.

—— The regular meeting of the Union Central Committee of this city was held on the 26th Aug. A committee was appointed to visit Washington, and endeavor, by all honorable means, to secure to the credit of New York the 24,000 men enlisted as sailors and marines, and not yet credited to the county.

—— The official recapitulation of the public debt up to Aug. 15 shows it to be $1,850,274,000 or $9,501,000 more than the previous week's statement. The unpaid requisitions are nearly $80,000,000, and the amount in the Treasury over $18,000,000. The debt bearing no interest has been decreased $9,632,000, while the debt bearing interest in lawful money has been increased $17,000,000, and the debt bearing interest in coin $2,000,000.

—— The Attorney-General having decided that the law of last session concerning the pay of colored troops gives them the same money, clothing, etc., as white soldiers get, orders have been issued to carry out the law and the decision.

—— The plasterers of Brooklyn held a mass meeting on the 25th of August, at which it was resolved to charge $3 50 per day for their labor.

—— The Valleyforge Base Ball Club of New York played a match with the Kearsarge Club of Hoboken, in which New Jersey triumphed by 33 to 13. There was much interest evinced by the spectators.

—— A wealthy gentleman in New Jersey, a few days since, enlisted as a substitute a stalwart and patriotic Canadian, paying him $800, and expending a considerable sum for an outfit. When they parted the recruit promised, at the request of his principal, to write at the first opportunity. The gentleman was a little surprised at receiving a letter from his man, dated Quebec, informing him that his money had enabled the substitute and his wife to set up a corner grocery, and that they were doing well, and that if his patron would give him a call he should have a drink gratis.

—— The Peekskill *Democrat* says that one day last week three sharks, the largest measuring over five feet in length, were captured in the Hudson river, near Underhill's point, Westchester County. They were of the cannibal tribe, regular mansaters, and there are probably more of the same sort raiding up and down the river, seeking whom they may devour.

—— A convention of editors and proprietors of weekly newspapers, in Western and Central New York, was held on Monday in Rochester, which was largely attended. D. D. T. Moore, of the *Rural New Yorker*, was called to the chair, and Edgar Parker, of the Geneva *Gazette*, appointed Secretary. The principal business of the convention was the adoption of a tariff of advertising and other prices suited to the times. A large advance in all departments of advertising was agreed upon, and also of 50 per cent. for job work.

—— Last week, says the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, a number of cannon were shipped from Reading to New York, and upon their arrival it was found that five had been spiked on the way—two or three so effectually as to necessitate the boring of new vents. So well known has this source of mischief been since the outbreak of the war that it has been deemed essential, for many months, to send a special agent on the train with every lot of cannon shipped eastward from this point, and we presume the practice is still maintained. No effort should be spared to ferret out the persons concerned in thus injuring the national cause, and, when discover d, their punishment should be in some degree commensurate with their offence.

Western.—A dispatch from Fort Kearney reports the arrival of Gen. Curtis there to look after the hostile Indians. All the agents, stock and coaches of the Overland Stage Company had been collected at the fort for protection. All the white inhabitants as far west as Denver had taken refuge at the fort or other military posts, the roads swarming with red skins. The road from Fort Kearney to Omaha had been deserted by whites. The Pawnees are said to have agreed with Gen. Curtis to fight for our sake. The dispatch adds that the news sent eastward about Indian atrocities has not been exaggerated.

—— In consequence of indications pointing to resistance to the draft in Ohio, Gov. Brough, of that State, has issued a proclamation warning the people against such a course, and pointing out the severe penalties which will be sure to follow any such rash attempt.

Southern.—Frazier & Randolph advertise in the Richmond *Sentinel* that the Rockbridge Alum Springs (Va.) are open to visitors, and that their terms for this season will be $20 per day, payable in the new issue.

—— Among the inducements advertised in Southern papers in favor of certain watering-places is their "remoteness from danger." One landlord describes his place as one not troubled by a late Union raid, and that "there is nothing about or around to attract the enemy, unless they are in search of health, good water, a pure and healing atmosphere, and unsurpassed mountain scenery."

—— Mrs. Lucinda Chipman, a former resident of New London, Conn., arrived in that place on the 22d Aug., from Macon, Ga., where she has resided for the last four years. She confirms the accounts of actual destitution in rebeldom, and says that corn meal and a few vegetables constitute the staff of life, while clothing, beyond the absolute necessary, is impossible to be had. The cost of the cheapest calico dress in this land of cotton is $100 in Confederate money. The honest and industrious portion of the people are anxious the war may be ended, but the slaveholders and leading men are determined to prosecute it to the bitter end.

—— Hon. Pierre Soulé, from the Confederate States, arrived at Havana on the 7th ult. His business, if of a public nature, is unknown.

Naval.—The final shots that terminated the career of the Tennessee were fired by the Monitor Chickasaw, which passed close under her stern, giving her the full weight of two 11-inch solid shots from her bow turret, which damaged the cover of the ram's sternpost. Buchanan went aft with his engineer to readjust the port cover. While engaged in this operation the Chickasaw brought her after turret to bear, one shot from which carried away the tiller chains of the Tennessee, rendering her unmanageable, while the other, entering the damaged port, killed one man and fractured Buchanan's leg with splinters. Having already lost her smokestack, the rebel ship was now utterly helpless. She was therefore surrendered at once, hauling down her colors to the Chickasaw, Lieutenant Commander Perkins commanding.

Personal.—Mr. Coventry Patmore, the poet and author of "The Angel in the House," has recently become a convert to the Roman Catholic religion.

—— Alexander S. Johnson, of New York, has been appointed Commissioner, under the treaty of July, 1863, to settle the claims of the Hudson's Bay and Puget Sound Agricultural Company, in the place of Daniel S. Dickinson, declined.

—— Mr. Fernando Wood made a speech at Dayton, Ohio (Vallandigham's home), on the 23d, in the course of which he told his hearers that the Chicago Convention would be unanimous in the nomination of a Peace candidate, on a Peace platform.

Obituary.—Col. Abel D. Streight, of the 51st Indiana, who is reported killed in the attack on Dalton, Ga., on the 16th, was the officer who made the famous raid through Alabama, was taken prisoner by the rebels, and after enduring unheard hardships in Libby Prison, succeeded in escaping, and reached the North with several of his comrades.

—— The Hon. John Appleton died in Portland, Me., on the 22d inst. He was in Congress in 1850; was Secretary of Legation when Buchanan was Minister to England, and afterwards Assistant-Secretary of State. At one time he was the owner of the *Eastern Argus*, a Democratic daily paper in Portland.

—— Miss Catherine Sinclair is dead. She was the daughter of Sir John Sinclair, and was born in Edinburgh in the year 1800. She was early distinguished both for literary talent and benevolence. Her first publications were two little volumes for children, called "Charlie Seymour" and "The Lives of the Cæsars." In 1835 her first novel appeared, entitled "Modern Accomplishments," followed by "Modern Society." The popularity of these works is evidenced by the fact that 30,000 of them have been sold in England. Since then she has written a number of other and equally successful productions, among which are "Cross Purposes," "Hill and Valley," "The Journey of Life," "The Business of Life," "The Mysterious Marriage," "Modern Flirtations," "Lord and Lady Harcourt," and "Beatrice." The latter part of her life was principally devoted to minister to the instruction and comfort of the poor. She caused seats and fountains to be erected in the most crowded thoroughfares of her native city, and delivered public lectures to the lower classes. Many of her books have been reprinted here and enjoyed an extensive circle of readers.

—— Dr. Jonathan Knight, an eminent physician, and for many years Professor of Yale College, died at his residence in New Haven on the 25th August, aged 75.

—— Hon. John Appleton, of Maine, died at his residence in Park street, Portland, on Monday afternoon, August 22, after a protracted illness. He was born in Beverley, Mass., on Feb. 11, 1815, graduated at Bowdoin in 1834, and was admitted to the bar of Maine in 1837. In 1838 he became connected with the Portland *Eastern Argus* as editor, and continued in that connection for some years. He also acted as Register of Probate for the county of Cumberland for some time. In 1845 he became chief clerk in the Navy Department, and was subsequently chief clerk in the State Department. In 1848 he accepted the post of Chargé d'Affaires of the United States to Bolivia, and on his being superseded, after Gen. Taylor's election, he returned to Portland and commenced the practice of law in partnership with Judge Nathan Clifford, now of the United States Supreme Court. He served as a member from the Portland district in the Thirty-second Congress, and in 1855 went out with Mr. Buchanan as Secretary of Legation at London. Afterwards he acted as Assistant Secretary of State when Mr. Buchanan was President. He has since lived in retirement, in consequence of ill health.

—— Charles Wentworth Dilke, the principal proprietor and for many years editor of the London *Athenæum*, died on the 10th of August, in the 75th year of his age. His career was commenced in the Navy Pay-office, Somerset-house; but from a very early age literature was the favorite pursuit of his leisure hours, and this tendency ultimately led to his becoming proprietor of the *Athenæum*, which under his able management quickly assumed a leading position as a literary journal. For a while Mr. Dilke had an interest in the *Daily News*, reducing, but without sufficient pecuniary returns, the price of that paper. Retiring from the *News* he devoted much time to reading, frequently enriching the columns of the *Athenæum* with contributions from his pen.

Accidents and Offences.—A railroad bridge in North Fairfield, Maine, was struck by lightning and destroyed on Tuesday night. Many buildings were blown down by the wind.

—— The schooner T. W. Miner, of New York, bound for New Orleans, was struck by lightning on the 10th, and consumed.

Art, Science and Literature.—Another treasure to the art world has been discovered. A hitherto unknown work by Benvenuto Cellini is said to have been found, a short time since, by a soldier who was looking for birds' nests in the ruins of Pistoja. It is a large silver goblet of the most exquisite workmanship.

—— Here is a paragraph from the *Athenæum* which should interest Americans: "A picture of no ordinary interest has just been secured by the Directors of the National Portrait Gallery. It is the portrait of S. T. Coleridge, painted by the American artist, Washington Alston, considered by Wordsworth and other friends of the poet the most satisfactory likeness that ever was painted by him."

—— A new spider has been discovered at the Ararat diggings in Australia. It is about half the size of the common tarantula, and is banded longitudinally with alternate stripes of a very dark green and gray. The back is furnished with a kind of shell, to which there are 50 entrances, from which young spiders may be seen leaving and again returning after a short stay outside.

Foreign.—In the English mint there were coined within the last year 5,921,669 sovereigns, 1,371,574 half-sovereigns, 938,529 florins, 850,320 shillings, 491,040 sixpences, 4,158 fourpences, 054,888 threepences, 4,752 silver twopences, 7,920 silver pence, and of copper coins 28,062,720 pence, 15,948,800 halfpence, and 1,433,600 farthings. There have been coined in the last 10 years 47,629,614 sovereigns, 136,725,120 copper pence, and 164,502,685 halfpence.

—— Lord de Ros, an English nobleman, debating the question of public schools, expressed himself in favor of fagging, at the same time boasting that he himself had repeatedly blacked the shoes of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and he thought it had done him good!

—— At the Alfieri theatre, in Paris, an opera has lately been played which has the strange title of "Ourang-outang."

—— The Duchess of Beaufort has been elected a "Fellow" of the Zoological Society of London.

—— The English are giving up their idolatry for personal isolation in railways since the late murder. The Southwestern directors have ordered a glazed circular aperture to be placed in each of their carriages. These apertures, says the *Railway News*, "will be provided with curtains, so as to insure privacy to the passengers, but will, at the same time, in the event of an assault by one individual upon another in any one of the carriages, afford to the occupant of an adjoining compartment the means of identifying the offenders."

—— An act of Parliament has been passed in England to close all refreshment saloons at 1 A.M. It was put in force lately, and caused quite a sensation in the fashionable streets of London by the midnight revellers being suddenly turned into the street.

—— During a performance at Rome, in a piece in which some soldiers were to fire on an actor who performed the part of a sea captain, the men happened to stand too close, and the wadding of one of the pieces penetrated to the heart of the performer, killing him on the spot.

—— A curious custom is getting very prevalent in Vienna. Cartes de visite and other photographic representations of the deceased are inserted in their tombstones, covered with glass.

—— Among the novelties in London speculation we hear of an ice company, with a capital of £50,000.

—— The prodigious fertilizing qualities of the soil of Lincolnshire are thus described by one of the Jenkinses of the London press, in speaking of the man whom Lady Florence Paget (these Pagets have always been queer and their affairs have often been in the divorce courts) jilted for the wild Marquis of Hastings, the grandson of the Lord Rawdon whose name is found often in the history of our Revolution. This soil, it says, produced the jilled gentleman "a rental of £40,000 a year and endowed him with every quality to render him a desirable *parti*."

—— The Italian Government has just published the results of the first census taken since the different annexations. The population of the entire kingdom is now 21,777,334 souls, so that Italy is the fifth power in Europe by the number of its inhabitants, being superior to Spain and Prussia, the territory of which countries is, however, considerably larger. The average population of a commune in Italy is 2,821 inhabitants, while in France it is only 978. but in a given extent of country there are twice as many communes in France as in Italy.

Chit-Chat.—Late Paris fashions mention a general vanishing away and disappearance of bonnets. Birds, boughs of trees, kitchen gardens, all, all gone! In April every lady wore upon her head the foliage, the fruits, the flying things of an island of the Pacific. In June the astonished opera glass explores the brilliant crowd almost in vain to find one vestige of a bonnet. The bonnet has retreated to the extreme rear; it barely flanks the extreme right and left wings of the wild and voluminous coiffures into which fashionable beauty twists, puffs, expands and frizzles its own hair, and all the other hair upon which it can lay its hands.

—— A volunteer named Potter, who lost one of his legs while serving in the Army of the Potomac, swam recently from Fort Trumbull to the steamboat landing in Groton, over a mile. He was brought back in a boat.

—— Mr. Bateman, the father of the great tragic actress, was brought before a London magistrate, a few days since, charged with an assault on a lady, growing out of a theatrical scandal. The case was sent for trial.

—— Letters from Rome, says the *Courier des Etats Unis*, state that Pius IX. intends to make Archbishop McClosky Cardinal. There being a larger number of Roman Catholics in this country than in England, their clergy, it is claimed, are entitled to this distinction. The late Archbishop Hughes died before obtaining from the Pope that mark of esteem, with which, it is believed, his successor will be honored.

—— Of Dundreary Sothern they tell a story in Baden just now which is amusing. It seems that Mr. Sothern passed through Baden a few days ago; but nobody save his intimate friends recognized in the quiet gentleman in mufti the amusing "fellow" of the Haymarket. So Mr. Sothern went his way unbored, for the "monstravi digito" is a bore when one is looking for peace and quiet. When he had gone away it got rumored at the rooms that he had just arrived here, and the very same evening, during the performance of the band, there was a general exclamation of "There he is!" as an unlucky visitor, not to the actor but to the character, lounged unconsciously up to the portico and sat down. Yes, there he was, with glass and whiskers, dressed in a Cochin-China coat, and looked exactly like the "Dundreary," so familiar to all the English, and even to many of the Continentals here. One English family—father, mother—both wearing spectacles—two daughters and a son from college—were in the agonies of delight. The unfortunate man dropped his hat, and they were in fits. Entering the "Conversation House," he stumbled over the step, and they were in raptures. "Now, Mrs. B.," says B., "I did promise I would not enter that nasty play-room, but I am dashed if I must not go and see that chap lose his money."

FINANCIAL PARALLELS.

One of the favorite methods of the English press at this time, when they wish to touch the "raw spot" of American feeling, is to speak of our financial course in this war as something insane and unheard-of. The suspension of specie payments in 1861 was met with a howl of derision; the issue of legal tender was treated as if such a mad measure had never been heard of in history; and the increase of paper circulation, with the depreciation consequent, the rise in prices and the active speculation, were detailed in London journals with the exultation with which a man might regard the sudden and marvellous ruin of his worst enemy.

One would think that no nation, before the universal Yankee, had ever suspended specie payments, or carried on war with paper money, or speculated on an inflated currency, or had supported heavy debts by means of heavy taxation and customs.

When New York proposed to pay her foreign fundholders in depreciated currency (a measure which we always deprecated as utterly needless and unwise), a general cry arose in the Tory press of England at "Yankee dishonesty." "Repudiator" was the mildest epithet put upon us. It would be supposed that no European State—least of all Great Britain—had ever paid foreign fundholders in depreciated currency, but that such unexampled knavery was reserved alone for Americans and those of the Northern States. And so profoundly ignorant are large masses of the English public even of their own history, that we have little doubt many a respectable Englishman thinks our financial course as new and original as it is disgraceful.

Any American of common reading knows that no long wars have been carried on without paper money; and the course of this country in preserving its financial life has a sufficiently exact parallel, financially, in the course of England, when seeking to ruin Napoleon. For 18 years Great Britain suspended specie payments in her desperate struggle with France. Bank of England notes were made, in effect, "legal tender," by every person being protected from arrest who offered them in payment of a debt, and by the bank being guarded by law from any suit for nonpayment of its notes. For 18 years there was thus in Great Britain an inconvertible paper currency. From 1797 to 1815 the Bank of England tripled its circulation, and the country banks increased from 200 in the same time to 940, or almost five times.

The depreciation was, of course, enormous, not shown so much in the price of gold, which only reached 41 in 1812–13, owing to causes which need not here be specified, but especially in values—£1 in paper became worth but 10s. in 1813, and, according to Doubleday, fell to 7s. or 8s.—that is, a depreciation of nearly 75 per cent. The price of wheat rose from 53s. 1d. ℞ quarter in 1797 to 126s. 6d. in 1812; oats, from 16s. 9d. to 44s.; wool, from 3s. 8d. to 10s. The rent of arable land increased from £88 6s. 3½d. to the 100 acres in 1790, to £161 12s. 7½d. in 1812. But, unlike America, no increase of prices arose in England from diminished labor; on the contrary, labor was supplied in abundance and wages did not rise with other values; the final rise being only about 20 per cent. in many parishes.

In this depreciated currency, worth 40 or 50 per cent. below what the foreign fundholders had supposed themselves pledged to receive, did England pay her former creditors. Individuals, of course, complained, but it was manifest she could do nothing else, and this "repudiation" has never, we believe, been thrown in her teeth. The enormous volume of paper-money, amounting, according to the best authorities, to £450,000,000 in 1815, naturally stimulated speculation and extravagance to the highest degree, and left its bad effects on the national habits. It served also (as it has done here) to stimulate some very useful branches of production.

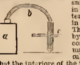
Still, despite all the inflation, and with a public debt in 1815 of some £3,700,000 000, England resumed specie payments within four years after the termination of the war, and began a career of prosperity which has made her the richest nation of the world.

The financial experiences of America are no new thing. They have very nearly their counterpart during the struggle of Great Britain with France, with the immense advantage to us that our working-classes were never in a more prosperous condition. Even the fall in Government funds of late, which has so alarmed some timid people, had more than its parallel in England, when consols fell from 107 in 1737 to 41¼ in 1798, and 52¾ in 1813, the two latter estimated in depreciated currency. Heavy taxation carried the credit of England through, and still enables her to bear her debt. What she bore for the balance of power, we, with far greater resources, can surely bear for national existance, and with a much better financial issue before us.

A STEAM-ENGINE FOR THIRTY-ONE CENTS!

One of our learned professors tells us that when he was a boy he made a working steam-engine at an expense of 31 cents, and perhaps some of our young readers would like to know how it was done.

He took an empty powder-canister, *a*, and inserting a perforated cork into the opening, pressed the end of a small lead pipe, *b*, into the hole in the cork. The lead pipe terminated at the opposite end in a Barker-mill engine, *c*. The construction of this mill by a tinman was the principal cost of the machine. It was made by soldering a horizontal tube across a vertical tube,



so that the interiors of the two were in open communication with each other, the ends of the tube being closed. The lower end of the vertical tube terminated in a conical step, and where the pipe entered at the upper end it was surrounded by tow or picked rope, stuffed in steam-tight, and greased so that the tube could revolve with little friction. A minute opening was made in the side of each arm of the horizontal tube near the end—the holes being in opposite sides. The canister was nearly filled with hot water before the cork was inserted, and when the water was made to boil by placing a lamp under it, the engine revolved with great velocity.

A mill like this might be made to turn a spit or to grind coffee. A sawmill in this city was driven nearly 20 years by a mill of this form, though constructed, of course, of more substantial materials.

NOTES ON SCIENCE.

Formation of Coral Islands.

M. de Rochas announces to the Academy of Sciences the result of his inspection of coral islands in various parts of the globe as not in harmony with the accepted theory in France. That theory assumes that the polypes which build up the earthy substance of these islands cease to build when the edifice reaches the low tidemark; and that the subsequent deposit from the waves dashing over its surface completes the elevation. M. de Roches thinks that the first part of this statement is correct; the second part is incorrect. He attributes the elevation above the surface of the water to volcanic agency. "No coral island without an upheaval which pushes above the surface of the water the coral abandoned by the polypes;" that is, the formula of his experience. He finds the surface free from the attrition and fractures which would result from the throwing over them of pebbles and sand by the waves; and he also finds the coral, in many places where no upheaval has raised it above the surface, remaining in precisely the same position in which it was observed long ago, with no accumulation of *debris* on its surface.

Mystic Pond.

Such is the name given to a lake in the vicinity of Charleston, S. C., examined and reported on by civil engineers employed for procuring for that city a supply of pure water. The surface water of this lake, to a certain depth, is very pure, containing only four grains of solid matter per gallon. But this stratum reposes on a denser and much more saline water, containing 59 grains of salt per gallon. On lowering a slip of silvered copper vertically, so as to be partially immersed in the lower stratum for some hours, all above was found unaltered and all below the line of demarcation sulphurized by electro-chemical action, the transition being so abrupt that within the distance of one-fourth of an inch action and no action were marked.

Manufacture of the Voice.

Verily the marvels of mechanical ingenuity are inexhaustible! To all those which were displayed at the International Exhibition, there is one now to be seen in Paris which would have been a striking addition. Hitherto the complexity and delicacy of the mechanism on which the human voice depends were considered hopelessly beyond human skill to reproduce; nevertheless, a German, named Faber, has surmounted the difficulty, and the Parisians are now admiring the figure of a woman with a larynx formed of a caoutchouc tube, not indeed so sightly as a human larynx, but which so accurately imitates the human mechanism, that it gives out two whole octaves with the tone and pitch of a female voice. In the higher notes the resemblance to the human voice is said to be close enough to deceive any ear. Hitherto all the exhibitions of speaking machines have been either squeaking machines or impostures, but in this one, if we may rely on the reliable *Cosmos*, the actual *timbre* of the human voice is reproduced, and the figure is made to sing any song within the compass of two octaves.

Appearance of the Sun from the North Pole.—To a person standing at the north pole, the sun appears to sweep horizontally around the sky every 24 hours without any perceptible variation during its circuit in its distance from the horizon. On the 21st of June it is 23 deg. 38 min. above the horizon, a little more than one-fourth of the distance to the zenith, the highest point that it ever reaches. From this altitude it slowly descends, its track being represented by a spiral or screw with a very fine thread, and in the course of three months it worms its way down to the horizon, which it reaches on the 23d of September. On this day it slowly sweeps around the sky with its face half hidden below the icy sea. It still continues to descend, and after it has entirely disappeared it is still so near the horizon that it carries a bright twilight around the heavens in its daily circuit. As the sun sinks lower and lower, this twilight gradually grows fainter till it fades away. On the 20th of December the sun is 23 deg. 28 min. below the horizon, and this is the midnight of the dark winter of the pole. From this date the sun begins to ascend, and after a time his return is heralded by a faint dawn which circles slowly around the horizon, completing its circuit every 24 hours. The dawn grows gradually brighter, and on the 20th of March the peaks of ice are gilded with the first level rays of the six months' day. The bringer of this long day continues to wind his spiral way upwards, till he reaches his highest place on the 21st of June, and his annual course is completed.

THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—SCENE ON THE FARM OF S. R. PRITCHARD, WHERE SHIELDS FOUGHT STONEWALL JACKSON IN 1862, AND WHERE CROOK WAS DEFEATED IN AUGUST, 1864.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.

BATTLEFIELD OF WINCHESTER.

THE spot shown in our engraving is one where the contending armies have twice met in battle. Here, two years ago, Shields met Stonewall Jackson, and here but a few weeks since the gallant, devoted and unambitious Col. Mulligan was killed. The place goes by the name of Currentville, although the designation does not often appear. It is the farm of S. R. Pritchard, and lies three miles from Winchester.

In the rear, surrounded by oak trees, are a church and schoolhouse. Here and in the more distant woods the rebels lay. Our men were posted behind the chapboard fences in the foreground and behind the ruinous stone wall. At the walnut tree on the left Col. Mulligan fell, pierced by three balls while rallying his men.

WAGON TRAIN PASSING RESACA BY TORCHLIGHT.

No General probably ever attempted a task like Sherman's, so far removed from the base of his operations. The line of railroad is so precarious a dependence that we can well understand the present attempt of the rebel Wheeler to save Atlanta, and perhaps destroy Sherman, by demolishing the road to Chattanooga. Burning bridges, blocking up tunnels, &c. The supplies are forwarded to Sherman under great danger, and the advantage is taken of the slightest sights. Our artist shows a scene which will be interesting from its picturesque beauty, and not its importance invest it with an interest of a far deeper character. A wagon train is passing through the now battle-famous Resaca, guided in the darkness by the light of torches.

THE WAR IN GEORGIA—WAGON TRAIN PASSING RESACA AT NIGHT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. F. MELLEN.

ORPHEUS;

Or, the Birth of Song.

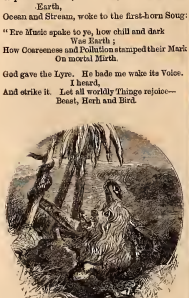
BY ROSENBERG.

Tree blue Hills danced with Joy, and the ribbed Leaves
Of the broad Chestnuts quivered—the lithe Palms,
Bending their Whiplike Stems in the glad Air,
As golden Grain in a Sun-ripened Field,
Swept over by the swimming Evening Breeze,
Answers its toying Breath. All Nature throbbed
Through its quick Pulse, responsive to the Touch
That first awoke the Lyre, calling out Song.
Freshborn and joyous from its quivering Wires—
New Threads on which great Thoughts and Dreams were strung
Into the Web of the young Melody.

Wheeling through the blue Breadth of cloudless Heaven,
The delicate Birds swept nearer; in the Grass
The crouching Panther checked its speckled Hide,
With rasping Tongue, and quenched its fire-lit Eyes
Beneath a strange Delight; beside it moved,
In many Coils, the pied and glittering Snake,
Glancing, a living Rainbow in the Gladness
Of its awakened Hearing; while the Doe
Forgot to browse, as on its gentle Ear
The unwonted Music rippled. Beast and Flower,
Reptile and Bird, and Tree, and Cloud, and Earth,
Ocean and Stream, woke to the first-born Song:

"Ere Music spake to ye, how chill and dark
Was Earth;
How Coreeness and Pollution stamped their Mark
On mortal Birth.

God gave the Lyre. He bade me wake its Voice.
I heard,
And strike it. Let all worldly Things rejoice—
Beast, Herb and Bird.



ORPHEUS

It calls ye back to Life, whence ye had fled,
Since Birth
Woke all which ere that Wakening had been dead—
The Soul of Earth.

With gentle Song it speaks. All Life may hear
That will,
Grape-Cluster, green Fig, red Peach, Harvest-Ear
Swell, grow and fill;

The Date Tree rains its fruits—a luscious Hail—
On Earth;
Sun-rounded Melons from that Sun inhale
Their juicy Worth;

The Lion crouches by the Lamb's white side,
Subdued;
While the fierce Tiger's black and tawny Pride
Bathes not in Blood;

The Serpent weaves in long and swimming Binge
Its Girth;
Near it, the gray Dove's plumed and fluttering Wings
Fan Grace and Earth;

The Eagle seeks the Thrush, and learns to build
A Nest,
Where Sunshine's mellow Flashes light and gild
Its speckled Breast;

The Hand of Man no more shall stain with Red
The Earth,
Whose Fruits and living Things with him were wed
By God from Birth.

God gave them all to him, to bloom and grow
In Love.
Love is the Spell of Joy with all below
And all above.

Then let him bail all Things, this side of Death,
With Mirth,
And twine from yearning Life, Love's gentle Wreath
Round all on Earth."

Scarcely the Song's extatic Voice died out
Than Man awoke. Shaking his Locks abroad,
He seemed to woo a fiercer Melody
Than that which crisped along his curling Hair
A few brief Moments since. Lifting his Spear,

MAJOR-GEN. R. OGLESBY, OF ILLINOIS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

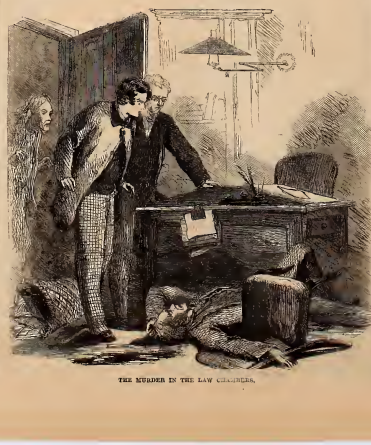
He smote the Stag, whose twisted Antlers kept
Time to the Memory of the Music. With
The Blow roused all which dreamed.

The Leopard's Spots
Glanced through the Sunshine-dappled Green-wood Shade.
As with a vigorous and a sudden Bound
He sprung upon the Lamb. Scarce were his Teeth
Fleshed in its Neck, than on his spotted Hide
Fell the fierce Lion's Paw—with broken Bark,
But Jaws fast clinched, he writhed. Then, swift as light,
The Bea loosened from its scaly Rings,
And shot around the mighty Brute a Coil
More mighty still. While his Bones crunched and crackled,
And crunched again beneath its lapping Strength,
Forth from his riven Mouth a Roar of Pain
Burst, Shrieklike. On the Dove the Eagle stooped,
Rending its pale gray Plumes with iron Beak
And dappling them with Blood. And then the Wind,
Smiting the Trees together, as in Sport,
Wrenched from the Sward their lusty timbered Limbs
And tore them from each other. On its Winge
Came the swart Cloud and Tempest, lapping Earth
In sable Gloom, and overshadowing All
That walked on Earth—Peal upon Peal brake forth
The Thunder, while the arrowy Lightning leapt
Out of its whilom Bondage, as it smote
Him who had slain the Deer.

When Orpheus saw
What chanced, in a white Agony he raised
His face to question God.

Then the Storm passed.
Beasts sought their Caverns—the undying Sun
Bathed Earth in living Light. In answering Joy,
Earth welled the uprooted Trees with a green Cloak
Of Grass and Ivy—from the Lightning-slain
The rotting Flesh sank Shrinelike, till it grew
A Screen of Wild Flowers round the whitening Bones.

And even as he gazed, he saw that Life
Is twofold. Strife, and Love, and Joy, and Pain,
The new-born Agony and young Delight
Are each Necessities. Without the One,
The Other were not Gladness. On his Lips
All Question died. As the Sun called out Life
From Death, Belief learned that in Error lies
The appointed Death to Knowledge. Then he struck
His Lyre to a new Prayer, the Prayer of Faith—
Faith in the Eternal Will—a Faith that All
Is as it is, because the Hand of God
Hath made it, Storm and Sunshine, Love and Pain,
Each to draw Life from Each—Each Joy from Each—
Each one small part of the completed Whole.



THE MURDER IN THE LAW CHAMBERS.

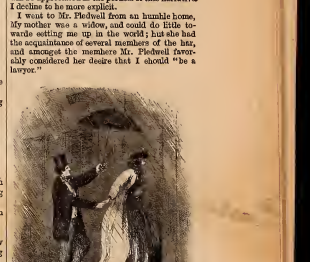
THE BROKEN BOND.

CHAPTER I.

At the time the events transpired with which my story introduces itself I was an "Attorney at Law" of one week's standing and repute. And if any of my readers have ever known by personal experience what it is to occupy such a position at the bar, and in the world, they can adequately appreciate the dignity and consequence of the individual who stood in my patent leathers at that epoch. Visions of the bench were never secondary to that of the Supreme Court of the United States, with the seal of the Chief Justice in the foreground; while in the gauzy interim were outlines of scenes in the State Legislature, the Congress, and especially the Senate of the United States, in which my form, matured by years and portly development, constituted an imposing feature, and my eloquence had made eminent myname. That name is not particularly impressive itself. It is simply John Hart. My readers are aware that there has been no Chief Justice Hart of the United States hitherto; consequently I have not yet achieved that distinction.

I had survived by one week the period of my noviciate as a student in the office of Philip Pledwell, Esq., attorney at law, in a seaport town of one of our Atlantic States. For reasons which will be appreciated in the perusal of this narrative, I decline to be more explicit.

I went to Mr. Pledwell from an humble home. My mother was a widow, and could do little towards setting me up in the world; but she had the acquaintance of several members of the bar, and amongst the members Mr. Pledwell favorably considered her desire that I should "be a lawyer."



UMBRELLA COURTSHIP.

Upon obtaining my majority I passed an examination; and upon that very day took the usual oath, entered my autograph in a firm hand on the court's book, and was admitted to practise at the bar. Thinks I, there is a name that will be famous. Among the *next hominees* of the future, John Hart shall have a distinguished position upon the scroll of fame. True, the prediction has yet to be fulfilled.

Upon the evening of that day Mr. Pledwell astonished me by proposing that I should become at once a member of the firm, to be known hereafter as Pledwell & Hart. Here was proof that I was useful and appreciated; and Mr. Pledwell, who was a bachelor of forty-five, had determined that I should have no time to grow dissatisfied in an inferior position while looking out for myself. True, the partnership was only a small per centage of a fair income for the first five years. But the offer was an exceedingly liberal one, as it extended into the future, "with the contingency, you know," said Mr. Pledwell, "of the whole business in the ordinary course of nature—what do you say?"

I did not like to throw myself into his arms, because I knew that would be unprofessional; and, therefore, I only accepted the proposition at once, with very sincere thanks in the expression of which I thought I was sufficiently careful not to be too demonstrative.

"That will do—that will do," said Mr. Pledwell. "You needn't think you got it for nothing. We must both work hard, as usual; but hereafter I shall give you a considerably larger share of the hurdles than you have had hitherto. I shall work my way as a pioneer for you; perhaps more directly and diligently into the civil courts, and the district and circuit courts of the United States. The criminal business will, in a few years, devolve almost exclusively upon you."

"I am agreed, sir."

"You will prepare to make your *debut* in the case of Charley Welker. You will conduct the preliminary examination for the defence, and follow the attorney-general, with an opening before the jury."

"Thank you, sir."

The interview closed, and I went to my boarding-house that night with an overwhelming sense of my coming greatness. One thought alone sad dosed me—it was not to my mother's home. How happy she would have been with such a consummation of her hopes and pride, for consummation it seemed to me. But, alas! she had been two years in her grave.

Something callow, I think my reader esteems my professional condition. True, but there are callow birds which snap their bills at an intruding hand; and I tell you what, I felt ready for and equal to a contest with anybody—sharp as a steel trap. Did not you, Mr. Attorney-General, on your admission day?

A week had passed away. The "shingle" at our office door already bore the names of Pledwell & Hart, and the day was brought to a close in which a crowded court-house, jury, bar and bench had heard my maiden speech in the case of the State *vs.* Charles Weller. It was a troublesome affair. A night row in the street, in which a policeman had been killed. It had occurred near election time. Several shots had been fired, one of which passed through the officer's lungs. Death ensued in about three hours. In his deposition, taken in *articulo mortis*, the officer stated that he identified only two of the party, "Bud" Brown and Charley Weller. "Bud" Brown had fled. The deceased did not attribute the fatal shot to either. Did not know that either had fired. We tried an *alibi*, but it failed—that was bad. But in my speech I was eloquent upon the flight of "Bud," and the evidence of conscious innocence which restrained "our unfortunate client" from such an insane act of concession as flight. I am afraid he had no opportunity to get off after he heard he was identified in the deposition. Mr. Pledwell followed with an able argument, relying mainly upon the mitigation of the offence, hoping to reduce it from murder in the second degree to manslaughter, or simple riot; and notwithstanding the effort of the attorney-general, who was instigated possibly by some political feeling, to press conviction for the higher offence, the jury, in the absence of direct testimony, would find only for riot. It was a compromise verdict, and Weller got eighteen months in jail, with which he expressed himself "satisfied." He escaped the penitentiary; "That," said he, "was the winning move."

CHAPTER II.

The trial had not closed till six o'clock in the evening. It was on the 28th of November—as I have had occasion to remember ever since. The prisoner was at once removed from the court-house to the jail. The crowd had dispersed, and gathering up our books and papers, Mr. Pledwell and myself were about the last to leave the building. The streets in the immediate vicinity of the court-house were not much frequented after dark, and that in which our office was situated was quite retired. It is desirable that the reader should distinctly understand the locality. From the street there was a "blind court" receding to the depth of about sixty feet. The houses in this court, and the small street from which it receded, were almost entirely occupied as lawyers', conveyancers' and kindred offices assimilating with the legal profession. These houses had been expressly built for offices, and they all had double entries—that is to say a door right and left at an angle of forty-five degrees with the front, and a flight of stairs between them leading to the apartments above.

As Mr. Pledwell and myself approached the entrance to the court, I first became sensible of light from one of the offices (which must have been very dimly reflected from the wall of the court into the street) by its sudden extinguishment. Mr. Pledwell, it seems, had not noticed it, and I said nothing about it, for I supposed that it was some member of the profession who was just leaving his office. Upon turning into the court we both heard a door rather quietly but quickly pulled to, and a man of middle height, clad in a large heavy coat and slouched hat, stepped sharply from our entrance, but whether from our office or not, we could not tell of course. It was certainly from one of the two lower ones, as he could not have descended the stairs after shutting the door. He had something under his arm; but what it was in the very obscure or rather dark state of the locality I could not make out; and indeed scarcely thought about it until afterwards. It had the shape of a large book. He was plunging past us at a quick pace when Mr. Pledwell called out:

"Hello, my friend, do you want to see anybody about here?"

"Oh no, oh no," was somewhat gruffly answered, and in an instant he turned the corner, in the direction we had come, and we heard his rapid footsteps receding along the street. I thought they were quickening into a run.

"That fellow has been after no good," said Mr. Pledwell. "Bookstealing, or picking up of trifles in the offices. Well, he can't have got anything of value from us. But I believe I left my door unfastened as usual, when I returned to court after recess." And upon trying it we found it only latched and walked in.

I felt out the matchbox on the table and took a match from it; but at the same time felt it was the only one. Upon pulling it on the sandpaper it gave a partial gleam and flickered out, possibly from the effects of a damp atmosphere, as I extended my hand towards the gasburner, with which it came in contact.

It was hot.

"The burner is hot, Mr. Pledwell," I exclaimed.

"Impossible!"

I felt it again.

"It would burn my hand to hold it."

"Then that rascal has been in here."

"There is something slippery under my foot," I said.

"Slippery—why, what can it be? Here, I have a match in my cigar case." And Mr. Pledwell handed it to me. In fingering it between us it fell to the floor. I stooped to recover it, and put my hand at once into a puddle of something—it was warm—I was sure it was blood, and my own curdled at the thought.

"Mr. Pledwell," I exclaimed, "as sure as I live there is blood on the floor."

"Nonsense, boy; your imagination is fooling you."

"See if you have another match."

A heavy groan, or rather a sound which blended a groan and sigh, a deep moan, as if it were the last expiring gush of life, startled us both. It came from the other side of the desk which was in the centre of the room, and was accompanied with a slight movement. I involuntarily stepped towards the door.

"Good God! what can that be?" ejaculated Mr. Pledwell.

I confess that my tongue was silent. I do not think I could by any effort have spoken a word, and there came over me an unpleasant sense of declining greatness.

"Who is within the room? Speak!" demanded Mr. Pledwell.

The silence of death was around us.

"I have not another match about me," said Mr. Pledwell. "Go you and get a light—I will remain here—and bring somebody with you."

I could have blessed him for the temporary emancipation from that horror, while I honored the nerve and resolution which enabled him to sustain that fearful agony of suspense alone. Experience is a wonderful teacher, though. I could do it easy enough now.

I stepped from the door, and was just about to make a dash at a high rate of speed for somewhere, when the old, quiet-footed janitor of the court, whose business it was to close shutters and lock offices of careless people, came round the corner with his lantern in his hand. I seized him by the arm and hustled him towards our office.

"Who are you? what do you want?" exclaimed the frightened old man, hurrying back as from a murderer.

"It is I, Mr. Hart. Mr. Pledwell is in the office; there is something wrong there."

And as I had frightened him too much to get him to move at once, I snatched the lantern from his hand and bade him follow me. Upon entering the office I removed the candle from the lantern, and at once perceived a human form upon the floor, but on lighting the gas a frightful scene of blood and horror discovered itself. There lay, stretched at full length, now, as it proved, entirely dead, the body of a good-sized, middle-aged man, his hair and face all dabbled with blood, which seemed to be still flowing from some wound which did not immediately appear. There was blood under our feet, and blood had been spurted from the wound, doubtless when first inflicted, over the office table, staining books and papers upon it.

Mr. Pledwell ordered the frightened janitor, who seemed unwilling to come within the door, to go for a physician.

"Doctor Munson is in the next square," he said. "It is not much use," he added, as the old man left, and after having felt the pulse and heart of the prostrate body; "the man is dead, and he has certainly died since we have been in the room; that fellow we met had just murdered him. But how came they here? I am very glad we came together, Hart, or one of us might have had a troublesome case of circumstantial evidence to wade through. It is very strange. Look, what is that by your foot?" he exclaimed, as I had moved towards him.

It was a knife, after the Bowie pattern, but with a blade only of about five inches. I stooped to pick it up.

"Don't touch it, Hart. Let it lie just as it is. Better to let the coroner and jury see the room precisely as we find it, and even the body, as the man is dead."

In a few minutes Dr. Munson came in, and at a glance confirmed the fact that life was extinct. He put his finger to the pulse, and remarked that no further examination was necessary on that point. By this time a crowd had collected without, and presently Mr. Pledwell's colored servant thrust his way through them, and was instantly sent off for the coroner. That functionary appeared with a jury in a short time, and an investigation proceeded.

The body was laid straight upon the floor and the blood washed from the face. The coroner then asked if any one present identified the deceased, but had scarcely uttered the question when he himself exclaimed:

"Why it is Haflin—John Haflin!"

Most of the jury recognised him also, and so did I and Mr. Pledwell. There was no doubt of the identity. That was settled at once. Mr. Pledwell had, in fact, transacted some business for him at a former period.

John Haflin had been a carpenter, and was, in his younger days, an active political worker of party machinery among the "roughs." He was prudent, withal, in his way; and never having had a taste for liquor, he had saved his share of "plunder," as the "b'hoys" call it, while his companions had spent theirs. He was, at the time of his death, perhaps, forty-five years old, and had saved, as it turned out, in real and personal property, between seven and eight thousand dollars.

Mr. Pledwell and myself were first examined, and stated what is already known to the reader. Then followed the janitor, who confessed that when I seized him he thought his hour had come. He did not recognise my voice, and he thought it was a man "as big as two of Mr. Hart."

Dr. Munson had examined the body, found the wound and probed it. It was on the right side of the neck, an inch broad and about four inches deep, severing the carotid artery and jugular vein. The man could scarcely have lived three minutes after such a wound. The coroner then proceeded to search the pockets of the deceased, and found a pocketbook containing sundry papers and about twenty dollars in notes, a purse with some specie in gold and silver, a watch, a pocketknife and other unimportant trifles. No clue here. The man did not seem to have been robbed.

"What's this bit of paper upon your table, Mr. Pledwell?" asked the coroner, taking up a piece of rather dark-shaded foolscap. "Do you know anything of it?"

Mr. Pledwell examined it.

"It is none of mine," he said. "Hart, have you seen it before?"

I looked at it.

"No, sir; I know nothing of it. I put all the stationery there was upon the table into my portfolio, when I went to court this morning."

"Read aloud what you find written upon it," said the coroner.

It was a wretched scrawl, and evidently done by an uneducated person.

"Mr. pledwel we want you to fix some papes (papers supposed) fore us aboute some propety wich we ar goin to exchainge"

And there it stopped. What could this mean? Who constituted the "we?" What had interrupted the communication? Had the man been struck at that moment, or had a quarrel ensued? The paper looked like a note which seemed to contemplate an appointment to meet us at another time, probably in the morning. There was part of a watermark on the paper, and it had a peculiar fainty smell. This was the only thing that had the quality of a clue, but how vague! The upshot of the evening's inquiry was, that the body was removed to the family residence, and after eliciting all the testimony possible, the inquest was adjourned to the next day.

Upon the following day it was ascertained that Haflin left home on the preceding day, after dinner, alone. He was at a store during the afternoon, and he was seen just before dark by an acquaintance, who stopped and spoke with him a minute or two, but nothing was elicited which in the slightest degree seemed to associate him with any particular transaction or person. The handwriting on the bit of paper was his, and the knife was his. These facts were established conclusively. But no trace could be obtained to any one with whom he was about to exchange property, nor was it known, even by his family, that he had contemplated anything of the sort. And so there remained no clue to the assassin. And the jury rendered a verdict that the deceased came to his death from a wound inflicted by some person unknown. And thus the affair was laid away from the public view, wrapped up in an impenetrable mystery.

CHAPTER III.

I thought the remark of Mr. Pledwell, that if we had not happened to enter the office and discover the murder together, one of us might have had to do battle with a case of circumstantial evidence, quite unreasonable at the time it was made; but to my inconceivable astonishment and mortification, some months after the murder, I overheard a remark, to the effect that "old Pledwell know more about Jack Haflin's death than he let on." It was between a couple of low fellows standing within the court-house, and I could not deign to notice it. Mr. Pledwell purchased a small piece of property some time after that, and there came an anonymous letter, asking whether that was bought with part of poor Jack Haflin's money? But annoyed as I was by these things, Mr. Pledwell took no notice of them. He certainly did not affect unconcern. I was sure it was genuine. He actually laughed at it, and said he expected it.

"But," said he, "scandal must shut its mouth after Haflin's affairs are settled, and the administration establishes the personal and real estate all intact. Do you know, Hart, a friend told me the other day, that he had actually heard a surmise that Haflin had come to my office with a large amount of money, which might have been secured by a lawyer who had worked pretty hard all his life in the defence of scoundrels who couldn't pay?"

"It is not possible," I said.

"It is true, no doubt."

But this insolence did not reach Mr. Pledwell alone. It eventually reached, and, of course, affected me, as it did not him, for I was young and sensitive. One day, in my boarding-house, the affair came up, as it occasionally would, when some general remarks about lawyers drew forth from the landlady the unguarded declaration that there was none of them to be trusted. Two or three students were boarding there, but none were present; and I am not certain that she saw me when she spoke.

"What is that, Mrs. Hilson?" I asked.

She turned upon me with a flush upon her face, but I could not define it or its cause.

"Oh, nothing," she said.

"But," said I, "if I did not misunderstand you, it is something—something to me. I heard you speaking of lawyers, and thought you said none of them was to be trusted."

"And what if I did?"

"If you did, you insulted me without cause."

"If the cap fits, you can wear it."

I rose and demanded to know what I owed her, as I paid monthly.

"It will be half a month to-morrow."

I paid the amount and turned from the dining-room to the hall for my hat.

"Mr. Hart, don't be foolish about it."

"I will send for my trunks this evening, Mrs. Hilson."

"And do you mean to say you are going for good?"

"I am."

"Very well. Then you may just give my compliments to Mr. Pledwell, and tell him there's people in this house who think that he has had a hand in Haflin's property, if he didn't have one in his killing, too."

I was fearfully exasperated by this taunt, and trembled with passion. Had it come from a man I should have throttled him on the spot. But it was from a foolish and ignorant woman. I surmised, however, that she was influenced by the opinions of others in the house, and that I might have been spoken of as obnoxious to their vulgar suspicions and delicate sensibilities. I would not degrade myself even by a reply. I heard the next day that she had lost all her law-students, one of whom followed me; and the juveniles of the profession incontinently tabooed her house from that time forth.

CHAPTER IV.

In my new boarding-house I was very pleasantly situated. It was recommended to me by an experienced friend, who was just leaving it. He had found the widow who conducted it a very kind, motherly sort of person, and one more likely to be imposed upon than to impose upon others. He had the audacity to bid me beware of my heart, as she was still young. Young, forsooth! She was scarcely less than five-and-thirty. Yet I confess that she was still blooming, pretty and attractive. So much for my new landlady. But who is this I find delighting the household in the nicely furnished parlor, with music and song at the piano? What a charming epitome of all that the most practised novelist gets up of female loveliness and grace!

["Oh!" That is a digressive ejaculation. Somebody has been looking over my shoulder and is pinching me cruelly, but I will have my say.]

Yes, I repeat it, "loveliness and grace!" There was no pretence, no show, no affectation. She had quietly taken a seat at the instrument in compliance with a very common request of the boarders, and her sweet voice was a solace, indeed, to many of us after the heat and burden of the day.

"Who is she?" I inquired of a gentleman seated next to me.

"It is Clara Lyne."

"Mrs. Lyne's sister?"

Mrs. Lyne was the landlady.

"Mrs. Lyne's daughter."

"Whew!" I gentle whistled, in thought; "mother and daughter may be rivals some day."

In one month from the time I entered Mrs. Lyne's house I was helplessly lost. Clara's brown eyes and brown hair, and her pretty, loving ways, had completely done my business. And I had reason to believe that there were others in the house who were in the same predicament with myself. I determined to take the advance, if possible, and spared no effort to compass an opportunity. I was not without hope. I fancied that those lovely eyes had occasionally loitered a moment with tenderness under my own. Oh, if I were only loved, my sum of earthly happiness would be complete. The suspense soon became intolerable; but I was constantly baffled in frequent attempts to achieve a *tête-à-tête* with Clara. At length I met her in the street, and at the very moment that a threatening shower was hurrying her homewards. By good fortune I had brought my umbrella and she had none. My offer of shelter was accepted, and before we got to the house I had told her that I loved her and how dearly. Would she not give me a word of hope? No answer. I had pulled the bell, and she looked up into my face, with her eyes swimming in tears.

"Do not press me for a reply, Mr. Hart; I am very wretched, young as I am."

The door opened, and she passed in from my sight. I proceeded to my office.

Something was accomplished. She knew that I loved her, and her manner towards me was unchanged. Unchanged? Not entirely. There was a more frequent interchange of looks between us, and I was not at a loss to construe them. Still it was difficult as ever to make an opportunity to speak to her. One evening, at the piano, I was just able to say:

"May I write to you?"

"Consult mama; she will explain. I cannot tell you," she said.

And again the tears flooded those sweet brown eyes—"sweetest eyes were ever seen."

I lost no time in securing a private interview with Mrs. Lyne. I met her on the stairs as I left the room to seek her.

"Will you oblige me with a few moments, Mrs. Lyne?"

"Certainly," in her quiet ladylike way, and we passed downstairs into her own little back parlor or sitting-room.

"I must take care that no mistake occurs," thought I; "such things have been. She must not construe a proposal for her daughter into one for herself."

The reader will see how effectually I guarded against such an accident, quite a possible one, I thought, as I looked steadily into her face and saw there distinctly the mature original of Clara's beauty.

"Mrs. Lyne, I love your daughter."

She did not start nor make any exclamation about it whatsoever. She sighed perceptibly.

"I am sorry for it, Mr. Hart," she said, rather sadly, I thought.

"Sorry, Mrs. Lyne. If you will give her to me I will devote my life to her happiness."

"I believe you would, Mr. Hart, but it cannot be. If you love her much, as you do perhaps, I shall make you very sad by telling you that she is engaged."

"Engaged!" I all but shrieked.

"Hush! Not so loud. I prefer that nothing of this should be known in the house."

"But Mrs. Lyne, you surely have made a mistake;" no, her manner when I spoke to her first; I mused abstractedly.

"You have spoken to her then, Mr. Hart?"

"Yes, ma'am, I have. And moreover, I believe that your daughter is not altogether indifferent to my regard."

"Then I am sorry for her also, Mr. Hart."

"But to whom is she engaged, Mrs. Lyne?"

"Well, I cannot mention that at present. I think there would be—no impropriety—"

And Mrs. Lyne seemed to be communing with herself. I noticed also that there was a sort of of hesitancy and pre-occupied manner, as if she was not exactly satisfied with something; it was like that of one not satisfied with himself. She stepped to the door, and calling the little colored waiter, sent him to Miss Clara with a message, that her mother wanted her in the little parlor. As soon as the dear girl came in and saw us together, she turned pale, and sank into a chair. Her mother went to her, sat by her side, and drew her face tenderly towards her.

"My darling, you must not give way to your feelings so."

"Mama, I do not give way to my feelings; I am not very well this evening."

"I sent for you, because I have made up my mind to consult Mr. Hart upon a subject which seems to be more and more distressing to you and me every day."

There was no response but a sigh, almost a sob. I was perplexed. Here was some mystery which I could not comprehend.

"Mr. Hart has told me that he loves you, and he thinks that he is not indifferent to you." The sweet face was turned more carefully from my gaze, and quite hidden now, while the profusion of brown hair was radiant with lustre under the gloam of the gas. I have told him, my dear, that you are engaged—"

Clara drew herself quietly from her mother's embrace, rose, turned towards the door, and as I then believed and afterwards learned to be the fact, left the room in a flood of tears which would not be repressed.

When she was gone I thought Mrs. Lyne was a little overcome. If so she rallied at once.

"Mr. Hart," she said, "to tell you the truth I have suspected that Clara had cherished a regard for you, which, under the circumstances, she ought not to have done. But, of course, feeling a great respect for you myself, I could not blame Clara. And as you are in the legal profession, I made up my mind, if anything came of your partiality for each other, to consult you about the circumstances to which I refer, for poor Clara is, I see, the real sufferer in the case. I am sure you will keep my counsel."

"Not professionally, merely, Mrs. Lyne, but upon my sacred honor."

"After the death of Captain Lyne, who sailed several years out of this port, I became very much straightened. Indeed, bad arrangement of the little property he left reduced me to poverty; and although I had succeeded in pretty well completing Clara's education, I found myself with her, at sixteen years of age, almost penniless. At that time Captain Wraxall, of the ship Warlock, was in the city. He had sailed with my husband as mate, and he sought me out in a friendly way, seemed very much affected by my condition, and anxious to help me. He called again, and met Clara, in whom he took much interest; and thereafter, frequently spent an hour or two with us. To make a short story of it, Mr. Hart, he finally proposed to take this house for me, to furnish it, and to place me in it as its mistress, that I might open it as a boarding-house of a superior class. That I might be forehanded while was absent, he also proposed to place five hundred dollars in bank, subject to my demand. This proposition seemed to me exceedingly kind, if disinterested; and I may confess to you, Mr. Hart, that upon thinking of his motives I—" and Mrs. Lyne's color heightened—"well, I was a widow, and he, I suppose, a year or two older than myself."

"And I could have honored his choice."

"I did not like the idea of being bought in this way, nor had I any predilection for Captain Wraxall. My husband had spoken of him as an impulsive and sometimes a passionate man, but with many excellent qualities. Nevertheless, I cannot tell what I might have done, pressed with the bitterness of my condition. But that test was not presented to me. Captain Wraxall told me that he loved Clara to desperation, and that his purpose in providing as he proposed to do was, that we both might have a comfortable home while he was away; and that on his return he would, with my consent, marry my daughter. I was very much pained, but avoided the slightest exhibition of feeling. I told him that I would take time to consider, and consult my child."

"And she—"

"She was young, heart-whole, and, a sort of pet of Captain Wraxall's, who had already loaded her with presents, did not seem to revolt at the proposition, certainly. He is rather a fine-looking man, and by no means unlikely to command the regard of even a young girl. Clara said, frankly, that as she was free, she could honestly accept the proposition, and though she did not love him at all then, she might in two years. But it would put poverty away from her mama, she said, and would cost her nothing. Poor child, she had no idea of the bondage she incurred, not from any unkindness on the part of Captain Wraxall, however."

"And the agreement was made?"

"I told Captain Wraxall that Clara consented, and he immediately took the house, furnished it as you see, even with a piano for Clara, and I must admit he was very considerate to her while he remained, saying that he should put off his courting till his return. He boarded with us, of course, the short time he was in—before his departure, saying that he should see us "under weigh;" and he also brought to the house, his chief mate, Mr. Tom Warren, who lived here until the Warlock went to sea, and a more agreeable, generous, open-hearted man I never knew."

"That's warm praise for Mr. Tom Warren," thinks I, but I was more interested in the bond which Wraxall might have secured. I was anxious to be at it as a lawyer, and tear it all to pieces.

"Captain Wraxall, on the day before he sailed, came into this room and said he was prepared to close the agreement. He took from his pocket a paper of which I will show you a copy."

And Mrs. Lyne ran upstairs, and brought down and handed to me a paper, on which I read the following:

I agree to marry Clara Lyne, as soon after my return from the voyage I am now about to make as she shall appoint.

(Signed)
Henry Wraxall,
Master of ship Warlock.

November 28, 18—.

I agree that my daughter, Clara Lyne, shall marry Henry Wraxall, Master of the ship Warlock, whenever she chooses, after his return from the voyage he is about to make.

(Signed)
Harriet Lyne.
(Witness)
Clara Lyne.

November 28, 18—.

I agree to marry Henry Wraxall, Master of the ship Warlock, after his return from the voyage he is about to make, and to appoint a day for my wedding with him, within three months after his return aforesaid.

(Signed)
Clara Lyne.
(Witness)
Harriet Lyne.

November 28, 18—.

I scanned this document—or documents rather—with professional scrutiny, determined, if possible, to find a flaw, by which to rend them. Certainly they had not been prepared by a lawyer. The only sign of a lawyer's hand was in that word "aforesaid;" but any sharp, business man would use, just awkwardly as it was used here, such a phrase as that. The last clause of Clara's bond was cunningly devised. But for that, I saw a way of escape. The promise would have been indefinite, and have extended to a hundred years. It might have been fulfilled after her marriage with me, if I had left her a widow. It is true, Clara was a minor, and her promise would not have been binding as such, but here she acted with her mother's approval, and Wraxall had been shrewd enough to have the attesting signature of Mrs. Lyne as a witness to Clara's bond, and Clara's to her mother's. There was method in all this, truly.

"Sharp fellow, that Wraxall, Mrs. Lyne."

"I suppose it is all right, Mr. Hart?"

"This copy, you made, did you?"

"No, sir; that is Clara's writing."

"And a very beautiful 'hand of write' it is. The original was in Wraxall's hand, eh?"

"Every word but our signatures."

"And he holds it?"

"He took it away with him that day after dinner, and never came back. His ship was all ready to sail, and he expected to go at any hour. He left that very night. Tom Warren came up from the ship in a carriage, for some clothes, and to bid us good-bye, after the captain was aboard, and hurried back as fast as possible."

Of course the widow said nothing about a whispered word from Tom to her alone in that very room that memorable night, nor a kiss she did not quarrel with him for taking. He was going so far away, and so long a time—there could be no harm in that—dear Tom.

I read the documents again word by word, and was sensible of an unpleasant impression in the perusal of them for which I could not account. I almost fancied that the whole scene had passed under my observation at some time before; that I had participated in it, in some prior existence, a delusion said to arise from the duality of the structure of the brain. But such illusions are gone in an instant—this remained. I see! I see! It was that cursed 28th November. That date. How strangely it affected me. And so discovering the cause, the effect at once passed away.

"Now, Mr. Hart, I have told you all this," the widow resumed, "that I might feel free to say something more to you. Very soon after Captain Wraxall had left I began to find out that Clara had been placed in a peculiarly embarrassing position. Young gentlemen were about her, and it was very natural that she should take pleasure in their society; but, of course, she was under restraint; therefore, we had to adopt a course of conduct which has reduced itself almost to a perfect system, by which we have pretty successfully prevented private interviews, and entirely kept off declarations, until you managed to make yours. But Clara has suffered much privation in mere social enjoyment, having steadily refused every invitation to attend places of amusement, or of any other sort which would expose to her the particular attention of young men. You know now, all the facts, and how we are situated. I wish to act honorably. If you quietly withdraw from us I shall not complain, and the agreement will be fulfilled when Captain Wraxall returns, as I can but feel it ought to be."

Is there any young lawyer in the world who would have thrown up such a case? If so it was not John Hart.

"Why, madam," said I, "the thing is as simple as whistling. If you will trust me with the case, I will bring you out in all honor, and with flying colors. But, I have another question or two. In what manner did this Wraxall make the transfer of the property to you?"

"Ah, I forgot to tell you that. After Clara and I had signed the bond—a memorandum, as the captain called it—he asked my daughter to retire a few minutes. As soon as she had left the room he turned to me and said: 'Mrs. Lyne, here are the bills, receipted, for all the property in this house. I place them in your hands, and so fulfil my part of the agreement, in advance. The property is now yours.'"

"And he had sent Clara out of the room, first, eh? The artful dodger! The bills are, of course, made out in his name?"

"All of them."

"I surmised as much. And did you purchase any of the articles yourself?"

"Only in his company. I went at his suggestion to select carpets, and indeed a good portion of the furniture; but the bills were always made out in his name. I dare say people took us for a newly married couple, very often."

"Mrs. Lyne," I said, "this whole matter is a contemptible bit of trickery, to secure your precious treasure of a daughter, as his wife. He has taken care to get all the security on his own side."

"Oh, no, Mr. Hart, I have his bills, and the gift of the property."

"It's not worth that," snapping my fingers. "His gift he took the precaution to make without witnesses. As for the bills, what do they prove but that he paid them?"

"But if he were so dishonorable as to claim the property in the event of Clara's death, or her marriage in defiance of the bond, and in spite of my resistance, I could destroy the bills."

"And he would fall back on the parties from whom he purchased, and prove that the goods were bought by him, paid for by him, and delivered to his order. No, Mrs. Lyne, if the agreement fails from any cause—and I mean that it shall if I can possibly make it—Wraxall secures this property beyond all doubt."

Mrs. Lyne did not reply. She sat and pondered the state of the case. She felt that she had compromised her daughter, yet she fully realised the great benefit she had derived from Captain Wraxall's proceeding. She had herself before this interview with me taken a notion that Wraxall had not been quite so well on the square as he affected to be; but she was desirous to save her daughter, and yet wanted to act honorably with the captain.

"When is Wraxall expected to return, Mrs. Lyne," I asked; "where did he go to?"

"Probably not for a year yet. I learn from Mr. Warren—who writes me occasionally—that when the ship arrived at Singapore, they found orders awaiting them from the owners to take in a cargo for California; then to proceed to Australia, whence they expected to go to California again. It seems the ship has got regularly into the Pacific trade."

"Mrs. Lyne, I have a very clear perception of my duty in this matter, and I think it would do Captain Wraxall some good to let him see that two can play at his game. I will, however, consult my partner and good friend, Mr. Pledwell, and be guided perhaps by his opinion."

CHAPTER V.

The next day I laid all the facts before Mr. Pledwell, and asked him what I ought to do.

"What you ought to do, Jack?" he exclaimed, with well affected astonishment, while the familiar "Jack" which he always used in his hearty and genial moods anticipated his verdict. "Why, what do you think you ought to do?"

"Well, sir, I asked your advice this time."

"Then take it. Go to your boarding-house, pack your trunk, tell Mrs. Lyne that you mean to behave yourself as a good boy ought to do, bid an affectionate farewell to the young lady, and say you leave her for the captain, but be sure you don't tell her that this was my advice."

There was a twinkle of humor about his eyes and the corners of his mouth as I looked wonderingly in his face, and presently he burst into a hearty laugh, and so did I.

"O Jack, O Jack!" he said, recovering himself, "don't ask my advice, but follow common sense and your own inclination. Marry the girl as soon as you can, and be sure it is before that captain comes home—a fellow old enough to be her father indeed. And if he makes a fuss about it, tell him to take the widow. That's my advice."

"I think there is somebody else stands better with the widow than the captain, sir."

"Ah! who's that?"

"The mate of the ship."

"Oh, well, he may take the captain's place some day, a-bed and aboard," and he enjoyed his joke.

This was enough for me. I told Mrs. Lyne that Mr. Pledwell had advised me to marry Clara if she would accept me, and that he regarded the whole transaction of the captain's as a trumpery affair. At most Wraxall could take the property, but that could be easily remedied.

There were some scruples to overcome, but Mrs. Lyne was finally led to regard the happiness of her daughter as paramount to all other considerations, and I had the gratification to find that Clara was really delighted to escape from the bond, even by violating it. It had been an incubus upon my darling's head and heart for many months.

I shall not expatiate on that period of mutual happiness which Clara and myself enjoyed in the declaration of the love which had drawn our hearts together, in spite of the bonds which had been made to keep them apart. "Love laughs at locksmiths." After a "regular term" of courtship, and by no means impelled by any prospect of the Warlock's return, I married Clara. We had quite a "tidy wedding," as Mr. Pledwell said, and he figured very agreeably throughout that imposing transaction. We made the usual ridiculous wedding tour, and of course under the circumstances could not fail to enjoy ourselves away from home, while longing all the time to be there. We were very happy. It would be folly to prattle about the measure of our happiness, and I do not think it has abated since. Clara insists that it has not, and never will, while I am so loving and kind—and that will cost me a new bonnet at least.

CHAPTER VI.

A letter from Tom Warren some months afterwards informed us that Captain Wraxall had received papers from —— a few days before, in which he found the record of the marriage of John Hart and Clara Lyne. Tom wanted to know who John Hart was. The captain, he said, had stormed, foamed with uncontrollable rage, and acted like a crazy man. He cursed the widow and daughter, and vowed a terrible revenge. "As for John Hart," said the letter, "poor devil, if he were aboard the Warlock to-day at Singapore, I verily believe that Wraxall would run him up to the yard-arm without even a quarter-deck judge or jury."

The letter sadly troubled my excellent mother-in-law, but Clara, firmly established in my love, and nestling in my heart, took it all as coolly as I did. I assured her that we would tame him if he fell into the hands of Pledwell and Hart. We have an effectual way of dealing with animals of that genus, and we succeeded in consoling her mother.

Another letter from Tom Warren, dated a month later. He stated that Wraxall was certainly crazy. He had bought a couple of twelve-pounders, planted them between decks, and had port-holes cut in the Warlock's sides. He had also laid in a lot of muskets and fixed ammunition, and when Tom asked him about it, he said he was going to protect himself against pirates at sea as well as at home. "We sail in a week or two at farthest, direct for ——, so that this letter may not be much in advance of us."

It was three weeks before the Warlock came into port, and I had been longing for her arrival every day, for Mrs. Lyne had worked herself into quite a nervous state of alarm and exhaustion, notwithstanding my suggestion that she would have gallant Tom Warren, the brave "saileur boy," as her fast friend.

I remained at the house, as it was fortunately between terms, after the ship was announced, waiting for Captain Wraxall. The boarders knew nothing, not a word of the private history working itself out under their very noses, and it was desirable to keep it as quiet as possible. Happily Wraxall's policy favored ours. He did not come to the house until ten o'clock on the second morning after his arrival, when he might fairly conclude that men would be absent on business, and women accessible to his abuse. There was a ring at the bell, and the little waiter—as sharp as any of his tribe—had been told to show Captain Wraxall—if any gentleman calling gave that name—into the front parlor. He was presently duly announced, and I went in to meet him. I bowed, and the captain stiffly responded. A sturdy, compact, well-built man of middle height, bearded, whiskered and moustached, and fearfully bronzed was Captain Wraxall. I had almost a thrill of horror at the idea of such a lovely, charming creature as Clara being flung into the arms of that frightful animal, to be instantly devoured. It was "Beauty and the Beast" over again, and yet Wraxall was not ugly by any means. He was simply terrible in such an association of ideas.

"I asked to see Mrs. Lyne," he said bluffly.

I had a strange feeling as he spoke, but could not account for it till a later day in our acquaintance.

"Mrs. Lyne is not at all well, sir, and requested that I should see you."

"Oh, I dare say!" with an undisguised sneer. "I might have known that. And who are you?"

"If you choose to behave yourself properly and decently I'll tell you who I am, and if you don't I won't."

"Will you please to let me know who I have the honor of speaking to?" he said with mock courtesy, and his eyes glistening like a tiger's as he drew towards me. I made considerable allowance for the man's feelings, but I wanted the affair over.

"My name is John Hart, and I am——"

But I had no time to finish what I was going to say, that I was the husband of Mrs. Lyne's daughter. He rushed furiously at me, overcome by his passion, and totally unable to control himself. But I was young and active, and stepping aside I escaped his onset; he merely caught the lappel of my coat, and I struck his hand from that, carrying a part of it away. I caught up a chair.

"Now, Wraxall, if you dare to approach me you'll find what sort of a man you have to deal with; and if you do not instantly be quiet, I will send for policemen and have you arrested. Say what you have to say, and quit this house."

"Quit this house, you fool! I'll quit when I choose."

"You'll quit when I choose, and that will be very shortly, if you do not behave yourself."

"And quit the furniture too, I suppose," he said tauntingly. "I'll have every d—— trap out of here before this day is gone."

"You'll do no such thing. And if you were to attempt it and succeed, I would have such damages out of you as would spoil the pay and profits of your voyage."

"You would?"

"Yes; as Mrs. Lyne's attorney."

"Oh, ho! you are a lawyer, are you? Then Mrs. Lyne's got a landshark with a son-in-law. That accounts for the milk in the cocoanut."

I did not choose to notice his vulgar allusion to myself.

"This property, my young bantam, belongs to me."

"Then you can take it at a proper time, and in a proper manner."

"Oh, I can, hey? Well, that's something. You acknowledge my right so far then?"

"I do no such thing. You said it belonged to you; prove that it belongs to you, and you can have it."

"I demand the bills for the property which I left in the care of the widow."

"And I am prepared to give them to you," said I, "upon your restoration of the bond signed by Mrs. Lyne and her daughter. Give me that and you shall have the bills."

"I'll see you —— first!"

"Blackguard!" I exclaimed "this interview must end, and you shall leave the house, or I'll have you pitched neck and heels into the street. I have borne with you long enough."

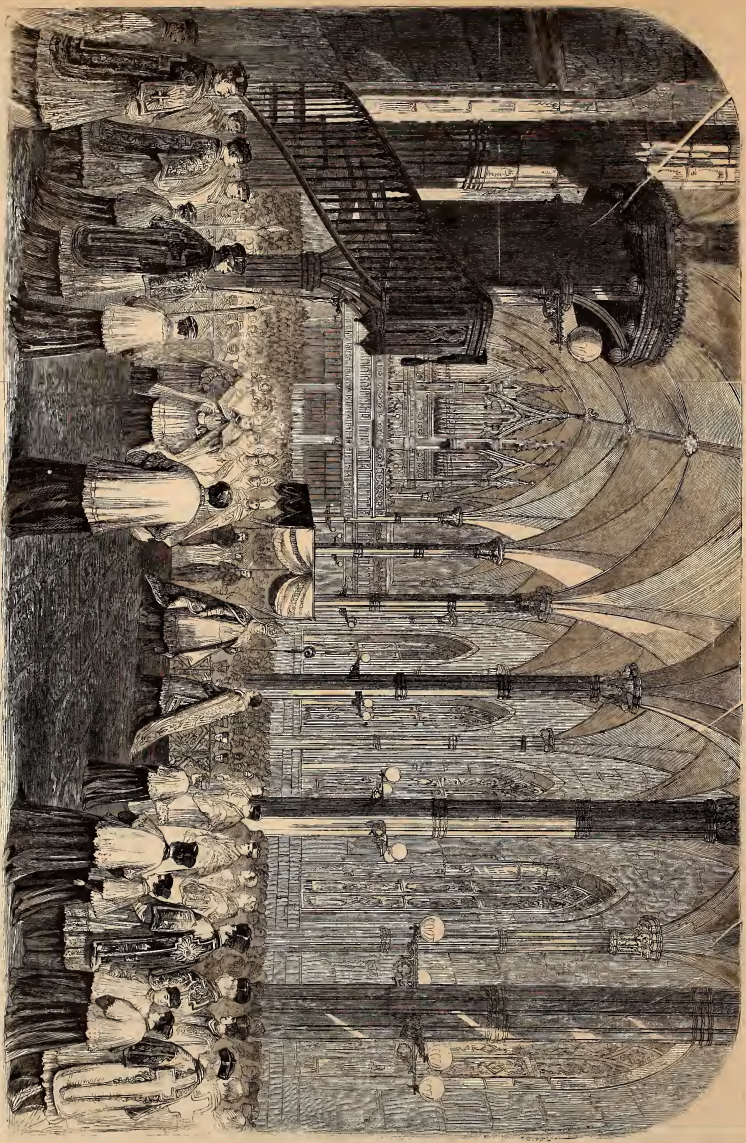
"I will have my property."

"Send for it after the expiration of six days, or I'll pitch that into the street after you. Now leave the house." And I opened the parlor door, walked into the hall, opened the front door and waited for him. It was but a moment. He came forth growling like a whipped bear. As he passed out I bade him never to come to the house himself again, nor to cross my path as an enemy, for I would have no mercy on him if he did. He looked at me with all the contempt he could express outside of the hirsute domain of his countenance and walked away.

I returned into the parlor and sat down, vexed that I had suffered myself to become exasperated. I should have felt much more sympathy for him had he shown any real concern at the loss of Clara; but he seemed to be only savage, like a brute deprived of its spoil. He had been outwitted. His apparent generosity had been tested and found wanting. His trick of benevolence had been sprung against him.

Tom Warren came up that night. He had been busy getting the ship into position at the wharf and with other matters. He told us that the captain was storming away on board now, and about "three sheets in the wind." He cautioned Tom against putting up at the Widow Lyne's—"a tricky cuss." Tom bade him to hold his tongue about the Widow Lyne. It wouldn't be safe to abuse her before him. And thereupon they had high words. But Wraxall had to answer to his owners for his strange proceedings, and it would not do to quarrel with the mate. So Tom came off to his boarding-house and the widow, and I must say that she received him "wondrous kind,"

THE INSTALLATION OF ARCHBISHOP McCLOSKY—THE NEW ARCHBISHOP GIVING THE KISS OF PEACE TO THE BISHOPS.



THE INSTALLATION OF ARCHBISHOP McCLOSKEY AT ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, AUG. 21—THE PROCESSION.

HEARTSICK.

Is it the tramp of men to battle,
Breaking across the silent night;
The stinging roll of the musket's rattle,
The far-off shock of the deadly strife?
Is it the moan of strong men dying,
Coming across the dreary plain?
—— "Mother, only the South wind sighing,
And the falling sob of the summer rain."

Listen again! where the hill lies glooming,
Flinging its shadow across the grass,
Did you not hear the cannon booming,
And the clash of steel from the rocky pass?
Now drawing nearer, now retreating,
Are there not cries on the village green?
—— "Only the surf on the wild shore beating,
And the wail of the South wind dropped between."

Alas and alas! when the heart is fearing,
Every shadow has life and weight;
Even the wind to the spirit's hearing,
Comes like the call of a darkening fate!
You, O child, in your springtime gladness,
Only the breeze in the pinetops see;
I, with a longing, sick, heart-sadness,
What does the South wind say to me?

That some place where its breath is falling,
He is fighting—perhaps is slain—
That some place where its voice is calling,
He is moaning my name in vain;
Somewhere under its gentle sighing,
In broken slumber or deadly strife,
In camp or field, is the true heart lying,
That calls you "darling," and calls me "wife."

You and I, my little one, nestling
Safe by his hearthstone far away,
What shall we do for our soldier's resting?
What can we do, but wait and pray.
Through all the changes life may ring us,
Waiting and praying with heart and might;
But most of all when the South winds brings us
A message from him, as they do to-night!

NINA MARSH;

OR,

THE SECRET OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE QUEEN OF BALMWICK.

Balmwick is a fine old town in the North of England, much celebrated for its clear air and medicinal waters. It is the favorite resort of antiquated beaux, forlorn spinsters and worldly-minded widows of a certain age. By way of making provision for the wants of such residents, every third shop in Balmwick is a wigmaker's, false teeth grin at you from glass cases in all sorts of unexpected corners, and the bread is made with as little crust as possible, and very lightly browned.

The inhabitants of Balmwick are mostly gentlepeople of limited income, who find that they can get here more pleasure for their money than is to be found elsewhere. The morning is usually devoted to shopping or a stroll through the market-place; the afternoon is given up entirely to visiting—*alias* scandal—varied from time to time by a cheap concert at the public rooms; and tea and whist agreeably fill up the evening hours.

No ostentation of wealth is tolerated at Balmwick. If you were to give a champagne supper you would be classed amongst the *parvenus* at once. True aristocracy never exceeds a decent competence. The hospitality of the place is not of a ruinous kind. The gentlemen may be cheered, but certainly not inebriated, at these reunions, since tea is the favorite beverage; but, as whist is the serious business of the hour, any more substantial refection would be regarded with suspicion and disfavor, as well as considered a shameful waste of time. You may take a pinch of snuff between deals, but if you were to venture on this indulgence in the middle of a hand, you would not dare show your face in Balmwick for a week, or even a month, should your luxuriousness have imperilled the odd trick.

The first two questions asked of you when you arrive in Balmwick are—whether you belong to a good family, and play a tolerable rubber. If you happen to have a little hair left, and a few teeth, you perceive at once that they are not believed in. The three Misses Grimaldenne, who have not been indebted to nature for the smallest possible advantage for the last thirty years, assure you that they never saw anything so natural as your coiffure, and mysteriously inquire if the back and front are both in one piece or take off separately. It is useless to declare that it is all your own; you are met with a confidential, meaning smile.

"Oh, yes! of course what you've paid for is your own—no one can dispute the fact—but, upon my word and honor it's the most natural of its kind I ever saw!"

You protest, you even get angry, or perhaps you descend to tears, being somewhat tenacious of the few charms spared to you by that swift-footed enemy, the *edax rerum*; but all to no purpose; these three ancient maidens would not believe the hair to be your own even if they had seen it grow.

But Balmwick has certainly one great recommendation which you cannot find elsewhere. Here youth is looked upon as a terrible disadvantage; fifty is considered rather immature, and girls of forty are pronounced too frivolous to be good company. It is wonderful how soon you may persuade yourself into anything of this sort if you only make the effort. The aches and pains belonging to old age you may easily be brought to believe arise from delicacy of constitution, and the solemn warning of white hair is lost in a place where every one wears a wig.

The Balmwick season had just now commenced, and its sober gaieties had set in in good earnest. The Honorable Mrs. St. George was the acknowledged Queen of Balmwick, and was well fitted for her post of ruler. She was a keen-eyed, quick-witted, hardened little old woman, who loved power better than all things, even than her own son. She had a sharp, decided manner, and a suspicious way of scanning you over the rim of her gold spectacles, as if she were always on the lookout for a revoke, and would be inexorable in claiming the three tricks as a forfeit if she only caught you in the fact.

Mrs. St. George had been a very gay person in her youth, but, being politic and astute, she had always managed to keep out of the way of any open scandal, filling her jewelbox and breaking her husband's heart in the most decorous manner possible—under the circumstances. Mr. St. George had been a warm-hearted, simple-minded, indolent man—very different from his wicked, designing little wife. He loved his home and quiet country pleasures above all things, whilst she was never happy unless plunged up to the very lips in the whirling vortex of London gaieties. For a time he followed her always, conquering his own distaste for such scenes; but, at last, the heartache he brought away with him was worse than the heartache she left behind her, and it became tacitly decided that she should go her own way without interruption from him. This arrangement was quite to her taste; but his advantages were scarcely so conspicuous. He could not wean his affections from this woman; he loved her all through, with a sort of obtuse tenderness, until that very hour when, after its long, weary strain, the poor heart broke at last.

And it was to spare such a woman that Mr. St. George, in dying, would not, for the sake of her honor and the honor of his name, alienate his son. He hoped and thought that something in his fate would bring a regret to her, and prompt her to atone for her injuries to him by her care of their child. He could not fathom the depths of such a hardened soul as hers. No sooner was the funeral over than she hurried Maurice off to a distant school, distinctly specifying that he was only to come home once a year. Then she prepared for new conquests. In a few months the weeds were discarded, and the young widow was fairly launched amongst the old dissipations; but it was a notable fact that, although surrounded by admirers, and perfectly willing to be persuaded into a change of name, no one seemed to press the alternative with any vehemence or constancy.

For thirteen years had Mrs. St. George refused to accept her failure, and then her hopes grew gradually very dim. It was too late in the day to play the saint with any chance of success, so Mrs. St. George, whose wits had always been infinitely brighter than her morals, made her bow to the world and gracefully retired from the field. She then settled at Balmwick; and no sooner had the sagacious little woman measured her ground, and fixed her throne, than subjects came flocking in, glad to be sheltered under a sceptre which united wisdom to firmness.

Mrs. St. George was quite in her element now. The new queen proved a little despotic on nearer acquaintance; but an energetic person had long been needed to regulate the Balmwick pleasures and give them more consistency, and those who have suffered from a disorganised system are wont to be very submissive under a new order of things promising more enjoyment and security. The question as to time depends upon the policy of the ruler, therefore, as Mrs. St. George possessed qualities eminently fitting her for a post of command, it is not surprising that a residence of fourteen years at Balmwick should have cemented and legitimised her authority rather than have detracted from its effect.

This night Mrs. St. George had gathered round her a select party of friends. She was expecting her son to arrive at eight o'clock, and as it was contrary to Balmwick etiquette to have an unoccupied person at these reunions, Mrs. St. George had only invited six guests, making, with herself and son, exactly enough for two rubbers.

The present party consisted of the three Misses Grimaldenne, a Mrs. Sturt and Mr. and Miss Mervyn. Miss Grimaldenne, the eldest of the three sisters, was severe by nature; Miss Jaquetta, the second, was sprightly; Miss Amorosa, the third, was languid; but all three were equally and painfully lean, and would, by the fashion of their evening toilettes, absolutely insist upon advertising this leanness, instead of keeping it modestly in the background. Miss Grimaldenne wore her false hair in bands, Miss Jaquetta arranged hers in little dancing curls, whilst Amorosa's flabby, listless ringlets were finished off by two giant *accroche-cœurs*, which were gummed tightly down on each cheek, and were supposed to add greatly to the lustre of her small green eyes.

Mrs. Sturt was a direct contrast to the lean sisterhood, being ponderous in person, and heavy in intellect. At the same time she played a good rubber, having a certain method of arranging her cards which helped her money, and kept her to one steady system, easy to fathom and respond to by her partner.

Little Miss Mervyn—as her friends loved to call her—was one of those gushing, sympathetic creatures whose whole life is an unconscious sacrifice to some favorite tyrant. She was a reverent lover of all God's works—a simple, true-hearted woman, who might have had foibles which occasionally rendered her ridiculous, but at the same time, was noted for many of those qualities which mark the true Christian. It might be truly said of her that she loved her neighbors as herself. She was open to affection from all quarters, as she often declared; but the love of young people was her especial pride and joy; she grew sentimental over them, made up matches for them in her innocent, bungling way, and generally persuaded them into a passion more or less sincere, in order to have the pleasure of laughing or crying with them, according to their necessities.

Her brother was one of those mild despots who, by self-indulgence, bring themselves to a degree of uselessness only possible for those who have such a member in their household to understand. His nerves were always in his own way, and in other people's too. He had as many small conceits as a vain beauty of sixteen, and was so full of fancies, so unpleasant in his idiosyncrasies, that his sister's patient devotion to him day by day must have been a species of martyrdom. Anthony Mervyn labored under one fixed delusion—which, from indulgence, had become now almost a monomania—and this was that his legs were too small to support the weight of his body. He would take no exercise on this account, and was, therefore, growing stout, and really creating the evil he dreaded.

Mr. and Miss Mervyn possessed jointly a small estate in Westmoreland, upon which they lived during the summer, passing the winter at Balmwick in order that Mr. Mervyn might drink the waters, which he considered very beneficial in his peculiar complaint.

Colonel St. George was later in arriving this evening than his mother had been led to expect, and she therefore proposed that they should make up their rubbers without him as well as they could. Mrs. St. George, the two eldest Misses Grimaldenne and Mr. Mervyn made up the first table, whilst the three remaining ladies had to content themselves with a dummy as a substitute for the gallant colonel.

It was close upon nine o'clock when the expected guest at last arrived. His mother's sole greeting, although they had not met for months, was a business-like nod as she pointed to the vacant place at the next table. The three Misses Grimaldenne rose as he entered the room, and curtseyed to him, whispering and giggling together meanwhile like boarding-school girls out for a holiday; Mrs. Sturt gave him a stolid bow; whilst little Miss Mervyn sprang from her seat with a sudden gasping motion of the lips, but dropped back again speechless with emotion, and wrung his hand in silence. Mr. Mervyn did not attempt to rise and greet the young officer, he merely put down his cards, and pointed deprecatingly at his legs.

"You will excuse me," he said, "but my unfortunate peculiarity renders it impossible for me to walk across the room without due preparation; any sudden movement under the influence of excitement upsets my equilibrium. You see the best of me now, sir, but if the card-table were removed you would at once perceive how miserably inadequate my legs are to the support of a powerful frame."

"You've dined of course?" interrupted Mrs. St. George, speaking to her son; then, without waiting for an answer, she turned to Mr. Mervyn, and added quickly, "Come, Mr. Mervyn, it's your lead—spades are trumps."

"Hearts always ought to be," sighed the pensive and tender Amorosa in the background.

"Amorosa!" said Miss Grimaldenne severely, "restrain your feelings."

"Dear Amorosa is such a turtle-dove," exclaimed Jaquetta, sending an arch glance towards Colonel St. George.

"Amorosa should learn to restrain her feelings," repeated Miss Grimaldenne, in a tone of unbending virtue and severity. "Being a baby of the family is a great disadvantage," she added, turning to Miss Mervyn, who was seated nearest to her, at the adjoining table—"a very great disadvantage. Amorosa has never had to exert herself, or exercise self-control. We have always listened to her prattle, and she forgets that she cannot always have such an indulgent audience, and must learn to restrain those warm emotions which our mistaken partiality has led us to cherish too openly. Amorosa should make an effort to be more like other girls."

Amorosa sighed demonstratively, and pinched in her thin lips to show that she was making the effort at restraint so impressively recommended by her eldest sister; but this little pantomime, although specially designed for Colonel St. George's edification, seemed to make but small impression upon him, even if it attracted his attention at all. Guided by some instinct of repulsion towards poor little Miss Mervyn—impossible to understand, considering the gentle, inoffensive tenderness of its object—Colonel St. George was busily devising the means of sitting as far from her as could be managed, and consequently proposed that she should be his partner, in order that he might sit opposite her rather than at her side. But Mrs. Sturt, whose methodical mind could never accept any innovation on the established order of things, asserted that it was always customary to cut for partners, as she should really feel seriously uncomfortable if this rule were set aside. Colonel St. George had no alternative but to obey, only luck favored him, and brought him the very privilege he had meant to appropriate without satisfying the usual forms.

Miss Mervyn sighed, not a huge, obtrusive sigh, such as Amorosa had favored the company with a few minutes before, but a suddenly-drawn breath, betraying some inward perplexity and pain. It was a marvel to herself, later, how she could have sat so patiently through four interminable rubbers, sorting her cards properly, following suit, and even extorting enough sagacity out of her trouble to enable her to return her partner's lead or attend to the technicalities of the game. But so she did, only her feeling of relief was openly manifested when the last rubber was brought to a conclusion, and Amorosa left them, and began to attack the refreshments. The other ladies soon joined her, and, after a very light supper, all prepared to depart.

During this time Miss Mervyn, who was much too excited to eat, pursued Colonel St. George about the room, trying, by all the simple means in her power, to bring him to a standstill, and force him to listen to something she had to say; and it was worth while to see how gracefully he managed to extricate himself from all her entanglements, busying himself so earnestly in ministering to the ladies' wants, and cloaking them when these wants were satisfied, that Miss Mervyn could not secure his attention for a minute. Her only hope was that he might take her downstairs alone, and thus give her an opportunity of speaking to him; but he cruelly defeated her purpose, giving one arm to Miss Grimaldenne and the other to her, whilst Jaquetta and Amorosa, unoccupied and watchful, followed close in their rear.

Her chair was at the door, and he handed her in with an excess of courtesy which was but another word for insolence—used to her under the circumstances. Miss Mervyn grew desperate, finding herself so steadily foiled. She was within a few paces of the three Misses Grimaldenne, whose green eyes glistened vigilantly out of the shadow. To leave in this state of suspense was impossible, and yet the questions she had to ask were of such a nature that even the faintest hint of them could not be given before the Misses Grimaldenne. She hesitated a moment. Colonel St. George, with a cold, triumphant smile on his lips, stood on the threshold of the door, attended by his court of lean Graces. Her pain and perplexity increased with the difficulties of her situation. At last she could stand the state of things no longer; at any sacrifice she must be assured that it would not endure through the morrow, or be left to chance for mitigation or relief. She bent forward, eager and breathless.

"Colonel St. George, I must see you to-morrow, very early. I must, don't you understand? At nine o'clock—even eight—I will make ready to receive you. Don't disappoint me. You see I am dying of anxiety and curiosity."

"I shall certainly do myself the pleasure of waiting upon you," answered the colonel, his lip, in its cynical curl, giving an upward sweep to his huge moustache; "but you mustn't give yourself the trouble of rising so early on my account."

"Oh, I don't care a bit how early it is—only mind you come," screamed the little woman, as at a sign from Colonel St. George her bearers moved off.

Then the conveyance ordered by the Misses Grimaldenne drew up to the door. The colonel saw them seated, wished them good-night, and then went back to the drawing-room to perform a like service by Mrs. Sturt, and to give Mr. Mervyn an encouraging word and a helping hand during the perils of his descent.

The colonel laughed to himself as he stood listening a minute and looking down the street ere he closed the door. A shrill echo from the carriage containing the three Misses Grimaldenne pierced the stillness in a manner peculiarly suggestive of internal feuds.

"How very gross!" Miss Grimaldenne was remarking in reference to Miss Mervyn's conduct the latter part of the evening.

"Disgusting!" put in Jaquetta, as she carefully removed her curls, placed them lengthwise in a little paper box, and covered her bald head with an old gray hood. "It's enough to make one ashamed of being a girl!"

"Nonsense!" said Amorosa, spitefully. "What's the use of pretending to be girls, and so on, when we are alone? I know you were sixty last birthday, and if that's a girl, why I suppose Methusaleh was only just getting into the prime of life when he died."

"Amorosa," said Miss Grimaldenne, sternly, "your vulgarity surprises me!"

"As to me, I never take notice of such remarks," interrupted Jaquetta, loftily; "they may always be attributed to jealousy and spite."

"Jealousy! Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Amorosa. But her laugh was not so disdainful as she wished it to appear.

"Yes, jealousy," resumed Miss Jaquetta, with emphasis. "Mean, paltry jealousy. I might have been married at this moment if I had liked, and you know I might, and that's what you can't forgive me."

"I don't think he would have felt much inclined to press the matter if he had seen you in your present toilette," retorted her youngest sister.

"Amorosa!" exclaimed Miss Grimaldenne, admonitorily, in her deep bass voice. But Amorosa was not to be checked.

"A poor, pitiful dancing-master!" she went on. "And then for any one calling herself a lady to be so proud of that! Well, I never! And I must say that the way you encouraged him, and flirted about in his face, and all that, was shameful. All he wanted was your money, and that you used to pretend was a great deal more than it really is, in order to cheat him into making you an offer of marriage."

But Jaquetta had taken refuge in silence. Perhaps she was sighing and grieving a little in her heart; for the first, last and only lover, united in one single individuality, is not to be resigned without some sorrowful regret. Jaquetta had consulted the family honor and refused the dancing-master, but not without a pang; so that Amorosa's taunts, brushing against the unhealed wound, caused her to shrink yet. With another dreary sigh Jaquetta sank deeper into the recesses of her gray hood, and relieved her feelings by a few natural tears.

Meanwhile, Colonel St. George had returned to his mother's room, and was sitting alone with her. Mrs. St. George rather liked her son now that he was too old to be any trouble. They might possibly have quarrelled had they lived much together; but, as they rarely met more than twice a year, they managed to agree remarkably well.

The colonel's feet were on the fender, and he was looking somewhat moodily into the fire.

"I might be tempted to ask," he said, presently, "if I did not know that Balmwick was celebrated for its antiquities, where on earth you got all the old women who were here to-night?"

"Miss Mervyn you know."

"Of course; but the ponderous widow?"

"Is a Mrs. Sturt—a woman of good fortune, and an excellent whist-player."

"And the three girls?"

Mrs. St. George laughed. She saw perfectly the faults and follies of others, and was wise enough to resign herself to old age with good grace. It must have been harder for her to grow old, too, than any of the Misses Grimaldenne, who had never been handsome or attractive. But she was much too keen-witted to fight against a decree she could not reverse. Nothing could make her young again; but there was still some pleasure and profit to be got out of her life if she accepted it as it was. Having succeeded in perfecting herself in this state of feeling, she could afford to laugh at those she saw struggling vainly with their destiny, and darkening it with discontent.

"Isn't one of them called Amorosa?" said the colonel again, when his mother's gaiety had somewhat subsided.

"Yes—Amorosa."

"And we may presume that she catches hearts?"

"Or wishes to do so. The will and the deed are very different things."

"In her case they certainly must be. But, mother, what can be the pleasure of having all these old women about you?"

"My dear Maurice, you don't suppose that young girls would come and play whist with me, do you? The old and the young have naturally different notions of pleasure. I don't want to go to balls, where I should, of course, be neglected and ridiculed. I have had my day, certainly, and I can very well understand that others should like to have theirs; and in the meantime there is no reason why I should not now make myself as comfortable as I can in my own way."

"Well, I suppose you know best. But I have some news to tell you that will rather surprise you."

"Indeed!"

"What do you say to Gillingham being on matrimonial thoughts intent?"

"Impossible! You don't say so! Who is the lady?"

"Nina Marsh."

"Why, the daughter of that Mr. Marsh with whom you have been staying lately?"

"Yes."

"Then I tell you what, Maurice—you must forestal or supplant him, whichever is the needful course. It's no use having a handsome face and a fine figure if you can't do that," concluded Mrs. St. George, with judicious flattery.

"I could manage it directly if I liked."

"Then you must be mad to hesitate one moment."

"Not at all. I am playing a high game, mother. The pool must be mine, eventually, but I would rather not take it until the stakes are doubled. Revenge is sweet."

"Sweeter than love's young dream?"

"Sweeter than anything in life," he answered, beginning to punch the coals.

"I am glad to know that," said his mother, in her sharp, quick way. "I have always been doubtful whether you took after me or your father in that respect."

"I'm as cool as a cucumber, if that's what you mean."

"That's what I did mean, but it has always been a matter of perplexity to me. Miss Mervyn has given me hints occasionally about some attachment you formed for Nina Marsh when she was staying with her here in my absence last year."

The poker fell out of Maurice's hand and dropped on the fender with a hard clang; but, finding the keen gray eyes opposite fixed on him with an expression of curiosity and mischief combined, Colonel St. George stooped slowly to repossess himself of the poker, saying, as he did so:

"I thought you were much too sensible to believe all you heard."

"I don't believe anything I hear, but all I see."

"In this case you could have seen nothing."

"I saw you drop the poker, and heard it, too," answered his mother, going off into one of her little laughs.

"It was so confoundedly hot!"

"No doubt; still, you had held it some time before without inconvenience. Take my advice, Maurice: don't try and deceive an old woman. When our beauty fades our wit brightens. To show you how well I have profited by my opportunities of studying character, shall I tell you what you would have done if you had had no possible leaning towards Nina Marsh?"

"Well?"

"You would have led me to suppose that she was a vast favorite of yours, allowing me also to entertain the notion—more by manner than in words—that she, in her turn, did not regard you with actual disfavor. Now, Maurice, am I right or not?"

"I dare say you are; but the fact is, I hardly know my own feelings. I like Nina Marsh as much as I like any one, but the restraint, etc., of marriage is very repugnant to my feelings."

"And nothing else would be possible in that quarter, I suppose?" said this hardened, wicked old woman.

Maurice shook his head, and took to punching the fire again in his extremity. He could not make up his mind. He said he liked Nina as much as he could like any one; and then, again, his cousin's partiality, and Captain Marsh's strange conduct, which puzzled and stimulated his own feelings without exactly suggesting rivalry—all these conflicting sensations carried Colonel St. George into a maze from which he found it impossible to extricate himself unless by adopting the notion that, by playing his trump card too early, he might endanger the game.

If designing men knew how much less labor there was, both of mind and body, in a simple straightforward course of action, they would avoid the complications of vice, if from policy alone. The gloomy shadow on Colonel St. George's face, as he sat musing over the remnant of fire in his mother's grate, was the mere reflex of an inward feeling of remorse which took the liberty of being aggressive and despotic from time to time. He got up from his seat, shook himself admonishingly, walked to the other end of the room, and then came back to the fire.

"You've nothing particular to say to me?" he inquired of his mother. "I leave by the first train to-morrow."

"Why, I thought you meant to stay a week, at least!"

"I can't stand all these old women!" he answered, impatiently.

"And Miss Mervyn's sympathies are so demonstrative, eh?" and Mrs. St. George laughed a laugh which stabbed her son like a sword. He looked dangerous for a moment, but the cloud passed over before any eyes less watchful than those of his mother could have noticed it at all.

"My tenderest regards to the turtle-dove, mother, and tell her how grieved I am to miss a repetition of her innocent prattle." And as he finished speaking he took his candle and went up to bed.

The next morning, precisely at half-past six, a fly stopped at the door of Miss Mervyn's lodgings, and a gentleman got out and knocked at the door.

"Is Miss Mervyn up?" he inquired, of the slipshod maid who answered his summons.

"Oh, dear me! no, sir," replied the girl, the military air of the stranger alone keeping her from some expression of open disdain.

"I am very sorry," said Colonel St. George, impressively; "she told me I might come as early as I liked. It's the more unfortunate, too, because I am on my way to catch the seven o'clock train for London, and this is the only opportunity of seeing her I could have had. Pray give her my card when she does come down, and tell her how disappointed I was not to have had the interview we both so much desired. You won't forget my message? Good morning." And he got back into the carrige and drove off.

And thus it came to pass that when Miss Mervyn descended to the breakfast-room with a pale, anxious face, after her sleepless night, the first thing that attracted her attention was Colonel St. George's card, with an obtrusive "P. P. C." in the corner.

She did not deserve this at his hands she knew, and for a moment she was visited with a strong sense of his ill-usage and ingratitude. But she soon succeeded in conquering this feeling, and whilst she choked down her tears she tried to feel sure that something had really occurred to necessitate Colonel St. George's abrupt departure. To Miss Mervyn's simple, unsuspicious nature, this solution of the mystery seemed the most probable as well as the most pleasant. But, however strenuously she might endeavor to smother her doubts, she was conscious of an uneasy, dissatisfied feeling, which went hand-in-hand with her disappointment and regret. It was not that she saw through Colonel St. George's subterfuge—for she was by no means penetrating or astute—but she could not rid her mind of the impression that he might have spared her the time she had so earnestly begged had he chosen, and that, if actually compelled to leave Balmwick, it would, at least, have been possible to put off his journey for a couple of hours.

The days at Beechwood passed the more pleasantly that Colonel St. George was gone. The snow was on the ground, the skeleton trees were in shrouds, and the earth had covered the little greenness still left to it in a wide, sparkling mantle of unsullied whiteness. Everything looked cold, and pure, and beautiful, where the winds had hollowed out for themselves soft caves to lie and sob in through the night, or had drifted heaps of snow into miniature mountains, frozen into icicles at their peaks.

The pallor of these winter landscapes brings a chill to our very hearts. Somehow, we should not like to die at such a time. We have pictured our last resting-place a quiet graveyard where the pink-eyed daisy looks up rejoicingly at the sun, and yellow buttercups nod at each other in the breeze. To fade away in the soft hush of a summer Sabbath evening, Nature going to sleep with you, and weary humanity closing a moistened lid after the lengthened Sunday prayer, only this last to wake again, striving, and struggling, and weeping on, whilst you, under the daisies, will taste for the first time the perfectedness of repose—this is what we dream of with strange longing in our sad and silent hours. But what has brought this gloom over our page? The novelist must not dream, nor pick out of the mosaic of life only those dull, sombre pieces which best accord with his own mood at the time; he must work, not for himself, but for others, unravelling the incidents his plot suggests, and placing them before the mind's eye of his readers as vividly as his skill will allow. Above all things he must not lag. Moralising is not his business; let him leave that to wiser heads and colder hearts.

Here, then, we make our humble confession of shortcomings innumerable, in more ways than one, and dash back into our tale, chanting a rapid *mea culpa* on the way.

THE MILITARY COLLEGE,

Marietta, Ga.

OUR readers will find in our paper a sketch of the Southern Military College, at Marietta, Ga., a place deemed, doubtless, remote from all dread of Yankee visitation, but now become one of the milestones in the Southern progress of the Union armies. It is situated about a quarter of a mile from the centre of the town, and before Sherman advanced to the neighborhood contained 130 cadets, who were training in treason and the art of war. They were quartered in the small buildings, each of which contained ten young rebels. They retired five weeks before we entered. The college then became barracks for our troops, and was for a time occupied by the 20th Conn. The small buildings on each side of the avenue were officers' quarters, and the brick building at the left the Adjutant's office. The dining-hall, on the right, was occupied by the Colonel.

THE VIGIL OF ALL SOULS.

TO MY FRIEND ON HIS WEDDING-NIGHT.

TO-DAY for thee and to-morrow for me;
  I have said God bless thee, o'er and o'er,
And there is not a joy awaiting thee
  But I wish it double and more.
O friend! I pause on thy bridal-night,
  I pause from my toil to wish thee all,
Fair and pure and honest and bright,
  That to mortal lot can fall,
And upon thy head no touch of sorrow.
To-day for thee; and for me to-morrow.

The sun shone fair, and the moonlight now
  Has crowned the darkness with silver gleams.
God send thy life be as bright, and thou
  As glad as a bridegroom's dreams;
But on me the household lamp lets fall
  A light subdued—and thy hour of pride
Is the vigil of a Festival
  To us on life's other side.
To-day on the living all joy be shed;
But to-morrow is for the Blessed Dead.

To-morrow for me, but to-day for thee;
  Thus are the lots of our living cast,
And the cheerful lamp sheds over me
  A light that shines out of the past.
Thine be thy future, O friend! I greet
  In thee life's promise all bright and brave,
But the sunshine, though fair it smiles, and sweet,
  Falls to me over cross and grave.
Bright be thy path and untouched by sorrow,
To-day for thee; and for me to-morrow.

FRANZ MULLER,

The English Railway Murderer.

FEW cases have attracted more attention than the murder of Mr. Briggs in a first-class railway car, from the mystery that enshrouded it. No suspicion seemed to attach to any one. Mr. Briggs took an evening train at Fenchurch street for Hackney station. Within three minutes ride of the latter point he was seen alive, but gentlemen entering at Hackney found the place stained with blood and unoccupied. Soon after the body of Mr. Briggs, in a dying state, was found on the road, between the tracks.

At last a clue was found. Franz Muller, a young man of good character, a native of Langendernbach, Neustadt, Germany, and a tailor by trade, sold to a jeweller, named Death, a chain, which proved to have belonged to Mr. Briggs. Other circumstances, tending to throw suspicion on Muller, transpired, and it was found that he had sailed in the Victoria for New York. Mr. Tanner, a detective, with Mr. Death and another witness immediately followed in a steamer, and for some weeks have patiently awaited the arrival of the Victoria, which, being loaded with iron, came slowly. On Wednesday evening, the 24th, the vessel was signaled, and the pilot who reached it notified the captain that the murderer of Mr. Briggs was on board. When it reached Quarantine the officers went into the cabin, and Mr. Death having identified Muller among the passengers, the officers at once arrested him. The hat worn by him was identified as that of the murdered man, as that left in the railway car had been identified as Muller's.

The case is one of circumstantial evidence, but very strong. Muller was taken before U. S. Commissioner Newton, and after the examination of witnesses and the production of the testimony taken in England, duly authenticated, a certificate of extradition was granted.

Franz Muller, whose likeness we give, through the politeness of the Superintendent of Police, from a fine photograph by Clarke, 643 Broadway, is of short stature, slightly built. He wears a dark tweed shooting jacket, a dark waistcoat, buttoned high, and a white necktie. His eyes are small and deep set, his hair quite light and carefully combed.

SCENE AT TARLETON'S PLANTATION, BAYOU TECHE.

OUR special Artist depicted the actual scene, which to many will seem a mere caricature of Southern negro life. An old negro with a violin, his master's probably, came into the Union camp, and after relating the cause of his coming, walked away. Shortly afterwards, says our Artist, I found him under a tree, with some of his sable brethren around him listening to his performance on the violin, the younger dancing as though such music was too good to be lost, and of too saltatory a nature to be enjoyed in quiet. But the most comical point of the whole was the presence of two mules, seen in the midst, looking on with an air of quiet drollery perfectly irresistible.

GEN. OGLESBY.

MAJOR-GEN. RICHARD J. OGLESBY was born in Kentucky, but removed to Illinois at a very early age, and became a citizen of the latter State. He served during the Mexican war as 1st Lieutenant of Co. C of the 4th regiment of twelve months' volunteers. The regiment was discharged in May, 1847. On the death of Capt. Morris, in February, 1847, the command of the company devolved on Oglesby. The regiment was badly cut up at Cerro Gordo, losing several line officers. At the commencement of the present rebellion the subject of our sketch entered the United States service as Colonel of the 8th regiment of Illinois Volunteers, for three months' service. The regiment was organised in April, 1861, at Springfield, and was stationed at Camp Defiance, at Cairo, where they re-enlisted bodily for the war at the end of their three months' term. On the 12th of June, 1861, Col. Oglesby commanded the expedition that sailed from Cairo in the City of Alton, on a reconnoitreing expedition to Columbus, which trip resulted in the cutting down and bringing away a rebel flag from that point.

After the reorganization of the regiment it was transferred to the command of Gen. McClernand, and was engaged in several little skirmishes in Missouri, in the vicinity of Cairo. On the 1st of February, by general order, Col. Oglesby was appointed acting Brigadier-General, and his brigade formed a part of the reconnoitreing party under Grant, in the rear of Columbus, and also formed part of the land force in the taking of Fort Henry. At the bombardment of Fort Donelson Col. Oglesby acted as Brigadier-General, commanding the 1st brigade of the 1st division, then commanded by Gen. McClernand. For gallant and meritorious services on that occasion he was made a Brigadier-General of Volunteers. He took part with the 1st division, Gen. McClernand, in the famous battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg landing, and was engaged in the siege of Corinth. Since that time the brigade of Gen. Oglesby has been located in those parts of the South-west where Gen. Grant has been in command, and has been, during the recent reorganization of the army of that department, placed in the *corps d'armée* of Gen. Rosecrans.

He was severely wounded at Corinth, in Oct., 1862, and recovered almost by a miracle. He was then made a Major-General and returned to the field; but he soon found that, though the wound had healed, he was unfit for duty. He was in continual pain, and any considerable exertion caused him to gasp like a dying man. He accordingly, to his own great regret, felt compelled to resign, and he did so on the 6th of July, 1863.

He has since done what lay in his power to support the war, and will soon in all probability be Governor of Illinois.

INSTALLATION OF THE MOST REV. JOHN M'CLOSKY,

Archbishop of New York.

BUT a few years ago the Catholic body in this country was so insignificant in numbers that it scarcely entered into the ordinary view of American life. This has changed yearly. The country is filled with its establishments, its churches, cathedrals, convents, monasteries of every description. Under our free government the rites of the church are performed without interruption, and with all the pomp and splendor that the wealth of the body now enables them to give. There are few more picturesque events of the day than those ceremonies, which seen but a few steps from a busy street of a city in this century, seem to carry the beholder back to the Middle Ages.

One of the grandest Catholic ceremonials ever witnessed in the country was the installation of the Most Rev. John McClosky, as Archbishop of New York, on the 21st of August. He thus fills the seat vacated by the death of that remarkable man, Archbishop Hughes. Dr. McClosky is a native of Brooklyn, and the first American who has sat as Bishop or Archbishop in New York. The other bishops in the province are, with one exception, also all Americans by birth, showing how rapidly the nationalization of the church has been effected. The procession was to have passed through the adjacent streets to the front of St. Patrick's Cathedral, but the weather prevented this.

At eleven o'clock it issued from the sacristy. Acolytes with burning tapers, a cross-bearer and a long line of clergy in copes or in surplices followed. Then came the Bishops of the Province and the Archbishop of Baltimore, following whom came the new Archbishop of New York, beneath a splendid canopy elaborately wrought in satin and gold, supported by four of the trustees of the cathedral. As this procession moved around the cathedral the sight was peculiarly impressive. Our Artist depicted it as it entered the sanctuary again.

After this the Archbishop knelt before the altar for a time in prayer, and was then escorted to the Episcopal throne. When he was seated here, the bishops approached to receive the kiss of peace on the left cheek, or in case of the Archbishop of Baltimore on both. This scene, so apparently unreal in this country, we also present to our readers, the utmost care having been taken to give the dresses and surroundings with photographic accuracy. The clergy then in turn approached the new Archbishop in like manner, and the second Archbishop of New York was duly installed. A Pontifical High Mass followed this ceremony, and after the Gospel, Archbishop McClosky addressed his flock. He was no stranger. Born and brought up almost under the shadow of the cathedral, he had received the first sacraments of the church, having been confirmed by Bishop Connolly, the first bishop who occupied the See, been ordained by Bishop Dubois the next, and consecrated Bishop by Archbishop Hughes, whose coadjutor he was for some years, till his diocese was divided and Albany assigned to him.

SKIRMISH AT CEDAR CREEK,

August 12.

OUR sketch of this skirmish shows in the background the high wooded summit of Strausburg mountain and in the foreground the shallow stream known as Cedar creek, and familiar already from operations near it. On a neighboring hill the rebels have cut away the woods at the summit for a signal station.

As Gen. Sheridan advanced the rebels drew up on the south-west side of this creek to the number of 25,000 or 30,000. They had a strong rear guard protecting the retreat of their trains. When our army reached the point on the afternoon of the 12th of August skirmishing began, and was kept up briskly till long after sunset, the rattle of small arms and the scream of shell being incessant.

THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG.

THE spade is again doing brisk work in Virginia. The army advances alternately by trenches and *coups de main*. What in the beginning of the war was shrunk from as degrading is now a work that the soldier takes to readily. He knows and feels too well the importance of the slightest entrenchment, and has seen too often how a breastwork thrown up with cups and bayonets has saved a position, to despise the spade. The party going to the trenches knows its importance, and the engraving shows a scene constantly witnessed in our armies.

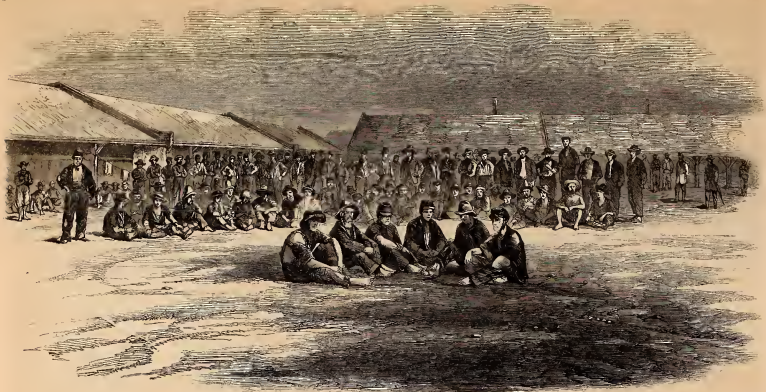
MIDDLETOWN, VA.

AMONG the Virginia villages coming before the public from time to time is Middletown, of which we give a pleasing sketch by our Special Artist on the Upper Potomac. Middletown is a quiet, ordinary Virginia village, lying between Winchester and Strasburg on the turnpike road, presenting no striking features and with none of the busy stirring look of our Northern hamlets. It has been frequently occupied by our troops since the campaigns of Banks and Fremont in the Shenandoah valley.

SCENERY OF THE MOON.

Among the many terribly-sublime scenes with which the moon's surface must abound, none can be grander than that which presents itself to the spectator were he placed inside one of those vast volcanic craters—Tycho, for instance—surrounded on every side by the most terrific evidences of volcanic force in its wildest features. In such a position he would have before him starting up from the vast plain below, a mighty obelisk-shaped mountain of some 9,000 feet in height, casting its intense black shadow over the plateau; and partly up its slope he would see an amphitheatrical range of mountains beyond, which, in spite of their being about 40 miles distant, would appear almost in its immediate proximity—owing to the absence of that "aerial perspective" which in its terrestrial scenery imparts a softened aspect to the distant object—so near, indeed, as to reveal every cleft and chasm to the naked eye.

This strange commingling of near and distant objects, the inevitable visual consequence of the absence of atmosphere or water, must impart to lunar scenery a terrible aspect—a stern wilderness, which may aptly be termed unearthly. And when we seek to picture to ourselves, in addition to the lineaments and condition of the lunar landscape, the awful effect of an absolutely black firmament, in which every star visible above the horizon would shine with a steady brilliancy (all causes of scintillation or twinkling being absent, and these effects are due to the presence of variously heated strata, or currents, in our atmosphere), or of the vivid and glaring sunshine, with which we have nothing to compare in our subdued solar illumination, made more striking by the contrast of an intensely black sky; if, we say, we would picture to ourselves the wild and unearthly scene that would thus be presented to our gaze, we must search for it in the recollection of some fearful dream.



THE WAR IN TEXAS AND LOUISIANA—THE UNION PRISONERS (19TH IOWA) RECENTLY EXCHANGED.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT NEW ORLEANS BY M'PHERSON & OLIVER.

UNION PRISONERS FROM TEXAS.

THE sketches of Union prisoners exchanged by the rebels after they were reduced by starvation and ill-treatment to death's door, which we gave a few weeks since, were the most appalling that it has ever been our duty to present to the public in our illustrated contemporaneous history of the time. Gladly, for the honor of our common humanity, would we have avoided the task and thrown a veil over the diabolical malignity of the authorities which could conceive and perpetrate such cruelty.

A sketch, which we give to-day, from a photograph by McPherson & Oliver, shows the enlisted men of the 19th Iowa, taken on their reaching New Orleans, after a long and cruel captivity at Tyler, Texas. This regiment was captured near Morganza, on the 28th September, 1863, having been sent out with the 26th Indiana, a section of the 1st Missouri artillery, and some cavalry and mounted infantry, all under Col. J. B. Leake, 20th Iowa, to divert the rebel Gen. Greene. That officer, however, having been reinforced by Gen. Mouton, crossed the Achafalaya and cut off Leake from his division. Although attacked on all sides, Leake made a determined fight, and after finding it vain to attempt to cut his way through to his division, surrendered.

Greene at once fell back, and the prisoners were marched, through a drenching rain, to Greene's camp, and having been stripped of everything but the clothes on their backs, began their novitiate in suffering. On the 1st of October they were sent to Alexandria, and, after a few days' confinement, sent to Shreveport, suffering from hunger and cold, having no blankets or protection. From Shreveport they were sent to Tyler, Texas, under a guard of Red river steamboatmen, who abused and rode them down constantly. They reached Camp Ford, four miles east of Tyler, on the 2nd, and led to a hillside as their quarters. No shelter was provided; and although they had marched all day, no food was given till the following night. When food was finally given, the Commissary dealt out 10 days' rations in corn meal at once. The prisoners had nothing to hold it in

SHERIDAN'S CAMPAIGN—MIDDLETOWN, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.

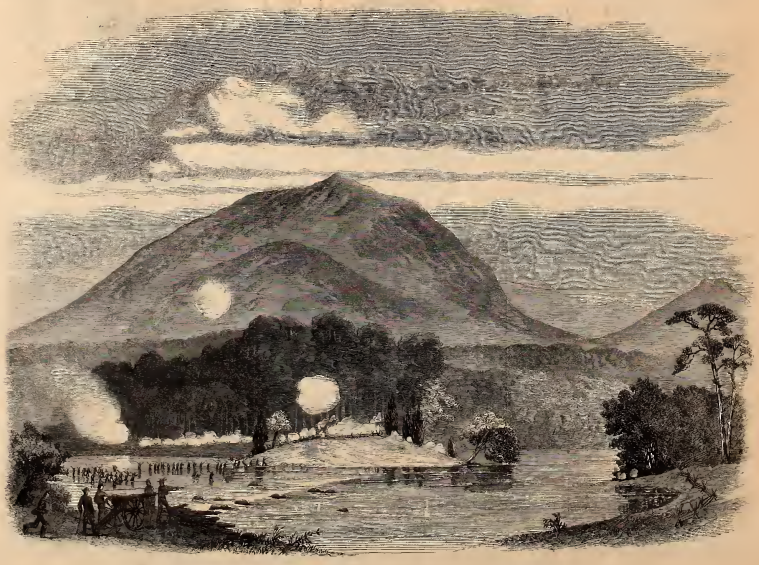
THE WAR IN GEORGIA—THE MILITARY COLLEGE, MARIETTA.—FROM A SKETCH BY CAPT. D. R. BROWN, 20TH CONN.

THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG—GOING TO THE TRENCHES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. F. MULLEN.

and used lints, coats, drawers, sleeve-linings, but it was impossible to keep it. They lost much, and suffered all the pangs of hunger, as at best the rations were insufficient. They had no means of cooking it, except as they could borrow a stray utensil from the militia guard. They began at once to build lodgings, but there were only three axes given them, and no animals allowed to draw a single log. The work was necessarily slow, and in the meantime the prisoners lived in holes dug in the ground and covered with brush.

On the 29th of November they were paroled for exchange, and started for Shreveport almost naked and barefoot, not half having a shirt and still fewer anything like a blanket. They reached the Sabine, tracking the road with their blood. Cattle intended for them were sold by the rebel officers, and the prisoners confined to corn-meal. During the winter they were kept near Shreveport. In March, as all hope of exchange had ended, they were marched back to Tyler. Their treatment on the march was more brutal than ever. Men who failed to keep up from swollen feet were lassoed and dragged by the neck. Many were wounded by blows of swords and muskets. Proper representations of this treatment were made to Gen. Kirby Smith, but without effect.

On the 6th of April they were marched to Marshall, Texas, and kept till May 24, when it proving that the Confederate prisoners were not ready for exchange, they



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—THE FIGHT AT CEDAR CREEK, FRIDAY, AUG. 12.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.

were again marched to Tyler. Here they found the camp enlarged and crowded with prisoners lost by Banks. Their sufferings were now increased, deprived of sufficient wood for cooking, stinted in water, and without any hospital or surgeon to care for the sick. Nothing was done to keep the camp clean; and only once, on the 1st of July, was permission given to remove the filth from the camp.

On the 9th of July they finally started forward for exchange. This time they were under the escort of Major G. W. Smith, who will ever be remembered as the first and only instance of chivalry or courtesy met in their experience of Southern men. The march was a prelude of coming happiness; on the 23d July they were delivered to Col. Dwight, Commissioner of Exchange, at the mouth of Red river.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

The Dinner for the Baron.—One of Henry Fox's jokes was that played off on Mrs. ——, who had a great fondness for making the acquaintance of foreigners. He forged a letter of recommendation to her in favor of a German nobleman, the Baron von Seidlitz Powders, whose card was left at her door, and for whom a dinner was immediately planned by Mrs. ——, and an invitation sent in form. After waiting a considerable time, and no baron appearing, the dinner was served; but during the second course a note was brought to the lady of the house, with excuses from the baron, who was unexpectedly prevented by the death of his aunt, the Duchess Von Epsom Salts, which she read out to the company without any suspicion of the joke, and to the entertainment of her guests, among whom was the facetious author.

The following lines are said to have been found on the desk of an indolent though afterwards a much celebrated official in one of our Government departments:

From 10 to 11—eats breakfast for seven!
From 11 to 1—there's nothing done.
From 1 to 2—there's nothing to do.
From 2 to 3—begins to see
That 3 to 4—is a deuce of a bore.

A young man in Canada, whose English friends had ceased to correspond with him, woke up their interest by sending letters to business men in his native place, inquiring the price of a tolerable-sized farm. Seven affectionate letters came from his friends by return of post, and two or three a day have come ever since, and one from an old (and cold) sweetheart.

When the French papers do set out wonders in natural history they beat the English out of sight. One of them tells us that a hare was recently surrounded by inundation, and had no means of safety but climbing up a willow-tree and perching, like a bird, on the topmost bough. A countryman discovered it, took a boat and rowed on an expedition against the life of poor puss. He reached the asylum, pushed his vessel to the shore, and began to ascend the tree. It was no time for a hare to hesitate; with infinite promptitude, as if about to be seized for high treason, our furry friend took one leap into the boat, and, loosing it from the bank, sailed to the neighboring coast, where it disembarked and escaped. meanwhile the invader was compelled to wear the willow, and seek his own preservation by occupying the hare's abandoned seat, till at last he was rescued by his friends!

DRILL FOR VOLUNTEERS.

Fall in—To good ways and habits, which will be conducive to your benefit.

Attention—To your business, and never mind other people's.

Right Face—Manfully do your duty, and don't be glad of a petty excuse for shirking it.

Quick March—From a temptation to do anything which is mean or unmanly.

Halt—When conscience tells you that you are not doing as you would like to be done by.

Right about Face—From dishonesty and falsehood.

Present Arms—Cheerfully when your wife asks you to carry the baby for her.

Break off—Bad habits and everything which is likely to retard your advancement in the world.

The following paragraph suggests plenty of food for reflection: "A curious plea was set up, but over-ruled, this week, in Paris, at the Exhibition of Living Artists. An old soldier demanded to be let in for half-price, as he had only one eye." The admission of such a plea would have led to another admission—the admission of half the world to picture-galleries gratis; for the majority of people who look at pictures might as well have no eyes, being quite blind to merits and faults alike. And the privilege would be of no advantage to the numerous art-critics, for they have free admission already, perhaps on this very ground.

Monsieur Durand, a visitor in New York, having no faith in the funds, nor the banks, nor the railways, but unbounded confidence in Mr. G., the great merchant, placed in his hands $10,000. Some wags, aware of this transaction, got into loud conversation at an inn, in the presence of the Frenchman, and among other things lamented the bankruptcy of Mr. G.

The unhappy depositor rushed to the counting-house of his friend, and overwhelmed him with reproaches for his failure. "What for you fail when you owe me $10,000? Why not you tell me yesterday you fail to-day?"

By this time Mr. G. saw through the trick, and informed Monsieur Durand he would give him a cheque for the amount. At this the Frenchman was more astonished than before, and exclaimed, "Ah! you got him? If you got him I don't want him; but if you have not got him, I must have him."

Old Dr. Nichols, a celebrated quack doctor, found the calls and fees did not come fast enough to please him, so he added an apothecary's shop to his business, for the sale of drugs and medicines. He had a great sign painted to attract the wondering eyes of the villagers, and the doctor loved to stand in front of his shop and explain its beauties to the gaping beholders. One of these was an Irishman, who gazed for awhile with a comical look, and then exclaimed:

"Och, and by the powers, doctor, if it isn't fine. But there's something a little bit wanting in it."

"And what, pray, is that?" asked the doctor.

"Why, you see," said Pat, "you've got a beautiful sheet of water here, and not a bit of a bird swimming in it."

"Ay! yes," replied the doctor, "that's a good idea. I'll have a couple of swans painted there; wouldn't they be fine?"

"Faith, and I don't know but they would," said Pat; "but I'm after thinking there's another kind of a bird that would be more appropriate."

"And what is that?" asked the doctor.

"Why, I can't exactly think of his name just now, but he's one of them kind of birds that when he sings he cries, 'Quack, quack, quack, quack!'"

The last seen of Pat and the doctor was Pat running for dear life, and the doctor after him.

"Jim, this damp, unwholesome air has given me a horrid cough."

"Has it, Jack? Well, I'm no better off, for it has given me the asthma."

"Sorry for it, Jim."

"And yet, come to think of it, Jack, perhaps your cough is merely sympathetic—the consequence of mi-asma.

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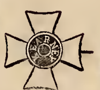
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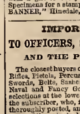

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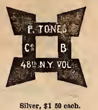

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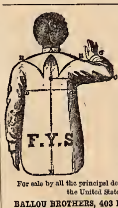

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We recently received the following letter:

Roxbury, Mass., Aug. 24, 1864.

Frank Leslie, Esq.

Dear Sir—I send you a MS. sketch for publication, which if acceptable, please remit whatever you are in the habit of paying for similar articles, (as regards length, merit, &c.,) to the address below.

I should like one or two copies of the issue it appears in, should you decide to purchase the MS.

Very respectfully, etc.,
Edward Newman.

The story sent with this very off-hand communication was called "A Novel Courtship; or, the Lost Wager," by Edward Newman, and proved to be a story by Miss Lucy A. Randall, whose tales our readers well know. It was published in our paper of Nov. 14, 1863, as "Cousin Jack's Courtship; or, the Lost Wager," and was simply copied *verbatim et literatim* by Mr. Edward Newman, whose desire of appearing in print we are happy to gratify. We shall also be happy to assist him in placing his photograph in a fine gallery recently in Broome street, but now in a handsome marble building in Mulberry.

Conclusion of Volume XVIII.

With this number we close eighteen volumes of this paper, and thus rapidly approaching the second decade of its existence, we may be pardoned for a feeling of pride at having been the first to establish a successful Illustrated Paper, fully up to the requirements of the time, and consequently possessed of those characteristics which make popularity a result beyond question.

Knowing what the public requires, we spare no effort, no talent, no expense to lay before them, week by week, an illustrated record of all that is exciting, absorbing, curious or interesting in the events of the day.

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It is our pride here, too, that we have called forth a number of writers whose names will hereafter be an honor to American literature.

Those whose subscriptions expire with the volume should renew them at once, to avoid interruption in receiving the paper.

Atlanta Ours—Grant and Sherman as Peace Ambassadors.

Gen. Sherman's magnificently conducted Georgia campaign has at length been crowned with a decisive and comprehensive victory. The capture of Atlanta tells the welcome story. It practically demolishes the rebellion from Georgia to the Mississippi river, and reduces the fighting capacities of Jeff Davis to his armed forces in Virginia.

In tapping the railroad leading South-westwardly, *via* West Point, to Montgomery, Alabama, after cutting the Augusta road, Gen. Sherman rendered the situation of Hood, within his strong encircling fortifications of Atlanta, exceedingly uncomfortable; but when Sherman's right wing was swung around so as to cover the road leading South to Macon, a stubborn struggle to recover it or a stealthy evacuation of Atlanta, if possible, became the only alternative to Hood. True to his fighting proclivities, right or wrong, he adopted the desperate alternative of risking city and army in an effort to dislodge his powerful adversary at the point of the bayonet from this Macon road; but the forces sent were in turn attacked and routed, and the disastrous consequences, which the cautious Jo. Johnston would have foreseen and avoided, the rash and over-confident Hood rushed into and realised. He abandoned the city which he was appointed to defend, and, what is worse, he has no place of retreat before him, right or left, which promises him anything more than a few days' security against the complete destruction, dispersion or capitulation of his divided and demoralized army.

The only alternative, in our judgment, now remaining to Hood, if still resolved to "die in the last ditch," is to try the experiment of a junction with Gen. Lee, in Virginia. True, the prospect in this direction is gloomy, for the victorious Yankee army of Atlanta, whatever route he may take, will doubtless follow close upon his trail; but Hood needs assistance, which he can now secure only by a junction with Gen. Lee. In view of some such enterprise, the occupation of the Weldon railroad by Gen. Grant will render him a double service. He then stands *à la* Vicksburg, directly between the army of Lee and the army of Hood, and thus interferes as much with the reinforcement of Lee from the South as with the subsistence of his army in Petersburg and Richmond. In fact, Grant's position on the Weldon railroad is substantially what was the position of Sherman on the Macon road before the late battle, and that a similar result will soon follow we are entirely confident. The spasmodic activity and threatening demonstrations of Early's forces in the Shenandoah valley are much the same as the movements of Wheeler, Roddy and other rebel raiders in the rear of Sherman. They are but the flutterings of the old bird in the grass to divert the sportsman from her nest in the bush at his side, flutterings which Grant and Sherman thoroughly comprehend.

We congratulate the army of readers of this journal on the glorious prospect before us. The Secretary of War has officially announced the cheering intelligence to the country, that instead of the 500,000 men called for by the President in his last order for a draft, 300,000 will suffice for all the purposes of this war; and that "100,000 new troops, promptly furnished, are all that Gen. Grant asks for the capture of Richmond, and to give the finishing blow to the rebel armies yet in the field." With unquestioning faith in Gen. Grant's carefully considered requisition, we entertain the hope that the 100,000 fresh troops, which he is satisfied will enable him to finish up the dismantled Confederacy and tottering despotism of Jeff. Davis, East and West, will, by a just and patriotic people, be promptly supplied. Grant and Sherman are the only peace ambassadors, whose overtures and arguments in behalf of peace are sure to prevail. Let us support these able ambassadors in their convincing negotiations, and we shall soon have peace.

Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA—GRANT'S ARMY.

A dispatch from the Army of the Potomac says that the reports of the losses in the 5th corps, in the battles of the 18th, 19th and 21st ult., reaching 5,000, greatly exaggerate the facts. It is believed that the aggregate loss will not exceed 3,500. The loss of the 2d corps in Thursday's fight will not exceed 1,200. The rebels are said to be using the Weldon railroad below Ream's station, and running their supplies thence to Petersburg around our left by wagon. As this requires a large force to guard the trains and defend the road against our cavalry, it cannot be either a very profitable or pleasant means of communication. Arrangements have been made for burying the rebel dead left on the field of Thursday's battle. The fact that the enemy did not do this, and also that they did not carry off their wounded, is palpable evidence that, although they drove back the 2d corps, they did not achieve a complete or creditable victory.

SHERIDAN'S DEPARTMENT.

Merritt's division of Gen. Torbert's cavalry came up to Bradley Johnson on the 28th, and after a sanguinary hand-to-hand fight drove him through and beyond Smithfield.

On the 29th the enemy brought up infantry, but Sheridan sent up Ricketts's division of Wright's 6th corps, whom the enemy withstood about five minutes. In his retreat up the valley Early was pursued by Sheridan with his whole army, and Averill attacked Vaughan's cavalry south of Martinsburg, capturing 20 wagons, two battle flags, many prisoners and a herd of cattle.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The steamer Crescent was recently sent down under convoy of the Admiral carrying 600 rebel officers to place under fire, but the captain, when off Cape Romane, treacherously attempted to run her ashore. One rebel officer did, in fact, escape. The captain is under trial.

GEORGIA.

Wheeler had been operating on Sherman's communications, and though defeated in one or two places met some success. Sherman, as if alarmed at this, ostensibly gave up the siege of Atlanta and pushed his army down to East Point on the Macon road, leaving Slocum (20th corps) on the Chattahoochee. Hood then stationed a part of his army at Jonesboro, and these on the afternoon of the 30th attacked Sherman, whose centre was at Couch's, but the Union General drove the rebels back with heavy loss, broke up the Macon road, and on the 1st of Sept. made a general attack on the enemy at Jonesboro, Gen. Jeff C. Davis carrying the works, with 10 guns and 1,000 prisoners. In the night the enemy retreated to Lovejoy's station. Hood cut off from the best part of his army, with Sherman on his road, blew up the magazines in Atlanta and fled by night. Slocum then marched in.

Kilpatrick had previously been cutting the road to Macon.

ALABAMA.

On the 23d Gen. Granger and Admiral Farragut opened on Fort Morgan. Gen. Page made no reply, but finally raised the white flag.

Contrary to established military usage, the rebel Gen. Page threw away his sword, and caused the complete destruction of the guns and ammunition in the fort; and there is every reason to believe that this was done after the white flag had been raised. The terms of capitulation were the same as in the case of Fort Gaines. The conduct of Gen. Page contrasts most unfavorably with that of Col. Anderson, the Commandar of Fort Gaines, who scrupulously preserved everything from the moment he raised the white flag.

FLORIDA.

Col. Harris, with 75th Ohio and some other troops, recently penetrated to Stork, where they destroyed a train. They then advanced to Greenville, and drove in the enemy; but soon after, while resting and eating, were suddenly attacked and thrown into confusion. Col. Harris and a party of his men managed to escape, but many were taken.

MISSISSIPPI.

The steamer Lancaster was fired into 15 miles below Natchez by a rebel battery, supported by cavalry.

KENTUCKY.

Hardonsburg was plundered by guerillas on the 23d of August.

Jake Bennet, with a gang, dashed into Owensboro', killed three negro soldiers and a lieutenant of the 3rd Kentucky cavalry.

TENNESSEE.

On the 23d Gen. Gillett, in a fight with the rebels, killed 40, and drove the force from the town. His loss was 25 men, among them Col. Carney mortally wounded.

A dispatch from Louisville, dated August 30, says that the rebel Gen. Wheeler, with his entire force, appeared at the head of the Cumberland river, three miles below Gallatin, captured a company of Federal troops, and were attempting to cross the river the same morning for an advance upon Gallatin. A report has reached Cave City, Ky., that the colonel commanding the Federal forces at Gallatin ordered the depot to be burned, as it was without the range of his guns.

A rebel force estimated at 10,000, with 12 pieces of artillery, were within 17 miles of Nashville, on the Murfreesboro' pike, at daylight on Thursday morning. Gen. Rousseau, with a body of cavalry and infantry, met the enemy's advance early in the morning. Sharp skirmishing commenced with varying success. At last accounts Gen. Rousseau had driven the rebels three miles towards Murfreesboro'.

MISSOURI.

On the 28th of August it was announced in St. Louis that Shelby, with 6,000 men, was about 70 miles below Hoboken, on the Iron Mountain railroad.

ARKANSAS.

Shelby and Marmaduke are said to have attacked Pine Bluff.

INDIAN TERRITORY.

The Kansas City *Journal* says it is ascertained by reliable scouts that in less than 20 days a simultaneous attack will be made by the combined bands of Cheyennes, Kiowas, Utahs, Snakes, Camanches and Arrapahoes on Fort Kearney, Fort Cottonwood, and all along Platte Valley. Every measure is being taken by the whites to give them a warm reception. All the ranches are deserted, and the proprietors, with their families, are taking refuge in the forts.

The Indians have white leaders, and are better armed than U. S. troops or the militia, as was proved in a recent fight where they inflicted serious damage, while our men were unable to reach them with the guns in their hands.

NAVAL.

The Tallahassee, after plundering and destroying along our coast, ran into Halifax, coaled, and doubtless transacted other business. She then started back to Wilmington, and, in spite of the efforts of our blockaders, ran in, and now lies under the guns of Fort Fisher, giving and receiving a salute as she steamed in. Another privateer entered, and was saluted by Fort Caswell.

The Nicholas Biddle, of New York, was burned off the Brazilian coast by the Florida.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Orders have been issued in England that no ships-of-war belonging to either of the belligerent powers in North America shall be allowed to enter any of the British ports for the purpose of being dismantled and sold.

The Niagara, according to a Lisbon telegram of August 13, was in the Tagus. Her intention was supposed to be the interception of the Georgia.

The last advices from Frankfort show a loss of faith in United States Bonds, large sales having depressed the prices.

Fresh disturbances have broken out in Algiers.

The Czar has ordered a reduction of the Russian army.

The difficulty between the American Consul and the Egyptian Government has been satisfactorily adjusted.

Order had been restored in Belfast, where there had been no rioting since the 19th of August.

The King of Spain had left France for Madrid.

A prospective marriage is announced between Prince Humbert, of Italy, and the Princess Anna Murat—a union which, it is expected, will strengthen the bonds between France and Italy.

The Russian army is to be reduced.

The Austrians and Prussians have decided to occupy the Duchy of Holstein.

TOWN GOSSIP.

In all communities there are what may be termed stock topics, which last like wonders, not nine days, but their allotted time. The topics for this week have been two; firstly, the nomination of McClellan for the Presidency, and secondly, the hoped-for suspension of the draft. The next 60 days bid fair to be two of the most exciting months in the whole history of the country. New York is an especially excitable city. Every throb of the country is felt here as though it was the very heart of all the nation. We have now to agitate us the fast coming news from our armies in the field, which bids fair to culminate in that time into something decided. The next two months will decide what policy will rule us for four years more. The streets will be full with squabbling politicians, torchlight processions, banners and loud-mouthed orators. The city will this fall be the receptacle for every shoddyite and speculator from every corner of the land. Money will be plentiful beyond all the past, and everything that can minister to the amusement or passions of mankind will be in full blast. Never before will New York have seen so gay a winter as that now coming, especially so if we have successes with arms, but gay anyhow. The last three years has almost entirely changed the nature of our people, and it will require many years of peace and hard labor to bring them back from the state of recklessness and dissipation into which they have been plunged by this war and its attendant circumstances.

We are now in the very midst of the opening of the season. The theatres are throwing wide their doors and offering all their novelties, the churches are recuperating from their summer sleep, and the Rev. Dr. Blandface, having gathered fresh divinity and nursed his bronchitis in the delightful atmospheres of Newport, Saratoga, or the White Mountains, is once more strong in the pulpit of St. Barabbas and devoted to the oiliest road to grace. The schools, with regenerated pupils and bright-eyed teachers, who have been spending their five weeks in the rural outskirts of Binghampton or elsewhere, are recommencing their buzz, and hum, and machinelike working on through the field of knowledge for another year. Miss Flora McFlimsey is back in town, and can be seen daily at all the leading drygoods establishments, gathering together, with laborious effort, something to wear, and planning out her season. Young Shoddy—Frederic Augustus, we mean—is doing pretty much the same. He has been seen twice in public within the last week, and has been known by a few of his most intimate friends to have had two consultations with his tailor and one with his bootmaker, and was heard openly to declare that Monsieur Vaxend's charge of $25 for patent leather enough to cover his (young Shoddy's) legs to the top of the calf was "puffectly outwageous." If Vaxend performs his duty and covers the calf we think the charge extremely moderate.

During the week we have seen and conversed with the sensation criminal of the day, Franz Muller, the man who is charged with the murder of Mr. Briggs in the rail car in England, and the result of our talk is an instinctive idea of the innocence of the man. We say this not because we have been influenced by the statements of the prisoner or won by any argument. Of the first he made us little, and of the last offered none. He lacks the gift of the tongue to win any one by either; but yet we put upon record here that we believe Franz Muller guiltless of the crime of which he is charged, and that when the matter comes before a calm English jury, if it ever does, they will reach the same conclusion.

Among the strange sights of a city, we were witness, during the week, to one that we should like to see carried out more effectually, nothing less than the stripping of buttons and shoulder-straps from a bogus colonel in front of the office of the Provost Marshal-General, to the intense delight of a large improvised audience. The man, it appears, had been figuring about town passing himself off for the colonel of the 92d N. Y. volunteers, when some curious individual, a Connecticut Yankee without doubt, began looking into the matter, and finally succeeded in spotting the affair down to its true value, and the "colonel" was handed over to the tender mercies of the Provost, and stripped. There is something strange to us in that ambition which prompts a man, even though he is in the service, to disport his uniform in all kinds of places, at all kinds of times, and be so intensely proud of a pair of shoulder-straps that only cast a suspicion on him that he is skulking from duty while his regiment is possibly suffering in the field. We have not the slightest doubt that one-half the uniforms worn in our streets cover bogus officers, and but for the peril of making a mistake they would be stripped off as was our would-be colonel's.

The week has been an especially lively one in a dramatic way. Firstly, at Niblo's, Matilda Heron has been going through the humbug of taking leave of the public in the character of "Camille." The fact simply is that the lady finds herself growing too old and too portly for the character, and that others are doing it so much better than she ever did that policy dictates she should bestow herself in some other line. During these six nights the house was crowded, and the stereotyped Heron version of the play, which in French is beautiful and spiritual, but in English simply repulsive, was gone through with the same unevenness as we have always been accustomed to, the actress occasionally rising to scenes of great power and finish, and

as often sinking to an outrage both upon nature and art.

That "provincial actor," as the New York *Herald* drolly calls John E. Owens, has been filling the Broadway theatre, through the week, with an audience that seem appreciative of his provincialism. It will be a long time before New York sees anything better done on the stage than Owens' "Solon Shingle."

The Winter Garden goes steadily on, with Clarke as Major De Boote, in "Everybody's Friend," and "The Rough Diamond," filling the house to that extent that it remains doubtful whether any change will be made this winter.

The Olympic has opened with much of the old company, and a new piece entitled, "Miriam's Crime," of which we shall talk next week.

Niblo's is given up to Forrest three nights a week, with "The Duke's Motto" sandwiched between.

Wallack's will open next week, but no announcement has yet been made of the plan of campaign. We hope that the virtue of paint and putty will be tried on this house before its reopening.

Barnum has made a great success with his whale, and this week gives us the unfailing attraction of Mr. and Mrs. General Tom Thumb, Minnie Warren and Commodore Nutt; yielding to the exigencies of the times, he has advanced five cents on the price of admission, which we hold to be a modest sum.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The building where the Chicago Convention was held was 638 feet circumference—above 200 feet diameter. It accommodated 15,000.

—— A nugget of gold weighing eight pounds, and worth $41,000 in greenbacks, is now at New York.

—— A Victoria Regia, the giant water lily, is in flower near the New York Central Park. The flower is 10 inches across, of a mixed purple and white color, and exhales a rich and rather oppressive perfume. The leaves of the full-grown plant are from six to eight feet in diameter.

—— The Washington *Star* deplores the profane, dissipated character of the present Sunday amusements of that city as follows: "We have now Sunday papers, Sunday streetcars, Sunday dress parades, Sunday gardens, Sunday displays of cyprian equestrianism and barouche exercises, Sunday suburban "free and easys," and latest and fastest of the fast and furious amusements of our modern Sunday carnival we have the Sunday down-river excursion, where the gay and festive—those sufficiently sober to stand upon their feet—can trip it on the light fantastic toe to the music of the Marine Band."

—— The solicitor of the War Department has commenced an action against Surgeon-Gen. Hammond.

—— The Chicago Convention met on the 29th ult., and after organising, chose Gov. Horatio Seymour as President of the Convention. The result was the following ticket: For President—Gen. G. B. McClellan; for Vice-President—Hon. G. H. Pendleton. The news was received with great rejoicings by the Democrats in all the towns, New York holding a meeting that very evening, when Oakey Hall, Chauncey Schaffer, Douglass Taylor, Caspar C. Childs and Gen. E. R. V. Wright made spirited addresses denouncing the Administration.

—— The official statement of the public debt on the 30th of August shows the amount outstanding to be $1,878,565,234, and the interest, in both coin and lawful money, $77,447,122, or an increase of the public debt since the 2d August of $53,073,000, and of interest $1,029,000. The debt bearing interest in coin is now $889,899,492; the debt bearing interest in lawful money, $469,197,000; the debt on which the interest has ceased, $357,470; the debt bearing no interest, $519,111,267. The unpaid requisitions are $78,795,000, and the amount in the Treasury, $17,189,518. It further appears that since the 2d of August the six per cent. bonds under the acts of July 17 and August 5, 1861, exchanged for seven-thirties, have increased to the extent of $15,000,000; that the seven-thirty three years notes under the act of July 17, 1861, have been reduced about the same amount, and the six per cent. certificates of indebtedness under the act of March 1, 1862, increased nearly $28,000,000.

—— The Cosmopolitan Club, composed of some of the leading merchants of this city, Boston, Providence, Hartford and of the West, held its first excursion party on the 25th ult., at Providence, the excursion terminating with a grand chowder feast and clam bake at Coles's, on Narragansett bay. By the kindness of the Stonington line, through its agent, Mr. M. R. Simons, the steamer Plymouth Rock and a special train from Groton were placed at the disposal of the club. From Providence the steam yacht Carrie White, Commodore Perry, conveyed the party to the bake. Among the most pleasurable features of the trip the magnificent supper on the Plymouth Rock and the glorious sail up the Sound were not the least memorable. At the bake—one of those old-fashioned Rhode Island affairs respecting the mysteries of which Rhode Islanders are not at all reticent—the arrangements were perfect, and the guests enjoyed it to the uttermost. Wine, wit, sentiment—toasts to all sorts of official dignitaries—bumpers to the President and Directors of the Stonington Line, and a general flow of good spirits prevailed. The club returned to the city in good season, each individual member thereof feeling at least ten years younger from the trip. The "Cosmopolitan," we understand, have leased a building as a "Club House" in 5th avenue, not far from 23d street. The object of the association or club is merely social, and will, in its regulations, resemble the clubs of London. We cannot omit the opportunity of adding a word of praise in regard to the admirable arrangements of the Stonington line for the comfort and gratification of its patrons. Both the boats of this line are in every sense of the word floating first-class hotels. We cordially commend the line to the consideration of the travelling public the year round, as well as to summer tourists. The connections of the line are always sure, and parties by taking this route have ample time for repose without being troubled by the horrors of Point Judith sea-sickness.

Military.—A Union officer writing from Charleston says they are better satisfied with their treatment at Charleston than anywhere they had been in the Confederacy, both in regard to their receiving more to eat and their being more kindly treated. Six hundred officers arrived at Charleston on the 30th of July, and on the 3d of this month they were still there, confined in the jail and the jail yard. The yard is about 300 feet long and 250 feet wide. The building takes up about one-third of the space. The yard is surrounded by a brick wall about 16 feet high, guarded both inside and outside. One hundred wedge (or A) tents had been issued, and they were pitched in the jail yard. As regards their danger from our own shells, I can simply say that the shelling has been going on for over a year, and I believe the jail building has never yet been struck. However, while we were confined there, the building adjoining the jail was struck, and a number of shells passed over and close to the jail. The buildings on each side of the jail have also been struck; but we never felt in any danger.

—— The Rochester *Express*, of the 30th ult., says: "From Mr. Dana, who arrived from Elmira last evening, we learn that an attempt has been made by the rebel prisoners in Elmira to escape from their confinement. They had managed to dig a breach under ground a distance of some 40 feet past the inclosure of the grounds, and under the hospital building. The rebels, when discovered, were briskly engaged at work in the trench, and were aiming for a sutler's tent. The ditch was only about two and a half feet high, and about three feet under ground, and only two men could get in at a time. They had no tools to work with, and how they managed to get so far in hard gravelly soil is a mystery."

Naval.—Many of the sailors captured at Mobile entered at once into our service, and were very much pleased with the change of flag.

—— The English navy can boast of 18 armor-plated ships, the smallest of which is 3,716 tons, and the largest 6,621 tons. The combined tonnage of these ships-of-war amounts to 86,204 tons. Besides these there are several vessels of smaller size, some afloat and some building.

—— The privateer Tallahassee, which has lately employed the best efforts of several of our fastest gunboats, without avail, is reported by the last advices from the blockading fleet of Wilmington to have run through the fleet on the night of the 25th ult., and to be now safely moored under the guns of Fort Fisher. She was discovered by the gunboat Monticello, in the darkness, but after a few discharges of grape and shell her evidently superior speed placed her beyond injury; and she turned up in the morning defiantly riding at anchor under the guns of the fort.

Personal.—Mr. Charles Peters, the well-known comedian, has made a great hit in Boston.

—— John Mitchel, the vitriol thrower of Dublin, is now serving as a private in the Southern army.

—— The daughter of Legrange, the opera singer, has been married to the Russian Prince Ghika; he is said to be very wealthy.

—— Col. T. B. Thorpe, so well-known as the Bee-hunter, and formerly on the editorial staff of this paper, has been nominated for Congress by the free State men of Louisiana. To his admirable sanatory measures the freedom of New Orleans from yellow fever is principally owing.

—— Miss Ada Vrooman, the poetess, is preparing a volume of poems for the press.

—— It is understood that Gov. Seymour will be Secretary of State, should McClellan be elected.

—— The rebel Gen. Hood who commands at Atlanta is described by a person who has recently seen him as a "white-headed, homely, spindle-shanked fellow, about 32 years of age, and over six feet tall; had been pretty well hacked to pieces; one leg gone, an arm useless; a lot of bruised ribs, and a broken collar-bone."

—— The British Government has granted a pension of £100 to Eliza Cook, the poetess.

—— Joseph Howard, jr., the author of the bogus proclamation, has been released from Fort Lafayette.

—— Adah Isaacs Menken is about to make her appearance as "Mazeppa" at Astley's Amphitheatre in London.

—— Miss Braddon is announced to edit a new London magazine, to be called the *St. George's Magazine*.

—— The wife of Gen. Sibley, of the rebel army, has left the Confederacy and came over to the Union. Her husband escorted her to the Federal lines, wished her a good-bye, and returned to rebeldom. A strong attachment to the old flag has led her to desert her husband.

—— President F. A. P. Barnard has written a letter to the New York *Times*, in which he denies the allegations of Mr. Bledsoe, and declares himself to be a true Union man.

—— Mr. Dircks, the Englishman who invented the patent ghost, is about to write the life, times and scientific labors of the celebrated Marquis of Worcester. He is going to reprint that curious book, "The Century of Inventions."

—— Blondin advertises from Vienna that the Blondin of Paris is an impostor; in other words, that he is not himself, but somebody else.

—— G. W. Curtis has been made an LL.D.

—— A monument is to be erected in Paris to Beranger.

Obituary.—Brig.-Gen Daniel Phineas Woodbury, the late commander of Key West and Dry Tortugas, died of yellow fever at Key West on the 15th inst. He was born in 1815, and entered West Point 1832. In 1836 he entered the army as second-lieutenant 3d artillery. He has been actively employed in Oregon, and from 1856 to 1860 was engaged in the construction of Fort Jefferson, Dry Tortugas. In 1862 he was made Brig.-Gen. of Volunteers. He was buried at Key West with military and masonic honors on the 17th ult. He was the aut or of several scientific works, among which were "The Theory of the Arch" and "On Sustaining Walls." These are now standard works.

—— The Providence *Journal* announces the death of William R. Watson of that city, for 40 years one of the most active and prominent politicians of Rhode Island. He was collector of customs at the port of Providence under the administrations of Harrison and Taylor, and held several offices of local trust and profit. He was a zealous political writer of the Whig school, sparing neither friend nor foe in the heat of the contests for which Rhode Island above all other New-England States has been distinguished.

—— William B. White, a widely-known citizen of Saratoga Springs, died on the 30th of July, aged about 50 years. He belonged to the firm of Clark and White, proprietors of the Congress Spring. As long as Congress water has been known Mr. White has been at the head management of the spring. He knew Saratoga when it had no attractions to compare with Ballston. He saw the large hotels at the commencement, and foresaw that there would be a demand for all the room they could afford.

—— Miss Margaret E. Breckinridge, daughter of the Rev. John Breckinridge, of Kentucky, died at Niagara Falls, July 27th, of typhoid fever, contracted while nursing wounded soldiers. She entered the hospital service on the Mississippi in 1862. Possessing a fine musical talent, which had been well cultivated, a comprehensive and tenacious memory, and being familiar from the years of her earliest instruction with the sacred truths and promises of the Bible, she soon became a special favorite with the hopelessly sick, the wounded and dying soldiers. Ministering both to their physical and moral wants, when all hope of restoring the suffering body had perished, she strove to rekindle those better hopes which have their fruition beyond the grave. It was in the lowlands of the Mississippi that she was first attacked with one of those obstinate camp diseases which too often become chronic. Leaving the Department of the Mississippi in order to recruit her wasted strength, she spent several months with friends at the East. In May last she entered again upon hospital duty near Philadelphia, but was soon obliged to leave her post by an attack of erysipelas. On partially recovering from this she came to Niagara, for the two-fold purpose of sharing the sorrow of a relative who had recently been sorely afflicted by the death of an only brother upon the field of battle, and of recruiting her own health and strength so that she might return again to her labors of mercy. She had even then within her system the seeds of that fatal typhoid fever peculiar to swamps, which was soon developed in all its strength, and of which, complicated with other diseases, she died on Wednesday, July 27.

Accidents and Offences.—A man named John Love and his paramour, Ann O'Neil, were arrested on the 31st of August, charged with killing Nancy Love, wife of the former prisoner, by administering poison to her. The evidence showed the most unmistakable brutality on the part of the two prisoners.

—— A fire broke out in Montague's feed store, Washington street, Hoboken, just as the people were going to church. Instead of praying the practical Hobokeners set to work and put out the fire, the fire bell entirely drowing the church bell.

—— As a young man was descending a well near Utica, on the 27th of August, the rope broke about 18 feet from the bottom, and he was precipitated down. In their excitement some of the bystanders loosened the top in their endeavors to save him, and he and another were buried alive. When dug out five hours afterwards their bodies appeared to be perfectly uninjured, but life had been long extinct, the cause of their death being suffocation.

—— A sawmill and 51 houses were burnt last week in Quebec. It was occasioned by a man emptying the ashes of his pipe on the shavings and sawdust.

—— Solon W. Rice, aged 28 years, and residing at No. 811 Washington street, was arrested by officer Maguire, of the Second Precinct, charged with having been guilty of stealing letters from the Post-office, and appropriating the contents to his own use. The accused, who is a clerk in the Post-office, was taken before a United States Commissioner and committed. Several letters which he had filched from the mails were found on his person when he was searched at the station-house.

—— On the afternoon of the 31st of August as Mr. James Pirsson and his son were walking near Fordham, they were attacked by a gang of the railway employees, and robbed of their watches, after which they were brutally beaten, as was also an officer who went to their assistance.

Foreign.—The condition of British India was never more prosperous than it is at present. Our own short supply of cotton has given an immense impetus to the cultivation of that staple, and the quality is wonderfully improved since last year.

—— The French papers have lately become so complimentary to England and Lord Palmerston, as to lead to the conclusion that Louis Napoleon is about to propose to perfidious Albion some scheme for their mutual advantage. The alliance been Russia, Prussia and Austria leaves France in a very isolated condition, as she cannot retire from her meddling propensities, as England can, without a loss of prestige.

—— A farmer in Kent, England, lately eat a ripe plum in which was a wasp, which stung him in the throat. So rapid was the progress of the poison that he died before medical assistance could be procured.

—— The Turkish cotton crop is more than fourfold what it was the previous year.

—— The rebel paper published in London, the *Index*, threatens France and England with the combined vengeance of both North and South when the war in America is over. It says this will be only retribution for their selfish policy in wishing each to drain the other of their blood and treasure, till they were both so exhausted as to become an easy prey to the Western Powers.

—— The riots in Belfast had at last been suppressed, but not before much damage to limb and property had been done. Several persons had been shot by the police.

—— There is interesting news from Mexico. Juarez had left the country, and it was rumored had sought refuge in the United States. His family has already arrived at New Orleans. The French and reactionary Mexican forces are said to have advanced from San Luis Potosi, and now occupy Saltillo, 63 miles from Monterey, the provisional seat of the government of Juarez. Maximilian is pursuing a conciliatory course, and, it is said, has again urged Santa Anna to return to Mexico. He has forbidden the newspapers to abuse the Mexicans who still hold out against him.

—— Miss Burdett Coutts has just purchased a copy of the first edition of Shakespeare's folio for £710 sterling, equal to $3,500.

—— The French Government contemplate the abolition of the usury laws and also imprisonment for debt.

—— A great sensation has been caused in Paris by the arrest of a boy for stealing cats, which his father sold to the cheap restaurants.

—— A journal devoted to cookery has been started in Paris. It is called the *Gastrophile*.

—— Mrs. Theresa Yelverton has so many letters of condolence, that she has published a notice, regretting her inability to acknowledge one-half of them, even with the aid of an amanuensis. Nevertheless, she thanks them as much as though she could personally thank them. The family of Major Yelverton gave a grand festival when they heard the verdict of the House of Lords.

—— Among the frivolities of Fontainebleau is the formation of a new club, consisting of females, under the Presidentship of the Princess Anne Murat. It is called the Babe Club, and the members are to wear the costume of cantinières, which is composed of red, blue and green Garibaldis, with short petticoats, and black straw hats, with straw colored lozenges, round which is tied a black ribbon, with the words Babe Club in gold letters on it.

—— The expatriation of almost the entire Circassian population into Turkey by command of their Russian conquerors, will have the good effect of cutting off the supply of girls for the Turkish harems, and thus silently but surely putting an end to that infamous system of polygamy and concubinage which has made the Ottoman Empire a disgrace to the present century.

Chit-Chat.—The London *Athenæum* has a very caustic review of the Pirate Semmes's book. It likens him to Jonathan Wild and Jack Sheppard.

—— The London *Athenæum*, in reviewing Weiss's Life of Theodore Parker, says in all seriousness, that during the excitement of the Fugitive Slave Law in Boston, Theodore Parker was in the habit of writing his sermons with his revolver on his desk before him. It also says that many in Boston believed that his early death was owing to the prayers of those who differed from him in his theological views. In a letter to a lady, Parker half jocularly complained of the bigotry displayed by some of his unknown and volunteer correspondents.

—— A correspondent writes us that there is a modern Arcadia in New York State, called Hunter's Land, Schoharie county, where the last European news is the death of Queen Anne; where they all still vote for Gen. Jackson; where the last newspaper seen is the New York *Spectator*, which was discontinued in 1836; and where the post only comes in once a week. It is expected that the news of the present rebellion will reach this happy spot in about ten years.

—— At a festival of lawyers and editors, a lawyer gave as a toast—"The Editor. He always obeys the call of the devil." An editor responded—"The Editor and the Lawyer—the devil is satisfied with the copy of the former, but requires the original of the latter."

—— On account of the number of oil wells in this country the *Budget of Fun* thinks it ought to be called Modern Grease.

—— It is said that the recent scandals against Boucicault and Bateman are entirely owing to the machinations of Benjamin Webster, the lessee of the Adelphi. Knowing what a very moral people the English were, he thought a woman the best weapon to employ against his rivals. Mr. Bateman's friends deny all criminality between him and the daughter of Webster's box-book-keeper. Those friendships, however, between elderly men and young women, without they are of great intellectual endowments, are always open to suspicion.

—— The total expenditure thus far for the Central Park has been near $6,000,000.

—— New Bedford, Mass., has been settled 200 years this fall. A grand festival will celebrate the event.

—— *Punch* and the *London Illustrated News* are to be republished in this country. Carleton has announced his intention of republishing Dickens's "All Round the Year."

—— The Montreal *Herald* reports that the yellow fever is now raging in Bermuda.

—— The trial trip of the new ironplated Italian vessel of war called the King of Portugal was a perfect success.

—— Mr. Gladstone, the English Chancellor of the Exchequer, has just published a translation of the first book of Homer's "Iliad." It is in the measure of Tennyson's "Locksley Hall."

—— Dr. Livingston has arrived in England, and is busily engaged in writing an account of his African researches.

—— Nearly 3,000 miles of railroad have been built in India by the last report.

—— The *Home Journal* warns silly girls from corresponding with soldiers now in camp or elsewhere, as it perils their reputation. A friend of ours assures us that these letters afford the soldiers considerable amusement, as the recipients of epistles from these fair *incognitas* of course can have no honorable scruples about reading them aloud. We are told that there is no instance of any of these acquaintances ending in marriage or honorable friendship.

OFFICERS, sutlers, gunsmiths and the public generally cannot do better than purchase their swords, pistols, and every description of fancy, naval and military goods of Charles Folsom, 38 Maiden lane.

THE UNION HALL, SARATOGA.

As Saratoga excels all other Watering Places for brilliancy and fashion, so does Union Hall carry off the palm from the Hotels of that far-famed place. It is emphatically the very best of the kind ever opened, and prepared as all were for a triumph worthy of so renowned a *maestro* as W. W. Leland, he has far exceeded the expectations of his most sanguine friends.

The public have already received from our paper of July 9 some idea of the surroundings and structure of this beautiful establishment, but it required the present season to test that exquisite management which has made it *par excellence* the model fashionable hotel of the continent. So admirably are all the departments arranged, that although there were frequently as many as 1,250 guests in the house at one time, the utmost regularity prevailed and the most assiduous attention was paid to every guest.

The *cuisine* is also a model for variety and plenty, and everything *recherche* and solid are always on the table, which is the best ever known in Saratoga.

The public will be glad to learn that Mr. Leland has determined to keep Union Hall open till the 1st of October.

On Friday, August 26, Mr. Leland gave his grand ball, which went off with the greatest *eclat*. The floor managers were W. S. Wyckoff, W. B. Dinsmore, Horatio Perkins, Theodore Meyer, Willie Hoey, John S. Hoey, of New York, and Count Duquesne, of Havana.

The Committee of Arrangements was as follows: Hon. Levi S. Chatfield, Charles Morgan, D. M. Barney, R. Rein, E. C. Kennedy, C. C. Hastings, N. Whiteman, Frank Leslie, S. W. H. Ward, Trumbull Smith, Harry Sanderson, O. D. Munn, Henry H. Leeds, Jacob Vanderpoel, L. J. Phillips, of New York; Henry Keep, of Rochester; Henry Kipp, of Buffalo; George Cortezar, Pedro Roway y Diaz, of Havana; S. Orteaga, of Port Principe; Hon. James W. Symonton, of San Francisco.

The following was the order of dancing: 1. Quadrille, Souvenir; 2. Polka Redowa, Leopoldstadter; 3. Lanciers, Flora; 4. Galop, Champaigne; 5. Lanciers, Union Hall; 6. Redowa Waltz, Sentenzon; 7. Quadrille, Faust; 8. Galop, Ione; 9. Cuban Dance, 4th Noivembre; 10. Lanciers, Season; 11. Polka Redowa, Leonore; 12. Galop, Pride of the Wind; 13. Quadrille, Monte Cristo; 14. Redowa Waltz, Jubilee; 15. Lanciers, German.

At ten o'clock the doors of his grand dining hall were thrown open, and then there streamed into it such a tide of brilliant and intellectual humanity that seldom has such a scene been witnessed. The music was excellent, and until two o'clock in the morning, when the programme was exhausted, all was gaiety and dancing. The refreshments were bounteous and *recherche*, and the decorations of the hall well arranged.

The *Daily Saratogian* says: "Throughout the evening, and until two o'clock in the morning, when the programme had been exhausted, the cheerful votaries of healthful and innocent mirth fairly filled the great room, and even the famous pianist himself found its attractions so great that he too spent much of the evening in 'keeping step to the music of the Union.' In every respect the hall was a success. No undue restraint chilled the company or dulled the current of its enjoyment. Everything passed off easily as among a gathering of old acquaintances, and dance succeeded dance with a promptness that was of itself exhilarating and provocative of highest spirits, thanks in no small degree to the well-directed and assiduous efforts of the gentlemen who kindly discharged the duties of floor-managers.

"What shall we say of the charming array of female fashion and beauty which graced the occasion? That task demands the pen of a poet, and we possess it not. A striking point in the scene was the brilliant fascinations of the dark-eyed daughters of Cuba, so many of whom grace the *salons* of the Union during the present season. One of them we especially remarked, with clear, rich, dark complexion, eyes whose brightness is only equalled by their depth of blackness, hair rivaling the raven's hue, and with a tall, stately and graceful form which Zenobia might have regarded in her mirror with a blush of pardonable and pleasurable pride."

Among the *belle des belles* was Mrs. G——t, of New York, whose classic face and superb form never appeared to greater advantage. She wore a toilette which bore upon it the stamp of Parisian elegance, of blue *gaze de soie*, richly trimmed with blue silk and point lace, with Pompadour corsage, and blush rose buds and point lace in her hair, which was combed back high above her brow, forming a natural coronet which suited well her regal style of beauty.

Next we may notice Miss S——u, of San Francisco, who was tastefully attired in a white puffed tulle dress, trimmed with blue; ornaments of coral completed a very youthful and becoming toilet.

Mrs. M——s, of New York, wore a rich dress of pearl-colored silk, ornamented with flowers which rivalled nature in their delicacy of coloring. Over arms and shoulders, exquisite in their symmetry and whiteness, was thrown a superb point lace shawl. Her brilliant conversational powers and genial manners made Mrs. M——s, as usual, the centre of a large and admiring circle.

Mrs. McV——, of Chicago, wore a superb dress of green silk, tastefully ornamented with point lace. Over her shoulders was a mantle of crimson cashmere, elaborately ornamented with white, which was worn with the grace peculiar to Mrs. McV——, and contrasted with and lighted up the lustrous bands of black hair which form such a glorious frame to her lovely and sympathetic face.

Prominent among the juvenile belles was Miss Mary McV——, in rose-colored silk. We scarcely know whether most to admire this young lady in the *salon*, where her rich voice so full of power and pathos greets our ears, or in the ballroom, as our admiring eyes follow her graceful little form through the mazes of the dance.

Miss M——n, of Hackensack, N. J., was most becomingly dressed in white silk, with low neck and short sleeves; her luxuriant hair tastefully ornamented with natural flowers.

Mrs. S——r, just from Peru, wore a dress of richest white rep silk, which hung in classic folds upon her slight and elegant form. Her hair, which fell in rippling ringlets to her waist, was confined at the back of the head with a barbe of point lace fastened with a diamond star. A parure of diamonds and opals completed a toilet unique in its simplicity and richness. Mrs. S——, as usual, was the nucleus of a large group of foreigners.

The Misses W——d, of New York, were elegantly dressed in white tarletane, trimmed with blue.

Miss R——é, of New York, looked charmingly in white tarletane, the freshness and beauty of which was unspoiled by the admixture of any color.

Prominent among the stately dames who honored the scene by their presence was Mrs. H. T. M——n, of New York, robed in white silk, richly trimmed with black lace, and ruches of white ribbon. A point lace shawl graced her shoulders; her headdress was of point lace, flowers and marabout feathers, and diamonds in elegant profusion flashed from many a setting.

Mrs. J. T. S——h was arrayed in crimson silk, trimmed with point lace flounce, velvet and ribbon, and headdress of marabout feathers, interspersed with flowers.

Mrs. Chancellor W—— was also present, dressed with her usual elegance and good taste.

Mrs. P——n, of New York, was much admired in rich rose-colored moire antique, with white lace waist and point lace headdress.

And here we must peremptorily close our all too brief notice, much as we would like to say something of Mrs. V. D. P——, of New York, and her three charming daughters; of Mrs. M——h, of Albany; Mrs. R——y and daughters, of Troy, and a long additional array of those who contributed so gracefully to a scene of festivity that will be remembered by its participants even when they hie to other scenes.

We regret that our space will not allow us to dwell longer on one of the most charming balls of the season—certainly the most delightful that has ever taken place in Saratoga. We must not omit to say that the courteous and elegant host greatly enhanced the pleasure of the evening by that kindly presence which gave to the vast and brilliant apartment that home look which adds welcome to enjoyment.

Pitzhugh's Battery. Rebel Skirmishers.

BATTLE OF SUMMIT POINT, SUNDAY, AUGUST 21st, BETWEEN GEN. WILSON'S CAVALRY AND THE REBELS.

Turnpike to Charlestown. Turnpike to Harper's Ferry, Jackson Hill.

VIEW OF THE FRONT FROM THE UNION LINES ON JACKSON HILL, VA.

Judge Hunter's House.

FIGHT OF DUFFIE'S CAVALRY NEAR HUNTER'S HOUSE, CHARLESTOWN, VA., COVERING THE RETREAT OF THE UNION FORCES.

SHERIDAN'S CAMPAIGN IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHENANDOAH.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.

IN VAIN.

LASH closer arms, press closer lips,
In last and vain caressing!
or never more that pallid cheek
Will crimson 'neath your pressing.
or these vain words and vainer tears
She waited yester even;
ho waits you now—but in the far
Resplendent halls of heaven.

'ith patient eyes fixed on the door
She waited, hoping ever,
ill death's dark wall rose cold between
Her gaze and you for ever.
he heard your footsteps in the breeze,
And in the wild bee's humming;
he last breath that she shaped to words
Said softly, "Is he coming?"

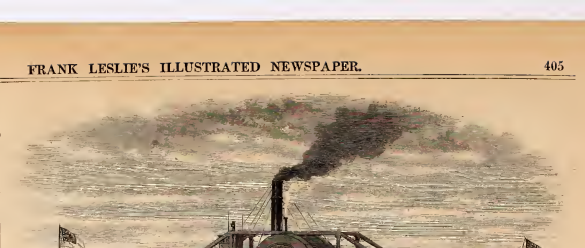
ow silenced lies the gentlest heart
That ever beat 'neath cover;
ofe—never to be rung again
By you, a fickle lover!
ow wrongs to her knew never end,
Till earth's last hands were riven;
our memory rose cold between
Her parting soul and heaven.

ow vain your false and tardy grief,
Vain your remorseful weeping;
or she, whom only you deceived,
Lies hushed in dreamless sleeping.
o—not beside that peaceful form
Should lying words be spoken—
o pray to God, "Be merciful
As she whose heart I've broken."

HE BROKEN BOND.

CHAPTER VII.

next morning I related to Mr. Piedwell what
ccurred, and told him what I intended to do.
proved the purpose to let Maxwell take away
rniture, and so to clear him out and get rid
. And then he sat for some time with his
shining aspect on. At length extending
n and putting his hand in a fatherly way
mine and gently pressing it, he said:
art, I have been exercised about telling you
me time past, indeed ever since your mar-
and the acquaintance I formed about that
that I am in love."
?" I exclaimed. Surely there was the least
om of that twinkle about the eye which
stercotyped jurryman in town knew as well
d.
es, over head and ears in love."
ith whom, sir?"
se widow Lyne—your mother-in-law."
r, Piedwell, you are joking."
ell, perhaps I am; you shall be the judge.
now about forty-eight years old, and for a
lor that is entirely too old to think of mar-
and so I thought of taking your mother as
ughter."
lon't quite understand you, sir."
yet, I suppose; but you will before I can
e with her, as you must be a party to it. I
red of my hotel life. Perhaps I should
say that, however. I want something
I want a home, Jack, and I have a fancy
could live more happily with you and your
for mother-in-law than with anybody else.
no family, no kindred, who know or care
ing about me."
r. Piedwell," I exclaimed, "nothing could
sify us as to have you in our house; and I
are—"
at, stop a bit, Jack. I don't like the hoarding-
. I don't want to be one of a promiscuous
hold of that sort. It would be the very well
ere younger. Now, if we can manage to
it pay Mrs. Lyne better to give up the
ng-house, do you think she would do it?"
it did not appear as a gratuity, I suppose
ould, sir."
exatity—stuff. If I choose to pay a thou-
dollars a week for my board, what is there
ainty in it? Whatever I may propose I am
ing to encumber it with a bond for another
ter, if she has one, or for herself."
ara is her only child, sir."
nd she is already in possession, without a
ition, I trust."
nd I hope so too," said I. And between his
ese and such a thought of Clara I began to
little moistening of the eye.
ow, Hart, I happen to own a house in ——



THE STEAMER SELMA, CAPTURED IN MOBILE BAY BY THE METACOMET, AUGUST 5.—FROM A SKETCH BY FRANCIS BUCHANAN.

street, No. 61. You know it. It will be vacant the day after to-morrow."

"What, that handsome, fashionable brown——"

"Never mind about the handsome and fashionable and all that. I bought the house last week. Now, I have been thinking since then if Mrs. Lyne would be housekeeper there I would make it satisfactory to her, and we'll all live together."

I was delighted, and could not repress the exhibition of my grateful anticipation of so much pleasure.

"But," said I, "Mr. Piedwell, I think it is more than likely that Tom Warren will presently marry the widow."

"Very well, so much the better. Then she will be his housekeeper too—when he is in port. If he is the good fellow you take him to be, I will take him for a son-in-law, willingly."

There was one other thought, but I hesitated to express it. Clara had become so sacred to me now that I was indaced to lean towards him and actually to whisper——

And then he lifted his eyebrows with well-affected wonder, and exclaimed:

"Is it possible?"

I nodded, with an augmenting sense of my importance.

"Wonderful! But upon my honor, Jack, I have heard of such things happening as a consequence of matrimony before." And he laughed jovially, I tell you—and so did I.

"But I thought it might not be pleasant for you, sir."

"As I have not been accustomed to domestic squalls, eh? Never you mind about that. We'll make lawyers of him and his unto the third and fourth generation."

"But it might be a girl, you know, sir."

"Ah, so—it—might! Then we'll have to amend the plan and make a lawyer's wife of her. If your mother-in-law likes the proposition, which we will arrange in detail hereafter, tell Clara I shall enter no demurrer in the other case, up to a dozen. And we will have such fun with them, especially at Christmas, Jack, at—Santa Claus, you know, and all that."

I went home with such a happy heart, wondering that this man was a bachelor. I felt confident that there was some hidden cause, some tale of disappointed affection that he could unfold.

And they were overjoyed at the house. Mrs. Lyne recovered from her nervous depression with the elasticity of hope expanding into fruition. And the next day there was an nice a little party going a-shopping as ever you saw, in a neat, low carriage-hoarch for the occasion and future uses, as a fit appendage of the new house. There was dear Clara, of course, of the first importance—and we were all very careful of dear Clara, I can tell you, and Mr. Piedwell not the least so; but he escorted mama Lyne, and there was no end of the things we bought. Clara whispered to me that the storekeepers would think some prince had come to town and was furnishing his palace. Yet it was all good, never gaudy; substantial, and blending me with ornament. I was astonished at the exquisite taste which Mr. Piedwell displayed in his quiet suggestions.

"I used to think rather hard of lawyers, John," Clara whispered to me, "but if there were only plenty more such men as Mr. Piedwell, what a world this might be, as one of my songs says."

"And plenty more such darlings as you," I said; and her dear little hand pressed my arm. "He is a noble man, though."

The boarders were dismissed in the course of a few days, after a special festive occasion; and we made a truly pleasant evening of it. The house was surrendered, and at the expiration of a week Captain Wraxall was notified that the five hundred dollars in bank had been transferred to his account, and that he could remove his furniture. It was sold at auction, and I concluded that we had done with Captain Wraxall. But it was not so.

PLAINTIFF AND DEFENDANT BECOME FRIENDS.

CHAPTER VIII.

TOM WARREN, who, with a due regard to the proprieties, had not expected and did not seek to go with us, had taken a new boarding-house. He came to the office one day and told me that Wraxall was up to something. He had muttered to him that we thought we were clear of him, but he would swamp us yet. And sure enough one morning we received a declaration from Maddle & Fogg—who had at one time aspired to be considered the rivals of Piedwell & Hart—of a suit they had entered for breach of promise of marriage, on the part of Henry Wraxall vs. Clara Hart, *née* Lyne, Harriet Lyne and John Hart.

"Breach of promise!" exclaimed Mr. Piedwell, "that's the form in which we are to wind up with it?"

"So it appears. But I should think we might effect a compromise."

"How?"

"By paying him a reasonable amount."

"Not one cent—for tribute. Compromise, forsooth! Look here—damages had at twenty thousand dollars!"

"Why, the man is a fool!"

"Is he? He claims 'mental distress and aberration; inability to perform the duties of his station; acts inconsistent with necessity'—that means the twelve-pounders and muskets—'loss of confidence with the owners of the Warlock,' their discretion; and finally, general ruin of reputation.' That looks serious, don't it? Talk of a compromise! Yes. He has laid his damages at twenty thousand dollars. He will compromise with you for thirty thousand!"

"He certainly could not have suffered in mind to that degree, Mr. Piedwell. Do you think it is possible that he cut those capers at Singapore, with a view of using them in this way, for a breach of promise of marriage?"

"Indeed, I can't conceive. He was pretty shrewd if he did. The ship and owners have received no real damage, I judge. I know one of the owners very well, and will ascertain something on that point. No doubt Maddle & Fogg have made up the case from Wraxall's facts, such as they are, pretty adeptly. And you see, by including the widow in the declaration, they have excluded her evidence about the bills and the gift of the property. The odious feature of a bargain for the daughter—odious as it is in its relation to the sharp practice of Wraxall—can't be brought out. You are concluded in the declaration, as a matter of course, as a party to the violation of the contract."

"But, Mr. Piedwell, would it not be better to make an effort to prevent the issue coming to trial?"

"Wherefore?"

"The publicity of the thing."

"Pooh, pooh—notoriety—a good advertisement—notoriety, if it is not dishonorable, and then—popularity. I wouldn't miss the case upon any consideration. We'll have it recorded amongst the *causes celebres*."

What good humor and unflagging spirits! What a support to a young man in the world such a noble specimen of human nature as Philip Piedwell.

Clara received the intelligence of the breach of promise with the utmost equanimity; and even Mrs. Lyne, in her new house and with such pleasant experiences, said she would not trouble herself about it, as long as Mr. Piedwell would be in the case.

"And Hart, mama," I added.

"And only think," said Clara, archly, "you had no idea when I married you, John, that I was worth twenty thousand dollars, had you?"

And then we laughed heartily at that.

SEEKING FOR A FLAW.

"Twenty thousand dollars!" I exclaimed. "Why, darling, I thought you were worth twenty millions, and I have found you worth to me more than a diamond mine—you are a wealth of happiness, Clara, and there is no measure or standard for that."

CHAPTER IX.

The trial could not come on till the ensuing term. The Warlock was in dock for repairs, and so the captain was at no inconvenience in waiting. We had determined to press the case and have an end of it as speedily as possible; so that upon the instant it was called at the next term we were "ready." Muddle & Fogg and their client were evidently as eager as we were determined. Upon the call of the case, therefore, we went to trial.

The plaintiff produced the "bond," which, of course, we did not contest. We knew that we should have to rely mainly upon the jury, their common sense and the equity of the case. It is a professional adage, that "a man who is his own lawyer has a fool for his client; but, in spite of the adage, I had resolved to be "engaged for the defence." I was really no party to the original bond, and was only concluded in the declaration as one with my wife, and pecuniarily responsible for whatever damages might be awarded by the verdict. The signatures to the "bond" were admitted, but we could not bring out the fact that they were made as part of a contract. In fact we could not put our only witness, Captain Wraxall, upon the stand.

The bond admitted, then followed the admission of the marriage; and then Tom Warren was called by the plaintiff, and he took the stand.

By this witness plaintiff's lawyers proved the strange and erratic conduct of Captain Wraxall on learning of the marriage. His great anger and threats of vengeance. His arming the ship and other vagaries.

"And what was your opinion of all this?" demanded Fogg.

"Well, I thought it was queer," said Tom.

"Did you not think that Captain Wraxall was crazy."

"I thought he was acting very strangely."

"Did you express the opinion to any one, to your companions on board, to any of the crew, or to any one on shore, that he was crazy?"

"I did not."

"Reflect, sir; for though you are our witness, we have reason to believe you are an unwilling one."

"I shall speak the truth, sir."

"No doubt of that, sir—no doubt of that. You know the consequences of not speaking the truth too well to do otherwise, Mr. Warren."

"I don't care a d—dry biscuit about the consequences. I will speak the truth, whatever the consequences may be."

There was a general smile at Tom's narrow escape.

"Did you write to anybody, Mr. Warren—the owners of the Warlock, for instance—about the captain's conduct?"

In an instant I saw that the letters to the widow came into Tom's mind. He colored hugely—I should say he painted. The bronzed face was wonderfully modified by the red.

"I did write and express an opinion."

"Ah, I thought we should get at it. And to whom was this opinion expressed?"

"To Mrs. Lyne."

And the upshot of it was that Tom's letters to the widow were brought into court by subpœna. Tom looked appealingly at me. I addressed the court and demanded that, as they were private letters, their honors should examine them and suffer the reading only of such points as related to the case. The counsel on the other side consented, and, accordingly, Tom's sensitiveness was relieved with regard to certain love passages contained therein. He furtively observed the old gentlemen on the bench, as one of them, in an undertone, ran over Tom's plain caligraphy, and perhaps saw, as I did, an occasional phantom of a smile upon their venerable faces. One of them copied from two letters certain passages, which were read. It was enough that they expressed their belief that the captain was "crazy," and that the loss of Clara had driven him crazy. This was crushing to Tom, and he felt it ten times more than I did. He thought he had very innocently ruined us all. We put him on the stand.

"What did you actually mean when you used that word 'crazy' with respect to the captain?" I asked.

"I meant that he was acting like a crazy man."

"Did you think he was actually crazy?"

"No, sir."

"Had you thought he was crazy, would you not have taken such measures——"

Mr. Fogg was on his feet.

"I object to that question, your honor. It is a leading question beyond doubt."

Their honors bowed, as I knew they would, but I had got Tom where I wanted him.

"Well, then, Mr. Warren, I ask you what you would have done if you had believed Captain Wraxall to be crazy?"

"I should have informed the consignees in Singapore and had him removed. I should have written home to the owners; and, if necessary, I would have taken command myself."

"You certainly would not have gone to sea with a mad captain," I remarked, with a look to the jury.

"Of course not."

"Another suggestion," said Mr. Fogg.

"I have done, sir—I have done. The witness can go down."

It was three o'clock, and the court was adjourned.

CHAPTER X.

The case looked rather bad; it might be troublesome. Mr. Pledwell did not like it, but we were determined on a stiff battle before the jury. We were consulting together in the evening at home over some means by which to bring out the secret conditions of the bond, when the bell rung and Tom Warren was ushered in. He came partly to learn how the widow bore the *exposé* of the letters, but he had a little business with us first.

"I suppose I have done all the mischief I can," he said, rather solemnly; "and so I concluded to see if I could do any good."

"I think that is rather beyond you, Tom," said Mr. Pledwell, "unless you can help us in a legal difficulty."

"Well, I can try, Mr. Pledwell. I noticed that the bond which was read in court to-day was dated the 28th of November. Now I don't know that it amounts to anything, but the fact is that the logbook of the Warlock proves that we left port at nine P.M. on the 27th, and that we were then towed down the river by the tug Hercules forty miles, where we anchored at five A.M. of the 28th. We laid there all that day, according to the log, and Captain Wraxall never quitted the vessel after we left port."

"Are you sure of this, Tom?" we both asked, in almost the same breath and the same words.

"I am sure of it."

"How came you to remember it?"

"Because I discovered the mistake one day when we had been about a month at sea, and told Captain Wraxall about it, and asked if I should correct it. He answered, sharply and surlily, that it was no mistake; he had made the entry himself and knew what he was about. Did I think he was drunk when he came aboard? I had better mind my own business, and more of the same sort. And the fact is," Tom added, "I thought he was drunk when he came aboard that night, and I know he drank a good deal for two or three days afterwards. And I concluded that, having made a mistake while drunk he did not like to make the correction, because it would be a sort of admission, you know."

"Where is the logbook, Warren?"

"I guess it's aboard."

"We'll have it up to-morrow and see what we can make of it. Can you get a sight of it before we issue a subpœna for it?"

"If it's aboard I can."

Early in the morning Tom went aboard, and at breakfast time called at the house with the information that he had seen the log, and it was unaltered; the dates were exactly as he had stated.

Upon the opening of the court I demanded a subpœna for the logbook of the Warlock issued against the owners. I was determined to keep the captain's hands off.

"If it please the court, Mr. Warren, plaintiff's witness, will accompany the deputy-sheriff; he knows where the book can be instantly found."

And they went off.

I noticed Captain Wraxall in immediate and apparently uneasy conversation with his counsel. They evidently wanted to know the meaning of the demand for the logbook, and Wraxall was explaining. It is a point of honor with the profession not to listen to consultations between opposing attorneys and client, but one cannot help hearing, and I distinctly heard Wraxall say:

"I was about half drunk."

The testimony of the logbook was anticipated then.

"Gentlemen," from the bench, "proceed with the case. Have you any more witnesses?"

"Oh, a dozen, your honors. We have the owners of the Warlock, if it is necessary, as to the appearance of the ship when she came into port; but we have the whole crew as to the conduct of our client—enough to justify any jury in awarding double the damages claimed—vindictive damages to any amount."

"Mr. Fogg," I cried out, "you are not before the jury yet. Call your witnesses."

And a long string of them was called, and most of them answered and were examined, and they proved pretty much everything that Fogg wanted. The facts of the twelve-pounders, the portholes, the muskets, the ammunition, were proved over and over again, *ad nauseam*, and until I began to suspect that Wraxall had contemplated piracy, and threw out a suggestion to that effect. And thereafter they "hauled off on that tack," as Tom said, and believed, "under the captain's orders."

Well, they closed for the plaintiff, with the exception of rebutting testimony, and I called Warren to the stand.

"Mr. Warren, open that book and state to the court and jury what is the date at which the Warlock left port on her last voyage."

"It is the 27th of November, at nine P.M."

"Was the captain on board?"

"He was, sir."

"When did he leave the ship after that date?"

"Not till we got to Rio, sir."

"You are quite sure of that?"

"Quite, sir."

"And what of all that?" asked Fogg.

"Why, sir, that Captain Wraxall was not on board the Warlock, miles down the river, making entries in the ship's log, and at Mrs. Lyne's house, in ——, at one and the same time. Either Captain Wraxall's log proves him negligent, incapable, unworthy of his position, 'crazy,' if you please, sir, before the breach of promise; or his is not the signature on the bond. You cannot prove his signature on the bond, for you cannot call Mrs. Lyne or Mrs. Hart to the stand, and certainly not Captain Wraxall, for if we could get him there we would prove him to be a most shameless——"

"May it please the court, the gentleman is transcending his privilege," exclaimed Fogg in a flurry of wrath.

"May it please your honors," I continued, taking the logbook from the table, and proceeding to throw it open for the page of entry; but I had no sooner put my eyes upon a blank page than the color of the paper, a distinct watermark and that never-to-be-forgotten smell almost overpowered me. What I was going to say had passed out of my mind, and I was as completely out of court as if I had been in the sky.

"Mr. Pledwell, say something," I whispered, "and go on with the case till I examine this book."

And at that moment I was confident that I held a clue direct—a handful of them, they were cumulative, painfully so, in less than a minute—to the murder of Haflin, as I was ten minutes later when it was beyond doubt. In turning to the end of the book, and I did so stealthily, there was actually a torn page, the torn page the very shape of the fracture.

"Mr. Pledwell, don't let this book go out of your sight, whatever you do, till I return. I will be back in five minutes," I whispered.

I would have told him what I had discovered, but I had already experienced the embarrassing effect of the discovery on me in proceeding with the case in hand.

"May it please your honors," said Fogg, before Mr. Pledwell was on his feet, "the other side have already admitted the bond——"

"That was before we had the slightest idea of such testimony as this," said Mr. Pledwell; "and done by my colleague in all honor, and with the sole view of expediting the issue of the case."

"Very well—very well," interposed Fogg. "Now let me ask Mr. Warren a question. Mr. Warren, do you not know that this is an error of date, an error in the entry; and that, in point of fact, the ship left port on the night of the 28th of November, and not on the night of the 27th?"

"It is an error of entry, and the ship certainly did not leave port till the night of the 28th. I discovered the error——"

"I don't wish for anything more, sir. You can sit down."

"But I do," ejaculated Mr. Pledwell. "You discovered the error, did you not, Mr. Warren?"

"I did, sir, when we were about a month at sea. I informed Captain Wraxall that it was an error, and suggested its correction."

"Well, sir?"

"The captain denied that it was an error; insisted that it was all right; told me I had better attend to my own business—it was my business, in fact, as much as his, to see that the log was right—and ordered me to let the book remain as it was."

During this last proceeding I had returned into court, and with the logbook in my lap, concealed by the table, had adjusted that piece of paper which bore Haflin's unfinished communication to Pledwell & Hart to the torn page. It fitted exactly. How strange that it should have been left there to tell the tale! I then rose with the book in my hand, and advancing towards Warren, held it open at about the middle towards his face.

"Witness," I said, "will you be good enough to tell the court what is the cause of the peculiar odor which this book exhales."

The words emphasized, and a look at Mr. Pledwell enlisted his attention.

"The cause of it, sir, is simply this. The book was on a former voyage stowed with some other things in a locker, amongst a quantity of sandal wood, and the water during the voyage got into the locker, from the bilge pumps. It is a mixed smell of bilge water and sandal wood."

I then resumed my place, told Mr. Pledwell what I had discovered, consulted with him, and we arranged our plan. He went to the sheriff, informed him that his services were required to arrest and secure Wraxall against flight, or any act of desperation, as we were about to charge him in open court with murder. Flight by the door was impossible, the area beyond the railing being densely crowded. But the windows at the side were open, and he might make a rush that way. Cautioning the sheriff against any exhibition of astonishment, Mr. Pledwell advised him to move carelessly round within the bar, and as the accusation was made to step close up to Wraxall, so as to have him completely in his grasp should it be necessary. These preliminaries being concluded, I rose.

"May I beg the court to suspend this case for a moment?"

"For what purpose, sir?"

"I have to ask your honors to issue a bench warrant immediately."

"Against whom, Mr. Hart?"

"Against Henry Wraxall, master of the ship Warlock."

Wraxall started to his feet, and made a step or two towards me. His counsel were also up in an instant.

"Against me!" exclaimed Wraxall, furiously, thinking, as he afterwards confessed, that it was on account of his conduct on board ship, and that we had finally appealed successfully to the owners. "Against me—what for?"

"For the wilful murder of John Haflin!" I exclaimed, in clear and deliberate tones, which were heard by every one in court.

Wraxall, instead of showing violence or desperation, turned ashy pale, livid, so utterly and rapidly did the blood recede upon his heart. His jaw dropped, he quailed in abject terror, and presently shook from head to foot as with an ague; but before the heart could react and send back its sustaining vitality, he reeled and would have fallen prostrate, had not the sheriff caught him in his arms.

I shall not attempt to describe the scene in the court-room, within or without the bar. It may be readily conceived, as far surpassing that of any dramatic fiction. The crowd without most remote from the railing pressed fearfully upon those in the interior, and until the officers of the court could exert their authority and influence there was great cause for apprehension that some would be crushed to death. Within the bar, the sheriff had succeeded in removing Wraxall to a small retiring apartment in one corner of the court-room, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his counsel, who had the audacity to declare the proceeding "a trick of the defence, in its desperation." Order having been restored, the court demanded upon what information I made the charge and asked for the arrest; and ordered me to be sworn.

I gave a succinct account of the facts known to the reader, as they transpired at the office of Pledwell and Hart three years preceding, and exhibited the bit of paper on which Haflin had commenced his note to us. I asked the court to test the odor of that bit of paper, and then that of the book, and to follow it up by comparing the irregular edge of the former with the torn page of the latter. The color of the paper would be found to be same, and the water-mark, which had been severed nearly in the middle, corresponded. There was not room for a doubt that the piece of paper was torn from that book, and with the change of date in the log and other circumstances, I felt free to take the oath, that I had good and reasonable ground to believe that Henry Wraxall was the man whom I saw leaving the court in which our office was situated, with something under his arm, which I believed to be a large book, on the night of the 28th November, 18—, and that he had then and there committed the homicide in question.

The court, without a dissenting voice, approved the demand, concurred in the sufficiency of the *ex parte* evidence, and issued the warrant which was immediately served. Messrs. Muddle and Fogg then asked permission to consult with their client, which was granted, but, on approaching the door they were refused admittance. The sheriff stated that the prisoner was too much agitated to see any one, and had positively declined to see his counsel at present.

The court suggested that something must be done with the case on trial. Muddle asked the court to adjourn, but this was refused. He then wanted the case postponed. The court thought the position of the plaintiff ought not to delay progress. We asserted our purpose to go into proof with reasonable inference, that Wraxall's conduct from the time the homicide was committed, and the date in the logbook had been falsified, was the effect, solely, of a restless conscience, and not of the breach of promise. Finally, we agreed upon a suggestion of the court, that a nominal verdict should be taken for the plaintiff, and each party to bear his or her own costs, with one cent damages, without prejudice, and should there appear to have been a mistake in the matter otherwise pending against the plaintiff, he could move for a new trial, and it would certainly be awarded. The jury were instructed so to render their verdict, and they did, with a written statement that it was under the direction of the court; otherwise they would have found for the defence, inasmuch as they would not hold any lady nominally responsible for "breach of promise," with respect to any man charged with the crime of murder. This was somewhat extra-judicial on the part of the jury it is true, but the court suffered the protest to go on the record. And thus ended our breach of promise case, after a fashion entirely unexpected by any of us, and under circumstances which really threatened to exalt it to the calendar of *causes celebres*.

CHAPTER XI.

The news had reached home before us, for Tom Warren was there and dined with us. After dinner, as we sat over a glass of wine puffing our cigars, and discussing the next phase of the Wraxall affair, which was now transferred to the criminal court and the custody of the attorney-general, there came a ring at the door. A servant entered the room. A man, named Sutton, wished to see Mr. Hart. I proceeded to the hall, and found, as I expected, Sutton, a deputy-warden of the jail.

"Ah, Sutton, how are you? What's the matter? Some client of yours got into your hands this evening?"

"Not exactly, sir. It is a client of Muddle and and Fogg's. The captain wants to see you, sir, afore he goes to bed to-night. He's in an awful way, sir."

"The captain," I ejaculated; "what captain?"

For I thought he meant the warden of the jail, whom the subordinates sometimes designated in that way.

"Captain Wraxall, you know. He as was sent over to-day—"

"Wants to see me?"

"Wants to see you, sir."

"You have come to the wrong party, Sutton. It must be Muddle or Fogg he wants to see."

"No, sir! It is you, and he gave me a dollar to come over after you, and two dollars to pay for a hack, and here it is at the door."

I returned to my friends and stated this strange bit of information. Mr. Pledwell was inclined to think that Wraxall meditated some revenge, and objected to my going; but I could not think that.

"At all events take Warren with you."

And Warren insisted upon my consent, and off we went, Sutton mounting to a place by the driver.

At the jail I learned that the warden and doctor were both with Wraxall, who was pacing his cell to and fro in great distress. They were apprehensive he might do himself some injury, and were about to put officers on guard. Wraxall was notified that I had arrived and would see him, with Warren.

"He was much gratified that I had come," the warden said, who came to me from his cell, "but he wants to see you alone. He objects to Mr. Warren."

"Do you know what he wants, Mr. Warden?" I asked.

"I have not the remotest idea."

"Do you think he means mischief?" demanded Warren.

"Not a bit of it. One glance at him will satisfy you that the mischief is out of him. But you can put this little revolver in your pocket, and I will

tell Sutton to put the handcuffs on him before we leave the cell. You will be perfectly safe."

And I proceeded with the warden to his cell. He was then seated with his head in his hands, reclining upon the table, which his face must have touched. He looked up as we entered, and so changed in his aspect that I could scarcely recognise him; the shape of his face and unchanged beard were the remains of resemblance.

"Oh, Mr. Hart, I thank you for this—I thank you for this. I didn't know whether you would come. Won't you give me your hand? I am not guilty as you think I am."

I took his hand frankly, and pressed it assuringly.

"Captain, I am really sorry to see you in this predicament, but I cannot accuse myself at all."

"No, no, Mr. Hart. You have done right. But I don't want to say anything more till I have had a talk with you alone."

Sutton advanced, in compliance with the warden's whispered orders, to put on the handcuffs; but I would not allow it. In fact, I returned the revolver to the warden privately. There was no need of that. And they retired from the cell, and we two, who had began that day as bitter enemies, were locked up together. An hour later I tapped at the little shutter which closed over the grating without, and asked the guard who had been within call in the corridor to release me. He opened the door, and looked into the cell.

"Where's the captain?" he exclaimed, as if he thought I had spirited him away.

"There in his bed, and fast asleep, and quiet in mind and comfortable as a child."

The guard entered, listened to his breathing to satisfy himself that he was there, and alive, and retiring, locked up his prisoner for the night. And I left the jail, assured that Captain Wraxall was innocent of the charge of murder, and having also assured him that I would effect his acquittal in a few days.

CHAPTER XIX.

ON the next day I had an interview with the attorney-general, and related all the facts in the case with the evidence to him. He would, had I suggested it, have entered a *nolle prosequi*, I am confident. But I concurred with his opinion, that for the sake of all parties, and for the satisfaction of the public mind, the case had better come to trial before a jury.

Accordingly, three days afterwards, the captain was arraigned, pleaded "not guilty," and I appeared for the defence. We responded to the demand of the attorney-general, that we were ready for trial. A jury was sworn, when the testimony was taken given before the coroner. I then asked permission of the court to read the prisoner's statement, to which the attorney-general offering no objection, their honors consented, first informing the jury that they must determine the credibility to which it was entitled. I had prepared the document as briefly as possible. It was as follows:

"I, Henry Wraxall, confess an unintentional agency in the death of John Haflin. I owned a house and lot in —— street, and Haflin owned a lot adjoining, upon which was a carpenter's shop. We had met once on the property, and I had proposed an exchange of his lot and carpenter's shop for a small house I also owned in another part of the city. There was a difference between us of fifty dollars, he offering three hundred and I demanding three hundred and fifty on the exchange. Finally, I understood him to consent to my terms, and on the afternoon of the 28th of November, 18—, he met me in the street, and we went together to a lawyer's office—I know not whose—to conclude the agreement and have the papers drawn up. It turned out to be the office of Messrs. Pledwell & Hart, who, he said, had done some business for him before. We waited about half an hour, when no one coming in, and it appearing unlikely that any one would be there again during the evening, he proposed to write a note, making an appointment for the next morning at ten o'clock. He then lighted the gas, and I walked out of the door to the front, and down to the court for the purpose of looking into the street. I shortly returned, but during my absence, it now appears that Haflin, failing to find paper upon the table, must have torn a piece from my logbook, which I was then carrying to the ship, and had laid down a moment before. Of this I knew nothing, or I should of course have torn out the rest of the leaf, or most probably have sunk the book itself in the sea. Indeed, had I known that he was only capable of such a scrawl as that which the occasion has proved, I should certainly have written the note myself; but in fact I did not know that he had written anything, otherwise I should have destroyed or taken it away with me. What followed was so unexpected and rapid in its occurrence, that I had no time for more than a moment's deliberation at its close. Upon again entering the office, Haflin renewed his exception to the payment of three hundred and fifty dollars, and I then said I would have nothing more to do with him, and called him a trifler. I caught up my book to leave, and he seized my hand. I was excited and threw his hand violently from me, when he snatched the logbook from my grasp, and struck me with it flatly on the side of the head. I returned the blow with my fist severely, when with an oath he sprang at me, and I caught sight of a knife in the air above my head. I seized his arm just as it was coming down violently, and thrusting it aside from me, the blade was buried in his own throat. He sunk in a moment at my feet, and the blood spouted from the wound as he drew away his hand with the knife clutched in it, and struck at me. It fell from his hand. I then lifted him to him to his feet and asked if he was hurt seriously. He seemed to make an effort to speak, while the blood still came in jets from the wound, he writhing as it were to escape from me, and, as I thought, to recover his knife, until he reeled and fell heavily beyond the table on the floor. There was a horrible gurgling in the throat, a deep groan and all was still. Confident that he was dead, I was overwhelmed with horror and alarm. I took up my book, and as I paused a moment to reflect, lest I should leave any witness behind me, I heard voices apparently at a short distance, extinguished the gas, left the room, quietly pulled to the door, and hurried down the court, meeting two persons, one of whom spoke to me as I passed.

"On passing through the streets to the ship, I entered two or three public-houses, most remote from the scene of the homicide, and drank pretty freely at each, actuated by the purpose, to prove, if it should ever be necessary, that I was in and about a distant locality at or about the time at which Haflin was killed, should the deed be early discovered. In one of these houses I found the master of the tug Hercules, and engaged him to take the ship down the river that night, having previously designed to wait until the next day at noon, for the purpose of closing the business with Haflin. On going aboard I was somewhat under the effects of liquor, and I remember to have refused Mr. Warren an hour's liberty for the purpose of going to his boarding-house. It seems, however, that the Hercules could not be ready for an hour, and learning this, Warren took a carriage and proceeded to Mrs. Lyne's. On the next day I made the false entry in the logbook, again with a view to an *alibi*, and recording the ship at anchor all day on the 28th, and making sail on the 29th, whereas, in point of fact, the ship lost no time in the river. After getting to sea, I had time to reflect upon the folly of my flight; and I was overwhelmed with the conviction that, if by any possibility the homicide should be traced to me, I should never be believed in any statement of the facts which I might make. This preyed upon my mind to such a degree that I was almost incapable of duty, and I frequently sought relief in brandy when none on board knew that I did so.

"Upon arriving at Singapore, I found orders for future employment of the ship in the Pacific; and when again at Singapore found intelligence of the marriage of Miss Clara Lyne, my attachment to whom had proved, under the subsequent events, a temporary infatuation and mere gratification of my pride. I had ceased to think of her almost entirely, but the fact of her marriage, in view of her binding engagement to me, startled me with the conviction that she certainly would not have consented to it, and as I had no reason to doubt with her mother's approval, but that I was suspected or known in the death of Haflin, and that they both regarded me as a doomed, lost man. Imagination ran riot with horror, but at the same time I was perfectly sane, though I affected an unreal apprehension of the pirates of the China seas, at that time pretty busy amid the confusion of the war with England. In arming the ship I was actuated solely by a determination to resist, with the help of such of my crew as I might be able to bribe to my purposes, any attempt to arrest me, should it be made before I reached home. All this may seem like folly, madness, and it is in fact the absurdity of an affrighted conscience and a distempered brain.

"Upon arriving at home, I was relieved to find that no suspicion had attached to me with respect to Haflin's death; but still my mind wanted something to engage itself upon, and I fancied that it would conduce to my greater safety to act in vindication of my rights, as I chose to regard the violation of them by Mrs. and Miss Lyne, and to appear very indignant and energetic in the affair. It is needless for me to enlarge upon this point, for I cannot explain the torture I endured, nor the motives and springs of action by which I was moved from time to time. I was, in fact, no longer a man. I was always a coward. And in the attempt to bully Mr. Hart, I felt the crushing power of a good man's pure love for a good wife in her defence against the insolence which my passion dictated. I was baffled by his indignation and manly spirit, and was glad to escape from a contest with it.

[I apologised for this language in a document which I had written, and stated that Wraxall had insisted upon its use.]

"After the exposure which occurred in open court, and I was confronted with my crime, upon subsequent reflection I determined to make a clean breast of it; and inasmuch as the homicide had taken place in the office of Messrs. Pledwell and Hart, I concluded that it would be best to approach them, honest as I believed them to be, with the absolute truth. Hence the interview I sought with Mr. Hart. And under his kind communication and consolation I have found relief and comfort, and now throw myself upon the justice and consideration of the court and jury, assured that justice will relieve me of all taint of crime.

"Signed, HENRY WRAXALL."

Upon this declaration the Attorney-General waved argument, and merely informed the jury that Mr. Hart would make a few remarks, to which, if he had no exception to offer, he should not reply.

I then rapidly collated the facts, and showed the consistency of the relation. Proved by the discovered paper that the parties must have come to the office free from any purpose or thought of strife. That they came for a peaceable purpose, and that the homicide could not have been premeditated, and that if committed by the prisoner, even with design at the moment, it must have been in the heat of passion, and so far excusable under the law. I referred to the fact that the gas was certainly burning up to the moment of our approach, and to the very moment of the flight of the prisoner, and that the wounded man was not at that moment actually dead. I also stated that there was no curtain to the window, thus no precaution whatever could have been taken against observation from without. Everything thus going to prove the total absence of premeditation, I pursued the analysis under the application of reason to all points of the case, and submitted it to the jury. And the foreman, after only sufficient time to gather the sentiment of the panel, without leaving the box, rendered a verdict of "Not Guilty."

Wraxall was deeply affected, and came up to me, clasping my hands and those of Mr. Pledwell with the most grateful emotion. The attorney-general very kindly came towards him, and remarked that he fully concurred with the verdict. And in fact, Wraxall received sympathy and congratulation from all.

After two or three weeks spent at the house of a friend in the country, he returned to the city a new man. He had determined to relinquish the sea and settle in California. Before his departure, however, he visited us several times, and quite delighted Clara by the interest he took in "that young lawyer." And he also attended a wedding between Captain Thomas Warren, of the good ship Warlock, minus the twelve-pounders, and Mrs. Harriet Lyne. And soon afterwards they all set sail together for San Francisco, where Captain Warren now resides when ashore, and from which port he is occasionally accompanied by his wife on a pleasure trip to Singapore and Sydney, and who proves to be a capital sailor.

SHERIDAN'S OPERATIONS IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

WE give a page of sketches illustrative of the recent retrograde movement of Gen. Sheridan from Winchester to Harper's Ferry.

Gen. Wilson, who left Washington on the 13th ult. with his cavalry, joined Sheridan on the 17th at Winchester. The next day they fell back before the rebel advance, galled, as they passed through the town, by a fusillade kept up from the houses by the citizens. He made a stand at a small town called Summit Point, seven miles from Charlestown and 15 from Harper's Ferry, where he formed in line of battle.

On the 21st skirmishing began and the rebels attacked the left held by the 3d Jersey, which, after a gallant fight, fell back, disputing every inch. Gen. Wilson managed with the utmost skill and though attacked in force on three sides, sent back his train to Charlestown, kept the road clear and protected his rear.

We give a sketch of this affair, with Fitzhugh's battery in the foreground and the rebel skirmish line advancing behind the line of houses.

Other sketches represent the action of Duffie's cavalry with the enemy at Charlestown protecting the retreat of the main army, as well as a fine view of Charlestown itself, taken from the yard of Judge Hunter's house.

The ruined house so conspicuous in the picture is the residence of Judge Hunter, the destruction of which by his cousin, Gen. Hunter, was made the pretext for the destruction of Chambersburg.

The fourth sketch is a view of the front as seen by the Union lines near Harper's Ferry, on what is now called Jackson Hill, being the position from which Stonewall Jackson shelled Col. Miles.

The turnpike to Harper's Ferry runs along the foot of the hill on the right, that to Charlestown may be seen in the distance towards the left. The Union skirmish line runs along the front of the view.

The rebels soon retired from before Sheridan's front, and he is now again advancing.

OPERATIONS BEFORE MOBILE.

THE passage of Fort Morgan and Fort Gaines on August 5 by Admiral Farragut, a feat of arms so boldly undertaken and so happily accomplished, seems to have been a perfect surprise. The rebels had made no preparations as yet for a naval engagement in the bay. Their vessels were not protected by cotton bales, nor had they turned for the nonce their blockade-runners into gunboats.

The Tennessee made a desperate though brief fight before she struck. The Selma, of which we give an illustration to-day, endeavored to escape up the bay, but the Metacomet, Capt. Jarrett, who had delayed to rescue the survivors of the ill-fated Tecumseh, soon gave chase. In forty minutes, so hot was the fire that she struck, and the victors, on boarding her, found her commander, Lieut. Comstock, lying dead across the breech of a gun and the decks covered with dead and dying, most of them cut down by a single 100-pound Parrott shell, while the Metacomet lost only one killed and two wounded. She soon under the national flag joined the Union fleet.

The Selma is a fine vessel of light draught, and carried four heavy guns, one a 100-pounder Brooke's rifle.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION AND THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE.

AFTER a delay without a parallel in the history of our Presidential contests, and when the day of election was fast approaching, the Convention of Democratic delegates from the various States met at Chicago, in an immense structure, erected for the purpose on Michigan avenue, near the Lake shore. For many days the leaders of the party had been wending their way from all parts to Chicago, with rebel agents and Republican lookers-on. The Convention was finally called to order on the 29th of August, at noon, by Augusto Belmont, Chairman of the National Democratic Committee. Ex-Gov. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, was then nominated temporary President, and Secretaries having been appointed, the Convention organized. The list of delegates was then called by States, all the States in rebellion and Western Virginia being excluded. The next day Horatio Seymour was chosen President of the Convention.

A platform was then adopted, condemning the Administration, but expressing no opinion as to the right or wrong of the South in its course, demanding a cessation of hostilities, with a view to an ultimate convention of States, or other peaceable means, that peace may be restored on the basis of the Federal Union of the States. No plan of action was proposed for the contingency that peace could not be restored on that basis.

On the 31st the voting for a candidate began. Gen. McClellan received 202½ votes and Thomas H. Seymour, of Connecticut, 23½.

The vote was then made unanimous for McClellan. There was more diversity in the nomination for Vice-President: James Guthrie received 65½ votes, Geo. H. Pendleton 54½, and Gov. Powell 32½; on the second ballot all the candidates except Pendleton were withdrawn and he was unanimously elected.

The two nominees thus stand before the people. Gen. McClellan, with what is unmistakably immense popularity, a General of great ability, once Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the Union, the hero of well-fought battles, and George H. Pendleton, of Ohio, whose sympathies have always been freely and boldly expressed for the men against whom McClellan fought.

A LARGE and beautiful series of caves has been opened by the silver miners in the Patagonia and Mowry mine, in Arizona, as they were boring for water. One of the caves is fully 50 feet wide, 40 feet high and 150 feet long, the interior being covered with beautiful formations of stalactites of various colors.

THE ICEBERG.

AN iceberg drifting in the polar seas,
Braces its cold, and bold, and glistening front
Against the sharpness of the Arctic blasts:
But when it idly floats by southern shores,
Where the mild sunshine wakes the pulse of Spring,
Warm airs embrace the rugged stranger round,
And melt away its angles with their breath.
The tepid waves caress it, and the light
Nestles among its many crevices,
Till it relents, and in a veil of mist
Withdrawing, sinks, and sweeps itself away
Upon the bosom of the summer sea.
And so, when argument, reproach and force
Are spent in vain, the hard hearts yields to love.

EIGHT TO SIXTEEN.

THE experience of Lord Shaftesbury, as quoted in the following paragraph, would find full confirmation in the history of American crime. If young men can be kept under good religious or moral influence till they reach their majority, they are comparatively safe:

"Lord Shaftesbury recently stated, in a public meeting in London, that, from personal observation, he had ascertained that of adult male criminals of that city, nearly all had fallen into a course of crime between the ages of eight and 16 years; and that, if a young man lived an honest life up to 20 years of age, there were 49 chances in favor, and only one against him, as to an honorable life thereafter.

"This is a fact of singular importance to fathers and mothers, and shows a fearful responsibility. Certainly, a parent should secure and exercise absolute control over the child under 16. It cannot be a difficult matter to do this, except in very rare cases; and if that control is not very wisely and efficiently exercised, it must be the parents' fault; it is owing to the parental neglect or remissness. Hence the real source of 98 per cent. of the real crime in a country such as England or the United States lies at the door of the parents. It is a fearful reflection! We throw it before the minds of the fathers and mothers of our land, and there leave it to be thought of in wisdom, remarking only as to the early seeds of bodily disease that they are, in nearly every case, sown between sundown and bedtime, in absence from the family circle; in the supply of spending money never earned by the spender—opening the doors of confectionaries and soda fountains, of beer and tobacco and wine shops, of the circus, the negro minstrel, the restaurant and dance; then follows the Sunday excursion, the Sunday drive, with the easy transition to the company of those whose ways lead to the gates of social, physical and moral ruin. From eight to 16—in these few years—are the destinies of children fixed in 49 cases out of 50—fixed by the parents! Let every father and mother solemnly vow, 'By God's help I'll fix my darling's destiny for good, by making home more attractive than the streets.'"

MANY public men consider themselves the pillars of the State, who are more properly the caterpillars of the State, reaching their high positions only by crawling.

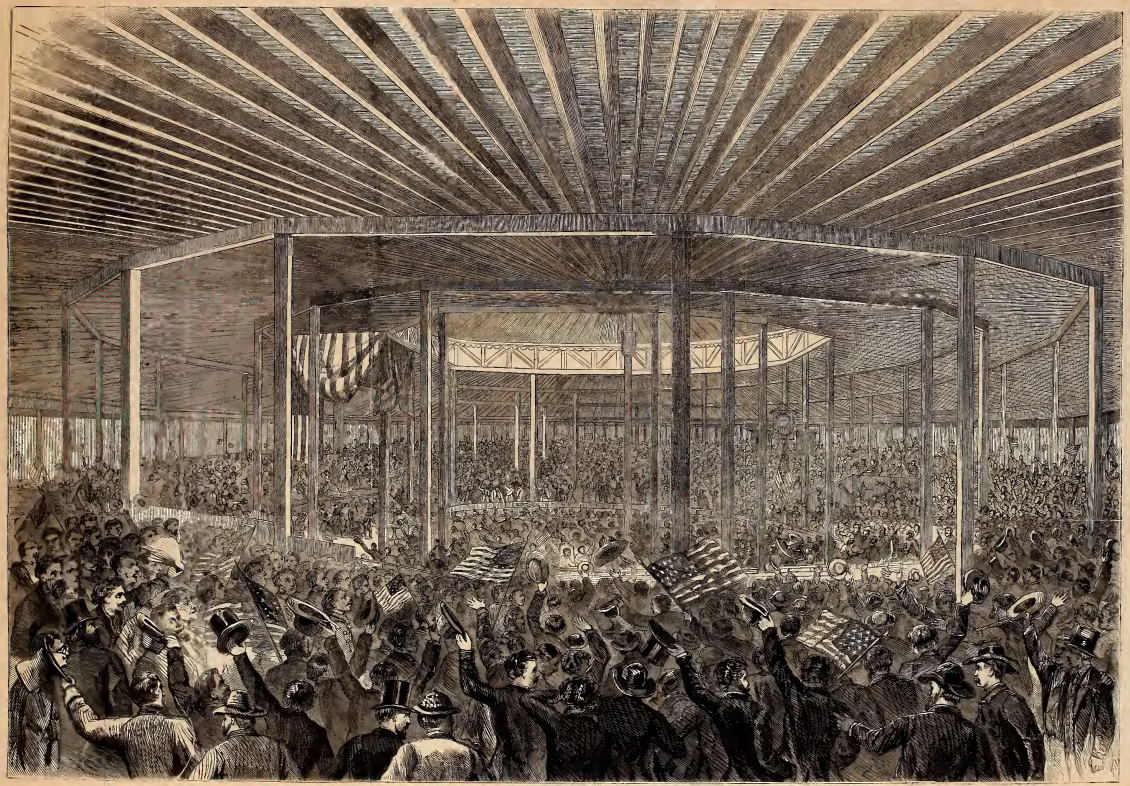
A PAPER substance to be used for bookbinding has just been invented in England. It appears to receive gilt impressions with the distinctness of morocco, and, as it can be washed with soap and water when dirty, it may be surmised that hereafter the phrase "musty literature" will fall into disuse. It is said that its cost will be something like one-half of the present price of embossed cloth.

A MANDARIN AMONG US.—The Springfield *Republican* states that Yung Wing, a young Chinese, who graduated some 10 years since at Yale, has recently returned to this country with the rank of mandarin, and a commission from the imperial government, empowering him to inspect and purchase machinery of various kinds, with the view of introducing into China the modern improvements in science and arts made by the western nations, and especially our own. The mandarin is at present the guest of Dr. McLean, of Springfield, and is spoken of in high terms as a man remarkably adapted to execute a commission so interesting and important, and which evidently marks an era in Chinese history.

THE EFFECT OF MARRIAGE.—A late number of Fraser's *Magazine* has the following: "Doubtless you have remarked with satisfaction how the little oddities of men who marry rather late in life are pruned away speedily after their marriage. You have found a man who used to be shabbily dressed, with a huge shirt collar frayed at the edges, and a glaring yellow silk pocket-handkerchief, broken of these things, and become a pattern of neatness. You have seen a man whose hair and whiskers were ridiculously cut speedily become like other human beings. You have seen a clergyman who wore a long beard in a little while appear without one. You have seen a man who used to sing ridiculous sentimental songs leave them off. You have seen a man who took snuff copiously, and who generally had his breast covered with snuff, abandon the vile habit. A wife is the grand wielder of the moral pruning-knife. If Johnson's wife had lived, there would have been no boarding up of bits of orange-peel; no touching all the posts in walking along the street; no eating and drinking with a disgusting voracity. If Oliver Goldsmith had been married he would never have worn that memorable and ridiculous coat. Whenever you find a man whom you know little about oddly dressed, or talking ridiculously, or exhibiting any eccentricity of manner, you may be tolerably sure that he is not a married man. For the little corners are rounded off, the little shoots are pruned away, in married men. Wives generally have much more sense than their husbands, especially when the husbands are clever men. The wife's advices are like the ballast that keeps the ship steady. They are like the wholesome, though painful, shears snipping off little growths of self-conceit and folly."

A ROMAN ALMANAC.—*Galignani* has an account of a recent discovery in Europe. It is as follows: A Roman almanac has just been found in an excavation, near the Gate of Isis, at Pompeii. It is a square block of white marble, on each side of which are inscriptions relative to three months of the year, arranged in perpendicular columns. At the head of each is represented the sign of the Zodiac, to which the month responds. The almanac contains some curious information on the agriculture and religion of the Romans. At the top of each column, and under the sign of the Zodiac, is the name of the month and the number of days; next comes the nones, which during eight months of the year fall on the fifth day, and are consequently called *quintanæ*; for the remainder of the year they commence on the seventh day, and are called *septimanæ*. The ides are not indicated, because there is always seven days between them and the nones. The number of hours of the day and night is also marked, the whole numbers being represented by the ordinary Roman figure, the fractions by an *s* for semi, and by small horizontal lines for the quarters. Lastly, the sign of the Zodiac in which the sun appears is also named; the days of the Equinoxes and of the Summer solstice are also given. For the Winter solstice there are the words *hiemis initium* (beginning of the winter). Next comes the chapter of agriculture, in which farmers are reminded of the principal operations that ought to be carried on during the month. The almanac terminates by the religious part; it points out the god who presides over each month; gives a list of of the religious *fêtes* which fall during the lapse of time, and warns the farmer not to neglect the worship of those protecting divinities of his labors if he wishes to have them prosper. On the upper part of the block of marble is Apollo driving the chariot of the Sun, and on the under part Ceres reaping corn in the field, which shows that this almanac was more particularly intended for farmers. It has been sent to Naples.

THE DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENTIAL CONVENTION AT CHICAGO, AUGUST, 1864.—EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE WIGWAM AT THE OPENING.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.



THE DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENTIAL CONVENTION AT CHICAGO IN SESSION, AUGUST, 1864.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

THE DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENTIAL CONVENTION AT CHICAGO, AUGUST, 1864—EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE WIGWAM AT THE OPENING.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

THE UNRETURNING BRAVES.

The swallows build beneath the eaves,
As in the days agone;
The wheaten fields are all ablaze
And in and out the west wind plays
Amid the tasseled corn.

The sunshine falls as warm and bright,
The clover fields are red;
The wild bird wakes his simple song,
As joyfully the whole day long
As if he were not dead!

The thoughtful skies, with mother's care,
Their rain and sunshine send;
And, standing in the farmhouse door,
I see—dotting the landscape o'er—
The flocks he used to tend.

The wild rose and jessamine blow
Beside the window-sill;
The tender moan is in the air,
For the dear hands that placed them there,
Are lying crossed and still.

About the hills the summer folds
Her wealth of golden light;
And, past the willow's silvery gleam,
I catch the glimmer of the stream,
And lilies cool and white.

But oh! a shadow darkens all
The sunshine and the bloom;
The voice whose kind and loving words
Were sweeter than the song of birds
Is silent in the tomb.

How can the summer fall so gay
About our farmhouse door,
When all the quiet ways he trod—
Through leafy wood or bloomy sod—
Shall know him nevermore!

NINA MARSH;
OR,
THE SECRET OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER IX.—DAME OLDUM SPEAKS HER MIND.

Captain Marsh still lingered on at Beechwood Manor. Mr. Marsh had taken a strange fancy to his nephew, and did not like to part with him. Cyril had no home in England, and could, therefore, ill refuse his uncle's cordial invitation to make a home of Beechwood Manor. The whole household—even of those who could not well speak out—found some expressive, if mute, fashion of backing the master's request.

Mrs. Marsh, who had lain under an authority which, if kindly and conscientious, had perhaps been a little too stringent for perfect happiness, recognised the mediation of Cyril's influence over her husband, and blessed his presence by her smiles, if not by her words. Madeleine was cold and indifferent by nature, and so unaccustomed to let any one interfere with her comfort or convenience, that it was a matter of small moment, so far as she was concerned, who went or came; but Katie almost worshipped Cyril, as the child of a household often does a good, strong, kind older brother.

Katie had been a source of anxiety to all of late. She seemed to be growing beyond her strength, and had deep hectic spots of color on both her thin cheeks. She never complained, but there was a hollow look in her large blue eyes which pained Cyril greatly, the more so that he often detected a cause for it in an involuntary motion of her hand to her side when she fancied herself unobserved. It seemed to him that a great trouble was coming on them all. The others saw no danger; they only wondered that Katie should have grown so thin and listless, and feared—at least Mrs. Marsh did—that some malady she had escaped in early childhood was threatening her now.

But the child herself was not deceived. Cyril wondered often if she could be, and soon had his doubts solved. The day was bright and clear, and Gabrielle de Pène, tempted out by the sunshine, had walked through the snow to spend a long day at the Manor house. Cyril had noticed the alienation between Gabrielle and Nina, and, divining the great need the latter had for some true-hearted woman friend about her at this time, he wished beyond all things that the reserve growing up between the two should be broken through. He fancied that, if once left alone together, the habit of confidence would force Gabrielle into explaining the motive of her coldness. Nina could never have wronged Gabrielle, whatever her faults might have been in other ways; and this explanation must, therefore, result in a renewal of their old relations.

Mrs. Marsh and Madeleine were out of the room when Gabrielle arrived, and Cyril gave the young French girl a kind and pleasant greeting; then carried off Katie, as he said, to sun herself a little on the terrace.

Katie always obeyed her cousin, but he was pained to see how listlessly she rose, and how feebly her hot fingers struggled into his open palm.

"Don't come if you're tired," he whispered, softly.

"I am always tired now, cousin Cyril," she answered, "but I should like to come for a little while."

He went to fetch her hat, wrapped a large woolen shawl about her—for it was wonderful how very tender Cyril could be with those he loved—then he led her out on the terrace. Katie was busy with her thoughts for a time, and did not speak; but presently she looked up into Captain Marsh's face with solemn, wistful eyes.

"Cousin Cyril," she said, "if you had a little sister, and you loved her very much, should you be sorry for her to die young?"

Captain Marsh did not answer at once. He had never felt less sure of being able to master his emotion; but, after a time, he spoke, finding it difficult even then to keep his voice as steady as he wished.

"No, Katie, I think not—that is to say, if she were good, and that I could feel sure that she was going to a happier home than mine. I could not help grieving for her, Katie, under any circumstances, but it would not be such grief as people have who are without hope."

Katie had grown silent and thoughtful again; but, after a few minutes, she drew closer to his side, shuddering.

"It's the snow I don't like—all that cold snow. If I might only wait until the fields were getting green, and the martins had come to their nests again under my window, I don't think I should mind about dying; but it seems, cousin Cyril, as if I did so long to smell the violets again once more before I go."

"But what makes you think you are going at all?" inquired Cyril, very softly.

"I don't know, but something tells me so. I had such a strange dream last night," she added, after a pause. "I thought an angel came down to take me away, and I said to him: 'I am only a little girl, good angel, and mama and Nina want me badly—can't you spare me?' The angel shook his head and smiled. 'We want you most, and love you best,' he said. 'God is very tender of His little ones; He will take care of you.' 'And will He take care of Nina, too?' I asked. The angel's face grew so pale, and sad, and mournful at this that I was frightened for Nina, and awoke, wet with tears. Cousin Cyril, why won't the angel take care of Nina?"

She stopped in her walk, and again the blue, wistful eyes interrogated him earnestly. Captain Marsh stopped too, and averted his face. Nina was dear to him—dearer than life—and yet, for very truth's sake, he could not give this child any answer which should stifle her vague fears. So he remained silent, hoping and praying that she would not press a reply.

"Cousin Cyril, don't you like to say? Has Nina done anything wrong?"

"I am not her keeper," answered Captain Marsh, bitterly.

"No, but you are her cousin," returned Katie, with great seriousness.

"But that does not give me any right to pry into her secrets, Katie."

"No—and yet—"

The child's expression was so full of painful perplexity that Cyril put his own feelings aside, and promised himself that she should question him as she liked, if it only brought ease to her mind or lightness to her heart.

"And yet, Katie," he repeated after her, with a gentle, encouraging smile, "I know you see where I have a duty—can't you make it clear to me?"

"I'm only a little girl, and perhaps it's my love makes me think differently from you; but—but—"

And here Katie paused again.

"Well?"

"You won't be angry with me, cousin Cyril?"

"Not for the world; you may trust me perfectly there."

"Then I may ask—aren't you hard and unkind to poor Nina, sometimes?"

"I am afraid I must often appear so to you," he answered, gravely—"even to others. But I cannot explain why this course of action is forced upon me, sadly against my will. It would not be any feeling that I should like to own to myself, or should care to mention before you, that could make me tender with Nina. I must be one thing or the other—very affectionate or very hard; there is no safety for one of my disposition in a medium course. But this is a subject on which you and I must not talk, for Nina's sake, Katie. Only rest fully assured that, although I may sometimes appear harsh, there is no service I would not render your sister, no sacrifice I would not make, to secure her any real happiness. You trust me, Katie, I know, and will make yourself satisfied with this conditional promise."

"But there is one question I should like to ask."

"Then ask it, Katie."

"Will you take care of Nina when I am gone?"

"You are not going from us, at any rate, yet, for a long while, I hope; but, if you must, Katie, if it is so decreed, and no prayers of ours can avert your doom, then I promise you, child, that I will protect Nina against everybody—even against myself."

Katie seemed satisfied, and they took another turn along the terrace in silence. It seemed strange to Captain Marsh that this child should speak of herself as if she were Nina's safeguard and shield. And perhaps she was; for the old persuasion that to each was given a guardian angel, to keep him from harm, and to ward off the blows of hatred and malice, is true enough; ask many a parent if it be not so. To you this guardian angel may seem "only a child," but they know how often those pure lips and innocent eyes have brought them mutely to virtue's side, and rebuked the evil thought uppermost at the time, and remember gratefully that Our Saviour himself sanctified their superstition when He said: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The silence that had fallen on Captain Marsh and his little cousin was presently broken by the appearance of Nina and Gabrielle de Pène. The two girls were walking arm-in-arm, as in past days, and Gabrielle's face was flushed, whilst her eyes showed that tears had only just been wiped away. Still her red lips were parted with smiles, as she turned round every second to look lovingly up into the grave, beautiful face of her friend.

"We are come to fetch Katie," said Gabrielle, speaking to Captain Marsh. "We are going into the lower gardens for some snowdrops. If you mean to be very civil we will allow you to escort us; and if not—why, you may come all the same; a boor is better than a bore, at any rate."

"I hope I may be able to steer clear of both extremes."

"You are perfectly aware of your own advantages, I perceive," retorted the lively French girl.

"From what sign or signs do you gather that inference, mademoiselle? I only allowed myself to entertain a humble hope that I might not prove so disagreeable as you seemed to anticipate."

"How refreshingly modest and innocent! Do you know, Captain Marsh, you remind me of a little anecdote I saw yesterday in mama's *Monde Illustré*. A French soldier went to ask his colonel for leave of absence to attend his sister's wedding. 'Why, but I thought you were an only child?' said the colonel, regarding the petitioner with some suspicion. 'Oh, *non, mon colonel*,' answered the other, readily; '*nous sommes deux—un garçon et une fille; et c'est moi qui suis le garçon.*'"

"And a very sensible soldier too, mademoiselle; I don't at all resent the comparison. He probably knew that his colonel was not imaginative, and was in the habit of looking upon him as a soldier who was to be bullied through a certain amount of drill, rather than a lad who had human feelings and human desires, and he took the liberty of reminding the suspicious martinet that '*c'est moi qui suis le garçon.*'"

"Rather a good interpretation, isn't it, Nina? On the strength of its ingenuity you shall be exempted, Captain Marsh, from any further efforts to do the agreeable all the rest of our walk. I see that it is quite impossible to class you in either of the categories stigmatised, and, therefore, I will atone for my want of discernment by applauding vehemently every future remark you may condescend to make. Whereupon let us go and make havoc amongst the snowdrops. Come, Katie."

Captain Marsh noted, all through their walk, that Gabrielle's light-hearted gaiety depressed rather than cheered her friend. He could not wonder at this, for it had the same effect upon himself. Often enough, too, at the mess, when his brother officers were in outrageous spirits, Cyril had felt quieted by the very excess of their mirth, and had found it a greater effort to look gay than to look grave. Nina evidently shared his peculiarity, for Gabrielle's lively sallies only met with a forced smile, until, at length, piqued and astonished at the gravity of both, Gabrielle began to reproach them with it in no measured terms.

"You're what mama would call 'glume,' both of you. I never in my life saw two such long, dreary faces out of a funeral procession. Captain Marsh, I have occasionally heard you throw away a few good things on a lady audience, with a generosity sufficiently rare in your sex. If you could only hunt up the remnant of a witticism, or the ghost of a *bon-mot*, really I should be grateful. As for you, Nina," she added, her tone changing to one of piteous earnestness, "your gravity is very uncomplimentary, to say the least of it. Here am I so happy because everything is made right between us, whilst you—"

But Nina interrupted her by an expressive gesture.

Katie, fancying herself unnoticed, had sunk down on a little garden seat, and was pressing her hand tightly against her side. Her lips were blue and her breathing was heavy. She seemed to be nearly fainting with fatigue. But one other was watching her too—one who was strong as tender—and presently he was leaning over her and speaking in his gentlest tone.

"Katie, darling, you are very tired."

She looked up at Cyril with her soft, wistful eyes.

"I shall carry you home—you will let me?" he whispered again.

She bowed her head, and the soft, sweet, loving smile he had learned to think so very beautiful played over her wan lips. Very carefully he lifted her up in his arms and bore her towards the house. Gabrielle, sobered now and half-frightened, clung to Nina's arm, who, pale and grave, but perfectly calm, walked behind Captain Marsh, never moving her eyes from Katie's face.

As they neared the stables, by which they had to pass in order to reach the house, they heard the loud, shrill voice of Dame Oldum, apparently in angry dispute with the coachman, who was heard to say, in reply to some remark from her:

"Nonsense! go along; you don't want Miss Nina. She's out a walking, and you don't suppose we're going to fetch her home for such as you."

"All I can say is, that if she knowed I was a-standing here in the cold, waiting for her, she'd make you rue it."

"I tell you what, dame, there's some hereabouts who are a bit afraid of you, because your tongue's seasoned with pepper and vinegar and doesn't give any stint of ill words; but I'm not one of that sort. You don't scare me easy. What I've got to say I say to people's faces, and don't encourage no backbiting; and so I'd rather tell you than tell anybody else that I don't like your 'ticing our servants up to your house and getting all the news out of 'em. Mrs. Trent may do as she likes about the maids a-going, but Jim shall have work and plenty given him to keep his hands busy all the evening next time you send him down an invite."

"If you'd had an invite yourself you'd have been more civiller," said Dame Oldum, loftily.

"I'd scorn to go to your little pottering place, I would!" answered the irate coachman. "I've lived in good fam'lies all my time, and known how to hold up my head as I should do, and I ain't going to 'sociate with my hinferiors 'cos old age is coming on. I know what's due to myself and my master better than that."

"I wish I had got the paying of your does," replied the old woman, sharply; "I wouldn't keep you waiting. I've got a mind I can work when I'm in want of money."

Nina had grown paler and paler as this conversation proceeded. When it came to a pause she dropped Gabrielle's arm and stepped towards the yard, telling her to follow Captain Marsh into the house. But Gabrielle, who was like an April day, alternate tears and smiles, having seen the color return gradually into Katie's wan little face, was ready to be gay again, and vastly relished the idea of an encounter with Dame Oldum. So she followed Nina's steps instead of taking the path to the house.

The old woman was standing close to the stables, her face was inflamed, her whole air insolent and defiant. She made the pretence of a curtsey when she caught sight of the ladies and opened her grievances at once.

"There! he talks about manners," she said, pointing to the coachman, who stood grinning in the background, "and the fam'lies he's lived in, and so on, and he hasn't no more hides of Christian behavior than a pig. Here's a poor body, who'll turn into the seventies next Michaelmas, please the Lord, left to stand in the cold just as if she'd fur growed on her to keep her warm like a wild animal, instead of only being beholden for a covering to an old tattered shawl. That isn't manners, nor charity, nor nothing, as I can see, and I haven't took to spectacles yet for the want of eyesight. But that's always the way with them underlings. You get a civil word of the master, but the devil of anything but kicks do you get out of his man. It's just as if they was afraid all their wages 'u'd be given away in alms. I do believe they'd drink the poor soup on a full stomach rather than we should get a sup of it on an empty one. I wish gentlefolks sat in the kitchen instead of the parlor, and then they'd know where things went that's missing, and, maybe, the poor 'u'd get more and the sweethearts less. Now he there—"

But Nina interrupted her impatiently.

"Well, but, dame, what are you come for now? You have had soup every week, I know, besides coals and blankets at Christmas."

"When you don't really want any of them," put in Gabrielle. "You are better off than any one in the parish, to my certain knowledge. Ben has steady work and good wages."

"You see, miss, with no disrespect, you're a furriner. You don't know nothing about the substantials English folks is accustomed to. I've heard say as French people live upon nothing, and have a crust of bread to look at for dessert; but I was brought up different. As to Ben, he isn't much of a help now: most of his wages goes in fairings and such like for his sweetheart."

"I don't believe it," said Gabrielle, decidedly.

"Hush!" whispered Nina in French. "Don't make an enemy of the old woman; she can be dangerous if she likes."

"What harm could she do me?"

"She might injure your reputation."

"And that wouldn't signify much. I shall never be able to marry, mama says, because I have got no *dot*."

"Oh, but in any case, for your own comfort's sake, try and preserve your good name."

Nina spoke feelingly, but Gabrielle only responded by a slight shrug of her graceful shoulders. Meanwhile, Dame Oldum, who had been watching this brief dialogue with suspicion, because it was carried on in a language she did not understand, broke in again:

"Rags and tatters isn't comfortable wear in cold weather, let furrin folks say what they like. I want a warm shawl and a merriner frock, and I mean to have 'em somehow."

"I tell you what, dame," said Gabrielle, dauntlessly, "you don't want anything; and if I were Nina I wouldn't give you anything."

"Miss Nina knows what she's about, and so do I," answered the old woman, with a flash of menace in her keen eye. "If any third party gets between us she's like to do more mischief than good. Mammoselles aint English, and they don't know nothing about English wants."

"It's a good thing for you they're not," retorted Gabrielle with equal asperity and sharpness.

"I aint asked you for nothing," said Dame Oldum, sneering; "I don't go to empty cupboards and expect good cheer."

"Yes, dame, we are poor," said Gabrielle, with a prouder carriage of her head, "and we are not ashamed of it. Our cupboard may not be very well garnished, perhaps, but we can always manage to find something in it for those who are really in need. You know that, Nina."

"Indeed I do; but, Gabrielle, why argue with Dame Oldum? You do not understand each other. And, dame, mind, I cannot have you rude to my friend. Come up to-morrow morning and I will see you, and if you are really in want of what you say you shall have it."

Nina turned away as she had finished speaking, and Gabrielle followed her. Nina's step was quick and imperious, her face clouded, and Gabrielle's remonstrances were stayed on her lips. She would not imperil the recent good understanding by any provocation, and yet she had a hard struggle not to reproach Nina for her inconsistency, and remind her of the estimate they had mutually formed of Dame Oldum's character. But the words remained prudently unspoken, and, in answer to some instinct which taught her Nina would desire that their interview with Dame Oldum should be ignored before the others, Gabrielle kept a scrupulous silence on the subject. Fortunately, she had suffered too much by her former suspicions to allow them to be easily renewed, and, therefore, if she had her doubts momentarily restored by Nina's conduct that day, she soon dismissed them, and managed to replace her old love and trust in her friend; only this time, it must be owned, they were composed of somewhat patched-up materials, and did not promise to bear any very severe strain upon their force and endurance.

CHAPTER X.—A BIT OF A RADICAL.

It being a fine morning, and no occupation likely to prove more agreeable suggesting itself, Lord Gillingham had hobbled over to Beechwood to have an interview with Mr. Marsh, meaning to speak frankly as to his views regarding Nina.

The earl had a grand notion of his advantages as a British peer, and considered himself irresis

his from other and independent causes as well. A vague distrust of Nina's sentiments in his behalf had occasionally visited him, but Lord Gillingham had attributed her coldness principally to modesty, and owned to a settled conviction that, should he come forward with serious proposals, both she and her father, if not Mrs. Marsh, would gratefully fall in with his views.

The earl had specially sought this interview with his neighbor, thinking that the business part of his proposal would be better settled between themselves, with an after reference to Nina's wishes on the point. Perhaps, too, in his secret soul, he did not relish seeking his answer from those lips which, although so beautiful, he had never known in their softness and grace.

But there was something in the confidence displayed by Lord Gillingham which somewhat galled Mr. Marsh. He felt that, with his beautiful daughter to give away, he was the equal of the highest for the nonce. Mr. Marsh could always keep his temper under control, but those who knew him well understood that when he spoke with studied care he was by no manner of means in his best mood.

But Lord Gillingham did not know him very well; and when, therefore, Mr. Marsh, after patiently listening to all he had to say, began to speak himself in a perfectly calm, measured tone, his lordship augured therefrom a speedy success to his suit.

"Your lordship is doing me an honor," said Mr. Marsh, "which, as a simple country squire, I have, I dare say, no right to expect; but I always determined that, when the time came that my daughters should be asked in marriage, I would entirely put aside my authority, to afford them complete freedom of choice. I think very seriously of such a step, and could not tolerate that either of them should look at it in a less grave light than myself."

"Then you authorise me to speak to Miss Nina herself?"

"You may if you like, of course; but I give you notice that I cannot in any way support your wishes. As from man to man, I consider it right to tell you candidly that your mode of life for some time past does not appear to me to offer a very good guarantee for the happiness of any woman who might become your wife."

"A few youthful indiscretions," muttered the earl, having the grace to look confused.

"Pardon me, my lord; I am a man of the world, and therefore too apt, perhaps, to make allowances for the follies and indiscretions of youth; but I cannot exactly place yours in that category, considering that they have been persevered in from that time to this. I have no right to inquire too minutely into any man's past, but his present is my affair when he wishes my daughter for his wife."

"I don't pretend to be a saint," replied the earl, fumbling with his watch-chain. "No one can accuse me of playing the hypocrite; but, of course, when I ask a young lady of Miss Marsh's birth and breeding to enter my home it is with the intention of purging it for her reception, and making her position in every way respectable and pleasant."

"I am an old man, my lord, and have seen a great many reformations of this sort in my time, but few that lasted a year."

The earl bit his lip. It was evidently with great effort that he kept his rage within bounds.

"Then I suppose you expect a second St. Anthony, at least, for Miss Marsh?" he said, roughly.

"I am not so difficult to please as you imagine," replied Mr. Marsh, with unabated calmness; "I could dispense with a good deal in some respects to have what I wanted in others. Certainly I should far rather my daughter married a gentleman—one who had a good claim to the title—but, at the same time, if she should chance to pick upon a man who had no birth, but was well-educated, and comported himself in a manner which would insure his retaining her affection and respect, I would not refuse my consent. We are very apt in England to forget *virtus optima nobilitas*. For my p^rt, I do not of necessity respect a good coat: I must know first of all what it covers; and I firmly believe that if my principle were more in vogue—if plain efficiency, instead of titled self-sufficiency, were the condition of preferment—we should have none of those grave errors which occasionally mar the workings of Church and State.

"Ah, you're a bit of a Radical, I see!"

"No, I am wholly a Conservative," answered Mr. Marsh, with one of his quiet smiles; "but my special motto is, 'The right man in the right place.'"

"And you mean me to infer that I should not be the right man in the right place as Miss Marsh's husband?"

"I leave that to my daughter to decide; that is to say, if you still persist in your suit."

"Certainly I do."

"Very well; then the matter is beyond my jurisdiction," said Mr. Marsh.

"All right!" exclaimed his lordship, rising and offering his hand, which Mr. Marsh pressed as lightly as he could. "The matter is so far settled, then. I wish you good-morning."

But, instead of joining the ladies in the drawing-room, as might have been expected under the circumstances, he mounted his horse, which a groom had been ordered to bring round to Beechwood in half-an-hour, and rode straight home.

After his visitor was gone Mr. Marsh gave his entire attention to some accounts, until his nephew came in to remind him that they had settled to walk over to one of his farms before luncheon. Mr. Marsh pushed aside his papers and got up at once, but Cyril noticed that his manner was not so free and pleasant as usual. Presently the cause of his trouble came out:

"Lord Gillingham has been here to-day," he said.

"Indeed!" answered Cyril, without showing much curiosity to learn his errand.

"He came about Nina."

Cyril was all attention now.

"About Nina?" he repeated.

"Yes; he made a proposal for her hand."

"He? Lord Gillingham?" almost gasped Cyril.

"You can hardly be more surprised than I was," said Mr. Marsh, mistaking his nephew's trouble for astonishment. "There seemed no reason to expect such an offer."

"But my cousin did not accept him?"

"I don't know what she may do; she has not been consulted yet."

"No? How was that?"

"I gave him permission to use his influence with her," answered Mr. Marsh, cheerily, "because I felt sure that Nina had too much good sense to be dazzled by a coronet when worn by such a man. I have had hopes, too, for some time past, that other arrangements were likely to be made. Indeed, I may as well speak frankly at once: There is no one in the world to whom I would rather give a daughter of mine than to Cyril Marsh, although I should not say this much were I not sure that Cyril Marsh wanted a daughter of mine."

"I'm afraid, then, I must wait for Katie, for Nina will have none of me," replied Cyril, with a faint attempt at a smile.

Mr. Marsh paused in his walk, and his face clouded over.

"She has refused you?" he inquired, in a tone of disappointment, which was the best kind of flattery.

"No," said Cyril, "she will not let me come near enough to be denied."

"I thought she had more sense. I am very sorry for her, that is all," said Mr. Marsh, and he walked on again more sharply than before. "Ah, well," he added, presently, "if one is to grieve over all a woman's fancies one will have enough to do. Come along and look at the bullocks!"

And here the conversation dropped; but Mr. Marsh was colder and graver to Nina that evening than he had been since her attack of brain fever.

Strange to say, Mr. Marsh mentioned nothing of Lord Gillingham's visit or its motive either to his wife or Nina. The duty of enlightening Nina as to the honor intended her therefore fell upon Captain Marsh. But, somehow, this evening, he could not tell her; he had got into the habit of keeping every happy hour he could get free of disagreeables, and, consequently, he put this question aside for future discussion.

He had secured the place he best loved—namely, by Nina's side—for there were no strangers this evening, only Gabrielle de Pène, who had been induced to stay the night, and was in her wildest spirits from the novelty of the event.

Even Mr. Marsh, who, like a true John Bull, disliked foreigners, and besides, considered lively women unfeminine and vulgar, found himself laughing with Gabrielle in the very face of a grave didactic leader in the *Times*. She was giving a ludicrous description of her interview with a little village protégé of hers:

"I had been giving him some good moral lessons—really good, you know—and, fancying they must take deep root, I ventured to inquire what his notion of perfect happiness would be, expecting, of course, an answer of equal piety and sagacity. Just imagine his reply—'Two jolly good meals a day, and plenty of nuts to crack between times.' Ah! you may laugh at his answer, Captain Marsh, but I can assure you it has had a serious effect upon me. It has destroyed all my faith in human nature—that and the schoolmaster's privately begging me to abstain from visiting the school, because the children's parents were afraid I should teach them to worship idols. You see the effect of prejudice. Here am I, a Protestant, and, although the child of French parents, reared and educated on English soil, yet I am not allowed to enter a village schoolroom for fear I should corrupt the young idea! You know Tommy Bills, don't you? that incorrigible little sinner who has lamed all the ducks and chickens for four miles around. I caught him one day with his sister's doll elevated on a huge stick, and he was carrying it round the village in triumph, assuring every one whom he chanced to meet that it was the Virgin Mary as the French madam and her daughter worshipped in their own country. You'd better take care of Tommy, he's such a genius! If he doesn't ignite the Thames with some new discovery of his, he'll turn chartist and iconoclast, and destroy our pump-handles because they are fashioned after the similitude of the tail of a calf that eateth hay. You can do as you like, of course, but I shall leave the village directly Tommy grows up."

"But, my dear Gabrielle," said Mrs. Marsh, who always took everything *au sérieux*, "they must know that you are of the same religion as themselves from your going to church every Sunday."

"Dear Mrs. Marsh, we don't expect logic from laborers; to draw an inference of that complicated nature would put such a strain upon their brain machinery that it would be out of repair a whole week afterwards."

"I don't know about that; I should think Mrs. Oldum's brain could draw a great many inferences without over-fatigue," said Captain Marsh.

"Ah, but Dame Oldum's a wonder. She'd be the greatest scholar of the age if cunning took the place of cultivation."

"But as it does not, she is, meanwhile, nothing but a dangerous, designing old woman, whom, I am sorry to see, you and my cousin patronise."

"I don't!" said Gabrielle, sharply. Then she suddenly paused, and turned round to Nina with an anxious look of self-vindication.

"She is old and desolate," murmured Nina, with a glance of appeal at Captain Marsh.

"That is a plea I rarely deny," he answered with increased gravity, "but I doubt its applicability to Dame Oldum. Her son lives with her, they tell me that she has saved money, and I know her to be the most inveterate scandalmonger in all Beechwood."

Nina bent low over her work, and said no more; but her silence did not look much like conviction. Cyril divined that Dame Oldum was preying on his cousin's allowance, and saw in this fact an explanation of her simple mourning attire. But why? What possible hold could she have upon Nina? He determined to know, if merely for her protection. He formed the resolve of visiting Dame Oldum, and giving her to understand that Nina had a powerful ally, who would not permit her to be trifled with for any sordid ends she—Dame Oldum—might have in view. He suspected that Nina would not thank him for his interference, but he would tell her of his intention before he put it into execution, and then if she objected she must be treated as a child who was incapable of understanding her own interests, and he served in spite of herself. Some day she would thank him, if not now, and he would patiently wait for that day, fully rewarded beforehand by seeing her happy and free once more.

SIEGE OF PETERSBURG.

The Actions on the Weldon Railroad, Aug. 20 and 25.

Early on the morning of the 18th of August the 5th corps moved out in the direction of the Weldon railroad and struck it about noon, at a point about five or possibly six miles from Petersburg. The several divisions of the corps followed each other on the march, the 1st division (Gen Griffin's) having the advance. This division, on reaching the railroad, immediately commenced work by destroying it, and the 2d division (Gen. Ayres's) pushing on, crossed it and advanced from two to three miles beyond. Of the engagement which ensued on the afternoon of that day, the details and list of casualties have already been forwarded. The result, briefly stated, was that after being driven back first, then rallying and driving the enemy, we occupied at night the position (or nearly the same) assumed in the early part of the afternoon.

The earlier part of Friday (the 19th) was employed in better establishing our position and fortifying. Gen. Crawford, commanding 3d division, finding that in the attempt to connect his right with our works, near the Jerusalem plankroad, he had too much extended and weakened his line, sent to Gen. Warren that he needed more troops on his right, and accordingly Bragg's brigade, of the 4th division (Gen. Cutler's), was sent up. This had got into position, and the troops of the 9th corps were on their way towards that part of the line, when, at about four P.M., the enemy commenced a a furious attack with, it is believed, Hill's and Breckinridge's corps. On the right of Gen. Crawford's line Bragg's brigade, of the 4th division, was quickly swept back by the impetuous charge, and a portion of the 3d division, which was now attacked on the right flank, also were driven back with considerable loss. Gen. Wilcox's division of the 9th corps had by this time arrived on the ground, and hastening to get into position, soon became warmly engaged, holding the enemy in check with great difficulty, until the arrival of Gen. White with the 1st division of the 9th corps, which turned the scale in our favor.

On the left and in the centre the engagement was also very sharp, the enemy attacking with a heavy force and fighting with great determination. Here, as on the right, we were temporarily forced back. Gen. Hay's brigade, of Ayres's division, which was armed with the Spencer repeating rifles, resolutely stood their ground, depending on the superiority of their arms to repulse the enemy up to the last moment. But the rest of the line having fallen back, they were left exposed on both flanks, and soon nearly surrounded.

Gen. Hays himself and a portion of his command, probably to the number of 400 or 500, unfortunately were made prisoners. As on the previous day, our men finally rallied and drove the enemy back from the ground be had taken from them, regaining the position they had lost.

Our line was formed about the same time as it was on that day, the 1st division being on the extreme left, connecting with the cavalry, which covered the railroad towards Ream's station. The 2d division was next Cutler's, the 4th division was across the railroad, and the 3d division (Crawford's) was on the right, joining with the 9th corps, which connected the right of the new line with the left of the old one, near the Jerusalem plankroad.

During Saturday our men had strengthened the breastworks which they had temporarily erected, besides throwing up others *en echelon*.

Early this morning very heavy cannonading was opened by the enemy from their works further down, towards Petersburg, and our guns replied very briskly, neither party, however, doing the other any particular damage.

About seven A.M. a small force of the enemy were seen moving as if to make an attack on the 9th corps, but a few well-directed shells sent them out of sight rather quicker than they advanced.

Shortly after a strong column of the rebels emerged from the woods on the left of the railroad, and, forming in line, charged on what they believed to be our left flank, but which proved to be the left of Gen. Ayres's front line.

The rebels advanced in fine style and with the utmost confidence, evidently thinking the work before them was an easy piece of business, but what was their surprise on discovering a second line behind, and extending to the left of the first, from which a row of bayonets glistened, with a battery on the left and another on the right, pouring a cross fire into their ranks, almost every discharge causing large vacancies in their line.

As soon as they discovered the critical position in which they were placed, the entire command made signs to indicate their willingness to surrender, and the order to cease firing passed along the breastworks. But as soon as they discovered this a large portion of them broke and started for the woods, the remainder coming in and surrendering themselves.

Our batteries sent several messengers after the retreating party, many of whom embraced mother earth instead of reaching their lines, and still remain where they fell, our guns recovering the entire field and preventing the bodies from being carried away.

The troops who made this charge consisted of the rebel divisions of Hoke and Bushrod Johnson, of Gen. Hill's corps, and were principally South Carolinians and Mississippians.

Among the prisoners are one Colonel, three Lieut.-Colonels and 37 Captains and Lieutenants.

The 2d corps bad but just returned from the extreme right on the James river, when, on Monday, the 22d, the 1st and 2d divisions of it were started off on a long, wet, muddy march to the extreme left, on the Weldon railroad. From that time up to yesterday they had been hard at work tearing up the railroad, burning the ties, twisting the rails, levelling embankments, destroying bridges and culverts, and as thoroughly as possible demolishing everything that could be of any service to the enemy in facilitating the repair of the road, in case it should again fall into their hands.

This work had been completely accomplished to a point between three and four miles south of Ream's station, making in all 10 miles of a road, or a little over that distance, effectually destroyed. The 1st division, under Gen. Miles, which had been at work south of Ream's station, returned to the entrenchments at that place on Wednesday evening. These intrenchments were the same thrown up by the 6th corps when sent out there to meet Wilson's cavalry, near the end of June.

On Thursday morning Gen. Gibbons's division was to have moved southward from Ream's station, to continue the destruction of the road still further towards Stony creek.

Starting along the road running to the left or east of the railroad, they turned to the right and crossed the latter about half a mile below Ream's, and had not proceeded half a mile further before the cavalry was checked by meeting a line of rebel skirmishers. Col. Smith then deployed as skirmishers the 1st Delaware regiment, supported by the 12th New Jersey regiment in the rear, and the 10th New York on the right flank.

Advancing this skirmish line parallel with that on the right of the railroad, its left flank resting near the same, Col. Smith pushed back the enemy's skirmishers until, on arriving in sight of a narrow swampy range extending from the railroad obliquely to the right, and with its acute angle on the side next to us, he found their troops in line-of-battle beyond it and protected by small breastworks.

Between two and three skirmishing commenced in front of the 1st division, which occupied the works at Ream's station.

The pickets of the division were driven in, and a charge was then made on the entrenchments, which, however, was quickly repulsed.

The form of this line of entrenchments is that of a semi-circle, a segment of which includes a section of the railroad, the works crossing the latter a short distance north of Ream's station, and curving back so as to cross it again south of that place. Along this curved line the 1st division was posted by Gen. Miles, as follows: On the left was the 4th heavy artillery, Col. Alcock; next to this the 4th brigade of the division, under Lieut.-Col. Brodie, of the 81st New York; then the 3d brigade, under Major Byron, of the 88th New York; and on the right the 1st brigade, under Col. Lynch, of the 183d Pennsylvania. The 2d b^igade does not appear by name, but was nevertheless in the engagement, being consolidated with the 3d.

As soon as it became evident by the attack on Gen. Miles's position that the enemy were in considerable force, Gen. Gibson was ordered to fall back from his advanced position on the left, and connecting his right with the left of the 1st division, to form a line for the protection of the left flank and rear. The junction of his right with Miles's left was near the point where our breastworks crossed the railroad, and thence his line extended in such a curve as to bring his left nearly opposite Miles's right, the line of the latter fronting towards the west, while that of Gibson's faced to the east and southeast. On his right, Gen. Gibson placed his second brigade, Col. Murphy, and on his left the 3d brigade, Col. Smith, with the 19th Massachusetts and the 19th Maine, of the 1st brigade, in the centre.

The remainder of the 1st brigade, comprising five regiments, supported the centre of the 1st division, and were under command of Gen. Miles. Having thus disposed his line, Gen. Gibson at once commenced the construction of breastworks along its entire extent.

The enemy having been repulsed, our skirmishers followed, advancing nearly to the position they had formerly held, and capturing a number of prisoners. Shortly after the enemy again advanced, and were again driven back with heavy loss; and their third assault, made about 4 P.M., was attended with a like satisfactory result.

In the first three charges the enemy used no artillery, but about 5 P.M. they opened a heavy, concentrated fire from a number of batteries, pouring a storm of shell and other missiles over the entire amphitheatre included within our lines. At some points our entrenchments were partially enfiladed by their fire, while nearly the whole of Gen. Gibbon's division was subjected to an extremely troublesome fire, especially the rear, its line being within range of shot and shell that passed harmlessly over the entrenchments held by the 1st division. To escape this they were obliged to get outside their own entrenchments into a position of nearly equal danger from the fire of skirmishers thrown out towards our left flank.

After about twenty minutes of this artillery fire, the enemy again made their appearance in front of Gen. Miles's division, their assault being directed mainly against his centre. Along nearly the entire line, and especially in front of the 5th brigade, the woods are very close to our entrenchments, which circumstance was favorable to the enemy in that it enabled them to form comparatively near our works without being discovered.

Emerging from the woods, they advanced in two lines of battle, with a force thought to have comprised Wilcox's entire division of Hill's corps and two brigades of Heth's. Our artillery and musketry greeted them as before with a rapid fire, but without checking their progress. On they came, with bayonets fixed and without firing a shot.

They approached our lines, gained the outside of our entrenchments, and at some points a hand to hand conflict ensued over the top of the breastworks, our men beating back the rebels with their bayonets, as they attempted to climb over. But soon it was found that our line was broken near the centre, and the gap once made rapidly grew wider, until nearly the entire line was swept back, leaving our breastworks and artillery in the hands of the enemy, from the left of the 1st division to a point considerably to the right of the centre. The 7th New York infantry is said to have been the first to give way.

The batteries left behind were batteries B, 1st Rhode Island, Lieut. Perrine; Capt. Sleeper's battery, the 12th Massachusetts, and McKnight's battery, the 12th New York Independent. Their horses had all been shot early in the action, and the suddenness with which our men fell back rendered it impossible to get off the guns. Capt. Sleeper, of the 12th Massachusetts, had been wounded during the afternoon, and was not in command when his battery was lost. It is said that the 4th New York Heavy Artillery, or a considerable portion of them, stood their ground on the left when our line gave way, and rushing to the guns of the battery nearest to them, worked it till the enemy came on and surrounded them, capturing a considerable portion of them along with the battery.

Gen. Miles and other officers of his division, with great coolness and intrepidity, set to work to rally the men, who were pouring down from the left and hurrying to the rear, and in a short time succeeded in forming a line with its right resting against our breastworks near the right of our former line, at the point up to which that line had been held. At the same time Gen. Hancock ordered the 2d division to be faced about, and cheering and urging the men forward, led them in person in a charge at double quick across the space between their line and that of Gen. Miles, which, at the widest part was probably three-fourths of a mile in breadth.

This charge, which was made under a heavy fire both of musketry and artillery, was gallantly executed, and in conjunction with the line rallied by Gen. Miles instantly checked the enemy and regained our entrenchments for some distance further towards the left. The 12th New Jersey regiment and portions of the 10th New York and 14th Connecticut, which voluntarily acted with the 12th artillery, are highly praised for their gallantry in driving the enemy from a position near the centre of our line opposite the station, where, after crossing our breastworks, they had established themselves behind an embankment on the railroad, which afforded them excellent protection, and to dislodge from which was a task of no slight difficulty and danger. Lieut.-Col. K. S. Thompson, of the 12th New Jersey, was severely wounded in making this charge.

On this charge of Gibbon's division the loss in killed and wounded was very severe, especially among the officers. Col. Smyth, commanding the 3d brigade, had his horse shot under him, and of 26 officers and nearly 200 men of his brigade lost during the day the majority were killed and wounded in this charge.

After the enemy had been checked in the centre and along that portion of the line against which they had chiefly directed their attack, the greater part of the 2d division had returned to their own entrenchments, and the combat seemed to have nearly died out, when suddenly the enemy, working their way round towards our left, struck the right flank and rear of Col. Murphy's brigade, which was driven towards the left.

By this time it was dark, and the fighting ended.

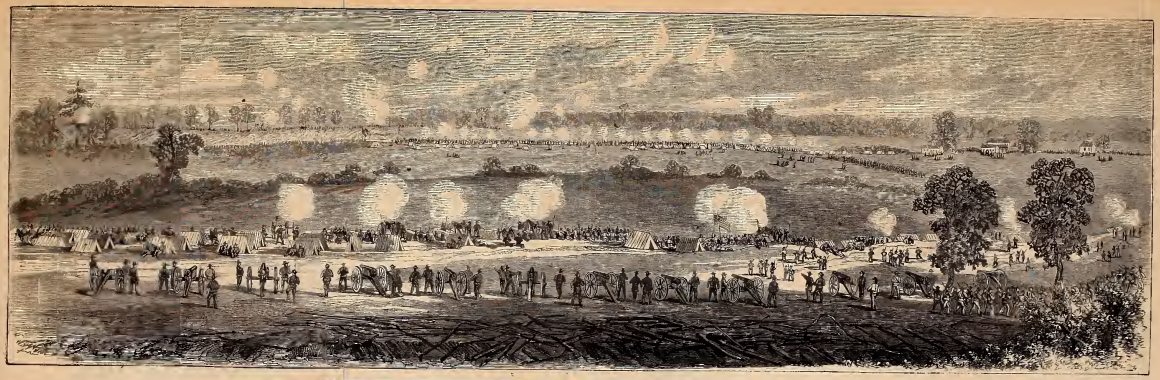
About 8 P.M. we commenced retiring, which was accomplished without molestation. Nothing lost in abandoning our position, not a shot being fired by the enemy. We sacrificed nothing in abandoning the position at Ream's station, except, perhaps, the destruction of a few miles more of the railroad, and when our detached situation and the force the enemy brought against us are considered, it is by no means surprising that we should have been for a time overpowered. The numbers opposed to us is estimated at from 15,000 to 17,000, and comprising Heath's and Wilcox's divisions of Hill's corps, and Field's division, with two other brigades of Anderson's, formerly Longstreet's corps.

Our sketch shows our repulse of the last rebel assault.

A little girl walking in the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise, Paris, and reading one after another the praises upon the tombs of those who slept beneath, exclaimed:

"I wonder where all the bad people are buried!"

THE RAIDS OF PETERSBURG—BATTLE OF REAM'S STATION—THE ATTEMPT OF THE ENEMY TO REGAIN THE WELDON RAILROAD, ON THE EVENING OF AUGUST 25TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR



SIEGE OF [illegible]BURG—REBEL ATTEMPT, SATURDAY, AUG. 20, TO REGAIN THE WELDON RAILROAD.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.

SHERIDAN'S CAMPAIGN—THE UNION FORCES FALLING BACK THROUGH CHARLESTOWN, AUG. 21, 8 A. M.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR, FROM JUDGE HUNTER'S YARD.

THE THREE CALLERS.

MORN calleth fondly to a fair hoy straying
'Mid golden meadows, rich with clover dew;
She calls—bnt still he thinks of naught eave playing;
And eo she smiles and waves him an adieu!
While he, still merry with his flowery store,
Deems not that Morn, sweet Morn, returns no more.

Noon cometh—bnt tho hoy to manhood growing,
Heeds not the time; he sees but one eweet form,
One yonng fair face, from hower of jeseamine glowing,
And all his loving heart with bliss is warm.
So Noon, unnoticed, eeeks the Western shore,
And man forgets that Noon returns no more.

Night tappeth gently at a casement gleaming
With the thin firelight, flickering faint and low,
By which a gray-hair'd man is sadly dreaming
O'er pleasures gone—as all life's pleasuree go;
Night calls him to her, and he leaves his door,
Silent and dark—and he returns no more!

ANECDOTES OF ALLIGATORS.

A FRIEND of mine waa lately riding in company with three others, in single file, along the narrow strip of land which connects the peninsula of Jaffna with the island of Ceylon, when suddenly his horse sprang to one side in a manner so unexpected as nearly to unseat him. It appeared that an alligator which had heen lying hy the side of the lagoon had made e spring at the horse's legs as he passed. One of the gentlemen who was riding hehind my friend, end who had seen the whole proceeding, was so strongly impressed with the idea that the horse had been touched by the alligator, that he wes not satisfied until he had dismounted and examined the horse's legs.

This is unquestionahly one of the coolest pieces of impertinance I have ever heard of on the part of a tank alligator; and having heard of it I shall certainly be more cautious ahont going into tanke where alligators are, up to my waist, for half an hour at a time.

I remember once watching the proceedings of alligators in e tank in this neighborhood. I espied on the opposite side of a tank two black curlew, birds of most delicate flavor, but very shy. My gun carrier was a good way in the rear, and as the curlew were moving quietly along, I rode into the tank to watch them. There were several alligators about me, and the way they went to work was this: A fellow would rise to the surface and look at my pony and me to see where we were. Then he would sink and come up again a little nearer and go down again, and come up and have another look to see where we were. At last my gun was brought and I hed my shot at the curlew, and saw no more of the alligators, who always take alarm at the sound of a gun.

I omitted to mention that on his return a day or two after, my friend kept a lookout for his euemy, and discovered him once more on the bank—he gave him a two-ounce rifle ball, which made a long scar along his back; however a wound like that does not usually prove fatal at once, and the alligator succeeded in getting away.

The magistrate at Mullativoe one morning found that an alligator had sought the hospitable shelter of the court-house during the night, and a gentleman at Battlcaton found another in his stable.

An old sportsman in Jaffna, who had an endless stock of tales, used to tell how he had once shot several alligators with grains of rice instead of ball! After he had tested the credulity of his hearers to a moderate degree, he would add that the alligators were about nine inches long. They were young ones which he killed as specimens.

However loathsome-looking an animal an old alligator may be, the yonng alligatore are not so very disgusting. In fact, the bright-yellow bars which alternate with the hlack ones are rather pretty than otherwise. I had one in a vivarium, and the vicious little beast used to nip my fingers when I tried to feed it. It got out one night, and I don't know what become of it.

A moorman caught a young alligator in his fishing kraal in the Matura river, and I went to see it. It was alive, and to all appearances there was no reason why, if left alone, it should not grow up to alligator's estate—its length was about three and a half feet. Thinking that this would be a good opportunity for testing the correctness of what I had heard in the north of the island about the remarkable effect of lime upon the alligator, I asked a man to bring me some, on which he procured from a neighboring house a lump of the chunamb, or lime prepared from shells, which the natives are in the habit of chewing along with the nut of the areca palm and the leaves of the betel creeper. The lime had previously been moistened with water. Having opened the jaws of our unfortunate victim—an operation to which it submitted with exemplary resignation when it found it could not prevent it—we inserted, as far back as the opening into the throat, a lump of chunamb ahout as large as a pigeon's egg, after which we put the animal into the water. Immediately it turned over on its side and then on its back, and appeared paralysed; soon its eyes closed, and I thought it was dead. After about five minutes it revived a little. I could not remain longer to watch it, but in the evening I rode to where it had been experimented on, when I found that it was dead, and learnt that it had died within two hours of my leaving. On examining its mouth, I found that the lime had not been swallowed, but was still in the throat, just where it had been placed. I do not remember to have read in any work on animals of this antipathy of the alligator to lime; and it still remains to be explained how it is that a suhstance of that nature, especially prepared for the use of man, and by him daily chewed, should have so powerful and instantaneous an effect upon an animal otherwise so tenacious of life, when merely placed in the mouth, without being swallowed. The experiment may appear to have been a cruel one, and yet, perhaps, it was the speediest and easiest mode of killing the alligator. I may now venture to state that the Tamuls have an idea that if a bullet be filled with lime before firing at an alligator, it will, wherever it penetrates, cause a wound that will prove mortal. I have, since making the experiment related above, been told that it is not uncommon for the Singhalese to fill the stomach of a bullock with lime, and to place it near an alligator's haunts, knowing that if he swallows the lime death will ensue.

Mullativoo, mentioned just now, is an isolated station, where the magistrate is the only European, and administers justice in a patriarchal way. Close to the court is a tank full of alligators, and as the magistrate sat on his bench he could see them crawl out and back in the sunshine. So he used to take his rifle with him to court, and keep it ready loaded beside him. In the middle of the examination of a witness the clerk of the court would turn round and say, "Sir, sir, there's an alligator." Down would go the pen, up would go the rifle, bang! and out would rush the clerk and interpreter to see what damage bad been done. After a few minutes they would come in again to report, and then business would proceed as before.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

QUIET, ladylike society—Dumb-bellss.

"THESE notes enliven me," as the man said on receiving a remittance.

IF a woman were to change her sex, what would she hecome? A he-then.

WHAT lawyer presidea over railway and steam excursions? Coke.

WHICH city is made of the lightest materials? Cork.

FRANKLIN describes a hachelor as half of a pair of scissors, unfit for aught but to scrape a trencher.

"I'll he shot if I stay," as the partridge said to the double-barrelled gun.

IT is a popular delusion to helieve that powder on a lady's face has the same effect as that in a musket, namely, to cause her to go off.

A TAILOR who, in skating, fell through the ice, declared that he would never again leave his hot goose for a cold duck.

"WHY do you use so much tobacco?" said an Englishman to an American.
"Because I chews," was the reply.

MY first is the love of little ladies, my second the limb of a fish, my whole e strange monster of the deep. Dol-phin.

SYDNEY SMITH speaks of a man so dry, that if you were to bore holes in him with a gimlet sawdust would come out.

A COACHMAN, extolling the sagacity of one of his horses, ohserved that "if anybody was to go for to use him ill, he would bear malice like e Christian."

A STRANGER to law courts, hearing a judge call a serjeant "brother," expressed his surprise.
"Oh," said one present, "they are brothers—brothers-in-law."

SOON after Sir Henry Rivers took orders, he was told by a friend that he would undoubtedly become a hishop.
"Indeed!" said Sir Henry; "why so?"
"Because rivers invariably go to the seas."

A LADY performed, in the presence of Dr. Johnson, a sonata on the pianoforte, and after it wae euded asked the learned doctor's opinion of it.
"Madam," said he, "of all noises I think music is the least disagreeable."

IN a small party, the subject turning on matrimony, a lady said to her sister:
"I wonder, my dear, you have never made a match; I think you want the brimstone!"
She replied: "No, not the hrimstone; only the spark!"

MALESHERBE having dined with the bishop of Rouen, who was e dull preacher, was asked by him to adjourn from the table to the church, where he wae then going to preach.
"Pardon me," said Malesherbe, "but I can sleep very well where I am."

A POOR woman who had attended aeveral confirmations, was at length recognised by the bishop.
"Pray, have I not seen you here before?" said his lordship.
"Yes," replied the woman; "I get me confirmed as often as I can. They tell me it is good for the rheumatis!"

SHERIDAN made his appearance one day in a pair of new boots. These attracting the notice of some of his friends, he asked them to guess how he came hy them.
Several unsuccessful conjectures were offered.
"No," said Sheridan, "you're none of you right. I bought them and paid for them!"

THE following dialogue is said to have taken place recently hetween a married couple on their travels:
"My dear, are you comfortable in that corner?"
"Quite, thank you, dear."
"Sure there's plenty of room for your feet?"
"Quite sure, love."
"And no cold air from the window hy your ear?"
"Quite certain, darling."
"Then, my dear, I'll change places with you."

IT is told of a well-known American map agent, that on a recent trip he wes attacked by highway robbers, who demanded his money. Being more prudent than to carry money in the country, they failed in making a haul. "But," said our Yankee, "I have some splendid maps of the country along with me which I would like to show you;" and in a twinkling he was off his horse, had a map stuck up on a pole, and explained it so effectually, that he sold each of the banditti a map, pocketed the money, and resumed his journey.

WHICH of our dogs does the dog star most resemble? A skye terrier.

WHEN is a hlack dog not a black dog? When it's a greyhound.

WHY is a game at cards like a timber yard? Because there are always a number of deals in it.

WHEN is an umbrella not an umhrella? When it is dripping.

"I FEEL rather dull to-day," as the razor said after it had been used to open oysters.

"THAT'S a moving sight," as the stage-coachman said of the railway train.

A GOVERNESS, advertising for a aituation, says she "is perfect mistress of her own tongue."

WHEN is a schoolhoy like a farm-servant in July? When he is making A.

DR. BARTON, of Morton College, Oxford, said the fellows of his college wished to have an organ, "but he put e stop to it."

IN a hotel here, says the *Trinidad News*, a man named Drum is the barkeeper. His friends call him the "spirit-stirring drum."

WHY is an Irish row like railway travelling? Because it is a very common species of low commotion.

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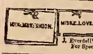

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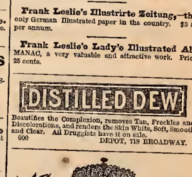

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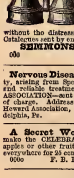

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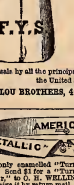

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