

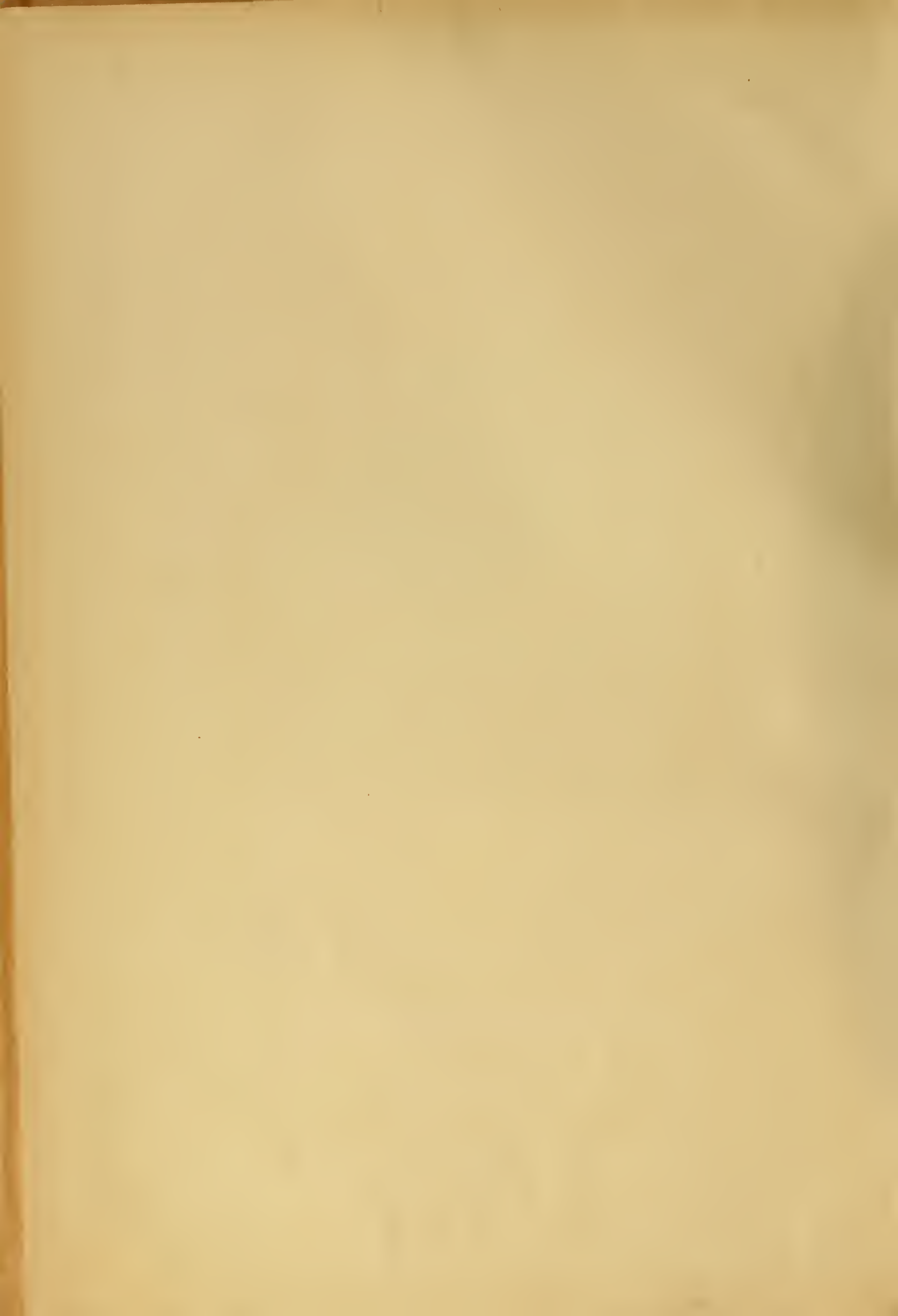
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CHRISTMAS

PICTORIAL



F. GLEASON, { CORNER BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STS.

BOSTON, JANUARY 1, 1853.

\$3 PER ANNUM. } VOL. IV. No. 1.—WHOLE No. 79.
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JANUARY—THE NEW YEAR.

The fine allegorical picture below, designed by Billings, represents the beginning of the year—January, 1853. So evident is the meaning of the picture, that it hardly requires further mention from us. Old Winter is seen bringing the New Year in his arms, followed by the other seasons. The old years flee before him, while Cupids scatter flowers in his pathway. Below is seen a characteristic winter-landscape. This timely and expressive picture will be exceedingly acceptable to our readers, illustrating as it does the season and belongings of to-day. It is not sufficient for the reader to give a casual glance at these scenes; they will bear study and examination; and these are required, in order to

understand the true conception and object of the author. The picture before us has poetry and meaning in every part, and must be carefully examined, and dwelt upon, to see all the beauty of its significance and execution. It is also emblematical of our first number for the new volume, being the commencement of the year 1853,—and as these Cupids strew flowers in the pathway of Winter, so may our readers strew our way with smiles and patronage. In the picture that graced our first page of the last number, from the same artistic hand, there was an emblem attached, of most Christian-like significance, and which is most particularly applicable at this season of the year:—"Remember the Poor!" When making your children and friends, the favored of fortune, gifts for the New

Year, remember to lay by a small portion from out your abundance, for the poor, that you may know the joy vouchsafed to the charitable, the real and lasting pleasure of charity. Let us commend, then, this January picture to you, and trust for its goodly and pleasant influence. In this season of gift making, what more acceptable token could a gentleman give to her he wished to compliment, than by sending her the Pictorial for a year? In what possible way could the same amount of money afford so much pleasure, *weekly renewed*, and constantly recall the giver before the receiver's mind, as this? To friends at a distance—to those who live in the country—city friends can thus render themselves vastly kind and serviceable, at a most trifling cost.



THE NEW YEAR—ALLEGORICAL REPRESENTATION OF JANUARY.

AN INTERESTING PICTURE OF WESTERN LIFE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

ROSALTHE:

—OR—

THE PIONEERS OF KENTUCKY.

A Story of Western Life.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

CHAPTER I.

ROSALTHE ALSTON—LE BLAND.

THE vast forests of Kentucky had reverberated to the sound of the woodman's axe. The tide of population was flowing towards that wild and picturesque country which had been represented by those who had explored its fertile levels, as another Eden.

A fort had been erected on the southern bank of Kentucky River by Daniel Boone, that daring and indomitable man whom no dangers could appal and no difficulties discourage. At the distance of eight miles from Boone's fort, and one from the Salt River, Captain John Harrod had built a second fortification, while Colonel Logan had raised a third at St. Asaph's, in Lincoln County. The few adventurous settlers that had penetrated into that county were continually harassed by savage foes, not unfrequently incited and led on by Frenchmen and British Canadians.

Bold men worked in the new clearings with arms by their side, and became soldiers from necessity. The thrilling scenes that were of daily occurrence at that period, eclipse the pen of romance, and imagination is surpassed by startling reality. The shrill war-whoop grew strangely familiar to the ears of the pioneers, and the shafts of destruction, hurled from the rifles of ambushed enemies, were continually striking down friend and neighbor.

The red man beheld the daring approaches of the white settler with alarm and furious indignation. Aided by the British posts at Detroit, Vincennes, and Kaskaskia, the Indians began a war of extermination against the determined trespassers upon their hunting grounds. Against Boonesborough, in particular, was their hostility directed. At the period when the fury of the savages was at its height, and all the arts of Indian warfare were brought into active operation, our story commences.

A few rods below the Salt Lick, near which a fort and stockades had been erected by Daniel Boone and his associates, there was a highly romantic spot, half shut in by trees, and in the month of May (the period at which our romance exhibits its opening scene), was an exceedingly pleasant locality; for a great variety of wild flowers, mosses, and lichens, luxuriant there in agreeable profusion. A grassy glade sloped down to the water, and gentle eminences, and rocks overgrown with verdure, formed very acceptable seats for those who might feel disposed to linger there to enjoy the tranquil beauty of nature in her spring vestments.

We have directed the reader's footsteps to that then quiet and dreamy spot, in order to call his attention to another object fairer and more agreeable to the eye than the thousand flowery forms of vegetable life that were trembling and nodding in the early breezes of morning.

A young lady, in the summer of maiden loveliness, occupied just such a place as imagination most naturally suggests, and would desire her to occupy: she was reclining upon a mossy knoll, and the waters of the Kentucky (that vocal witness of so many striking events) was flowing at her feet. She had gathered roses and evergreens, and a wreath of the latter bound her brow with a care less grace, while the former she was loosely forming into a bouquet with lichens and the earlier buds and blossoms of the season. Her face was uncommonly attractive, and her figure, so far as one might judge of it in the

attitude which she had assumed, very symmetrical in its outlines. The hand and foot, those useful appendages to the human form, so much admired (when of classical mould) by connoisseurs in female perfections, were faultless, so far as size and delicacy of proportions were concerned.

Of the several features of the face, and the expression of the whole conjoined, we cannot very well speak, for they were so perfect in all respects that we feel a want of appropriate terms to do justice to the subject. That common figure of the blending of the lily and the rose, was perhaps never more felicitously illustrated than upon the fair cheeks of Rosalthe Alston. The soft, pensive expression of the eyes, and the sweet light of intelligence that streamed from beneath the pencilled lids, were enough to fix the beholder's attention in a steadfast and admiring gaze.

It will not be wise for us to dwell long upon the mere externals of our heroine; therefore we will proceed to those matters, events, and incidents calculated to develop and display those internal graces, without which physical beauty ceases to be attractive.

The sound of human footsteps upon the river's bank caused Rosalthe to assume a different attitude, and east hurried and alarmed glances around her; for no doubt the consciousness that she had been imprudent in venturing so far from the fort, was vividly impressed on her mind. It was not deemed safe, at that time, for females to venture out of sight of the stockades, and that consideration generally governed their movements; the boldest seldom overstepping the specified bounds. Rosalthe had, in this instance, as on several other occasions, violated, in some degree, the established custom; for, from the spot where she had been reclining, the stockades were not visible, although a few steps would render them so.

The cause of Rosalthe's alarm was directly apparent; a man appeared in the glade, and without hesitation approached her. The young lady drew the folds of her light scarf hastily about her person, and was on the point of leaving the spot with considerable precipitation, when the intruder addressed her, in a voice not wholly redeemed from the accents peculiar to Frenchmen:

"Stay, mademoiselle! Why should you fly at my approach, or exhibit so much perturbation of manner? Am I indeed a savage? Is my skin red? or do I seek youthful maidens in sylvan bowers to do them harm?"

Rosalthe paused a moment before she replied, and was obviously somewhat annoyed and ill at ease.

"Excuse me, Monsieur Le Bland," she said, rather coldly, "if my fears appeared somewhat excited, and my manner hurried, for I did not expect—that is, I had no reason to suppose that my pleasant meditations in this agreeable retreat would be intruded upon."

"I am, then, it would seem, to be regarded as an intruder?" added Le Bland, in a tone less courteously than at first.

"No matter, sir—let the subject pass, if it be not pleasing. I seek no cause of disagreement," returned the lady, with a smile.

"Neither do I, fair Rosalthe; your frown of displeasure would make me miserable," said Le Bland, earnestly.

A scornful smile played for an instant over

the rosy lips of the lady; Le Bland observed it, and contracted his brows.

"Coldness may not quite crush me," he added, "but contempt I never could bear."

"The old theme, Mr. Le Bland; the old theme," returned Rosalthe.

"It is a theme never old with me. Small streams may be turned aside into new channels, but large and swiftly flowing rivers cannot be easily diverted from the deep channels which they have worn in the earth and in the solid rock. It is thus with the human affections; when they become fixed and strong, they cannot be changed or trained to flow in other directions."

"I have more than once begged you to spare me conversations of this nature; be good enough to change the subject, or I leave you," replied the maiden.

"I have sought you, Mademoiselle Alston, to lay bare my heart before you, and ask you to see the treasures of love that are garnered there—that are hoarded there for you—for you only; but your impatient gestures, your curling lip, your rebuking glances, forbid me to proceed. I dare not adhere to my purpose; my tongue grows mute, my words find no utterance—they fly back in unspoken sorrow upon my despairing heart."

When Le Bland had given utterance to these sentiments, he bent his head as if in profound grief, and fixed his gaze steadfastly upon the ground.

Miss Alston gave him a searching look, and seemed to gain intuitively a deeper insight into the character and objects of the man before her, whose words distilled so sweetly and smoothly upon the external ear. She trembled and grew pale, as if her fears were struggling with her fortitude.

"I am glad you have done, and you could not better evince the good sense which I have always given you credit for possessing, than by so doing. I will now return, and hope you will enjoy the beauty of this pleasant morning and of this lovely spot, as truly as I have done."

"Not yet, mademoiselle, not yet; I have other matters to discuss which require your earnest attention. I refer to the dangers which environ and menace you on every side. The red men of the wilderness are gathering in great numbers to march against Boonesborough, and level it with the dust," returned Le Bland.

"Whence had you this information?" asked Rosalthe, quickly, fixing her dark eyes penetratingly upon the Frenchman.

"From one of my countrymen whom I accidentally met while hunting yesterday," answered the latter, calmly.

"Who incites our savage foes? who supplies them with arms and ammunition, and who sometimes leads them to battle?" interrogated Rosalthe, with increasing earnestness.

"I know what you mean," said Le Bland, coloring. "I am aware that it is reported that the British posts at Detroit, Kaskaskia, and Vincennes, aid and encourage the Indians in their movements against Boonesborough, Harrodsburg, and Logan."

"Do you not know that to be the case, Mr. Le Bland?" asked Miss Alston, with considerable energy of tone and manner.

"I do," answered the Frenchman, after a moment of reflection.

"Then why not speak openly, and call things by their right names. Let us have no concealments and subterfuges, but speak boldly and truthfully, and confront the danger, whatever it may be. If you have acquired by any means knowledge that concerns the safety of these young settlements, let it be plainly and manfully uttered," added Rosalthe.

"You possess much shrewdness and courage for a lady," observed Le Bland, with a smile.

"During my stay at Boonesborough, I have learned that among the rustic maidens that are destined to smooth the way for the flowing tide of population and civilization, there exists the true spirit of heroism. But still, mademoiselle, this country is too rude for you; you were destined for another sphere of life—to grace the highest circles of refinement."

The Frenchman ceased, and then added, as if speaking to himself:

"No; yonder rough cabins are not for you; it were wrong to immerse you for life in those wild forests, where the war-whoop of the red man forms a dread chorus for the howl of the wolf and the dismal howlings of the boiling owl."

"Spare me your compliments; and let it suffice that I am well content with my lot," returned Miss Alston.

"To the subject under consideration; I have heard, from undoubted authority, that Captain Du Quesne will soon appear before Boonesborough with a large body of savages, to demand its surrender."

"And what will be the consequence if Daniel Boone refuses to yield to such an unreasonable demand?"

"The consequences will be that Du Quesne will hurl his savages against Boonesborough, and take it by storm; the slaughter will, in such a case, I fear, be indiscriminate. And now comes the most important part of my business; it is to most earnestly request you to go to Harrodsburg, and stay until after this tragedy, for such I am certain it will be, is enacted."

CHAPTER II.

ALLAN NORWOOD.

LE BLAND paused, and waited anxiously for an answer; but Rosalthe remained silent.

"Will you go to Harrodsburg, Mademoiselle Alston, in order to escape the fate in reserve for yonder brave but infatuated families?" asked the Frenchman, seriously.

"And leave my dearest friends?" said Rosalthe, calmly.

"And leave your dearest friends," repeated the Frenchman, deliberately.

"Your motives may be excellent, sir; but I reject your counsel; I will not go; I will remain and share the fortunes of those I love, whatever they may be. If your plans of mercy cannot be extended to all, they are not schemes of benevolence to me. But I would not appear ungrateful. I thank you for your kind intentions."

"You have answered without reflection. Reconsider the subject, and be guided by the voice of cool reason," resumed Le Bland, with increasing vehemence.

"Adieu! my decision is final," said Rosalthe, preparing to leave the spot.

"It is not—it must not be!" cried the Frenchman, emphatically. "I cannot, I will not consent to such a sacrifice!"

"I cannot understand whence comes your intimate knowledge of the contemplated movements of the Indians, and their French and British allies," said Rosalthe. "Neither can I fully appreciate the motives which can induce you to offer safety to me and to no others. You have been, for a period, the guest of the settlers, and Captain Boone, my father and others have treated you with kindness and true hospitality; why not go to them and make known the danger that is hourly drawing nearer and nearer?"

"There are many reasons that shape my actions, which I cannot explain. I am not at liberty to open my lips to one of those whom you esteem so highly, on the subject of our conversation; but a strong, an irresistible desire to save you, to pluck you from the general ruin, has induced me to give you a word of timely warning. It remains with you to determine whether you will perish with those destined to death, or live with those whose days are not numbered by painted warriors."

"My resolution to dare every peril with my natural guardians and protectors, is as strong as human will can make it," said Rosalthe.

"Promise me, at least, that you will lock this secret in your own bosom, and reflect on what I have said for four-and-twenty hours," continued Le Bland, considerably agitated.

"I will make no promises, if you please," answered the young lady.

"How vexatious! how perverse!" exclaimed the Frenchman, petulantly. "Mademoiselle, you must listen to reason; you must be rational—you must promise to keep my secret, for at least twenty-four hours."

"Not for an hour," returned Miss Alston, and directed her footsteps towards the fort; but Le Bland placed himself before her, and barred her further progress.

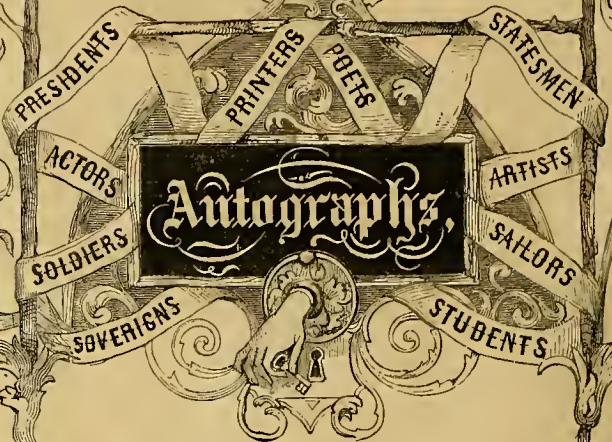
"Pardon me, lovely mademoiselle, but I am so unfortunately placed, that I am compelled to insist that you will pledge me your word to remain silent in regard to Captain Du Quesne and the advance of the savages, for a short time; the period I have named will do."

Rosalthe quailed before the stern glances of Le Bland, and would have called for assistance had she dared; but the terror which the Frenchman's singular conduct inspired, sealed up her lips. When she timidly raised her eyes to his, they gleamed upon her like a basilisk's, and shrinking from him, he exclaimed:

"I promise—let me pass."

"It is well; be careful that in some unguarded

TYPES OF MIND
OR
Delineations of the Character
OF
NOTABLE PERSONAGES.
IN SPECIMENS OF THEIR HAND-WRITING.
Illustrated by Fac-Similes of Autographs
BY BEN. PERLEY POORE.
No. 1



AUTOGRAPHIC REPRESENTATIONS.

"The pen," says Chateaubriand, "is the index of the mind;" and many distinguished writers have endorsed this assertion of the erudite Lavater: "The more I compare the different hand-writings that pass under my observation, the more I am confirmed in the idea, that they are so many expressions—so many emanations from the mind of the writer, by which you can judge of it." "The correspondence of every man," N. P. Willis remarks, "contains an actual portrait of the writer's mind, visible through a thousand disguises, and bearing the same relation to the inward man that a correct picture bears to the living face—without change or motion, indeed, but telling the beholder of both, and indicating what direction they are likely to take." Hence the real value of autographs. Locks of hair, or front teeth, or worn-out gloves, are equally to be prized as mere souvenirs; but specimens of the hand-writing have another and a higher value. The pen, like the camera of the daguerreotypist, portrays the intellect which controls its course, imparting to the chirography a disturbed or calm, slow or quick, calm or ruffled, lively or grave appearance. The daguerrian likenesses are not more correct than is this mental portraiture.

"Types of mind," is, therefore, a title appropriate for a series of papers, giving fac-similes of "the good, the great, the gifted, and the gay," who are or who have been prominent among the world's notables. Spotsless patriots, haughty monarchs, brave soldiers, gifted writers,—all will be fairly represented; and while none can but be interested with these souvenirs of persons with whose history all are familiar, those who study them can but be convinced that the hand-writing is a type of the mental power. All faces have the same general features, yet no two faces are exactly alike, and every face varies with the temperament of its owner. So with autography: a few lines constitute hand-writing, yet no two write exactly the same hand, and each writer's hand is affected by his state of mind and feeling. It is also true that whilst every nation has its marked physiognomy, each face having the marked national features, although differing from other faces; so each nation has its peculiar hand-writing, although no two write exactly alike. Autography, in short, is far more reliable than phrenology, or chiromancy, as a theory by which the moral and intellectual character of nations or individuals may be estimated.

In illustrating our theory by fac-similes (taken from a collection which is our fondest pride, and which numbers upwards of eight thousand different autographs), we propose to group together prominent kindred spirits, under the heads inscribed on the legends around the casket on the frontispiece of this article. The fac-similes in this introduction are but the "curiosities" of the theory.

Egyptian autography, in the olden time, was only indulged in by the priests, and was either hieroglyphic or symbolic, concealing truth in mystery, to excite the curious veneration of the multitude. Latterly, this symbolical and hieroglyphical autography has been deciphered, and the rolls of papyrus found in Theban tombs are read with ease, giving a complete insight into the manners, religion and customs of those who lived three thousand years ago. Our illustration, taken from one of these paradoxical records, gives us their idea of a last judgment. The seated figure is Osiris, the Most High, seated upon his throne, and decked with the insignia of his power. On the other side is the deceased, escorted by Justice and Truth. In the balance, the heart of the deceased is being weighed; whilst Truth, the god of letters, is acting as registrar to the court, and recording the divine judgment on the eternal tablets.

The Hebrew initial word is a fac-simile of the commencement of a copy of the book of Genesis, written on parchment in the thirteenth century, and illuminated in gold and silver. Nothing, in the history of this venerable race is more characteristic and peculiar than its religious autography, to which we are indebted for the Old Testament. The skins were to be prepared by Jews, and each one was to contain the same number of words. Ink of the purest kind was to be used, and before writing the name of God, the transcriber was to wash his pen. Many of these Hebrew manuscripts contain sentences added by the transcriber, which show the devotion with which the autography was performed. One in the library of the late Duke of Sussex read thus: "I praise my God I will raise my voice and bless Him, for He is my rock. He was my help till I finished this book of Isaiah. To Him do I hope that He will prosper my ways at the time I begin Jeremiah."

The American Indians, from the earliest period, recorded ideas by pictographic symbols, forming an ingenious autograph. We give fac-similes of two signatures, or, as they called their individual designations, "tokens." These are rude enough, and it requires a vivid imagination, in deciphering an old treaty, to recognize the *Bad Warrior*, the *Snapping Turtle*, or the *Big Nose*. Napoleon Bonaparte's autograph conclusively proves that the hand-writing is a type of the mind. When a school-boy, he wrote a small, regular hand, and signed himself, in the idiom of his native isle, *Napoleone di Buonaparte*; when lieutenant of artillery, his signature was changed to *de Buonaparte*; when general, he "Freachified" it more, so that it was *Bonaparte*; but so far it was a modest, unassuming hand. But when he put on the consular robes, his autography increased with his ambition, and soon, as emperor, his signature, *Napoleon*, was as gigantic as were his schemes—as impetuous and as imperious as was his manner. Caged, at length, on the rock of St. Helena, his diminished, crabbled, yet bold autography, showed that, like the caged eagle, he might be subdued, but he could not be tamed. Sir Hudson Lowe addressed him as "General Bonaparte." His signature was ever *Napoleon*.

Some ridicule collectors of autographs; but why? Even if our theory be not correct, why deride accumulations of interesting papers, calculated to illustrate private and public history? At any rate, it is an innocent hobby.



Buonaparte

Buonaparte

Napoleon

Napoleon



SLEIGHING IN RUSSIA.

We could hardly select a more timely subject for illustration in the Pictorial, than the one which we present below. By our foreign exchanges, we learn that the winter has set in most rigorously in Russia, and the icy North seems to be fulfilling its destiny. The scene below represents the winter mode of travelling in the emperor's dominions, and is a dashing but truthful picture. It appears that the genuine "whips" of Russia—those who make it a point of honor to stand up for the national "drag"—generally have their sledges in winter, and droschkis in summer, harnessed to two horses—the one between the shafts a trotter of first stamina, and his side companion free almost as air to gullopp his best, which he does with extreme beauty and fire. Many a Russian phetion has been laid low by those steeds of the Ukraine, immortalized by the story of "Mazepa;" and strong must be the wrist, and steady and skilful, to curb and guide those horses, which even the Russians themselves acknowledge to be wild. Notwithstanding the manifest dangers of this "turn-out," besides the cheering prospect of being in the country, "cheveyed" by sundry packs of wolves, by wintry famine roused, and whose appetites are always extremely exigent, the Russians love their national vehicle, to a pitch almost ultra-national.—A country which, like Russia, extends from north to south through about forty degrees of latitude, might be supposed to have almost every climate; and this is, in some measure, the case. When spring commences in one division of this vast empire, another experiences all the rigors of winter. Here the parched camel traverses arid, burning deserts; there the reindeer courses over heaps of snow, under which he finds a scanty supply of moss. The Samoide sleeps in his cabin, where the days are short and cloudy; while the Kirghisian feeds his flock under a clear serene sky. This variety of the products and diversity in the manner of living, gives Russia advantages not enjoyed by any other European country. She possesses, in the greatest abundance, all the most necessary articles, and the greater number of those which are reckoned luxuries; and she either furnishes or may procure all the products of different climates.—The great road from Petersburg to Moscow is justly said by Lord Londonderry to be a most magnificent public work. It is nearly five hundred miles in length,

quite level, about double the width of the Great North Road in England, and is macadamized throughout, and kept along the whole line in the most perfect repair. But, with the exception of this and of a few other principal lines, there is a great want of good roads in Russia. This, however, is productive of less inconvenience than might be expected, from the circumstance of the frost rendering the worst roads fit for sledge travelling most of the year.

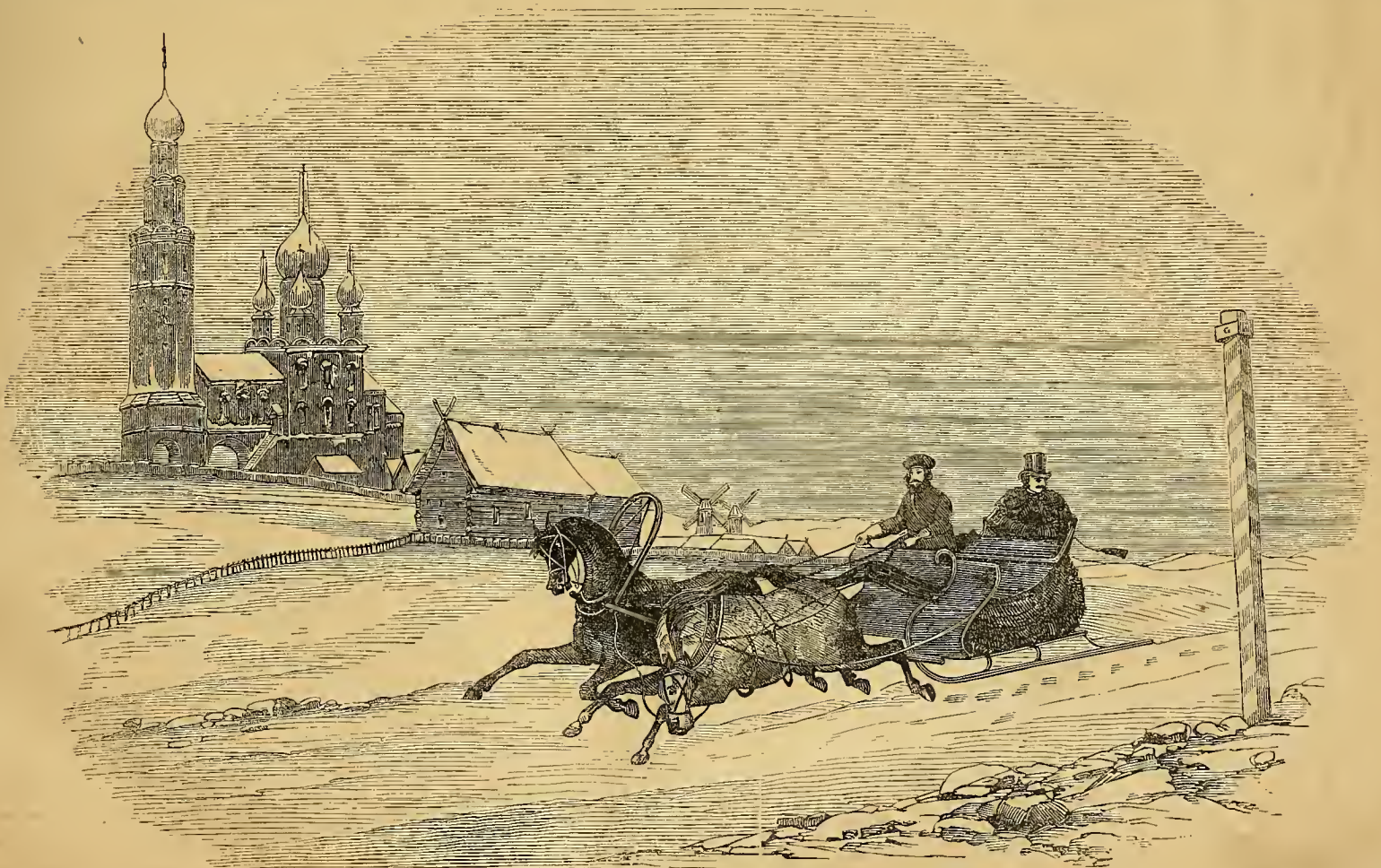


ANCIENT MYTHOLOGY—THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

[See page 14.]

NEW YORK CRYSTAL PALACE.

On page 9 we present a large and superb original drawing of this edifice. Following out the grand idea suggested by the late World's Fair, of London, American enterprise has engaged itself in the erection of a Crystal Palace on this side of the Atlantic, of a character to reflect credit and honor upon our national taste. The American Palace will vary somewhat from the original London one, and will, we think, architecturally, prove its superior. Mr. Wade, of New York, has done himself much credit by the very perfect manner in which he has executed this large and beautiful drawing for us.—The outside of the building will form a Greek cross. Each diameter of the cross will be 365 feet and 5 inches long. There will be three similar entrances—one on Sixth Avenue, one on Fortieth Street, and one on Forty-second Street. Each entrance will be 47 feet wide, and that on Sixth Avenue will be approached by a flight of eight steps. Each arm of the cross is, on the ground plan, 149 feet broad; this is divided into a central nave and two aisles, one on each side—the nave 41 feet wide—each aisle 54 feet wide. On each front is a large semicircular fan-light 41 feet wide and 21 feet high. The nave or central portion is 67 feet high, and is of an arch 41 feet in diameter. There are to be two arched naves crossing one another at right angles. The exterior width of the roadway of the nave is 71 feet. The central dome is 100 feet in diameter—68 feet inside from the floor to the spring of the arch, and 118 feet to the crown; and on the outside, with the lantern, 149 feet. At each angle is an octagonal tower, eight feet in diameter, and 75 feet high. Each aisle is covered by a gallery of its own width, 24 feet from the floor. This palace is to be erected at Reservoir Square, New York, a place granted to the Association at a nominal rent for the term of five years. It is situated about two miles from the City Hall, and persons will be enabled to reach it from the lower part of the city in half an hour. The building will be octagonal, the double cross being the galleries. With the three public entrances, there will also be a private entrance. Our artists in New York will be on the *qui vive*, to sketch every subject worthy of note in the Crystal Palace, so that our pages will present a very artistic illustration of all that is of general interest to our readers.



A WINTER SCENE—SLEIGHING IN RUSSIA.

COUNT D'ORSAY.

Our readers have here a fine "counterfeit presentment" of the great arbiter elegantiarum "in his habit as he lived," "witching the world with noble horsemanship." The London and Parisian world of fashion have not yet ceased to mourn their idol, who died Aug. 4th, 1852. The dictator of fashion, he voluntarily abdicated the throne in time to avoid the burlesque finale of the lives of so many of his illustrious predecessors. No one of them had reigned with so good a title as himself: Beau Nash and Beau Brummell imposed fashions only on their subjects, while the influence of Count d'Orsay extended to the fine arts. Besides, gentleman as he was in name and arms, the aristocracy of Great Britain claimed him as one of their own, and his character of a great lord shielded that of an eccentric dandy. Hence we are not to consider him, as many represent him, a living advertisement of tailors and gentlemen's furnishers. His fortune having always been very moderate, it is easier to prove the generosity of his feelings than the liberality of his humor. He patronized a crowd of philanthropic institutions, like a true moneyless Montyon, and at London his fellow-countrymen, the French, were always sure of his support. He established in their behalf a relief society, which was generously nurtured by British guineas. As an artist, all kinds of talent have been attributed to him, when perhaps he only had an aptitude for art. He spoke four or five languages, and we are indebted to him for several statues, which he executed alone or assisted. At last, during his long association with Lady Blessington, he was thought to have aided in the compositions of that queen of blue stockings. From the following letter which was addressed to him by Lord Byron, and of which the national library possesses the autograph, it will appear that Count d'Orsay had composed, and must have left behind him memoirs upon English society:

"My dear Count d'Orsay," wrote the illustrious poet, "you ought to be satisfied with writing our maternal language as well as Grammont, and succeeding in London as nobody has done since the time of Charles II., without falling into our barbarous tongue, which, however, you write much better than it deserves. My approbation was very sincere, but perhaps not very important; for, though I cherish my country, I do not love my countrymen; and, independently of the seduction of talent which shines in your book, I fear it also presents to me, the attraction of vengeance. I have seen and experienced much of what you describe so well. I have known the persons and the circles (for the most part) of which you speak, and the portraits are so striking that I can no less admire the painter than his productions. But I am sorry for you, so well initiated in life at your age, when I think what may happen when the illusion shall be dissipated. No matter! Forward! live while you can enjoy completely the many advantages of youth, talent and figure, which you possess. Such is the wish of an Englishman (I suppose), for my mother was Scotch, my name and family are Norman. I am of no country, and as for my 'works,' which you are pleased to mention, let them go to the devil, whence they came, if I can believe a number of persons."—No character has been more variously interpreted than the count's.

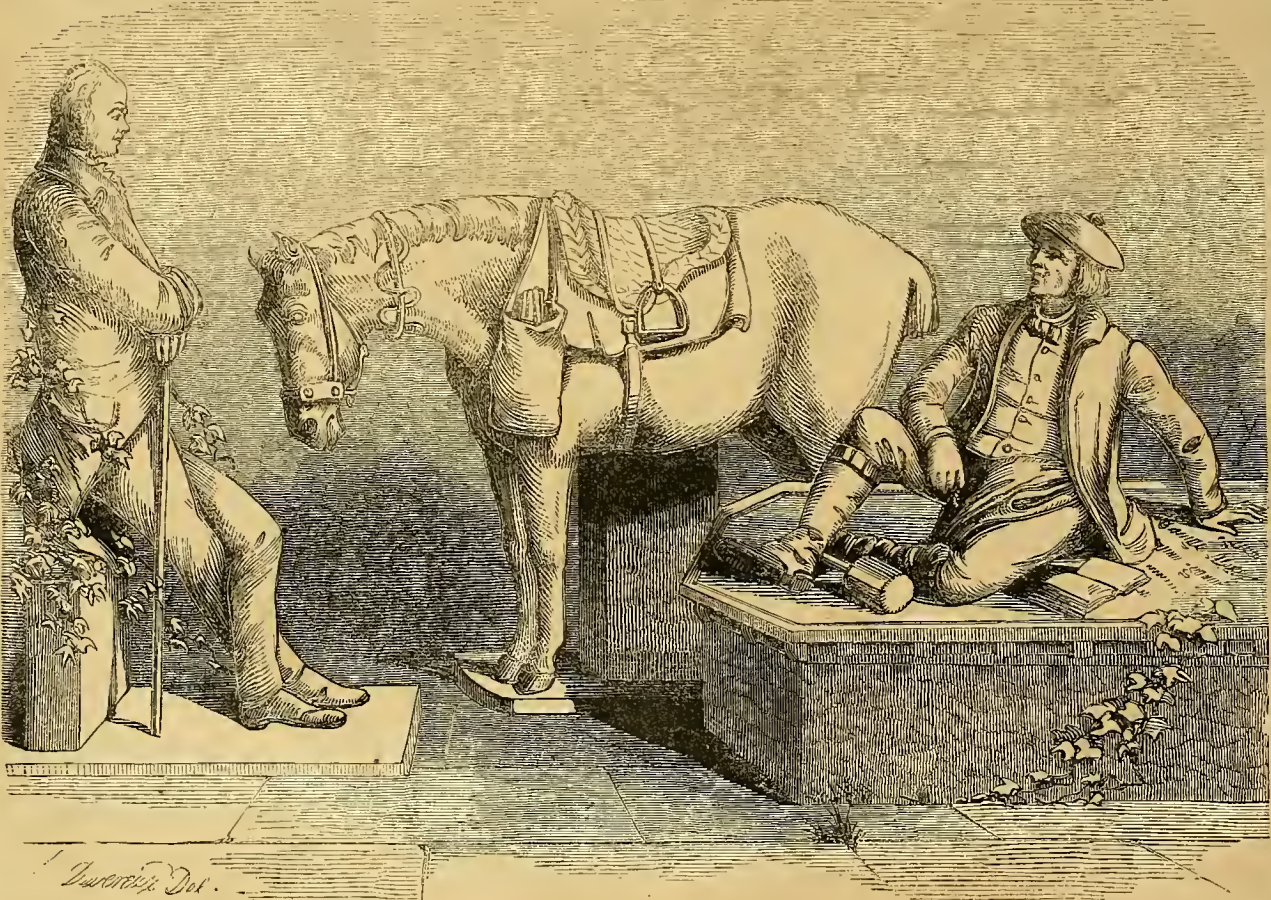


EQUESTRIAN PORTRAIT OF COUNT D'ORSAY.

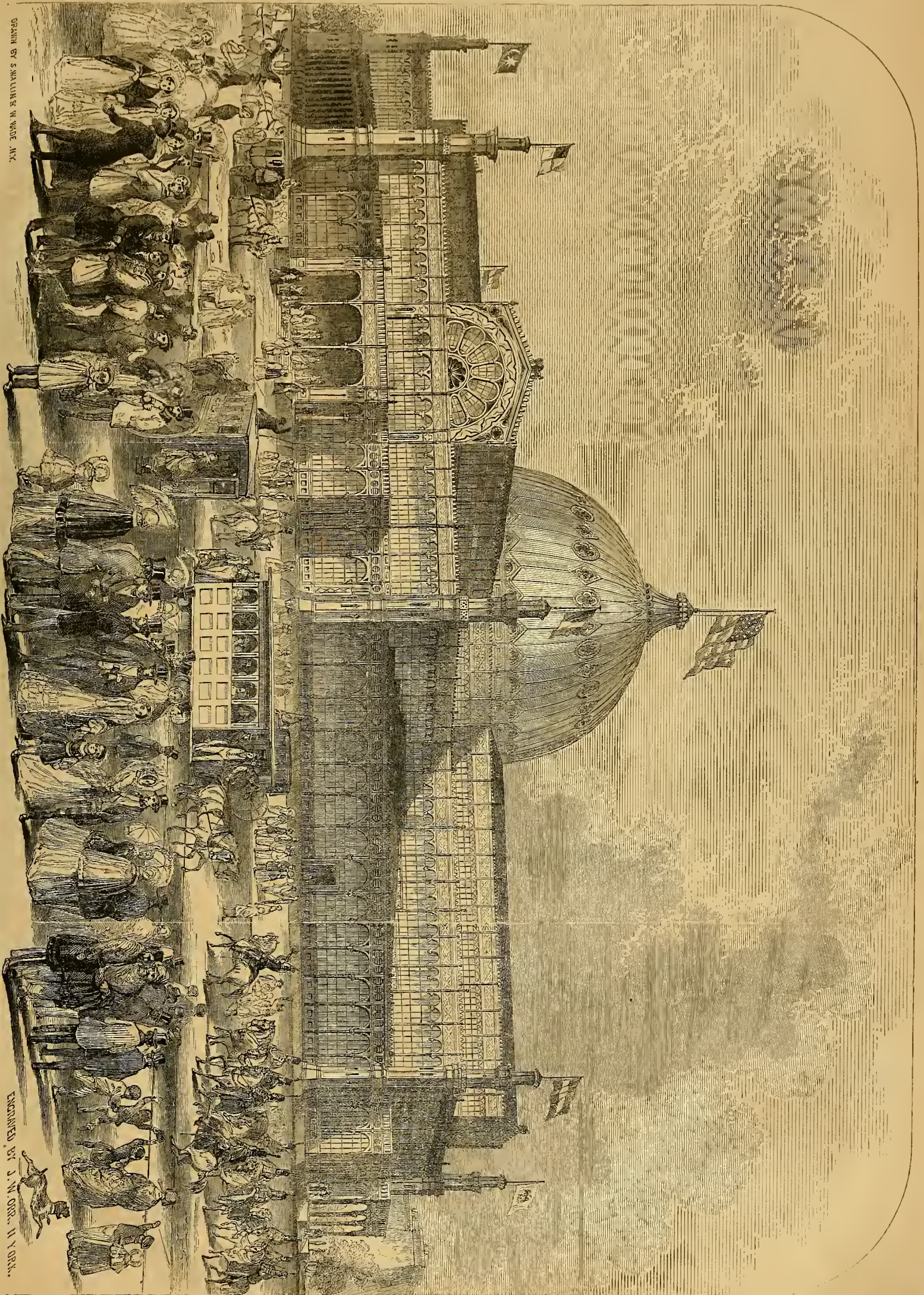
OLD MORTALITY.

The figure of Old Mortality was cut by Mr. Thom, in Scotland, and with its accompanying Pony, and a plaster cast of Sir Walter Scott, was exhibited to admiring crowds in Edinburgh, London, and elsewhere. Mr. Thom brought them to this country, where he has fixed his residence, and placed them in a room in New York; here a limited number of citizens and strangers enjoy a view of the group. In removing them to Newark, the Pony

was broken to fragments, and the sculptor despaired of ever turning his remaining figures to account; but having purchased a quarry in New Jersey, the stone of which was admirably adapted to his chisel, he offered to complete the entire group for Laurel Hill Cemetery, a place which he deemed admirably adapted to their location, and to dispose of his right to the whole. The cemetery company acceded to his wishes. The Pony and Sir Walter are therefore the products of Mr. Thom's chisel, from American stone, and are alike creditable to his genius and skill. How faithfully the sculptor has embodied the description of the author, may best be seen by reference to the introductory chapter of the tale of Old Mortality. The figure of Sir Walter is one of the two full-length statues of the great author extant in stone, and is pronounced by competent judges an excellent likeness; the head is after the bust of Chantry, and the remainder of the figure is taken partly from the best points, and partly from Mr. Thom's own personal recollections. The managers of the cemetery, in placing these figures on the grounds, had in view the possibility of embodying the idea that Laurel Hill is to be permanent; as Old Mortality loved to repair defaced tombstones, so the originators of the plan of the cemetery hope it may be the study of their successors to keep the place in perpetual repair, and to transmit it undefaced to a distant date. The following extract from the National Gazette, by Mr. Walsh, is happily worded: "The Laurel Hill Cemetery has lately been adorned by two very significant statues—one of Sir Walter Scott, represented sitting on a tombstone talking to Old Mortality, who is engaged in his pious and patriotic occupation of bringing into fresh relief the decayed and dubious inscription on a grave of a Covenantanter, happily emblematic of the care bestowed on the enclosures and vaults; his little pony is also represented. These statues are from the chisel of that exquisite genius, the Borns of sculpture, Thom. There sits Sir Walter, in his ordinary dress, with his stout, spiral walking-cane in his hand. The representation is superbly fine; life, soul, genius—all are embodied. The coat, vest and neck-cloth are as natural as if they were from the hands of an Edinburgh tailor, and Souter Johnnie could not have made a more natural pair of heavy boots. This is the only statue extant representing Sir Walter in modern costume. Old Mortality has a face of magically real and rich expression; his position, general appearance, and dress are of correspondent perfection with those of the author himself.—The faithful animal, except that the sculptor has made him sleek, according to the tasteful license of the art, would pass for the original portrait.—All the details of his primitive gear are represented with rare fidelity.—Let such tokens of taste and appreciation of art be multiplied with us, and let every appropriate spot be thus gracefully and elegantly decorated. Such emblems have a refining influence, silent and imperceptible, but most potent and commendable. In Europe, the wealthy, fully realizing these things, indulge themselves, by liberal outlay, in encouraging the development of art, especially in painting and sculpture; and happy are we to bear witness to the fact that such a taste is thriving and increasing in America. The fact of the large circulation of our paper is an evidence of this.



REPRESENTATION OF "OLD MORTALITY"—THOM'S SCULPTURE.



A BEAUTIFUL REPRESENTATION OF THE NEW YORK CRYSTAL PALACE.

DRAWN BY S. SHILLINE W. MADE N.Y.

ENGRAVED BY J. M. ORR. N. Y. ORR.

in the rich rustling material. But how was it, that though Clara said twenty times Mr. Ralston would be "too pleased," she did not challenge his admiration. It was chilly, she said, so the opera cloak and hood were thrown on before she descended to the drawing-room to meet him.

"What! all ready," he said, "without my assistance? No, here are your carriage boots," and he bent down with all the gallantry of olden times to cleanse the satin-slipped foot in the warmer covering. "I dare say you are looking quite perfect, notwithstanding you go to yield up the palm of bridehood to Miss Butler. You will be a sober little wife after this."

Yet she turned hurriedly for his playful exclaiming words, for the first time since their marriage. She had hoped he would not discover the new ornaments until after the reception; but his eye, quick to note her loveliness, caught the flashing of the bandeau when he met her at the dressing-room door.

"That is something I have not seen before, is it not?" he said, as they passed down the long staircase. "One of your numerous bridal gifts, I suppose."

She did not correct him; she said to herself that they were too near the door to enter into any explanations; but when they had given their congratulations, and mingled with the gay throng, she felt that she had been guilty of an implied falsehood, and it sunk like a weight upon her spirits. She knew that her beauty, and taste, and good fortune, were remarked upon, as she moved from room to room; but she was far from happy, and even fancied that there was a constraint in her husband's manner towards her, as they drove home almost the first of the party.

"Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all."

The jewel boxes were placed as far out of sight as possible, and Mrs. Ralston tried to forget her purchase. But this was impossible; her lady friends begged to see the wondrous novelty in their morning calls, and she was obliged to listen to comments and exclamations that would have given her the greatest pleasure, had it indeed been a bridal gift. Clara, too, would beg that the bandeau might be worn; pleased with her own skill at displaying it, and more than that, an empty *porte-monnaie* obliged her to remember the extravagant outlay most disagreeably. She had never tried living without money before; she had no idea there were so many imperceptible drains upon one's purse. A trifling milliner's bill, for a head dress she had already wearied of, and given to Clara; gloves that were absolutely necessary, slippers that were worn so fast in the scottische and polkas, of which she was so fond; one month for quarter day; she was absolutely penniless—the worst and most self-degrading of all poverty, for her own recklessness had brought it upon her, and she dared not confess her fault. It was such a constant humiliation; indebted to Clara for the very hair pins she used; obliged to send away an unpaid bill for the fitting of her laces; another for a set of breakfast caps, when she knew the poor woman needed the money. O, it was very hard to bear, without daring to confess even to her own mother the strait in which she was placed.

Mr. Ralston could but see that she was unhappy, but forbore to ask the cause. More than once he surprised her in tears, and sometimes it seemed to throw such a cloud over his enjoyment, that Hesse was almost ready to confess all, and ask his forgiveness.

"You are not well; do not let us go out," he said, one evening, as she came down ready for a party.

"O, no—you are mistaken; I am quite well—never better in my life!" she answered, hurriedly; for now she dreaded more than anything else an evening alone with him, lest he should inquire into the restlessness he must have noticed.

"Are you sure, Hesse? Then I will ask you to pay a call with me on our way; I had intended to before."

"A call? Why, it's quite ten o'clock. Who or where? and I am dressed for dancing, you know."

"It does not matter. We shall be sure to find the lady waiting—some one I am greatly interested in; is not that sufficient? She will excuse your evening dress, I am sure."

Mrs. Ralston leaned back in the carriage, and did not speak again until it turned into an unfrequented part of the town. It was a bright moonlight evening, and she could see the small shops and mean dwellings clustered together; the street was so narrow that the carriage could scarcely pass.

"Where is James going, Mortimer? surely he has missed the way. None of your friends can live here. Do stop him; we shall be too late; the carriage could not turn here."

"He is quite right, Hesse; we are almost there. This side, James—near that grocery store. I hope you have on boots; draw your cloak around you, for the air will be very chill."

He still spoke so gravely and so sincerely, that she did not dare to question him, but followed silently, as he handed her across the broken pavement, and up a narrow, winding staircase, without a gleam of light, save a faint glimmer from beneath some door, as they passed the different landings. She clung closer to her husband as he still went onward, for the atmosphere was close and sickly, and loud and crying voices, shouts, and even blasphemy, were distinctly heard.

"Gather up your dress, Hesse; the stairs will not improve it—a little further—one more flight—do not tremble so, my child; you will not see any of those people." And so at last they stood within a room, so low, so mean, so miserable, that Hesse had never imagined human life could exist in such surroundings. The bare, unpainted rafters of the attic were faintly illumined by the moonlight streaming through a dormer window, and the hazy glow of a tallow candle, by which a woman was seated at her work. The single chair which she occupied, the small pine table on which her materials were spread, was the principal furniture of the room. Fire, there was none; but the dull, white ashes in the rusty grate showed that it had been suffered to die out after the

last meal. But the woman herself, so gaunt, so worn, so trembling with cold and fatigue, as she stopped to warm her benumbed fingers by rolling them in the folds of her faded apron, and looked up as she heard their steps, with a dull, hopeless gaze! It was a strange contrast to the young wife, in all her elegance and beauty, her round, white arms protected by the ermine lined cloak, which had slipped from her shoulders, revealing the cloudlike folds of gauze that composed her dress, and the jewels that sparkled on her throat and wrist.

"Do not let us disturb you, Mrs. Allen," Mr. Ralston said, as he saw the look of amazement and disquiet with which she rose to receive them. "Mrs. Ralston has only called to pay you that little bill, sent in three weeks ago. She thought you would excuse a late visit, knowing how much you needed the money." And then he laid the amount before her from his own purse, without even a look at Hesse, who could not have spoken for her life.

"O, sir, I hope I have not been troublesome!" the poor creature said; "but, indeed, I did not think you were the lady's husband, or I would not have said one word. But I could not get any money from any one, and my rent was due, and they told me you were always good and kind to the poor. Being the same name, was what made me mention it, I suppose; but, indeed, I did not think you were her husband! Please excuse me, ma'am," and she turned to Hesse with a look so humble, so beseeching, that she could not bear it, but hurried out of the room, regardless of the darkness, or the narrow, winding stairs.

"Hesse—James!" Mr. Ralston said to the coachman; for he heard the bitter, convulsive sobbing from the corner of the carriage in which his wife had thrown herself, and knew that home was the best shelter for her newly awakened self-reproach. And then he raised her in his arms, and asked her forgiveness for the harsh lesson, so tenderly, while he explained what seemed an *espionage* upon her conduct, but was in reality only the revelation of accident. He overheard the purchase of the ornaments the very first evening she had worn them, coupled with remarks upon her extravagance, from the ladies who had admired them at Bailey's, and he knew only too well the difficulties in which she would involve herself. He had watched the progress of her unhappiness, hoping that she would apply to him; but accident again threw Mrs. Allen, the cap-maker, in his way, and he had planned, in kindness to herself, the visit to the room, thinking her desolate poverty would be the best reproof.

"Do not think me cruel, my dear child. It was I who placed the temptation in your path; you know so little of the world that I cannot blame you. But extravagance I dreaded more than anything for you. It is the first of a series of faults—vices, indeed—to which every woman in fashionable life is exposed. I have seen so much mischief result from it—you cannot dream how far some of them have been carried by just such a commencement. I meant it all in kindness; do not think I suffered one selfish motive to intrude! You know my wealth is yours; but I wished to show you, darling, how many better uses it may be put to than mere personal adornment."

"O, forgive me—forgive me!" was the only response of the now thoroughly humbled girl. "Indeed, they gave me no pleasure. I have been miserable all the while—"

"I knew it, Hesse; and sometimes I longed to end it all, by telling you what I thought. But you have been taught the value of money by a hard lesson, and now you shall be my little almoner, and help me to be a bountiful steward. Will you not?" and he kissed her tenderly, as a seal of forgiveness and reconciliation.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

RETROSPECTION.

BY MRS. M. W. CURTIS.

How rapidly time is passing!
The winter will soon be here;
And thought is backward glancing
O'er the scenes of the closing year.

While memory busily bringeth
From amid the bygone hours,
Full many a fond hope faded,
Like the last of autumn flowers:

And many a cherished treasure
Hath been swept from earth away;
And the finger of death has warned us
That all earthly will decay.

Joy and we alternate glance
O'er the chequered path of life;
And hopes we deem the fairest,
With blight are oftener rife.

Yet teaching a useful lesson—
To prepare for a home above,
Where sin and sorrow ne'er shall come,
But all is peace and love.

THE HANDS.

One of the most common signs of want of breeding, is a sort of uncomfortable consciousness of the hands, an obvious ignorance of what to do with them, and a painful awkwardness in their adjustment. The hands of a gentleman seem perfectly at home without being occupied; they are habituated to the *dolce for niente*, or if they spontaneously move, it is attractively. Some of Queen Elizabeth's courtiers made playing with their sword-hilt an accomplishment, and the most efficient weapon of the Spanish coquette is her fan. Strength in the fingers is a sure token of mental aptitude. When Mutius burnt his hand off before the eyes of his captor, he gave the most indubitable proof we can imagine of fortitude; and it was natural that amid the ferocious bravery of feudal times, a bloody hand in the centre of an escutcheon should become the badge of a baronet of England.—*Tuelcrann.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

IDENTITY.

BY NEALE BERNARD.

'Tis strange, the truth, in earth's unnumbered being,
Of mind, and form, and heart,
Man never saw, nor shall be blessed in seeing
Precise his counterpart.

Unlike and varied are earth's countless faces,
Unlike each hidden mind;
But in each act and feature few resembling traces
Are closely intertwined.

In forms and features, howsoever repulsive,
Some pleasant traits are seen;
 Ofttimes in thoughtless deeds and actions all impulsive,
Some good the ill redeem!

Ofttimes, at first, the means some good to render,
Perverted seem to be;
Yet, after all, but prove a stern defender,
To task our charity!

Each book of nature, as you scan its pages,
Most glorious scenes reveal;
Yet who can call the earth in bygone ages
More beautifully real?

For faithful nature holds her self-same being,
Beginning unto end;
While with supremest wisdom the All-Seeing,
His gorgeous beauties blend.

Alas! that truth to treacherous dissemblance
Should sometimes bow the knee;
And double shame, that right and wrong's resemblance
Oft beareth such identity!

THOMAS HOOD'S GRAVE.

Thomas Hood—the gay, the gentle, the bright-eyed, and large-hearted Thomas Hood—is at last to have raised over his mouldering dust some token of the popular gratitude. Nero, monster as he was, had flowers scattered over his grave by some unknown hand as the sign of affectionate remembrance. Why, therefore, should not Hood, the poet of humanity—why should not Hood have his monument? Happily, that question has lately been asked by one whose voice has not pleaded in vain. The goodly work has been projected by a woman, and a kindred spirit; and perhaps, among the list of living poets, none could have more zealously and gracefully effected it than Eliza Cook. A short time since a few simple and graphic verses from the pen of this lady, written from the heart, told us that not even the commonest memento—a slab or a head-stone—marked the spot where Hood is reposing at length in deep and everlasting tranquillity; scarcely a fortnight has passed by since a committee was organized to redeem the admirers of genius from that lamentable charge of negligence—and already nearly £200 have been collected to defray the expense of erecting some tardy tribute of recollection. We may now look forward with confidence to the successful completion of the enterprise upon which a few earnest admirers of Thomas Hood have recently adventured—that of raising over his honored dust some appropriate evidence that he is borne in the national recollection. Already nearly half of the sum proposed to be collected to this end has been subscribed with the most gratifying promptitude; inasmuch, that we rest assured the remaining amount must be very speedily forthcoming.—*London Sun.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE FIRST GRAY HAIR.

BY CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.

She stood before the mirror, and a smile lit up her eye,
As the images of former days went gaily flitting by;
She raised the tissue covering that hid them from her sight,
And let memory revel once again in scenes so pure and bright.

She trod again the festive halls amid the brilliant throng,
And her youthful heart responded to the music and the song;
And she gazed with pride and pleasure on the dark and glossy curls
That were straying from the bandage of oriental pearls.

Again she sees that radiant face before the altar bow,
But she scarcely heeds the orange-wreath that rests upon her brow;
For spirit-bound, she hears again the sweet low words then spoken,
And her heart beats high with rapture, for the tie is still unbroken.

Then one by one a little group of fairy faces come,
The brightest ornaments that grace that proud ancestral home;
The mother's softened beauty, and the father's manly grace
Are bleeded with the lineaments of every form and face.

And now, though time has added much with every passing year,
And taken nothing in his flight her happiness held dear;
Yet blame her not, if when she sees her first gray hair, she starts,
And before one glistening tear-drop her glowing dream departs.

A few more years, and she will gaze upon a sadder scene,
When memory from departed joys removes a heavier screen;
And when the golden hopes of life are fading from her sight,
She'll little heed the silvery threads that mark time's onward flight.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

Thousands of men breathe, move and live; pass off the stage of life and are heard of no more. Why? They did not part a particle of good in the world; and none were blest by them, none could point to them as the instrument of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished—their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name, by kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year. And you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as bright on the earth as the stars of heaven.—*Chalmers.*

'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,
And we are weeds without it.—*Cooper.*



AN INGENIOUS AND INTRICATE PUZZLE.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

HYMN OF THE HOPEFUL.

BY PHEBE CASEY.

Bringing pleasant hopes and visions,
Comes to us another year;
And our hearts, with happy promise,
Are too full for any fear.

We will strive with each day's closing,
With each morning's glad return,
Better still to learn our duty,
And to practise what we learn.

We will view mankind as brothers,
Fellow-pilgrims on the road
To the great eternal city,
And their common father, God.

And when walking on together,
We will lend the weak a hand—
Let them lean upon our bosoms,
Till their feet have learned to stand.

We will shrink not from the sinful,
Fearing that their touch may taint;
We will bear each other's burdens
If at noontide any faint.

And we will, by each example
Of the past which we recall,
And by all we would accomplish,
Live hereafter each for all.

So we may, when He shall call us
To the Father, good and just,
Answer: "As our brother's keeper,
We are faithful to our trust."

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

STORIES OF GODS AND GODDESSES.

No. I.

THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

BY T. BULFINCH.

WE seem to hear our readers say—"Why attempt to revive those old-world stories? They are but lies, every one of them, and the persons they profess to tell about never lived. Heathenism has had its day, and we Christians are too wise to take any interest in Jupiter and Juno, and their tribe of licentious, passionate, and frivolous sons and daughters." To this expostulation we reply, "The gods and goddesses of antiquity yet live in polite literature; allusions to them are constantly made, and every one is expected to know something about them. If a sculptor or a painter chooses a subject, it is likely to be Orpheus or Ariadne;* if a planet is discovered, it is named after Neptune or some other of the tribe; if a ship sails for California, she is said to go in quest of the golden fleece; and prudent elders caution the adventurous youths to beware of the fate of Midas, and not, in their thirst for gold, to sacrifice more than all that gold can buy."

For this reason we mean to attempt to give our readers a few of the stories of ancient mythology, that is, "fable-learning," not denying that they are fables, yet asserting that they are, some of them, very beautiful, and better worth knowing than many of the so-called facts of history. They are the polite literature of the Augustan age, which two thousand years ago amused the fashionable circles of the capital of the world, and which has ever since been the delight of scholars, and become so interwoven with modern language that many of our most common expressions when traced to their source, are found to originate in them. We talk of Halcyon days; a musical young lady is called a Syren; a young poet courts the Muse; and a young soldier is a son of Mars.

We mean to execute our task in such a way as to avoid the objections which have with good reason been made against this branch of literature; and believe there is enough to be found in the wide range of the classical poets, not merely innocent but really edifying, and yielding a good moral; while at the same time it acquaints us with the names and attributes of the fabled deities and heroes of antiquity, and teaches us those legends which every one is expected to know, but which no one is ever taught, unless incidentally, in the course of his studies in the languages of Greece and Rome.

We take for granted that all our readers know that Jupiter and Juno were the king and queen of the gods; that they dwelt on the top of Mount Olympus; that Neptune ruled the ocean and Pluto the world beneath,—the regions of the dead; that Minerva was the goddess of wisdom, and Venus of beauty; that Apollo, the sun, and Diana, the moon, were brother and sister; that Mercury was the messenger of Jupiter; and Iris, the rainbow, the attendant of Juno. Such being the principal characters of the drama, we will leave the subordinate ones to make their acquaintance with our readers as they may be introduced on the scene. Our first story shall be that of

THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

In very ancient times there lived in Thessaly, a king and queen, named Athamas and Nephele. They had two children, a boy and a girl. After a time Athamas grew indifferent to his wife, and put her away, and took another. Nephele suspected danger to her children from the influence of the step-mother, and took measures to send them out of her reach. Mercury assisted her, and gave her a ram, with a golden fleece, on which she set the two children, trusting that the ram would convey them to a place of safety. The ram vaulted into the air with the children on his back, taking his course to the East, till when crossing the strait

that divides Europe and Asia, the girl, whose name was Helle, fell from his back into the sea, which from her was called the Hellespont—now called the Dardanelles. The ram continued his career till he reached the kingdom of Colchis, on the eastern shore of the Black Sea, where he safely landed the boy Phryxus, who was hospitably received by Eetes, the king of the country. Phryxus sacrificed the ram to Jupiter, and gave the golden fleece to Eetes, who placed it in a consecrated grove, under the care of a sleepless dragon.

Meanwhile in Thessaly, in a neighboring kingdom to that of Athamas, and ruled over by a relative of his, the king Eson, being tired of the cares of government, surrendered his crown to his brother Pelias, on condition that he should hold it only during the minority of Jason, the son of Eson. When Jason was grown up and came to demand the crown from his uncle, Pelias pretended to be willing to yield it, but at the same time suggested to the young man the glorious adventure of going in quest of the golden fleece, which it was well known was in the kingdom of Colchis, and was, as Pelias pretended, the rightful property of their family. Jason was pleased with the thought, and forthwith made preparations for the expedition. At that time, the only species of navigation known to the Greeks was small boats or canoes hollowed out from trunks of trees. So that when Jason employed Argus to build him a vessel capable of containing fifty men, it was considered a gigantic undertaking. It was accomplished, however, and the vessel named Argo, from the name of the builder. Jason sent his invitation to all the adventurous young men of Greece, and soon found himself at the head of a band of bold youths, many of whom afterwards were renowned among the heroes and demigods of Greece. Hercules, Theseus, Orpheus and Nestor were among them.

The vessel, propelled by masts and sails were not yet invented, left the shores of Thessaly and first made land at the island of Lemnos, thence crossed to Mysia and thence to Thrace. Here they found the sage Phineus, and from him received instruction as to their future course. It seems the entrance of the Euxine Sea was impeded by two small rocky islands, which floated on the surface, and in their tossings and heavings occasionally came together, crushing and grinding to atoms any object that might be caught between them. They were called the Symplegades, or Clashing Islands. Phineus instructed the Argonauts how to pass this dangerous strait. When they reached the islands, they let go a dove, which took her way between the rocks, and passed in safety, only losing some feathers of her tail. Jason and his men seized a favorable moment, plied their oars with vigor, and passed safe through, though the islands closed behind them, and actually grazed their stern. They now rowed along the shore till they arrived at the eastern end of the sea, and landed at the kingdom of Colchis.

Jason made known his message to the Colchian king, Eetes, who consented to give up the golden fleece if Jason would yoke to the plough two fire-breathing bulls with brazen feet, and sow the teeth of the dragon, which Cadmus had slain, and from which it was well known that a crop of armed men would spring up, who would turn their weapons against their producer. Jason accepted the conditions, and a time was set for making the experiment. Previously, however, he found means to plead his cause to Medea, daughter of the king, and by her aid, for she was a potent sorceress, he was furnished with a charm, by which he could encounter safely the breath of the fire-breathing bulls and the weapons of the armed men.

At the time appointed, the people assembled at the grove of Mars, and the king assumed his royal seat, while the multitude covered the hill sides. The brazen-footed bulls rushed in, breathing fire from their nostrils, that burned up the herbage as they passed. The sound was like the roar of a furnace, and the smoke like that of water upon quick-lime. Jason advanced boldly to meet them. His friends, the chosen heroes of Greece, trembled to behold him. Regardless of the burning breath, he soothed their rage with his voice, patted their necks with fearless hand, and adroitly slipped over them the yoke, and compelled them to drag the plough. The Colchians were amazed; the Greeks shouted for joy. Jason next proceeded to sow the dragon's teeth and plough them in. And soon the crop of armed men sprang up, and wonderful to relate, no sooner had they reached the surface than they began to brandish their weapons and rush upon Jason. The Greeks trembled for their hero, and even she who had provided him a way of safety and taught him how to use it, Medea herself, grew pale with fear. Jason for a time kept his assailants at bay with his sword and shield, till finding their numbers overwhelming, he resorted to the charm which Medea had taught him. Seizing a stone he threw it in the midst of his foes. They immediately turned their arms against one another, and soon there was not one of the dragon's brood left alive. The Greeks embraced their hero, and Medea, the poet tells us, if she dared, would have embraced him, too.

It remained to lull to sleep the dragon, and this was done by scattering over him a few drops of a preparation, which Medea had supplied, and which operated like chloroform or sulphuric ether. He snorted once or twice, then shut those great round eyes, that had never been known to shut before, and turned over on his side, fast asleep. Jason seized the fleece, and with his friends and Medea accompanying, hastened to their vessel, before Eetes the king, could arrest their departure, and made the best of their way back to Thessaly, where they arrived safe, and Jason delivered the fleece to Pelias, and dedicated the Argo to Neptune. What became of the fleece afterwards, we do not know, but perhaps it was found after all, like many other golden prizes, not worth the trouble it had cost to procure it.

This is one of those mythological tales, says a late writer, in

which there is reason to believe that a substratum of truth exists, though overlaid by a mass of fiction. It probably was the first important maritime expedition, and like the first attempts of the kind of all nations, as we know from history, was probably of a half-piratical character. If rich spoils were the result, it was enough to give rise to the idea of the golden fleece.

Another suggestion of a learned mythologist, Bryant, is that it is a corrupt tradition of the story of Noah and the ark. The name Argo seems to countenance this, and the incident of the dove is another confirmation.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A FLAWED STATUE.

BY T. BUCHANAN RABD.

There rides the stately maid, her hair
Blown backward from her forehead fair;
Her eyes in beauty's rare excess
Shine darkling, as the wandering tress
That on her cheek delights to dance,
And love-light lingers where they glance.
When you beheld her pride, you saw
It was her spirit's only law—
A fault? Nay, rather say it shone
A blemish, heightening what was best—
So stands some matchless form of stone,
Some goddess in her marble vest
Of spotless splendor, save alone
One birth-mark on her Parian breast.
So discord steals among the tune,
And lends to it a lovelier grace;
And that faint shadow in the moon
Makes half the beauty of her face!

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

Bulwer Lytton's great effort is to unite in himself the gentleman of fashion and high breeding, with the author of first-rate literary reputation; and, like most other extravagant attempts, it would appear ridiculous were his literary triumphs less complete. Upon the wit, poet, writer of plays and novels, and orator, he would inculcate the owner of Knebworth Park, dispensing country hospitalities, and the man of fashion in London, receiving only wits at his table. He has striven through life to effect this combination, and in a great measure he has succeeded. The sumptuous fellow-commoner of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, contrived to make driving his own horse, and similar eccentricities, compatible with winning the University prize for the best English poem. The gentry of Herefordshire were not long ago invited to one Maccenas's country seat, and the entertainment included a theatrical representation of his own play, just as it was also acted by his amateur literary friends before the Queen at Devonshire House.

Feeling a sincere sympathy for the trials of artistic life, he would express it like a feudal chieftain, and so he appropriates from his domain a site for an hospital for decayed men of letters and art. When he has a few friends to dine with him in London, the party might consist of Talfourd, Macready, Dickens, D'Orsay (but that he is dead), and perhaps a young American author, who had been introduced, and is there on trial. As he is essentially refined and fastidious, you will probably find that he has furnished the rooms of his house in accordance with the taste of the Tudors, the Louis Quatorze, and other historical eras; and, being fully indulgent to his imagination in the effort of composition, he has been said to write in appropriate costume, and even through the fumes of an opiate. In the country houses of his acquaintance you may possibly be shown some sacred apartment, in which the confession of "Anbrey," in "Devereux," was written at midnight in a cowl, with a skull on the table; or the black-bugled bed curtains, within which the author of "Richelieu" rested his inspired brow. In estimating both the intellectual character and writings of Bulwer Lytton, it is impossible to avoid a comparison betwixt him and Byron.

Even the circumstances of their private lives are strikingly similar. Their aristocratic lineage; their great dependence in early years upon a mother; their unfortunate matrimonial connection; their attachment to a daughter in both cases, though from different causes frustrated; their personal vanity, warm temper and egotism; even their nonentity in Parliament; also sundry high and generous qualities and feelings, which have undoubtedly distinguished them both. And these peculiarities of life and disposition have dictated the prose of the one and the poetry of the other. Each has shown a morbid desire to put on a dress, and be the hero of a poem or tale. "Childe Harold," "The Corsair," etc., were vehicles for the personal confessions of their author: "Pelham," "The Student," etc., are self-likenesses of their artist. This habit is incompatible with attaining the last highest step which genius is entitled to reach. It is attributable, no doubt, in these two cases, to that self-exaggeration which the hereditary privileges of wealth and station are apt to engender, and which only experience and self-examination can allay. Byron was cut off before he became wise; but, as Johnson had said of Goldsmith, with reference to a different subject, we predict that Bulwer Lytton is "coming right." The later productions of his pen have been more free from the pedantry inseparable from drawing inspiration too much from within.—*The Age*.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

RECIPROCITY.

BY J. HUNT, JR.

"Bear one another's burdens," the Scriptures say,
"And ever do as ye would be done unto;
Return good for evil," and in this way,
Pass life with all its pains and troubles through;
Temptations rise to lead our minds astray,
And sorrows sleep distinctly plain to view—
This is the prelude to that shameless elume
Which lies beyond the Alpine steeps of time.

ALARM SIGNAL.—This is a recent invention, says the Buffalo Republic, by J. F. Wilkinson, of Syracuse, for railways. In case of accident, these signals, which can be placed on the track, explode as the wheels pass over them, making a noise equal to the explosion of a four pounder. An alarm is thus given to the train approaching the one detained by accident or otherwise. In the night time, they are of essential service, as in a few minutes they may be placed on the track a sufficient distance in advance to prevent any collision.

* These subjects were chosen by our countrymen, Crawford and Vanderlye.

JANUARY.

Sire of the Year! First actor on the stage,
Whereon Time plays his year-long pantomime,
Thy beard is worthy of most brilliant rhyme,
Thy "frosty pow" is glorious in its age;
For thou, bluff January, hast been sage
In thy libations, when the old town's chime
Announced thee to the world—staunch war to

wage—
Peace against Feud and Charity 'gainst Crime!

Welcome, brave month, with icicles on beard,
No icicles, I trow, cling to thy heart;
Therefrom the voice of Christian love is heard;
Therefrom the tears of Christian love will start.

Welcome, hoar father of the nascent year,
And joyous be thy brief sojourning here!

Yet to thy blazon one sad stain will cling,
The latest day beheld a harrowing scene,
When this fair land, with Brutus-like demeanor,
Looked on the sea-fold dressed for her lost king:
O! Mercy, hide the memory with thy wing;
Teach us to be like thee—the blessed serene;
The "doubly blessed;" and may the Future bring

Blessings to crown the country and the queen!
Forward! bluff January! The ball's begun,
With the fantastic and the milderose;
Saint Stephen's chapel soon will see rare fun,
Alas! Commingled with far greater woe;
Joy to thee! Merry month! Time's hoary pinion
Will wait thee speedily from his dominion.

MILITARY INSTITUTE.

We present to our readers below a very capital engraving of the excellent Military Institute situated at Drennon Springs, Kentucky. The following description of the place and the objects of the Institute is from the pen of the popular commandant, Colonel Richard Owen:—"Most colleges devote their whole attention to the cultivation of the intellect, and both health and morals suffer sometimes grievously, unless the habits of the student have previously been formed on a sound basis. Experience has fully established the fact, that to enable young men to attain the greatest amount of utility and happiness, of which they are susceptible, their physical, moral, and intellectual faculties should be equally cultivated. For this purpose the manual labor system has been attempted, in some places, but usually without a successful result. The military system has been proved effective, both in developing the physical energies, in inducing habits of order and obedience, and in placing the student always under the supervision of those who represent his natural guardians. At the same time, it does not preclude, but is much aided by, a due admixture of the parental with the military control. In other words, although the rules and regulations are very strict, every pains should be taken to convince the cadet of the necessity and propriety of these rules, and to prove that they are administered impartially, kindly, and for his benefit, as they would be by a judicious parent towards his son. The students are encouraged



ALLEGORICAL REPRESENTATION OF JANUARY.

to view their professors as their friends, and to consult them freely on all occasions. In addition to the above advantages, we secure for the cadet, during the three or four years of his college life, a thorough acquaintance with tactics and military discipline, sufficient to make him, at any time, a good citizen-soldier, when his country requires his services. The system here laid down, we find

erous sentiments throughout our vast and ever-to-be-cherished republic, is the ardent wish and steady aim of the Faculty and Professors of the Western Military Institute."—The Institution strikes us as being one calculated to exert an excellent influence upon those intrusted to the management of its officers, and the rules and regulations of the same.

our location, in many respects, admirably adapted to facilitate, in its practical carrying out. We are several miles distant from any village, and nine miles from the nearest town; yet through the aid of steamboats, plying one and a half miles from us on the Kentucky river, we can, at most seasons, have tri-weekly communication with Louisville or Frankfort, and bi-weekly with Cincinnati, besides facilities for annual inlay of coal, etc. At other times, the railroad between Louisville and Lexington, enables us to obtain supplies by about twelve miles of wagoning. It is also not improbable that the contemplated railroad between Louisville and Cincinnati may pass near here. The situation, as will be perceived, from the accompanying engraving, is picturesque, and the buildings are ample and commodious. The locality has also proved itself healthful, as we have had very little serious illness, and only one death, since our removal here in February, 1851, although we numbered then about 135, and now 165 cadets. Our discipline and police is modelled on the same plan as that of the U. S. Military Academy. We are thus enabled to offer to the student, at a moderate expenditure of time and money, a full course of education, physical, moral, and intellectual, calculated to prepare young men for any honorable career they may afterwards select. And we feel encouraged in our arduous undertaking, by perceiving that it meets with the approval of those officially appointed by the State to watch over us; as well as by the gradual increase in our numbers, since the first establishment of the Western Military Institute, by Colonel T. F. Johnson, in Georgetown, Kentucky, up to the present day, when, in addition to our numerical strength, we are justified in feeling gratified by having among our cadets the descendants of some of our illustrious men, who took prominent part in the great revolution, which led to our national independence. That our Institution may send forth to the various States of the Union (from sixteen of which we already receive cadets) young men similar to these great prototypes, who will aid in establishing, on a permanent basis, the rights then secured, and in disseminating truth, knowledge, and liberal and generous sentiments throughout our vast and ever-to-be-cherished republic, is the ardent wish and steady aim of the Faculty and Professors of the Western Military Institute."—The Institution strikes us as being one calculated to exert an excellent influence upon those intrusted to the management of its officers, and the rules and regulations of the same.



WESTERN MILITARY INSTITUTE, DRENNON SPRINGS, KENTUCKY.

BROM BONES

PHANTOM



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1853.

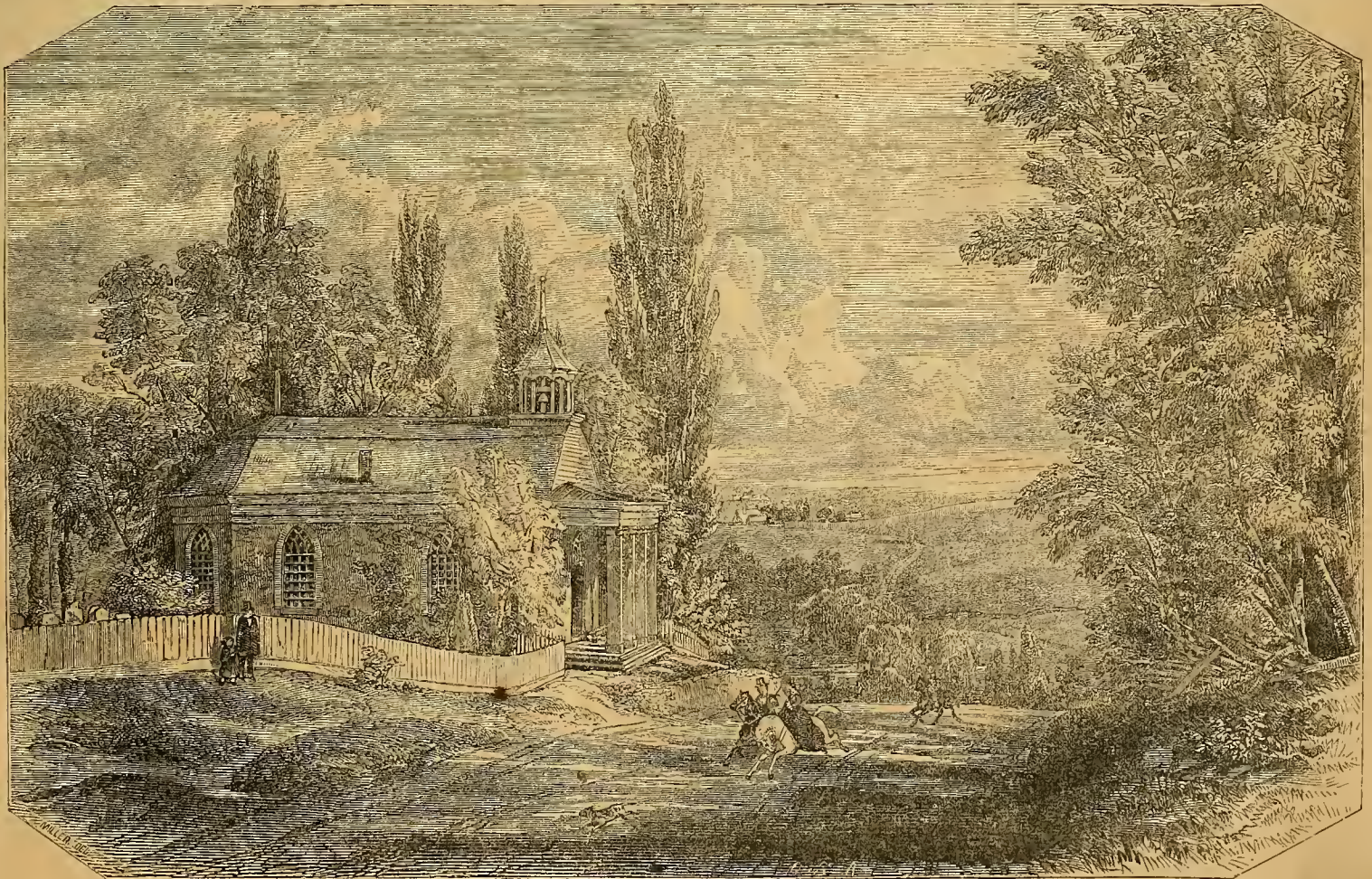
53 PER ANNUM } VOL. IV. No. 2.—WHOLE No. 80.
6 CTS. SINGLE }

THE OLD DUTCH CHURCH OF "SLEEPY HOLLOW."

Who has not read Irving's Legend of Sleepy Hollow? If there be such a one, we congratulate him upon having in store one of the richest treats which the literature of modern times has offered to the general reader. Rendered classic ground by the thrilling pen of one of America's proudest names, Sleepy Hollow will ever present, alike to the artist and the poet, the greatest possible attractions, embracing as it does some of the most charming and beautiful scenery on this continent. In the Legend, it is related that Ichabod Crane, the Yankee schoolmaster, returning from a prolonged interview with the lovely Katrina Van Tassel, on his steed Gunpowder, was waylaid by the "Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow," and chased from the Andre tree to the bridge. "He saw the walls of the church dimly gleaming under the trees beyond. He recollected where Brom Bones's ghostly competitor disappeared. 'If I can but reach that bridge,' thought Ichabod, 'I am safe.' Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing just behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he

reached the opposite side, and now Ichabod cast a look behind, to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a blaze of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late; it encountered his cranium with a terrible crash; he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed and the goblin rider passed like a whirlwind." The villagers found, next day, on the road a shattered pumpkin; but no tidings were ever received of Ichabod Crane. Brom Bones, his rival, was shrewdly suspected of knowing more of the adventure than he thought proper to divulge. However that might be, he soon after led the blooming Katrina to the hymeneal altar. The good people of the neighborhood stoutly maintained that Ichabod was spirited away by the headless horseman, who was represented as the ghost of a Hessian soldier whose body was buried in the neighboring churchyard. The old Dutch Church, which stands in the immediate vicinity of the scene of Ichabod's unfortunate ride, and of which we present below a most beautiful drawing by Miller, is an object of interest as being the oldest church in existence in the

State of New York. It was erected, as we are told by an inscription on its time-honored front, by Vredryck Flypsen (Frederick Phillips) and Catherine his wife, in 1699. The old vane, with the initials of its founder cut out of it, yet turns upon its steeple, and in the tower hangs the old bell, bearing this inscription: *SI. DEVS. PRO. NOBIS. QVIS. CONTRA. NOS. 1685.* The ancient communion-table, imported from Holland, still graces the interior. "The sequestered situation of the church," says Irving, in his Legend, "seems always to have made it the favorite haunt of troubled spirits. It stands on a knoll, surrounded by locust trees and lofty elms, from among which its decent whitewashed walls shine modestly forth, like Christian purity beaming through the shades of retirement. A gentle slope descends to it from a silver sheet of water, bordered by high trees, between which peeps may be caught of the blue hills of the Hudson." There is a fine view of Castle Phillips, as the ancient manor-house of Frederic Phillips was called, from the circumstance of its being originally fortified against the Indians. It is the original of the Van Tassel mansion described in the Legend. We may take occasion, at some future period, to further illustrate this charming locality.



VIEW OF THE OLD DUTCH CHURCH AT SLEEPY HOLLOW, NEW YORK.

AN INTERESTING PICTURE OF WESTERN LIFE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

ROSALTHE:

—OR—

THE PIONEERS OF KENTUCKY.

A Story of Western Life.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER III.—[CONTINUED.]

The forester replied that it was; the negro opened the door, and the parties entered the enclosure. Allan glanced at Andrew while he was closing the gate, and perceived that he was considerably advanced in life, his woolly hair being gray with age, though his figure was not bowed down by the weight of years.

"A faithful, but rather eccentric fellow is Andrew," observed Capt. Boone. He then lifted the rude latch and ushered the young hunter into his cabin. A respectable-looking female met him on the threshold, whom he introduced to Allan as Mrs. Boone. A young woman of eighteen or twenty he presented as his daughter Elizabeth. Norwood had entertained a hope that the maiden whom he had seen in the morning, might prove to be the daughter of the famous pioneer; but when his gaze rested upon Elizabeth Boone, although she was fair, he could not so far master his feelings as to realize no disappointment at the discovery. A lad of about fifteen years was engaged in cleaning the tube of a rifle, and was the forester's son.

Captain Boone informed his family that his guest, who was from the State of Ohio, had come to examine the country, and hoped he would receive such hospitality as their poor dwelling could afford; to which Mrs. Boone responded in an appropriate and kindly manner, and set about making preparations for dinner.

While the meal was being prepared, Allan proceeded to relate the particulars of the morning's adventure, to which his host listened with earnest attention.

"Did you hear any portion of the conversation that passed between the young woman and the Frenchman?" he asked.

"I am quite certain that I heard the latter refer to some danger of an imminent and pressing kind that menaced this settlement, or the neighboring one, and I am confident that it had relation to the former."

"And you say, moreover, that he wished to extort a promise of some kind from her?" continued Boone.

"It was that which caused me to interfere in her behalf; and the promise of secrecy I doubt not had reference to the danger which threatened you and yours," rejoined Allan.

"This matter may be of the deepest importance to us, Mr. Norwood. Were there any names mentioned, that you can remember?" resumed the forester.

"Let me recall the scene more vividly, if I can," said Allan, pressing his hand to his forehead. "Yes, a name was mentioned which I now recollect. Du Quesne, I think it was."

Daniel Boone sprang from his seat with a sudden and angry impulse, when Allan pronounced the name of Du Quesne.

"Du Quesne, did you say, sir?" he exclaimed. "Then there is indeed danger, for he is an instrument to do us harm. The Indians will rally around him to crush us, and sweep us from among the living. I have heard his name; he acts under the authority of the British posts, and has been active in distributing arms and ammunition among the savage tribes."

"Allow me to inquire who this Le Bland is who came so near sending a bullet through my body?" rejoined Allan.

"That question is not easily answered, young man; I confess myself unable to reply to it with

certainty, for the simple reason that I need information on the subject myself. The person to whom your inquiry refers, came among us about four weeks ago, and received the friendly treatment that we always make it a rule to extend to all who visit us. His ostensible object was to examine the lands in this part of the country, with a view to making a final settlement, if he was pleased with the result of his explorations. He was not very popular among our people at first, on account of being a Frenchman; but the suavity of his manners overcame that objection in a great measure, with the majority, though many still look upon him with distrust. Sometimes he has been the guest of Mr. Alston, and he has also spent some time with me. He is now the guest of Mr. Fleming, who occupies the third cabin from this, on the right as you enter. He has managed to make himself peculiarly agreeable to Esquire Alston, and that he loves his handsome daughter Rosalthe, is no secret among us. But his tender sentiments are not blessed with a return; and it's my firm conviction that the girl fears him—yes, actually fears him. What the secret of his influence is, I have not been able to discover."

"Does Mr. Alston favor the pretensions of the Frenchman?" asked Allan, earnestly.

"Most decidedly; for Le Bland has the art of appearing very agreeable where he wishes to make a favorable impression; and you may be assured, sir, that for such a rare prize as Rosalthe, he will put forth all his powers. Esquire Alston was formerly a man of wealth, and could and did indulge in the luxuries of refined life. He married into a distinguished family, and his daughter received an education far superior to that which usually falls to the lot of young ladies. Having lost most of his wealth by an unfortunate investment, he no longer felt a desire to remain where he could not find means to support his accustomed manner of living; consequently he turned his attention to this new country, and had the courage to dare the dangers of a pioneer's life."

"This explains why this excellent family is at Boonesborough, and the occupant of an humble cabin a few doors from this. If 'Squire Alston (we call him 'Squire) has any weak point, it is that his sweet daughter should marry a gentleman, and this Le Bland sustains the reputation (in his estimation) of being one."

"But I have no sympathy for him," added the pioneer, after a pause. "I mistrust his motives, and, to be brief, dislike him."

"Well, did n't I tell ye so in de fust place!" exclaimed Andrew, who had been gradually working himself towards the parties, during the conversation.

"Go away, darkey," said Boone, good naturedly.

"I never seed sich a feller sence I's a nigger. He am sly as a fox, and I'm seen him wink his eye at Missy Lizzy," added Andrew.

"We must get Andrew some spectacles, so he can see better," said Elizabeth, with a smile.

"What fur I want spees, when I can see now just as well 's I used to could ten year ago?" returned Andrew, somewhat offended at the allusion to his visual organs.

"Andrew is a regular genius," observed Captain Boone, looking pleasantly at the African's shining face. "He is a poet, an improvisatore, a musician, and a singer; he knows a little of everything, and is, in fact, a clever sort of a blockhead,

who will do very well while he is watched, and just as he has a mind to when he is not. You can trust him as far as you can see him, and sometimes farther."

"Dat am berry great praise, but one ting you fo'git; I's very familiar wid de state ob de politics ob Kentucky, an' de cire'lar motion ob de hebenly luminaries," said Andrew.

The conversation was interrupted at that moment by the entrance of Simon Kenton, a man whose name is honorably mentioned in the annals of Kentucky history.

Although considerably embrowned by exposure to the sun, his face had a frank and honest expression which served as an immediate passport to the good opinion of Allan. The brief ceremony of introduction had scarcely been finished, before another individual, who will figure somewhat in our story, made his appearance in the cabin of the pioneer. The character referred to, was no less a personage than Joel Logston, a man of extraordinary muscular power, and of whose wonderful exploits tradition is yet eloquent. He was followed by one of the largest and ugliest-looking dogs that ever aspired to the friendship of a human being.

On account of the explosive and fiery nature of his disposition, his master had bestowed upon him the name of *Vesuvius*. *Vesuvius*, was, we are sorry to say, a snappish and fretful cur, given to sudden, violent, and dangerous eruptions of the lava of wrath, when it became imperatively necessary for all within a certain area to withdraw themselves speedily, to escape instant torment with tooth and nail. This ungente mastiff always walked about six inches behind Joel Logston, except when engaged in his favorite pursuit of hunting; for on those occasions he was invariably in advance of every thing in the shape of quadruped or biped.

Vesuvius seldom if ever erected his large, shaggy ears, and obstinately persisted in carrying his caudal extremity in that drooping manner in which penitent dogs sometimes do, when convicted of some high offence.

Joel Logston was quite as celebrated for his marvellous narrations and extravagant style, as for his physical strength. No man at the three settlements could tell, with such incomparable self-possession and coolness, such stories as he did, which no person living could be expected to believe. With this strong proclivity to exaggeration, was combined a rough drollery and good nature that made him at all times a very agreeable companion. If Joel had any malice in his heart, it manifested itself whenever occasion offered, in putting Andrew in mortal fear, by causing *Vesuvius* to show his teeth, and make various hostile demonstrations towards him. In this innocent pastime Logston took great delight. Nor was Andrew the only subject of these curish persecutions; Mr. Alston's colored man, *Exquisite Ebony*, was another martyr to Joel and his mastiff.

We shall only remark in this place concerning *Exquisite Ebony*, that he was the most pompous and self-conceited of any gentleman that ever inherited a dark skin; and had, moreover, such a strong propensity for fine clothes, that he had in many instances been known to don his master's best coat, by stealth, in order to appear to good advantage, for an evening, or an hour, in the eyes of Miss Aurora Lemons, a fair mulatto girl, in the service of Mr. Fleming.

While Allan was partaking of the substantial hospitality of the pioneer, in the form of excellent venison and other wholesome and palatable viands, Logston amused all parties by relating one of his recent adventures, in which he asserted with much modesty of manner, that he had no doubt slain fourteen Indians with his own hand, besides doing to death a litter of bears of six months, with their sire and dam. For the truth of this reasonable statement he appealed to *Vesuvius*, who answered by a short, sharp and expressive yelp, and then fixed his fiery eyes upon Andrew in such a threatening manner that the latter feeling sure that an immediate attack was meditated, retreated to the farthest corner of the room, rolling his eyes about in great alarm.

Simon Kenton, though a braver man in the hour of danger never held a rifle, sat silent and reserved as a young maiden; but Allan observed that his eyes sought the neat figure of Lizzie Boone, as she moved lightly about the dwelling. Our hero flattered himself that he was shrewd enough to perceive how matters stood with Kenton in regard to the pioneer's fair daughter.

While these parties are discussing subjects of vital importance to the well-being of the new settlements, we will turn to other scenes.

CHAPTER IV.

STAR-LIGHT AND WHITE-CLOUD.

ROSALTHE returned to the fort much perplexed and agitated by the singular conduct of Le Bland. Notwithstanding the high place which he occupied in the estimation of her father, she had never valued him as an acquaintance, or sought his friendship; on the contrary, she had never felt at ease in his society, and rejoiced when he was no longer an inmate of their humble dwelling. The cause of her aversion to the insinuating Frenchman, she could not herself understand fully; but it was not the less genuine for that reason. Encouraged by her father's good opinion, he had made declarations at various times, the nature and tendency of which she could not affect to be ignorant, or misapprehend. Rosalthe, on all such occasions, had given no words of hope, and with a careful regard to his feelings, endeavored to make known her sentiments without wounding his pride.

But it displeased and annoyed her excessively to perceive that he steadily persisted in affecting not to comprehend her meaning. In addressing her, and especially in the hearing of Mr. and Mrs. Alston, he always assumed an easy and confidential manner, which implied that matters were all understood between them, and there need be no attempt to conceal what must eventually be well known.

This deceit and assurance on the part of the Frenchman had succeeded in misleading the minds of the parties alluded to, and it was a piece of presumption that Rosalthe felt she could not overlook or pardon. Her silence and embarrassment were construed to mean exactly what they did not signify, and as sufficient evidence that her affections were engaged.

She had resolved more than once to speak with her parents on the vexatious subject, but somehow her courage always failed when the moment to test it arrived; so the unpleasant theme was postponed from day to day, in hopes that something in her favor would soon transpire, or that delay would strengthen her determination.

Being thus situated, it will be readily understood that her dislike rapidly increased, and ripened into positive repugnance. The conduct and character of Le Bland were, to our heroine, deeply mysterious, sinister, and dangerous, and she feared him as much as she disliked him; for her own nature was frank, open, and above dissimulation.

Rosalthe was of that susceptible and sensitive mould, that she seemed to acquire knowledge of a person's character by being brought in contact with him, or her—a species of intuition quite common with her sex, and which rarely, if ever, misleads. As a consequence of the annoyances and suspicions to which she was daily subjected, she became less cheerful, and far less happy.

The conversation which had transpired on the bank of the river, as already related, appeared abundantly confirmatory of her fears and untold suspicions. To the young stranger who had so opportunely appeared to assist her, she truly felt grateful; but the reflection that she had possibly involved him in a quarrel with a dangerous man, added much to the anxiety of her mind.

She had noticed, as she glided by, the dark and malignant expression that the hunter's warning words had called instantly to his face, despite the smile of contempt that curled his lips, as if to mock at what all other men held sacred and dear.

The information which he had given in relation to the movements of the Indians against Boonesborough, did not surprise her so much as it would have surprised many others who had studied him less, and confided in him more unservedly. It revived all the strange misgivings which she had long felt to regard to him. The secret was one of the deepest importance, and yet she had promised not to betray it to those whom it most intimately concerned. She was on the point of making known the state of her feelings to her father, in respect to Le Bland, when he commenced speaking highly in his praise, dwelling particularly upon his gentlemanly manners, and the frankness which characterized him in every act of life.

"I esteem him," added Mr. Alston, "for his numerous good qualities—for the kindness of his heart, for the deep sincerity of his nature, for the dignity and refinement of his manners, and for all those noble traits which constitute true manhood."

Rosalthe felt her blood mounting tumultuously to her cheeks, and tears of regret filling her eyes. She was much pained that a man of her father's

JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH.

A man of genius ended his career a few days since in the death of Junius Brutus Booth, the well-known tragedian, who expired on board a steamer on the way from New Orleans to Cincinnati. Mr. Booth was born in London, May 1, 1796; and in 1814, acted in opposition to Kean, till he was driven from the stage by a riot. He made his first appearance in this country, at Petersburg, Va., in 1821, as Richard III, and the next year came out at the Park Theatre, in New York, in the same character. His success there was great, and since then, with varying fortune, he has kept possession of the American stage. Small in stature, not well formed, and with bad points in his manner, he had many personal disadvantages to contend with in his profession, but such was the electric quality of his mind that he overcame them all. He lost himself in the part he was performing, to such a degree, that it became a sort of insanity, which was sometimes dangerous to his antagonists in the play. Thus his acting had a stamp of enthusiastic reality which remained even after misfortune and irregularities of life had broken him down. No one who ever saw the man in his great character of Richard, will be likely to forget his peculiar impersonation of the part. Many stories are told of his extraordinary freaks and eccentricities. It is said that he once played Orinoko, with bare feet, insisting that it was absurd to put shoes on a slave. On another occasion, he actually made his appearance, in Philadelphia, performing the part of Richard, on horseback! While supporting Forrest, on a certain evening, at the theatre in Pittsburg, instead of going on to the stage at the proper time, he walked out and took the cars dressed and made up for the character of an Indian chief. One night while performing Sir Edward Mortimer, in the "Iron Chest," at Philadelphia, the manager perceiving his unfortunate condition, advised him to "finish as quickly as possible." Booth quietly walked forward, and observed: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have been directed by the manager to finish this as quickly as possible, and so I'll finish it at once. Here, Wilford, catch me," saying which, and throwing himself into his arms, he "did the dying scene," and the curtain was rung down, amid roars of laughter. Junius Brutus Booth was, in his palmy days, *par excellence*, the greatest delineator of the tragic muse the American stage ever knew. In after days the "fiend" betrayed him to his lure, when the soul and the physique that had entranced mortals with magic spell, lost its mystic power, and the wand of the great enchanter fell to the dust. We see an anecdote going the rounds of the papers just now which was true, and which we give as being very characteristic of the man. It was the cause of an actual riot. After being successful in London, where his professional life commenced, he made an engagement with a Manchester manager. Manchester then, as now, a manufacturing town, was devoted largely to the production of buttons. Booth appeared before his new audience, determined to make a hit. We have forgotten the name of the play in which he appeared—enough that he threw himself into it with his whole soul. But, alas! the house would not "come down." His choicest efforts were thrown away, and self-distrust began to steal over him. At last, there came in the play a personal set-to, into which Booth went with such a hearty zest that the cheers and shouts thus far repressed, broke out into a perfect storm. Booth caught the secret, and, forthwith, so belabored his fellow-actor that he fairly yelled



PORTRAIT OF THE LATE JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH, THE TRAGEDIAN.

with pain. He then sat down in his chair, and stretching his neck toward his audience, with a face on which was depicted the most bitter contempt and disgust, exclaimed in a way all his own: "What do you think of that, you low-lived button-makers?" He was obliged to leave the stage as well as the city, with a mob of the button-makers on his track. There are but few readers of the Pictorial who have not seen and admired the genius of Booth. The fine likeness which we give above, represents Mr. Booth as Richard III, his favorite character. Booth was his own worst enemy, and his love for strong drink was his ruin of body and of mind. The last performance in which our citizens saw him was at the Boston Museum; and we should not fail to mention our indebtedness to Mr. Kimball, the liberal manager of this establishment, for a loan of the original picture, from which our artist has drawn the likeness we herewith present.

OFF TO THE DIGGINS.

The picture which we present below is a characteristic one of the newly-discovered El Dorado, Australia. The group seen in the foreground are preparing for a start inland, and others are crossing the river, close at hand, to join their friends. A letter writer describing the scene says: "What a motley group we have here—men, women and children, bullock drays and omnibuses, masters and their former servants, some on horseback, others trudging along under the weight of their necessary tools and implements, and the overpowering effects of an almost tropical sun; but now they rest awhile and enjoy their roadside repast, and when the evening sets in, and the forest tracks are no longer visible, fires are lighted, and heartily are the bush luxuries of tea and damper—and I must not forget the pipe—enjoyed. Horses and bullocks are tethered and turned into the bosh; saddles become substitutes for downy pillows, and a roll up in a blanket, or, which is still better, an opossum rug, leaves the comfort of a feather bed unvisited for; the rising sun arouses them from their golden dreams, and, after another tea and damper entertainment, they pushed onwards to the spot in which all their hopes and expectations are centered." We have before given, in these pages, many interesting pictures of Australian scenes, and the constant emigration of our countrymen to this land, renders all relating to it of much interest. In England a perfect furor exists concerning Australia, which bids fair to half empty the United Kingdom of Great Britain. Dioramas, panoramas and lectures upon the subject absorb the attention of the people, and fuel is thus added to the flame, already blazing from the lochs of Scotland to the moors of Ireland. The California fever which raged here bears no sort of comparison to that which now exercises John Bull, and all classes seem affected by it. Every vessel which sails from London or Liverpool goes out crowded with emigrants and implements of labor; while those returning from Australia, bring back gold enough still to fire the spirit of adventure and love of gain. We sometimes feel inclined to pause and ask, when will all this end? Gold must lose its relative value; this, the humblest capacity will discover. But this is only one of the results to be anticipated by the great influx of the precious metal, and the distribution of it in coin among all classes. Already has silver, as compared to gold, become greatly enhanced in value; and silver mines, long since abandoned, are again resorted to for profit. Our picture, so intimately connected with these reflections, will much interest our readers. To fully realize how extensively our own countrymen are emigrating to Australia, one has only to glance at the shipping lists of any of our principal American seaports. There it will be seen that clipper ships are constantly up for that region, and the passenger lists daily published show that these emigrants are from the better classes of our mechanics generally, and not made up of broken-down adventurers and forlorn individuals, who have neither a habitation nor a name. The stories that might be written out—truthful stories—of poor but deserving young men, who have gone to California or Australia, and after enduring the severest deprivations, and often severe sickness, have ultimately returned enriched with a fortune, and to relieve the wants of a needy family, or some such result, equally romantic,—might fill a good-sized volume. But, alas! a volume quite as large might be filled with the simple names of those who have laid their bones beneath the soil of the gold regions!



OFF TO THE DIGGINS—SCENE ILLUSTRATING THE GOLD FIELDS OF AUSTRALIA.

THE DENTAL ART.

We present to the readers of the Pictorial a series of cuts herewith, of a highly interesting and instructive character. They are designed to illustrate the interior economy of a dentist's laboratory, of which little is generally known by the public. Our article has been kindly furnished, with the necessary conveniences for making these sketches, by Dr. Hitchcock, the well-known and popular dentist of this city. Dr. Hitchcock possesses undoubtedly the most complete mechanical arrangement of any dentist in the country, and his business is well known to exceed that of any other establishment in New England. Few persons are aware of the chemical knowledge and mechanical skill required for



with the impression in the wax, or plaster of Paris, of the upper jaw. From this impression another is speedily produced. From each of these moulds casts are now made in hard metal. A piece of pure gold plate, cut of the proper size, is placed between these two metallic castings, and beaten till the plate assumes the precise form of the original impression of the gum, or of the mouth itself. The above engraving represents the two metallic castings placed on the end of a large log of wood, with the gold placed between them, and the operator standing by, with a hammer raised, in the act of striking on the upper die or casting. During this operation the gold plate is frequently examined, to see that the blows are well directed, and that the plate is acquiring

ly-formed tools, to give them the expression and appearance of nature's own and best handiwork. This process requires much skill, patience and taste. The accomplished dentist here has an opportunity to display the best initiative powers of a sculptor, combined with the delicate manipulations of the engraver; for on the exercise of these rare qualities depend the beauty and perfection of his "counterfeit presentment." As soon as the block of teeth has received its last finishing touch from the carving tools, it is placed in the intensest heat of not a red-hot, but a white-hot furnace, to be baked or fused into a solid mass. The furnace in which they are now placed, and which is represented in the engraving below, is built in the most substantial man-



ner, of the most refractory or thoroughly fire-proof materials. The teeth are laid upon a plate of platinum metal, and then introduced into a small oven, which rests near the centre, and in the very hottest part of the furnace. Constant attention is necessary at the furnace during the process of baking. The degree of heat to which the furnace is raised may be best conceived by stating that iron, or any other metal except platinum, would melt and run like water long before the teeth are fused. The coloring matter for the gums and teeth is put on before the teeth are placed in the furnace; and these colors are obtained by mixing various metallic oxides with the paste of ground quartz and feldspar, etc.

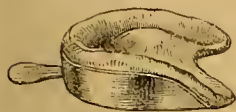


The engraving above represents the dentist in the act of soldering the block of teeth to the gold plate. After the teeth are taken from the furnace, they are carefully inspected, to see that they have not warped or cracked. If they are rejected. But if they come out perfect, the next thing to be done is to fasten them to the gold plate. This is done by first securing them in their place on the plate, by means of plaster and sand, and a small iron band. They are then placed in a small pan, as seen in the engraving, in the hands of the operator. A flame from a large wick in a can of alcohol is made to play upon the points, to be soldered, by means of a blowpipe held in the operator's mouth, as represented in the engraving. When the sol-

dering is completed, the teeth are all thoroughly cleaned and the gold plate polished; they are ready for the wearer. We have introduced an engraving taken from a whole and very beautiful set of artificial teeth. They are so much like the productions of

THE ANTHONY PRIZES.

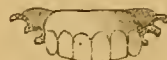
We present below a drawing of the lately awarded Anthony prizes, in New York city, for the best daguerreotypes. The first prize for the best 4-4 daguerreotype taken with a 4-4 instrument is a massive silver pitcher, twenty inches in height and of hexagon shape, with grape vine in full leaf, and rich clusters of grape entwined its neck, illustrative of the rich receptacle of their delicious juice. On the back of the pitcher are two tablets representing a landscape, with a cottage by a stream of water, a bridge and woods in the distance. On one side is the sun rising over a beautiful landscape, with a daugerreian apparatus, seemingly ready to catch the most interesting feature of the picture, as it throws its golden rays over the scene. On the other side is represented a chemical laboratory—showing that to chemistry the art is chiefly indebted; and on the two front tablets are portraits of the two illustrious artists—Daguerre and Niepce. On the handle we have again the vine, on which is a lizard in the act of creeping to the mouth of the pitcher, the whole finished with a most exquisitely-chased base. The second prize awarded for the best 1-2 size daguerreotype taken by a 1-2 size instrument consists of a pair of goblets—faithfully represented in the engraving—equally beautiful in workmanship, and tasteful in design. These prizes, when judiciously offered and justly awarded, doubtless exert a very beneficial influence upon art, or whatever field of industry they apply to. The art of daguerreotype picturing, whether of likenesses, of landscapes, or of architecture, is manifestly of vast importance, and has been brought to a very great stage of perfection within a very brief period of time. It is in consideration of the importance of the art, that we are gratified to chronicle Mr. Anthony's liberality in offering these prizes for the best results by experiment in the art.



the production of a good set of artificial teeth; and a brief description of the various means employed to attain that end, we are confident will prove as acceptable to the public as it will be instructive and interesting. The first step necessary is, to obtain an impression, in some plastic substance, of the exact form of the mouth, or gums, that the plate supporting the artificial teeth may fit those parts on which the plate presses, with the greatest possible exactitude. To get a good impression of the gums, a small oval plate, or cup, covered on one side with soft wax, or plaster of Paris, is inserted into the mouth, and an exact copy of the gum is obtained. The above engraving shows the "mouth cup" after being taken from the mouth,



the proper shape. When completed, and thoroughly cleaned, the plate is ready to receive the block of teeth. The above engraving represents the dentist at work upon a block of teeth; carving and shaping them with the aid of many curious and delicate-



dering is completed, the teeth are all thoroughly cleaned and the gold plate polished; they are ready for the wearer. We have introduced an engraving taken from a whole and very beautiful set of artificial teeth. They are so much like the productions of



THE ANTHONY PRIZES FOR THE BEST DAGUERREOTYPES.



VIEW OF THE CITY OF PROVIDENCE, R. I., FROM SMITH'S HILL.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

Our modest, unassuming sister city of Providence is well deserving a notice at our hands, and our artist has endeavored, in the accompanying series of illustrations, to give some idea of the most interesting objects of the many to be found within her limits. The first illustration represents the city, or the principal business portion of it, as it appears from "Smith's Hill," looking south over a sheet of water called "the Cove." Providence is the semi-capital of Rhode Island, and it is the second city in New England in point of population and trade. It is situated at the head of Providence River—which is an extension of Narragansett Bay—and it is in 41 deg. 49 min. 22 sec. north latitude, and 71 deg. 24 min. 48 sec. west longitude. It is 42 miles south-south-west from Boston, 173 east from New York, 30 north from Newport, and 45 south-east from Worcester. The city is built on both sides of the river, and is connected by substantial bridges. On the east side there are three principal streets running parallel with the river, namely, Water, Main, and Benefit streets. On Main street, which is rather a narrow one, stand a number of public buildings, and many elegant brick edifices. On this side the river the land rises abruptly, and the cross streets have a steep ascent. Benefit street, one of the handsomest in Providence, has an elevated situation, affording charming views of the city, and east of it the city is laid out with much regularity, the streets generally running in an east and west direction, crossed by others nearly at right angles. This is probably the handsomest part of the city, and here many of its wealthiest men have created their elegant mansions, which give an air of distinction to this quarter. On this hill, overlooking the city, is Brown University, a Baptist institution, established A. D. 1770. From this place there is a delightful view of the city, with a great extent of the surrounding country. There are many charming drives out from this part of the city; one of the most pleasing being to Swan Point Cemetery, about four miles north-east from Providence. This cemetery, although of recent construction, is already occupied to a considerable extent. For wild and sublime grandeur it will vie with many of its older competitors.

Among the public buildings of Providence are a State House, City Hall, Hospital, Jail, State Prison, Custom House, Athenaeum, the buildings of Brown University, the Museum, or Theatre, and a number of churches. The citizens of Providence have long been celebrated for their commercial spirit, and their large investments of capital in foreign commerce; but of late years, much of it has been directed to the pursuit of domestic manufactures. The amount of capital invested in manufacturing establishments, within as well as without the city, is very great. The manufactures consist chiefly of cotton goods, steam-engines, machinery, and copper, brass, iron, and tin wares. Lines of packets ply regularly to New York, Albany, Philadelphia, Baltimore, etc.—The view which we give above, represents the principal part of the city, taken from Smith's Hill, on the north side of the Cove. The long building, in the centre of the picture, is the new Railroad Depot, the erection of which, and the consequent improvement of the grounds

around, has benefited the city to an immense extent. The ground on which it stands, and indeed all that is seen entirely around the Cove, has been made, and redeemed from that body of water. A sea-wall was erected in a circular form, dirt was then filled in, upon which the depot was erected, between that and the water; and entirely around the Cove the grounds were laid out, trees were planted, and other improvements made, which have furnished the citizens with a most delightful promenade, where, a year or two since, extended an unsightly sheet of water. Round the circle, on the left, are seen the freight depots, and in the foreground, on that side, are some of the railroad workshops.—The view below of Market Square, is taken from Washington Buildings, on the west side of the bridge. The "What Cheer" Building—decidedly the handsomest structure in Providence—was erected within the past two or three years by an association of banks and insurance offices, who have their offices in the first story, while the other stories are let for offices, etc. In the rear is another building, in the basement of which is the post-office. The "What Cheer" Building stands on part of the site occupied by an old tavern still standing on its own ground, which has been intimately connected with all the early historical reminiscences of Providence. From the balcony of this tavern the proclamation announcing the accession of George the Third to the throne of England, was read to the populace in Market Square, in 1760. Subsequently the announcements of the passage and repeal of the Stamp Act, and finally, the adoption of the glorious Declaration of Independence were read at its time-honored balcony. That tavern is now the "What Cheer House," adjoining the "What Cheer" Building on the left. On the right of this picture is seen the Old Market, a venerable-looking building. On the opposite page we give a view of the Arcade,—one of the finest buildings of its kind in the country. It is on the west side of the river, and fronts on two streets, running through from Westminster street to Weybosset, or Broad street, having a Doric portico on each. It is 225 feet long, 80 feet wide, and 72 feet high, divided into three stories, containing upwards of 80 stores in each, the whole lighted by a glass roof. It is built of granite,



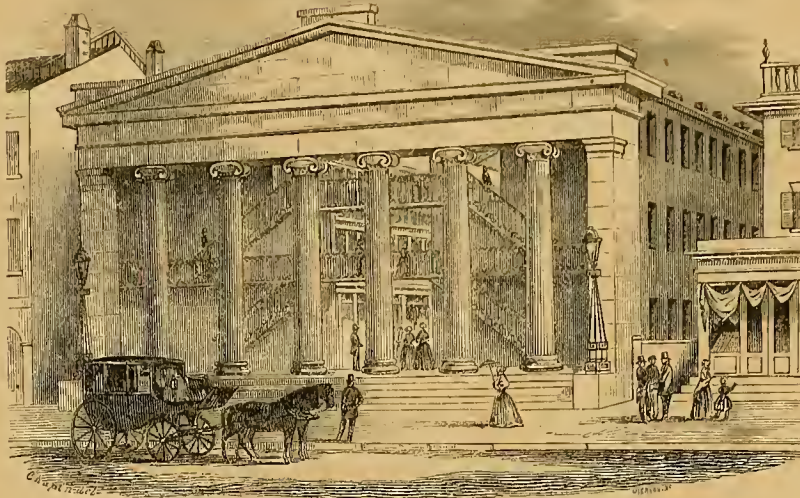
MARKET SQUARE AND "WHAT CHEER" BUILDING, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

and was completed in 1828, costing \$130,000. The Railroad Depot, a view of which is represented below, is located within a few rods of the centre of the city. It was erected in 1848, by the Providence and Worcester, and the Providence and Boston railroad companies. The Stonington Railroad also has its terminus here. It was designed by Mr. T. A. Telft, a talented young architect of Providence, and erected under the superintendence of Mr. James C. Bucklin. This, and the adjoining freight depot, were the first specimens of ornamental brick work in this country, and hence the adoption of the Lombardic style of architecture, of which this mode of construction is so characteristic. The octagonal buildings on the ends of the wings are devoted to offices; the passenger rooms are in the front of the first story of the main building, while the second story is appropriated to a large hall for exhibitional purposes.

Providence was first settled in 1636 by Roger Williams, who was banished from Massachusetts on account of his religious opposition, and who adopted in his new establishment the principles of universal toleration. It was incorporated as a town in 1649. It suffered considerably in the Indian war of 1675. In September 23d, 1815, a southeasterly storm drove an unusual tide into the harbor, raising the water 12 feet higher than the usual spring tides, spreading devastation and ruin along the wharves, destroying the bridge, demolishing one church, overturning houses and stores, and doing immense damage to the shipping. The total loss was estimated at over a million of dollars.

The buildings of Brown University, as before mentioned, occupy a commanding situation on Prospect street, at the head of College street, on the east side of the river. They are four in number, University Hall, Hope College, Manning Hall, and Rhode Island Hall. Manning Hall has a Doric portico in front, and is occupied by the chapel and library. This institution, which derived its name in 1804, from Nicholas Brown, Esq., its principal benefactor, was originally founded in Warren in 1766, and removed to Providence in 1770. The president and a majority of the trustees are required to be Baptists. It has a president and eight professors, and a very large and valuable library. The commencement is on the first Wednesday in September. It has an extensive philosophical and chemical apparatus; and the cabinets of mineralogy and natural history are very complete, and occupy Rhode Island Hall, which has also a number of spacious lecture rooms. A university grammar school is connected with the institution. The Athenaeum is a handsome Grecian Doric edifice of 40 feet front and 74 feet deep, and is occupied in the basement by the Franklin and Historical societies, the first of which has an extensive collection of models, philosophical instruments and curiosities; and the latter, a valuable collection of books, papers, and records. The upper story is occupied by the Athenaeum Society, with its valuable library, reading room, librarian's office and committee room. The cost of the building and its furniture was about \$20,000, and the library \$20,000.—The Friends' Boarding School, belonging to this denomination in New England, is a flourishing high school, situated three quarters of a mile from the university, has a spacious edifice of stone and brick, in a commanding situation, and some 200 pupils.

Providence possesses great commercial facilities, which have been well improved. The harbor, at the head of Narragansett Bay, 33 miles from the ocean, is spacious, and has a sufficient depth of water for the largest class of vessels. Formerly the East India trade was extensive, but is now less considerable than formerly. The trade is principally with ports of Europe, with the West Indies, particularly the island of Cuba, and with the Southern States. The extensive cotton manufactories in the vicinity require a large supply of cotton, and furnish a great amount of cotton goods to be sent abroad.



VIEW OF THE ARCADE, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

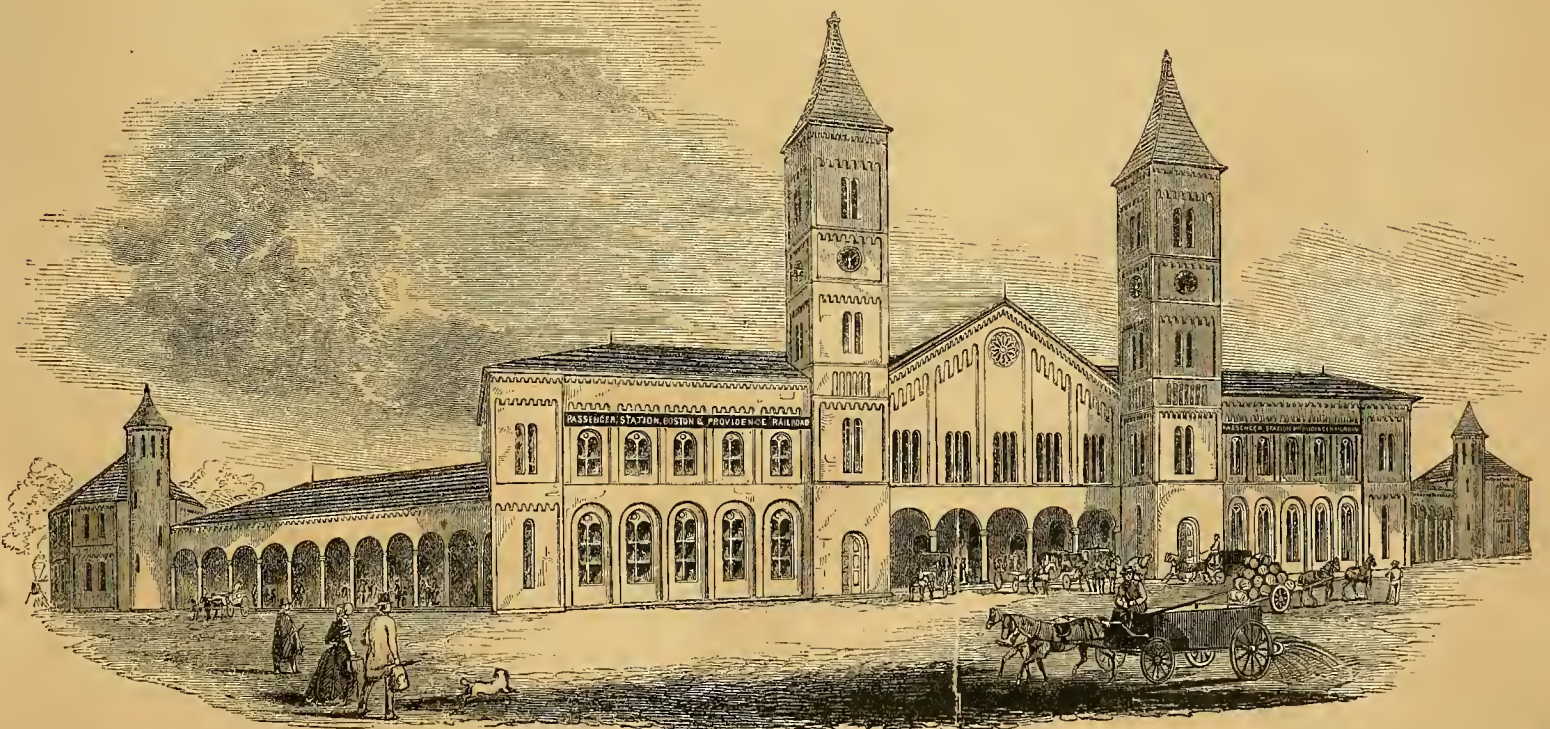
THE AUSTRIANS IN ITALY.

So ground down are they (the Milanese) by military and police, that the intensity of their hate has failed to lend them courage; but there it is, burning still with a dull, lurid glow, consuming themselves rather than the objects of it. Take an instance of its effects. The other day an exhibition of paintings was opened at the Brera. Among the works exposed was a portrait of an Austrian general officer in full uniform, with all his orders and decorations on his breast. It had not been up many hours when it was discovered that some person had, with a sharp penknife, slashed the portrait right down, from forehead to chin, and across from ear to ear! The stranger is now astonished to find this picture guarded by two sentries; but the seamed canvass tells its tale too well. At the same exhibition there was another incident which may throw some light on the real nature of the feelings which animate those two friendly nations, France and Austria, so far as the latter is concerned. In a conspicuous part of the room, the spectator pauses for a moment before a large canvass, not very remarkable as a work of art, though it seems to attract a considerable number of gazers, the military portion of whom, in particular, seem highly delighted with the subject, and smile and joke significantly. This subject is sufficiently simple. It represents a huge eagle perched on a rock, and screaming with triumph as it tears in pieces with its talons a dunghill cock, which seems to be cackling in vain for mercy through the storm of its flying feathers. The meaning of the picture is explained by the background, whereon may be fully discerned a group of Austrian Jagers, who seem to be putting to flight, shooting and bayoneting a detachment of French infantry. It is the Austrian eagle tearing the Gallic cock. But it had not been long on the walls before it was marked along its length and breadth in great letters of chalk with the pithy commentary, "Austerlitz! Marengo!" Of course, the chalk letters soon disappeared, but they have left some traces on the canvass yet—a keen reminder of the former subjugation of Austria.—*Milan Letter, October 1.*

GUANO.

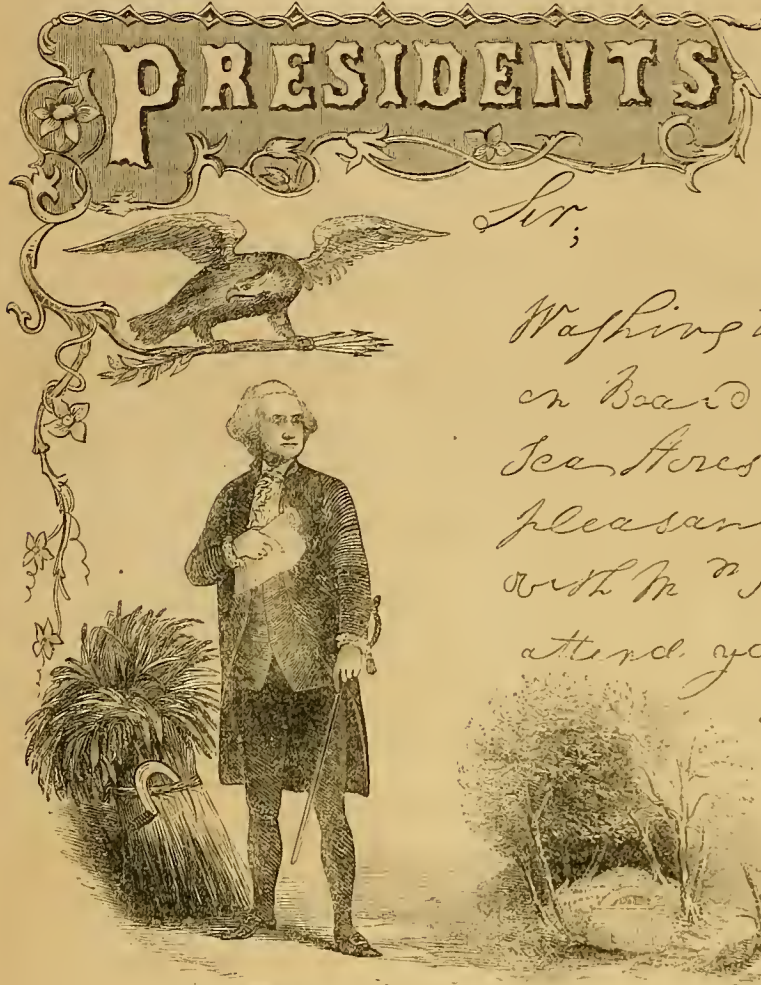
With the nature and uses of this substance every one is familiar. But where and how it is obtained, and other facts connected with the sources of supply, are not so well known—and as guano has been productive of considerable public excitement of late, a chapter upon the subject may not be devoid of interest. It is a common impression that the discovery of the fertilizing properties of guano has been quite recently made, and that it is only within a few years that it has come into use. This is by no means the case. It has been used by the Peruvians ever since the discovery of America, having been imported by them from the islands of the coast. Humboldt was one of the first who carried it to Europe and brought it into notice on that continent. This must have been at least thirty years since. It was first introduced into this country in 1825, but was not used to any extent, and was soon forgotten. It was not until it was extensively employed in England, that it was again imported into this country. Even now very little, comparatively, is used here, as will be seen by the following statement of the imports for three years: In 1849, 21,243 tons; 1850, 11,740 do.; 1851, 23,153 do. The importation of this article into England amounts at the present time to not far from 200,000 tons per year. Guano is found upon barren islands on the coast of Peru, Bolivia, Chili, and Patagonia. It is sometimes met with on the headlands of the coast. That from the coast of Peru and Bolivia is by far the best, for the reason that rain seldom visits those latitudes. That derived from islands farther south, being frequently saturated with moisture, is partially decomposed, and has much of its fertilizing properties washed away. Guano consists of the excrement of sea birds, intermixed with the bones of fishes, the fleshy parts

of which have served them for food, the shells of eggs, and the remains of the birds themselves—all of which are partially decomposed and mixed together. It accumulates rapidly, first, because the swarms of birds of which it is the product are numberless, and secondly, because it is very rarely washed by rains. The quantity of the deposits on some of the islands is almost incredible. It is stated by Mr. Wilson, formerly British consul at Peru, that on the Chincha islands—notwithstanding more than three hundred tons a year have been taken away for use in Peru for centuries, and of late years many thousands of tons—it is estimated that there is still remaining the enormous quantity of 17,000,000 tons. An official survey of several islands claimed by Peru was made in 1847, from which it was ascertained that there were on them over 23,000,000 tons—enough at the present rate of consumption to supply the world one hundred and seventy years. In some places on the Chincha islands the guano is two hundred feet thick, and it varies from that thickness down to three or four feet. It occurs in successive horizontal strata, each of which is from three to ten inches thick. The lower strata is of a dark brown color, growing lighter towards the surface. No earthy matter is found in these vast deposits. At the time of the first introduction of guano to the world, it was generally supposed to exist only on the coast of Peru and the adjacent islands. But its value stimulated search, and deposits of a similar character were found on the coast of Patagonia, and on portions of the coast of Africa. Near the latter the island of Ichaboc was discovered to be covered with this valuable fertilizer, from which large quantities were procured. But the island being accessible to the whole world without restriction, there was quite a scramble for the article, and the guano was soon removed. It has been stated that there were at one time over two hundred vessels loading at Ichaboc. The manner of loading guano is usually to haul the vessel under a cliff, if practicable, or if not, the ship's boat, and fill up by means of a chute, or long canvass bag open at both ends, and leading from the cliff to the hold of the vessel or into the boat.—*Boston Journal.*



VIEW OF THE RAILROAD DEPOT, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Types of Mind: or Fac-similes of the Hand-writing of Eminent Persons, BY BEN. PERLEY POORE.



Monsieur Nansen 5. July 1797.

Sir;

As you pass by, Mr. Land Washington will put a sheep or two on Board your vessel in aid of your Sea Stores — My best wishes for a pleasant voyage & happy meeting with Mr. Rumsey & your friends attend you

I am with esteem
 Sir
 Y^r most Obed^t Serv^t
 G. Washington

GEORGE WASHINGTON.—A glance at the excellent fac-simile of his autography, which forms the chief ornament of this page, must bring a glow of reverential gratitude to the heart of every true American. We are fortunate in having numerous specimens of his regular, open, decided hand-writing, and could have given dispatches written when he served under Braddock—or when he was marshalling the peasant recruits into veteran conquerors—or when the sentry walks of his destitute soldiers were stained with the blood of their naked feet, cut by the frozen ground—or when he humbled the British Lion at Yorktown—or when he occupied

the Presidential chair. But we have preferred to select a friendly note, written after his retirement from office, and showing the kind heart of the brightest name inscribed upon the incomparable list of American Farmers—and, with a portrait of the "Father of his Country," is a faithful representation of the simple tomb, shaded by trees, in which his mortal remains were first laid, and where they were visited, years afterward, by Lafayette. How many scenes of national interest does the graver here recall! What deeds of patriotism and of virtue—what a life-record of republican majesty—comes forth from the page upon which the hand that

refused a sceptre traced the workings of the master-mind of our nation! The rising sun of our independence gilded his chaplet of fame; and when that national orb, now at the zenith of renown, shall sink behind the horizon of empire, it will linger to play around that ruined sepulchre—the rightful receptacle of Washington's ashes—

"But, spirit immortal, the tomb cannot bind thee,
 For, like thine own eagle, that soars to the sun,
 Thou springest from bondage, and leavest behind thee
 A name which, before thee, no mortal had won."

Very respectfully, Sir
 your most obedient
 John Adams.

I have the honor to be
 Dear Sir your Obed^t serv^t
 J. Jefferson

a true copy of an
 authentic document
 James M. Adams

your friend
 J. M. Moore

Your very humble and obed^t serv^t

John Quincy Adams

Andrew Jackson

Wm. B. Brown

N. Van Buren

Hermitage

J. H. Lake

J. Taylor

W. H. Harrison

John Tyler

Millard Fillmore

JOHN ADAMS, the second President, wrote a conservative, easy hand, and the signature, larger than the text, shows he was aware of his social position, his wealth, and his attainments.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, who was elected sixth President during the life of his father, inherited, with his name and fortune, a small, clear autography, superior in neat tameness to that of any American statesman, and, towards the close of his useful life, somewhat crabbled. There is nothing mistakeable about it, however, and it was evidently his constant determination, as his industrious pen covered thousands of pages, not to write a "line that dying, he would wish to blot."

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, ninth President, was a worthy citizen and a war-worn soldier, when dragged from his humble home to the White House. There the simplicity and frankness so clearly indicated by his autography, could not stand against the wily arts of politicians, or the ravenous assaults of political comorants, and he soon breathed his last.

JOHN TYLER, who was called to the Presidential chair by the death of General Harrison, is yet amongst us, and therefore it may be impertinent to analyze his bold, dashing, hap-hazard autography. One thing can be said, however, and that is, that honesty can be traced on every line, and is embodied in the formation of every letter.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, the third President, was one of those statesmen who are not made great by office, but upon whom office is conferred because they are great. His autography, in which the Declaration of Independence was first enshrined, is nervously bold, and at one time was almost majestic in its proportions. In the later years of his life, when laboring in the cause of letters at Monticello, his hand-writing bore the quiet, even traces of a simple life and consciousness of public esteem.

JAMES MADISON, fourth President, wrote an irresolute hand, lacking in firmness, yet possessing many evidences of a highly cultivated intellect.

ANDREW JACKSON, who was the seventh chief magistrate of the nation's choice, was a man of resolute will, high integrity, and determination to carry out the views of his iron mind. His autograph shows this, and there is not in our national archives a more genuine specimen of American chirography, than are those pages which were written by the gallant "Hero of New Orleans."

JAMES K. POLK, the tenth President of the people's choice, wrote a fluent, handsome and ornamental hand, characteristic of that extraordinary energy which history chronicles as the prominent traits of his mind.

JAMES MONROE, the fifth President, was a profound statesman, whose sagacity, discretion, and ability are portrayed in the

many pages of his autography which he has left behind. His election was a popular triumph, and his unassuming patriotism made him one of the most popular incumbents of the chair of state.

MARTIN VAN BUREN's hand-writing is clear, passionless, and non-committal. Every word of the eighth President's chirography appears to have been first weighed, and then written with apparent haste. Every line bears autographic evidence of profound thought, logical power, and careful preparation, if not of transcendent abilities or brilliant genius.

ZACHARY TAYLOR, of whom his soldiers used to say that he wrote orders with a pistol ramrod, has a good name among those who have filled the Presidential chair, for his pure integrity and tried patriotism inspired universal confidence. But his true glory is that of the camp, where his simplicity of manners and gallant services won him a reputation which filled the hearts of his countrymen, and led them to add a civic crown to the laurel wreath of him who "never surrendered."

MILLARD FILLMORE, who succeeded General Taylor, writes a full, elaborate, careful hand, which snacks somewhat of the Comptroller's office, yet is decided and open. His patriotism, integrity and good services have endeared him to his countrymen; and by his judgment and his wisdom he has gained universal respect; his administration has been singularly prosperous.

MONUMENT TO HENRY CLAY.

The monument, which is represented below, was designed by Frank Hewson, Esq., of Pottsville, Pennsylvania. The statue is to be furnished from the celebrated iron works of Robert Wood of Philadelphia. The model is being prepared by Mr. Wood's principal artist and sculptor, H. Wesche, Esq., a pupil of the distinguished Schachtler and Cornelius, whose reputation obtained to a high degree of excellence in Europe prior to his engagement with Mr. Wood, to whom he was introduced some three years since by the highly celebrated Von Siebold, St. Martin, near Boppard on the Rhein, who, in his flattering letter of introduction, congratulated the new world that Mr. Wesche designed to devote his talents and active life to the promotion of the arts in this country. The statue is to be a correct likeness of the great

statesman, and made of cast iron, fifteen feet in height, and will stand upon a Grecian Doric column, also of cast iron, starting from a base of conglomerate rock. The whole height of column on base, sixty-three and a quarter feet (above the neat lines), being one hundred and thirty-three feet above the sidewalk on Centre Street, with the following inscription on the face of the monument:—"IN HONOR OF HENRY CLAY, America's great Orator, Statesman and Patriot. This monument was erected by the Citizens of Schuylkill County, and bequeathed to their children, as a record of their gratitude for his illustrious services, which brought peace, prosperity and glory to his country. A tribute of affection for his virtues which adorned his useful life, and won for his imperishable name the respect and affection of mankind." The monument is to be erected by subscription; and so eager are the citizens of the county to assist in the enterprise, that the merchants and workmen are vying with each other in making the largest contribution from their respective mines and workshops. A correspondent of the Philadelphia North American, speaking of this enterprise, says: "In a late visit to Pottsville, I was much gratified to witness the public spirit and noble patriotism evinced by the citizens of that place in surrounding country in erecting a beautiful cast iron monument to the memory of Henry Clay, which is now being reared on a beautiful and commanding eminence, near the centre of the borough. How gratifying such a spectacle is to the patriot, to see the workmen of a community anxious to proclaim, by their united efforts in the erection of such mementoes, their gratitude and affection for one who has done so much to promote their own and the universal interest of mankind.—And, let me ask, where will you find more of this noble trait of character in the whole Commonwealth of Pennsylvania than among the citizens of Schuylkill County? So far as I have observed, others talk, while they act. If I am not mistaken, there has been no movement of the kind anywhere else in Pennsylvania; and yet the services rendered by that illustrious patriot and statesman to make Pennsylvania what she now is, and what she is destined to be, are sufficient to erect monuments to his memory in every county in the State. I was also shown a beautiful drawing of the ground and plan of the monument, which is intended to be lithographed and distributed among the contributors to this noble work, which will make a beautiful picture, alike worthy of the architect who planned the design, and the artist that sketched the view. In conclusion, permit me to say, in the example here set by the enterprising people of Pottsville, it will be gratifying to see other towns and villages following, until every county in the State shall point to her monument, erected to the memory of Henry Clay, America's brightest ornament and most honored son." In this connection, a synopsis of the life of Henry Clay will not be inappropriate. He was born in Hanover County, Virginia, April 12, 1777. He was eminently a self-made man, and rose to fame and position unaided by any of the accessories of fortune. After obtaining admission to the bar, he removed to Lexington, Kentucky, in 1797. His parents had preceded him in

emigration to that State. The following brief review of his boyhood is extracted from a speech made by him in 1842, when he met some of his old friends at an entertainment, upon his retirement, as he supposed, from public life. "In looking back upon my origin and progress through life, I have great reason to be thankful. My father died in 1781, leaving me an infant of too tender years to retain any recollection of his smiles or endearments. My surviving parent removed to this State in 1792, leaving me, a boy of fifteen years of age, in the office of the High Court of Chancery, in the city of Richmond, without guardian, without pecuniary support, to steer my course as I might or could. A neglected education was improved by my own irregular exertions, without the benefit of systematic instruction. I studied law principally in the office of a lamented friend—the late Governor Brooke—then

again elected to the Legislature of Kentucky. He was again elected, in 1809, to fill another senatorial vacancy, that was created by the resignation of the Hon. Bucknor Thurston. During this session of Congress, he took occasion to bring forward an amendment embodying his views of the protection of domestic industry. Ashland, the residence of Mr. Clay, comprising the house, gardens and park, is situated a mile and a half south-east from the court-house in Lexington. The whole estate consists of between five and six hundred acres of the best land in Kentucky, which, for agricultural purposes, is one of the richest States in the Union. Ashland proper was projected for an elegant country-seat. The house is a spacious brick mansion, without much pretension in architecture, surrounded by lawns and pleasure-grounds, interspersed with walks and groves, planted with almost every variety

of American shrubbery and forest trees, executed under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Clay. Mr. Clay appears to have delighted in gathering around him the plants and trees of his own country, there being among them few exotics. As the domicile of the great American statesman, Ashland is one of the household words of the American people. Having been deeply lodged in their affections, so long as the memory of the great proprietor is cherished, it cannot fail to have a place in history. We have seen Mr. Clay twice a member of the Congress of the United States as senator, filling the unexpired terms of others. In 1811, he received the higher popular honor of an election to the House of Representatives. He appeared in his place on Monday, November 4th, and was at once elected Speaker of the House. Subsequently, Mr. Clay was several times re-elected Speaker of the National House of Representatives, and the Senate appointed him to the Peace Congress, to settle the difficulties between England and America; was candidate several times for President; was Secretary of State under John Quincy Adams. At the commencement of the session of 1851 and '52, Mr. Clay went to Washington with the intention to resume his seat in the Senate. But the condition of his health was such, that he was unable to take any part in the public business. The recess had been calmly passed at Ashland; and if Mr. Clay had been governed by motives of selfish prudence, he would not have ventured upon the journey to Washington. He died on the morning of the 29th June, 1852, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. His death was occasioned by a decay of his physical powers, precipitated by his intense labors during the passage of the third great compromise. The life of Henry Clay—says his biographer—is a striking example of the abiding fame which surely awaits the direct and candid statesman. The entire absence of equivocation or disguise in all his acts, was the master-key to the popular heart; for while the people will forgive the errors of a bold and open nature, he sins past forgiveness who deliberately deceives them. Hence Mr. Clay, though often defeated in his



REPRESENTATION OF THE MONUMENT TO HENRY CLAY, ERECTED AT POTTSVILLE, PENN.

Attorney-General of Virginia, and also under the auspices of the venerable and lamented Chancellor Wythe, for whom I had acted as amanuensis. I obtained a license to practise the profession from the judges of the Court of Appeals of Virginia, and established myself in Lexington, in 1797, without patrons, without the favor or countenance of the great or opulent, without the means of paying my weekly board, and in the midst of a bar distinguished by eminent members. I remember how comfortable I thought I should be, if I could make one hundred pounds, Virginia money, per year, and with what delight I received the first fifteen shillings fee. My hopes were more than realized—I immediately rushed into a successful and lucrative practice." In 1803, Mr. Clay was elected to the Legislature of his adopted State. Matters of local interest caused him to be selected, but the election was a high compliment to his talents and legal learning. His appointment to Congress, in 1806, was but for a single session of the Senate. Even in that brief period, he gave earnest of his future fame and influence. In 1807, his congressional term having expired, he was

measures of policy, always secured the respect of his opponents, without losing the confidence of his friends. He never paltered in a double sense. The country never was in doubt as to his opinions and his purposes. In all the contests of his time, his position in great public questions was as clear as the sun in a cloudless sky. Standing by the grave of this great man, and considering these things, how contemptible appears the mere legerdemain of politics! What a reproach is his life on that false policy, which would trifle with a great and upright people! If I were to write his epitaph, I would inscribe, as the highest eulogy, on the stone which shall mark his resting place: "Here lies a man who was in the public service fifty years, and never attempted to deceive his countrymen." We have thus given a brief synopsis of the principal events of Mr. Clay's life, more as data to guide the reader's mind in his memoirs, than as a biographical sketch. As to the erection of this monument, it is timely and most honorable, and we delight to give it the prominence we do in our pages, from respect to its noble subject, as well as to depict so handsome a structure.

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CORSICAN BROTHERS

FOR THE



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1853.

\$3 PER ANNUM. } VOL. IV. No. 3.—WHOLE No. 81.
4 CTS. SINGLE. }

THE CORSICAN BROTHERS.

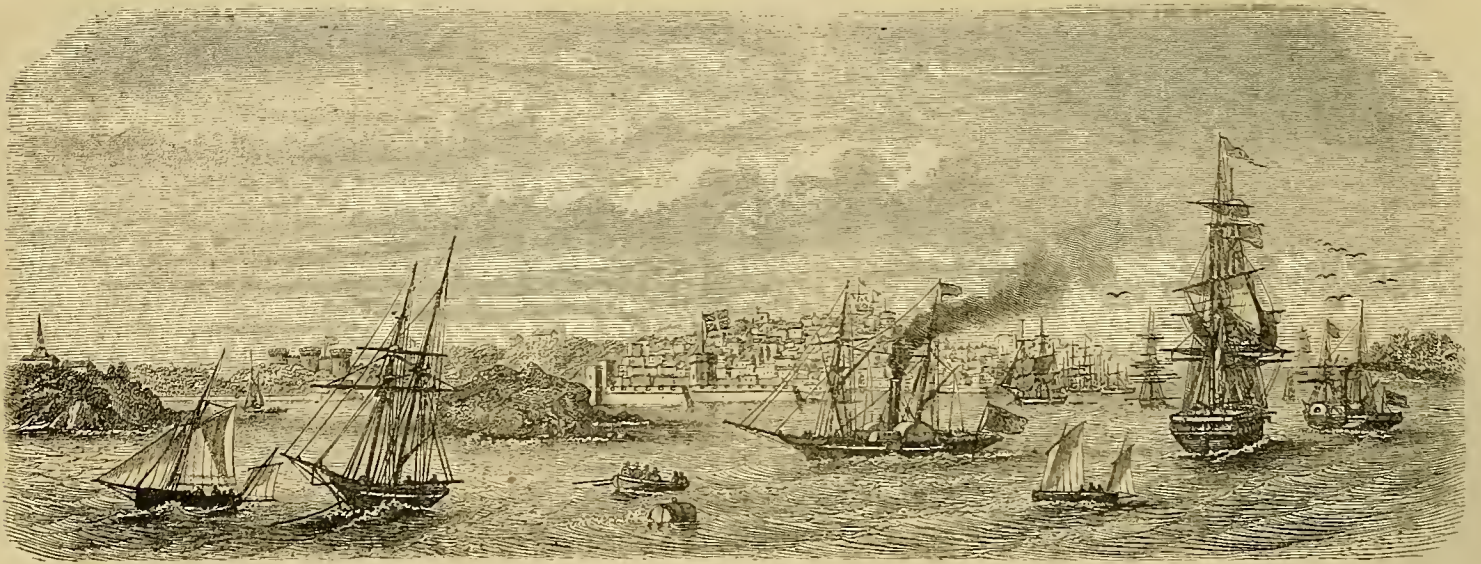
The admirable picture, which we present below, represents the closing scene in the drama of the "Corsican Brothers." To every one who has seen this deeply absorbing and interesting play, little more need be said. At the present time, when the public mind is agitated upon the subject of spiritual manifestations, mysterious rappings, mental psychology, etc., the piece cannot fail to attract great attention; for it was evidently written to illustrate the wonderful demonstrations which have taken place, so difficult to comprehend and account for. The illustration is in the supposed sympathy existing between two twin brothers, Louis and Fabien dei Franchi, who, at their birth, were connected like the Siamese Twins, and though separated by the scalpel, are still mentally connected, and thus even when hundreds of miles apart, whatever

affects the one, never fails to produce a similar sensation on the other. Louis and Fabien dei Franchi are Corsicans, and they bear so extraordinary a likeness to each other in form and features, that it is impossible to distinguish them. They are both represented by Mr. Brooke, who seems to be endowed with ubiquitous powers, and to be in two places at the same time. The two brothers fall in love with the same lady, Emilie de Lesparre, while she is on a visit at her father's chateau in Corsica; and when she returns to Paris, both brothers are anxious to follow her, each secretly knowing the feelings and desires of the other. Fabien, however, prefers to remain among his native mountains, and Louis departs for France. While he is at Paris, he is impressed by a presentiment that evil has befallen Fabien at Corsica. He shortly after finds Emilie married to an old friend of her father; she is

surrounded by gallants, and falls a prey to the arts of a rone. A scene ensues, resulting in a challenge, and Louis falls. At the instant Louis is killed, Fabien feels as if he had received a wound; his fears are aroused, and he writes to Louis. As he is folding the letter, the spectre of Louis appears at his side; the circumstances of his death are revealed in a tableau. Fabien recognizes the person engaged in the duel. He sets out for France to avenge his brother's death; is successful; returns home, but soon after dies. As soon as the spirit of Fabien departs from the body, the re-union of the twin brothers is seen, and as the spirits disappear, a picture of a Corsican funeral is discovered, and the family vault is about to receive the earthly remains of the Corsican Brothers. The tableaux are replete with mystic arrangements, leaving the audience deeply impressed with their extraordinary effects.



LAST SCENE FROM THE POPULAR PLAY OF THE CORSICAN BROTHERS.



VIEW OF THE TOWN OF SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

VIEWS IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

New South Wales forms the eastern part of New Holland. It is impossible to assign the precise epoch of the discovery of the vast continent, so long known by this name, and which the English have latterly called Australia. We know only that at the beginning of the 17th century the Dutch made a survey of the northern and southern shores; that in 1642, Tasman explored all the shore of the south, and that Captain Cook, in 1770, visited all the north-east, and so satisfied himself that New Holland was not, as was then supposed, a prolongation of New Guinea. Finally, in 1773, Captain Furneaux completed by his researches the perimeter of the island. At the time of the expedition of Cook, England, warned by the complaints of her North American colonies, of the danger there would be in indefinitely emptying her prisons into her transatlantic possessions, was busy with the project of creating in the Pacific Ocean a place for the transportation of her criminals. With this view, Cook received orders to take possession of the eastern shores of New Holland in the name of Great Britain. Eighteen years afterwards, Captain Phillips founded the penal colony of Botany Bay, whose name for a long time evoked the least seductive pictures, and was an object of terror. Half a century was hardly long enough for the complete transformation of this country, which had to be wrested foot by foot from the wildest nature. Nothing better displays the superiority of the English system of colonization, the activity and prodigious resources of this people, than the condition of grandeur and prosperity to which it has in so short a time carried the distant colony of Australia. Splendid and populous towns are built on the principal bays; the soil has been fertilized; industry and commerce have seized upon natural wealth, and, under the influence of these combined elements, the fortune of the new colony has taken a wide and rapid range. The precious advantages which New South Wales, the most favored province of Australia, derives from its climate, its fertility, and the enterprising spirit of its inhabitants, have made this country the centre of the different neighboring archipelagoes, and assure it in future an incontestable preponderance in the Australian hemisphere. We should be deceived, however, if we attribute exclusively to the causes we have just indicated, the secret of the immense development of the Australian colonies. This development is owing principally to the calculating efforts of the British government, which employs the freest expedients, and the most energetic means to direct to its Australian possessions the wave of English emigration, the natural course of which is towards North America. This result, which interests British power in two distinct points of view, its supremacy in the Pacific ocean, and the delay of the full development of American nationality, England has assisted thus far, by the low price of land, gratuitous transportation, and liberal inducements; she aids it powerfully at this moment by the easy lure placed at her disposal by the recent discovery of the gold mines. It will be remembered with what a feeling of incredulity the English people, even the press, received the news of a discovery which so opportunely favored the views and interests of the British government. The confirmation of the news at once produced a vast rush of emi-



MONUMENT OF LA PEYROUSE, AT SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

gration to the new El Dorado. We hasten to describe some of the principal points of interest in this favored country, as illustrated by our engravings. Built on an arm of the sea, to which the name of Port Jackson has been given, and which forms, as it were, a magnificent roadstead, Sydney rises in steps on the periphery of one of the numerous creeks which border the southern shores of this little gulf. The site is extremely picturesque. From the heights of Woolloovoolloo, which form the aristocratic quarter of the city, you see, on looking in the direction of the mouth of Port Jackson, to the left, a long tongue of land covered with cottages, parks and gardens; to the right, the shore rises to a peak, and presents all along the gulf an elevated rampart. From the north-east to the south-west runs a chain of mountains, whose ridges, stepping one above another, in their odd confusion appear to the imagination, excited by these natural beauties, like an immense troop of mastodons marching across the plain. Above the city the arm of the sea meets the waters of Paramatta, which bears to Sydney the various products of the agricultural districts comprised between its course and the Blue Mountains. The harbor and port of Sydney are covered with vessels and steam-packet boats, testifying to the activity of its commerce. You find in the environs that ease and neatness which seem to flow directly from the propriety of English manners. With the exception of a portion to the south of Sydney, the country offers smiling prospects, and attests the rapid progress of horticulture in this country. The portion which extends to the south, on the contrary, has retained a harsh and savage character, which contrasts with the fresh aspect of the adjacent valleys: this is the road which leads to the "French Camp." This name designates the table-land situated at the north point of Botany Bay, a few miles from Sydney. The expedition of the unfortunate La Peyrouse made a halt here in 1788, and here were the last traces of the celebrated navigator. You see still on the surface of the ground a square stone, under which was interred Father le Receveur, as the Latin epitaph, which we here translate, states: "Here reposes le Receveur, a priest of the order of Minimi of France, physician of the expedition of circumnavigation, under the orders of La Peyrouse. Deceased Feb. 17, 1788." In 1825, Bouguinville, in harbor at Port Jackson, visited the French camp, and obtained permission from the colonial government to erect a monument there to the memory of the illustrious mariner. A simple column, surmounted by a sphere, and resting on a square base enclosed in a quadrangular grating, bears the following inscription in French and English: "TO THE MEMORY OF LA PEYROUSE. This land, which he visited in 1788, is the last where any intelligence of him was received. Erected in the name of France, under the charge of Messrs. Bouguinville, and Ducampier, commanding the frigate Thetis, and the corvette Esperance, in harbor at Port Jackson, in 1825. Note. The foundations were laid in 1825, and the column erected in 1828." The Blue Mountains are bold, and full of picturesque beauties. Our annexed engraving represents one of the wild passes through these mountains, in which the difficulties of travelling, and the unsurpassed luxuriance of the vegetation will be particularly noted by the reader.

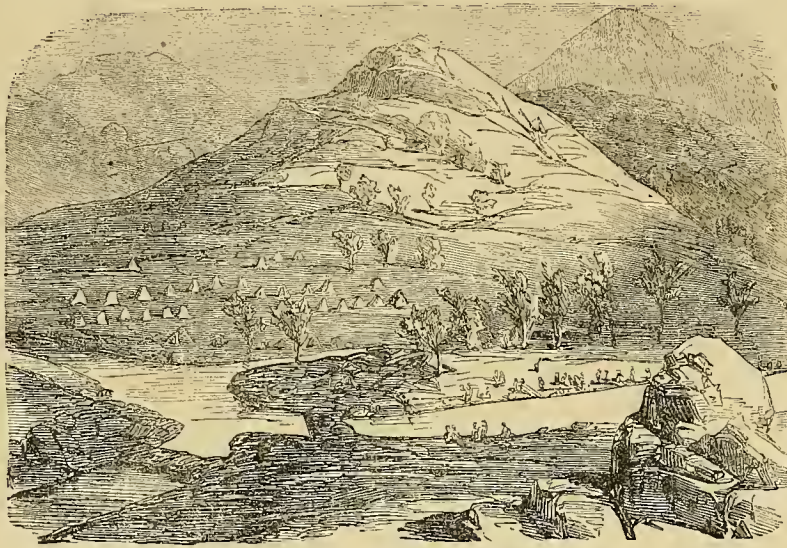


REPRESENTATION OF THE BLUE MOUNTAINS OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

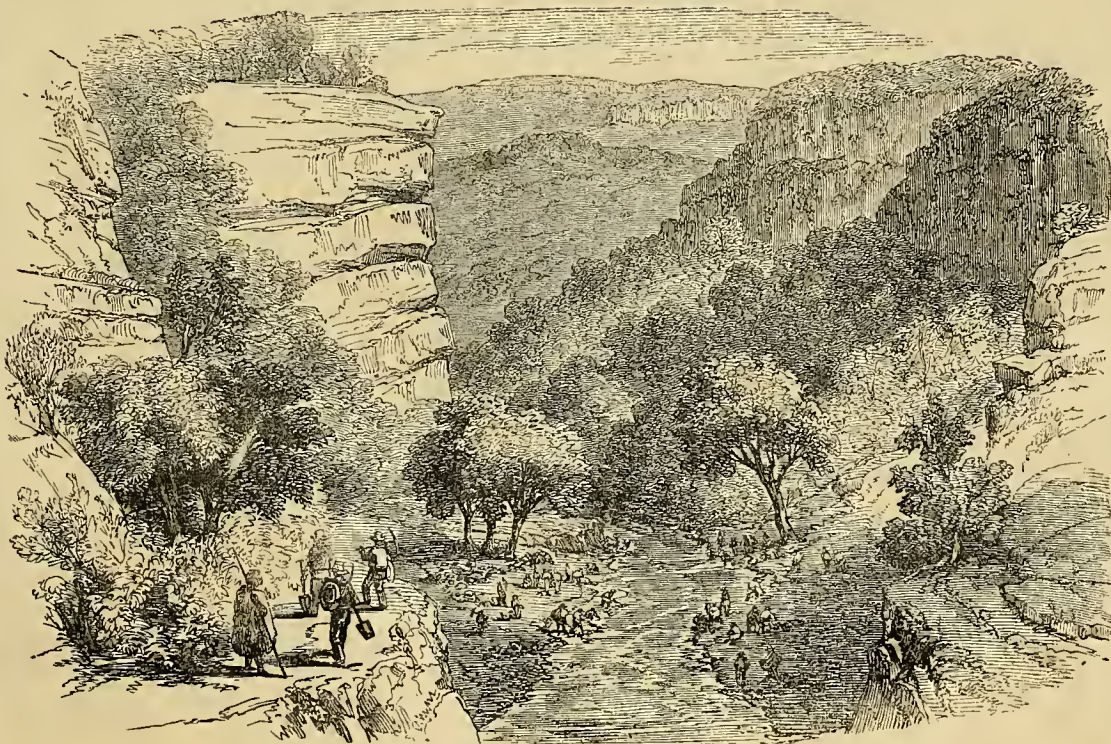


VIEW OF BATHURST, NEW SOUTH WALES.

The district of Bathurst, a view of which we give in our engraving above, is exceedingly rich. The rearing of flocks, favored by the rich pasturage valley, which is of great extent, is a productive source of industry on this side of the Blue Mountains. The length of the plain is twelve miles by eight broad. The soil is composed of slightly undulating downs; its general level is at two thousand feet above the level of the sea. At the bottom of this district are about nine thousand souls—six thousand being at Bathurst. The distance from this town to the auriferous region is about thirty miles, through a country partially sterile, without roads of communication, continually intersected by water courses or inaccessible mountains, which must be traced. The geological formation of this country resembles that of California. Summer Hill, where gold was first found, belongs to the chain which borders Wellington Valley. Bell's River (Campbell's) waters this district. The diggings, first concentrated on Summer Hill, have rapidly spread in the neighborhood. Numerous groups are formed about the principal centres of operation. Such is that which has taken the denomination of Ophir, a view of which is herewith given, and which is composed of more than two hundred tents. Gold is found in different states, but generally in grains and in scales, in alluvial ground, and in the bed of rivers and ravines. It sometimes presents itself in the form of scales at the surface of quartz, rarely penetrating the interior. This gold is quite pure. It is difficult to get at the quantity extracted, as the miners are not very communicative on this head, and have an interest in concealing facts. In a few instances gold has been found in considerable masses. Surveys made in a wide circuit, lead to the supposition that mineral wealth is developed in a superficies of three hundred miles. This is not all: if discoveries made simultaneously at the most distant points are confirmed, the whole of New South Wales must be a vast auriferous basin. Van Diemen's Island, separated by Bass's Strait from New Holland, and which has the same physical characteristics, would equally share in the mineral riches, if we are to credit reports which do not rest on any positive proofs. Finally, it is affirmed that in certain crystallized earth, some spinelli rubies have been found, of a fine fire tint, whence it is inferred that this aluminate must be very abundant, and it is hoped to find them in granitic earths, to which they are more particularly natural. But such conjectures carry us into the regions of the marvellous. If a great accumulation of gold and silver constituted the fundamental wealth of a country, the discovery of gold mines in Australia would be a stroke of fortune for this colony. Reason and example show that this is not the case. We may consider these heaps of riches as reservoirs opened to European cupidity. It is enough to refer to the period of the



A VIEW OF OPHIR, NEW SOUTH WALES.



VALLEY OF OPHIR, NEW SOUTH WALES.

greatest yield of precious metals in the New World to convince ourselves that these immense treasures have profited Europe only. Who does not feel to what a height of power and grandeur the colonies of South America might not have risen, so admirably favored as they were by nature, but for the short-sighted policy of the Spaniards and Portuguese, who preferred the possession of immediate riches, which were so soon to escape from their hands, to the progressive development of the whole vital strength of these fortunate countries? In this connection we may introduce a few statistics of this continent, which has suddenly assumed so much importance, and bids fair to exert so great an influence in the commerce of the world. Those portions of Australia which have been settled by emigrants from Great Britain are comprised in three principal colonies. The statistics given are from the census of March, 1851, the last which has been taken. The total population at that time, it may be said, amounted to 322,000. The discovery of gold has given a great impulse to emigration, so that the population at present probably numbers 450,000. The colonies are: I. *New South Wales*, situated upon the eastern shore. Founded in 1787, as a penal settlement. Population, 187,000; sheep, 7,026,000; cattle, 1,460,000; horses, 111,200; exports, £1,890,900; imports, £1,670,300. Sydney, the capital, has 60,000 inhabitants.—II. *Victoria*, situated at the southeastern angle of the island. First settled in 1835; cut off from New South Wales and erected into a separate colony in 1841. Population, 78,000; sheep, 6,033,000; cattle, 346,500; horses, 16,743; exports, £1,041,796; imports, £744,295. The capital is Melbourne, having a population of 25,000. This has been by far the most flourishing of the Australian colonies; and the richest deposits of gold have also been discovered here.—III. *South Australia*, lying on the southern shore of the island, immediately west of Victoria. Founded in 1835. Population, 67,000; sheep, 1,200,000; cattle, 100,000; horses, 6000; exports, £571,000; imports, £887,000. Adelaide, the capital, contains about 14,000 inhabitants. This is less a pastoral colony than either of the others, the principal article of export being copper. It has suffered very severely from speculations in copper mines, and, on the whole, has not been successful. The discoveries of gold in the neighboring colony of Victoria, have likewise proved injurious to South Australia, drawing away a considerable share of its population. It is not known that any gold has been discovered in this colony.—In addition to these colonies, an attempt was made in 1829 to found the colony of Western Australia or Swan River, on the western shore. It is said that there are some ten thousand inhabitants in this unfortunate district. The name of Northern Australia has been vaguely bestowed upon the whole of the central and northern parts of the island.

J. H. CLIFFORD, LL. D.

John H. Clifford, the present governor of Massachusetts, was born in Providence, R. I., on the 16th of January, 1809. His father, a highly-respected merchant, was engaged in foreign commerce, and, during many years, conducted a prosperous and successful business. His mother—for, in describing a man's career, the greatest of all earthly agencies for good must not be omitted—was a woman whose singular sweetness and disinterestedness of nature, and whose cheerful piety, made her home a place of sunshine, and a centre of benignant influences for the large family of children who grew up around her. The subject of this notice not only had the advantage of her wise and affectionate training, but she lived long enough to witness his success, and to rejoice in his affections, when, in later years, altered circumstances and the trials of life enabled the child, in some degree, to return the care of the parent. At the age of thirteen, having from his earliest childhood exhibited an unusual aptitude for learning his school-boy tasks, he was prepared to enter college, but, being thought too young to commence his collegiate course, he was taken from school and placed in his father's counting-room. He continued here a year, and acquired a certain familiarity with the methods of transacting business, which no mere study could have given, and to which may doubtless be ascribed, in some degree, the facility and readiness which he has evinced in the conduct of commercial cases in the courts of law. When fourteen years of age, he entered the Freshman Class of Brown University. During his senior year he had the advantage of being under the presidency of Dr. Francis Wayland, who had just been placed at the head of the institution. His class has always retained a most friendly connection with the president, not only because it was the first class which was graduated under his administration, but because its manly and generous co-operation made it comparatively easy for him to introduce his many needed reforms into the discipline and management of the college. Young Clifford left the university at

eighteen; and with so high a reputation as a scholar, that three years afterwards, on taking his Master's degree, he was one of the two selected by the faculty, from his class, to pronounce the Master's orations. At the commencement of 1849, nineteen years later, his Alma Mater testified her continued interest in his career

Committee of Revision, and was also appointed a member of the Committee on the Judiciary. The labors of these two committees were all in the direction of his professional studies, and he took little part in any other Legislative proceedings. The Committee of Revision was directed to sit during the recess. [See page 43.]



HON. JOHN H. CLIFFORD, GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

by conferring on him the honorary degree of doctor of laws. Upon leaving college, he immediately commenced the study of law. He was, for a short period, with the Hon. William Hunter, of Rhode Island, and afterwards in the office of T. G. Coffin, Esq., at New Bedford. His preparatory term was completed with Hon. Theron Metcalf, of Dedham, afterwards the reporter, and now one of the justices of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. In September, 1830, at the age of twenty-one, he was admitted to the bar in Bristol County, Mass., and immediately entered upon the practice of his profession at New Bedford. The community in which he settled was a purely commercial one, and his practice was principally confined to commercial cases. He formed a professional connection at this time with T. G. Coffin, Esq., a leading practitioner and advocate in that county, which continued until 1834. But what was a still more fortunate connection, not long after he was established in business, he was married to Miss Sarah Parker Allen, a daughter of William H. Allen, Esq., grand-daughter of the Hon. John Avery Parker, an eminent merchant of the same place, and a lineal descendant of Miles Standish, the brave old military leader of the Pilgrims of Plymouth Rock. In 1834, Mr. Clifford was nominated as a candidate for representative to the Legislature; and although the political party with which he was associated had been for several preceding years in a minority in New Bedford, he was elected. Under ordinary circumstances this would have been to a young practitioner a decided misfortune. But the legislative year 1835 was memorable for the revision of the whole body of the statute law of the Commonwealth. Although the youngest member of the House, he was placed upon the



REPRESENTATION OF THE OLD BREWERY, AT THE FIVE POINTS, NEW YORK.

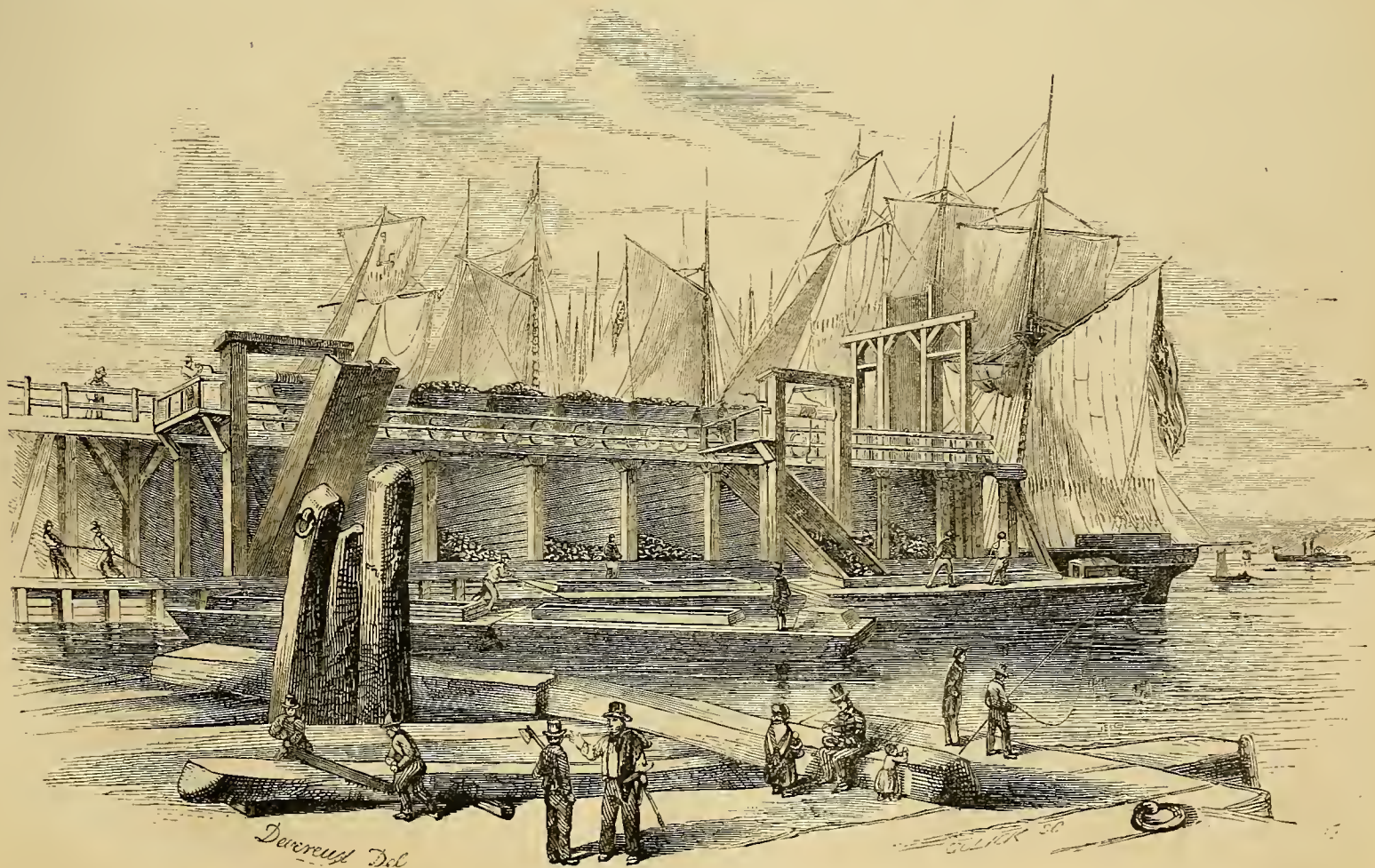
(For description, see page 43.)



The fine picture which we present above, drawn for us by Deveraux, is a correct view of Port Richmond, the great coal depot of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company. Some years since Port Richmond was considered three and a half miles from the city of Philadelphia, but may now be spoken of as a part of the city, for houses are built and streets paved all the way out to it. The number and extent of wharves and docks, erected for the accommodation of the immense business done at this depot, suggests an outlay of moneys that we cannot pretend to compute. The town presents an animated bustle of business, whilst the docks

and wharves show a forest of masts and an activity of labor, which has no parallel that we can call to mind. Trains of cars (sometimes one hundred to an engine) daily descend from the regions of Pottsville, and empty their contents into the vessels (mostly schooners) that await them at the depot. These schooners carry their freight to New York, Boston, and every commercial port of Down East. From January 1st, to December 1st, 1852, 1,650,912 tons of coal were unloaded at Richmond, sold, and sent off. The affairs of the company have always been judiciously managed, and capitalists consider its stock as a safe investment.

The truthful scene given below, by the same artist, shows the manner in which vessels of freight are expeditiously loaded with coal at Port Richmond. The cars being run to an elevated platform, each one is stopped immediately over an opening contrived for this especial purpose. The bottom of the car is there unbolted, and the coal slides out, as here represented, and descends to the hold of the schooner alongside. The two engravings taken together will give our readers a very perfect idea of the business they are designed to represent, and are pictures illustrative of the internal wealth and resources of our country.



METHOD OF LOADING VESSELS AT THE COAL DEPOT, AT PORT RICHMOND.

Types of Mind; or Fac-similes of the Hand-writing of Eminent Persons, No. 3, BY BEN. PERLEY POORE.



HENRY IV. is honored by the historian as a tolerant monarch, under whose mild reign the star of France emerged from the clouds of blood, treachery, and civil war, which had so long eclipsed her glory. His autography (of which the above is a fair specimen) indicates mental vigor, impulsive decision, and that open frankness which characterized his life. Among the least known yet most interesting of his royal schemes, are his plans for colonizing what has since been known as Nova Scotia and New England. It was under his patronage that Count Champlain explored the untrodden forest from the seacoast beyond the fair lake which now bears his name; whilst

Monsieur De Monts navigated along the coast to the southeast of Cape Mallebarre, now Cape Cod. In 1604 De Monts encamped where the city of Boston now stands, and but a few years later, the first Christian colony within the present limits of the United States was established on the coast of what is now the State of Maine.—HENRY VIII., of England, who changed the faith of his people that he might enjoy a succession of nuptials, wrote a dogmatical, absolute hand, yet at times it was softened, and even ornamental. He, too, was warmly interested in the colonization of America, and aided navigators in their voyages across the ocean, in quest of fish and furs. Some of his love-letters are in the cabinets of European autographophiles, and they show that he possessed all the gallantry of chivalrous ages, tempered by an uncontrollable will. Autographs of his minister, Cardinal Wolsey, are exceedingly rare, and we once saw one sold, in Paris, for nine hundred francs.

your loving master
Henry 8th

Louis XIV
Wolsey

Louis XVI
De Verennes

Louis Philippe
Louis 16th

LOUIS XIV., who reigned over France seventy-two years, wrote an ambitious, arrogant hand, which (like himself) assumed majesty, yet was sadly deficient in excellence. COLBERT, his favorite minister, enlarged the autography in which he had kept his weaver's ledger in early life, but it retained its commercial cast.

LOUIS XVI., who fostered the American Republic, yet was headed by that of France, wrote a graceful, liberal hand, yet it lacks evidences of mental vigor and decision. It was his favorite minister-of-state, DE VERENNES, who persuaded him to loan the struggling colonies fleets, armies, and supplies of every kind.

LOUIS PHILIPPE, ambitious and intriguing, indulged in a majestic, flowing autography, crossing every *t*—dotting every *i*, and endeavoring to stamp his own will upon the paper. GUIZOT, his chosen minister-of-state, acted as he wrote, with grace, elegance, industry, lack of decision, and absolute want of honesty.

The Elizabeth

MAMER
amable

Victoria
Marie Antoinette

QUEEN ELIZABETH's autography denotes the harshness, pride, pomposity, and "old maidishness" of her nature. Her decided vengeance was terrible—her love was that of the tiger.—MARIE, Queen of Scots, wrote a hand distinguished for combined softness, simplicity and dignity—while we may trace servility, fear and irresolution in the autograph of ANNE BOLEYN, whose op-

pression ended on the block.—VICTORIA, sovereign of a mighty realm, writes a bold, free hand, indicative of an unchecked will.—MARIE ANTOINETTE, the consort of Louis XVI., retained her courtly autograph to the block. PETER THE GREAT, the regent of Russia, had a rough, decided autograph; whilst NICOLAS gives a grace to the national character, although he indulges

in formal flourishes.—GEORGE III. wrote in a sprawling, unrestrained hand.—CROMWELL's autography was as nervous and puritanical, as that of the unfortunate CHARLES was easy, pliable, and irresolute.—FREDERIC THE GREAT, of Prussia, wrote a small, literary, and energetic hand.—The autograph of FREDERIC WILLIAM, the present king of Prussia, is vacillating and pretentious.

Rex
Cromwell

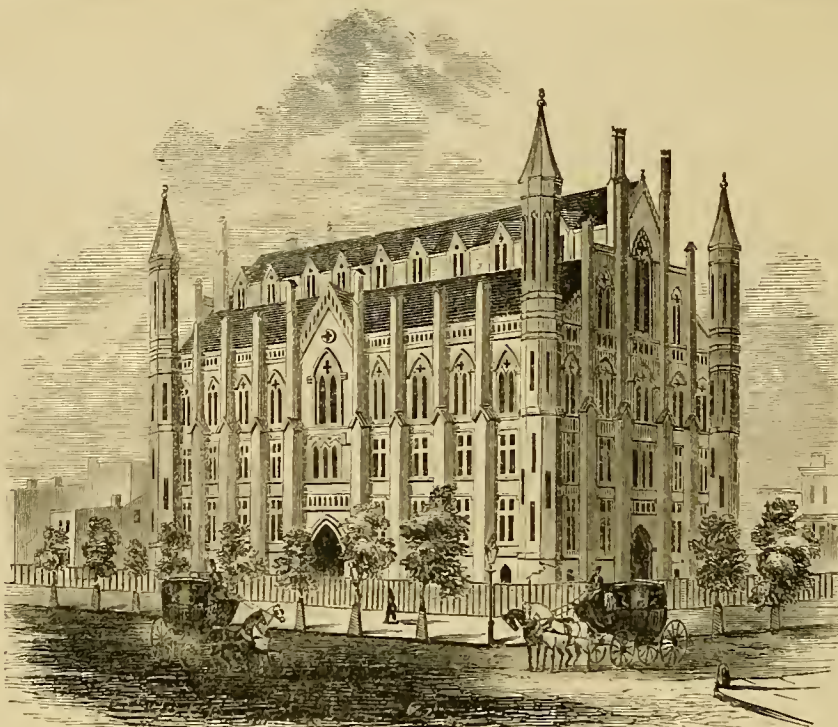
George III
Cromwell Charles

Frederic
Frederic Guillemin

FREE ACADEMY, NEW YORK.

This Institution is located at the corner of Twenty-Third Street and Lexington Avenue. It was incorporated by an act of the legislature in 1847, but did not go into full operation till 1849. In the meantime a building was erected, 125 feet by 80, at an expense of \$50,000; \$22,000 were paid for the ground; and \$12,000 for the fixtures, together with the apparatus—making in all, \$84,000. The school is now in successful operation under talented professors, and affords some of the finest advantages of learning of any institution in the country. No pupil can enter under twelve years of age; and among other qualifications he must have been connected with some ward or public school, for the term of eighteen months. The building was designed and erected under the superintendence of James Renwick, Jr., the architect of that famous building, the Smithsonian Institute. It is in the style of the Gothic Town Halls of the Netherlands. The style was selected for its appropriateness and convenience; combining utility with appearance, and obtaining convenient means of ventilation and heating; and converting flues into buttresses, and chimneys into towers. This elegant Hall, so well adapted to the purposes of the institution, may be said to have been procured without cost. There is no waste room. The building is brought into use up to the very roof-peak; and the structure for the support of the roof is so managed that the weight rests mainly upon the interior walls, and there is no lateral thrust upon the outer walls. This has allowed the construction of well-tied, hollow, light, exterior walls, at a saving of cost sufficient to pay for all the ornament which the adoption of the Gothic style of architecture has required. An ornamental building has thus been obtained, perhaps at less cost than a plain edifice of proper architectural proportions, arrangements, and solidity could have been erected for.

The following gentlemen compose the Executive Committee:—Luther Bradish, *Chairman*; Sam'l A. Crapo, Wm. T. Pinckney, Chas. I. Dodge, Cyrus Lawton. The Faculty consists of Horace Webster, LL. D., Principal and Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy; John J. Owen, D. D., Professor of Latin and Greek Languages and Literature; Wolcott Gibbs, M. D., Professor of Chemistry and Physics; Gerardus B. Docharty, LL. D., Professor of Mathematics; P. P. Duggan and J. H. Koerner, Professors of Drawing and Arts of Design; John Koerner, Professor of French and Literature; Augustine J. Moriles, Professor of Spanish and Literature; Theo. Glanbenske, Professor of German and Literature; and seven well-qualified Tutors.



A VIEW OF THE FREE ACADEMY, NEW YORK.

PRESENT TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

Below is a representation of a group of the fine gray Shanghai Fowls lately presented to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, of Great Britain, by George P. Burnham, Esq., of Boston. These extraordinary specimens of domestic poultry were bred the past season by Mr. Burnham, from stock imported by him direct from China, and were universally admitted, by the thousands who saw them before they left, to be the largest and choicest-bred lot of chickens ever seen together in this vicinity. These birds were from the same brood as those lately sent to Lord Northly, of Aldborough, by Mr. Burnham, who is, perhaps, the most successful poultry raiser in America; and while these beautiful birds are creditable to him as a breeder, they are a present really "fit for a queen."

ily do we believe it. It is not necessary to compass sea and land to find a field for the honest missionary's labors; we have no need of going to Africa, Hindostan, or the Japanese, to find subjects for Christian instruction and reform. There is always misery enough at our back doors to employ us, if we will but look for ourselves, in room of letting others look for us. All success to the goodly efforts of the home missionaries! they will hallow that plague-spot of New York by their pure charity, and turn it from a sink of iniquity into a chastened and purifying school for the unfortunate. Long, however, will the Old Brewery be remembered, as the head-quarters of crime and debauchery, in the Five Points, and many will be the stories that romancers will write about it when the present generation shall be sleeping in dust.

THE OLD BREWERY.

On page 40, of the present number, we give to the readers of the Pictorial an exceedingly interesting picture, drawn for us by Chapin. It represents the far-famed and ill-famed Brewery, of the Five Points, New York. It has been for many years the nucleus round which were gathered all the crime, filth, and misery of this modern Babel. The ladies of the Home Missionary Society lately purchased it, and after making a public exhibition of it by illuminations, and inviting the world at large to visit it, and witness the depth of misery to which human beings could descend, at last ordered its demolition, to make way for a substantial mission house for the Five Points. It is therefore "classic ground," and has been made one of the lions of the city. This portion of the city, which has been the home of misery and seat of crime for many years, has, mainly through the efforts of some courageous Christians of the Methodist denomination, been completely cleansed of its moral filth, and stripped of its terrors. Persons now traverse the neighborhood with the most perfect security, and even ladies in their charitable missions penetrate with safety these wretched abodes. Children are educated in schools, who never before heard the voice of kindly instruction, and this work of physical and moral regeneration has been most complete and satisfactory.

Upon the site of the building will soon be erected a mission house, with school-rooms, and preaching room, and light, and clean, and well-ventilated apartments for the poor, at a cheaper rate than they have paid for the dark, and filthy, and confined apartments which the old brewery has contained. No one can over-estimate the physical and moral advantages of this change. We rejoice to see these missionary efforts at home; we are told that it is at home where charity should commence, and most heartily do we believe it. It is not necessary to compass sea and land to find a field for the honest missionary's labors; we have no need of going to Africa, Hindostan, or the Japanese, to find subjects for Christian instruction and reform. There is always misery enough at our back doors to employ us, if we will but look for ourselves, in room of letting others look for us. All success to the goodly efforts of the home missionaries! they will hallow that plague-spot of New York by their pure charity, and turn it from a sink of iniquity into a chastened and purifying school for the unfortunate. Long, however, will the Old Brewery be remembered, as the head-quarters of crime and debauchery, in the Five Points, and many will be the stories that romancers will write about it when the present generation shall be sleeping in dust.



REPRESENTATION OF A BROOD OF SHANGHAE FOWLS PRESENTED TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

CHRISTIAN'S PICTORIAL



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1853.

\$3 PER ANNUM. } VOL. IV. No. 4.—WHOLE No. 82.
6 CTS. SINGLE. }

NEW YORK POLICE COURT.

The admirable picture, which we present below, is the copy of an actual scene in the New York Police Court; and our artist, in his nicety, has preserved even the likenesses of the culprits, and various parties who made up the scene, from the justice down to the ragged and forlorn-looking girl at the bar. Many of these likenesses, being of noted persons of both sexes and all colors, will be recognized by the frequenters of the courts, by the police and others. The phase of life which we represent here, is one with which the readers of the Pictorial are little familiar; and yet this scene, though the actual copy of the morning appearance of a court-room in New York city, is still by no means a picture peculiar to that over-grown metropolis. Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New Orleans court-rooms frequently present such an appearance,—sad thought for the moralist, large field for the philanthropist! It was only in our last number that we gave a representation of the Old Brewery, at the Five Points, New York, now demolished to make room for a charitable institution which shall exert a godly and Christian influence. This is an important move, one calculated to exercise a great and lasting good. It is one of the first steps towards purifying the humbler classes of society, so as to obviate the necessity for such sad and debasing court scenes as represented below. However debased the faces

of these poor creatures may show them to be, however degraded their course, however grovelling their habits, still there are none of them but bear on the soul the only half-effaced image of God. "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick," saith the Scriptures; and when we see costly equipages rolling their owners to expensive churches, to listen to the dainty language of some richly-paid minister; we wonder why the man of God does not seek the haunts of those who are so very "sick," and strive by his teachings to lead them back to the paths of virtue. There is no denying the fact that the class of the community who fill our police courts, our jails and houses of reformation, are too much neglected by the wise, or those who are looked up to as the wise and good. True, there are a few men who make hold to operate among this class, but they are few. Our scene below will appear to our country readers almost exaggerated; but it is not so in one line of its expression or detail. City life exhibits some strange points, and shows us often the brightest and the darkest side of human life. Often a partition wall only separates the abodes of Lazarus and Dives; wealth and poverty, crime and virtue are next door neighbors. New York being larger, of course exhibits in a more extended degree these extremes of fortune; in Boston, though we have enough, heaven knows, of the saddest characteristics of large cities, still we are less deplorably situated in this

respect than many of our southern and western cities. The great extremes observable elsewhere are less often seen here, and a better general tone of morals prevails than in any other community of the same size that we are familiar with. As it regards the destruction of the Old Brewery, at the Five Points, New York, as we have before said, we consider it one of the most important steps that has been taken for years towards the purifying of this foul district of the great metropolis. It is in such places as the Brewery that such characters as we see below rendezvous by day; and like birds of evil omen and beasts of prey, they sally out from thence to do all the evil in their power, under cover of the night. There is a study in the faces of our picture, because they are likenesses; each has its wild story of debauch and sin to tell,—each bears witness to crime and villainy. In some parts of Europe, the authorities have adopted the plan of procuring a daguerreotype likeness of all thieves and culprits for the use of the police, and as a ready means of recognizing old offenders, so that whenever one accused is found to be guilty, he "sits for his picture," and his "counterfeit presentment" is carefully preserved for future reference and use. This is not a bad idea, and might be profitably and advantageously adopted by our large cities in this country, and thus furnish a means of detection in the case of notorious rogues, that would further the ends of justice, and strengthen the law.



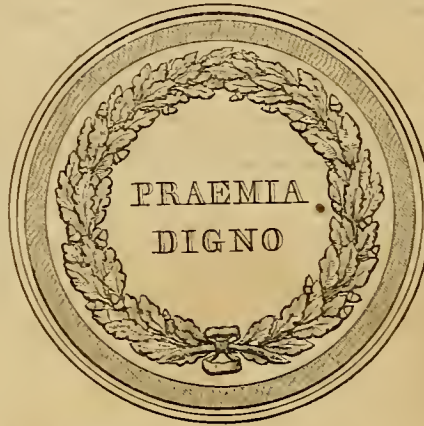
PICTURE OF A SCENE IN THE NEW YORK POLICE COURT.

GOLD MEDAL.

The "great gold medal" of his majesty the Emperor of Russia has been sparingly bestowed, and never except upon objects of special interest. Such an object he considered the "centre draught plough" of Messrs. Prouty & Mears, of Boston, a specimen of which they sent to the emperor, and for which they received from him the gold medal, a fine engraving of which is herewith given. We also present engravings of two ploughs, one an exact representation of that sent to his majesty, and the other a view of a plough brought a few years since from Cuba. It is entirely of wood, the two principal parts, with a natural crook, being rudely fastened together, with a truck at the end of the pole. It is truly a barbarous looking implement, requiring eight or ten horses to draw it through the ground; and yet it is still used in Cuba, and in some parts of Mexico and Spain, and ploughs not much better were in use in some of the counties of England as recently as 1830. In this country comparatively ill-constructed ploughs were used, till Messrs. Prouty & Co., after repeated experiments, upon mathematical principles, produced the "centre draught plough," now so celebrated in this and other countries. It was almost as great an improvement upon the ploughs that immediately preceded it, as those were upon the old Cuban plough seen in the engraving. Such an achievement for agriculture naturally awakened a deep and wide-spread interest, for it soon became evident that it was working and must work a great and marked change in the amount of labor required for the cultivation of the soil, and also in the productions and value of land itself. The authors of this invention, wishing to extend its benefits as widely as possible, and knowing



REPRESENTATION OF THE GOLD MEDAL PRESENTED BY THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA TO PROUTY & MEARS.



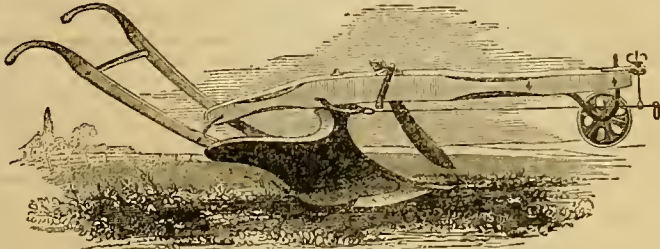
medal, with his effigy, and the motto, "Praemia Digno."

I have the pleasure to send to you this medal by Mr. Keller, in a packet, under the legation's seal. Please to inform me of the receipt of the medal, and receive, gentlemen, the assurances of my sincere regard. ALEX. DE BOBISCO. D. Prouty & J. Mears, Jr., Boston.

This medal, which is of the finest gold, and weighs fifteen ounces, bearing on one side a fine likeness of the emperor in bold relief, has a value far beyond its intrinsic worth, coming as it does from a prince so competent to judge of the merits of the article sent him. His judgment is confirmed also by the fact, that the plough upon which he bestowed his munificent reward, has received the highest premiums in this country and in Europe, and has gained a celebrity far exceeding all other ploughs in existence. At the severe and impartial trial in Worcester, some years since, where all the best manufactured ploughs were brought forward, the centre draught plough of Prouty & Mears received the highest premium—\$100. At the still more celebrated and protracted trial by the New York State Agricultural Society, in Albany, in June, 1850, a trial continued through ten successive days, the committee did not hesitate to award the four highest premiums to the Prouty & Mears's centre draught plough. And finally, the same plough took the prize at the late World's Fair in London, where it had to compete with ploughs from all countries. That the Emperor Nicholas, upon a thorough trial of this plough in his own grounds, should have seized at once upon its strong points of excellence, and awarded to it an honor he has never been known to bestow on any other implement of the kind, reflects as much credit on his own sagacity and skill in agriculture, as on the genius and enterprise of the American manufacturers.

subverting the soil, at the same time burying all vegetable matter upon its surface, and the remarkably small amount of power required to draw it through the earth. As these are the most important items required in a good plough, and as this is one which enthralls them all, and has already obtained a very extensive celebrity in this country, we have taken the liberty of presenting this specimen to your majesty, trusting that it will meet with your approbation. Your obedient servants, D. PROUTY & J. MEARS, JR.

Washington, 20th May, 1845. Sirs: The plough you intended to present to the emperor has been received, and its usefulness acknowledged. His imperial majesty, appreciating your good intentions, has ordered me to present to you in his name, the great gold



PLOUGH PRESENTED TO EMPEROR NICHOLAS, OF RUSSIA.



REPRESENTATION OF A PLOUGH USED IN CUBA.

the Emperor Nicholas to be an enlightened prince, and an enthusiastic agriculturist, forwarded to him a specimen of this plough, as above represented. The letter accompanying the plough, and the answer of his majesty, through the Russian ambassador at Washington, are given below:

Boston, July 31, 1844.

His Imperial Majesty, Emperor of all the Russias:

Enclosed you will receive a bill of lading of one of the most approved American ploughs of the present day, which we have taken the liberty of presenting to your majesty as a specimen, combining the latest and most important improvements, among which are, the ease with which it is held by the ploughman, the neat and perfect manner in which it turns its furrow, completely

A WINTER SCENE.

We could hardly have produced a more timely picture than is given to the reader below, of that delightfully exhilarating sport, and that truly manly exercise, known as skating. Of late years, American ladies have been practising this amusement, and the fine pond at Jamaica Plain, Roxbury, at certain seasons presents a most lively and gay appearance, covered with ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, all skimming with magic-like power over the glassy surface of the pond. A good skater can attain immense speed upon the ice, and sustain himself for miles. In the picture below is represented some of the casualties that the skater is liable

to. If awkward, he must pay a severe penalty, sometimes, for his want of skill, and fatal accidents do not unfrequently occur. New beginners, old hands (or legs) at the business, and the awkward squad are all represented in our picture. On the right foreground one is seen with a servant, arranging his skates; just beyond him is an awkward figure, fearful of a fall; in the middle foreground is seen one whose graceful and confident figure betokens the adept at the business; and on his left is observed an individual struggling to break his forward impetus to spare the two figures already down upon the ice. We trust that the individual underneath has found a soft place on the ice upon which to fall.



WINTER PASTIME—A SKATING SCENE.

CYCLOPS STEEL WORKS, SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND.

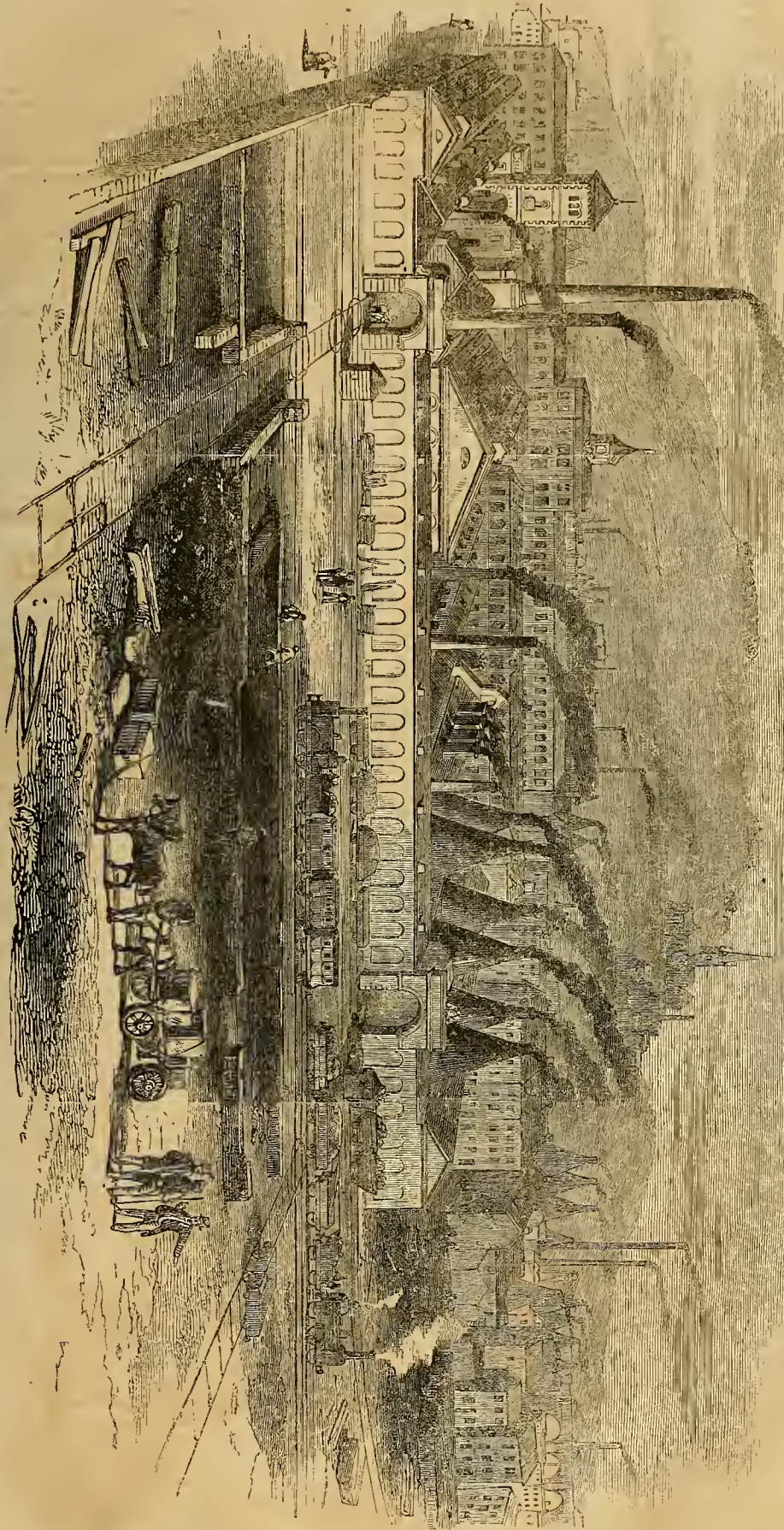
The following brief description and engraving of the Cyclops Steel Works, Sheffield, England,—which we herewith present to our readers,—one of the most complete and efficient works of its kind, situated in the heart of the great manufacturing districts of England, will be found most timely and interesting. In that great metropolis of the steel trade (Sheffield), none rank higher than the Cyclops Steel Works; and its justly celebrated productions have earned for themselves a reputation not confined to England only, but which are known throughout the whole of the eastern

can be brought in and taken out by the trucks of the firm, as well as those of the various lines of railway with which it has connection, with the greatest ease and expedition. Shipments of Swedish iron, on their arrival at the eastern ports, are at once transferred to trucks upon the railway, and conveyed direct, upon the iron way, into the very heart of the Cyclops Steel Works, there to be converted into steel, which is either sent out in that condition, or wrought up into manufactured goods. The immense quantities of coal and coke consumed by the numerous steam engines, furnaces, and fires at work in this large establishment, are brought

Cyclopians are fabricating every variety of railway springs, aided by such machinery as the original Vulcan never dreamt of, and further on great numbers of hands are engaged forging, annealing, grinding, cutting, hardening and manipulating files, tools, etc., the visitor comes to a series of very large buildings of more recent construction, consisting of rolling mills, tilts, forges and grinding wheels. The machinery connected with these last-named departments, is of the most approved and splendid description, and the extent of its power gives a fair idea of the magnitude of an establishment which has called into existence such powerful accessories.

The rolling mills are a pair of fifty-horse-power engines: there is also an engine of the same capability for driving grindstones and other machinery required for the general purposes of the trade; and other engines of proportionate power for hammering, tilting, forging and drawing. There is, also, a steam-hammer, which is most efficiently and advantageously employed in the forge shops. An inspection of these stupendous adjuncts to a manufactory, which, even prior to their erection, was remarkable for its very great extent, cannot but fill the mind with a feeling of admiration, approaching to astonishment, at the enterprising spirit, masterly knowledge of sound commercial principles, and enormous resources, of the proprietors of so gigantic and complete an establishment. The departments of the works last enumerated, having been planned by the fertile minds of the owners of the establishment, after very great experience, and constructed upon principles which embrace the most recent improvements in science and mechanics, are pronounced by persons of competent judgment and large observation, as the completest and most efficient works of the kind in Europe. The Cyclops Steel Works, when in active operation, present a scene of the utmost animation—an aspect which the philosopher and the political economist would study with the greatest interest. The most jealous artisan could scarcely view these works with dissatisfaction, for while every contrivance that human ingenuity has yet revealed for saving the labor of animated beings has been introduced here, so far as the nature of the manufactures admit, yet so immensely has the consumption of its produce in steel, files, springs, forgings, tools, etc., been increased, that the sum of human labor, so far from being in the aggregate diminished, is largely extended. The crude notions entertained by the artisan class half a century ago, as to the influence of machinery on the labor market, have oft been refuted, of late years, very remarkably, but in few instances more palpably than in the large and bold illustration afforded by the Cyclops Steel Works. And while instruction is afforded by the experience of this establishment to the artisan class, it holds out a valuable lesson to persons in a higher rank of life. The signal success which has attended this great enterprise, even should it proceed no further, goes far to prove that well-directed effort in commercial pursuits, aided by energetic action and indomitable perseverance, are the surest road to that great reward which is the end and aim of all manufacturing and commercial undertakings. The spirited proprietors of these works have lately established an agency in this city. They have also houses in New York, Philadelphia, London and Hamburg. In an article which we have read with much interest in a paper now lying before us, we find the following: "In the early days of chivalry the art of tempering steel does not appear to have been so perfectly understood or conducted by British as by foreign artificers, especially those of Milan and Toledo; and as 'armor of proof and trusty sword' were of vital importance to the wearer of such martial panoply, the preference was generally given to foreign manufacture. Many allusions to its superiority may be found scattered throughout the pages of history and historical romance. Artificers who wrought in steel were formerly held in great estimation. The chief smith was an officer of considerable dignity in Britain, and enjoyed many privileges; among others he was entitled to a draught of every kind of liquor brought into his lord's dining hall, and sat next to the chaplain at meals. English cast-steel is one variety of the Proctean compound of iron and carbon, and is obtained by melting steel with vitrifiable matters and charcoal, then casting it into the form of ingots, which are subsequently gently heated, and carefully hammered or rolled into the form of smaller bars. Blistered steel and cast steel contain from ninety-eight to ninety-nine per cent. of iron; the remaining portion consisting of carbon, silicon and phosphorus." This metal being in such common use, it is hardly necessary to add anything more.

VIEW OF THE CELEBRATED CYCLOPS STEEL WORKS, AT SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND.



world, and are now acquiring for themselves a deservedly good name in the great and daily increasing market of this country. The high repute of these manufactures may be inferred from the great extent of the establishment, particulars of which we copy from an English paper. The premises occupy an area of upwards of ten acres of ground, and the business gives employment to more than 1000 persons. It would be difficult to find another establishment combining such great facilities for carrying on a gigantic trade. The premises being intersected by the Midland railway, within a few hundred yards of its Sheffield terminus, and having sidings and lines traversing every part of the works, merchandise

within its boundaries in the same economical and expeditious manner, and delivered from the trucks precisely at the various points where required for consumption. The works are likewise approached by a system of roads the best and most perfect in the neighborhood of Sheffield. After passing through an almost interminable succession of buildings, judiciously and skillfully arranged for the economical prosecution of the successive stages of manufacture, in which immense numbers of busy workmen are employed, some with illuminated visages engaged in the glowing work of making steel, in apartments at a tropical temperature, while in another vast range of workshops groups of stalwort

leges; among others he was entitled to a draught of every kind of liquor brought into his lord's dining hall, and sat next to the chaplain at meals. English cast-steel is one variety of the Proctean compound of iron and carbon, and is obtained by melting steel with vitrifiable matters and charcoal, then casting it into the form of ingots, which are subsequently gently heated, and carefully hammered or rolled into the form of smaller bars. Blistered steel and cast steel contain from ninety-eight to ninety-nine per cent. of iron; the remaining portion consisting of carbon, silicon and phosphorus." This metal being in such common use, it is hardly necessary to add anything more.

REPRESENTATION OF THE NEW REGULATION UNIFORM OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.



PURSER. MASTER MIDSHIPMAN. CAPTAIN. PASSED MIDSHIPMAN. LIEUTENANT.

FULL UNIFORM OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

UNIFORM AND DRESS OF THE NAVY AND MARINE.

Some time since we had the pleasure of presenting to our readers the new regulation uniform of the army of the United States, and we now offer as a connecting series, the regulation uniform and dress of the navy and marine corps, approved in March, and ordered to take effect as soon after July 4th, 1852, as practicable. The new order embraces a full uniform, an undress, and a service dress, for officers of the navy, all of which we have illustrated with the assistance of our artist, Mr. Chapin, on this and the next page.

The full uniform consists of a dress-coat and pants, of navy blue cloth, with lace on the pants, epaulets, sword and knot, and cocked-hat. The undress, of frock-coat, epaulets, sword and knot, cocked-hat, and pantaloons without lace or cord. The service dress is the same as the undress, except that the prescribed cap is worn instead of the cocked-hat; epaulets and swords or either, may be worn or dispensed with at the pleasure of the wearer, or as the occasion may require. Officers are ordered to wear their uniform, either full dress or undress, whenever they make official visits to the President of the United States, or to the Secretary of the Navy, or to foreign ships of war or cities. They also wear their undress uniform when acting as members of courts-martial, or courts of inquiry, or of special boards, or whenever attending such courts as witnesses, or in any other capacity, unless the officer ordering the same shall especially order the full dress to be worn. Officers constituting or appearing before boards of examination also wear their undress uniform, and whenever it shall be ordered by their commanding officer. At other times the service dress may be worn. "The hair of all persons belonging to the navy, when in actual service, is to be kept short. No part of the beard is to be worn long, and the whiskers shall not descend more than two inches below the ear, except at sea, in high latitudes, when the regulation may, for the time, be dispensed with by order of the commander of a squadron, or of a vessel acting under separate orders. Neither mustaches nor imperials are to be worn by officers or men on any pretence whatever." Rather arbitrary that. "Officers on furlough are required not to wear their uniforms, except on special public occasions of ceremony. Officers are strictly prohibited wearing any part of their uniform, whilst suspended from duty by sentence of court-martial." The distinctions of uniform between officers of various grades may be thought to be very slight, and are so to an inexperienced eye. We will attempt to explain the difference, which will be the more readily observed by reference to the illustrations herewith given.

The cocked-hat is the same for all officers, except the captain and commander; each have one row of bullion more over the cockade. The epaulets are nearly the same for all officers, except that on the strap or upper part a captain wears a silver eagle and anchor, and a small silver star. A commander wears two crossed fowl anchors. Lieutenants, one fowl anchor; and a master's epaulets are plain. Sargeons and assistants have the letters M. D. in old English characters. Purser's, the letters P. D.; and chief-engineers, E. in the same, on the frog of the epaulet. Passed midshipmen wear a strip of gold lace on each shoulder, while midshipmen wear nothing.

In the uniform coat the distinction is as follows: A Captain wears a strip of lace one inch and a half wide round the upper edge and down the front of the collar, with a strip half an inch wide round the lower edge. Two rows of navy buttons down the front, nine in each row. On the cuff there are three strips of lace with corresponding buttons between. The pocket-flaps edged round with lace. A Commander—the same in all respects, except the lace on the collar is a quarter of an inch narrower, and there are two strips only round the cuff, and the pocket-flaps are without lace. Lieutenants the same, except the lace on the collar is only one inch wide, and there is only one strip around the cuff. A Master is the same as a lieutenant, except there are three buttons

around the wrist, instead of lace. Passed Midshipmen and Midshipmen are the same, except that the former has no second strip of lace around the bottom of the collar, and the latter, instead of the lace, has a fowl anchor embroidered thereon. Sargeons and Purser's have embroidered on the collar a sprig of live-oak. A Chaplain's coat is single-breasted, and has a collar and cuffs of black velvet, with one row of nine buttons. A Chief Engineer's is also single-breasted, with an anchor and wreath embroidered on the collar, and three buttons around the wrist. The pantaloons are the same for all officers, except that Captains wear a strip of lace one and a half inch wide, Commanders a strip one and a quarter inch, and Lieutenants one inch wide down the outer seam. Passed Midshipmen and Masters wear a strip of cord; all others are plain. The sword for all officers is a cut and thrust, half-basket hilt, grip white; scabbards of black leather, mountings of yellow gilt. The sword-knot for Captains and Commanders is a cord and tassel of blue and gold; all other officers, a strap of gold somewhat smaller. In the undress the same distinctions are preserved throughout, except that the collar is turned over, and has no embroidery upon it.

The service dress is the same as the undress, except that a cap, such as is shown in the engravings on the opposite page, is worn, with the distinctive marks of the various grades embroidered upon its front. Captains, Commanders, Lieutenants and Masters wear a band of gold lace of their respective widths around the band of the cap; all other officers have the band plain. When the epaulets are dispensed with, shoulder-straps are worn, with the devices of the various grades embroidered thereon. The pantaloons of all officers in service dress are plain. When in undress, plain or laced pantaloons are worn at pleasure.

On the following page we also give a group of officers, etc., in the uniform of the marine corps, as reported by the Secretary of the Navy. In this arm of the service the coat is of navy blue, and the pantaloons of sky-blue cloth. In summer, or when in warm climates, white pantaloons are worn, and in some instances white jackets, which is the summer fatigue dress. The band wear red coats and blue pants, with the same fatigue as the marines in summer. Where there are so many distinctions in rank and grade as there must be in this service, it would be impossible for us to minutely describe them all, nor would it be interesting to the reader. We will therefore refer him to the engravings, which will give him better ideas of the various uniforms, etc., than the most lengthy and elaborate description can portray them.



SURGEON. PASSED MIDSHIPMAN. MASTER LIEUTENANT. COMMANDER. CAPTAIN.

UNDRESS UNIFORM OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.



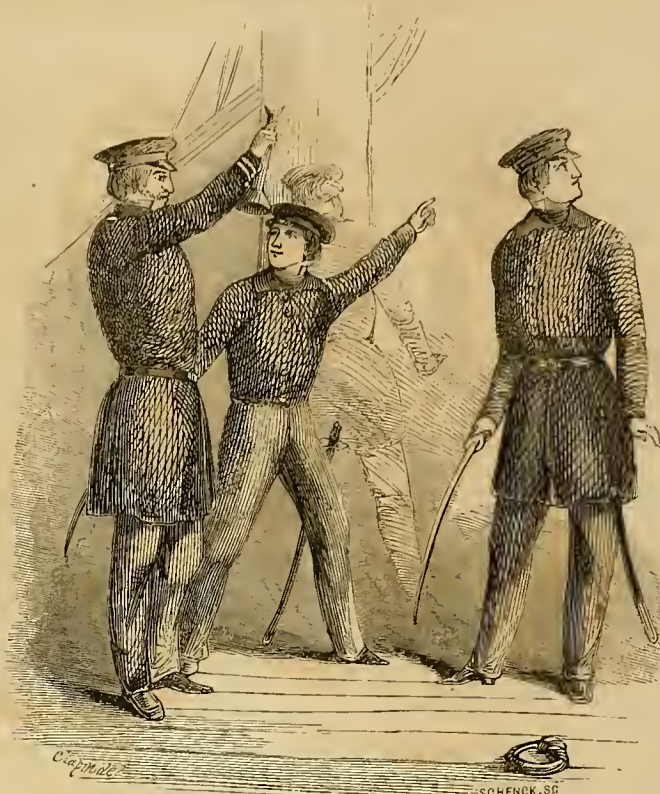
CAPTAIN. MASTER. CHIEF ENGINEER.

SERVICE DRESS OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

Much is said just now with regard to an increase in our navy, of ships and officers. Considering what this arm of our national defence is expected to accomplish, we certainly think that it should be increased as above intended; and we hope that Congress may take the matter in hand, this winter, and that the necessary appropriations for this purpose may be made on the most liberal scale. England and France, both, knowing the immense importance of this department of the government, are gradually building up their navies to be the most perfect and effective in the world. Sooner or later there must, we think, be a war between Europe and America; the now peaceful horizon of nations often looks cloudy, and forebodings are felt that at any day there may spring up questions which cannot be settled save by a resort to arms. Growing in all else—in extent of coast, in extent of commerce, in wealth, population, and the like—why is it to be wondered at that a call should be made by the wise and thoughtful, for a corresponding increase in our national means of defence? We have not a large navy at the disposal of the President, but

what we have is efficient, and should be strengthened by immediate and timely additions. We have not such a fear of the cry of "a standing army" as some profess, and we would like to have our army rendered more powerful by being increased at least one half more. War and trouble are often prevented by the existence of ample means to prosecute such affairs, if need be, to the extremest point. A foreign power, for instance, would hesitate to declare war, if their enemy was known to possess a large and efficient navy; whereas, if he was weak in this point, they would be less apt to hesitate at the outset. It may be amusing to some of our readers to have us give place in this connection to a sailor's description of a naval fight; for the regular routine of duty is as much set down and followed by rule, as that of the nicest mechanical operation. Assuming the advantage of the weather-gage, let us prepare for action. Topsails, top-gallant-sails, jib and spanker, with the courses hauled up, ready to be set again, are good sails

to fight under, for with them your ship is under perfect command to advance, manoeuvre, or lie to. If there is an appearance of squally weather, it is well to have a reef in the topsails, in anticipation. The crew are called to quarters by beat of drum, every man going to the station which has been rendered familiar to him by frequent training, under the eye of his officers. The commander, standing in a conspicuous station on the quarter-deck, watches his own ship and the enemy, and conveys the order that the occasion may require, by voice or through the medium of his aids. Under him, the first lieutenant commands the offensive and defensive operations, and effects the various evolutions which he may direct, in relation to the position of the ship. The clues are stoppered, to keep the sails spread in the event of the sheets being shot away, and the yards are hung in chains, to obviate a like inconvenience from the cutting away of the ties. The carpenter rigs the pumps to prepare for a leak, collects shot-plugs to stop holes in the side, and fishes of wood to strengthen a mast, or yard, that may be wounded, and in danger of falling. The sur-



COMMANDER. MIDSHIPMAN. PASSED MIDSHIPMAN.

SERVICE DRESS OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

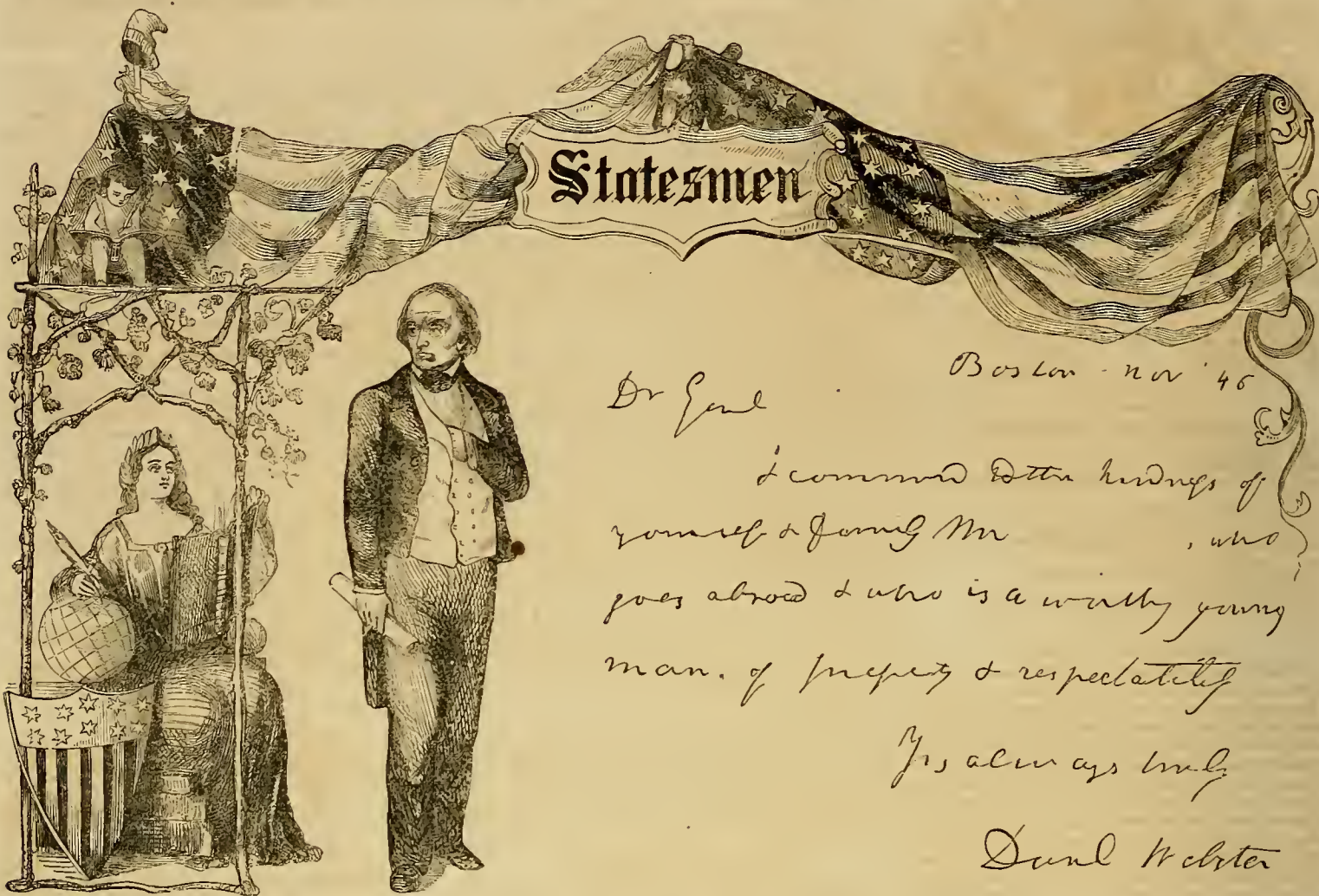
geon prepares, in the cockpit, to relieve the wounded. Tubs of water are collected in the tops, channels, and on deck, to be ready to extinguish fire; the decks are wet to prevent the explosion of powder, and put out sparks that may fall there, and also sanded to prevent the men from slipping when splashed with blood or water. Finally, plenty of wads and shot, round, grape and caecister, are collected beside the guns, and the magazine is opened and lit by the gunner and his crew, who prepare to pass the cartridges to the powder-boys. And now, having given three cheers, you bear down upon the enemy. It is a great object to rake your enemy, if possible; that is, to get across his bow, or stern, out of reach of his guns, whilst you sweep the whole length of his deck with fatal execution. If it is desirable to rake your enemy, it is equally so to avoid being raked in return. This double advantage can only be attained by superior sailing, or by great skill in manoeuvring. In directing your fire, it is best to aim between wind and water, and also in the direction of the masts, for in this way the enemy may be soonest disabled, and victory gained with little loss of life.



LIEUTENANT. STAFF OFFICER. CAPTAIN. COLONEL. SERGEANT. PRIVATE. BAND.

UNIFORM OF THE MARINE CORPS OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

Types of Mind: or Fac-similes of the Hand-writing of Eminent Persons, No. 4, BY BEN. PERLEY POORE.



Boston Nov 46
 Dr Good
 I commend to the kindness of
 yourself & young Mr _____, who
 goes abroad & who is a worthy young
 man. of integrity & respectability
 Yrs always truly
 Daniel Webster

DANIEL WEBSTER.—We give a simple note of introduction, terse and original in its style and chirography, but it brings up greater and nobler works of the same giant intellect, set down in the same autography. The most valuable specimens extant, however, are two large folio volumes of deeds, in a Maine Register's office, which the great statesman copied when keeping school at Fryeburg, in order to raise money for his professional education. ALEXANDER HAMILTON, the friend of Washington, wrote a singularly neat hand, and the same may be said of WILLIAM WINT; each denoting a well-regulated mind and strict discipline of thought. RICHARD RUSH, who was long abroad, acquired the English diplomatic autography, in which strong ground is boldly taken, and every thought carefully weighed.

RUFUS KING possessed high attainments, and his autograph is bold, thoughtful, and of the genuine gentlemanly stamp peculiar to the "old school." The signature below is taken from a long letter, written whilst he was abroad, in a secret cypher. JOHN C. CALHOUN wrote an energetic, wilful, and somewhat erratic hand, yet there was nothing in any ways contemptible about a single hair-line of it. His correspondence was voluminous, and his autographic letters are highly prized. JOHN FORSYTH and THOMAS H. BENTON are too well known to require more than a passing word. The writing of the former resembled that of Calhoun's; Mr. Benton's is more dogmatic. PATRICK HENRY and RUFUS CHOATE, the most gifted orators our land has produced, have strongly marked autographs. That

of the Massachusetts orator is so erratic as often to be unintelligible "to all the world, and the writer besides." HENRY CLAY's autography, like his eloquence, was often intangible to delication; but when he thought the writing would be preserved, he imparted to it the noble substance of his intellect, and the winning beauty of his open smile. His hand was ever somewhat small, but every page gleamed with original thought. LEVI WOODBURY wrote a varied hand. His autography was somewhat clerical, yet bore the stamp of his own liberal principles. EDWARD EVERETT, the Cicero of our Republic, now writes a larger and bolder hand than he did when he penned the letter to which the fac-simile below was originally signed. His talents have won the admiration of all.

Wm. H. Hamella Rufus King J. C. Calhoun W. Clay
 Wm. Forsyth Thomas H. Benton Levi Woodbury
 Richard Rush J. P. Choate Patrick Henry Edward Everett

GEO. CANNING, LORD PALMERSTON, B. D'ISRAELI—a glorious triumvirate of British statesmen, yet how differently they write. The first was evidently bold and dauntless; Palmerston has the craftiness of European diplomacy; and the author of "Vivian Grey" evinces his rugged determination to resist opposition, whilst he maintains every inch of ground with sarcastic zeal. There is, in the autography of each an apparent consciousness of the power of the "sea-girt isle," which may be found in the hand-writing of nearly every British statesman of eminence. The French public men, on the contrary, write contracted, hurried, and often almost illegible hands, showing far less of that national pride which is based upon sound foundations, and can appreciate its strength.

MIRABEAU, of whom it is said that he gave the art of oratory to France, wrote, as he thought, in a hurried, contracted, epigrammatic style. The letters were above the usual size in height, yet so confusedly mingled as often to be illegible. He was a great admirer of the United States, and we have a volume containing our National and State constitutions, the margins of which he nearly covered with notes. He wrote also a comparison between the great Conde and Scipio Africanus, besides many other volumes and political pamphlets. DANIEL O'CONNELL stands at the head of those popular orators who heat their ideas in the flame of genius, instead of tempering them carefully in political sagacity, and who exhibit in their speeches superb language and deep thought, if they do not evince much practical political capacity. His autograph is full and flowing, evidently somewhat reckless, and indicative of the writer's assurance and gentlemanly deportment, showing that quality which men of note are apt to exhibit, a certainty of their position which renders them somewhat heedless.

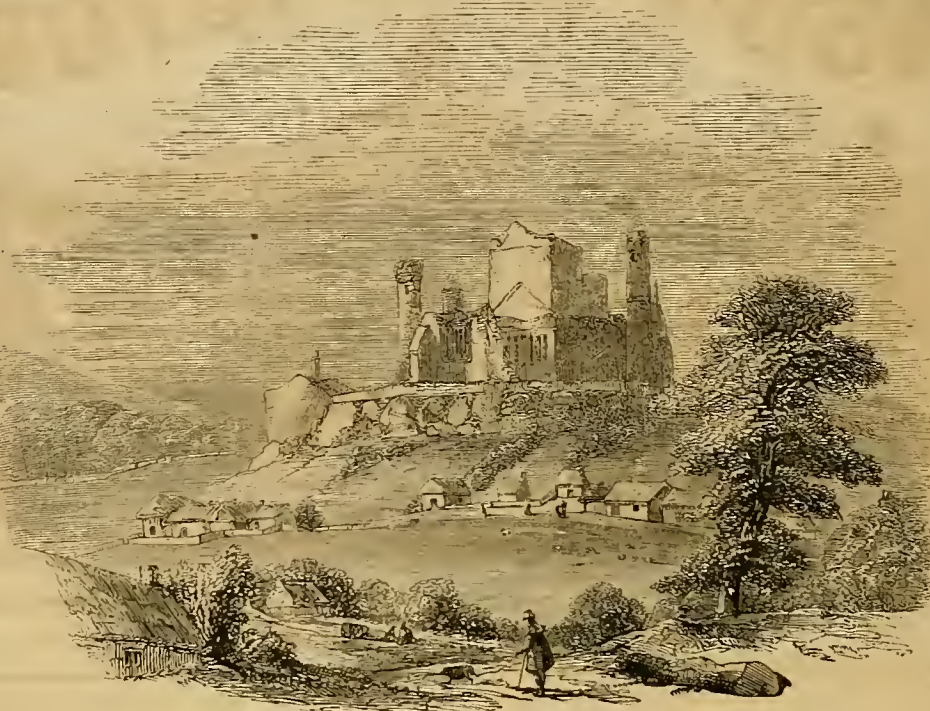
TALLEYRAND, a trinity of signatures, used at different times by the most cunning of statesmen, who considered language a disguise for thought. A republican, he was plain Charles Maurice Talleyrand; then, as the Prince de Benevente, he swelled Napoleon's imperial train; and afterwards, as the Prince de Talleyrand, served and plotted against the Bourbons; died under Louis Philippe, whose reign he had helped to establish, and then commenced to assail. ROUESPIERRE, who sacrificed beaotombs upon the false altar of liberty, and finally died upon the guillotine, where he had consigned so many to death, wrote a perverse, crabbed hand, which he endeavored to render graceful and fair.

Geo Canning
 Palmerston
 Mirabeau
 Daniel O'Connell
 Ch. Maurice Talleyrand
 Le Prince de Benevente
 Le Prince de Talleyrand
 De Rouespierre

THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

The town of Cashel, distant fourteen miles from Clonmel, county of Tipperary, Ireland, is chiefly built round the southern and eastern side of an insulated mass of limestone, called, "The Rock of Cashel." The most majestic portion of this olden monument of Erin slipped or fell, a short time since. This event has created some excitement amongst the country people, especially as an alleged prophecy of St. Columkille is in the mouths of the peasantry—that "the Rock of Cashel would fall in the same year in which a revolution would break out in England." Leaving this fulfilment out of the question, the rock is a very interesting spot. On this great natural platform, which rises abruptly to the mid-t of a rich plain, and commands an extensive view, formerly stood the residence of the petty kings of Munster. Sir James Ware, who lived so lately as 1666, informs us that he has here seen the stone on which those potentates were inaugurated, and where, it is said, they received their tribute of their subordinate toparchs. From the latter circumstance the name of the place has been derived, *cash-iol* being interpreted by some "the stone of tribute;" but *cashiol* seems to be an original Celtic word, the same in all respects as the Latinized *castellum*; and the probability is, that the place was so called from the castle or *dun* of the chieftain on its summit. A roll or schedule of the tribute payable here is still preserved; and the enumeration of the different articles of use and luxury which formed the rude substitute for rent is sufficiently curious—arms, clothing, provisions, live stock, and slaves, both male and female, being the dues ordinarily specified.

The summit of the rock, as our illustration shows, is crowned with a pile of picturesque buildings, which, from its commanding situation, massive proportions, and singular variety of outline, is justly considered the finest of the kind in Ireland. The structures of which it is composed are an Ecclesiastical Round Tower, in good preservation; Cormac's Chapel, a small stone-roofed church, with two side towers in the Norman style of the eleventh and twelfth centuries; a cathedral, with nave, choir and transepts in the pointed style of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; a strong castle, which served as the palace of the Archbishops of Cashel; and the vicar's hall and the mansions of the inferior ecclesiastical officers of the cathedral. Cormac M'Carthy, king of Munster, is supposed to have built Cormac's Chapel early in the twelfth century; and later in the same century, the cathedral, 210 feet in length, and 170 in breadth, was erected by Donald O'Brien, king of Limerick. In the middle of the last century, the chancel, which was then used for divine service, was unroofed and dismantled, and a new cathedral built in the city of Cashel by Archbishop Agar. It was remarked by Sir Walter Scott that, as a whole, there was nothing to be found in the British empire comparable in interest



VIEW OF THE CELEBRATED ROCK OF CASHEL, NEAR CLONMEL, IRELAND.

with the Rock of Cashel. Cormac's Chapel, by the way, is by far the most perfect specimen of this description of building in these islands; and it gives a convincing proof, not only of the existence, but of the excellence of some works in stone and lime, exclusive of round towers, in Ireland before the coming of the English. Few Americans are accustomed to associate with the name of Ireland much of ancient grandeur; yet these mouldering tokens of former glory are indisputable evidences of her past history of romance and greatness. There is an air and spirit about our illustration that speaks of fallen grandeur, and we apprehend that few readers of the Pictorial will visit these regions and return without examining personally the ruins of Cashel. But

"To see fair Melrose aright,
do visit it by pale moonlight!"

No doubt there are many points and locations in Ireland richly worthy the visit and study of the antiquarian and the scholar. The spot herewith represented has to our mind more than ordinary interest, and would in itself be of sufficient moment to lead one to make a pilgrimage to the Emerald Isle. In their journeyings to classic grounds let not tourists forget to visit Ireland.

CEYLON CINNAMON FIELDS.

Our morning was—as usual on a first arrival—taken up by visits; in the afternoon we drove in Sir E. Baraes's sociable through the far-famed cinnamon gardens, which covered upwards of 17,000 acres of land on the coast, the largest of which are near Colombo. The plant thrives best in a poor, sandy soil, in a damp atmosphere; it grows wild in the woods to the size of a large apple-tree, but when cultivated, is never allowed to grow more than ten or twelve feet in height, each plant standing separate. The leaf is something like that of the laurel in shape, but of a lighter color; when it first shoots out it is red, and changes gradually to a green. It is now out of blossom, but I am told the flower is white, and appears, when in full bloom, to cover the whole garden. After hearing so much of the spicy gales from this island, I was much disappointed at not being able to discover the scent, at least from the plants, in passing through the gardens; there is a very fragrant-smelling flower growing under them, which, at first, led us into the belief that we smelt the cinnamon, but we were soon undeceived. On pulling off a leaf or twig, you perceive the spicy odor very strongly, but I was surprised to hear that the flower had little or none. As cinnamon forms the only considerable export of Ceylon, it is, of course, preserved with care; by the old Dutch law, the penalty for cutting a branch was no less than the loss of a hand; at present, a fine expiates the same offence. The neighborhood of Colombo is particularly favorable to its growth, being well-sheltered, with a high, equable temperature, and as showers fall frequently—though a whole day's heavy

rain is uncommon—the ground is never parched, as in most other places it not unfrequently becomes, by drought.—Bishop Ueber.

EXCHANGE HOTEL, NEW ORLEANS.

Below we give a correct view of the Exchange, New Orleans, a massive building, after the style of the St. Nicholas, or Metropolitan Hotel, New York. Its magnificent appearance, and fine architectural design are well represented in our engraving, and the building altogether is an ornament to the Crescent City. Before the destruction of the St. Charles Hotel, we considered that fine edifice to be the best specimen of architecture in New Orleans; but the Exchange is to our eye far ahead of the late St. Charles. It is a credit to the South-West, and to the city of New Orleans, more particularly, to see these fine and substantial edifices reared to ornament the capital of Louisiana. It is our design to depict all such points of note, whether in Maine or California, and sweeping over the whole extent of this country, we propose to represent all that is interesting and notable in it, either north, south, east, or west. The picture which we present below, will be at once recognized by all who have visited the Crescent City.



REPRESENTATION OF THE EXCHANGE HOTEL, NEW ORLEANS.

THE CALORIC SHIP



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1853.

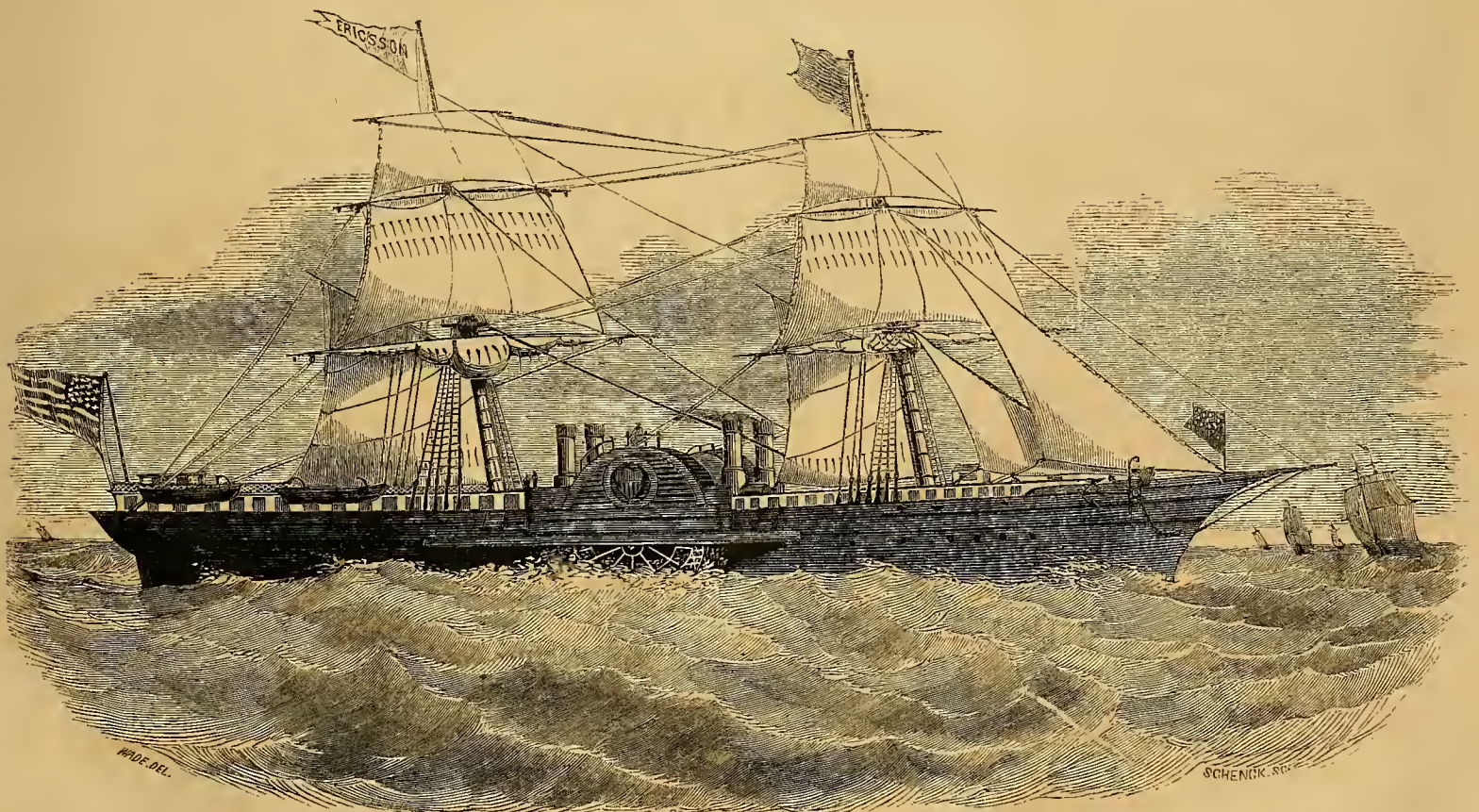
\$3 PER ANNUM. } VOL. IV. No. 5.—WHOLE No. 83.
6 Cts. SINGLE }

THE CALORIC SHIP ERICSSON.

The newspapers have been full of accounts of this new vessel, propelled upon an entirely new principle as a motive power, and great is the interest that has been universally expressed in relation to the matter. We have waited patiently until the experimental trip has been made, and the vessel thoroughly tested, before we directed our artist to draw her, and now have the satisfaction of presenting to our readers an exact representation of the Ericsson, as she appeared going down the harbor of New York, a few days since. We are rejoiced at this discovery; we are glad that it has been brought to light, and perfected by American skill and enterprise; and it is very apparent that it is destined to universal adoption. Among the enumerated advantages that a vessel fitted with a caloric engine possesses are, that she will consume only about one-tenth the fuel of a steamer; that the cost of boilers is entirely saved—the expense of the engines being about equal; that only about one-fourth the number of hands will be required to run it; that the wear and tear, owing to its simplicity, is but trifling; and that the danger of explosion is entirely abrogated. If no other reason than the last enumerated were given by its projectors, it would be more than sufficient to entitle it to the warm sympathies of every one; but when all these advantages become a fixed fact, added to the additional advantage of the space saved by the

absence of the huge, unsightly boilers, caloric will entirely clear the course of her at present more powerful and certainly more dangerous rival. Like many other inventions, its general adoption at first will probably be slow. The projectors state that they do not expect to make a passage to England under fourteen or fifteen days; so that it will have to be more fully developed before it will be adopted by the ocean mail steamer. For screw vessels it would appear to be peculiarly adapted, and will probably, if successful, at once be used in vessels bound on long voyages—to China or California,—as, from the small amount of fuel consumed, a vessel fitted with it would be enabled to carry sufficient coal for the whole passage, thus saving the time and expense of putting into intermediate ports for a fresh supply. The principle of the motive power is simple, and bears much affinity to human respiration,—the inhalation and expulsion of air being the key to the whole. The supply cylinders inhale about seventy tons of air per hour; that air, when expanded by heat, forces up the piston; it is expelled by chimneys on deck; but the heat is retained in a wire gauze frame work, called a regenerator, and the cold air entering passes through the same regenerator, taking up the heat the wires have retained, and thus expanded is ready for use. It will be obvious that the engine is, therefore, a thorough ventilator of the ship. The usual method of ascertaining velocity was not used on

her late trial trip, and, therefore, no strictly accurate measurement was made; but such observations were taken as were deemed necessary for the purpose of the trip. Though she is calculated for twelve pounds of pressure, she carries but six and a half or seven, this being all that could be obtained, owing to the unfinished state of the valves and machinery. By observation, she made the distance to the Staten Island Light in fifty minutes from the time of starting. The Ericsson ran down a short distance beyond the Narrows, some eleven or twelve miles, and then returned to her moorings off the Battery. The tide was against her in coming in. During the trip, her wheels averaged nine revolutions per minute. No pilot boat ever sat more gracefully upon the water. Her progress was not marked by agitation, but her movement was easy, and, in a great measure, free from that unpleasant tremor or jar which, on ocean steamers, marks a revolution of the wheels. She is of 2200 tons burden; is 250 feet in length, 40 feet in breadth, and draws 17 feet of water. She is remarkably sharp, and, unlike the ocean steamers, carries but two masts. Her wheels are 32 feet in diameter. She has four cylinders, each 14 feet in diameter, and with six-foot stroke. On deck there are four small white pipes, two serving as chimneys, and the others for conveying air. The machinery is so compactly arranged that much valuable space is preserved, which, in ocean steamers, is lost.



A VERY PERFECT VIEW OF THE NEW CALORIC SHIP, ERICSSON.

MOTHER CARY'S CHICKEN.

The history of this bird of the ocean has as yet been but partially discovered. The manner of their multiplying, and the places chosen for brooding their eggs, has been a matter of some considerable speculation, and even now is not precisely determined. Some have imagined that they deposit their eggs in the ocean, where they remain for a long time before the germ, included within, assumes activity. Others are of opinion that they commit them to the floating drift-stuff, give them no care afterwards, and, in due time, the young break their brittle bondage, and soon possess all the powers that nature has allotted them. It is probable, as they are found in vast numbers on the coasts and shores of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, that they deposit them in the shelves and crevices of the rocks, with which this country abounds, choosing situations that are remote, and to which man nor beast never wended their way. We have been told that during the whole year these birds are to be found over the waters of this region, notwithstanding the severity of the winters that are experienced, and are rarely seen south of the equinoctial line. There are two species of this tribe; one nearly the size of our robin, and nearly black, which is called by the sailor the "Stormy Petrel." The other is smaller and has more white, and is called "Mother Cary's Chicken." These terms are proverbial, and have long been existing among the seamen. Petrel is applied to them from the circumstance that they walk on the water, as did St. Peter of olden time. Mother Cary was a personage, who, it was supposed, possessed supernatural powers, and who often engaged in arousing the tempestuous elements. As ambassadors to warn the sons of Neptune of an approaching storm, the petrel was employed. Hence the name—Mother Cary's Chickens. When they are seen flitting near a vessel, it is considered ominous, and many a hardy tar, who has gained experience by the many months he has spent on the ocean, has been heard to remark: "We shall have a tough time on't soon." Of the numerous aquatic birds, there are none that are viewed with more interest, by the ocean traveller, than these. They seldom or never are known to alight voluntarily, either on the water, or on land. It is presumed, by some, were they to alight on the latter, they would not be able to rise, and it is verified by the fact that often, during a dark night and severe storm, they are thrown on a vessel's deck, where they are obliged to remain. It is said by a sailor that they are the servants of an evil one, and have no home nor abiding place.—*History of Birds.*

FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

The Stoics, who thought the souls of wise men had their habitations about the moon, might make slight account of subterranean depositions, whereas the Pythagoreans and transcorporating philosophers, who were to be after-buried, held great care of their interment, and the Platonic rejected not a due care of the grave, though they put their ashes to unreasonable expecta-

tions, in the tedious term of return and long-set revolution. That the ancients kindled the pyre aversely, or, turning from it, was a handsome symptom of unwilling ministrations; that they washed their bones with wine and milk; that the mother wrapped them in linen and dried them in her bosom, the first fostering part and place of their nourishment; that they opened their eyes towards heaven before they kindled the fire at the place of their hopes or original, were no improper ceremonies. Their last valediction, thrice uttered by the attendants, was also very solemn, and somewhat answered by Christians, who thought it too little if they threw not the earth thrice over the body as they committed it to the grave.—*Sir T. Browne.*

ADVANCE OF THE SIKHS.

The cruelty of the British in India has passed into a proverb. They have not only taken possession and occupied the country of the natives, but have from time to time carried on a war of extermination upon the rightful owners of the land, after the most bloody and approved style of English butchery. The fine engraving which we represent below is a view of the Sikhs as they appeared advancing upon the territory already occupied by the English. They present, we are told by travellers, a superb appearance as cavalry, and are so expert as horsemen as to appear to be literally a part of the noble animals they besetride so gracefully. On the particular occasion here represented, the English drove back the native force with great slaughter, but not until they had themselves suffered severely. In manœuvring, or on the march, or in speed, the Sikhs cavalry are superior to the English; but they cannot withstand the charge of the heavy troopers with their large, burly dragon horses, bred for heavy work. England is terribly sensitive about the possibility of this country and Cuba becoming united. They talk about our insatiate desire for territory and annexation, and at the same time, for these very ends, she is supporting a large army in India, and murdering, by battalions, the poor, inoffensive natives. "O, consistency, thou art a jewel!" Could anything be more graceful and classic than the Sikh costume as seen on the leader's person in the foreground of our engraving? The whole figure, horse and rider, is a model of great beauty and fine execution. These people from earliest childhood are accustomed to the saddle, and grow up as familiar with the noble animal upon which they so much depend, as they are with the various members of their own household. As horsemen, the Sikhs are not excelled by any people.

CONVERTED INDIAN.

"I understand," said John Sunday, the converted Indian chief, to a congregation he was called upon to address at Plymouth, in the year 1837, "that many of you are disappointed because I have not hrought my Indian dress with me. Do you wish to know how I dressed when I was a Pagan Indian? I will tell you. My face was all covered with red paint. I stuck feathers in my hair. I wore blankets and leggings. I had silver ornaments on my breast, a rifle on my shoulder, a tomahawk and scalping-knife in my belt. That was my dress then. Now do you wish to know why I wear it no longer? You will find the cause in 2 Corinthians, 5: 17—'Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are done away, behold all things are become new.' When I became a Christian, feathers and paint 'done away,' tomahawk 'done away,' said he, holding up a copy of the Ten Commandments in the Ojibway language. 'Behold,' he exclaimed, in a manner in which simplicity and dignity of character were combined, 'Behold all things are now new!'—*Alder's Wesleyan Missions.*



"They had proceeded perhaps a dozen yards, when a majestic figure darkened their path, and the face of Otter Lifer was looking calmly upon them. Miss Harrod uttered a faint cry, and fell fainting into the arms of Star-Light."

SCENE FROM ROSALTHE, OR THE PIONEERS OF KENTUCKY. [See page 67.]



REPRESENTATION OF THE ADVANCE OF THE SIKHS UPON THE BRITISH TERRITORY.



A FINE LIKENESS OF THE LATE DANIEL O'CONNELL, AS HE APPEARED PLEADING THE CAUSE OF CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

THE STATUETTE OF O'CONNELL.

Irishmen revere O'Connell much as Americans do the memory of Washington, and doubtless he was a good and pure statesman, and a faithful son of Erin. As an orator, he possessed immense power over the minds of men, and as a sound and philosophical reasoner, he had few equals. We present this picture to our readers with great pleasure, because it is so perfect in execution, so fine in the design, and so admirable in expression. It represents the subject in his days of strength, as he appeared pleading the

great cause of Catholic emancipation. It is drawn from the statuette of Count D'Orsay. This noble work, which possesses all the breadth and effect of a colossal statue, has been pronounced upon, by artists as well as connoisseurs, to be the greatest effort of sculpture that has been produced for many years in a similar style. Whether it be regarded as a moral or physical likeness of the man, it is equally correct, equally great; the attitude is firm, determined and imposing; the countenance, full of grandeur and defiance, inimitably expressed; and the whole figure looks inspired

by the religious subject he has in hand—literally as well as figuratively,—for he grasps the prodigious scroll on which is engraved the names of the earliest subscribers to Catholic emancipation. We cannot but notice the rare skill with which Count D'Orsay has treated the costumes, making the stiff and ungraceful attire of the present day assume, without affectation or straining after effect, all the grandeur of an apostolic composition, by the manner in which the drapery of the cloak is arranged,—a difficulty which has been most happily overcome by the good taste of the artist.



VIEW OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

AMERICAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK.



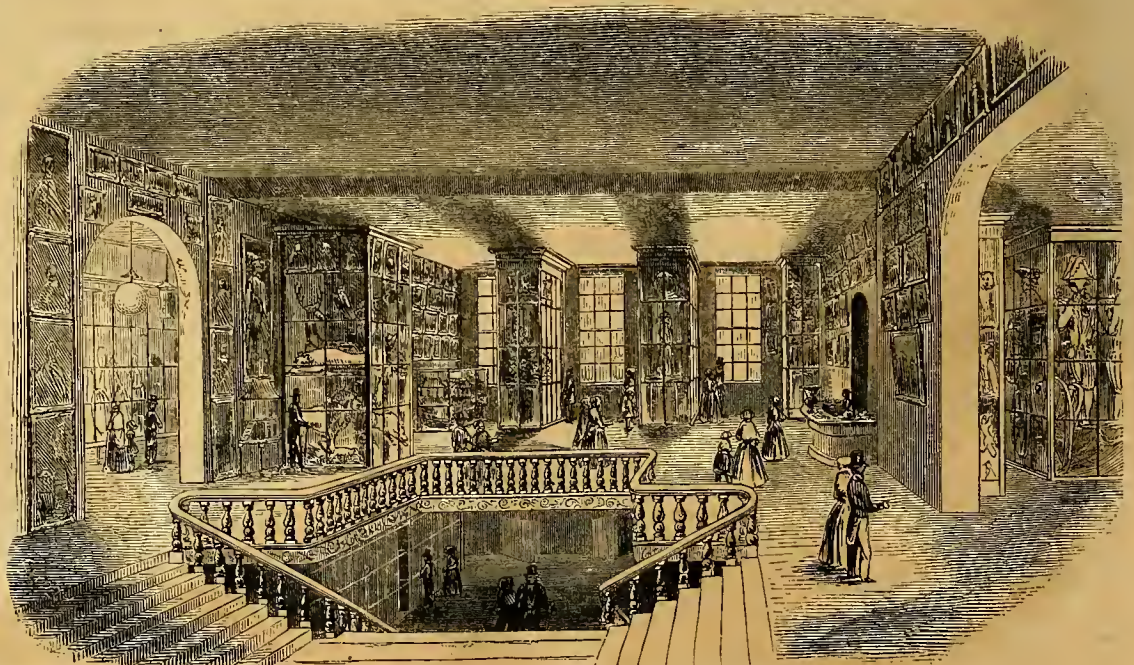
ENTRANCE VIEW OF THE MUSEUM.

Among the many prominent public buildings which grace the principal thoroughfare of New York, and which present themselves to the eye of the artist for illustration in a journal like our own, there are none which offer stronger claims than that of which we have above an exceedingly fine representation. Located at the confluence of the two great thoroughfares of the city, it is an object of great attraction, from the flags, transparencies and paintings with which its exterior is decorated. On gala days, or other occasions of public interest, it bears off the palm by the number and beauty of its decorations; its location affording the finest possible opportunity for display.—The American Museum owes its foundation to Mr. John Scudder, who, as long ago as 1810, purchased the stock of a museum which was exhibited in one of the obscure streets of the metropolis, and by judicious additions thereto, made it a source of attraction and interest, not only to the mere seeker after amusement, but to the scientific and enlightened *savant*. Mr. Scudder's idea was the formation of a national cabinet similar to the British Museum, and he devoted the best years of his life to the pursuit of this object. In his hands it secured the attention of the city government, and a series of rooms was

devoted to it in the west end of the new city hall buildings, which are occupied at the present time by the court-rooms, etc., etc. From thence he removed it to the very fine and commodious location it now oc-

cupies, where it began to repay him for the time and labor spent in bringing it to its then state of perfection. In his hands, and those of his heirs, it remained until about the year 1840, when a company, who had in 1838 procured a charter from the State Legislature, under the name of the "New York Museum Company," negotiated for its purchase. This company had purchased the other museum, located near the corner of Murray street in Broadway, and known as Peale's New York Museum. Their intention was, also, to form a national museum on the plan of those of foreign countries. Their negotiations were not, however, pursued with proper energy and despatch, and while they were procrastinating, Mr. Barnum, its present proprietor, purchased the American Museum of the heirs of Scudder. Thus was the glorious

opportunity lost to the Museum Company, and their enterprise fell through. In the hands of the present proprietor, the American became the sole source of attraction in the way of museums, and Mr. Peale, who had long buried his youthful energies, and who, although he endeavored for a time to maintain a spirited competition with his more youthful opponent, was obliged, at length, to succumb. His museum was sold, and Barnum was the purchaser. Thus was it left to him to carry out the idea, original with Scudder, and adopted by the New York Museum Company, of a national museum, which should be an honor to our country, and a credit to its projectors. To him, therefore, and to him alone, belongs the credit and the praise of success in an undertaking which had baffled the earnest and continued endeavors of Scudder,



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE FIRST GRAND HALL OF THE MUSEUM.

and the united efforts of some of the first men of the day. It is no unmerited praise to say of Mr. Barnum that the energy of character and determination of purpose displayed in his course, since he first became the proprietor of this great collection, has seldom if ever been equalled. A better specimen of the true Yankee does not exist, and in saying that, we yield the greatest meed of praise. Finding that his new purchase had cramped him for room, to display properly his immense cabinet, and desirous of carrying out the intentions of the New York Museum Company—which were to purchase the entire block bounded by Broadway, Fulton, Nassau and Ann streets, and to erect thereon a large and commodious building—he purchased the building adjoining on Broadway, known as, and occupied by, the Chemical Bank, and endeavored to purchase the remaining tenements, on Ann street, as well as those upon Broadway. In these endeavors he was unsuccessful, and he was obliged to be content with what he had obtained. He made such improvements, however, in the arrange-

ments of persons. Our series of engravings give first, an extensive view of this great hall of natural and artificial wonders, and beneath, a view of the tasty and ornamental entrance. At the bottom of the page is an interior view, representing the first grand hall, opening on the right and left into two others of equal size. In this room is exhibited a portion of the immense Chinese collection, the group of "The Sulioote Conspiracy," which we have engraved, and a portion of



A VIEW OF THE "SULIOTE CONSPIRACY."

ments of the hulls; by adding a new and magnificent lecture-room; by opening a new and commodious entrance, etc., etc., that he was enabled, not only to exhibit his entire collection in its most attractive phases, but to accommodate the immense crowds which now began to be found within its walls. About this time he purchased and added to his already immense cabinet of curiosities, the entire Chinese Museum, which had been exhibited in the cities of New York and Philadelphia, and which forms in itself one of the most attractive collections ever before exhibited to the public. These extensive additions, in connection with those which he has been constantly adding by smaller lots, within the ten years he has had charge of the museum, form, in the aggregate, one of the largest and best arranged collections in the known world. We know that the name of Barnum and humbug are synonymous, but dropping the Fejee mermaid, Joyce Heth, and others of that ilk, we cannot but give him the credit of offering the most pleasing and attractive place of public amusement on this continent. Indeed, on a visit recently, we spent between three and four hours in viewing the attractions in two rooms only of this immense establishment, and left with the most pleasing impressions. Somewhat may be judged of its popularity from the fact that it has been visited within the last nine years by upwards of six mil-

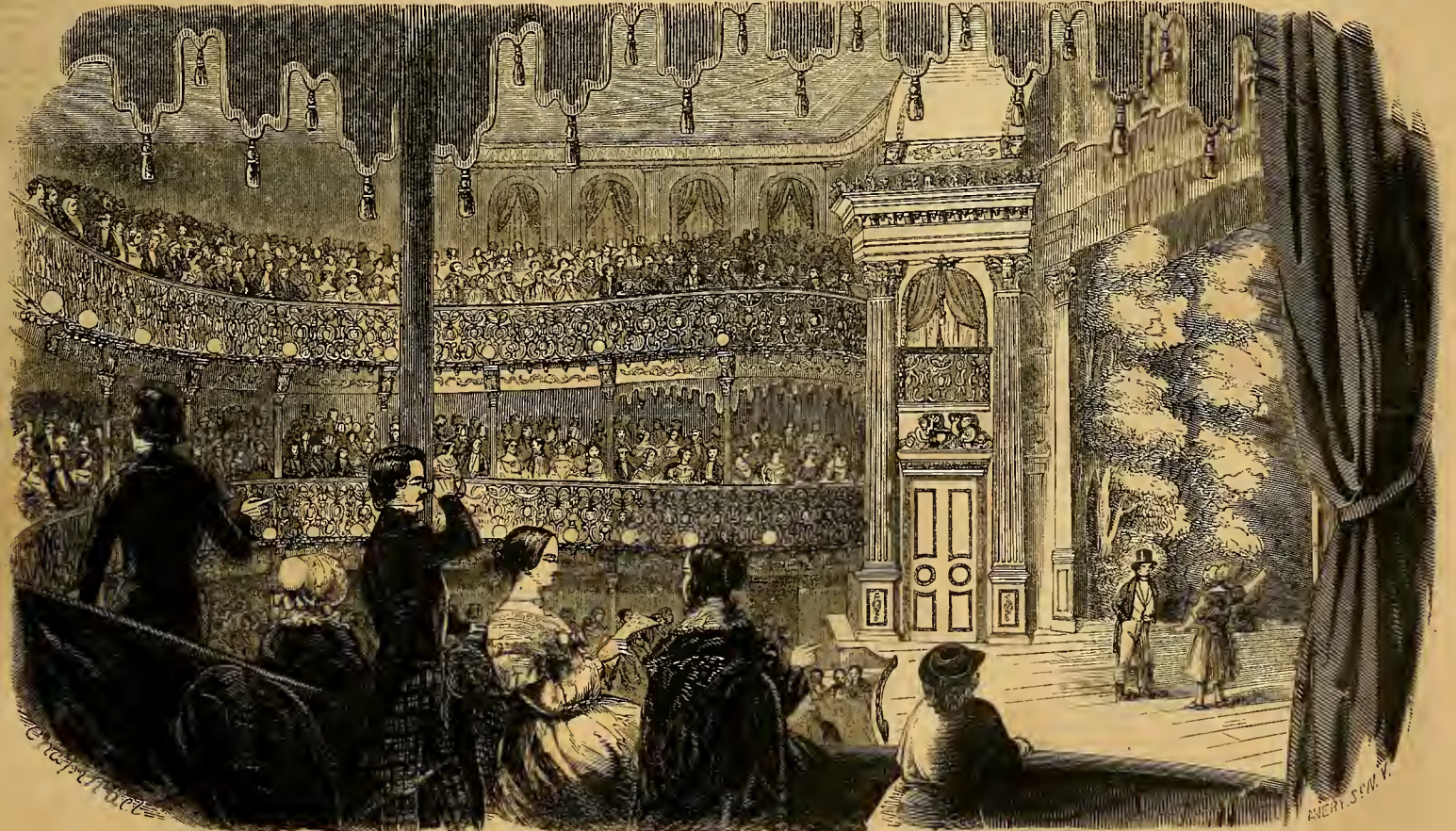
size of life, arrayed in the most gorgeous costume of the Greek nation, and representing Lord Byron surrounded by the various personages engaged in that unfortunate struggle of the Greeks to gain their freedom, each figure being a lifelike portrait. By the aid of machinery of the most delicate and complicated nature, these figures all assume the *action* of life, and it renders them so extremely lifelike, that the observer stares in wonder and amazement. The "Happy Family," too, with which Barnum's name has become inseparably connected, is another of the manifold curiosities of this wonder-awakening establishment. Here are seen animals of the most incongruous natures eating out of the same dish, resting upon the same perch, and making their beds together. Owls and doves, eagles and rabbits, cats and rats, hawks and small birds, monkeys, guinea-pigs, mice, squirrels, and a host of others, "too numerous to mention," forming altogether one of the most incongruous collections ever put together. Our last engraving gives a comprehensive view of the interior of the Lecture Room, which is one of the most elegant and recherche halls of its class to be found anywhere. It is fitted up in the most gorgeous style, yet so arranged as not to offend the eye with a multiplicity of ornament. All is harmonious, and there is nothing to detract from the general beauty of the whole. Of the perform-



REPRESENTATION OF THE "HAPPY FAMILY."

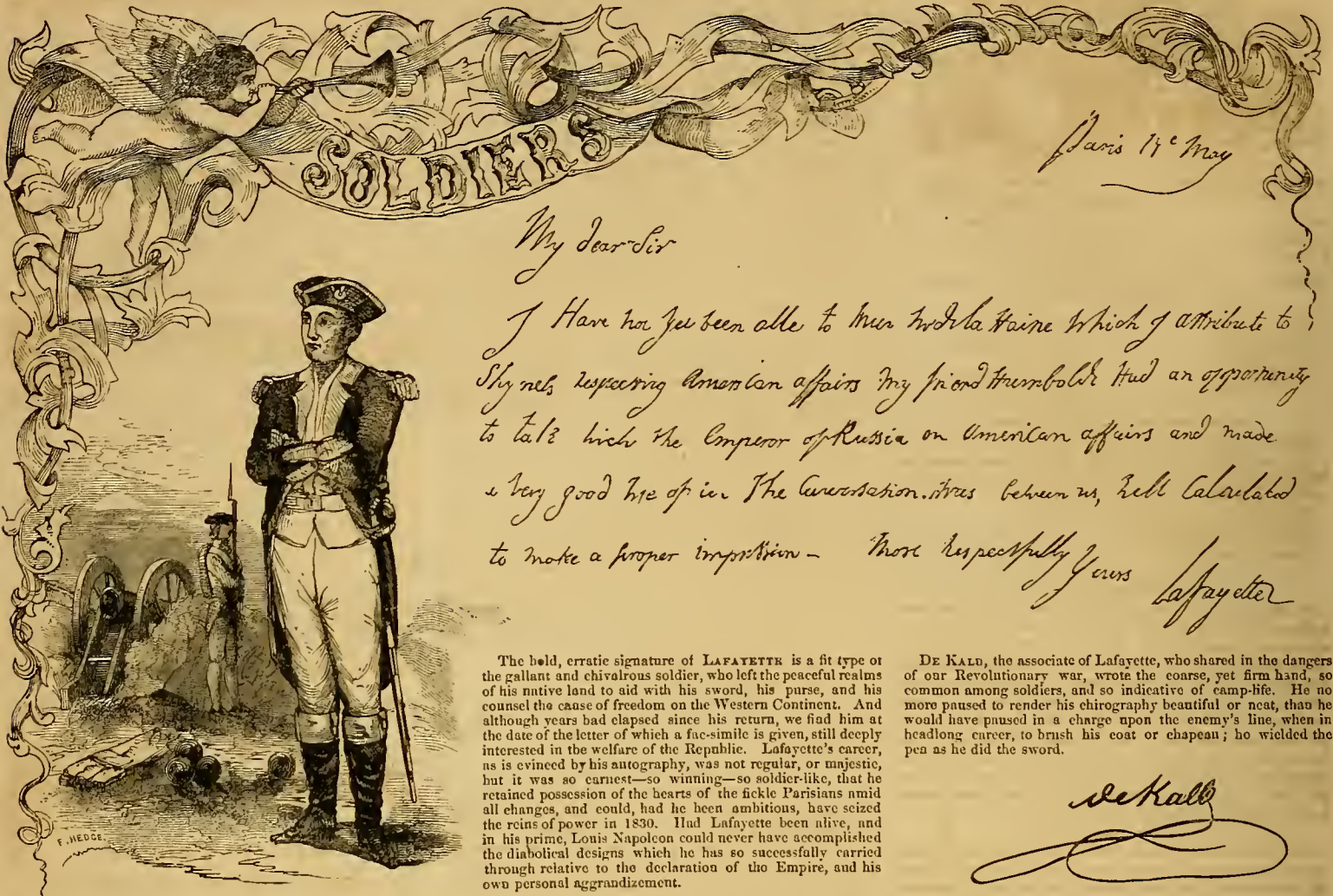
ances in this room it is scarcely necessary for us to speak. The truth is, the public had long felt the want of a place of public entertainment in which a proper respect for the decencies and decorum of life were judiciously mingled with the broadest elements of mirth, and the refined vagaries of the most exuberant fancy. We have furnished in this lecture-room just such a place.—Every species of amusement, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," is furnished—but so judiciously purged of every semblance of immorality, that the most fastidious may listen with satisfaction, and the most sensitive witness without fear.

In some measure the same influence is exercised by the American Museum, in New York, as is the case with the Boston Museum. Thousands, who from motives of delicacy, cannot bring themselves to attend theatrical representations in a theatre, find it easy enough to reconcile a museum, and its vandeilles and plays to their consciences. We confess that it is very difficult for us to make a distinction between the two, when the same plays are performed, the same actors employed, and the same effect given. If well conducted, we can realize no harm arising from either; but, on the contrary, consider that agreeable and often instructive amusement is thus afforded to the million, at a cheap rate. There are many sound moral principles that cannot be so thoroughly impressed in any other way as by theatrical representations; the more lifelike the example, the more impressive the contrast between good and evil—and a good play always holds up vice to disgrace, and elevates virtue and the love of right. Many of the plays of modern times are as good practical sermons as were ever preached from the pulpit, and, beyond a doubt, exert quite as exalted and purifying an influence. The play of "The Drunkard," as performed at the Boston Museum, not long since, doubtless exerted a strong and lasting influence in behalf of the cause of temperance, more potent than fifty lectures delivered before the same number of people upon this subject. But we design not to enter into any elaborate defence of theatres or theatricals, in this connection, though the subject so naturally presents itself, but simply to call the attention to the fine pictures on these pages.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE LECTURE ROOM OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK.

Types of Mind; or Fac-similes of the Hand-writing of Eminent Persons, No. 5., BY BEN. PERLEY POORE.



My dear Sir

I have not yet been able to meet *M. de la Haie* which I attribute to *Slynes* respecting American affairs. My friend *Thunboldt* had an opportunity to talk with the Emperor of Russia on American affairs and made a very good use of it. The conversation was between us, well calculated to make a proper impression. —

Yours respectfully
Lafayette

The bold, erratic signature of LAFAYETTE is a fit type of the gallant and chivalrous soldier, who left the peaceful realms of his native land to aid with his sword, his purse, and his counsel the cause of freedom on the Western Continent. And although years had elapsed since his return, we find him at the date of the letter of which a fac-simile is given, still deeply interested in the welfare of the Republic. Lafayette's career, as is evinced by his autography, was not regular, or majestic, but it was so earnest—so winning—so soldier-like, that he retained possession of the hearts of the fickle Parisians amid all changes, and could, had he been ambitious, have seized the reins of power in 1830. Had Lafayette been alive, and in his prime, Louis Napoleon could never have accomplished the diabolical designs which he has so successfully carried through relative to the declaration of the Empire, and his own personal aggrandizement.

DE KALD, the associate of Lafayette, who shared in the dangers of our Revolutionary war, wrote the coarse, yet firm hand, so common among soldiers, and so indicative of camp-life. He no more paused to render his chirography beautiful or neat, than he would have paused in a charge upon the enemy's line, when in headlong career, to brush his coat or chapeau; he wielded the pen as he did the sword.

De Kald

GEN. HORATIO GATES, the hero of Saratoga, penned his ideas in a cold yet handsome hand; whilst that of ETHAN ALLEN is as niggard and as fierce as his language when he summoned the commander at Crown Point to surrender, "in the name of Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

GEN. WHITING, the careful Quarter Master General of the Provincial forces, had a ledger-like, quiet autography.—The writing of GEN. MONTGOMERY, the hero of Quebec, is singularly graceful and gentlemanly, yet by no means deficient in resolution, or lacking in character.

GEN. GREENE, the Quaker warrior, shows by his autograph that he was determined to stand by the right, let the consequences be what they would.—GEN. JOS. WARREN'S hand-writing bears traces of refinement, finish and decision, worthy the martyr of Bunker Hill.—GEN. KNOX'S is blunt and rugged as his own generous heart.

Horatio Gates
Ethan Allen

Whiting QM General
of the Provincial forces
Rich^d MONTGOMERY

Nath Greene
Jos. Warren
KNOX

Next come a later generation of warriors, differing widely in their autography. That of GEN. BROWN is as untutored as was the writer—that of GEN. WOOL, trim and legible as he was cool

and brave. GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT'S, clear, finished and beautiful. Those of Generals EUSTIS and ARMSTRONG, bold and manly—that of GEN. JESSUP, blunt and hurried—whilst the autographs of

Generals GAINES and BUTLER are graceful, easy and finished, exhibiting far more of the traces of the drawing-room than of the barrack-hall.

Jac. Brown
John E. Wool
Edmund P. Barnes

W. Eustis
Wm. Armstrong
Winfield Scott

John Armstrong
Wm. Butler

Greater contrasts in autography do not exist than in the hands of WELLINGTON, SOULT, and BLUCHER, the generals who played so bold a game at Waterloo, with the peace of Europe as a stake. The first, neat, cool and unwavering—the second, fickle, ferocious and feeble—whilst the hardy old Prussian shows in his signature the iron, enduring nature of his temperament. No signatures that we have yet presented to our readers, have more of the real character in their style, which an autograph hunter loves to study. They confirm most indisputably the idea that a man's

chirography is an index of himself, and that in the traces of the pen the genius of the mind is in no small degree manifested to the watchful observer of human nature, who, through this medium loves to note the development of mental character.

GEN. HOUSTON, the hero of San Jacinto, wrote in those days a dashing, untrammelled, fluent hand; whilst in the autography of SANTA ANNA, we can discern the subtle, cautious, yet treacherous ambition of the butcher of the Alamo. A gambler—and Santa Anna is a most notorious gambler—might write just such a hand as this, and he would be apt to do so. The star of this Mexican's glory might have been bright in his country's crown; but it has sadly paled of late years, and his name and deeds are well-nigh forgotten.

Wellington
Soult
Blucher
A. L. de Santa Anna

Wellington
Soult
Blucher
Houston
Santa Anna

SHIP TORNADO.

The New York, Atlantic, Astor, San, and Mercantile Insurance companies, who were all interested in the ship Tornado, Captain O. R. Mumford, of which we give a fine picture herewith, and that lately arrived from San Francisco, after a most tempestuous passage, have presented Capt. M. with a service of plate as a testimonial of their appreciation of his skill, energy and perseverance in bringing his ship safely into port, when most ship-masters would, in all probability, have sought the nearest port to repair. The vessel was struck by a whirlwind in the Pacific, which broke the bowsprit off at the knight-heads, carried away her foremast by the deck, and seriously injured her rigging and sails; but, in spite of this mishap, and with both mates unfit for duty, and an enfeebled crew, Capt. M. succeeded in bringing his vessel into port in 65 days after the disaster—a distance of 8000 miles. The service of plate was made by the world-renowned house of Ball, Black & Co. It is solid silver, richly chased and engraved; it consists of the following pieces: solid silver salver or waiter, pitcher, coffee-pot, tea-pot, sugar dish, cream cup, and slop bowl. The salver is to be richly engraved with a massive scroll; in the centre a beautifully engraved view of the clipper dismantled, as seen in our engraving. It will be exhibited in the window of the above firm, corner of Murray and Broadway, New York, as soon as finished. The following incidents connected with the ship are gathered principally from the log-book: On the 8th of September she was taken aboard twice, but without injury; the barometer fell, and continued falling the three following days; the ship was under easy canvass, and there was but little sea; weather looking bad, and the ship making about three knots. The whirlwind struck her at 2 A. M., Sept. 11th, 33 days out, and when nearly half way to New York. The shock was instantaneous. The bowsprit was broken off close to the knight-heads, and the whole of it carried inboard on the port side. The foremast instantly followed it, close to the deck, being lifted from between the mainstays so that the heel of it grazed the house, and went over the side, tearing away the main and monkey rails. This immense weight of masts, yards, sails and rigging lying across the mainstays, together with the surging of



CLIPPER SHIP TORNADO, STRUCK BY A WHIRLWIND.

the ship, caused by the increasing sea, had to be cut adrift to save the mainmast, which, on examination, was found to be sprung. We learn that the bowsprit was 36 inches in diameter at the knight-heads, well made, and thoroughly secured, yet it snapped like a pipe stem, but did not open a seam in the noble ship, showing she was most faithfully built. It may be imagined what were the feelings of the captain, when he beheld his gallant vessel (which had been pronounced one of the best and safest rigged ships) thus crippled in a moment, when 1000 miles west of Cape Horn, and with little prospect of getting proper repairs at any port he could touch at, determining, on the instant, to take her, if possible, to her port of destination—we say they may be imagined, but no one can know them till they have gone through the like ordeal. For fourteen days he baffled the winds and waves, till he completed his jury rig, and when finished, he found he had drifted within 12 miles of his first position—thence to New York he was 51 days—accomplishing the whole sailing distance in 84 days!

MINER'S DREAM.

The characteristic picture which we present below is one that tells its own story, at a glance. The emigrant to El Dorado dreams as he lies there of the mission he is on. Sleeping with his bowie knife and weapons by his side, and grasping the barrel of his gun in his hand, the visions of his brain dwell upon the successful consummation of his mission to the gold country. Already he conceives himself to have completed his task—already in his dream is he loading a ship with his riches, and preparing to embark for home. In the background of the picture the artist depicts the supposed dream of the sleeper. How completely is he wrapped up in forgetfulness—his unshorn face giving no token of the activity of the brain. With his head against a tree and his feet placed near to a rude fire, he rests from the toil of gold-digging, wrapped in a rude blanket and sleeping on the ground. Will his dream be realized? Perhaps so; but there are many chances that the miner will lay his own bones in the very pit he is digging before he gets a sufficient quantity of the precious dust to enable him to turn his face homeward. This is no longer a California scene alone—though our picture is designed to illustrate a scene on our own Pacific coast—but the same life is now led by hundreds in the hills and valleys of Australia. The English ports are being, as it were, depopulated by the immense emigration from them to the newly-discovered gold regions of this English colony. Numerous are the romantic facts that are constantly transpiring relative to this modern discovery of gold and the Aladdin-like enriching of humble and poor people. Much good, and we are sorry to say—though it is a matter of course—much evil, too, is the immediate result accruing from this circumstance. Shrewd minds, looking into the future, pretend to discover an almost total change of the principles of society as arising from the modern discovery of gold, and the profuseness of its circulation. But these things trouble not the dreaming miner who is sleeping below; his visions are all bright, his hardships cheerfully borne, for his goal is wealth. He has built his castle of happiness in the future, and those deprivations which he now endures are but stepping-stones to reach the pinnacle of his hopes.



REPRESENTATION OF THE DREAM OF A PROSPECTING MINER.

GLEASON'S

FRONTIER



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1853.

\$3 PER ANNUM. } VOL. IV. No. 6.—WHOLE No. 84.
6 Cts. SINGLE.

SLEIGHING ON THE NECK.

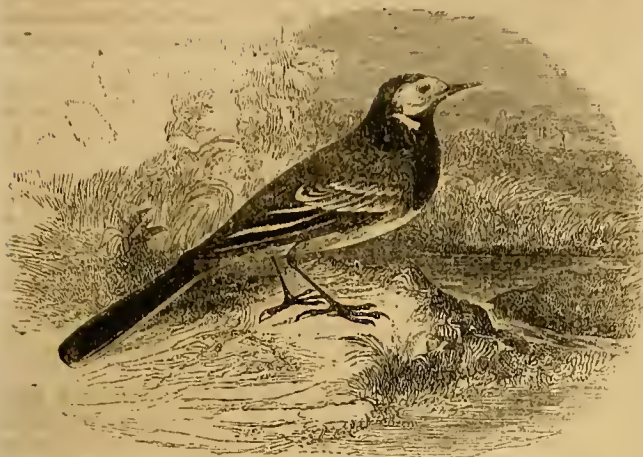
No city, European or American, can exhibit a more gay and lively appearance in its public drives than is presented by what is called Boston Neck, when there is good sleighing. The scene is one to enliven the spirit and delight the eye; albeit, a serious accident will sometimes happen, now and then, to mar the pleasure of the hour. Our winters are short, and we have, as a general thing, but a brief period when sleighs can be used to advantage; but during the time that the snow does remain with us, the facilities afforded thereby are improved to the utmost. It is then that Boston Neck presents such a scene as our artist has so finely represented below,—a picture to the life. At any time during the after-part of the day, in good sleighing, says a cotemporary, the scene is vivid indeed. The myriads of sleighs, of every possible variety, from the fairy-like cockle shell to the impromptu pung, made with a couple of hoop-poles and a crockery crate,—the gaily caparisoned blood horses and the skeletons that would be rejected as bait for crows; one, two, four, eight and twelve horse sleighs,

and all filled with merry, shouting, singing companies, make a scene of excitement which can only be found on the Neck. Racing is the great end and aim of all the drivers, particularly of those who own or drive fast horses. A steady, quiet man rides up there without any intention of joining in the dangerous sport, but merely "to see the fun." The excitement of the Jechus, the danger of collision, the shouts and jeers of the throngs who crowd the sidewalks, and the dislike to be beaten, drive him into the rushing whirlwind of racing steeds, and ere he knows it he is gathering himself, and shouting the "hi! yah!" with the most hot-headed of them. Possibly he comes out ahead, more probably he is left behind, or perhaps he gets smashed up; but he consoles himself with the reflection that it is the fortune of the day. No city in America can produce so many beautiful and fast horses as Boston, and if you would see three-fourths of them congregated together at one time, let our readers just take a Washington Street omnibus and go up to Blackstone Square, where our picture is taken from. You will find nearly all sweeping by at a 2.40 rate,

and the drivers still urging the animals forward to greater speed; everything seems to fly, and you grow half dizzy with the gaiety and spirit of the scene before you. It is a rich harvest time for the stable-keepers, who make hay while the sun (or snow) shines, by charging big prices for their beautiful turn-outs and splendid horses. The fine perspective of our picture will at once be observed, and it will give the distant reader, not familiar with the spot, a very excellent and correct idea of the extent and beauty of the locality. But to our city readers we can impart no information relative to the "Neck;" they are thoroughly posted up on this subject already; if, however, there should happen to be one or two who have not looked upon this exceedingly characteristic and fine scene of city life in winter, let them not fail to do so when they may. Don't go up to the Neck in a sleigh, unless it be an omnibus, for if you do, ten to one, you will get excited and fall as naturally into a race, as though you had gone to the grounds with the express intention of trying the speed of your horse, such is the influence of the exciting scenes which surround you.



A FINE REPRESENTATION OF A SLEIGHING SCENE ON BOSTON NECK.

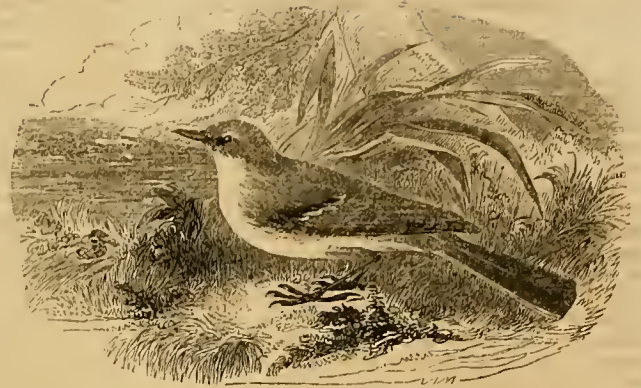


MOTACILLA ALBA—SUMMER PLUMAGE.

A CHAPTER ON BIRDS.

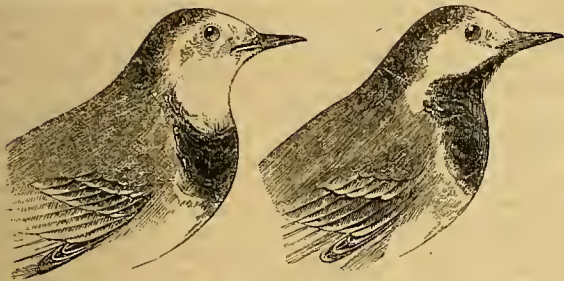
Think not the laborer, who mases resting on his plough, is alone in the broad-reaped plains where the sharp stubble wounds the feet of him who traverses them! No! Nor are his slow-moving oxen alone. Nature, a skilful economist, links together the most dissimilar animals in bonds of common utility. Interest produces strange friendships; and a whole family of birds—with light, elegant and ever-moving tails, delicate figures, fine beaks, slender legs, and elastic gait, their plumage a harmonious mixture of white, black and yellow, but with a predominating tint of ash color—flock around the farmer, who is turning up the soil to fertilize it, and fly about the legs, and even under the breasts, of the heavy animals he drives. The *Budytes*, Spring Wagtails, follow the powerful team. The trenchant plough coulter that cuts the

fully bound together by a few horsehairs, and where repose upon a thick bed of feathers, wool, or horsehair, seven or eight eggs of a dirty white, spotted with buff, it is a nest of the *Motacilla Flava*; if the filaments which form the walls are less carefully interwoven, and the eggs, fewer in number, are white, with brown spots, it is a nest of the *Motacilla Alba*. All the habits of the Yellow Wagtail (*Boarula*) resemble those of the White Wagtail, only, more of a traveler, they fly to northern countries in April, and seek the south in September. More than any other birds of the species, they love the neighborhood of marshes and damp meadows, and their undulating flight and fluttering tread animate the borders of the shallower streamlets. A slender, straight beak, a long tail always in motion, a balance which the bird incessantly raises and lowers, a perpetual agitation perhaps, explained by the vigorous construction of the *os sternum* of this graceful and restless little being a varied and constant flight; scapular feathers long enough to cover the end of the wing when folded, and high legs characterize the whole family of wagtails. The greater or less curve and length of the great toe is the only difference between the *Motacilla Flava*, and the *Motacilla Alba*. The distinction is not very striking, when you find, in the entire tribe of these birds, the same tastes and habits. Neither kind can be used to living cages, and both have an equal propensity to approach man. Jesse, an English naturalist, relates a curious instance of this sociability. "A wagtail," says he, "had selected the noisiest of Mr. William Cox's workshops,—that of the boiler-makers,—to establish herself in, building



MOTACILLA FLAVA—SPRING WAGTAIL.

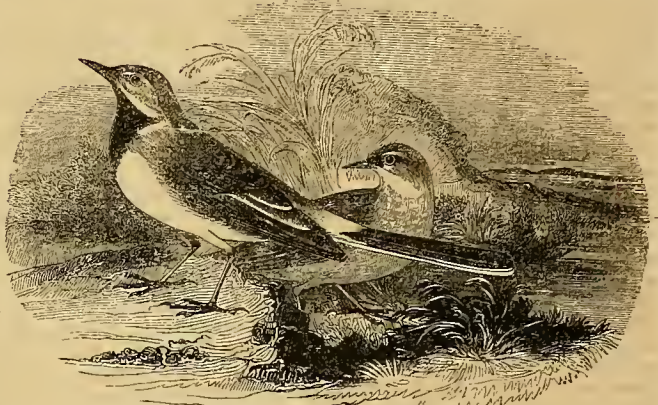
greater part of birds are distinguished from all the rest of the animal world. The windpipe of birds is composed of entire rings of cartilage, with an exception in the case of the ostrich. At its bifurcation is a glottis supplied with appropriate muscles, called the lower or inferior larynx. It is here that the voice of birds is formed: the vast body of air contained in the air-cells contributes to the force, and the windpipe, by its form and movements, to the modification of the voice. The superior larynx is very simple and unimportant. The gift of song is given to the male birds only, and their notes are mostly an expression of love; hence they are heard singing chiefly at the time when they are pairing. The birds sing only when they are cheerful. In sadness, during rough weather, and in bodily disorders, they are silent. It is commonly said that the gift of song is confined to the birds in northern climates, and that nature, in the warmer regions, has colored them instead, with more brilliant colors; but Foster relates, that in



MOTACILLA ALBA. WINTER PLUMAGE. SUMMER PLUMAGE.

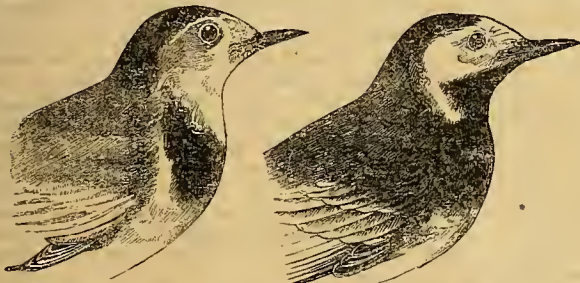
sod, and the heavy feet of the cattle which break it up, stir the prey of a little bird, and uncover the larva, flies, grubs and worms to his ever-alert eye. In the spring, March has hardly dissolved the snow into lukewarm streams, and pointed the tender grass, before the same little insect-hater, running into the fields, pierces the clods broken up by the trampling of flocks, and chatters about the inoffensive muzzles of the ruminating heifers. Naturalists have embraced the whole tribe under the name of *Motacilla*—Wagtails—on account of the perpetual motion of their tails; and divide them afterwards into species designated by the names of doubtful colors, spots which vary in the male and female, and which age alone changes in the same individual. Summer renders the colors of the wagtails, and many other kinds of birds, deeper and more striking; the greater part of the graceful inhabit-

The mother was exercising her brood in the neighboring field, where she suffered herself to be approached by the foreman of the manufactory and his workmen. But as soon as the visitor wished to approach, mother and little ones flew away." Bulfinch is the best source for an animated and graphic description of this graceful companion of the laborer. His glowing style and elegant precision alone can give an idea of it. "It is hardly larger," says he, "than the common tomtit; but its long tail seems to increase its body, and give it to all seven inches' length, the tail itself being three and a half. In flying, the bird spreads and displays it. It reposes on this long and broad ear, which enables it to balance, pirouette, spring forward, turn back, and sport in the waves of air. These birds run lightly, with little hurried steps, on the margin of streams; they even easter, by means of their long legs, the light ripples which break along the shore; but they are oftener seen fluttering over mill-streams, or perching on the stones. They come to share, apparently, the labors of the washerwomen, whirling all day about these women, gathering the crumbs they sometimes throw them, and seeming to imitate, by the beating of their tails, that of the women in beating their linen, a custom which has procured for the bird the French name of *Lavandiere* (washer-woman)." From a general article upon this subject, we glean for our readers



MOTACILLA BOARULA—YELLOW WAGTAIL.

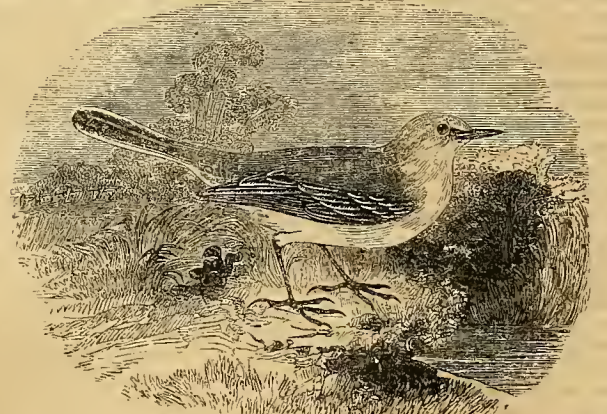
Otaheite the birds sing with charming sweetness; and Cook, on his first voyage, found the forests of Queen Charlotte's Sound, in New Zealand, filled with little birds, whose voices sounded like silver bells. To no other animal have such various tones been granted for giving utterance to different feelings; hunger, fear, the dread of imminent danger, desire for society, or longing for his mate, love, melancholy, etc., are expressed by a variety of notes, which make a language intelligible, not only to birds of the same species, but often to the other tribes. When one of the songsters of the wood perceives a bird of prey, the whole forest grows silent at his warning voice. Birds are spread over the whole earth; a few species extend even from the polar circles to the tropics: their places of abode are suited to their wants and



MOTACILLA ALBA OF GREAT BRITAIN. WINTER PLUMAGE. SUMMER PLUMAGE.

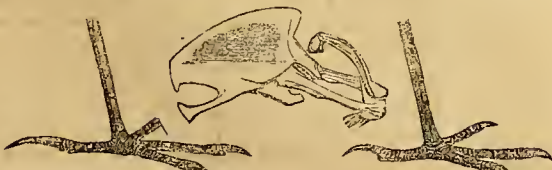
itants of the air put on a bridal costume in this holiday season of love and delight. The plumage of the Wagtail is of a softer kind on the continent than in Great Britain. The shepherd finds faithful companions in this family of birds. They follow him into the meadows, and, in winter, accompany him as far as his village. After having amused him with their rapid evolutions and their light pirouettes in chase of flies—after having cheered him with the *qui quit, qui quit* which they exchange with each other in a sort of hurried dialogue, they murmur to him, as he hears his dwelling, a song full of melody and modulation. If the little peasant finds beneath the bank ruined by the streamlet, under a pile of wood heaped up on the riverside and sheltered by a rock or a clod of earth, a nest of dry grass and small roots mixed with moss care-

some interesting items relating to Ornithology. Birds are more indiscriminate in their food than quadrupeds, and more frequently supply the deficiency of one kind of food by another. In mental capacity, they equal quadrupeds. Parrots, starlings, etc., retain in memory many words and phrases which they have been taught, and many singing birds whole melodies. Their powers of memory seem also to be evinced by the fact that birds of passage, after an absence of six months, or even a longer time, and after travelling thousands of miles, return to their former home; the swallow to her beam, the finch to the tree where last year she reared her young, or where she herself was hatched. The difference between such birds as love to dwell in uninhabited places, and such as are found in the neighborhood of men, is a proof that their prudence, cunning and docility can be awakened and improved. In desert countries, birds will alight upon the barrel of the hunter's gun, when he levels it against them, whilst with us a mere stick borne upon the shoulder excites the suspicions of the wild goose. The voice is a peculiar gift of nature, by which very far the



MOTACILLA FLAVA—TAWNY WAGTAIL.

peculiarities, and embrace rocks and dens, trees and shrubs, earth and water. Whilst wood-peckers and parrots pass all their time upon trees, partridges, quails, etc., remain on the ground; storks and herons visit the marshes; swans and water-fowl live in rivers and ponds. Birds are in general very long-lived, although their growth is rapid, and their period of procreation very early. In quadrupeds, the duration of life usually bears a certain proportion to the period at which they attain their full powers; but it is very different with birds. A rook arrives at maturity in a year, and yet has been known to live upwards of twenty years; a linnet fourteen; parrots forty; and eagles a hundred years. From this longevity of birds, it is probable that they are subject to few diseases.



FOOT OF WAGTAIL. STERNUM BONE. FOOT OF MOTACILLA.



Pierre Soule

HON. PIERRE SOULE, OF LOUISIANA.



John P. Hale

HON. JOHN P. HALE, OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.



Jer: Clemens

HON. JEREMIAH CLEMENS, OF ALABAMA.



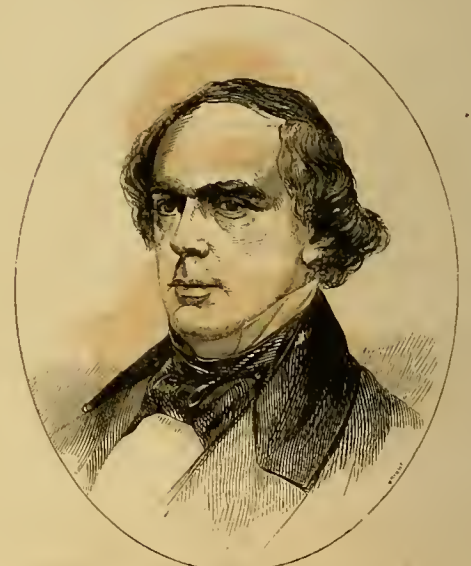
W. C. Dawson

HON. WILLIAM C. DAWSON, OF GEORGIA.



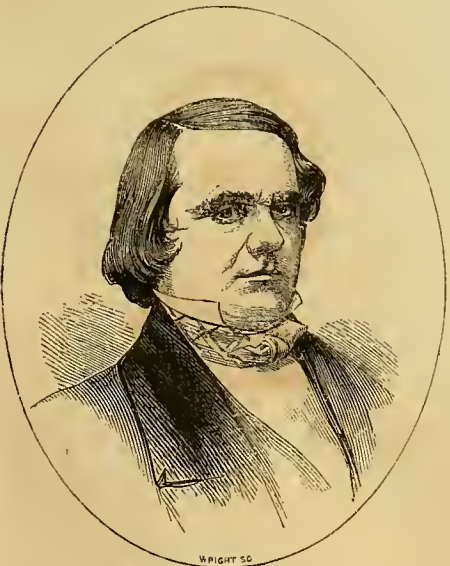
Willie P. Mangum

HON. WILLIE P. MANGUM, OF NORTH CAROLINA.



S. P. Chase

HON. SALMON P. CHASE, OF OHIO.



S. Douglas

HON. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, OF ILLINOIS.



Lewis Cass

HON. LEWIS CASS, OF MICHIGAN



Charles Sumner

HON. CHARLES SUMNER, OF MASSACHUSETTS.



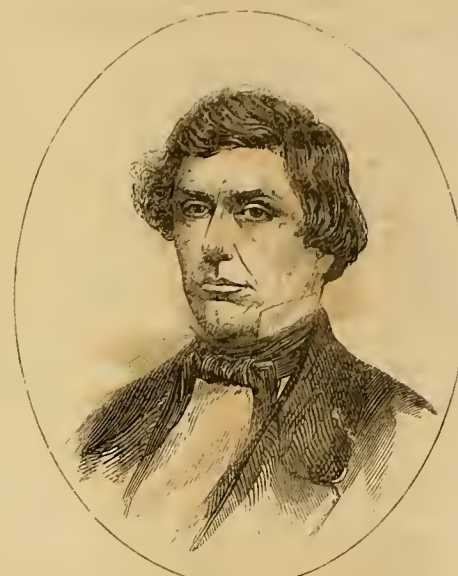
A. P. Butler

HON. ANDREW P. BUTLER, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.



William H. Seward

HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, OF NEW YORK.



W. Brooke

HON. WALKER BROOKE, OF MISSISSIPPI.



H. Hamlin

HON. HANNIBAL HAMLIN, OF MAINE.



James Cooper

HON. JAMES COOPER, OF PENNSYLVANIA.



Alpheus Felch

HON. ALPHEUS FELCH, OF MICHIGAN.



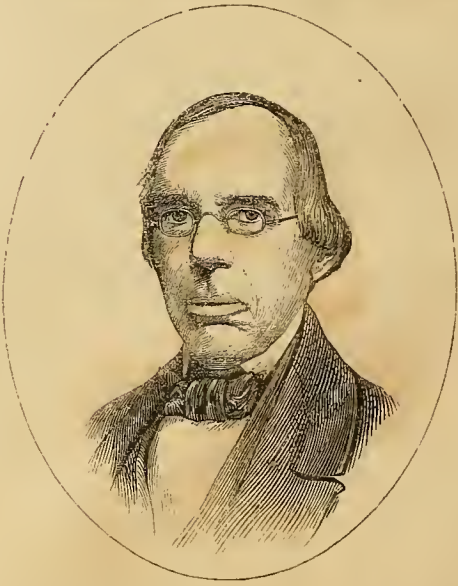
Robert M. Charlton

HON. ROBERT M. CHARLTON, OF GEORGIA.



Jackson Morton

HON. JACKSON MORTON, OF FLORIDA.



Wm. Upham

HON. WILLIAM UPHAM, OF VERMONT.

Types of Mind: or Fac-similes of the Hand-writing of Eminent Persons, No. 6., BY BEN. PERLEY POORE.



SAILORS

Brest September 13th 1778

Honored Sir

I am not a mere adventurer of Fortune. — Stimulated by principles of Reason and Philanthropy I laid aside my enjoyments in Private Life and Embarked under the Flag of America when it was first Displayed.

If I can furnish any projects or execute those — already furnished so as to distress the common Enemy, I will afford me the truest satisfaction

I am with great Esteem

Honored Sir

Your very obliged very obedient very humble Servant

J. P. Jones

M. D. Sartines.

JOHN PAUL JONES.—The earliest naval champion of the Republic, whose name is indissolubly associated with her first attempt to dispute the sovereignty of the seas with its self-styled mistress, the gallant foreigner, whose ardent love of liberty led him to the aid of a stranger nation struggling for its freedom, wrote a free, careless, yet bold and marked hand, showing fully that dogged, dauntless character which inspired him in combat. It was particularly evinced in the capture of the Serapis, when, in an old and leaky vessel, deserted by his allies, and opposed by an enemy of nearly twice his force, he compelled the haughty flag of Britain to descend for the first time from its vain-glorious height before the starry banner of the Republic. The letter, of which a fac-simile is given, is an application to the French Minister of the Marine for a ship, and shows his determination to prove that American arms are competent to maintain their rights against any nation, whether by sea or by land. A recent attempt was made to discover Commodore Jones's grave in France, and bring his remains to America in a man-of-war, but the grave could not be identified.

LORD NELSON, the hero of Trafalgar and of the Nile, whose remains now repose side by side with those of Wellington, wrote a bold, fearless hand before his right arm was shot off. Afterwards, his autography was less decided, yet ever prominent. First and last, his writing expressed that utter contempt of the rules of society and social relations of life, which left such a stain upon the memory of the gallant seaman.

Admiral SIR ISAAC COFFIN had a rough, tough, tarry-hand autography, perfectly legible, and showing the character of the honest sailor, who, although high in rank, and a favorite of his sovereign, never forgot, amid the splendor of the British court, his humble birthplace on the pilgrim's rock-bound coast, or the fact that he owed his success in life to the education acquired at a New England school.

Admiral VON THOMP, the only great name linked with the maritime history of Holland, the only one of her naval chieftains who ever extorted a victory from Great Britain, wrote a flourishing, bombastic hand, indicative of the man who, having been repeatedly defeated in fairly fought combat, at last succeeded in conquering a smaller force than his own, ill supplied with the munitions of war. Then, hoisting a broom nailed at his mast-head, he sailed triumphantly through the channel, as if to impress the merchant service with the idea that he had actually swept all vestiges of the British fleet from their own cruising ground. What a contrast between this flourishing signature and those of less unpretending yet more efficient commanders! Let the reader mark this well, as we design not merely to present these signatures to the eye, but to the understanding also.

DE GRASSE, ESTAING and DE TERNAI, a trio of gallant Frenchmen, whose efforts in behalf of the infant Republic, when entirely deficient in a marine force, contributed so much to the establishment of our National Independence. Their autography, although in some points entirely unlike, closely assimilates in general character. Reared ere the French monarchy went down, in storm and tempest, like a noble ship when she founders in a gale, they received a cramped, narrow education which evinces itself in their chirography, although there is evidently a desire for less restraint evinced in the flourishes. Both these specimens also evince a degree of nationality, inasmuch as we frequently find this style of chirography evinced in the writing of Frenchmen, so that the signatures referred to may be said to be doubly characteristic of the individuals and of their birthplace.

Lord Nelson
Isaac Coffin

V. Thompson

De Grasse
Estaing
De Ternay

Commodore BAINBRIDGE, one of those gallant names so closely linked with the naval victories of the United States, wrote a concise, neat hand, although in moments of exultation he disfigured it with flourishes. The kindness with which he treated the British prisoners captured by him in the "Constitution," when he took the "Java," won him many a heartfelt prayer of gratitude.

Commodore ELLIOT, whose name is prominent in the later history of our navy, had a nervous, refined autography, but seldom did more than sign his name to the composition of his clerk. Commodore DECATUR, the gallant victor at Tripoli, as well as in our last conflict with Great Britain, wrote a forcible, urgent hand, as if leading a boarding party across his sheet.

Commodore CHAUNCEY, the hero of Lake Ontario, indulged in a careless, dread-naught style, eminently characteristic of his disposition. We regret that we have never been able to obtain a specimen of the autography of the dauntless Hull, "the scourge of the ocean, the pride of our navy." It deserves a prominent place here.

Wm. Bainbridge J. D. Elliott Stephen Decatur J. Mauncey

It has been the source of more than ordinary satisfaction and pleasure to us to know that this peculiar department of our paper is so fully and thoroughly appreciated. The labor and expense necessary to get it up and properly present it to the readers of the Pictorial, will at once be apparent to the simplest understanding. The specimens which we present of signatures, from the most eminent men of the past and present time, are exceedingly rare and difficult to be procured; and our readers are assured that each is an original, otherwise the main interest would be detracted from them.

We do not republish an old article of years standing, but give to the subscribers of the Pictorial original and carefully prepared matter, the signatures themselves being traced by our artists from the very lines drawn by the pens of the originals. This is the only reason that these articles are really and intrinsically valuable. This is No. 6 of our series; we shall continue to enrich our columns by these articles, laborious and costly as they are, and our readers will not find us in any particular reserved in our constant enterprise and earnest endeavor to render the paper valuable and

interesting to all. The subject of autographs is one which will become more and more of a study, as people come more and more fully to understand it; and we think, when we shall complete the series which we are here presenting, that we shall thereby create a taste and feeling in this matter that will lead to the preservation of the hand-writing of such people as make their decided mark upon the times, and which will form valuable collections. The collection given on this page we consider to be very interesting; in subsequent numbers we shall continue these valuable series.

AMERICAN INFLUENCE ABROAD.

The greatness of the United States is now acknowledged by all the powers of Europe, reluctantly at first, but now without hesitation. Indeed, with the physical facts of our prosperity and power staring them in the face...

But the circulation of an American book is not bounded by the English Channel. The Frenchman reads it on the banks of the Seine; the Russian turns its leaves by the Neva; the German makes himself familiar with its contents...

This is the sunshine that America throws on Europe; the shadow she casts is her political influence. All the triumphs we have enumerated are achieved by the development of individual and national power elicited by our free democratic institutions.

The frantic follies that disgraced the revolutionary movements of 1848 produced the expected result; a momentary reaction in favor of order, even at the price of liberty, was seized upon by the shaken despots of Europe to possess themselves again of the reins of power.

SENATORS OF THE UNITED STATES.

It will be seen that we commence this week a series of likenesses of the Senators of the United States, now in session. All of these gentlemen have favored us with sittings, and our artist, Mr. J. Vanmerson...

BACK NUMBERS.—We have constant inquiries whether we can supply back numbers of the Pictorial. We would say that we can do so at all times, as we are constantly reprinting, and we can supply any one or all numbers from the very commencement of the work, at six cents each.

JAPAN EXPEDITION.—We shall present to our readers next week a large two page engraving of the Japan Expedition, drawn for us by Mr. Wade, of New York. The best maritime scene ever executed on wood in this country. It will be a splendid affair.

INTERESTING RELIC.—Among the varieties produced at the meeting of the New York Historical Society, lately, was a sheet of the stamped paper which was the immediate cause of the rebellion that resulted in the independence of our country.

CHEAP POSTAGE.—It will be remembered that, according to the new law, the postage on the Pictorial is only half a cent per copy. This is cheap enough.

HEALTHY.—In the town of Millbury, Conn., with a population of 760, not a death has occurred for the last seven months.

FOR CHANGE.—The telegraph companies of Boston have issued slip-plasters for small sums, in consequence of the scarcity of silver.

VICE PRESIDENT.—The health of Mr. King is improving.

MARRIAGES

In this city, Edward Warren, Esq., of New York city, to Miss Anna, only daughter of Rev. Hubbard Winslow. By Rev. Mr. Stow, Mr. Orville R. Blossom, of Boston, to Miss Sarah E. Bryant, of Charlestown.

DEATHS

In this city, Miss Caroline H. Cushing, 19; Rev. John Davis Sweet, 45; Mrs. Sarah S. wife of Mr. Thomas F. Osborn, 27; Elizabeth S., daughter of Elias B. and Nabby M. Thayer, 26; Miss Sarah Wait, daughter of Rev. Sylvanus Cobb, 20; Mr. Samuel Drake, 64; at East Boston, Herbert Alden, 14 months, youngest child of Richard and Lucy H. Howes.



GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.
MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

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CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.
"Carrie Carlton's Valentine," a story, by ANNE LESLIE.
"The Packet," a sketch, by REV. HENRY BACON.
"Gods and Goddesses," relating to the Siege of Troy, No. VII., by T. BULFINCH.

A YOUNG SCULPTRESS.

The readers of the Pictorial will remember of our referring, some time since, to a young lady, by the name of Hosmer, as having executed in marble a beautiful piece of work, which she entitled "Hesper."

BINDING.—Let our readers be careful to preserve their papers for binding. We charge but one dollar to bind the Pictorial in elegant style, in gilt edges, gilt back and illuminated covers.

THE MAGNANIMITY OF DESPOTS.—Kossuth's mother recently died at Brussels. The government refused to permit Kossuth to visit her. Was it an act of vengeance on the part of royalty? or do the crowned heads of the continent really fear one poor and exiled man?

THEATRICAL.—The theatrical record of the Boston stage, from the pen of the editor of the Evening Gazette, is exceedingly creditable to the author, and a highly interesting series of papers.

SPLINTERS.

.... Daniel Webster was five feet ten inches in height, and when in health weighed one hundred and ninety pounds.
.... We observe that the Earl of Carlisle has been lecturing in England upon the writings of the poet Gray.
.... Louis Napoleon shows some enterprise and liberality; he is erecting free baths in Paris out of his own funds.



GLEASON'S PICTORIAL Drawing-Room Companion.

A Record of the beautiful and useful in Art.
The object of this paper is to present, in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary miscellany of notable events of the day.

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inasmuch as its aim is constantly, in connection with the fund of amusement it affords, and the rich array of original miscellany it presents, to inculcate the strictest and highest tone of morality, and to encourage virtue by holding up to view all that is good and pure, and avoiding all that is evil in its tendency.

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Subscriptions received at either of the above places.

FEBRUARY.

Chill February! from beneath thy hood
 The crystal tears of winter are descending;
 Thy breast, still, to the songsters of the wood,
 Opens warmly. Soon the parent bird is
 wending
 Forth to the fields, to seek his nestling's
 food;
 Or, haply, on the rainbow's aim is bend-
 ing
 His hymn of hope with the wind's concert
 rude.
 Brave month! albeit the shortest of the
 year,
 Not the less joyful, February, art thou;
 For Love and Hope shall welcome thy
 career,
 And merry youthhood crown thy frosty
 brow.
 Hail to thee, February! within whose breast
 The germinating seeds of plenty are caressed.

See! on the mossy bank, where still the
 snow
 Is lingering, the sweet violet opens her
 eyes
 Timidly wooing the sun's genial glow,
 To smile upon her through the frowning
 skies;
 While, in the streamlet gurgling from the
 hills,
 The speckled trout in glancing joy is seen.
 The voice of nature every creature thrills,
 On this, thy day, St. Valentine, I ween.
 Joy to the patron saint of love and gladness,
 Whose "heavenly throne" is hailed by
 maid and swain,
 And triple joy, huzza February, to thee,
 Whose fostering love can thaw cold win-
 ter's chain.
 God speed thee, friendly month! Act well
 thy part—
 Propitious to the sickle, salt and mart.

**DAGUERRETYPE GALLERIES
 OF MEADE BROTHERS.**

This splendid daguerreotype es-
 tablishment was the first in the world
 built and adapted expressly for all
 branches of this curious art. No ex-
 pense has been spared to introduce
 into it all the facilities of the art;
 and, setting aside the great value of
 miniatures, views, etc., produced by
 this process, the resources of this
 great art are developed in an extra-
 ordinary degree in the application
 to other arts—and we find that the
 most eminent artists in America are
 executing works from daguerreo-
 types taken in these galleries. Por-
 trait and miniature painters, sculp-
 tors, engravers on steel and wood,
 lithographers, die-cutters, etc., here
 obtain that aid which they cannot
 procure from any other source. Be-
 sides the merit awarded to these pic-
 tures by public opinion and the press,
 they have received several medals
 from the different fairs, and testimonials and letters from the
 crowned heads of Europe. Some of the most prominent pictures
 in this collection—which amounts now to over one thousand,
 some of them on plates twelve by sixteen and a half inches—are,
 first, Daguerre, the father of the art, taken in France, in 1848;
 also a fine view of his chateau at Brie Sur Marne, where he died
 last July. One of the Meade Brothers will visit Europe next
 month, and return with many valuable pictures of modern Europe

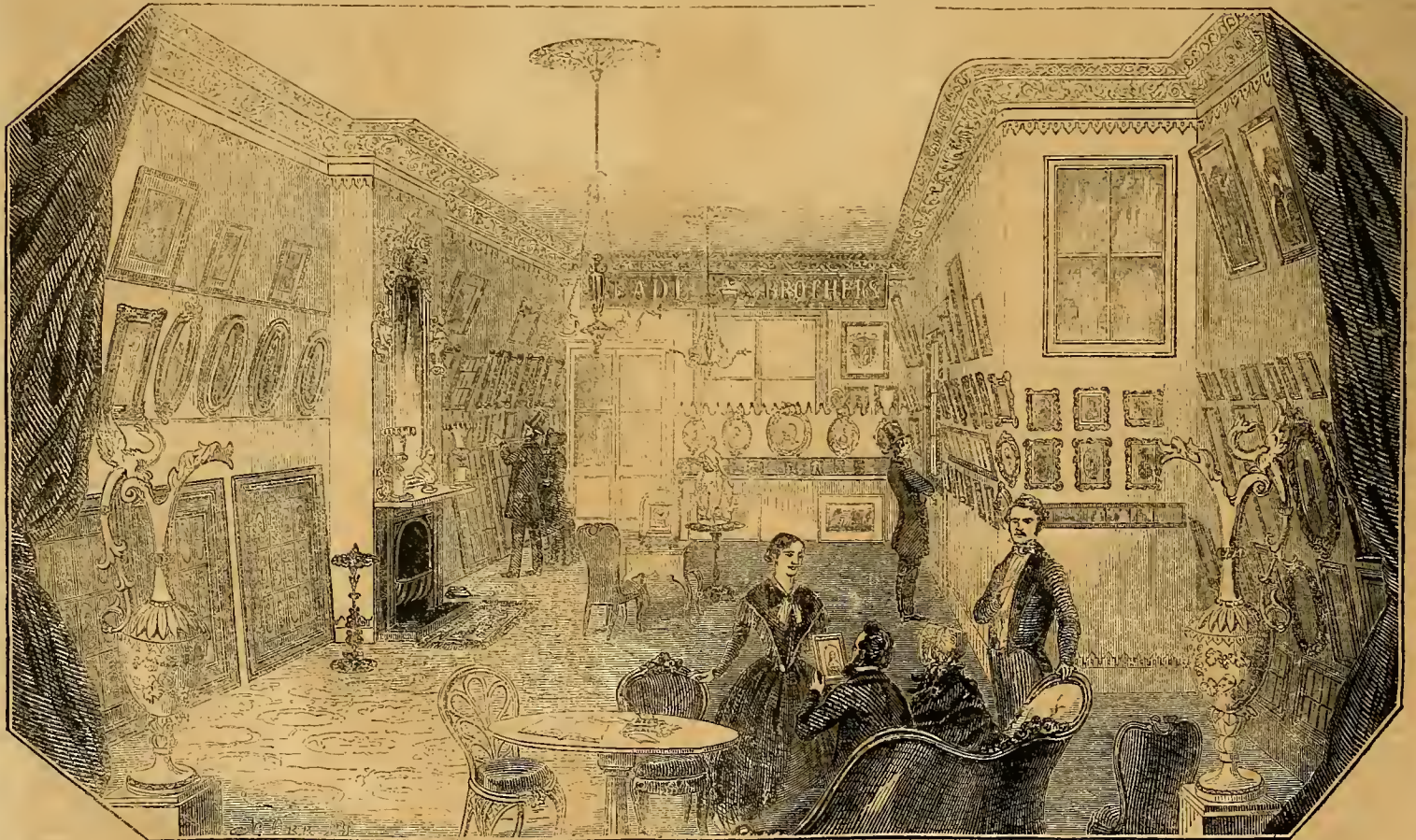


ALLEGORICAL REPRESENTATION OF FEBRUARY.

and the Holy Land; also a view of the monument to Daguerre.
 There is to be still another monument erected to Daguerre and
 Niepce in France, and Mr. Meade will take with him the Ameri-
 can contribution to that object. Mr. Niepce was the associate of
 Daguerre in his experiments, and rendered efficient aid in the dis-
 covery. The only pictures of Daguerre from life in America are
 to be seen in this establishment. The last pictures ever taken of
 those distinguished patriots, Cley and Webster, are also here.

pages properly to explain and specify. In all new discoveries of
 localities, of inventions, of accidents (as practised by the Prussian
 government), and, indeed, of anything that it is desirable to trans-
 fer accurately and beyond the question of a doubt, the daguerreo-
 type becomes invaluable. The modern improvements in this art
 are most extensive and elaborate, and each month seems to devel-
 op some new perfection, some increased facility and adaptation,
 produced by careful experiment and chemical knowledge.

From the latter, Fletcher Webster,
 Esq., had copies made for himself;
 while Ritchie is executing an en-
 graving, Jones a medallion and C.
 C. Wright gold and bronze medals
 from the profile views of the illus-
 trions statesman. Next comes Louis
 Napoleon, Emperor of France, Count
 D'Orsay, now deceased, the eccen-
 tric Lola Montez, Countess of Land-
 seldt, in a variety of costumes, Gen.
 Lopez, who was garroted at Havana,
 Louis Kossuth, the brilliant orator,
 Kit Carson, Billy Bowlegs, the Sem-
 inole warrior and his suite. Several
 of these pictures have been illus-
 trated in this paper. There are, also, fine
 panoramic views of the city of San
 Francisco, California, the Falls of
 Niagara, Shakspeare's house at
 Stratford on Avon, the Boulevards,
 Place de la Concorde, Arc de Tri-
 omph, Madalin, Notre Dame, etc., in
 Paris, portraits of Prof. Morse, inven-
 tor of the telegraph, the sable emper-
 or and empress of Hayti, Gen. Paez,
 Jenny Lind, Catherine Hayes, Com-
 modore Perry, of the Japan Expedi-
 tion, Edwin Forrest, views in North
 and South America, American states-
 men, actors, press and divines, em-
 bracing nearly all persons, male and
 female, of celebrity in modern times.
 One portion of the building is used
 as a store for goods used in this art,
 which they import and send to all
 parts of the world. The Meade
 Brothers take every style and size
 picture known in this beautiful art.
 They have the largest apparatus in
 the world. They have two separate
 rooms for sitters, with toilette rooms
 adjoining, and two large skylights,
 with conveniences for taking groups
 —of schools, colleges, military and
 fire companies; also the wonderful
 stereoscopic or solid daguerreotypes.
 This popular establishment is now
 one of the lions of New York, and is
 well worthy a visit from the resident
 or passing traveller. These galleries
 are free to the public. What a rev-
 olution in the matter of art, the fa-
 mous discovery of Daguerre has
 made! It has opened a line of occu-
 pation for an entire new class of ar-
 tists, and a profitable and useful line
 too. The various purposes, of real
 importance, to which the art is and
 can be appropriated, are but indiffer-
 ently understood, and would require



INTERIOR VIEW OF MEADE BROTHERS' DAGUERREOTYPE GALLERY, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1853.

\$3 PER ANNUM. } VOL. IV. No. 7.—WHOLE No. 85.
6 Cts. SINGLE.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

St. Valentine's Day is being more and more generally observed in this country; and though thousands upon thousands partake in the usual sports and habits of the occasion, few pause to consider the origin of the institution, or its meaning. On the page herewith, we present a fine drawing of this subject, by Devereux. The recipient of one of the occasional missives is perusing it with intense interest, having dropped the envelope upon the floor, while the little Cupid letter-carrier, who has delivered the valentine, is hastening away with his store of like epistles to deliver elsewhere to beating hearts and bright eyes. It is an exceedingly graceful and timely picture, and will suggest much to the observant eye. On page 100 we give a larger and more elaborate illustration upon the same theme. The army of Cupids, the beseeching lover, the lady at her window greeting him, the Post Office, that important rendezvous on St. Valentine's Day, and the dignified saint and patron of the day himself, dressed in all the dignity of his office, are exceedingly well conceived and admirably executed. Saint Valentine was a priest at Rome, who was beheaded during the persecution of Claudius the Second, about the year 270. Very little has been handed down relative to him, or that he had any connection whatever with the annual custom now prevalent of choosing mates and sending letters on this day, the origin of which is buried in obscurity, though it is frequently mentioned in ancient records. Wheatley, in his "Illustrations of the Common Prayer," infers that "from the great love and charity of that saint, the custom of choosing Valentines upon his festival took its rise." Dr. Foster remarks, "The vulgar custom of sending valentines on this day had its origin in an endeavor of several zealous persons of the clerical order to put an end to the superstitious practice of boys drawing by lots the names of girls, in honor of Juno Februata, celebrated on the 15th of February, in ancient Rome. Instead of this custom they permitted the names of saints to be drawn for a child's game, which might be made subservient, like many others, to recollections of religious history. These got the names of valentines; but being afterwards much abused, and converted into love-letters, the ceremony degenerated again into the pagan and foolish custom which characterized its first introduction." A personal Valentine is the first individual seen on the morning of the 14th of February—a female by a male, and a male by a female. In the Paston correspondence we find that choosing Valentines was common in the reign of Edward the Fourth. In 1476, Margaret Brew addresses a letter to her "right well-beloved Valentine,



John Paston, Esq.," in which breathes forth the truest love of a true maidenly heart. She expresses her apprehension that her father will not give her a marriage portion equal to what she expected, and consequently fears the loss of her lover's affection, which might be natural to a timid and devoted mind; but the man who could abandon his mistress because her fortune may not be quite to his views, can have but very little regard for her. She continues: "Right reverend and worshipful and my right well beloved voluntary, I recommende me unto you full heretely, desyryng to here of your wellfare, which I heseche Almighty God long for to preserve unto hys plesur and your hertes desire." And again she says, "If it pleses you to here of my wellfare, I am not in good helth of body nor here, nor shall I the yll I here from you." Shakespeare mentions the observance of the festival in his "Midsummer Night's Dream." The custom of choosing Valentines is almost universally followed in all the regions of the Catholic earth. Many have asserted that this festival is a sort of heir-loom from Paganism; nor is it by any means improbable that such should be the case. In fact it appears to be most likely that it was commemorative of the especial season of the year in which the birds are supposed to select their partners and commence building their nests. The idea is consistet with the principles of nature. St. Valentine's is a day of excitement among the young; and, much as they may endeavor to conceal their propensities, two-thirds of the more advanced in life, not only call to remembrance the occurrences that are departed, but also have an inward longing for their renewal; and, however they may affect to despise it, there is not a more positive truth that many even at three-score years would feel flattered by a missive sent in kindness of regard. From the first opening of dawn all the devotees of this tutelar divinity are anxious whom their Valentines shall be. With what coyness they approach the doors or windows; one look is all that is required; and, O, what sweet sensations or keen disappointments ensue, as it either is or is not the individual expected to be seen! Then there is the earnest fluttering of the pulses as the postman advances—hopes and fears alternately swaying the desires for a written valentine, replete with tender expressions and soft inducements. The postman knocks—the face is flushed—the heart beats, and the beautiful missive, all decorated with hearts slung up in a baler, or pinned together with butchers' skewers, is opened. Who can paint a feeling? We will not try to do it. Our artist has indulged his imagination, as the engraving will show; he who runs may read its meaning



VALENTINE.

When to Love's influence woman yields,
 She loves for life! and daily feels
 Progressive tenderness!—each hour
 Confirms, extends the tyrant's power!
 Her lover is her god—her fate!
 Vain pleasures, riches, worldly state,
 Are trifles all!—each sacrifice
 Becomes a dear and valued prize,
 If made for him, e'en though he proves
 Forgetful of their former loves.



ALLEGORICAL REPRESENTATION OF ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.



ANNUAL CELEBRATION OF CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY, BY THE EXPRESSMEN OF NEW YORK.



WIDE OPEN

PRINCETON.

VERMONT.

ALLEGHANY.

ST. MARY'S.

MACEDONIAN

A SUPERB VIEW OF THE UNITED STATES JAPANESE SQUADRON,



VANDALIA. PLYMOUTH. SARATOGA. MISSISSIPPI, (FLAG SHIP.) SUSQUEHANNA. POWHATAN.

UNDER COMMAND OF COMMODORE PERRY, BOUND FOR THE EAST.

Types of Mind; or Fac-similes of the Hand-writing of Eminent Persons, No. 7., BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

Printers.

Phila. July 5. 1775

Mr Strahan,

You are a Member of Parliament, and one of that Majority which has doomed my Country to Destruction - You have begun to burn our Towns and murder our People, - Look upon your Hands! - They are stained with the Blood of Relations! - You and I were long Friends - You are now my Enemy; - and

I am, Yours, B Franklin



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN is justly entitled to the post of honor in a page dedicated to the "art preservative of arts." Neither is there a nobler type of American character than the printer philosopher, who retained the industry and simplicity of his apprentice life amid the dissipations of a gay court. History, partial to forensic or military glory, was tardy in doing him justice, and for a long time he was only known as the author of Poor Richard's Almanac, a fire-side sage, or a successful experimenter. But in later years his fame has emerged from the clouds of neglect. It has been shown that he was as useful to the infant republic as brave soldiers or as noble statesmen were. We are told that he was indefatigable abroad, as a diplomatist, as a recruiting officer, as a commercial agent, as a banker—one hour closeted with kings, and the next with editors—now arguing with ministers, and now writing for the people. Honor—high honor in his memory! Franklin's autograph displayed his marked character, and we have selected for illustration a peculiarly terse and significant letter, addressed to Mr. William Strahan, an eminent English printer, who was a member of the British Parliament. Every word is vigorous and concise, both in thought, and as it appears in written characters—conventional elegance is sacrificed to expressiveness and force—and there is throughout a rugged republican spirit manifested, which we rarely see now-a-days. The conclusion is apparently harsh, but it did not dissolve the acquaintance of the

two typos, and their correspondence was, after the Revolution, resumed with earnestness of friendship. In concluding this necessarily brief sketch, we will quote the language of Mirabeau, who, in an eulogy, pronounced Franklin "the mortal who, for the advantage of the human race, embracing both heaven and earth in his vast and extensive mind, knew how to subdue thunder and tyranny." There is none too much homage paid to the memory of this eminent printer, philosopher and statesman. It is well that monuments should rise in our midst to the memory of such men, and that their characters and examples should be often and intimately referred to for the benefit of our day and generation. Out of the proud names that adorn the scroll of fame which hangs about our country's escutcheon, few really greater ones are inscribed than that of Benjamin Franklin.—The venerable Ramage Press, represented by the engraver, is now-a-days a curiosity. Two stout men, working hard, could print about two hundred copies of a small-sized sheet per hour—Mr. Gleason's mammoth presses, driven by steam, print one thousand sheets per hour, of the largest size, and in an elegant manner. [The press alluded to by our contributor is indeed a great curiosity in these times, and the identical one worked by Franklin's own hand, is now in Mr. Poore's possession, at his homestead in West Newbury, Mass.—Ed.]

ISAIAH THOMAS has often been styled the father of the American press, and we see by his autograph that he was an industrious, somewhat impulsive, pains-taking man. As a gifted fellow townsman has remarked, "his memory will be kept green, when the recollection of other eminent citizens shall have passed in oblivion. His reputation, in future time, will rest, as a patriot, on the manly independence, which gave through the initiatory stages and progress of the Revolution—the strong influence of the press be directed, to the cause of freedom, when royal flattery would have seduced, and the power of government subdued its action."

BEN. RUSSELL, who succeeds Thomas as the head of his craft, wrote a hand as variable as his temper, yet always bearing marks of earnestness, ability, and inflexible determination. He was a stern, partisan man, whose mind, once made up, it was next to impossible to change it in any way. Few names are more cherished to the "craft" in New England than this, and many are the practical printers still in the business whose earliest instructions in the art were received in his office.

Isaiah Thomas, Brock Ritchie, J. Gales, Ben Russell, Jos. T. Buckingham, Wm. Hill

THOMAS RITCHIE is well known to all newspaper readers as the most forcible political editor of his times. Mr. Ritchie has had large political experience, as well as editorial, and has somehow been long associated with the national government at Washington. He is eminently a practical man, but rather too advanced in years to keep pace with this electric telegraph age.

As for Mr. Ritchie's contemporary, JOSEPH GALES, his position at the head of the army of editors is admitted in all editorial columns. Although time has somewhat shaken the hand of Mr. Gales, and marred the original beauty of his chirography, it shows no lack of that vigor and forebought which have for so many years given character to the *National Intelligencer*.

JOSEPH T BUCKINGHAM, as an effective and polished writer, has no superior on this continent, and the craft has just reason to be proud of his attainments, for a printing-office was his *Alma Mater*. His autograph is bold, fearless, and shows a disregard of what "they say." Since retiring from the post of editor of the *Boston Courier*, Mr. Buckingham has not been idle, but has still turned his attention to the wielding of the pen—having produced a work of great popularity and excellence, in which his own large experience as connected with the printing business is carefully detailed. Mr. Buckingham, though an old man, now, is by no means worn out; his mind is keen and bright as ever, and his pen as bold, independent and able, as of old.

HEZEKIAH NILES was a diligent, pains-taking printer, whose "Register" is a valuable compendium of American history, without any claims to originality or talent. His field was that of Congress, and in relation to its reports, the speeches of its members, and the like, he has justly been considered sound authority. Niles's "Register" is scarcely less known than Walker's Dictionary.

ISAAC HILL, in his paper, or on paper, always "left his mark," and was bold and decided as the scenery of his native New Hampshire. His industry and perseverance merit high eulogy. In his time he has devoted much study and labor to politics, and has enjoyed large government patronage, and has made his influence felt and respected, as a sound reasoner, and an able party man.

Horace Greeley, Chas G Greene, Thurlow Weed, Bayard Taylor, W. P. Willis, De Vinzenz

HORACE GREELEY is among the "notables" who have graduated in American printing-offices, nor can any surpass him in method, energy, earnestness, or a desire to hasten the advent of the "good time" which his conservatives regard as fabulous. The *Tribune* is an index to his mind. Naturally eccentric, his every line of composition and chirography evince the trait.

BAYARD TAYLOR, the "printer-poet" is now extensively known as a traveller, who can send his impressions to the minds of those who remain at home. His fancy is ever active, his affections ever warm, and he sees everything through a poetic medium, describing it only as a poet could. His earnestness of observation and quaint vigor of language render his works deservedly popular.

CHARLES G. GREENE is well known as the editor of the *Boston Post*, which is a record of his shrewd political judgment, sparkling wit, and sound national tone. His social position gives dignity and respectability to the "craft," which he ever deems it an honor to be practically connected with. He is eminently a modest man; his love of his calling has led him to decline public honors.

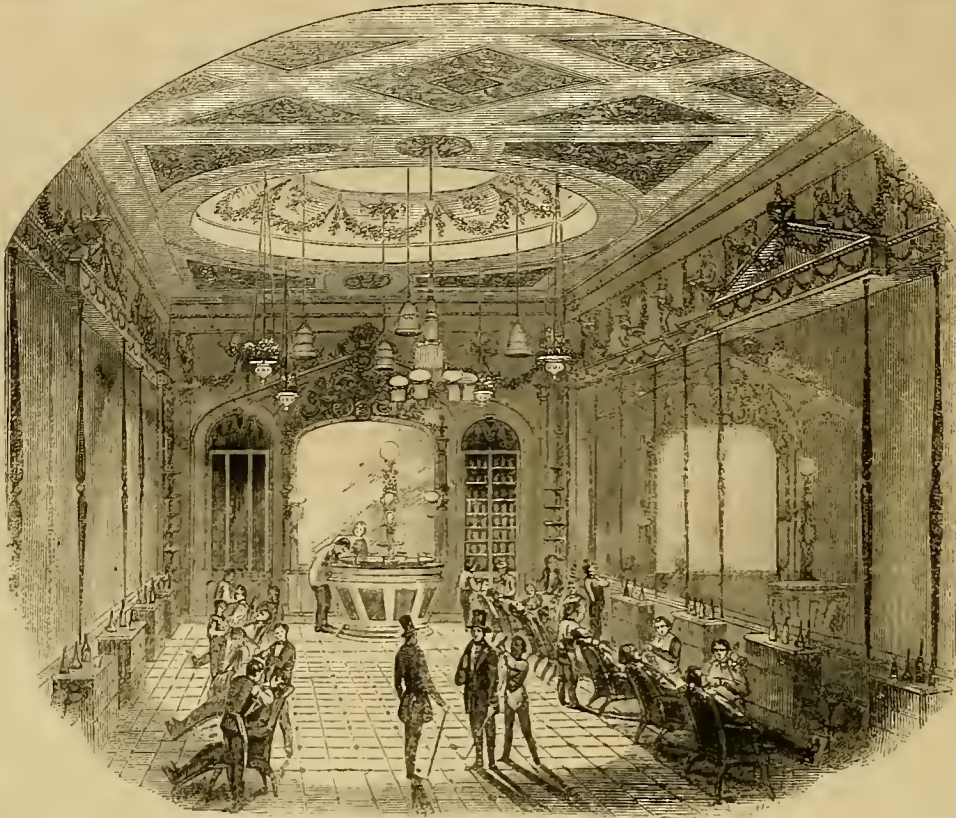
N. P. WILLIS has varied powers, and is equally skilful in describing high life, or moral simplicity—in composing a sacred melody or a political ballad. He unites his many-colored sentences with the skill of a Florentine worker in mosaic, cements the whole with an active fancy, and polishes it with the poetry of genius.

THURLOW WEED is another printer of untiring industry and self-accumulated lore, who exercises a vast influence over the popular mind in his section of country, although he seldom regards the rights or interests of distant States. In private life he is loved by all who know him, and is beyond a doubt exercised by a true sense of what he considers just.

BENANGER'S name, and his ballad's fame, gleam like sunshine on the pages of French literature; and glow in the hearts of every republican son of the land of "Charlemagne and Champagne." Every line he has written is distinguished by a happy carelessness—a fine elasticity of spirit—the ardor of a republican heart, and the vigor of mental independence.

PHALON'S SALOON.

The miracle of comfort and taste in New York, is Phalon's sumptuous Hair-cutting Saloon; its fitting up has cost upwards of twenty thousand dollars. Phalon has long stood at the head of his business in New York, and has reduced it to an art of taste. He has made and spent upon it half a dozen fortunes. He is the Delmonico of his trade—the very *Barbieri di Siviglia* of New York. He studies the contour of every face and head as carefully as Thorwaldsen a bust. He follows slavishly none of the stupid fashions sent over from Paris. His ideal is exquisite taste, which adapts the length, and parting, and dressing of each man's hair to the shape of the head, the contour and expression of the face, and the spirit of the character. As the worshipper enters, he is arrested on the threshold first by the spectacle of a broad, high window, protected by colorless French plate-glass, where, upon a hemisphere of polished shelves, are arranged all the various oils, pomatums, and other articles which the skill of different nations has invented or prepared for the dressing of the head, with a thousand exquisitely ornamented instruments and appliances to aid in adorning the most impressive and important part of the human form divine. In entering the saloon, the visitor finds himself in a beautiful hall of two departments, the first of which is lighted by a brilliant chandelier, and provided with the most tempting Parisian delicacies of the toilet, adorned on all sides by a splendid mass of mirrors, thirty in number. The expenses for these alone were eight thousand dollars. He also finds frescoed ceilings in gold, by *De Lamano*, which of itself (at a cost of three thousand dollars) is not only magnificent, but not to be equalled. Beyond is the great hair-cutting and dressing room, with the luxuriously-soft and artistically-carved rosewood chairs, fifteen in number, costing three thousand dollars, by each of which stands an artist, like a sentinel on duty, ready to receive every visitor; the whole room decorated in the most superb and luxurious style; a tall, bright, clear mirror, reflecting the form of each one from the side of the wall as he takes his seat, and corresponding with another on the other side, thus multiplying image after image, and view after view, until the whole outline is lost in an endless perspective. Each artist—for Phalon's men are all worthy of that name—is clothed in black velvet coats, elegantly trimmed and cut in the latest style of fashion. Their hands are soft, clean and perfumed, and it is a luxury to have them laid on your face and moved through your hair. The shaving utensils (when not of steel) and the toilet services are of massive silver, with classic designs. The cost of this part of the paraphernalia was five thousand dollars. There is also a magnificent wash-stand and statuary, with a marble floor, at an additional expense of four thousand dollars. This department, at night is brilliantly illuminated by several elegant and costly chandeliers. The whole administers to the taste of the most refined, combined with the fact of their having the hair cut in the latest style of Phalon's fashions, which is so much admired and adopted. In addition, you find the system (adopted originally by Phalon) of giving to every visitor a clean hair-brush is strictly adhered to,—the pleasure of which needs no comment.



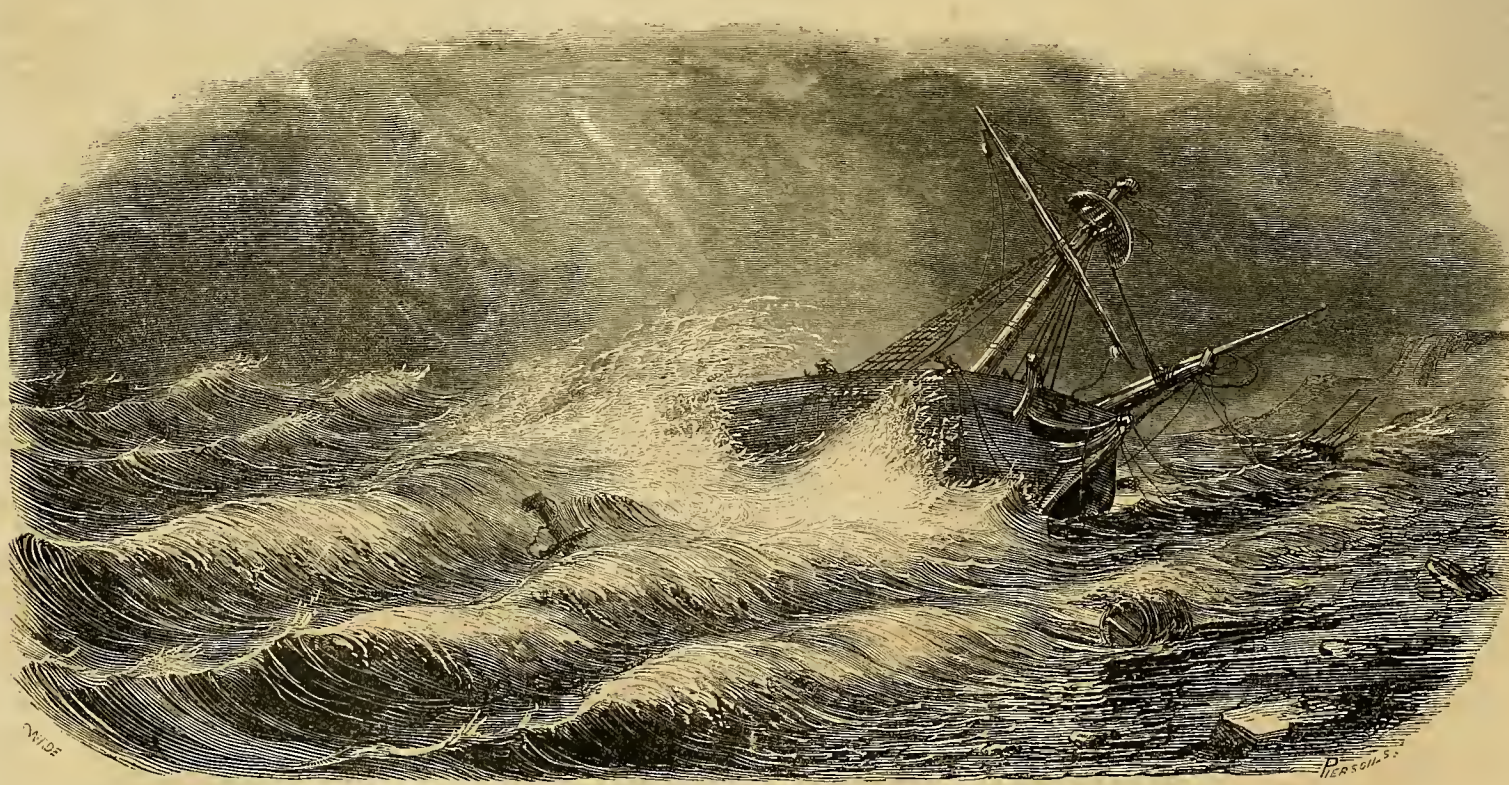
INTERIOR VIEW OF PHALON'S NEW SALOON, IN THE ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, NEW YORK.

Phalon's brushes number one hundred and fifty dozen of the best quality that is manufactured. While in this cool hall, the heated visitor of dog-days sits to enjoy one of the unspeakable luxuries of life—of feeling that the hair is purified, the skin of the head thoroughly cleansed, the beard cut close, so that the face laughs all by itself, while the genial freshness of the grotto air comes like a bath all around the tired body. The conversation is low, but cheerful; for these artists will talk to you—the French about the saloons of Paris, and the nonchalance with which the Frenchman of the Boulevard has got disgusted with the world, and thrown himself into the Seine; the German about his universities, and socialism, and the Rhine, with the *Hockheimer*, the castles, and the forty princes with their little potato-patch dominions; the Italian about Michael Angelo and Pius IX., and old Genoa, with its palaces, and the Eternal City, with its St. Peter's—! All luxury and comfort that taste, skill and money could crowd within the space, has been accomplished, and Phalon's Hair-dressing Establishment, in the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, is as great a lion, in its way, as the Palace of St. Mark, in Venice. The baths on the lower floor are fitted up at an expense of five thousand dollars, and are the finest in the city. The American who visits New York, and does not go to Phalon's Hair-cutting Saloon, is in infinite danger, during the next fifty years, of departing this life without having had the slightest idea of what it is to be shaved.—*Lester's Review.*

brought nearly on an even keel, and her position otherwise was so changed as to bring her larboard bow to the shore. During the whole day and the following night the sea ran very high, so as to make a clean breach over the wreck. Her false keel and part of her keel are gone, and these, with one of the garboard strunks, and several other pieces of her planking, came up alongside. They were torn off by her thumping, which she continued to do heavily at certain stages of the tide. Her back is said to be strained, if not broken, and a part of her deck split, fore and aft. It is supposed that all her cargo that is not perishable will be saved, but the vessel will probably be an entire loss. The disaster was produced by Captain Fletcher mistaking, in the darkness of the night, one of the Highland lights for that on Fire Island. On account of the thick weather he had not been able to get an observation for two days, and as but one of the Highland lights was then burning, he very naturally mistook it. Heading off, according to the supposed circumstances, he then raised some lights on the shore, ahead, which he concluded were the Highland lights. One of them was undoubtedly at the point where the pilot boat Washington is ashore, as the ship was stranded about as far to the northward as she would have been north of the Highland in passing Sandy Hook. The Cornelius Grinnell was a fine packet ship of 1200 tons burthen, and was built at Boston, in 1850, for her present owners. Mr. Wade has succeeded in giving us here one of his most vivid and life-like drawings.

SHIPWRECK

OF THE CORNELIUS GRINNELL.
Our coast in the winter season is a fearful place for mariners to approach, and sailors always dread it. The present season has been characterized by the usual number of marine disasters, one of which our artist has faithfully represented below. It is the loss of the New York packet ship Cornelius Grinnell, a short time since on Squam Beach. Other wrecks occurred about the same time near this point. The Cornelius Grinnell, was under command of Captain Fletcher. She had 270 passengers—English, Irish and Germans—with an assorted cargo of bar iron, block and sheet tin, oil, dry goods, and chalk, and was consigned to Grinnell, Minturn & Co, who are also her owners. She struck the bar at twenty minutes to three o'clock, on the morning of Friday, 14th ult., in the heavy northeast snow storm which then prevailed. The bar being composed of quicksand, the force of the wind and sea caused her very soon to forge her way over on the beach; and Captain Samuel Curtis, with eight of his men, then went off in one of the wreck-boats, for the purpose of running lines and hawsers to secure the vessel, and to aid in passing and re-passing the life-boat. This having been accomplished, the work of conveying the people to the shore was begun and kept up, until, finally, at 8 P. M., all the passengers were landed, without one of them having received the slightest bruise. At 11 A. M. of the same day, Captain Pearce, wreck-master, and Captain Brown, agent of the underwriters, thought proper to relieve the vessel of her top-hammer, and accordingly her fore and main lower and mizzen topmasts were cut away. The vessel, which, until then, was considerably heeled off shore, was



SHIPWRECK OF THE PACKET SHIP CORNELIUS GRINNELL, ON SQUAM BEACH.

CARROLL'S PATENT



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1853.

\$3 PER ANNUM. } VOL. IV. No. 8.—WHOLE No. 86.
6 Cts. SINGLE. }

THE LUNATIC ASYLUM, AT BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

The engraving below represents, most faithfully, the Lunatic Asylum and Mad House, situated on Blackwell's Island, New York. The Lunatic Asylum is located near the northern extremity of Blackwell's Island, nearly opposite the foot of Seventy-ninth street. The octagonal building is eighty feet diameter and fifty feet high, and the cupola on top is twenty-five feet diameter and sixteen feet high, making the whole height to the top of the cupola seventy-two feet. The wings, located at right angles to each other, are two hundred and forty-five feet long, and each comprises an end and intermediate building; the end building being forty-five by forty-six feet, and fifty-four feet high, and the intermediate building thirty-five by two hundred feet, and forty-three feet high. The octagonal and end buildings are each three stories high, exclusive of the basement and attic; while the intermediate building has only two stories besides the basement and attic. The

corresponding stories in each building are of the same height, the basement being nine and a half feet high, first and second stories each eleven feet high, the third stories nine feet, and the attics averaging about seven. The octagon is devoted to general purposes, the various offices, store-rooms, sewing-rooms, etc., and the residence of the resident physician. A stair-case of large dimensions and superior workmanship occupies the centre of the octagon, winding cylindrically from story to story to the upper floor, surrounded with a gallery at each floor, supported by a circular colonnade. The wings are occupied by the lunatics. On each floor a hall, ten feet wide, extends through the middle from end to end, entered from the octagon by folding doors, and terminated at the other extremity by a window of large size. The several rooms of the story have their doors opening at either side on this hall. The Lunatic Asylum is constructed of stone quarried entirely from the rock of the island, laid up in the style of super-

rior rubble masonry. The building in which are confined the more turbulent and unruly of the lunatics is termed the Mad House, and is located in the vicinity of the Lunatic Asylum, on the eastern shore of the island; it is three stories high, and is constructed of the same material as the Asylum; in front the stone are squared and laid in courses; the basement story is mostly below ground, and is used for general purposes, cooking, washing, etc. At the front of the building a space twenty-two feet in depth of each of the three stories, is devoted to the public hall, stairs, and keepers' rooms; the remainder of these floors is occupied by the lunatics. On each of these floors are twenty-two cells. The windows are protected with iron sash. In the attics of both buildings large wooden cisterns receive the rain water from the roof, used for various cleaning purposes; these cisterns are filled with pumps driven by steam power, when the supply of rain water is insufficient. On page 124 this subject is further spoken of.



VIEW OF THE LUNATIC ASYLUM AND MAD HOUSE, ON BLACKWELL'S ISLAND, NEW YORK.

SKATING SCENE.

It is an error to suppose that countries situated in southern latitudes are always exempt from the rigors of winter. Thus the inhabitants of Madrid almost annually enjoy the pleasure of skating at Buen Retiro, a place situated at the extremity of the most elevated point of the city of Madrid. The basin is generally, in the depth of winter, covered with ice, for it is exposed to the cold winds from the summits of the chain of the Somuo Sierra, which are covered with snow from the end of the month of October. Pulmonary complaints are not infrequent at Madrid, in consequence of these dangerously cold winds, which, according to a Spanish proverb, "cannot snuff out a candle, but can kill a man." The climate of Madrid is described by another proverb,—"Cinco meses de invierno, siete meses de infierno." (Five months of winter, seven months of purgatory.) Still this chilling atmosphere attracts pleasure-seekers to Bueno Retiro. Situated at a short distance from the Prado, with which it is connected by an avenue of trees, the Retiro is still considered as the *Sitio Real*, or Royal Habitation, and it enjoys, under this title, numerous privileges. The territory of Retiro is nearly equal to a quarter of the city of Madrid; but a large portion of it is uncultivated. The comparatively small portion devoted to a public promenade, and planted with as fine trees as can be seen in Madrid, terminates in the basin *Estanque*. This basin is represented in the engraving, covered by skaters, exhibiting their skill before a large crowd of spectators of both sexes and all ages. The little steamboat at anchor is a royal pleasure-barge, and its crew may amount to about three men. As the depth of water is only three feet, neither navigators nor skaters incur any very great risk. The boundaries of Retiro contain a parish, a convent of Hieronimites, an observatory and a menagerie. Here was formerly a porcelain manufactory, founded by Charles III.



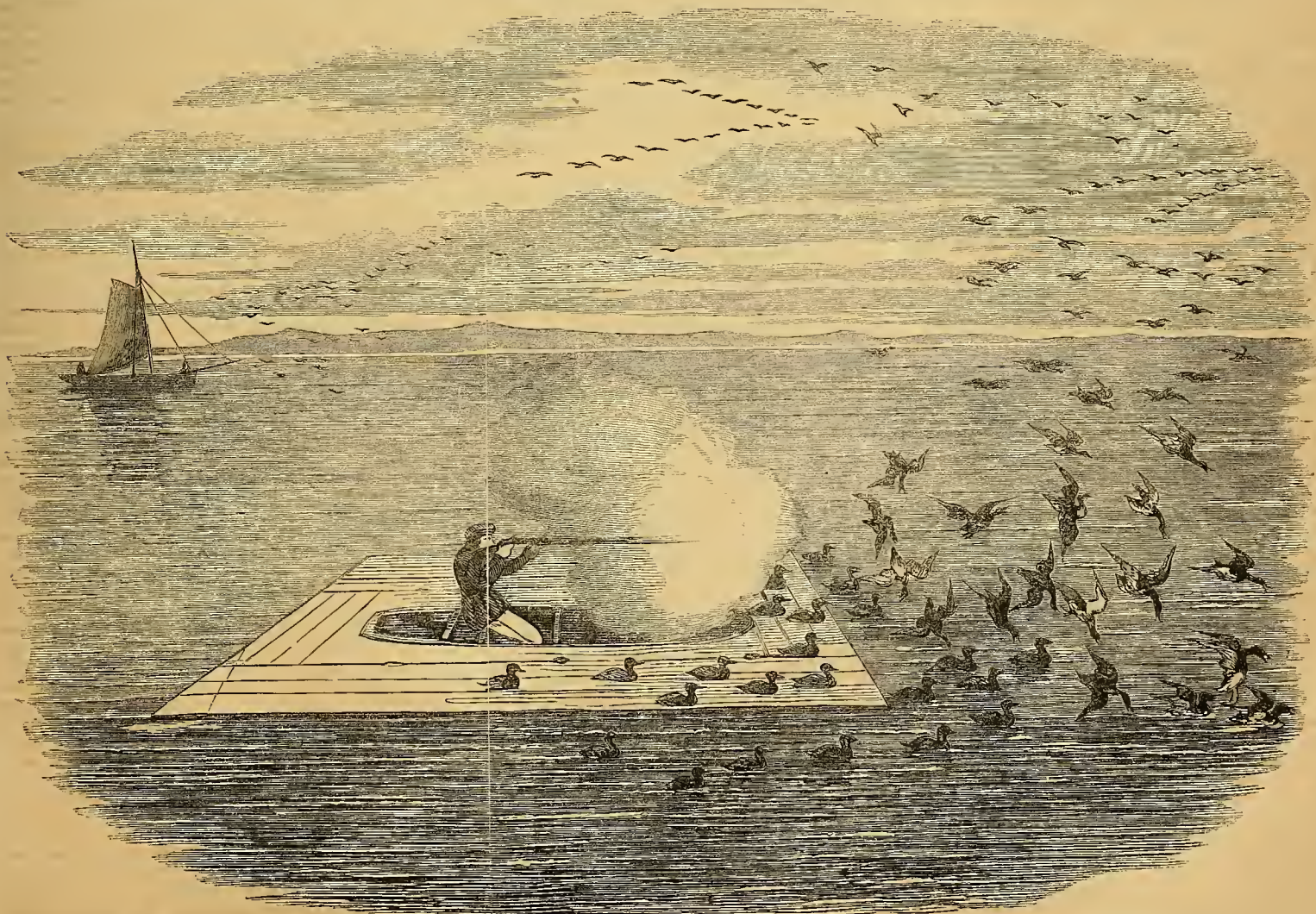
SKATERS AT BUEN RETIRO, IN SPAIN.

NEWSPAPERS.

Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper, and most amply remunerated is the patron. I care not how humble and unpretending the gazette which he takes, it is next to impossible to fill a sheet fifty-two times a year, without putting into it something that is worth the subscription price. Every parent whose son is off with him from school, should be supplied with a newspaper. I well remember what a difference there was between those of my schoolmates who had, and those who had not access to newspapers. Other things being equal, the first were always decidedly superior to the last, in debate and composition, at least. The reason is plain; they had command of more facts. Youth will peruse a newspaper with delight when they will read nothing else.—*Judge Longstreet.*

DUCK SHOOTING.

There is little game left for the sportsman on our Atlantic coast, which has become so thickly settled in these thriving, bustling times, and yet it has not entirely left us. The most profitable as well as agreeable sport now left seems to be that of duck shooting, a specimen of the modus operandi of which is presented to the readers of the Pictorial herewith. In the autumn, the ducks, warned by the cold breezes and forbidding shores of the north that winter comes on apace, collect their families, which they have raised in safety on the lonely waters of the great lakes, and amid those marshes where the sportsman seldom penetrates, and commence their migration to the sunny shores of the south. Tempted by the still inviting shores of the Potomac, they linger awhile upon her waters, and give to the surrounding sportsmen opportunities for exercising their skill. No time is lost: every one at all imbued with the spirit of Nimrod shoulders his piece and betakes himself to the scene of action. At first, the ducks are easily approached and shot; but they are soon rendered excessively shy by the incessant discharge of musketry from every nook and possible place of concealment. The sportsman then resorts to all manner of decoys, in order to approach them. Sometimes he covers his canoe with green bushes, and floats quietly with the current among the unsuspecting flock, and obtains a fair shot. The gun used is one made expressly for this sport, and bears the name of "Potomac duck gun." It is a short and very heavy piece, with a muzzle two inches in diameter, and is sometimes made to work on a swivel in the bow of the canoe. It carries a load of shot weighing five ounces, and the destruction dealt upon a flock just rising from the water can be imagined. As in the scene given herewith, it will be observed that the sportsman has out his decoy ducks all around him.



REPRESENTATION OF DUCK SHOOTING ON THE POTOMAC.

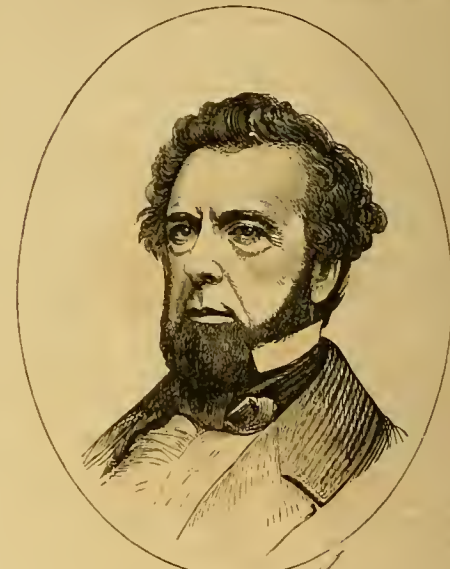


Sam Houston *John B. Weller* *Chas Cathcart*

HON. SAM HOUSTON, OF TEXAS.

HON. JOHN B. WELLER, OF CALIFORNIA.

HON. CHARLES W. CATHCART, OF INDIANA.



John H. Clarke

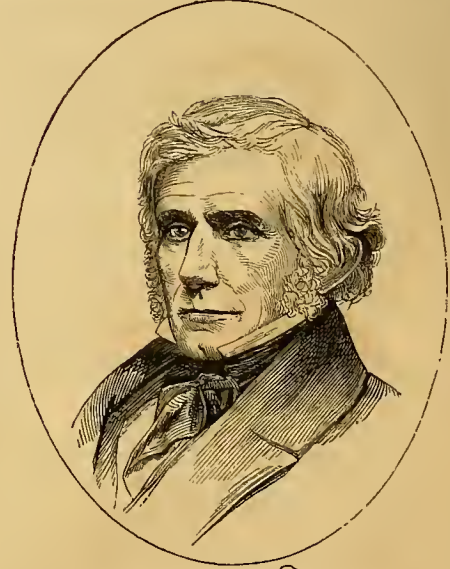
James Shields

Chas. T. James

HON. JOHN H. CLARKE, OF RHODE ISLAND.

HON. JAMES SHIELDS, OF ILLINOIS.

HON. CHARLES T. JAMES, OF RHODE ISLAND.



Solomon Foot

M. Norris

John Davis

HON. SOLOMON FOOT, OF VERMONT.

HON. MOSES NORRIS, JR., OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

HON. JOHN DAVIS, OF MASSACHUSETTS.



J. W. Miller

HON. JACOB W. MILLER, OF NEW JERSEY.



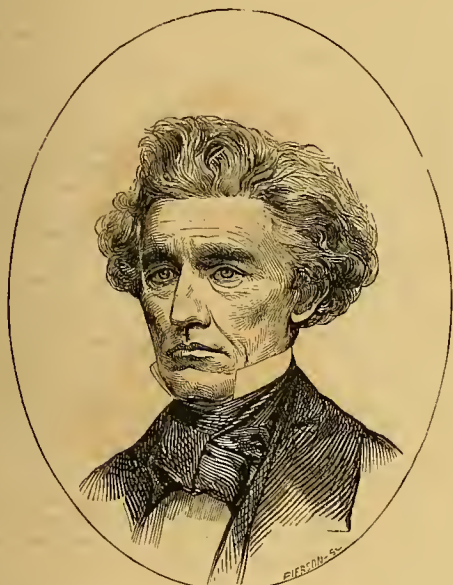
B. F. Wade

HON. BENJAMIN F. WADE, OF OHIO.



P. Spruance

HON. PRESLEY SPRUANCE, OF DELAWARE.



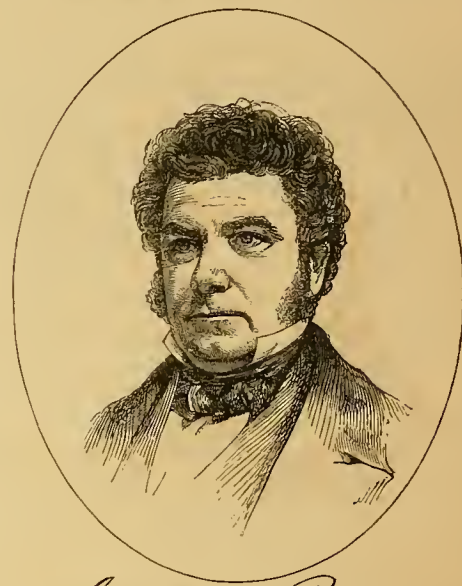
Arch^d Dixon

HON. ARCHIBALD DIXON, OF KENTUCKY.



Tho J. Rusk

HON. THOMAS J. RUSK, OF TEXAS.



James A. Pearce

HON. JAMES A. PEARCE, OF MARYLAND.



J. R. Underwood

HON. JOSEPH R. UNDERWOOD, OF KENTUCKY.



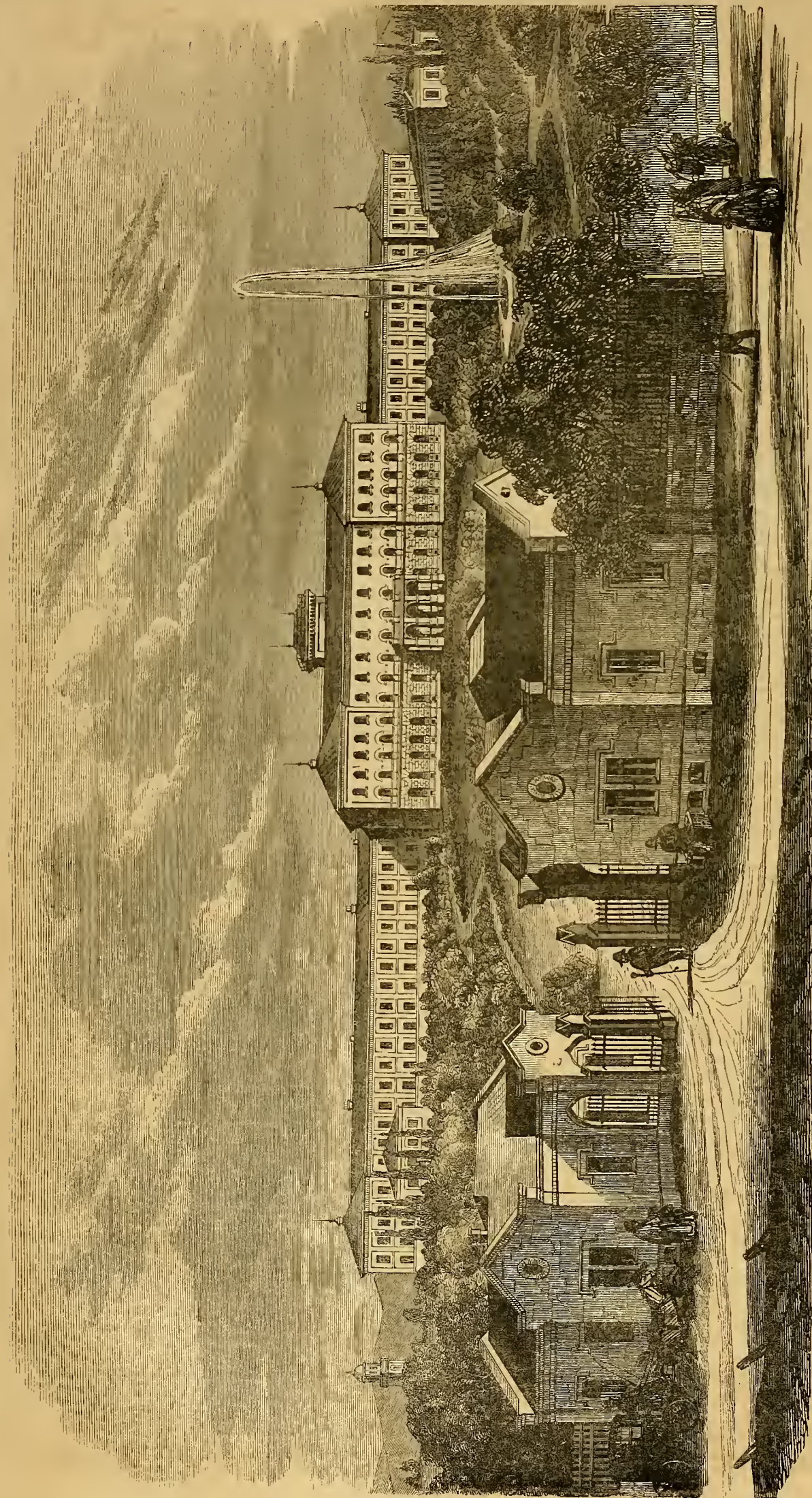
Truman Smith

HON. TRUMAN SMITH, OF CONNECTICUT.



J. W. Bradbury

HON. JAMES W. BRADBURY, OF MAINE.



A SPLENDID VIEW OF THE NEW MAD HOUSE, IN VIENNA.

NEW MAD HOUSE IN VIENNA.

We are here presented with a view of the magnificent building for the insane, lately completed, in Vienna. It is calculated for the reception of 400 patients, of either sex, in separate divisions of the building; also the curable and incurable. The inmates are divided into three classes, according to rank and pecuniary circumstances. Those who can afford to pay accordingly, are provided with from one to three rooms well furnished and quite comfortable in the second story. On the first story and ground-floor are such as pay well, and also in rooms containing from seven to sixteen beds—poor sick people who cannot pay anything are well accommodated and cared for. This establishment is not confined to the insane, but provision is also made for bodily sickness and ailments. The building is situated on the so-called *Brundfelde*—on the ramparts of the suburbs of the city of Vienna—from whence there is a fine view of the city, its environs, and the circumjacent country to the Hungarian and Styrian Mountains. It covers with the grounds an area of three hundred and sixty thousand feet. We have before us a beautiful sketch of the grand front which faces the city, and is entered through pleasant grounds, ornamented with flowers, shrubs and a *jet d'eau*. The grounds, as will at once be perceived, are spacious, and beautifully laid out, and everything seems done that good taste and sound judgment can dictate, to beautify and improve the spot. The idea of the institution is a dismal one, and any external or internal arrangement that will tend to please the eye and occupy the mind of the poor creatures confined here, is certainly a most desirable matter. It is a high mark of civilization that the insane and idiotic are now so well cared for. The picture on our first page, like the one given herewith, is a very beautiful one, and both relating to the same subject, are of united interest. The United States is not one tithe behind the countries of the old world, as these pictures will show, in its care of this class of unfortunates; and, indeed, in many matters of the policy adopted in the treatment of the insane, our institutions are far in advance of those of Europe. In scanning the statistical records of Vienna, we find that few capitals are so abundantly supplied with charitable institutions as this city. Many of the principal ones, such as the general hospital, house of invalids, deaf and dumb asylum, etc., were founded by Joseph II. The general hospital is a vast building, ranged around seven quadrangles, having 2000 beds. It is said to receive annually from 10,000 to 16,000 patients. It partly answers the purpose of a *sanatorium*, there being separate bed-rooms, which, with medical attendance, and every comfort necessary for an invalid, are within the reach of persons of limited income, on the payment of a small sum daily. The hospital of the charitable brethren, supported partly by voluntary contributions, is a monastic establishment, but open equally to Jews, Turks, and Christians of all persuasions. The house of invalids is similar in its kind to Chelsea (England) hospital, having been founded for 800 old soldiers. In its great hall there are two large pictures of the battles of Leipsic and Aspern. The deaf and dumb asylum is well conducted; and those among the pupils who evince intelligence are often afterwards employed in state affairs requiring secrecy. There are also schools for the blind, etc. Attached to the general hospital are the *maison d'accouchement* and founding hospital. In the former of these not even the name of the applicant is demanded; she may enter veiled or masked, and remain incognito the whole time she continues in the house; she has merely to deliver a sealed paper to the superintendent, containing her name and real address, that, in the event of death ensuing, her relations may be apprised of her fate. The person who brings a child to the founding hospital receives a ticket, by presenting which, the child may at any time be reclaimed: if it be not taken away, it is, at the proper age, brought up to some employment. It is probable that an institution of this kind may prevent a few cases of infanticide; but the mortality is quite excessive, and it no doubt acts as a powerful incentive to vice and immorality. The appearance of the Mad House will show on what an extensive scale such institutions are conducted at this splendid capital of Germany.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

ON SEEING THE PICTURE OF ONE BELOVED.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

This is *her* picture! Fair and bright,
Invoked by this enchanting spell,
She rises from the realm of light—
She whom I loved, and loved so well!

This hair, that droops in sunny rings
Down her soft neck—these cheeks of rose,
These eyes, from which such lustrous springs,
These lips, thus shut in mute repose!

This brow—white throne of happy thought—
This pensive, quiet, earnest gaze,
With tender trust and feeling fraught—
All these were hers in former days.

But now beneath the marble cold,
This form, these features waste and wear,
And, mingled with the earthy mould,
Is all of what was once so fair!

She put her youth and beauty down,
And passed to that celestial place,
Where her sweet spirit found a crown
Not brighter than her angel face.

This is *her* picture! To my view
She summons Mary from the tomb,
And lovely as when first I knew,
She starts from time's surrounding gloom.

And y'ars roll off, like mists at dawn,
And, in her girlish glory free,
I see her dancing on the lawn,
I hear her laugh's wild melody.

I see her, too, in that dear time,
When, unto woman's stature grown,
She blushed to read the ardent rhyme
That breathed of love to her alone.

I see her, too, alas! when pale
And bowed like lilies wet with rain—
When all love's tears could not avail
To bring her rose-hues back again.

She left her semblance in my heart,
Not as she faded from my arms,
But as immortalized by art,
In all her youth's unwithered charms.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

STORIES OF GODS AND GODDESSES.

No. VIII.

THE RETURN OF ULYSSES.

BY T. DULFINCH.

ULYSSES next arrived at the island of Æolus. To this monarch Jupiter had entrusted the government of the winds, to send them forth or retain them at his will. He treated Ulysses hospitably, and at his departure gave him, tied up in a leathern bag, with a silver string, such winds as might be hurtful and dangerous, commanding fair winds to blow the barks towards their country. Nine days they sped before the wind, and all that time Ulysses had stood at the helm, without sleep. At last, quite exhausted, he lay down to sleep. While he slept, the crew conferred together about the mysterious bag, and concluded it must contain treasures given by the hospitable king Æolus to their commander. Tempted to secure some portion for themselves, they loosed the string, when immediately the winds burst forth. The ships were driven far from their course, and back again to the island they had just left. Æolus was so indignant at their folly, that he refused to assist them more, and they were obliged to labor over their course once more by means of their oars.

After some other adventures, they arrived at Circe's island. Ulysses climbed a hill, and gazing round saw no signs of habitation except in one spot, at the centre of the island, where he perceived a palace embowered with trees. He sent forward one half of his crew, under the command of Eurylochus, to see what prospect of hospitality they might find. As they approached the palace, they found themselves surrounded by lions, tigers and wolves, not fierce, but tamed by Circe's art, for she was a powerful magician. These dreadful animals fawned upon them, wagging their tails and rising on their hinder feet, playful as dogs. The sounds of soft music were heard from within, and a sweet female voice singing. Eurylochus called aloud, and the goddess came forth and invited them in; they all gladly entered, except Eurylochus, who suspected danger. The goddess conducted her guests to a seat, and had them served with wine and other delicacies. When they had feasted heartily, she touched them one by one with her wand, and they became immediately changed into swine, in "head, body, voice and bristles," yet with their intellects as before. She shut them in her sties, and supplied them with acorns, and such other things as swine love.

Eurylochus hurried back to the ship and told the tale. Ulysses thereupon determined to go himself, and try if by any means he might deliver his companions. As he strode onward alone, he met a youth, who addressed him familiarly, appearing to be acquainted with his adventures. He announced himself as Mercury, and informed Ulysses of the arts of Circe, and of the danger of approaching her. As Ulysses was not to be dissuaded from his attempt, Mercury provided him with a potent antidote, by which he might resist her charms, and instructed him how to act. Ulysses proceeded, and reaching the palace, was courteously

received by Circe, who entertained him as she had done his companions, and after he had eaten and drunk, touched him with her wand, saying, "Hence—seek the sty and wallow with thy friends." But he, instead of obeying, drew his sword and rushed upon her, with fury in his countenance. She fell on her knees and begged for mercy. He dictated a solemn oath that she would release his companions, and practise no further harm against him or them; and she repeated it, at the same time promising to dismiss them all in safety, after hospitably entertaining them. She was as good as her word. The men were restored to their shapes, the rest of the crew summoned from the shore, and the whole magnificently entertained day after day, till Ulysses seemed to have forgotten his native land, and to have reconciled himself to an inglorious life of ease and pleasure.

At length his companions recalled him to nobler sentiments, and he received their admonition gratefully. Circe aided their departure, and instructed them how to pass safely by the coast of the Sirens. The Sirens were sea-nymphs who had the power of charming by their song, all who heard them, so that the unhappy mariners were irresistibly impelled to cast themselves into the sea, to their destruction. Circe directed Ulysses to fill the ears of his seamen with wax, so that they should not hear the strain; and to cause himself to be bound to the mast, and his people to be strictly enjoined, whatever he might say or do, by no means to release him till they should have passed the Siren's island. Ulysses obeyed these directions. He filled the ears of his people with wax, and suffered them to bind him with cords firmly to the mast. As they approached the Siren's island, the sea was calm, and over the waters came the notes of music so ravishing and attractive, that Ulysses, by cries and signs to his people, begged to be released; but they, obedient to his previous orders, sprang forward and bound him still faster with added cords. They held on their course, and the music grew fainter, till it ceased to be heard, when with joy Ulysses gave his companions the signal to unseal their ears, and they relieved him from his bonds.

CALYPSO.

After escaping the Sirens and many other dangers, Ulysses was thrown, the sole survivor of all his ship's crew, on Calypso's island. Calypso was a sea-nymph, which name denotes a numerous class of female divinities of lower rank, yet sharing many of the attributes of the gods. Calypso received Ulysses hospitably, entertained him magnificently, became enamored of him, and wished to retain him forever, conferring on him immortality. But he persisted in his resolution to return to his country and his wife and son. Calypso at last received the command of Jove to dismiss him. Mercury brought the message to her, and found her in her grotto, which is thus described by Homer:

"A garden vine, luxuriant on all sides
Mantled the spacious cavern, cluster-hung
Profuse; four fountains of serene lymph
Their sinuous courses pursuing side by side,
Strayed all around, and everywhere appeared
Meadows of softest verdure, purpled o'er
With violets; it was a scene to fill
A god from heaven with wonder and delight."

Calypso with much reluctance proceeded to obey the commands of Jupiter. She supplied Ulysses with the means of constructing a raft, provisioned it well for him, and gave him a favoring gale. He sped on his course prosperously for many days, till at length when in sight of land, a storm arose that broke his mast, and threatened to rend the raft asunder. In this crisis he was seen by a compassionate sea-nymph, who in the form of a cormorant alighted on the raft and presented him a girdle, directing him to bind it beneath his heart, and if he should be compelled to trust himself to the waves, it would buoy him up and enable him by swimming to reach the land. This is probably the first life-preserver recorded in history. By its aid, Ulysses safely reached the island of the Phæacians, by whom he was hospitably received, and finally conveyed in a vessel to his long-sought native land. All his companions had perished in the various adventures which they had encountered, and he alone reached his home, and that by the kindness of strangers. The Phæacians landed him asleep and sailed away.

He had now been away from Ithaca for twenty years, and when he awoke he did not recognize his native land. Minerva appeared to him in the form of a young shepherd, and informed him where he was, and also told him the state of things at his palace. More than a hundred nobles of Ithaca and of the neighboring islands had been for years suing for the hand of Pénélope, his wife, imagining him dead, and lording it over his palace and people, as if they were owners of both. That he might be able to take vengeance upon them, it was important that he should not be recognized. Minerva accordingly metamorphosed him into an unsightly beggar, and as such he was kindly received by Eumæus, the swine-herd, a faithful servant of his house.

Telemachus, his son, was absent in quest of his father. He had gone to the courts of the other kings, who had returned from the Trojan expedition. While on the search, he received counsel from Minerva to return home. He arrived and sought Eumæus to learn something of the state of affairs at the palace before presenting himself among the suitors. Finding a stranger with Eumæus, he treated him courteously, though in the garb of a beggar, and promised him assistance. Eumæus was sent to the palace to inform Pénélope privately of her son's arrival, for caution was necessary with regard to the suitors, who, as Telemachus had learned, were plotting to intercept and kill him. When Eumæus was gone, Minerva presented herself in disguise to Ulysses, known only to him, and directed him to make himself known to his son. At the same time she touched him, and removed at once from him the appearance of age and penury, and

gave him the aspect of vigorous manhood that belonged to him. Telemachus viewed him with astonishment, and at first thought he must be more than mortal. But Ulysses announced himself as his father, and accounted for the change of appearance, by explaining that it was Minerva's doing.

"Then threw Telemachus
His arms around his father's neck and wept.
Desire intense of lamentation seized
On both: soft murmurs uttering, each indulged
His grief."

The father and son took counsel together how they should get the better of the suitors and punish them for their outrages. It was arranged that Telemachus should proceed to the palace and mingle with the suitors as formerly; that Ulysses should also go as a beggar, a character which in the rude old times had different privileges from what we concede to it now. As traveller and story-teller, the beggar was admitted in the halls of chieftains, and often treated like a guest; though sometimes, also, no doubt, with contumely. Ulysses charged his son not to betray, by any display of unusual interest in him, that he knew him to be other than he seemed, and even if he saw him insulted, or beaten, not to interpose otherwise than he might do for any stranger. At the palace they found the usual scene of feasting and riot going on. The suitors pretended to receive Telemachus with joy at his return, though secretly mortified at the failure of their plots to take his life. The old beggar was permitted to enter, and provided with a portion from the table. A touching incident occurred as Ulysses entered the court yard of the palace. An old dog lay in the yard almost dead with age, and seeing a stranger enter, raised his head, with ears erect. It was Argus, Ulysses's own dog, that he had in other days often led to the chase.

"Soon as he perceived
Long-lost Ulysses nigh, down fell his ears
Clipped close, and with his tail glad sign he gave
Of gratulation, impotent to rise,
And to approach his master as of old.
Ulysses noting him, wiped off a tear
Unmarked."

" * * * Then his destiny released
Old Argus, soon as he had lived to see
Ulysses in the twentieth year restored."

As Ulysses sat eating his portion in the hall, the suitors soon began to exhibit their insolence to him. When he mildly remonstrated, one of them raised a stool and with it gave him a blow. Telemachus had hard work to restrain his indignation at seeing his father so treated in his own hall, but remembering his father's injunctions, said no more than what became him as master of the house, though young, and protector of his guests.

Pénélope had protracted her decision in favor of either of her suitors so long, that there seemed to be no further pretence for delay. The continued absence of her husband seemed to prove that his return was no longer to be expected. Meanwhile her son had grown up, and was able to manage his own affairs. She therefore consented to submit the question of her choice to a trial of skill among the suitors. The test selected was shooting with the bow. Twelve rings were arranged in a line, and he whose arrow was sent through the whole twelve, was to have the queen for his prize. A bow that one of his brother heroes had given to Ulysses in former times, was brought from the armory, and with its quiver full of arrows was laid in the hall. Telemachus had taken care that all other weapons should be removed, under pretence that in the heat of competition, there was danger, in some rash moment, of putting them to an improper use.

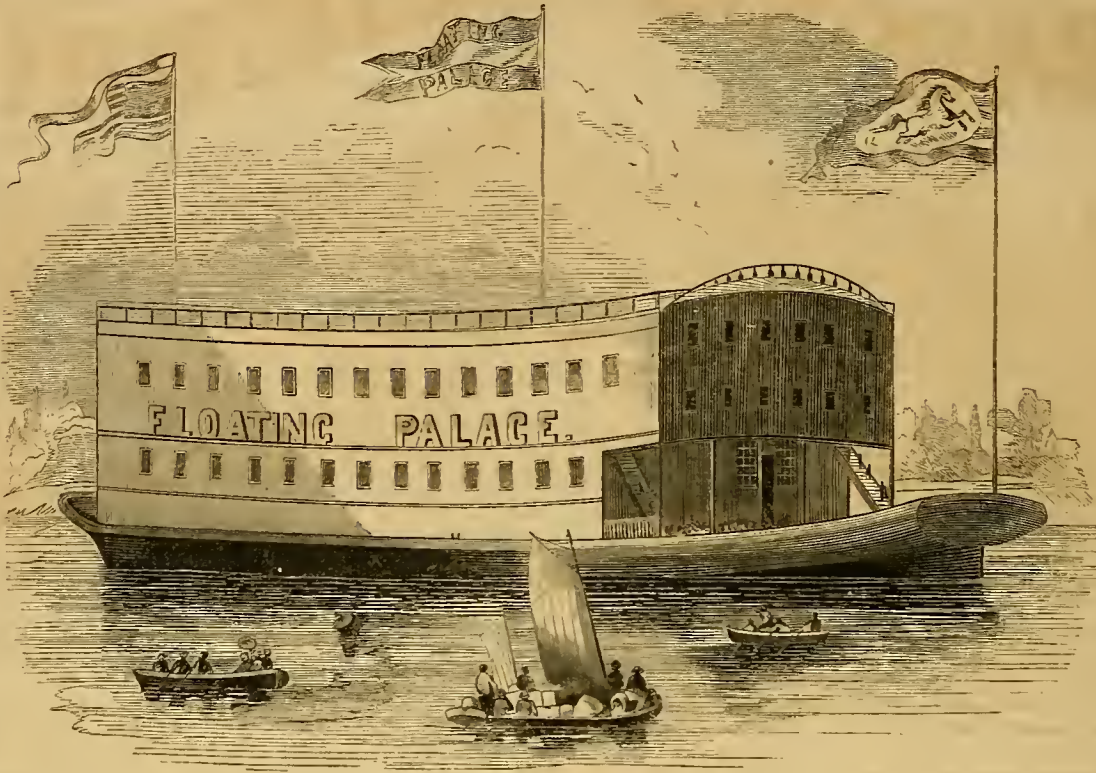
All things being prepared for the trial, the first thing to be done was to head the bow in order to attach the string. Telemachus endeavored to do it, but found all his efforts fruitless; and modestly confessing that he had attempted a task beyond his strength, he yielded the bow to another. He tried it with no better success, and, amidst the laughter and jeers of his companions, gave it up. Another tried it and another; they rubbed the bow with tallow, but all to no purpose; it would not bend. Then spoke Ulysses, humbly suggesting that he should be permitted to try; for, said he, "beggar as I am, I was once a soldier, and there is still some strength in these old limbs of mine." The suitors hooted with derision, and commanded to turn him out of the hall for his insolence. But Telemachus spoke up for him, and merely to gratify the old man, made him try. Ulysses took the bow, and handled it with the hand of a master. With ease he adjusted the cord to its notch, then fitting an arrow to the bow he drew the string and sped the arrow unerring through the rings.

Without allowing them time to express their astonishment, he said, "Now for another mark!" and aimed direct at the most insolent one of the suitors. The arrow pierced through his throat and he fell dead. Telemachus, Eumæus, and another faithful follower, well armed, now sprang to the side of Ulysses. The suitors, in amazement, looked round for arms, but found none, neither was there any way of escape, for Eumæus had secured the door. Ulysses left them not long in uncertainty; he announced himself as the long-lost chief, whose house they had invaded, whose substance they had squandered, whose wife and son they had persecuted for ten long years; and told them he meant to have ample vengeance. All were slain, and Ulysses was left master of his palace and possessor of his kingdom and his wife.

THE MAN OF WEALTH.—Fearful are his responsibilities. He has committed to him, by the Almighty, a trust which requires all of human wisdom to manage wisely and discreetly. He is looked upon by his fellows as one who has been highly favored; but I cannot view him in that light alone.—I remember his cares, his responsibilities, and his duties. Fellow mortals, I would counsel you not to look on wealth as a great panacea for earthly woes. Let your language be, "Give me neither poverty nor riches;" this is what you should aim at. The possession of wealth brings with it other things than the luxuries of the world.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

FLOATING CIRCUS.

The picture which we give herewith is an accurate representation of what is called the Floating Palace, as it lately appeared at Mobile, Ala. It was built for the purpose of equestrian exhibitions, and it has been improved at the Levee, in New Orleans, and at various places on the Mississippi River, during some length of time.— It was rather a novel idea to construct such a curious ship—a regular moveable theatre; but it is said to have succeeded far beyond the expectations of its owners. It is not a sham build affair, but it is really very finely fitted, and perfect in every respect. The interior is a most commodious amphitheatre.— The “dress-circle,” as it is termed, consists of eleven hundred canebottom arm-chairs, each numbered to correspond with the ticket issued.— The “family-circle,” comprises cushioned settees for some five hundred persons, while the residue of the accommodations are comprised in nine hundred gallery seats. The amphitheatre is warmed by means of hot water pipes or steam, and altogether it is an exceedingly comfortable and pleasurable exhibition-room. The interior is lighted by over a hundred brilliant gas jets, forming a great ornament in their construction, and supplied by a gas apparatus on board—this furnishes the entire light for vestibule, the halls, offices, saloons, green rooms, dressing-rooms and the stable. A chime of bells is attached to the structure, and discourses most eloquent music previous to each performance, while Drummond-lights render the neighborhood of the floating palace brilliant during the exhibition. Every deception to delude the visitor into the idea that he is in a spacious theatre on shore is used, and it is difficult to realize that one is on the water during the performance. The whole is improved by Spalding & Rogers's united circus companies. Taken altogether it is a most curious, original and interesting affair, and we have therefore selected it as something that would interest our readers. It is now in active operation in the waters of Alabama, and attracts as many visitors to see the structure itself, as to witness the excellent performances that are conducted within its walls by the enterprising managers.



SPALDING & ROGERS'S FLOATING CIRCUS PALACE.

EXTRAORDINARY FILIAL SACRIFICE.

In the severe winter of 1783, which was a time of general distress in New York, an aged couple found themselves reduced to their last stick of wood. They had been supported by the industry of a daughter who lived with them, but who now found herself unable to procure them either fuel or provisions. Overcome with grief at their destitute situation, she yet devised a plan by which they might be rescued from the emergency. She had accidentally heard that a dentist had advertised to give three guineas for every sound fore-tooth, provided only that he was allowed to extract it himself. The generous girl remembering this, came to the resolution of disposing of all her fore-teeth, and went to the dentist for that purpose. On her arrival, she made known the circumstances which had induced her to make so great a sacrifice. The dentist refused her offer, and presented her with ten guineas, to relieve the pressing distress of her parents.—*Fruits of Woman.*

If not the flow'ret budding fair,
And mild effulgence of the air,
It gives the glow of indoor mirth,
And social comfort round the hearth.

The gloomy Winter—who is he?
I never saw him on the sea,
I never met him in my path,
Or trowed old stories of his wrath.

The Winter is a friend of mine.
His step is light; his eye-balls shine,
His cheek is ruddy as the morn,
He carols, like the lark to corn.

His tread is brisk upon the snows—
His pulses gallop as he goes;
He hath a smile upon his lips,
With songs of welcome jests and quips.

A charitable soul is he,
His heart is large, his hand is free,
He brings the beggar to his door,
And feeds the needy from his store.

The friend of every living thing,
Old Winter—sire of youthful Spring—
The glooms upon his brow that dwell,
Are glories when we know them well.

'Tis he that feeds the April buds,
'Tis he that clothes the summer woods;
'Tis he matures the autumn grain,
And fills with wealth the noisy wain.

Pile up the fire! and ere he go,
Our blessings on his head shall flow.
The hale old Winter, blank and serene,
The friend and father of the year.

A WINTER SCENE.

Below, we have depicted a very timely and interesting representation; it needs not a word of explanation; it is full of meaning, and one can fully realize its force. The following poem is dedicated to the picture:

The snow lies thick upon the ground,
In coat of mail the pools are bound;
The hungry rooks in squadrons fly,
And winds are slumbering in the sky

Drowsily the snow-flakes fall;
The robin on the garden wall
Looks wistful at our window-pane,
The customary crumb to gain.

On barn, and thatch, and leafless tree
The frost has hang embroidery,
Fringe of ice, and pendants fine,
Of filagree and crystalline.

The sheep, well clad in garment warm,
Feed, unobservant of the storm;
And sleepy Dobbie hangs his head,
Or winks, and dozes, in his shed.

Pile up the fire! the winter wind,
Although it oip, 'tis not unkind;
And dark mid-winter days
As many pleasures as the spring.

Pile up the fire! when storms are rude,
We feel the joy of gratitude;
And, thankful for the good possessed,
Have welcomes for the poorest guest.



A CHARACTERISTIC REPRESENTATION OF A WINTER SCENE.

GREEN'SONS

PHOTOGRAPHERS



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1853.

\$3 PER ANNUM. 6 Cts. SINGLE. } VOL. IV. No. 9.—WHOLE No. 87.

LITTLE FALLS, HERKIMER COUNTY, N. Y.

The fine view which we have engraved of Little Falls, from the pencil of Mr. Miller, is a truthful representation of one of the most romantically situated villages in this country. The Mohawk River has, either by constant attrition, or through some awful convulsion of nature, hurst the rocky barrier which checked its course, and now goes dashing and bubbling, leaping and tumbling, from rock to rock, through the narrow gorge which seems to have been cut expressly for its passage by artificial means. The Falls extend upon the river for nearly a mile, in that distance falling some forty feet, and consist of two distinct rapids, separated by a stretch of deep water, nearly half a mile in length. The upper rapids are the most considerable. Above them, a dam has been thrown across the river, over which the river falls into a deep pool beneath, thus making the fall greater than it was originally; and adding to the beauty of the scene by introducing artificial objects to relieve the ruggedness of nature. The Erie Canal and the Utica and Syracuse Railroad, both pass through the village. The former descends the pass by five locks, with a fall of forty feet in a distance of one mile; and the time occupied in locking gives the traveller ample time to behold the sublime beauty of the surrounding scenery and the artificial improvements. Here he will see vast works of art, as well as of nature, costly viaducts, aqueducts, locks, race-ways, water-falls, mills, machinery, and a noble river urging its way over its rocky bed in the midst thereof, and giving life and animation to the scene. It

is worth the time for the traveller to stop here for a day to view the noble aqueduct which spans the Mohawk in three arches of fifty and seventy feet span, and then, climbing to the top of the mountain, to enjoy the view which may be obtained of the Mohawk valley for some twenty or thirty miles, in its winding course.

The village is a thriving little place, owing to the facilities afforded by the river, the railroad and canal, and contains a population of about 3000. It is supplied with water from springs in the mountains adjacent, at an elevation of some 300 feet above the tops of the houses. The name of Little Falls was given it in contradistinction to the Great Falls, at Cahoon on the Mohawk. This river is one of great beauty, from its rise to its mouth, flowing through the midst of much delightful scenery. It rises by its extreme source in Lewis county, but chiefly in Oneida county, near the tributaries of Black River. It flows south about twenty miles to Rome, where it suddenly turns to southeast, and proceeds thirty-seven miles to the Little Falls. Two miles from its mouth are Cahoon Falls, where the river descends perpendicularly about seventy feet, presenting, in high water, a sublime and interesting spectacle. Both the above Falls afford an extensive water power. Three quarters of a mile below the Cahoon Falls, is a bridge across the river, from which is a fine view of the cataract. The river at the Falls is 900 feet wide, and the banks below it have a height of eighty or ninety feet. The Erie Canal passes along the south bank of the river as far west as Rome. The valley of the Mohawk, particularly the river bottoms, is distinguished for its

fertility. There is no part of our country, perhaps, which affords to the lover of the beautiful and grand in nature, a richer treat than this section of Northern New York. It is the constant resort of the artist and the tourist, in search of natural beauties. It is comparatively but thinly settled; one seems often to be in the wilderness, though but a short league from some thriving town. The aborigines have scarcely yet entirely disappeared from some of the northern counties of the State, and when they do appear, it is to add vastly to the romance of the view. But railroads, the telegraph, and steam upon the great lakes, have revolutionized the scene, and are gradually changing the scenery of this section, from uncleared forests and solitary vales, to thrifty townships and crowded manufacturing villages. The red man is fast disappearing here, as he does everywhere before the advance of civilization, and but a few of these untutored children of nature are left to sing the requiem of nations once so mighty and now no more. Our artist could hardly have chosen a more beautiful locality to depict, inasmuch as there is so much of legendary interest about the spot, as well as the fine view it presents to the most careless observer. We shall continue to give these truthful pictures of American localities, and thus enrich the columns of the Pictorial. As an inducement to preserve the paper for binding (which is now almost universally done by our subscribers), we would ask the reader to consider for a moment what a valuable collection each volume affords of American scenes and scenery, which it is impossible to collect and preserve in any other way.



REPRESENTATION OF LITTLE FALLS, HERKIMER COUNTY, NEW YORK.

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT.

Herewith we give a representation of an extraordinary feat performed by His Excellency Jung Bahadoor, Commander-in-Chief and Prime Minister of Nepaul, during his stay at Patna. The exploit consisted in riding to the summit of a large masonry granary on the back of a hill pony, which animals are famous for their sure-footedness; and a more trying experiment, both to the rider's nerves and to the pony's paces can scarcely be conceived; the height of the dome is about two hundred feet, with two most peculiarly awkward and dangerous staircases leading to the summit. This granary was the first of an intended series proposed to be built at all the principal towns in the province of Behar, in order to avert famine and want during the years of excessive drought; the occasion of its being built was the dreadful famine of A.D. 1770, when nearly one-third of the population of Behar was swept away—men eating men, and mothers their children. What prevented the completion of the intended series of these granaries, does not appear. Fortunately, since A.D. 1770, no such famine has again occurred in Behar.

AMERICAN BEAUTY.

There are two points in which it is seldom equalled, never excelled—the classic chasteness and delicacy of the features, and the smallness and exquisite symmetry of the extremities. In the latter respect they are singularly fortunate. I have seldom seen one, delicately brought up, who had not a fine hand. The feet are also generally very small and exquisitely moulded, particularly those of a Maryland girl; who, well aware of their attractiveness, has a thousand little coquetish ways of her own of temptingly exhibiting them. That in which the American women are most deficient is in roundness of figure. But it is a mistake to suppose that well-rounded forms are not to be found in America. Whilst this is the characteristic of English beauty, it is not so prominent a feature in America. In New England, in the mountainous districts of Pennsylvania and Maryland, and in the central valley of Virginia, the female form is, generally speaking, as well rounded and developed as it is here; whilst a New England complexion is, in nine cases out of ten, a match for an English one. This, however, cannot be said of the American women as a class. They are, in a majority of cases, over-delicate and languid,—a defect chiefly superinduced by their want of exercise. An English girl will go through as much exercise in a forenoon, without dreaming of fatigue, as an American will in a day, and be overcome by exertion. It is also true that American is more evanescent than English beauty, particularly in the south, where it seems to fade ere it has well bloomed. But it is much more lasting in the north and northeast,—a remark which will apply to the whole region north of the Potomac and east of the lakes; and I have known instances of Philadelphia beauty as lovely and enduring as any that our own hardy climate can produce.—*Mackay's Western World.*

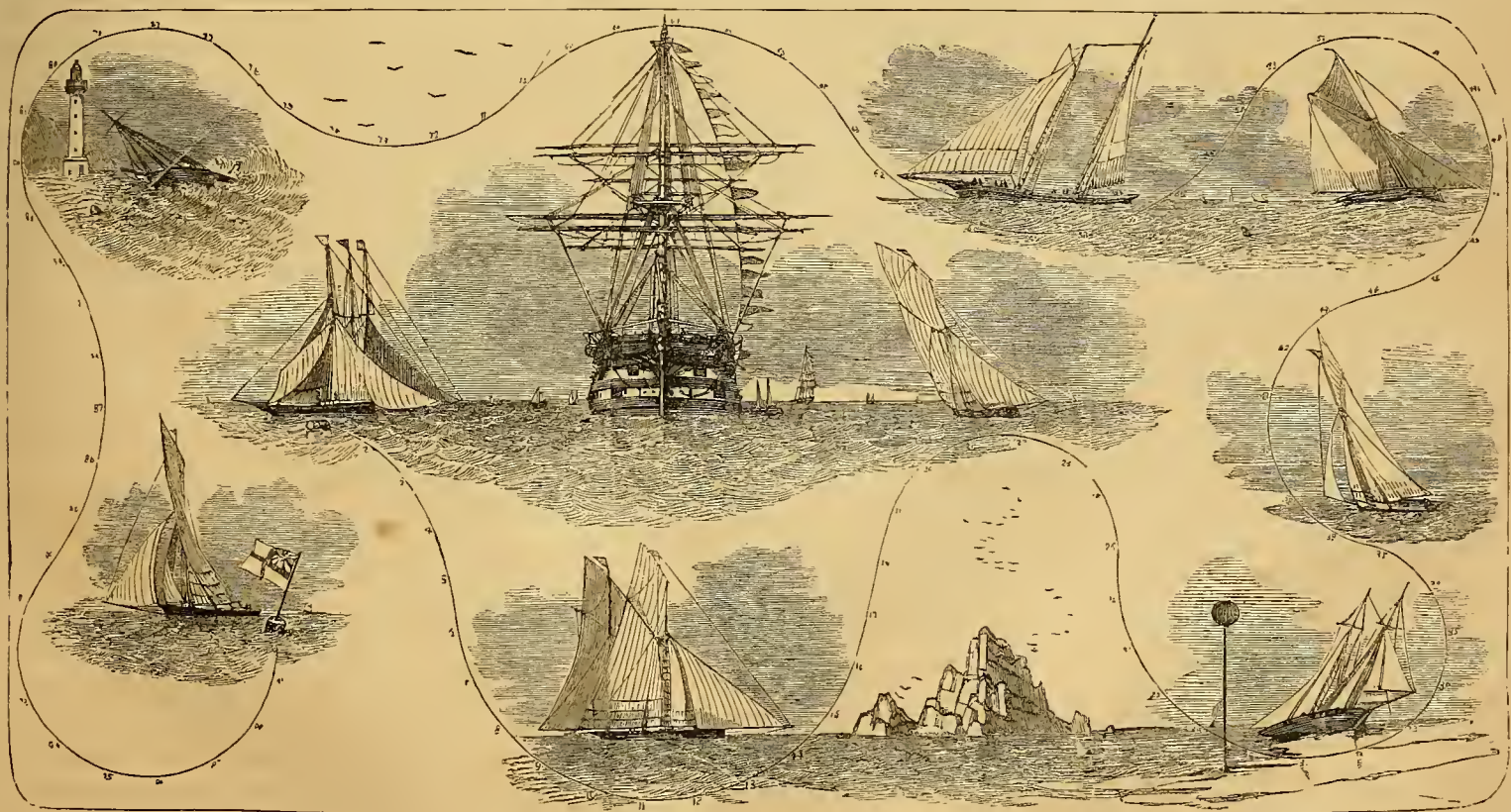


HIS EXCELLENCY JUNG BAHADOOR'S EXTRAORDINARY FEAT, AT PATNA.

THE MISSISSIPPI BOATMEN.

The "Alligators"—the boatmen of the Mississippi—were a part of the transient population of New Orleans, about whom I had long felt a curiosity. In story and in common parlance, they occupy somewhat the position as to the West, that the Bedouin Arabs do to the East,—though, with a home three thousand miles long, and with a life which compels them to "combine the accomplishments of the sailor, the whalerman, the backwoodsman and the Yankee," they are vastly superior to those mere mounted loafers of the desert. Probably no vocation in the world so taxes every kind of bodily dexterity, so disciplines the courage, so calls upon the sharpness of the wits. Their constitutions are not only subjected to the changes of all climates, but their intercourse is with the inhabitants of all latitudes. They vibrate between the icicle and the sugar-cane, familiarized on the way with every variety of produce, of soil, of merchandize and of character. They eat anything, toil anyhow, sleep anywhere. The particular neighborhood to which any of them is responsible for character—the spot in the wilderness where his chimney smokes and his wife waits for him—are trifles lost in the vastness of his range. His credit is the length of his visible purse, his reputation the length of his visible shadow. From the overlapping reciprocities and influences that sustain other men, he is completely isolated. His strength is in what he can show, what he can do, what he has got, and what he is—for the moment. He depends wholly and habitually on himself.—*N. P. Willis.*

NEW GAME, REGATTA.
This game, a fine representation of which is given below, is played with dice, on a piece of painted canvass, three or four feet square, representing the sea, placed upon a table, and numbered as in the engraving. The guard-ship (pool) should be from eight to ten inches long; breadth in proportion; the hulls of the yachts, from two to two and a half inches, cast in brass or lead; and the lighthouse of wood, three or four inches in height. When the stakes are agreed upon, and the pool made, each member must then select his yacht, and enter her at the starting-buoy. All the players must then throw; the highest thrower, with the letter A marked on his die, superintends the game, and is to be styled Admiral, and may or may not enter a yacht; but if he should enter one, he commences, unless he be a gallant Admiral, when he allows the ladies to commence. If the letter G-S should turn up, every one in the fleet pays one counter to (pool) guard-ship. If the letter A turn up, every one pays to the Admiral. But if the letter F turn with any of the above letters, it is *vice versa*, viz.: G-S, all pay one to the guard-ship; A, all pay one to Admiral; G-S and F, guard-ship pays one all round the fleet; A and F, Admiral pays one all round the fleet. The Admiral must keep all the counters he receives from the fleet separate from his own; for, should his yacht be wrecked on the lighthouse rock (81,82), he has to give them all up to the possessor of the leading yacht, who then becomes Admiral, and remains so until the end of the game, unless he also gets wrecked. Any yacht running aground on the sandbank (31, 32, 33), not only pays half stakes, but goes back ten. Any yacht getting on the lighthouse rock (81, 82) must withdraw from the game, as wrecked. The yacht that first reaches the buoy marked 100 gains the pool. All yachts that pass the lighthouse are to throw but with one die. In reaching the winning buoy, the number thrown must amount exactly to 100. This amusement, like all other games, may be made subservient to the purposes of chance and skill. It is somewhat singular that the world has never outgrown such a propensity. It was so in ancient times. Among the amusements of most nations, games of chance have ever held an important place, and are undoubtedly of very ancient origin. The invention of dice is attributed to the Greek Palamedes; that of chess to the people of India. Both games were known to the Greeks and Romans. The games of mixed chance and skill are also of early origin. These were known to the Romans, but they were principally attached to games of chance, although they were prohibited by law, and the players reputed infamous. The ancient Germans, according to the description of Tacitus, were passionately devoted to gaming. Cards are of modern invention; and the games at cards are some of them purely games of chance, others of chance and skill combined. The laws of some countries prohibit gaming; those of France, and some other countries of Europe, license gaming-houses.

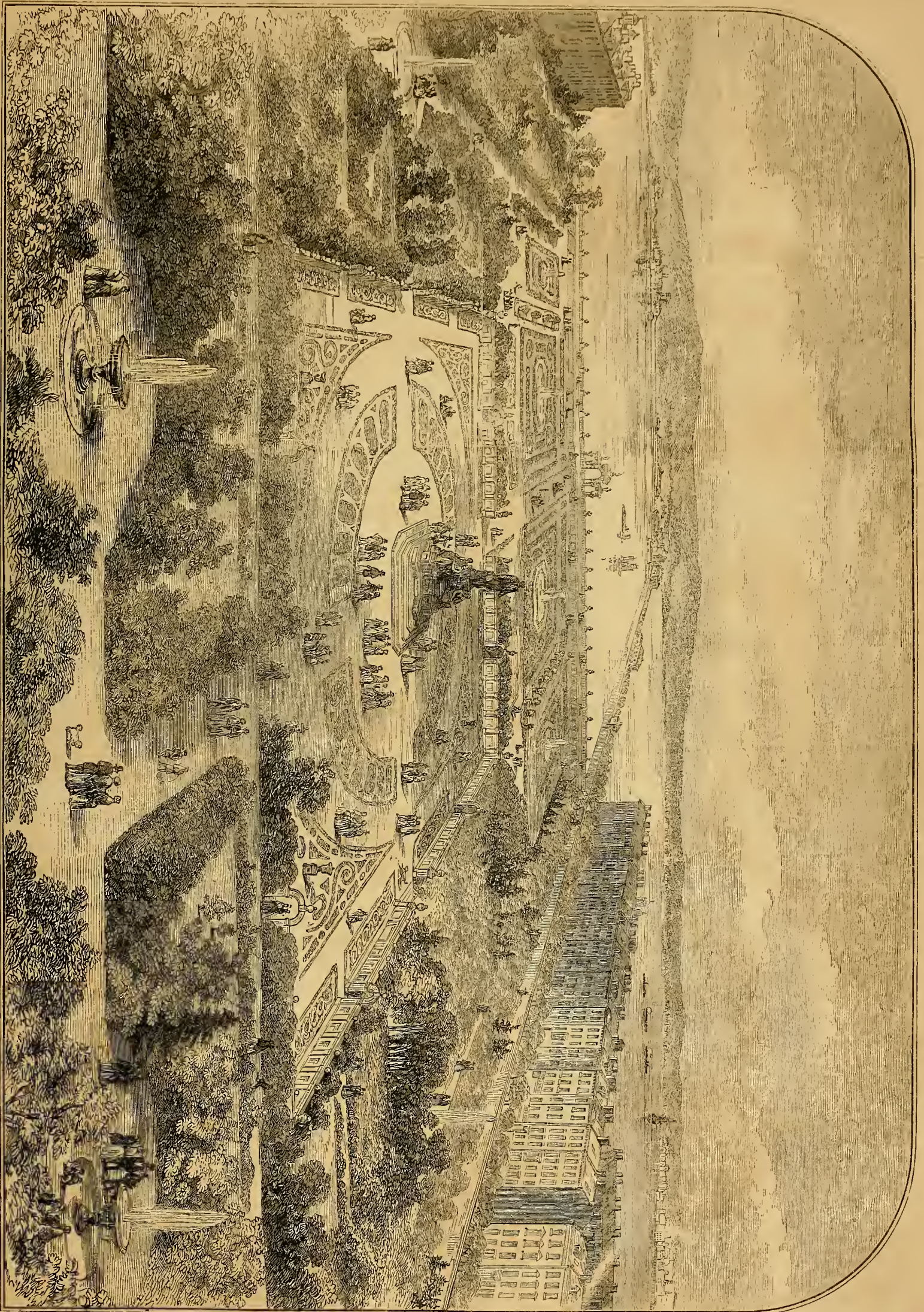


REPRESENTATION OF THE NEW GAME OF REGATTA.



LIKENESSES OF THE MAYOR AND ALDERMEN OF THE CITY OF BOSTON.

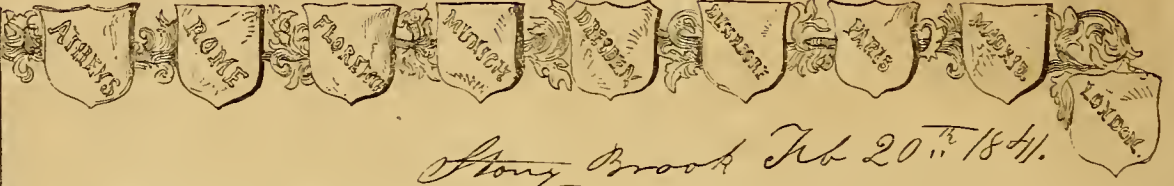
[For description, see page 118.]



OUR PLAN OF THE PUBLIC GARDEN, BOSTON, AS IT SHOULD BE. RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED TO THE CITY AUTHORITIES.

[For description, see page 135.]

Types of Mind: or Fac-similes of the Hand-writing of Eminent Persons, No. 8, BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.



Our vignette chronicles the prominent European schools of painting, whose students find, fresh from the heart of antiquity, the master-pieces of those who hold high rank in the empire of art. Portraits by Titian, scintillating with life—ideal groups, by Murillo, full of Spanish passion—lustrous landscapes, by Claude Lorraine—high-glowing heads, by Rembrandt and Raphaelle—angelic beauty, by Guido and by Caracci—artistic fidelity, by Dow and by Ostade—breathing beasts, by Cyp and by Potter—female loveliness, by Giorgione and by Rubens—tragic horrors, by Veronese and by Salvator Rosa—all are there, and with them the works of other great masters. Here, without charge, the student can copy, and study, and freight his mind with the glories of his profession. Yet we do not believe that every young painter must necessarily copy Guidos and Rembrandts—Pousins or Lawrences, to attain a high rank in his profession, even although conventional connoisseurship hath so decreed. Many of those who follow in this beaten path imitate the style of the "masters;" their figures are arranged with skill, their coloring is harmonious, their effects of light and shade are pleasing. But below this "glazing" of "high art," there is but little true vitality—everything is cold, formal and passionless—and the spectator is reminded of the sublime vision of the valley of dry bones, when the skeletons had been clothed with flesh, and skin and beauty, but had not received that Divine breath which inspired them with life, and feeling, and heart-animation. Such painting is but an embodiment of elaborate monotony, instead of a vivid representation of varied feeling, natural beauty, and heartfelt sentiment. While, then, we admire the master-pieces of art, we do not recognize the supremacy of scholastic or of academical education, to the exclusion of nature and of passion. The real eclipses the ideal.

Stony Brook Feb 20th 1844.

My Dear Sir,

I never paint on a picture unless I feel in the right spirit. When I go into a painters studio I never turn his canvas free round, without a permit from the artist. I always pay my debts, and now and then play a tune on the violin. I am not fond like some artists of telling about difficulties. I try to be happy and wish to see others so. Truly I think more of health than fame.

Yours very truly
W. S. Mount

W. S. MOUNT is one of the few American artists who are not victims to the tyranny of prejudice, in favor of "schools" and of "old masters." It may be heresy, so far as connoisseurs are concerned, but his FAITH is that of nature—his "models" are American yeomen—his scenes are amid the homesteads around his atelier. The rustic amusements of his Long Island neighbors are the themes in which his pencil delights, and he portrays them with such artistic spirit, as to win the applause of all who can relish the simplicity of rural life. Like his manuscript and his composition, his pictures are clear, open, original—and must be looked at again and again to be properly appreciated. Each one is replete with genuine humor, truthful touches of character, and dainty detail of accessories. Mr. Mount is now in the prime of life, and is rapidly taking the position among American artists to which he is entitled.

BENJAMIN WEST stands at the head of American native-born artists, although he won and wore his laurels in England. His bold hand, and the addition of the titular initials (President Royal

Academy), is indicative of his ambitious desire to illustrate Scripture, portraying the effulgence of God's glory, and the terrors of the last judgment, and like grand and inspiring subjects, worthy of his genius and his charmed pencil.

J. VANDERLYN, like West, won high honors in Europe, and there acquired a coldness of imagination which nipped the blossoms of history. He had a perfect knowledge of his art, and a power adequate to express his knowledge, yet he rarely awakened a scene into vivid life. Some of his earlier productions were far more effective than his latter works, painted when his mind had become soured by disappointments.

Trumbull
G. Catlin T. Cole
Durand
B. Champney
Benjⁿ West P. R. S.
R. W. Weir
Charles Lanman
John J. Audubon
E. Leutze
D. Huntington

Col. TRUMBULL's autograph indicates the open-hearted, impatient soldier. We have, in former numbers of the Pictorial, expressed our admiration of his works, and of the national pride which led him to hunger and thirst for a record of the glorious phases of the Revolutionary struggle. Let those who sneer at his coloring or his arrangement, paint pictures which can attract a tith of the popular applause, and we will no longer combat their unnatural prejudices.

CATLIN paints as he writes, in a hurried, cramped manner, nor are his pictures remarkable as works of art. Yet no one questions their fidelity, and all respect the pioneer in the delineations of forest life, and of the original lords of the soil. His gallery should have a place at Washington; it is so purely national in its character, that the nation should own it.

A. B. DURAND commenced his career as an engraver, in which department he has never been equalled on this continent, as his exquisite rendering of Vanderlyn's "Ariadne" conclusively proves. For a few years, he painted historical subjects with marked success, but of late, he has turned his whole attention to landscape painting, in which he excels.

T. COLE, as his autograph shows, was an artist of original and marked talent, which will be recognized as long as the canvass endures which reflects his genius. Many and unequalled on this side of the water were his paintings of glorious segments cut from Nature's landscape.

BEN. CHAMPNEY writes as he sketches, with a bold, free hand, and is destined to attain a high rank in his profession. Many of his pictures are fine renderings of New Hampshire scenery, cleverly pencilled, harmonious in color, and of a graceful, pleasing character.

R. W. WEIR's autograph is clear and graceful, as becomes the professor of drawing at West Point. His pictures and his pupils are numerous, and reflect equal credit upon the master, although we cannot include, in this eulogium, the painting in the rotunda of the Capitol.

CHARLES LANMAN is one of the few American artists who have won literary honors, although he is now relinquishing the pen for the pencil. Pleasing conception, accuracy of description, and finished execution, are as characteristic of his paintings as of his books.

JOHN J. AUDUBON was the greatest enthusiast in ornithological art which the world ever produced, and but for his works, his appearance and actions might oftentimes have been cited in proof of mental alienation. His works have an original and unborrowed air, which mark an artist who thought for himself, and sought the materials of his pictures in the living world around him, rather than in the dusty portfolios of the past. Simple-hearted as he was, there was much about him to captivate in society, and he possessed what all men reverence—simplicity of heart.

LEUTZE, a pupil of the Dusseldorf school, manages historical subjects with great skill and dexterity of composition. His correctness of detail, color, depth and execution, constitute an assemblage of rare qualities. Group, form and contrast are subordinate to the event, and while he pleases the fancy, he satisfies the judgment and wins the heart. A "mannerism" is indicated by his constrained autograph, but it is redeemed by his exquisite execution and full command over every implement of his art.

D. HUNTINGTON is equally famed as an historical and as a landscape painter, whose works display a vigorous imagination, and a varied acquaintance with his profession. His autograph shows

Lewis Wilkie
Thos Lawrence
Wm. Minkshauter
J. Vernet

that he is not the servile follower of any school, and his forte lies in boldness of effect, vivid portraiture of nature, and gorgeous coloring. Few American paintings have excited as much admiration as his "Mersey's Dream," or his "Christiana"—the principal of his illustrations of the Pilgrim's Progress.

DAVID WILKIE is known as one of the most original and vigorous and varied of British painters—the darling artist of the humble subjects of Queen Victoria, to whom his name is as familiar as "household words," for engravings of his works deck almost every cottage. His delineations of "Village Peleicians," "Blind Fiddlers," "Chelsea Pensioners," and others in the lowly walks of life, are unsurpassed.

THOMAS LAWRENCE was the most successful portrait painter of the past generation, and his career was a brilliant one. His coloring was warm, his pencil flattering, and no price or honor was

deemed too great a reward for his labor. We cannot refrain from giving a few lines from his biography here. His portraits are striking likenesses, and display a bold and free pencil; but they are, particularly his later ones, chargeable with mannerism, and are not considered to be successful in expressing the nicer shades of character. In his drawing, there is a want of accuracy and finish. His income, for the last twenty years of his life, was from £10,000 to £20,000; but he died poor, owing to his zeal to possess the first-rate productions of his art, which he purchased at any price. The personal appearance of Sir Thomas Lawrence was striking and agreeable. His countenance bore a marked resemblance to that of Canning, and he was always pleased when this resemblance was observed. He was studious in dress, and went beyond the limits of correct taste in this particular. A look of settled melancholy was always upon his features.

CRUIKSHANKS's quaint autograph is typical of his fancy, which has enabled him to take a strong hold of the popular fancy, and to provoke more laughter than any other artist now living. His illustrations are often far more interesting than the accompanying text.

VERNET, grandson and son of eminent French artists, is the idol of the glory-loving Frenchmen, for he has portrayed, upon acres of canvass, the victories of the Empire. As a delineator of martial scenes, an effective colorist, and a master of composition, Vernet stands high in his profession. His pictures are praised for giving prominence to the chief aim of the victorious army, and for indicating the event of the battle by the movements of the lines. He labored with equal success in delineating nature, and seems to have excelled in many departments. His pictures are the more impressive on account of their freedom from affectation.



GLEASON'S PICTORIAL
FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.
MATHEW M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

- CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER.
T. BOGHANAN READ, SYLVANUS COBB, JR., OWEN G. WARREN, R. A. WIGHT, T. BULFINCH, BEN: PERLEY POORE.

- CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.
"The Merchant-Prince's Will," a story, by HENRY WM. HERBERT.
"Whis from Washington," No. VIII, by BEN: PERLEY POORE.
"Diana," concluded, by ANNE T. WILBUR.

SIGNIFICANT LANGUAGE.

Do not straws show which way the wind blows? A Mr. Muntz, M. P., who presided at the Birmingham dinner, given to the American minister, remarked that he had often said that all his predilections were in favor of a republic.

CONDITION OF MEXICO.

We fairly behold the condition of this distracted land with pity, and only review its situation from time to time, to be more clearly impressed with its weakness and unfitness to take care of itself.

DENTAL TOILET ARTICLES.—Dr. Cummings, at No. 23, Tremont Row (up stairs), has got one of the neatest and most admirably arranged set of dental toilet articles to be procured.

SPLINTERS.

There are already a large number of gold diggers operating in Australia, who have emigrated from Boston and vicinity. A clipper ship of 1600 tons burden has just been finished at Taylor's shipyard, Chelsea. She's named the Storm King.

THE CITY OF PARIS.

Paris is in some respects the most interesting modern city on the face of the globe. It is to France more than London is to England, Madrid to Spain, or even Rome to Italy; because in France the system of centralization is more successful and inflexible than in any other city in Christendom.

But the despotic absorption and sway of the great city, renders it a most interesting spot to travellers, and it is universally acknowledged to be the focus of European civilization. How changed from the Latetia of the ancients—a miserable group of huts on the borders of a muddy stream that would hardly be termed a river in America!

Paris is emphatically the home of elegance and of luxury. In modern times, no revolution, however bloody, can long dim the splendor of its aspect. The people rise in their might against outrageous tyranny, streets are unpaved and barricades erected, cannon-shot sweep the squares, the pavement is strewn with dead and dying, the window-panes are shattered to pieces with bullets—you are ready to exclaim, "It is all over with Paris!"

Verily the Parisians are a strange people, and their city is a most strange and interesting place. No wonder that it is the first spot towards which the traveller turns his steps, the first to tarry in, and the one he longest makes his home abroad.

THE GEM OF PICTORIALS.—The last number of "Gleason," which is for sale by Boys, is indeed a chef d'oeuvre of the "art of arts," and its array of splendid embellishments and gorgeous letter-press, surpasses anything, as we believe, that has thus far been issued in America.

THE ALBONI TROUPE.—The delightful operatic season at the Howard, which our citizens have so thoroughly enjoyed, will long be remembered. The public are largely indebted to the experience and good taste of her manager, Le Grand Smith, for the perfect arrangement of all that could conduce to their pleasure and comfort at the opera, during Alboni's stay in Boston.

IS THIS THE NINETEENTH CENTURY?—The editor of Zion's Herald calls upon the ministry and the religious press to put down the new theatre, by proclaiming and commencing a crusade against it.

LIKENESSES OF THE U. S. SENATORS.—In our next week's number we shall conclude our gallery of likenesses of the members of the U. S. Senate. We are gratified to know that this expensive series of illustrations have proved so highly popular with all.

SPEECHES OF HAYNE AND WEBSTER.—Ftridge & Co. have issued the second edition of this pamphlet, in a cheap and convenient form, for preservation, or sending by mail.

MUSICAL.—Castle Garden has been secured by the celebrated Jullien, and his promenade concerts are to commence there in August, after the close of an opera season by Madame Sontag.

THE DIFFERENCE IN COST.—A telegraphic message, which could be sent in the United States for one dollar, would be charged, for the same distance, seven dollars in England.

MIDNIGHT MASS.—Midnight Mass, at Christmas, was performed at Paris, for the first time in twenty years.

MARRIAGES

- In this city, D. Y. Messer, Esq., of Sandusky, Ohio, to Miss Eliza I Dean, of Boston; Mr. Henry A. Wetherbee, of Miss Clara H. Matthews.
By Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. Peleg Nye, of Sausalito, to Miss Eliza L., daughter of Mr. James Marchant, of Barnstable.

DEATHS

- In this city, Mrs. Anna W. Johnson, formerly of Middlebury, Vt. 66; Mr. Edward Gilmore, 20; Emma F., youngest daughter of Mr. Daniel Smith, 3; George Washington, only child of Mr. Hiram Wentworth, 9; 8th Inst., Susan Frances, 4 years and 4 months, and on the 9th, Nancy Maria, 2 years and 5 months, daughters of Ezra O. F. and Susan M. Farrar.

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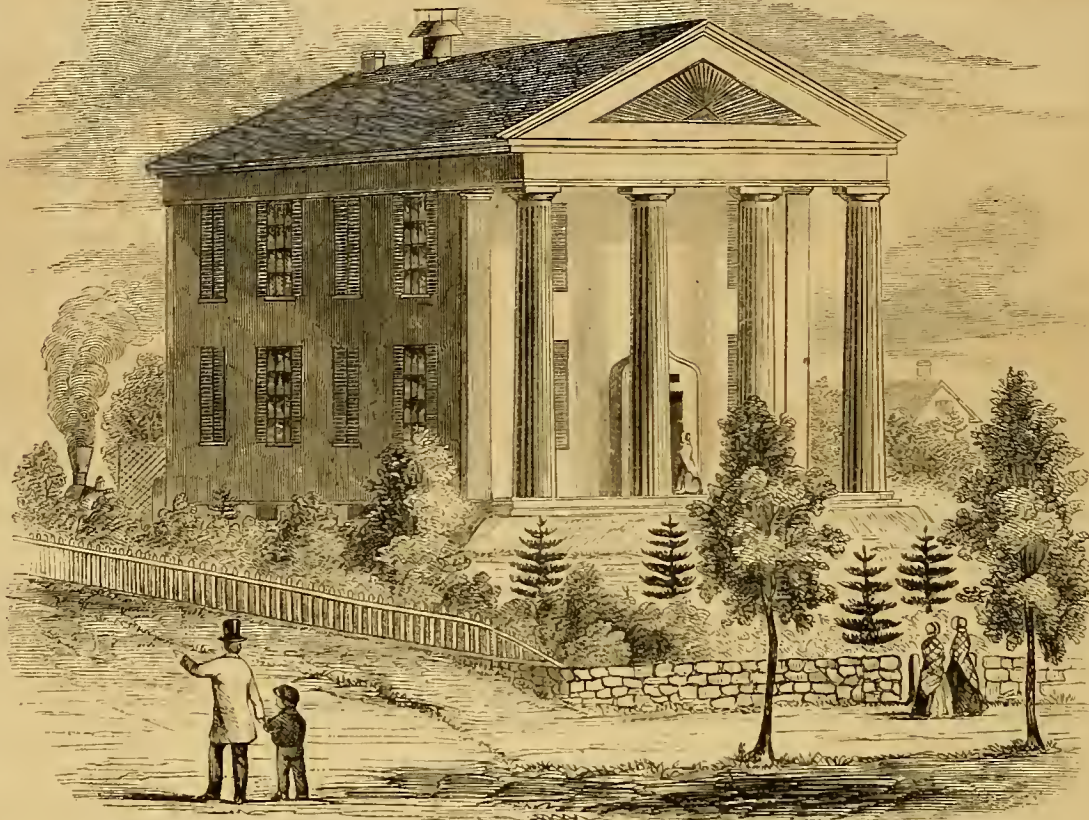


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Any names may be added to the last number at the rate of \$2 00 each, per annum.

NORMAL SCHOOL.

We give herewith a fine picture of the State Normal School, situated at West Newton, Massachusetts.— Its avowed purpose is the education of such persons as in turn desire themselves to become school teachers. The institution is in a most flourishing condition, as may be seen by the report of the Visiting Committee, of last year. As a picture, those acquainted with the locality can at once bear testimony to its faithfulness. Let these institutions be multiplied, and let strangers who visit us from abroad be forced to say, as did Kossuth, this is surely the land of school-houses. The committee, in their report, say, "During the year now past, the whole number of pupils has been 154; the number admitted at the two previous examinations for admission, 60; the number dismissed, for various reasons, 22; the number of those who have left the school after completing their course, 28; there having been only one such class this year. The examinations for admission have been somewhat exact; and many of those who have applied for admission have not been found sufficiently well qualified, in the studies pursued at the common schools. It seems desirable that the standard of requirements for admission should be annually raised, and that those only who have faithfully used their opportunities at the lower schools be admitted to the higher privileges of the Normal Schools. The number of those who had, for a longer or shorter time, been engaged in teaching, before entering the Normal School is 41. The average number of pupils, for each of the three terms, has been 95; the greatest number belonging to the school, at any time, 110. During the year, the Normal School has been visited by large numbers of teachers, accompanied, in some instances, by their committees, from the schools in other parts of the State, with the most gratifying appreciation of the advantages of this institution. It has the honor of being the first and oldest institution of this class in the New World. Originally established at Lexington, July 3, 1832, it was transferred, in May, 1844, to West



VIEW OF THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, WEST NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

Newton. The building which it occupies was the gift of Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jr. This edifice was fitted up at an expense of more than \$600 by the inhabitants of West Newton, who have ever felt and manifested a deep interest in the welfare of the Normal School. It has always been an exclusively female school. The whole number of pupils that have been connected with it is 686, of whom 539 have completed the prescribed course of study and attendance. Nearly all of this number, five hundred and thirty-nine, have become teachers in our Public Schools."

Gen. Scott and Gov. Reynolds, in September, made a treaty with the Indians, at the fort, by which a large tract of territory now embraced in the State of Iowa was ceded to the United States. The Indians then removed farther west, and the fort was evacuated by our troops 4th of May, 1836. The fort is even now a picturesque object, and in summer is thronged with visitors, who are attracted thither by its beautiful scenery and the old Indian legends connected with it. Mr. George Walter, the artist, has presented a correct view of it, taken from the Illinois side, in 1852.

FORT ARMSTRONG.

For the accompanying sketch, and the following description of Fort Armstrong, we are indebted to Albert G. Brackett, of Rock Island, Illinois. Fort Armstrong, situated on Rock Island, in the Mississippi River, is an old fortification erected in the year 1816, by Lieut. Col. Lawrence, of the United States army. It was then in the heart of the Indian country, and was the scene of many wild exploits, both before and during the progress of the Black Hawk war. The old chief, Black Hawk, or as he was called in the Sauk language, Mue-katub-mish-a-kia-kia, was slain on Rock Island, in the year 1768, about three miles from where the fort now stands. From the time it was first built until the commencement of the war above alluded to, the fort was used as a depot of supplies, etc., and was commanded for a long time by Col. Zachary Taylor. The Sauk and Fox Indians were first driven west of the Mississippi in July, 1831, by Gen. Gaines. Black Hawk with his warriors returned to the east side of the Mississippi, early in 1832, and joined the Winnebagoes at Sycamore Creek. Here he was attacked by Maj. Stillman, whom he defeated. Gen. Dodge next gave him battle on the Wisconsin River, and after a spirited engagement, he retreated towards the Mississippi, losing many of his warriors on the way. While his whole force was concentrated on the Bad Ax River, he was attacked by Gen. Atkinson, and totally defeated. Black Hawk was here taken prisoner, and sent to the Eastern States.



A VIEW OF FORT ARMSTRONG, ROCK ISLAND, MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

CARRIAGES

FOR RENT



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1853.

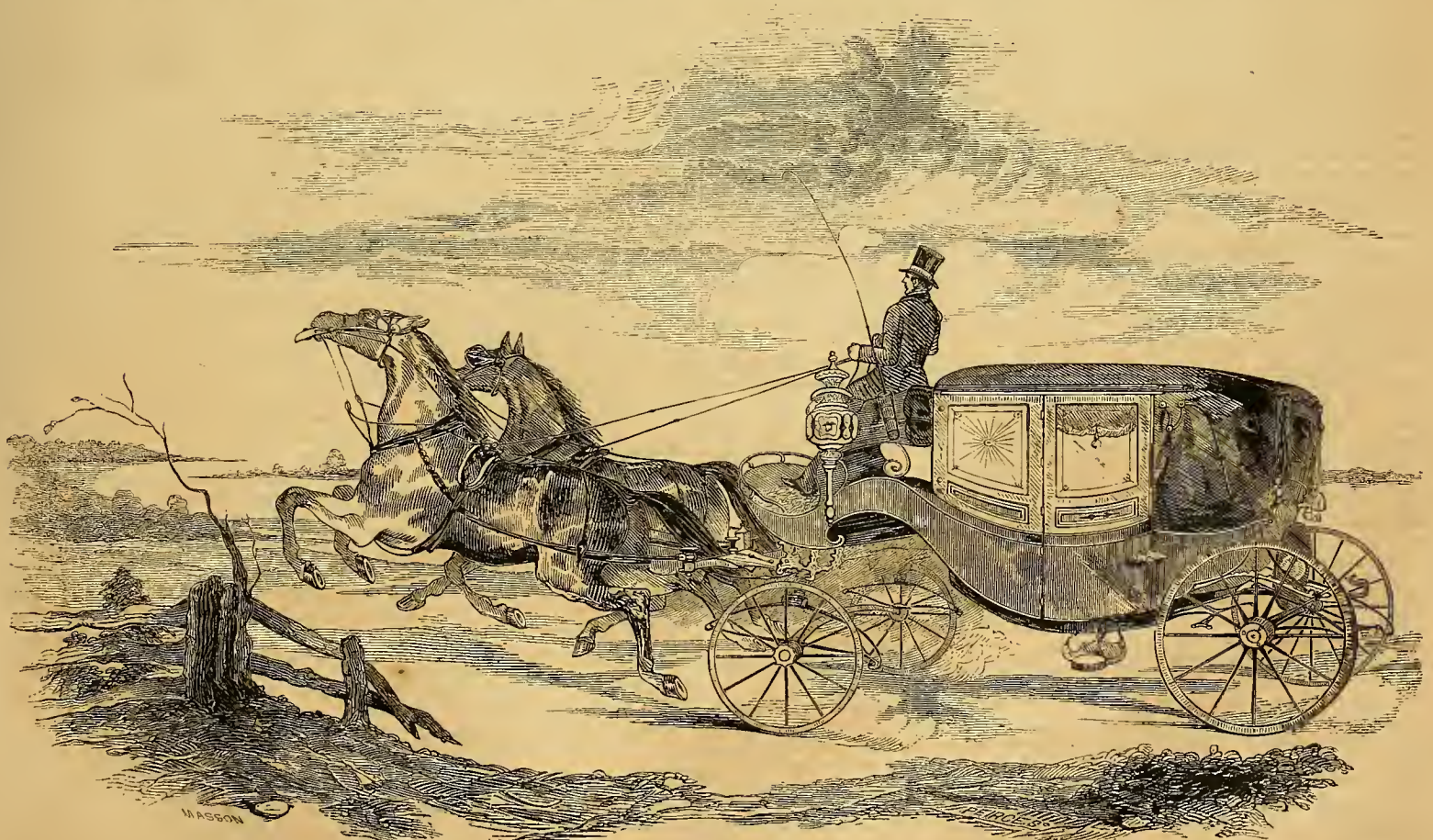
88 PER ANNUM. } VOL. IV. No. 10.—WHOLE No. 88.
6 CTS. SINGLE.

CARRIAGE AND HORSES PRESENTED TO GEN. PIERCE.

The picture, which we give below, is a correct representation of the superb vehicle which the President's Democratic friends in Boston have had expressly built for him, and of the horses, that were procured at great cost and trouble. The carriage was manufactured by Jason Clapp & Son, Pittsfield, Mass. It is designed for an open or close carriage, and admirably adapted for either. Its weight is about 1300 pounds, and unlike any coach ever before built in this country for a similar object, is composed of materials of American growth and manufacture solely. The timber in it, which is now so handsomely shaped, was taken from the lofty mountain tops which surround Pittsfield; the axles are of the manufacture of the celebrated Pomeroy, and made exclusively from gun iron, which renders their breaking an utter impossibility; they are set in bronze boxes, and are so perfectly case-hardened that the sharpest file cannot produce an impression upon them. The cloth with which it is trimmed is of a light fawn drab, made expressly by the Pontoosuc Company from American wool, and is of the finest texture,—it does not look so showy or luxurious as a French brocatelle, but will be vastly superior in point of durability. It is very beautifully squabbed, and the lace and tufts put

on with exquisite skill. The glass is from the house of Caleb G. Loring & Co., Boston, and not a flaw can be detected upon its crystal surface; a delicate sprig is artistically carved out on each corner of the windows, which produces a very fine effect. The lamps are of very elegant form, rich silver plating, and on either side of them an eagle is superbly chiseled out, surrounded by stars, which, to the beholder, assume the appearance of so many glittering diamonds. The color of the body is a drop lake with a contrast of black, and the paint is so perfectly laid on, the hottest tropical sun could not crack it. In fact, all the appointments are carried out in good keeping, and in every respect, it correctly represents what the committee who had its construction in charge intended it should be, a plain, unostentatious republican carriage. The harnesses are of the finest quality, and were made by F. W. Hannaford, Boston, fully sustaining the reputation of this excellent workman; the silver mountings are from the establishment of Jones, Bull & Co., who have exercised their usual skill and judgment in their finishing. Major John C. Boyd superintended the getting up of a complete set of trappings for the horses, which were purchased at Jordon, a beautiful town situated in the western part of the State of New York, by Col. Peter Dunbar, of Boston,

who has been untiring in his exertions to procure them, and has succeeded in obtaining one of the finest pair in the country. Their color is bright bay, perfectly matched, both foaled by the same dam, and their sire is the celebrated Golden Farmer; they have frames of great strength, and, at the same time, are most symmetrically proportioned; are sixteen hands high, weigh 1200 pounds each, seven and eight years old, travel very spiritedly and gracefully together; have a short natural pony gait of eight miles an hour, which they can perform on a journey without the least urging; very docile and manageable, and for beauty of figure and action are unsurpassed. It is very gratifying that this whole business has been so perfectly consummated, and that so elegant a gift has been made to one whose position deserves the respect and confidence thus manifested. If we mistake not, Gen. Pierce is a man who will do justice to the post that a great people have called him to; he seems to share the good wishes of all parties, and very little of sectarian bitterness is evinced in any quarter. The picture which we give of this costly and elegant present, is an accurate one; especially has the artist studied the horses, the "near" one being a playful, gay creature, prances constantly, and shows much of the life he exhibits in the engraving.



REPRESENTATION OF THE CARRIAGE AND HORSES PRESENTED TO GEN. PIERCE BY CITIZENS OF BOSTON.

A BLACK HARE.

A very rare animal of this species—a picture of which we give herewith—was shot not long since in England, by the gamekeeper of Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Kerrison, Bart., of Oakley Park, Suffolk. It was started from a wood, while a party of gentlemen were shooting, and was first seen by Edward Clarence Kerrison, Esq. Next day, the animal was shot in the parish of Deubham, three miles from the place where it was first seen. It is now stuffed, and is in the possession of E. C. Kerrison, Esq., of Broun Hall, Suffolk. It is a full-grown hare. Every portion of the fur is of the finest glossy black, and, saving the eye, there is not a spot of color to be seen. We have heard of white hares, and gray hares; tawny, red, blue, and fawn-color; but never before heard of the existence of a black hare. The readers of the Pictorial will remember that we have already had considerable to say relative to the characteristics of this animal. The American hare generally keeps within its form during the day, feeding early in the morning or at night. The flesh is dark colored, but is much esteemed as an article of food. It is in its prime late in the autumn and winter. It is not hunted in this country as in Europe, but is generally roused by a dog, and shot or caught by means of snares or a common box-trap; this latter is the most usual mode. In its gait, it is very similar to the European, leaping rather than running. Like that animal, it breeds several times during the year. There are several other species of the hare inhabiting North America, of which the most remarkable is the polar hare. This occurs in vast numbers towards the extreme northern part of the continent. It is larger than the common hare. The fur is exceedingly thick and woolly, of the purest white in the cold months, with the exception of a tuft of long black hair at the tip of the ears. In summer the hair becomes of a grayish brown; but probably a black one has never been found in this country, or in Europe either, save in the instance which we have here illustrated. The hare is found in almost every part of the known world, living entirely upon vegetable matter, and is probably the most timid creature in the world, and one of the fleetest. It is a somewhat remarkable fact, that the young are born with their eyes open, and leave the mother entirely after reaching the age of twenty days, subsisting thenceforth like the parent, entirely upon vegetable productions. Their lives, in the wild state, are very insecure—cats, wolves, birds of prey, and man himself hating them continually, and setting snares and traps for them from very youth. Though very easily tamed, it is said that they are never known to evince any degree of affection for human beings, or to become very domestic, generally availing themselves of the first opportunity for escaping from the barn-yard to the forest.



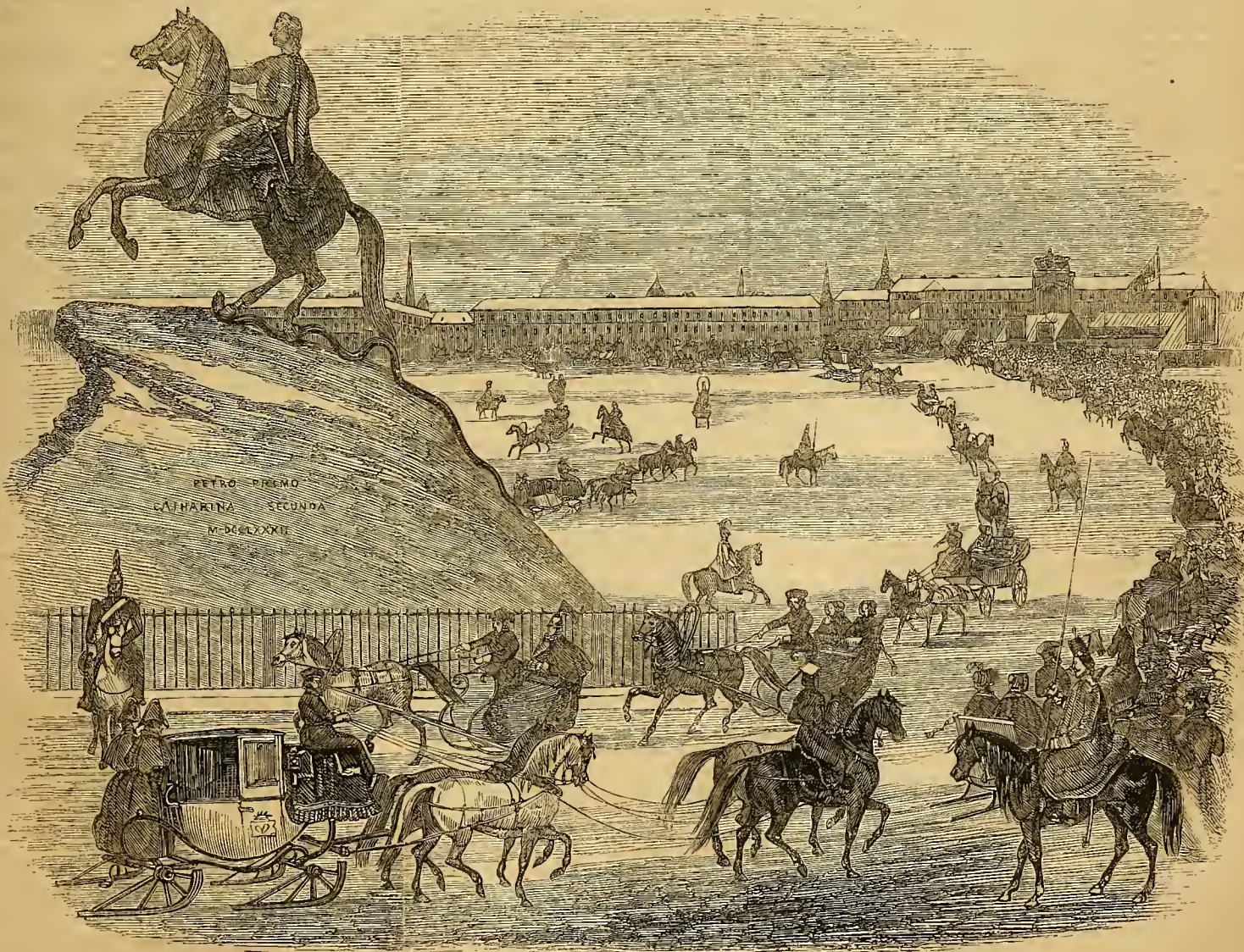
BLACK HARE SHOT IN SUFFOLK, ENGLAND.

ANTIQUITIES.

Nineveh was fifteen miles by nine, and forty round, with walls one hundred feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babilon was sixty miles within the walls, which were seventy-five feet thick and three hundred feet high, with one hundred hazy gates. The Temple of Diana was four hundred feet high, and was two hundred years in building. The largest of the Pyramids is four hundred and eighty feet high, and six hundred and sixty-three feet on one side; its base covers eleven acres. The stones are about thirty feet in length, and the layers are two hundred and eight. Three hundred and sixty thousand men were employed in its erection. The labyrinth of Egypt contains three thousand chambers and twelve halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins twenty-seven miles round. It had one hundred gates. Carthage was twenty-five miles round, and so was Athens.—*Art Jour.*

EASTER AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Easter is celebrated with great enthusiasm throughout Russia, and especially in the capital. Our artist has given below a picturesque scene of its gaiety. Easter is the real fete of the people—the period at which they do eat, drink, and make merry; great preparations announce its advent. The streets throng, and men, women and children embrace each other, and speak the emphatic words—*Christos voskreset*. On this evening there is a supper at the palace, and the following day a grand levee at court, where the dignitaries are received in all their paraphernalia. The emperor has to receive the embraces of hundreds of his subjects, who approach him with the same salutation as the boors make use of in the streets. This is the hardest field-day of the year; for, although the presentation on the new year is more numerous, he does not come into such close contact with his beloved beard as upon the present occasion. During the whole of Easter week the streets are thronged with people, who kiss and embrace each other. The servants present you with Easter eggs at every house where you call, and a *quid pro quo* is expected; and it is a very heavy yearly tax upon your pocket. An Easter egg is to the laity what Easter offerings are to the clergy, viz., peace offerings. The eggs are of very different merits and value, and are displayed in the shop windows, dyed of different colors. The common kind are dyed by wrapping worsted round them, and then boiling them, which imparts the tint to the shell. But china eggs adorned by paintings of holy writ are furnished for the wealthier part of the community. In genteel society presents are often exchanged under the titles of Easter eggs. Cards are exchanged by the corps diplomatique, and by families who are in the habit of visiting. Marriages are celebrated, children are christened, and intoxication becomes a merit. Labor stands still for a whole week, unless the labor which furnishes amusement to the public. The cathedrales are crowded in the afternoon, the theatres in the evening; but the week over, things return to their ordinary state. If the weather be fine, it is a gay and happy period, and few countries celebrate it in so joyful a manner. It is the great fete of the church and of the people. Our view is taken from the angle of the English Quay, with Falconet's colossal statue of Peter the Great in the foreground. The pedestal is formed of a solid block of granite; upon the mass is seated Peter the Great on horseback, with one hand stretched out, and pointing significantly; the horse paws the air with his fore legs, the hinder trample upon a serpent crawling upon the rock. The statue is of bronze, and its whole weight is poised on the horse's tail, which is fastened to the stone. In the right-hand distance of the picture are shown some of the booths for the fair. The drive shows a great variety of equipages and costumes.



REPRESENTATION OF THE FETE OF EASTER WEEK, IN ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA.



A. Dodge

HON. AUGUSTUS C. DODGE, OF IOWA.



Solon Borland

HON. SOLON BORLAND, OF ARKANSAS.



S. Adams

HON. STEPHEN ADAMS, OF MISSISSIPPI.



Hamilton Fish

HON. HAMILTON FISH, OF NEW YORK.



James C. Jones

HON. JAMES C. JONES, OF TENNESSEE.



S. W. Downs

HON. S. W. DOWNS, OF LOUISIANA.



S. R. Mallory

HON. STEPHEN R. MALLORY, OF FLORIDA.



Wm. M. Gwin

HON. WILLIAM M. GWIN, OF CALIFORNIA.



J. A. Bayard

HON. J. A. BAYARD, OF DELAWARE.

PORTRAITS OF UNITED STATES SENATORS.

[For Biographical Sketches, see page 143.]



John Bell

HON. JOHN BELL, OF TENNESSEE.



Isaac Toucey

HON. ISAAC TOUCEY, OF CONNECTICUT.



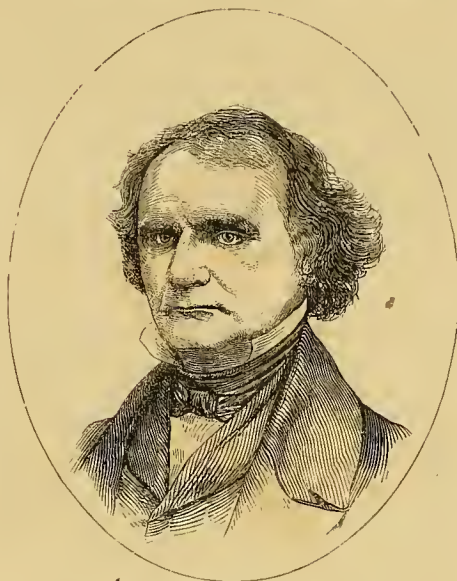
Robert F. Stockton

HON. ROBERT F. STOCKTON, OF NEW JERSEY.



Jesse D. Bright

HON. JESSE D. BRIGHT, OF INDIANA.



James M. Mason

HON. JAMES M. MASON, OF VIRGINIA.



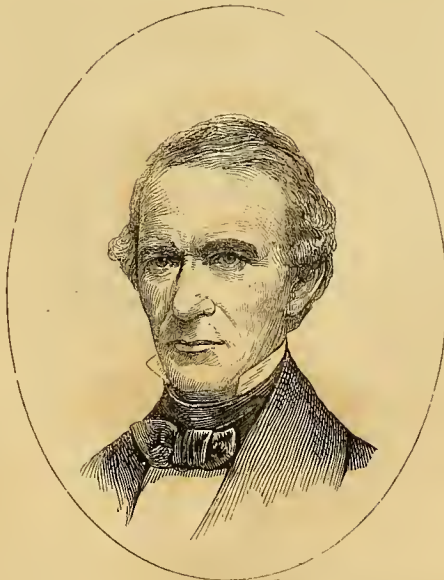
Richard Brodhead

HON. RICHARD BRODHEAD, OF PENNSYLVANIA.



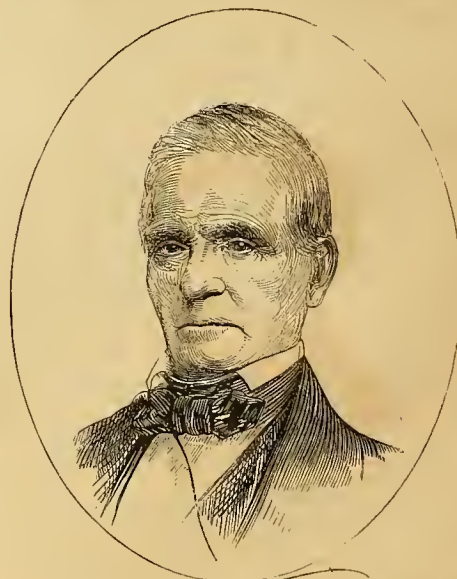
George W. Jones

HON. GEORGE W. JONES, OF IOWA.



W. F. De Saussure

HON. W. F. DE SAUSSURE, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.



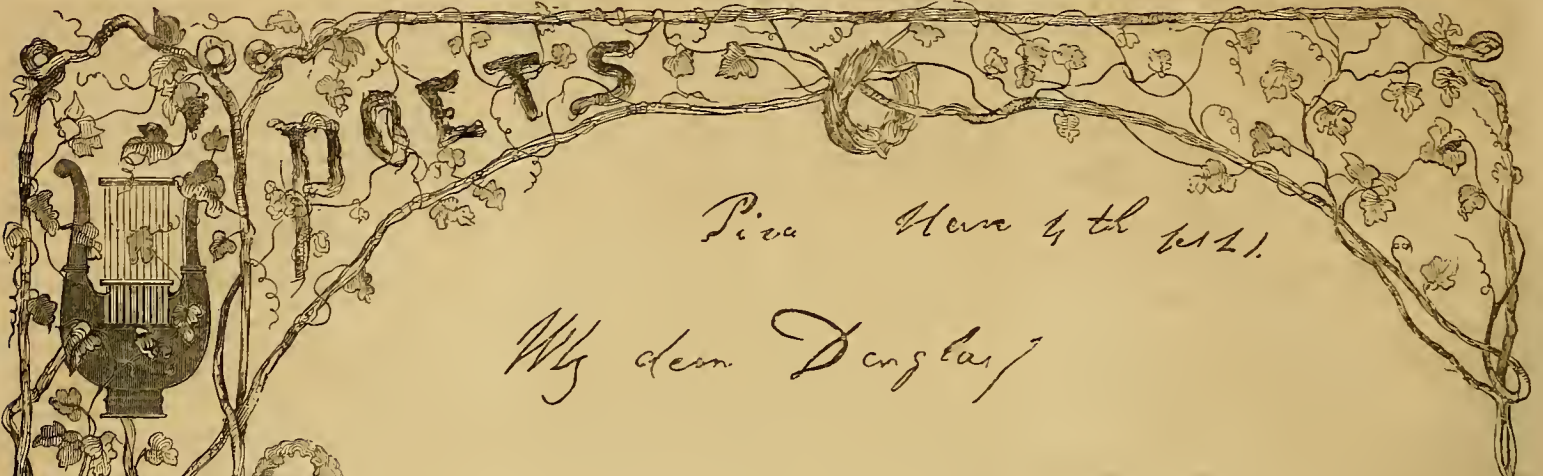
Henry Dodge

HON. HENRY DODGE, OF WISCONSIN.

PORTRAITS OF UNITED STATES SENATORS.

[For Biographical Sketches, see p. 143.]

Types of Mind; or Fac-similes of the Hand-writing of Eminent Persons, No. 9...BY BEN. PERLEY POORE.



Pica Nova 4th 1841.

My dear Douglas



BYRON—who doubted everything and believed nothing—wrote in the prodigal, defiant style which characterized his life and his poems. Born with the noblest faculties, and able to compose with a rapidity only equalled by the originality of his conceptions, his life was embittered by an imperious mother, a foolish wife, and unjust critics. Yet high and pure aspirations loom, like hea-

They are very civil about "Cam" - but alarmed at its tolerancy - as they call it - for my part - I maintain that it is an excellent one the thirty nine articles Believe me Yours Byron.

con-fires, from the gloom of his desponding hours—and could he but have wedded a mind capable of sympathizing with his genius, how different would have been the career of his "loose, wandering, but not lost spirit." The illustration represents a statue of the poet, executed by Thorwaldson, at Rome, in 1830, for Westminster Abbey, but its admission was opposed upon fanatic grounds, and the statue lay in a custom house cellar until 1845, when it was taken to the Library of Trinity College, at Cambridge, which it now ornaments. It is a picture, in marble, replete with romantic and classical associations. Byron is seated upon a ruined fragment, which has been part of some ancient temple and his foot rests on the broken shaft of a ruined column. In his left hand he holds a volume, and the raised chin is slightly touched with a stylus, or pencil, which he holds in his right hand. The head is slightly lifted, and turned over the right shoulder—the eyes raised, with a dramatic air of inspiration, but with an unaffected expres-

sion of thought. The beauty of the poet's hand and wrist, and the delicate forms of the throat are strikingly rendered; but in the aspect there is something more than mere thought—infinitely sad and touching; and which, to us, seems one of the triumphs of the work. The costume is a riding dress, with a cloak thrown loosely over—whose folds are among the sculptor's resources for composition and relief. It is, in short, a perfect type of the genius, the character, and the fortunes of the wayward poet. Byron wrote as one feels, that is to say, with his heart and his passions in his hands. He was in more senses than one a spoiled child. Notwithstanding his extraordinary talent as a poet, his own self-conceit well nigh ruined him. Posterity does Byron full justice. As a poet, he deserved immortality—as a moralist, we have nothing to say of the author of Don Juan.

Schiller Goethe John Milton Racine Moliere
S. Rogers P. B. Shelley M. F. Tupper James Moore

SCHILLER is a poet of undoubted position, an eminent dramatist, and perfect master of numbers. He won a deservedly extended fame in his own country. His hand-writing is bold, distinct and expressive. GOETHE was a famous German poet, as all the world knows. No person who has read the "Sorrows of Werter" has failed to accord the proper respect and appreciation that the poet's genius deserves. Goethe and German literature are almost inseparable. MILTON! to pretend to introduce such a poet as he was to our readers, would be an insult to the better judgment of our patrons. Suffice it to say, there was the decided and emphatic purpose of his will plainly discernible in his signature. France has known few poets equally illustrious with the name of RACINE. His reputation will live as long as a true appreciation of poetry exists. Not alone as a philosopher has ROUSSEAU acquired celebrity, but as a poet and a musician he has won a reputable name. His chirography is careful and premeditated.

The calm signature of ROGERS, under a note of hand, would be worth half a million, for he is a wealthy banker. His topics are of a pure order, abounding with descriptive passages, which have all the brightness of Claude's landscapes, and with groups of rare grace. SHILLEY, one of the elder British poets, and TUPPER, of modern fame, need no eulogium here. Both have delighted the lovers of verse, and the chirography of each is bold and well-defined. TOM MOORE represented Ireland at the court of Parnassus, and represented her well. In his chirography as in his verse, there is a liquid ease, a dance of words, and an epigrammatic point to every sentence, which makes each page sparkle like a foaming glass of champagne. It is poetry and song combined.

LONGFELLOW is the poet of refined nature and of intellectual man, scholar-like in his style as in his orthography. His descriptions of scenery are often singularly beautiful. BRYANT, who finishes his poetry with elaborate care, writes a somewhat hurried hand, showing that he has often been compelled to drive a rapid pen, in order to satisfy demands for "copy" in his editorial sanctum. FIELD, whose autography is delicious, has an elaborate polish of style, great daintiness in the choice of words, and a happy faculty for delineating the exquisite simplicity of nature. WHITTIER stamps everything with the friend-like integrity of his own heart, buoyant with sympathy for the woes and joys of man. SPRAGUE, the banker poet of America, adds the correctness and purity of classical writing to the simple ease and vigor of home poetry, forming a style delightful to all. THOMPSON, the talented editor of the Southern Literary Messenger, writes in a quaint, clear hand, many sonnets thickly studied with fine thoughts, in classic language. [See page 159.]

Henry W. Longfellow Joel Barlow William Cullen Bryant
John Howard Payne J. J. Field Albert Pine
Park Benjamin J. G. Whittier Jr. R. Thompson
Res Langens Chas Sprague J. Buchanan Reed Edgar Allan Poe

MARCH.

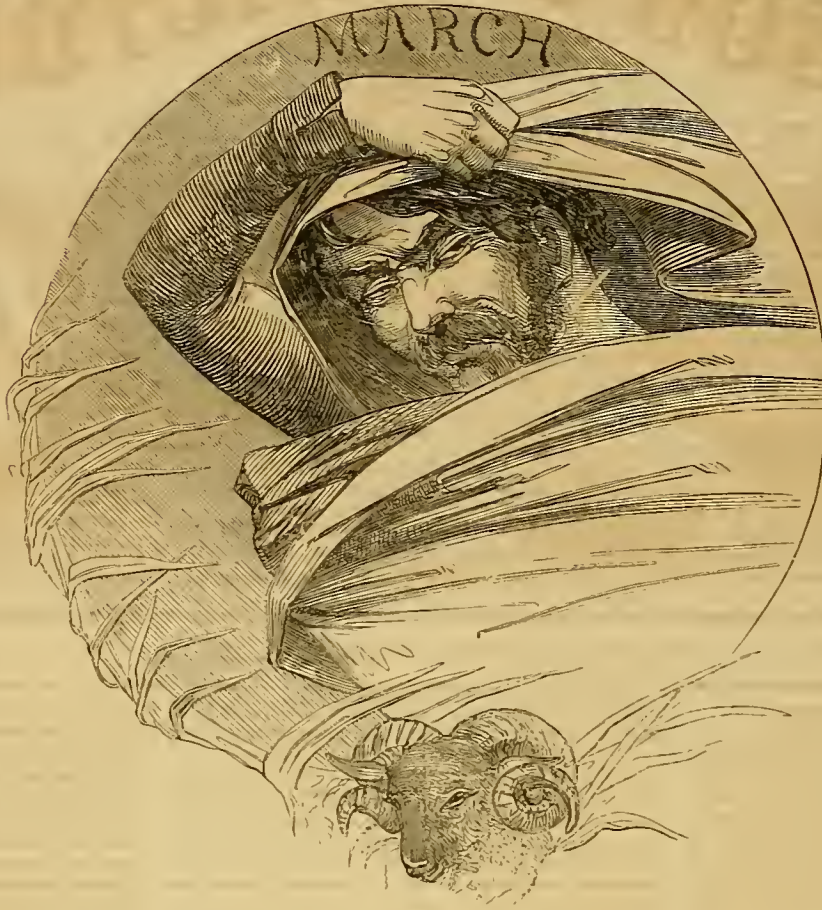
The following lines will introduce and explain our engraving. We give it as a timely and reasonable picture for the present date.

Fierce month! that comest in as lion wild,
And, as the proverb saith, doest erd thy reign,
E'en as the moonbeams or a lambkin, mild,
Blest be thy coming to the suffering plain!
O, bring with thee, upon thy rushing wings,
Some bushels of that dust our sires of old
Valued beyond the reason of their kings;
Who loved dire warfare more than field or fold.
But, "tempora mutantur," and we baid
Thee, month of Mars' as month of love and peace;
When Nature's gentler harmonies prevail
And the sweet spring smites promise of increase.
Albeit, wild March, thy frown be fierce and proud,
The bird of hope sings, soaring o'er thy cloud.

Full welcome are thy kalends to the land
Where good St. David bore the verdant leek
High in his casque; and still the sturdy land
And honest heart may Cambria's worth bespeak.
Alas! how different, on yon blighted strand,
Returns the day when glen and mountain peak
Shouted aloud with joy, as each gay band,
On Patrick's day, the dance and cup would seek.
Warm-hearted race! Warm-hearted to the death
Most terrible! The silent tear will gush
In bitterest sorrow, o'er thy shamrock wreath,
O'er ills that might call up a demon's blush!
Dread is the lesson! Still, o'er Heaven's high arch,
Hope's rainbow beams upon the wings of March!

AUSTRALIA.

This continent comprises several islands in the South Pacific, the principal of which are New Holland, New Guinea and Van Diemen's Land. New Holland is the largest island on the face of the globe. It is almost equal in size to the whole continent of Europe, being about 2500 miles in extreme length, and 2000 miles in breadth. Its estimated area is 2,690,810 miles. The island is almost surrounded by a chain of mountains running nearly parallel with, and at a distance of from fifty to one hundred miles from, the coast. The country between these mountains and the coast comprises the only inhabitable portion of the island, the interior being a desert of vast extent, which has never been explored, destitute of water and almost of vegetation. Most of the streams laid down on the maps of Australia are dry during a portion of the year, or are but a mere succession of water holes. The climate of Australia varies according to the locality. The northern portion of the island lies in the torrid zone, and of course enjoys a tropical climate. The southern portion of the island, where the gold regions are situated, and which embraces the principal settlements, is in the south temperate zone, and the climate has been compared to that of Italy or France. The seasons are divided into wet and dry. Droughts prevail during a portion of the year, though vegetation is sustained by heavy dews at night. The seasons are the reverse of those in our hemisphere, January being midsummer, and July midwinter. March, April and August are rainy months. The elevated regions are much cooler than the seashore, and the temperature appears to decline more rapidly with the increase of elevation, than it does in the same latitude in Europe or America. Frost occurs in the coast districts but rarely, and though snow sometimes falls, it never remains upon the ground. The mean temperature at daylight during the winter months is from 40 deg. to 50 deg., and at noon from 55 to 60 deg. During the three autumn months, the thermometer ranges from 55 deg. at midnight, to 75 deg. at noon. Further inland, where the gold diggings are situated, the temperature is lower in summer and the cold is more excessive in winter.—Boston Journal.

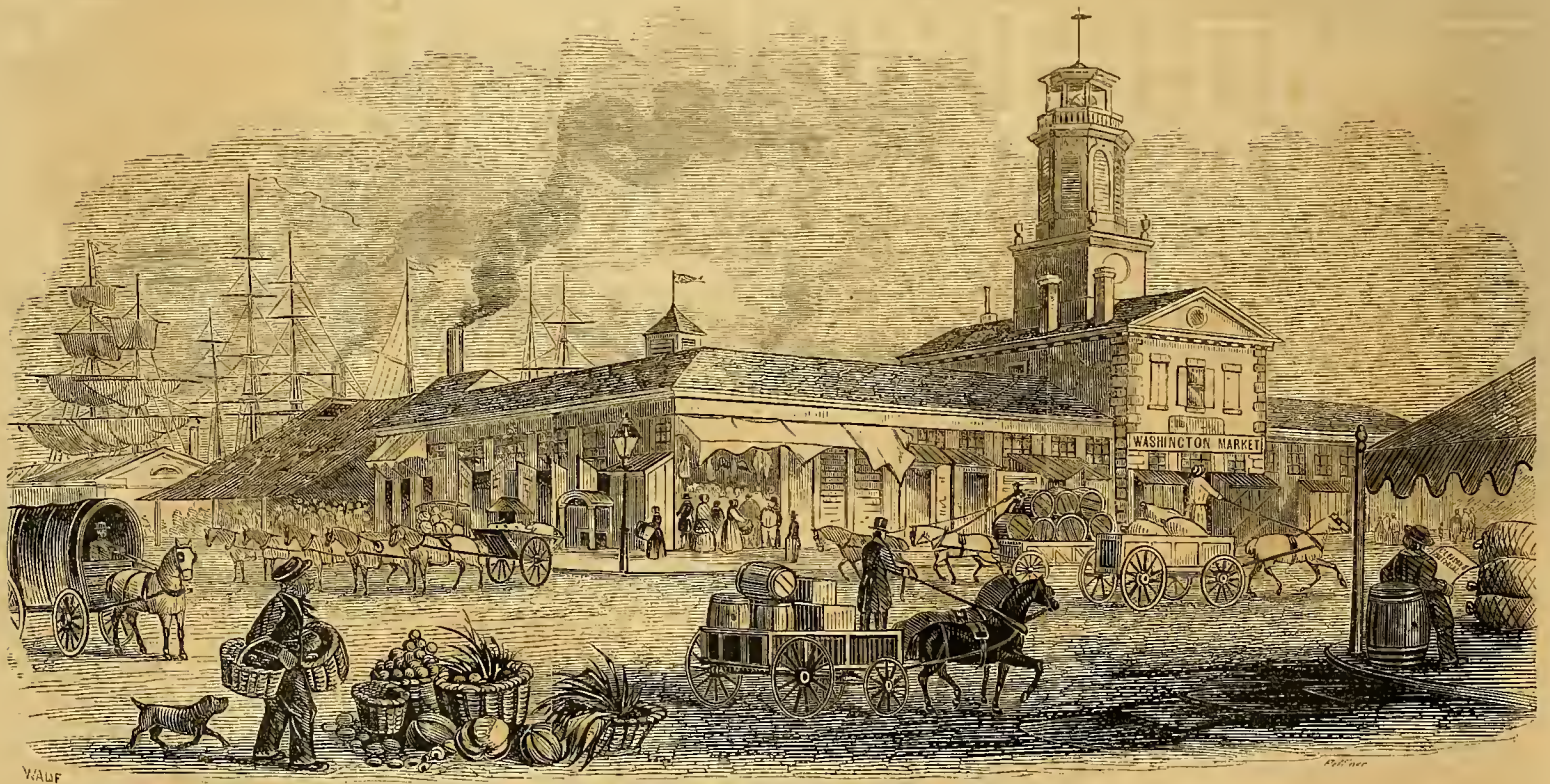


ALLEGORICAL REPRESENTATION OF THE MONTH OF MARCH.

WASHINGTON MARKET.

Below we present a very fine picture of Washington Market, New York city, and the immediate vicinity of the same. The readers of the Pictorial will agree with us that it is one of the best scenes we have yet given in our illuminated paper. This is one of the oldest markets in the city. It was established over fifty years ago, in Greenwich street, a short distance from its present site, and at that time did not contain more than seventy or eighty stands. It was, then, probably the largest in New York, and transacted what was considered a most extensive business. Now, it may be said to be the greatest in the world, for there is, perhaps, no other whose aggregate yearly sales are as large. Many of those who keep stands or stalls there receive, in the course of their business, between one and two hundred thousand dollars yearly, and some of our wealthiest citizens have made their fortunes in it, commencing with a vegetable or poultry stand. The ground on which it stands was taken in off the river, at different

times, until it extended over an area of at least four acres. This includes the market building itself, which is bounded by Washington, Fulton, Vesey and West streets, and the sheds erected within the last five or six years on the other side of West street. The market proper, in which all the retail business is done, is about one hundred and eighty feet by two hundred and fifty, and contains about four hundred stands and stalls of all kinds. The ordinance in relation to public markets fixes the daily rent of these as follows: For a stand for the sale of vegetables and fruits, out of the country market, which is situated between West street and the river, one shilling per day; for every stand for a fisherman, six and a quarter cents; for every stand occupied by a countryman, bringing the produce of his own farm to market, six and a quarter cents; all women hucksters, twenty-five cents per day, and all men hucksters, fifty cents. The ordinance provides that no person shall occupy any part of the street, within three hundred yards of the market, without having first paid the regular fees, under a penalty of twenty-five dollars. There is no fixed rent for butchers' stalls, the amount being regulated by the quantity of meat sold. The market rules are very stringent; but, like many others, they are dead letters, for they are seldom or never carried into execution. There are two clerks in the market, who the ordinance says shall collect the rents of the stands, exclude from the market all persons engaged in combinations to raise the price of provisions, cause all the dirt and filth to be removed daily, see that all the laws and ordinances relating to the public markets are complied with, and report all violations of the same to the District Attorney. The market has been enlarged at various times, to meet the demands of the constantly increasing business, but still there is not sufficient room to accommodate all the applicants. In view of the limited accommodation afforded by the present building, a proposition was made to erect another, three stories high, upon the site. In this way, it was argued, the market room would be increased to three times its present area. But the market people objected to it, mainly on the ground that, while in process of erection, it would cause a suspension of business, and be a great loss to themselves and the community. It was also urged, that its form would render it unsuitable for market purposes. Since the design was abandoned, a better plan has been adopted, which meets with general approval. A space of about four or five acres is to be taken in from the river, and a market one story high is to be erected on the ground. This work is at present under way, and will probably be finished in about two years. There are only three or four markets that "pay," and of these Washington Market yields the largest revenue. Last year it amounted to \$33,000, and this year will probably exceed \$34,000. The small sums paid to the corporation, in rents, for the stands, are no criterion of their value to the persons renting them. Some of the large dealers would not dispose of their right of possession for five or six thousand dollars, and it is a very poor stand, indeed, that is not worth three hundred. Business commences about four o'clock in the morning, and closes at one in the afternoon. There are at least 3000 persons constantly employed in this market, including the dealers, porters, cartmen and others, and there are not less than 20,000 persons who are dependent upon the business done in it for a subsistence. These facts are sufficient to prove its importance.



REPRESENTATION OF THE FAMOUS WASHINGTON MARKET, NEW YORK CITY.

CHRISTIANITY'S BIRTHDAY



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1853.

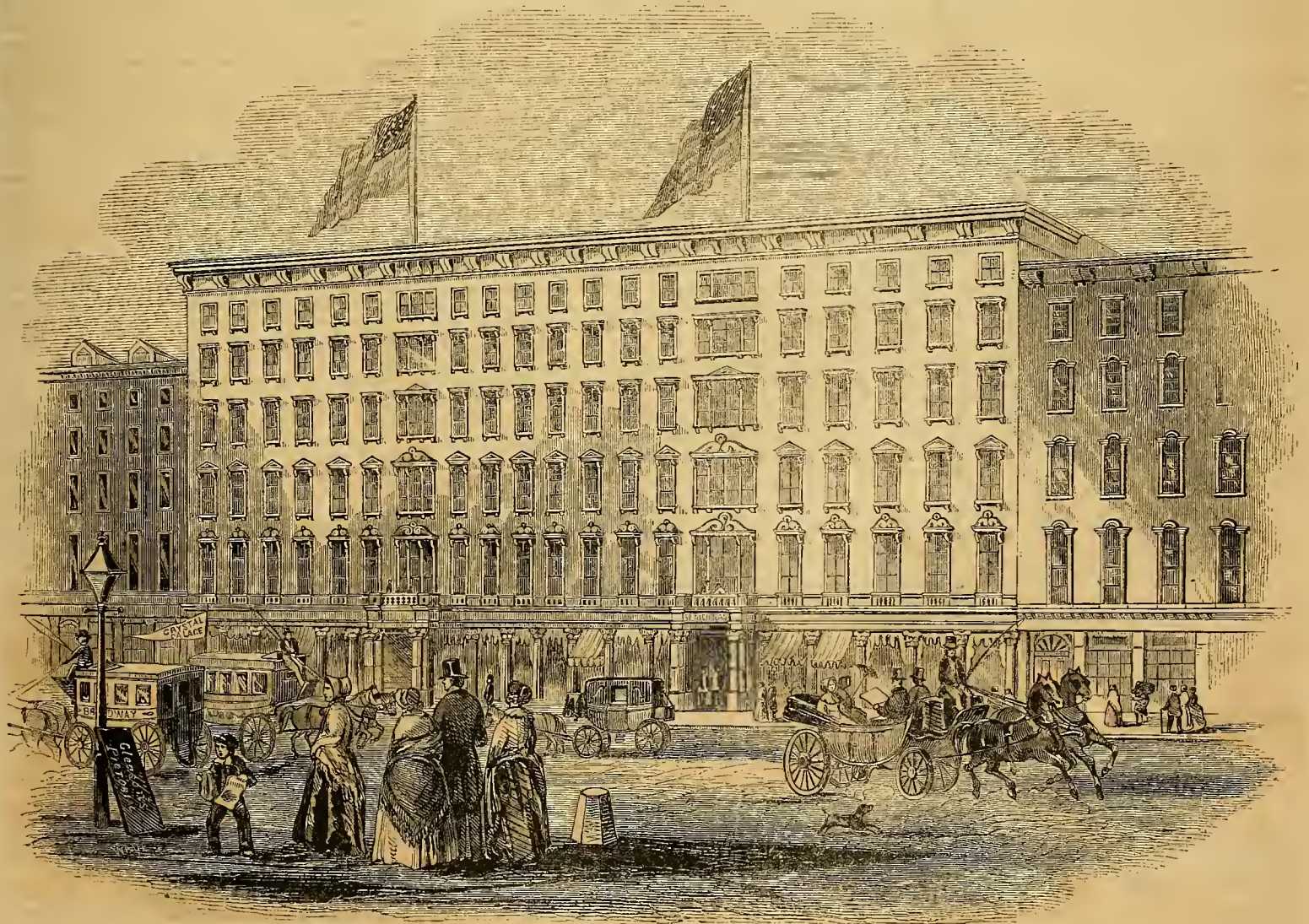
\$3 PER ANNUM. } VOL. IV. No. 11.—WHOLE No. 89.
6 CTS. SINGLE.

ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, NEW YORK.

We present below a fine picture of this magnificent hotel, superior in its general appointments to anything of the sort in Europe or America. The view is taken looking down Broadway. New York is getting a name celebrated all over the world for its excellent hotels. We give a few items relative to this magnificent structure. Of the Bridal Chamber, so glowingly described by the press, we have little to say, save that it is lavishly elegant in its features. The Ladies' Parlor is covered with a rich medallion Axminster carpet, with window curtains and furniture covering of gold-colored brocade satin damask, interwoven with bouquets of flowers. The curtains upon each window of this room are valued

at from \$700 to \$800. The room is furnished with a grand piano, made for the World's Fair Exhibition, and valued at \$1500. This is enveloped with a very rare and rich India damask embroidered cover. In the Reception Rooms, the windows are hung with green brocade damask embroidered with gold, and the drapery of each cost \$1000. The Grand Dining-Room is lighted with three magnificent chandeliers, and twenty-four brilliant side lights (each with two lamps), projecting from the graceful pillars. The frescoed ceiling is twenty-two feet high. The extension dining-tables are of polished black walnut, and the rosewood spring chairs are covered with crimson velvet. The Tea Room is covered with a velvet carpet, of the richest description. The chair covers and

window curtains are of brocade satio, with a blue ground, upon which designs in various colors are interwoven. The room contains two very elegant rosewood etegeres, and eight very large pier glasses and mantel mirrors. The tea service is of silver. The St. Nicholas Club Room is in exact conformity with the remainder of the house, for style and elegance. The hotel communication is conducted by the "electro magnetic" enunciator, put in by Mr. Norton, of No. 177, Broadway, New York. With this apparatus the work is done by electricity, the wire remaining stationary, thus removing the great delays and difficulties which arise from stretching and breaking in the old system. On the whole, all the belongings of this superb hotel are of the most costly style.



A FINE VIEW OF THE NEW MAMMOTH ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Some might say the Christian knight was blind. Perhaps he was, as the world of selfishness goes; but where generous love and kindness of heart can see, there he walked. His was a soul that curbed not those impulses that led him towards the boon of joy; for he had no impulses that were not born in honor.

"Here, kind sir, I will turn off," said Zehra, as they reached a point where a group of poplars and orange trees reached back to a line of buildings near the banks of the Xenil.

"I will accompany you to the dwelling of Ben Hamed."

"No, no. You might be seen."

"As you will, lady—but ere we part, I would say one word more. When does your father mean to give you to the king?"

"In three short months."

"Then will you accept my knightly faith for your protection? If you will I shall feel authority to serve you."

"I do accept it, sir," returned Zehra.

"Then go your way, and God be with you."

As Charles of Leon spoke he pressed the hand he held to his lips, and in a moment more Zehra glided from his sight among the orange trees.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AVALANCHES.

Our engraving conveys an accurate idea of these terrible Alpine phenomena. The snow and ice slide is descending in full fury from the mountain to the valley, sweeping everything before it—trees, rocks and dwellings. A terrified family, consisting of a mother and children, followed by their flocks, are flying from its wrath. Desolation has set its seal upon the scene. Avalanches are the most terrible scourges which threaten the inhabitants and travellers of the mountain regions. A thousand sad stories have been told of the disasters they have occasioned, and though the imagination of man usually delights in exaggeration, it is certain that the reality far surpasses the most dreadful descriptions. The eruption of a volcano has something yet more vast and terrific, but how rare is this accident. Besides, its coming is announced beforehand; the earth trembles, and men have usually time to escape destruction. The avalanche, constantly hanging over the poor shepherd's head, is almost always too sudden in its descent for him to avoid it. It is true that its thunder matters and precedes it, but it strikes almost at the same time, and is hardly less rapid than the lightning of heaven. However terrible this phenomenon is, it is nevertheless the fortuitous consequence of an immense and faithful benefit of nature; these stores of snow, heaped upon the mountains, feed our streams and rivers during the whole year. Shall we complain because these reserved granaries sometimes bend under their burthens? It is the universal law. There is no precious blessing from which no evil results. Against the latter, man has the warnings of experience, and he can, in most cases, provide against it. The threatened localities are exactly known; natural shelters exist in the forests; the only question is to respect them. The prudent mountaineer builds his cabin at the foot of a projecting rock, or on a favorably-located ridge. The traveller avoids the dangerous season, temperature or hour. If he is in a hurry, he takes experienced guides; he scrupulously observes the precautions the people of the country suggest to him; he takes the bells off the beasts of burthen, and avoids shouting. Often, on the other hand, before entering a dangerous pass, he fires a pistol-shot to induce the fall of masses of snow just ready to detach themselves. If the company is numerous, they divide into groups, who move at a distance from each other, so that, if an accident happens, those who are spared can come to the assistance of the rest. The Germans give avalanches the name of *lawinen* or *lawen* (drifts), the etymology of which appears to be the verb *lauen*, to melt, to become warm; because it is often the melting of the snow which determines the fall. If, in the course of the winter, a considerable quantity is heaped up, which covers the rocks and even overhangs them, when the first spring winds melt it, it falls in masses on the lower slopes increases in volume as it rolls on, and precipitates itself into the bottom of the valleys with fearful violence. Stronger than the torrents, it even uproots rocks, and tears everything away with it, leaving irreparable ruin and desolation in its path. Even objects which it has not stricken, but which were near its course, experience its disastrous effects.—Cottages are seen overturned, and the largest trees lying on the ground or shattered by the blast of the avalanche. The places most exposed to the kind we have just described are exactly known, and are called "spring drifts;" but you are more exposed to the chances of fortune from the slides which the Alpine mountaineers call *cold* or *windy*, because it is the wind which occasions them. If it blows on rocks



CONFLICT OF THE COUNT OF LEON AND BEN HAMED.

[See page 163 of "Knight of Leon."]

covered with new-fallen snow, or forests which are not yet relieved from their burthen, it is enough for a few flakes borne on the rapid descents, to produce the formation of an avalanche. Those of this kind present at least this character, that the snow is not so compact; so that it is oftener possible for unfortunate persons who are overtaken to disengage themselves, or to receive more seasonably the aid their distress calls for. Tourists who only visit the mountains in fine summer weather, are not exposed to these

which killed fifty-seven persons. In walking in the valley of Bellegarde, says the author of the "Swiss Conservator," I saw along a fine meadow, heaps of trunks of trees and blocks of rocks, and I learned that this meadow, the only property of a widow and her family, had been devastated by an avalanche, on the 25th of December, 1788. A barn had been carried away, and two persons had perished. When the spring returned, it seemed as if this piece of land was doomed to eternal sterility, so thick a layer of stones,



REPRESENTATION OF A SNOW AVALANCHE ON THE ALPS.

gravel and fragments covered it; but the whole commune of Bellegarde rose in mass, men, women and children, and hastened to clear the inheritance of the widow and orphan. All traces of the disaster speedily disappeared, the foreign crust was removed, and that very year a heavy crop of grass was cut. Chevalier Gaspar, of Braudenburg of Zoug, a lieutenant-colonel in the Spanish service, was descending from St. Gothard into the Levantine valley with a servant, in the spring. They were approaching Airolo, when they were both buried under an enormous avalanche that swept down from the Alps which bordered the road. A little dog that followed them, and which was at that moment a little way off, escaped their sad fate. Uneasy at not seeing them, it stopped at the enormous pile, moaned and scratched the snow, then, seeing his efforts useless, he returned to the monastery of St. Berold, where his master had lodged on the way. He barked about the inhabitants of the house, as if to entreat them to follow him, and afterwards resumed the road to the valley. No notice was taken of him at first. It was only the next morning, after he had followed up his manœuvres and entreaties, that the people of the monastery, seeing him constantly return without the travellers, in whose company he had departed, suspected some catastrophe, and followed the poor dog to the place where his master had disappeared. On seeing this recent avalanche, the conduct of the animal ceased to be enigmatical. They ran in search of the necessary implements, and after a long and painful labor, dug out the two unfortunate travellers, who confessed that, next to God, they owed their lives to this faithful dog. In their cold duogoon, they had expected a death as slow as it would have been painful, with inexpressible anguish, and had conceived no hope of deliverance till they heard the sound of the voices and tools of the laborers. For the snow, compact enough to prevent their moving, yet allowed the voices of those who came to succor them to reach their ears. At Zoug, in the church of St. Oswald, on the tomb of this same chevalier, who died laudably of his canton, in 1528, may be seen a statue, executed by his order, in which he is represented with his spaniel at his feet. This anecdote, attested by authentic chronicles, and by a monument still in existence, deserves to be added to the history of dogs. These Alpine scenes are full of incidents of help and succor afforded to bewildered and nearly-frozen travellers who have lost their way in these passes, by the famous dogs of St. Bernard.



PORTRAIT OF GEN. FRANK PIERCE, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.



PORTRAIT OF HON. WILLIAM R. KING, VICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.

Upon this page we give a fine view of Mademoiselle de Montijo, the Empress of the French, as she appeared on the occasion of her marriage with Napoleon, dressed in her bridal robes. Probably no event of modern times has excited more interest or awakened more speculation as to its future results, than this act of Napoleon's life. Out of France, busy political sight-seers and sooth-sayers indulge in all manner of prognostics; while within the capital the occasion furnished only a new excitement for the impassible and fickle-minded Parisians. Our account embraces both the civil and the religious ceremony. Although the religious and public ceremony of the Emperor's marriage with Mademoiselle de Montijo did not take place till Sunday, Jan. 30, the real and legal civil marriage was celebrated on Saturday evening. The Duke de Cambaceres, Grand Master of the Ceremonies, pro-

ceeded to the Palace of the Elysee at half-past eight o'clock, with two of the court carriages, to take the imperial fiancée to the Tuileries. The Rue Fanebourg St. Honore was crowded with people, who had assembled there as early as seven o'clock, to catch a glimpse of the bride. At the Elysee a battalion of cuirassiers was drawn up in the court of the palace, and, notwithstanding the inconvenient hour, a considerable crowd assembled to see the cortege. The Grand Master of the Ceremonies and his party remained but a few minutes in the palace. At half-past eight the beating of the drums *au champ*, and the salute of the troops, announced the arrival of the bridal party, and in a few minutes the Duke de Cambaceres issued from the principal entrance with the Imperial bride on his arm; the Marquis de Valdegamas, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the Queen of Spain, following, with the Countess de Montijo, Duchess de Penaranda, the bride's mother. The ladies having taken their seats in the principal carriage, with the Duke de Cambaceres and the Marquis de Valdegamas on the front seat, the procession then started for the Tuileries, guarded as before by cavalry. It passed along the Rue du Fanebourg St. Honore, the Place de la Concorde, the Quay of the Tuileries, and entered the palace by the Place du Carrousel and the gate of the Pavilion de Flore. At the foot of the grand staircase of the Pavilion de Flore, the Imperial bride was received by the Grand Chamberlain (the Duke de Bassano), and the Grand Equerry, the two chamberlains on duty, and the Emperor's orderly officers, who conducted her to the Salon de Famille, where the Emperor was waiting for her. At the entry to the first saloon, the Imperial bride was received by their Imperial Highnesses Prince Napoleon and the Princess Mathilde, when the party formed a procession, and proceeded to the Emperor's saloon. On approaching the drawing-room, the Chamberlain placed at the head advanced to apprise the First Chamberlain of the arrival of the cortege, and the Chamberlain announced the fact to the Emperor, Prince Jerome Napoleon and some other members of the family were with the Emperor. His Majesty, attired in the uniform of a General Officer, wore the collar of the Legion of Honor, which, it is said, belonged to his uncle, the Emperor Napoleon, and the collar of the Golden Fleece, which tradition assigns to the Emperor Charles V. The Cardinals, Marshals and Admirals, Ministers, Secretaries of State, the great officers and officers of the civil and military household of the Emperor, the Ambassadors and Ministers-Plenipotentiaries of the Emperor present in Paris, stood round the Emperor. His Majesty advanced to meet his bride. The Grand Master of the Ceremonies took the Emperor's last orders, and the cortege set out for the Salle des Marechaux, where the ceremony of the civil marriage was to be performed. Nothing could exceed the splendor of this magnificent hall, blazing as it was with painting and gilding, reflected by ten thousand lights, and filled with ladies, all in full dress, and most of them displaying a profusion of diamonds; and gentlemen in all the variety of costume, from the *habit brode* of the Senator to the *habit habille* of the simple rentier, and the magnificent uniform of the marshals of France to that of the colonel of infantry. The moment the doors of the Salle de l'Empereur were thrown open, the Master of the Ceremonies called out in a loud voice, "*L'Empereur!*" and the procession immediately moved on, proceeding slowly to the Salle des Marechaux, where the persons forming it took up the places allotted to them. The officers and grand officers, and the ladies of honor placed themselves behind the chairs of the Emperor and his bride according to their rank, the Ministers on the right of the Emperor's throne. His Majesty, having seated himself on his throne, invited the future Empress to be seated. The Emperor and his bride having taken their seats, the Master of the Ceremonies advanced to M. Fould, the Minister of State, and to M.

Baroche, the President of the Council of State, and invited them to approach the throne of the Emperor. The Minister of State and of the Emperor's household then advanced, and said in a loud tone: "In the name of the Emperor." At these words the Emperor and the future Empress both rose. M. Fould then continued: "Sire—Does your Majesty declare that you take in marriage her Excellency Mademoiselle Eugenie de Montijo, Countess de Teba, here present?" The Emperor replied: "I declare that I take in marriage her Excellency Mademoiselle Eugenie de Montijo, Countess de Teba, here present." The Minister of State then, turning to the bride, said: "Mademoiselle Eugenie de Montijo, Countess de Teba, does your Excellency declare that you take in marriage his Majesty the Emperor Napoleon III, here present?" Her Excellency replied: "I declare that I take in marriage his Majesty the Emperor Napoleon III, here present."

streets through which the procession was to pass, while the infantry of the line formed the other. A vast number of deputations of the trades and workpeople, with flags and banners, directed their steps towards the garden of the Tuileries, which was the spot specially set aside for that purpose. The preparations in the streets principally consisted of flags and banners. All along the new part of the Rue de Rivoli, the persons employed by the city of Paris, in the government works going on there, had erected Venetian masts, from which flags, pennons, banderolles and oriflammes were profusely displayed. Each of the masts had the Imperial arms displayed, surrounded with tri-colored flags. On each side of the street Chinese lamps were festooned for the illuminations in the evening. The Hotel de Ville was magnificently ornamented with flags, gracefully festooned, precisely as it was on the occasion of the proclamation of the Empire. A few minutes

before eleven o'clock the Emperor appeared at the central window of the Tuileries, looking towards the Carrousel, and was recognized by many in the crowd, although the distance was too great for his appearance to be the signal of anything like a demonstration. The Emperor and Empress appeared a second time on the balcony of the Tuileries, when they were extremely well received by the people. His Majesty on this occasion wore a citizen's dress, with his decorations, and the Empress was attired in crimson velvet, with a white bonnet. The religious ceremony was performed in the church at Notre Dame, and the decorations of this splendid cathedral were of the most gorgeous character. We have not room for any details of them, but proceed at once to give the account of the religious rite there consummated. At half-past eleven the Imperial procession left the palace and began to move toward the church. The Imperial cortege consisted of six carriages, with six horses each, and the Emperor's carriage, drawn by eight horses. The carriages were richly gilt, and their state and construction denoted them to be not of the present day. They were, in fact, the same carriages which had figured on all public occasions in which Royal or Imperial personages had taken part, since the beginning of the century, or perhaps longer. At five minutes to one the Emperor and Empress arrived, and having been offered by the Archbishop the morsel of the Truc Cross to kiss, as well as the holy water and the incense, four ecclesiastics held a rich dais over the Imperial pair, and the procession advanced up the church. They were followed by the Countess de Montijo, the Ladies of Honor, the Ministers, the Marshals of France, and other great dignitaries. The cortege advanced towards the thrones, which were placed in the centre of the transept on a raised floor, covered with an ermine carpet. The Emperor and Empress took their places on their thrones. The Grand Master then intimated by a double salute, first to the Emperor, and next to the Empress, that the religious ceremony had commenced. Their Majesties then proceeded to the foot of the altar, giving to each other the right hand. The Archbishop, who officiated, then addressed the Emperor and the Empress, said to them, "You appear here for the purpose of contracting marriage in the face of the Holy Church?" The Emperor and the Empress replied, "Yes, sir." The Archbishop then addressed their Majesties and said, beginning with the Emperor, "Sire, you declare, affirm and swear, before God, and in face of his Holy Church, that you take for your lawful wife Mademoiselle Eugenie de Montijo, Countess de Teba, here present?" The Emperor replied, "Yes, sir." The Archbishop, continuing, "You promise and swear to observe fidelity to her in every respect, as a faithful husband is bound to do, according to the commandment of God?" The Emperor replied, "Yes, sir." The Archbishop, then addressing the Empress, said, "Madame, you declare, affirm and swear, before God, and in the face of his Holy Church, that you take for your lawful husband the Emperor Napoleon III, here present?" The Empress replied, "Yes, sir." The Archbishop, continuing, "You promise and swear to observe fidelity to him in every respect, as a faithful wife is bound to do, according to the commandment of God?" The Empress replied, "Yes, sir." The Archbishop then handed to the Emperor the marriage ring, which the Emperor placed on the fourth finger of the Empress's left hand, saying, "I give you this ring as a symbol of the marriage which we are contracting." The Emperor and the Empress then knelt down on crimson hassocks prepared for them, and the Archbishop, stretching forth his hands over them as they bent before him, pronounced the sacramental formula. The demeanor of the Emperor and Empress during the ceremony was dignified. The great *fete* happily passed off without any public accident, or even serious incident, considering the immense assemblage that had been drawn together.



THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH IN HER BRIDAL COSTUME.

The Minister of State then pronounced the following words: "In the name of the Emperor, of the Constitution, and of the law, I declare that his Majesty Napoleon III, Emperor of the French, by the grace of God and the national will, and her Excellency Mademoiselle Eugenie de Montijo, Countess de Teba, are united in marriage." This being finished, the Grand Master of the Ceremonies informed their Majesties that the ceremony was terminated. The Emperor and the Empress, accompanied by their cortege, then retired. At an early hour on Sunday morning all Paris was astir, for the religious celebration. Shortly after nine o'clock large bodies of cavalry and infantry were seen directing their way from the different barracks in and around Paris towards the points allotted to them on the route between the palace of the Elysee and the palace of the Tuileries, and between the latter and the cathedral of Notre Dame. At the same time, the whole of the National Guards of Paris were called out for the purpose of doing honor to the day, by forming the line on one side of the

THE FRENCH EMPRESS.

On another page, we have given a fine engraving, representing the French Empress in her bridal robes, with a full description of the wedding ceremonies. Herewith we give a portrait of the lady as she appears divested of the trappings of state. She is represented as rather beautiful in person, and as exhibiting traits of character and talents of marked vigor and strength, well polished by education and culture. For upwards of two years, the attachment between Napoleon and herself has existed, it is said, on both sides. With regard to the parentage of Md'le. de Montijo, her father belonged to one of the most ancient of the noble houses of Spain. He was a grandee of the first class, of a family which, for several centuries past, has contracted alliances with the oldest and most glorious houses in Europe. The Count de Montijo fought bravely under the standard of France, as Colonel of Artillery in the Peninsular war. At the battle of Salamanca he lost an eye, and had his leg fractured. When the French army were driven out from the Peninsula, the Count accompanied them in their retreat, and continued to serve in the French army. He was decorated by the Emperor himself for the courage he displayed in the campaign of 1814. When the allies marched upon Paris in 1814, Napoleon confided to the Count the task of tracing out the fortifications of the capital, and placed him at the head of the pupils of the Polytechnic School, with the mission to defend the Buttes de St. Chaumont. In executing these duties, he fired, it is said, the last guns which were discharged before Paris in 1814. The Count died in 1839, when Md'le. Eugenie was twelve years of age. The true *sangre azul* of the great Alonzo Perez de Guzman, who defended Tarifa in 1292, flows in her veins. The first Count de Teba was created about 1492, by Ferdinand and Isabella, for his gallant conduct before Granada. Her grandfather, Palafox, was the heroic defender of Saragossa, against the French invaders of Spain—a fact which is not so strongly insisted upon by the government papers as the military exploits of her father. When the Count de Teba was about to marry Miss Kirkpatrick, the daughter of a Consul at Malaga, it was necessary, as he was a grandee of Spain, to obtain the King's consent. The descent of the Kirkpatricks was rather less illustrious than that of the defender of Tarifa, but the Scottish heralds set to work with such diligence that a suitable pedigree was produced, and Ferdinand exclaimed, "Let the good man marry the daughter of Fingal." The issue of this marriage was the lady who now attracts so large a share of the attention of Europe, and who combines, by descent, the pride and energy of the Spanish and Scottish races. Md'le. Montijo was born in Granada, in the year 1827. She possesses considerable personal attractions, but more in the style of English than Spanish beauty. Her complexion is extremely fair—her features are regular, and yet full of expression—and her manners extremely winning. In stature, she is slightly above the middle height. The *tertulias* of the Countess de Montijo and her mother at Madrid, used to comprise all that was most distinguished in rank and eminence in Spanish society. The family usually quitted Madrid during the hot season, passing the summer at some watering-place in the south of France, and the winter in Paris. The education of the young Empress has been superior to that generally received by Spanish ladies who do not travel, and she is said to be what the French call *spirituelle*. For some years the young Countess de Teba or Montijo, who is now about twenty-five, has enjoyed at Madrid the reputation of an exceedingly *fast* woman. Tall, graceful, of statuesque symmetry of person, with luxuriant auburn or rather red hair, a pale complexion, which has latterly stood in need of a little rouge, great clerical eyes of brown, so deep and radiant as to pass for black, rather long and aristocratic



PORTRAIT OF EUGENIE, EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.

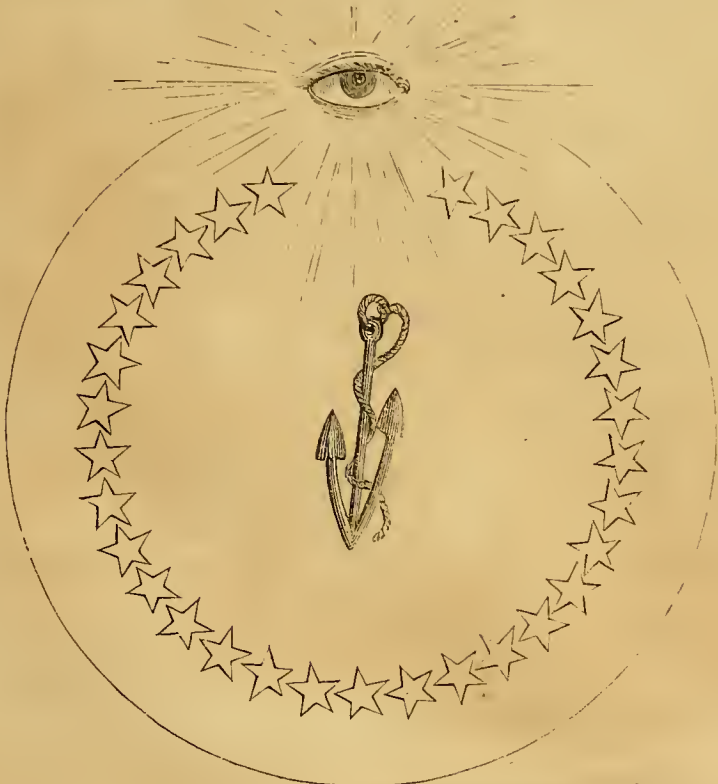
features, a large but exquisitely sculptured nose, a lovely mouth, and teeth of dazzling whiteness, and is a type of admirable beauty, which a peculiarly languid air hardly diminishes. Endowed with uncommon wit and spirit, she speaks French, English, Italian and German with as much fluency as Spanish. A proficient in exercises of strength and address, she rides with the boldest, and drives four-in-hand with the most skillful. Md'le. de Montijo is also a great sportswoman, and very popular, of course, among the torreadors, or bull fighters. She was present at all the bull-fights in Madrid, where she used to wear the most magnificent costume of a *Maja de Sevilla*. It is said that a gipsy once predicted that she would be elevated to a throne, after the fashion of the famous prediction of the negress to Josephine. It remains to be seen how far the future will complete the parallel between the wives of the two Napoleons.

SUIT PRESENTED TO GEN. PIERCE.

We give below a representation of the embroidery of the beautiful vest recently presented to Gen. Pierce, in connection with an entire suit. Some of his liberal personal friends in New England determined that he should go to the White House handsomely equipped, albeit he is as modest and unpretending in his habits of living as the average of "mankind in general," and accordingly on the day of his inauguration, he was clad in an elegant costume, made expressly for the occasion, and presented by his friends in Boston. The suit consists of six garments, as follows: 1. A fine black dress coat, made from the same cloth which took the premium at the late World's Fair in London. Coat superbly lined with satin dechene; sleeve linings also of satin. 2. Undress waistcoat of plain black silk; back of satin dechene, and lined throughout with white satin. 3. That portion of the suit which our engraving represents, was a full-dress vest of plain white silk; back and linings of white satin. On the satin lining on the right side are thirty-one stars, representing the States of the Union, forming a circle, wrought in silver. Within this circle of stars is the Anchor of Hope, worked in gold. Outside of all is an endless circle, at the top of which is the All-Seeing Eye, wrought and radiated with gold. Translation of these emblems: "In the Union of the States is our only hope. God watches over the republic—eternal be its duration!" On the opposite white satin lining is wrought a chaplet of bay leaves, tied at the bottom with a golden knot, outside of which is another circle of gold. Within the chaplet, fancifully wrought in gold, are the words "God and Liberty." 4. Pants of plain black doekin, of the finest material that can be procured. 5. Undress pants of a plain black, very fine, silk and wool mixture. 6. Overcoat of plain black, superbly lined, and made in the form of a surcoat. This suit was manufactured by Mr. H. E. ARMINGTON, Washington street, Boston, a gentleman who is to the tailoring art what Greenough was among sculptors. This is, perhaps, the finest specimen ever manufactured in America, and Mr. Armington is regarded as one of the very best tailors in the country.

INSECT MESMERISM.

Although the cockroaches abounded inconveniently at Mauritius, it was not without frequent pity that I saw them consigned, as they frequently were, to a living grave, by a wicked-looking insect much resembling the Spanish fly. It was impossible to witness his proceedings, combined with his glittering blue and green dress, without imagining the elish demon of a pantomime leading an innocent victim to perpetual entombment in some haunted cavern. Let the cockroach be moving ever so briskly across the wall, he has no sooner caught sight of the fatal insect—not a quarter of his size—than all energy leaves him, and he stands stupidly resigned. The fly then walks up to him, looks him hard in the face, and presently putting forth some apparatus which stands in place of a finger and thumb, gently takes the cockroach by the nose and leads him daintily along for a foot or two. Leaving him there, he commences a thorough examination of the neighborhood, hearing the ground up and down like a well-trained setter, and, not finding what he wants, returns to the cockroach and leads him on a little further, when the same process is gone through, sometimes for hours, till the whole wall has been examined. Chinks there are plenty, but they do not suit him; he has taken the measure of his victim's bulk, and means to lodge him commodiously. Presently a suitable hole is found, and the fly, moving backward, gently pulls the cockroach into his last home. What cruelties are perpetrated in this dark recess can only be surmised. No doubt the poor cockroach is bored in some part not vital, and eggs laid in him, there to be hatched.—*Voyage to the Mauritius.*



A REPRESENTATION OF THE EMBROIDERY WORKED ON THE VEST PRESENTED TO PRESIDENT PIERCE.

CHRISTIANITY



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1853.

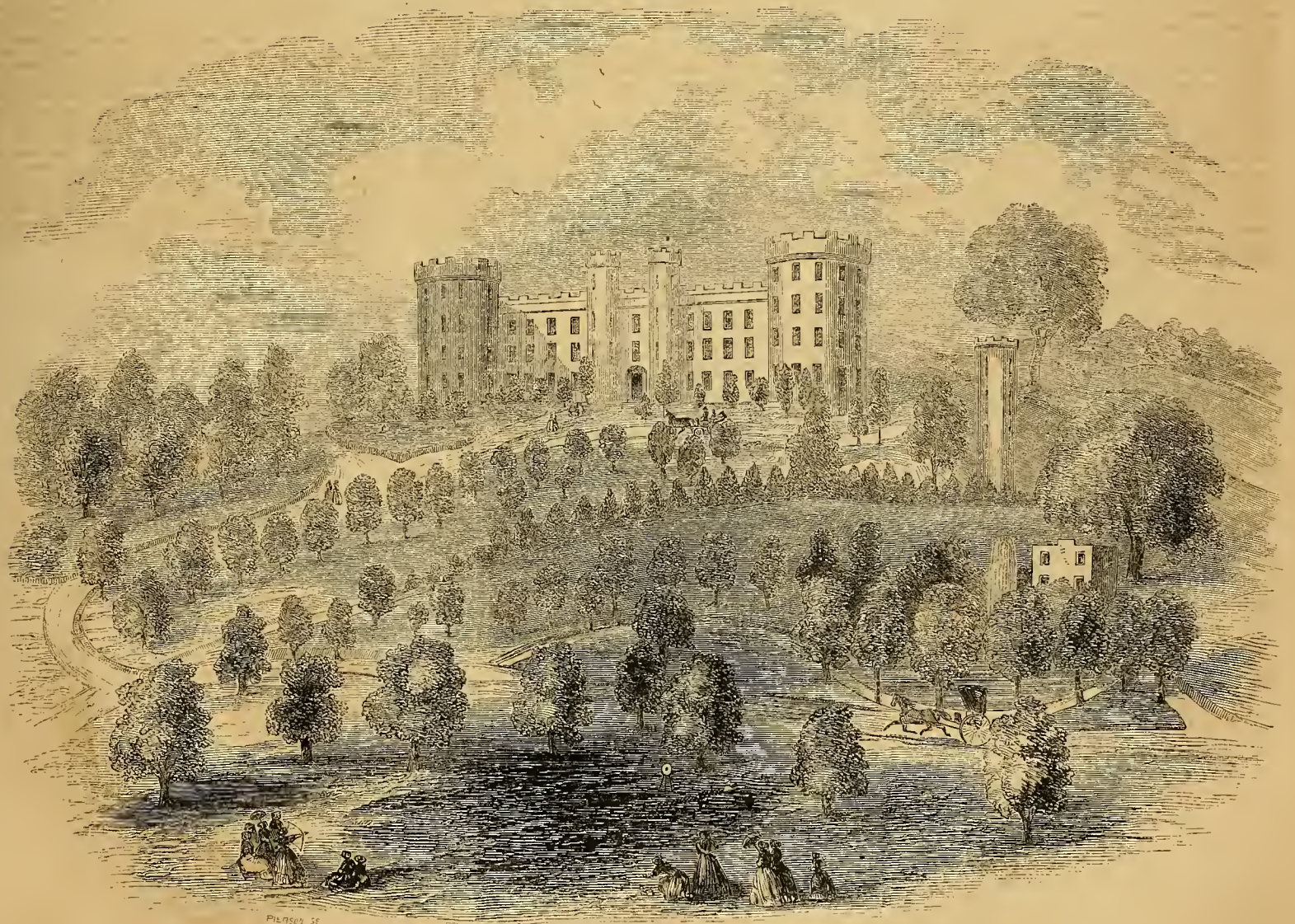
\$3 PER ANNUM. } VOL. IV. No. 12.—WHOLE No. 90.
6 CTS. SINGLE.

THE OREAD INSTITUTE, WORCESTER, MASS.,

Of which we give a fine representation below, is a Female Collegiate Seminary, founded in 1848, by Eli Thayer, A. M., the present Principal, and incorporated in 1851. The building is 250 feet in length, and affords ample accommodations to 150 pupils. The walls are of stone, and varying in thickness from two to four feet. The whole structure is grand and imposing, reminding one of the feudal castles of the middle ages. This Institute has a commanding site, overlooking the beautiful city of Worcester and the surrounding country, so that the landscape spread to the view of the dwellers within was scarcely ever exceeded in beauty. On the one side is the city, with its busy streets, its homes of comfort

and peace, and its heaven-pointing steeples, seen perchance beneath the rising curtain of mist which morning lifts from the valley, or in the brightness of noontide, or in the mild radiance of the sunset's glory. On the other, is the open country, with its hills, its groves, and its vales, through which the streamlet wanders, softly sighing to the music of the wind harp. And not brighter is the scene without the castle than within. There a band of sisters dwell together in perfect unity, rejoicing in the beautiful light of learning and love. Climbing together the steep sides of the "Hill of Science," each strives that time, in its swift flight, may bear some worthy record to the throne of God. Here woman enjoys exclusively those privileges which some have regarded as the

rightful prerogative of the other sex, having the advantages of a collegiate course of study, if she chooses. And in the attainment of that to which she has long aspired, she is happy. The stranger, passing through the almost endless halls, and glancing into the numerous and cheerful apartments of the castle, is gladdened by the sight of many happy countenances, and the beaming of eyes that reveal the powerful workings of the mind within. Nor is the moral nature neglected in the culture of the intellectual; and the morning and evening prayer ascends from the grateful hearts of that loving band of sisters to a common Father; while day by day the blossoms of piety—the becoming ornaments of woman—are cultivated in an atmosphere of Christian charity and love.



A VIEW OF THE OREAD INSTITUTE, LOCATED AT WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

STAG HUNTING.

Herewith we give a picture representing this favorite diversion. In the midland counties of England, stag hunting is a sport which was formerly much pursued, particularly in Norfolk, Suffolk, Berkshire, Essex, Hampshire and Gloucestershire. In former years, the royal staghounds and the North Devon, which were of very old standing, were the only packs known. The latter hunted the wild deer only. Staghounds of the present day consist of drafts from foxhound kennels. The deer are generally caught in parks by means of a couple of lurcher dogs, aided by a man who is expert in throwing the lasso; or they are driven by the lurchers into a barn or shed, left open for that purpose. When required for hunting, they are fed exactly like a hunter,—upon oats, the best white peas, and hay. Their turn for being hunted is about once in a month, with the exception of a very few instances of very strong constitution, such as the Ripley and Copt-hall deer, the latter having been hunted ten or eleven times in two successive seasons. Our engraving gives a good view of the noble stag holding at bay its merciless foes.



REPRESENTATION OF STAG HUNTING IN ENGLAND.

SLEDGING SCENE.

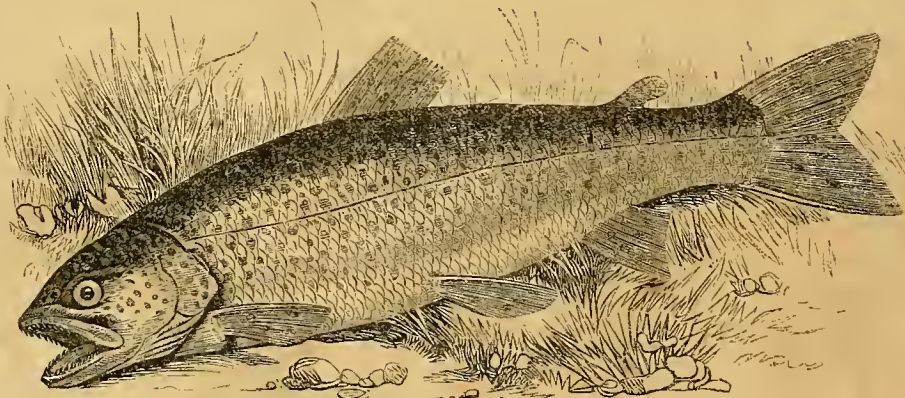
We have delineated below a spirited winter scene, which represents the mode of travelling in Russia at this season of the year, and especially the manner in which the government couriers despatch their duty in conveying intelligence, with the greatest speed, between different points of the country. The horses, as well as their masters, seem to enter into the spirit of the occasion, and dash off with the velocity and lightness of the very wind. It is said that nothing of the sort can surpass in splendor and spirited effect these sledge turn-outs at St. Petersburg, in winter, where the northern clime renders sledges available for a very considerable period of the year. In this country, where the snow stays upon the ground for so brief a portion of time only, it appears, especially in our large cities, as though the people would go mad with delight, at the facilities thus offered for pleasure. Our engraving is a fine and spirited picture of sledging in northern Europe, where, during several months of the year, the only medium of inter-communication is upon the snow and ice, through gloomy and forbidding forests.



A SCENE DESCRIPTIVE OF SLEDGE TRAVELLING IN NORTHERN EUROPE

THE TROUT.

The cut of a Trout, given herewith, is an indication that this fish is one of the most likely to afford sport to the angler for the month to come. The season, however, in which trout rise most freely, and are in the best condition, is from about the first week in May to the middle of June. It may be observed, as a general rule, that trout fishing is at the best while the lilac is in flower, and that after the elder has come into flower, it begins to decline; this holds good in all latitudes where the trout is to be found, and where the lilac and elder bloom. During the month of April, trout may be angled for at all times of the day, from sunrise to sunset, with nearly the same chances of success; but, as the season advances, and the heat and brightness of the sun's rays become more intense, while the water gradually becomes smaller and clearer, the best time is from dawn till about nine in the morning, and from four in the afternoon till sunset. By far the most pleasant mode of angling for trout is with the fly; and we may



REPRESENTATION OF THE TROUT.

here observe that the fly which will tempt trout to rise in April, loses none of its seductive properties as the season advances. It is generally observed that trout do not take the fly freely either in gloomy weather, or when the sun shines bright. April weather—an alternation of sunshine and cloud, with a moderate southwest breeze gently rippling the surface of the stream—is the most favorable for the fly fisher "at all seasons of the year." In April, and in early spring generally, trouts are more disposed to rise at the fly about mid-day, than when the season is more advanced. At the latter period, they are more inclined to take the worm about mid-day, more especially in streamy places, just above the head of a pool, when the water is clearing after a fall of rain. This fish has ever been the object of the angler's art. In the very name of trout-angling there is magic; and the practised angler enjoys no sport with so keen a relish, as trailing for these beautiful fish in the clear and limpid streams and lakes of our New England clime.



AN ALLEGORICAL REPRESENTATION OF THE CELEBRATION OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

[See page 189 for description.]



A VIEW OF THE TOWN AND ISLAND OF NANTUCKET, MASSACHUSETTS.

ISLAND AND TOWN OF NANTUCKET.

Above we give a fine view of the beautiful Island of Nantucket. The island, town and county have the same limits. It is situated south of the peninsula of Cape Cod, some twenty miles, and is some sixty miles southeast from New Bedford, and about 120 miles south-southeast from Boston. The island, which has a population of 8500 inhabitants, fifty-eight farms and sixty productive establishments, is about fifteen miles long and three and one-half broad. The principal harbor is on the north side, in the head of an extensive bay. Two miles from the land is a bar, admitting vessels of nine feet draft. Eastward and southward are the Nantucket shoals, which compel large ships to keep at a safe distance. On this side stands the Saneaty Head Light, a large stone tower, with iron steps and one of the finest lanterns, which sends its light forty miles. The face of the island is generally level, with some elevations. It was settled by some families from Massachusetts, in 1659, to enjoy that religious freedom in a distant island among savages that was denied them at home. Some 1500 In-

dians lived on the island, who are now all gone but one of eighty years. The island was covered with forests, and the soil was luxuriant. The whale fishery has been the principal business of the inhabitants, to this day, as nearly one hundred ships are owned by the people, engaged in whaling. Till 1780, the whalers near the island abounded in whales. As they left, the whalers have followed them to their present grounds. The town of Nantucket is a busy place; the people possess the most enterprising genius. We find large churches and school-houses, an Athenæum with a valuable collection, and a library. This Athenæum is a large building, with a portico; containing a convenient lecture-room for 500 people, a library-room, a museum filled with curiosities, consisting chiefly of weapons, dresses and utensils of the natives of the Pacific Ocean islands. The museum alone is worth a visit to the island. The library contains more than 3000 volumes of interesting books, and is open to every stranger. Visitors flock here throughout the summer season, and meet a most cordial reception by the kind people. No place in the United

States presents greater attractions for the invalid than this island; the fine, bracing sea air and the excellent water being admirably adapted to refresh and invigorate mind and body. Visitors find the best accommodations in the large hotel of the town, or in the village of Siasconnet. This village is built on a level grass plat, near the edge of a steep cliff. The eye rests on a broad expanse of the Atlantic, and below, the surf rolling and breaking, gives animation to the scenes by day, and calls to repose by night. Fishing smacks are continually sailing near by, and larger vessels in the distance are passing on longer voyages. The sea bird is ever skimming over the ocean, now eyeing the waters beneath, now darting headlong at his prey. Fishing in the fresh water ponds, and berries in sufficient abundance tempt the resident to a healthful walk. One mile distant, on a small eminence, stands the well-known Saneaty Head Light, with a view that can only be compared with the stand on the highest mast top. The eye commands almost the entire horizon, and gives rise to sensations that can be felt, but not described.



REPRESENTATION OF THE "ST. CHARLES PLATE," OF ST. CHARLES HOTEL, NEW ORLEANS.

[For description, see page 191.]



OCCUPATION FOR RAINY DAYS.



A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

SCENES AT THE GOLD DIGGINGS.

On the page herewith we present five pictures so expressive and characteristic, that but few words are required by way of explanation. The series tell a connected story at a glance. The first

picture represents the manner in which the gold diggers of California are accustomed to occupy themselves on a rainy day, viz., in mending their clothes, and repairing their boots and tools—in-door occupation, and a very necessary duty. The second picture is rather a ludicrous one, and represents an interior view of a man's cabin, which has been taken possession of by one of the numerous bears that abound in the diggings, and which seeming to have regaled itself sufficiently on the stores of the cabin is now scowling at the style of a human being across a chair. The third, and centre picture, is a very fine and expressive one, representing the miners engaged in weighing the dust which has cost them so much labor to procure. The tools of their calling are strewn upon the table before them, eating utensils, fire-arms and scales. One is enjoying his pipe, and another looks on thoughtfully at the operation of weighing performed by his comrade. The fourth picture, below, represents the miners engaged in performing their culinary duty. One is actively engaged over the fire, with the food, the savory smell of which attracts the dog hard by, who eyes it wishfully, while the other miner is pounding up corn with a pestle and mortar, to make a pudding with which to finish the meal. Hunger is said to be the best sauce for sup-

per, and consequently, as these hardy sons of toil have plenty of appetite, we must suppose that their sauce is of the choicest sort. The fifth and last picture, represents the miners washing their clothing on the river's bank, and hanging the clothes to dry on

idea of profit by the obtaining of gold, has its charms; and we must confess that we do not wonder that a feeling of this character should possess many a stout heart and gallant spirit. The very flower of New England youth—that is to say, its bone and

sinew—have emigrated to the shores of the Pacific, in search of the shining metal and of adventure. As we have before taken occasion to remark, there are very few families, even, who do not count one or more members of their circle as among the gold seekers and California adventurers. The consequence of this immense amount of manual labor devoted to the purpose of mining, is to increase both the yield of gold and the mortality of the country, which, to a vast number of constitutions, proves fatal. And while some return enriched with gold, to the scenes of their childhood, a vast number die at a distance from friends and home.—Many philosophize and say that the discovery of gold in California is, in reality, a curse rather than a blessing. They adduce all the contingent evils that have resulted from the matter, but forget that they cannot divine the hidden purpose of Divine Providence, that has thus revealed the hidden wealth of the earth to men's eyes. The ways of Providence are inscrutable, and no man can fathom them. But that the discovery of gold in California and Australia savors of some goodly use beyond its apparent application, we have not the shadow of a doubt. It seems to have been reserved till this day, as one important auxiliary in bringing the whole world under the influences of civilization and religion.



REPRESENTATION OF MINERS WEIGHING THEIR GOLD.



MINERS PREPARING THEIR FOOD.



MINERS WASHING THEIR CLOTHING.

Types of Mind; or Fac-similes of the Hand-writing of Eminent Persons, No. 10...BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.



WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, "being naturally inclined to poetry and acting, came to London, I guess about eighteen, and was an actor at one of the play-houses, and did act exceeding well." So wrote honest Aubrey, in the year 1680, and we can therefore give the post of honor in the histrionic profession to the greatest of dramatic authors, whose varied productions combine the deepest passion, the profoundest philosophy, the wildest romance, the most comprehensive history. And in this instance, for the first time, our engraving is not taken directly from the original manuscript. There are but five authentic autographs of Shakspeare in existence, and we give here-with a fac-simile of one of these, which was purchased by the corporation of London in 1841, at public auction, for seven hundred and twenty-five dollars. It is a deed, and on a strip of parchment (as represented), to which the seal is attached, we see the signature "William Shakspeare." Another autograph, in the same orthography, is a small folio volume, which was bought by the British Museum in 1838, for five hundred dollars, and there are three others (one of which we give a fac-simile of) on three sheets of the poet's will, which is carefully preserved in the Prerogative Office, at London. The tremor of old age is distinguishable in these precious symbols of dramatic talent, yet genius is stamped upon every letter—the spelling, also, is curious, and shows that most of us have erred in adding superfluous letters to "Shakspeare." Of the peculiar histrionic excellences of the poet, we have no information, and rather incline to the opinion of Knight, that Shakspeare became an actor because he was a dramatic writer, and not a dramatic writer because he was an actor. He very quickly made his way to wealth and reputation by the glorious productions of his ripe intellect.

By int William Shakespeare

Bristol, April 18/45
 Sir
 The letters from America
 which you forwarded I have
 received
 Yours
 very truly

Edwin Forrest

EDWIN FORREST is unquestionably at the head of his profession in this country, and his autograph shows that he merits the loud applause of the crowded houses which he invariably "draws." On paper, as on the stage, he scorns all imitation of transatlantic mannerism, and displays a vigorous individuality, ever popular in our republic—the style may be somewhat overstrained at times, but it ever bears the sterling impress of truth. Like the "Bard of Avon," Mr. Forrest attained his position by genius and not by favor, and instead of trammelling his fancy to please a few conceited critics, he has won the approbation of the masses by his original delineations of character, "ample and true with life." An earnest student, he is equally fortunate in interpreting the characters of the savage warrior, the ancient Roman, the mysterious Dane, or the chivalric young Frenchman, rendering the precise tone of every passing and changing emotion of the scene. His conceptions are grand, and there is something in the majesty of his voice which sweeps across his audiences, as the north wind, in thrilling tones, passes across an æolian harp. Mr. Forrest is the actor of the millio— the artist of the masses; his style, perhaps, too vigorous for criticism and nice discernment, is yet eminently successful and impressive with the multitude. His engagements in Boston and New York have served to keep him very fresh in the remembrance and appreciation of the public. His hand-writing shows him to be, what he really is, a bold, resolute, and independent man; one governed mainly "by the counsels of his own will." That he is sometimes indiscreet and overacts, we are ready to admit; but that there is a better actor upon the stage at the present time, in Europe or America, we are ready to dispute. He is still in the prime of life.

Ann on Mowatt

Charlotte Cushman

Tiros S. Hamblin

Mrs. ANNA CORA MOWATT, as a dramatic author and artist, has entered upon a brilliant career, already endorsed by the warmest praises of home and foreign critics. Her dashing, almost illegible autograph, displays her ideal cast of mind, and that buoyant temperament which so generously forced her to become the heroine of refined comedy, in order that she might repair the fallen fortunes of a loved husband. "Armand," her last production, is highly praised—the verse sparkles with intellect, emotion and dramatic power, nor does the action flag from its commencement to its termination. The authoress enacts the part of the heroine, and in the first net, when she appears as peasant girl, the ease and grace of her manners, coupled with her buoyant step and guileless eye, render her a veritable incarnation of an ideal May

queen. In Shakspeare's "Juliet," she displays the absorbing and delirious love of a young and enthusiastic girl, tempered by the maidenly delicacy of the pure and high-born Veronese. And in Beatrice and Rosalind she must be witnessed to be esteemed—equalled by some in art, and surpassed in force by many, she alone has that poetic fervor which imparts to them their truth, and makes our laughter ever ready to tremble into tears. We regret that we have not space for some of the prominent incidents of Mrs. Mowatt's romantic life, which show her to be a true heroine in domestic affliction, as she is an ornament to her profession. May she write many more such plays as "Armand," and looq continue to adorn our stage at home, and honor it abroad.

the ocean, and her bursts of conflicting passions are pronounced equal to those of Mrs. Siddons. Every shade of sentiment and every phase of passion are rendered with natural energy, devoid of conventional stage bombast, and the power which she exercises over the imagination of her hearers, absolute as it is, never tends to dislike, so commonly produced in wild phantasy. TIROS S. HAMBLIN, frank and open-hearted as his own chirography, was an excellent type of an "actor manager." Few men had greater trials, and few men emerged from beneath the cloud of pecuniary distress with brighter honor, or more respected by all concerned. A foreigner by birth, he identified himself with his adopted land, and was second to no citizen in patriotism and national pride. Peace to his manes.

James Quinn

J. Cobber

Sam Hook

Anna Ades

Jenny Lind

W. C. Macready

Dejazet

Faglionni

JENNY LIND, now Madame Goldsmiecht, reigns queen of song, and the great secret of her acting was, that she never sacrificed sense to sound. Her autograph is as sweeping as is the extraordinary compass of her voice, simple yet marked in character, impulsive, ardent and untrammelled. MACREADY is idolized by the English play-goers and their imitators in this country, who dilate with raptures upon his melodramatic delineations of Shakspeare's noble characters. His chiro-

graphy displays a strong attempt to be marked in character, without attaining anything beyond the common-place. DEJAZET is a merry-hearted French actress, who has reigned in the hearts of Parisian audiences through at least half a score of different political dynasties. She has an expressive countenance, a finished style, and a happy aptitude. FAGLIONI is not only "queen of the dance," but has the honor of giving to the ballet that poetry and intellectuality which is its

essential attribute, although we can seldom realize it on this side of the water. No one ever received such high homage, and for twenty years she was the favorite of Europe. QUIN, CIBBER, FOOTE and OLDFIELD, a rare quartette of the glories of the British stage, each "made their mark," and were decidedly prominent before the play-goers of their time. We might have given the autographs of those equally popular on the American stage at the present time, but our space will not allow.

CHANG AND ENG, THE SIAMESE TWINS.

On the page herewith, we give a large and finely executed picture of Chang and Eng, the famous united Siamese Twins, who were born to the city of Meklong, in Siam, in May, 1811. They were brought to this country by the captain of the ship Sachem, arriving in August, 1829. They were at once brought before the

cartilagineous substance; the lower part is soft and fleshy, and contains a tube, or cavity, presumed to be about an inch and a half in circumference. The flexibility of this cartilage is so great, that they can readily turn those shoulders outwards which are together when standing in a natural position. Having secured a competence by exhibiting themselves, they settled in Wilkes County,

while it is certain that the twins are devotedly attached to their wives. At the present time, Mr. Eng has six and Mr. Chang five children, all of whom are apt scholars, and remarkably well behaved. They are also of a very prepossessing appearance, and are great favorites in the community where they reside. The illustration will give a perfect idea of the appearance of the families,



A CHARACTERISTIC GROUP, REPRESENTING CHANG AND ENG, THE SIAMESE TWINS, WITH THEIR WIVES AND CHILDREN.

public for exhibition, and during the twelve ensuing years, were visited by millions of people, taking, in the course of their travels, the United States, Great Britain, France, Holland, and Belgium. They are united to each other by a ligature, or band, about three and a half inches in length, and eight in circumference, formed at the extremity of the breast bone of each, and extending downwards to the abdomen. The upper part of the band is a strong

North Carolina, but afterwards removed to Mt. Airy, Surry County, where they now reside. Soon after taking up their abode in this region, they simultaneously became smitten with the charms of two very pretty sisters, named Yates, and each selecting his partner, the four were made two with all due ceremony. This double union has apparently proved highly satisfactory to all concerned. The ladies are represented as amiable and interesting,

every likeness being copied from daguerrotypes, taken especially for the purpose. In closing these remarks of the twins and their families, we would say that they seem to be remarkably happy, enjoy good health, have ample means to procure not only the comforts but the luxuries of life, and bid fair, as far as human judgment may go, to live many more years of domestic happiness and comfort. They are both naturalized citizens of our country.



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1853.

\$3 PER ANNUM. } VOL. IV. No. 13.—WHOLE No. 91.
6 CTS. SINGLE. }

BIRTHPLACE OF BENJAMIN WEST.

In Springfield township, Delaware county, Pennsylvania, about five miles north of Chester, and half a mile south of what was once Gibbon's Tavern, on the Chadsford Road, as represented in the engraving below, stands the birthplace of Benjamin West, the eminent painter. He was born in the lower room at the southwest corner of the house, and performed his early exploits in painting in the garret above that room. The southwest corner, as seen in the view, is on the right hand towards the spectator. The house, built of stone, is still in good preservation, and is occupied by tenants who cultivate the farm. Benjamin West was the youngest of a family of ten children of John West, who married Sarah Pearson. He was born on the 10th of October, 1738. His ancestors were Quakers, and emigrated to this country with William Penn at the time of his second visit. Many of the family are still residing in Delaware county. Benjamin was reared in the faith and profession of his ancestors, a profession from which

he never swerved when his genius commanded the flattery of courts, and honor from kings and princes. It is recorded of him by Galt, that at the age of seven he made a drawing, in red and black ink, of an infant niece, of whose cradle he had the charge, and whose sweet smile in her sleep excited his imitative powers, though he had never seen a picture or an engraving. With this precocious sign of inherent talent, the boy's mother was charmed, and her admiration and encouragement confirmed his taste. At school, even before he learned to write, pen and ink became his cherished favorites; and birds, flowers and animals adorned his juvenile portfolio. His father, it is said, being admonished by some of the elders of the society of Friends, did all that he could to repress his son's ardent propensity, and sought to direct his attention to more useful pursuits. But it was in vain. It is a tradition in the family, that the father having sent Benjamin out to plough, missed him from his work, and found him under a cobbler's hush, where he had sketched the portraits of a whole family

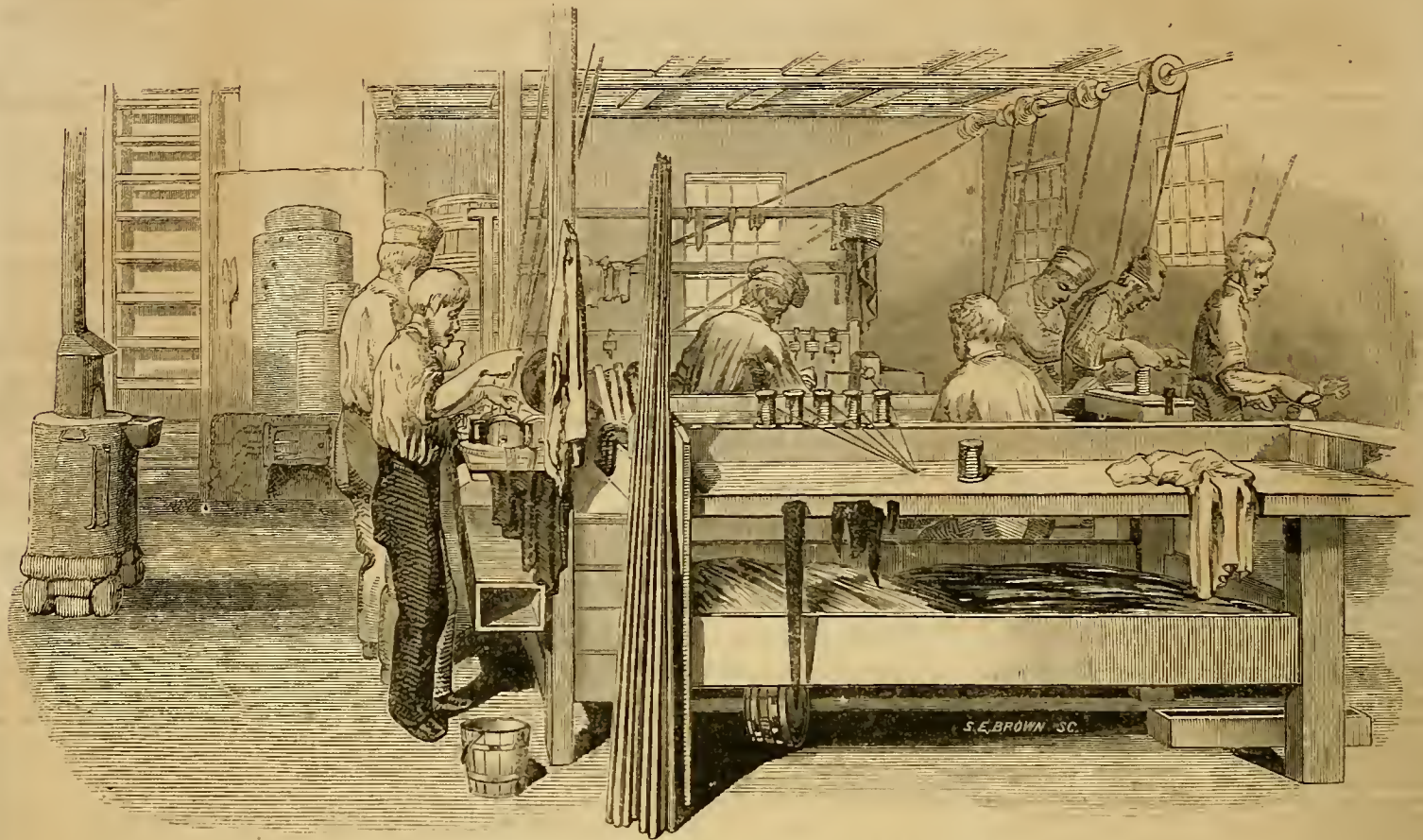
so strikingly that they were instantly recognized. At the age of sixteen, he obtained the consent of his parents to pursue painting as a profession, in Philadelphia. Several of his landscapes, executed on panels, over mantel-pieces, are preserved at the hospital in Philadelphia, where his great picture of "Christ Healing the Sick" is still exhibited. After practising his art successfully in this country until 1759, he embarked for Italy, where he spent about four years in the study of the works of the great masters. Mr. West reached London in 1763, where he settled, and ultimately attained the summit of his fame. Among the earliest of his productions in London, was the subject of Agrippina landing at Brundisium with the ashes of Germanicus. The painting originated from a conversation which took place at the table of Drummond, Archbishop of York, where our artist was a guest. Mr. West died as calmly as he had lived, on the 10th of March, 1820, at the age of eighty-one. His remains repose in St. Paul's Cathedral, London.



DE VEREUX, DEL.

MAJOR SC

INTERIOR VIEWS OF THE STATE PRISON, AT CHARLESTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS.



WHIP-MAKING DEPARTMENT OF THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE PRISON.

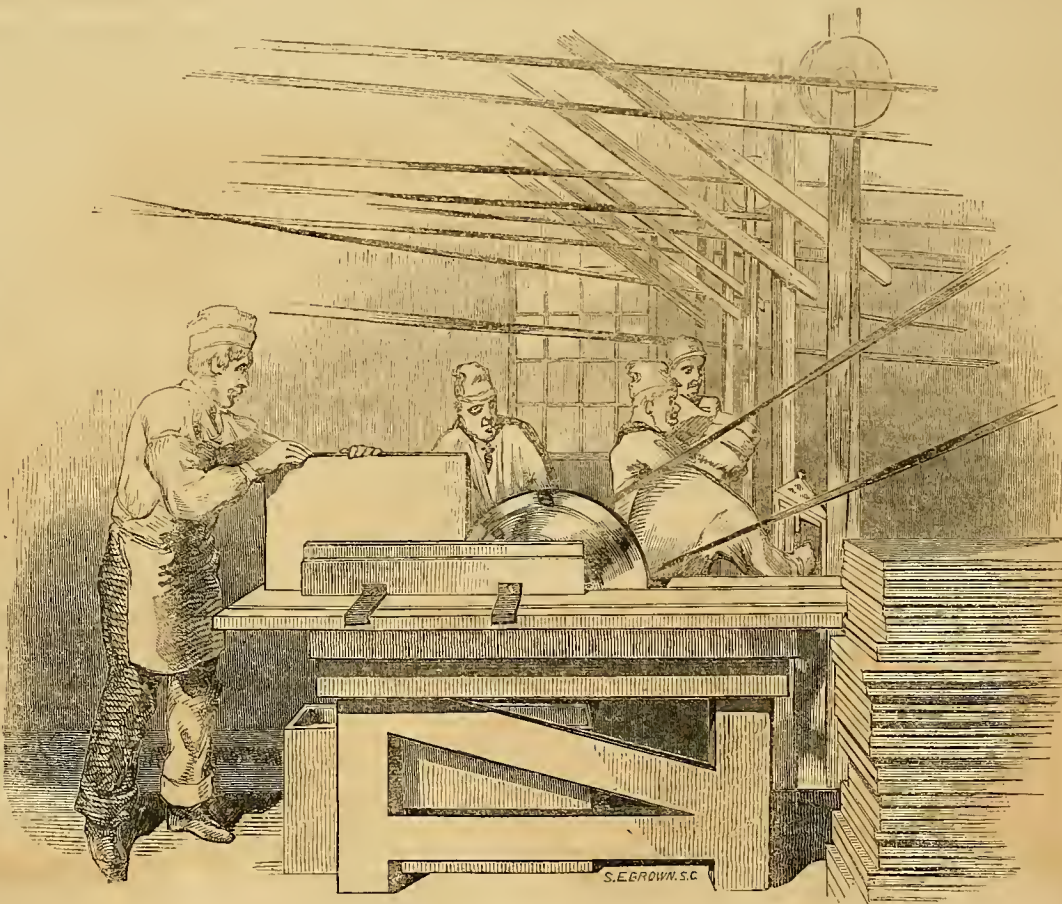
THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE PRISON.

The improvements which during the passage of the last two years have taken place in the internal economy and arrangements of the State Prison of Massachusetts, have been so striking as to render something more than a passing notice of them not inappropriate at present upon the part of the journalist. The completion of the new octagonal tower, and the two wings immediately adjoining it, will now enable the warden of the State Prison to keep the whole of the cells under the immediate supervision of the officers of the establishment. The centre of the tower is occupied by a large octagonal chamber, surmounted, on the sides adjoining the two wings of the prison, by iron bars, through which the officer or officers on duty have an uninterrupted view of the front of each of the four tiers of cells into which either side of the wing is divided. Hence the chance of escape from a cell thus located, and arranged so as to be under the constant supervision of the officers employed in the establishment, is rendered almost impossible. The internal arrangements of the cells is admirable, each one being constantly ventilated by the passage of the air through a small grated aperture in the rear, connecting with a covered channel in the interior of the building, while the grated doors in front of each afford sufficient light both for the prisoners to take their meals, and for the officer on duty to inspect any of the cells. That portion of the octagonal tower which is situated immediately above the ward chambers, is devoted to the purposes of a chapel, and has recently been fitted up in a very convenient manner. Above the chapel is the last story of this part of the prison. It is at present intended to be occupied as a hospital, although it may reasonably be considered doubtful whether it will not be necessary, previous to its occupancy by those of the convicts who may be sick, to provide in some more certain manner than it at present does, for the security of the officers employed in the wards, in case of any insubordination on the part of the sick prisoners. Indeed we must confess, that this

appears to us the only portion of the prison in which any danger exists from a sudden outbreak on the part of the convicts, and we would urge upon the legislature of the State the propriety of their making some arrangements to preclude any such possibility. We now come to that which to a visitor is the most interesting portion of the whole of the internal economy of the prison, viz., the workshops and the different branches of industry in which the labor of the convicts is at present employed. This is distributed in seven different departments, which may be considered as productive of a certain pecuniary return; the remainder of the labor in the

prison being confined to the work absolutely necessary to the interior. In two of these—the stone-cutting department and the smithery—the labor is carried on exclusively, at present, on account of the prison, and this is the most profitable, and in every respect the most available department to the State. The first of these is carried on in two large sheds, which occupy the whole of the centre of the prison-yard. A very large proportion of the convicts is employed in this branch of industry, the number of them—when the last year's report was rendered—being one hundred and forty-nine. During the present year the number has of

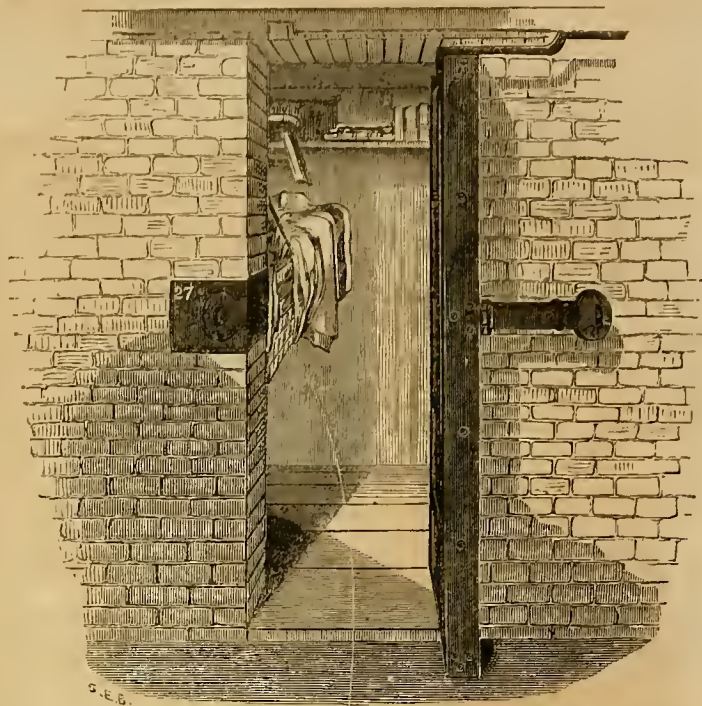
course slightly varied, although this has never been to much extent. The only thing which strikes the spectator in this department, is the silence which is invariably enforced by the officers of the prison in this and in all the workshops, as well as the singular regularity and order with which the labor is carried on. This is indeed excessively striking, and provokes on the part of one who observes it for the first time, a mental comparison between its arrangements and those of other workshops with which he may chance to be acquainted. Almost in connection with this, may be classed the smithery or blacksmith's department. This is indeed almost entirely subservient to it, its operators finding their principal employment in manufacturing and keeping in order the tools which are used by the stone-cutters, and although reckoned as one of the seven, it is perhaps scarcely to be regarded as a distinct department. The remaining departments are those in which the work is done for contractors who 'farm' out the convicts employed by them, as we are informed, at forty-two cents the head per day. These are, the whip factory, the cabinet-making department—which employs a larger number of the convicts than any of the others—the brush-makers, the tin-workshop and the shoemaker's departments. Of these, the whip factory has been fitted up during the recent year in a portion of the new building. It is a branch of business which did not before exist in the prison, and is indeed a very valuable



VIEW OF THE CABINET-MAKING DEPARTMENT IN THE PRISON.



VIEW OF A WATCH BOX IN THE PRISON.

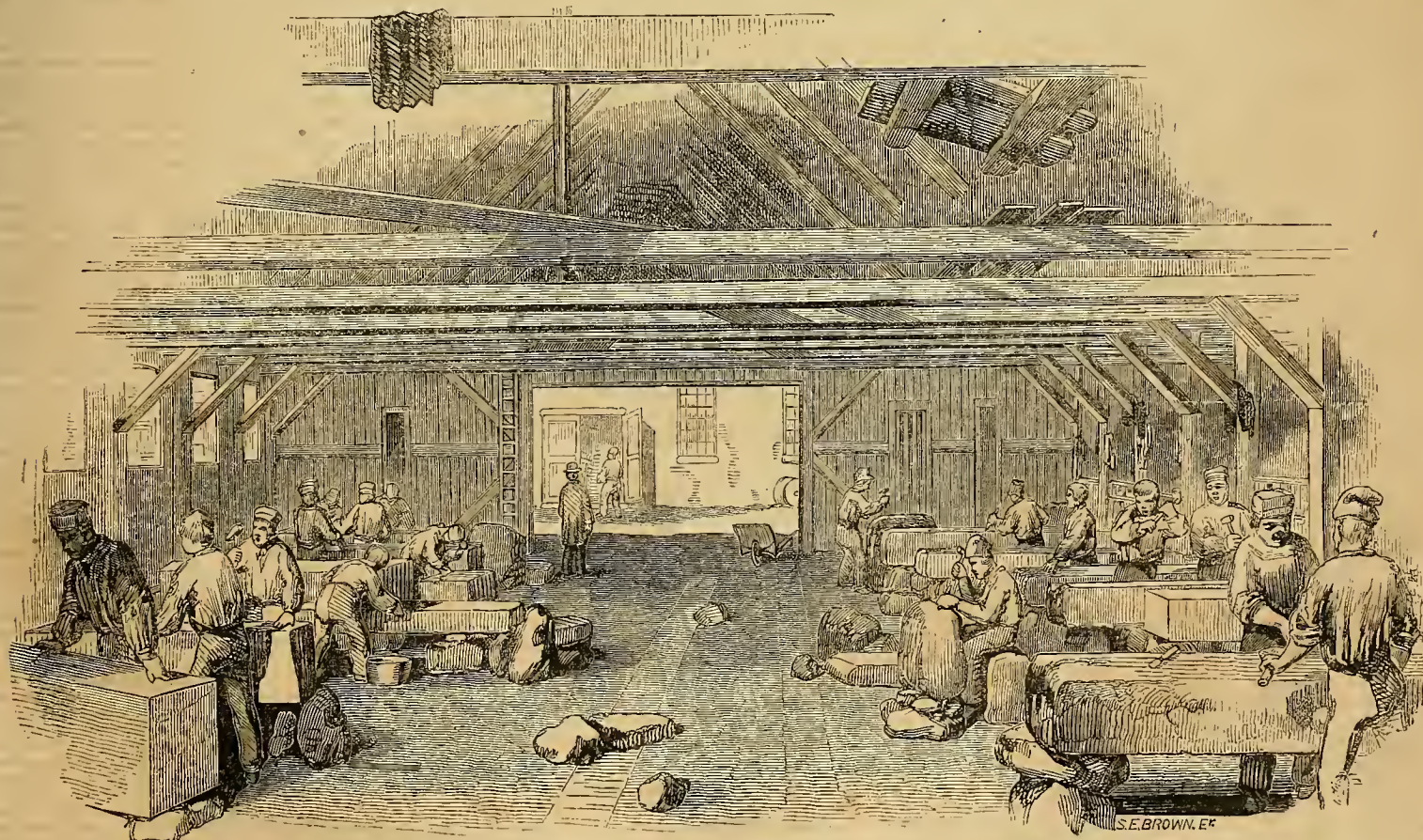


VIEW OF A CELL IN THE PRISON.

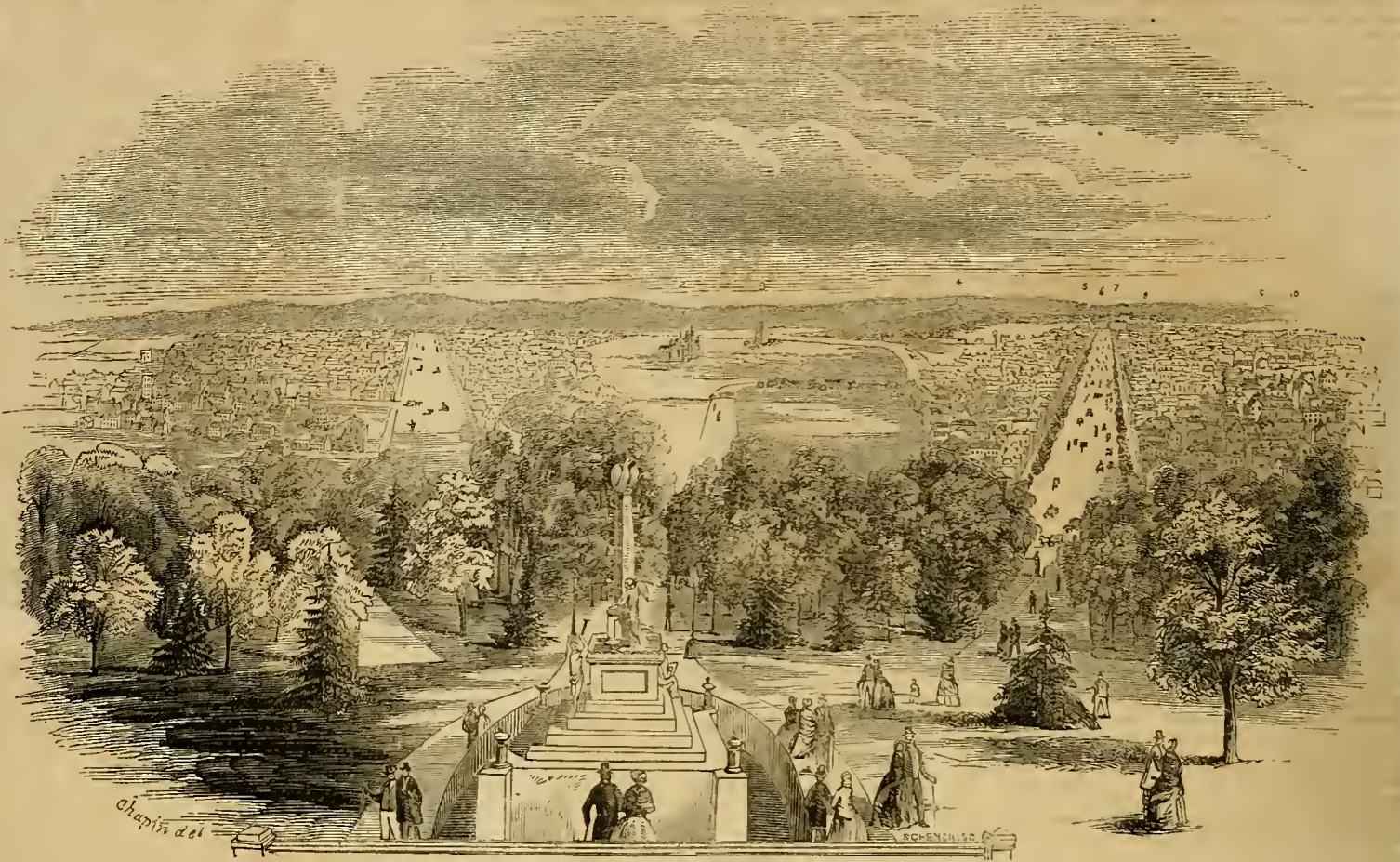
department, inasmuch as it finds employment for many of the younger convicts, and those who from physical debility it has hitherto been extremely difficult, and indeed in many cases, impracticable, to find profitable means of labor. We now come to a department which is one of the largest in the prison, it having at different times employed as many as from one hundred and forty to one hundred and fifty of the prisoners. Manifest objections have presented themselves to the inspectors, as regards the letting out to one individual or firm so many of the convicts as are at present employed in the business of cabinet-making. It is at once obvious, that, should any necessity arise from the death or failure of the contractors (the last of these is of course at the present moment more than improbable), or from their proving persons unsuitable to be entrusted with the management of convicts, for making a change in employment necessary, it would be far from an easy thing to find immediate occupation for the large number of hands who would be thrown out of work, and a direct loss both of time and income must ensue to the prison. It is therefore obvious that the greater variety of trades which can be introduced into the prison, would be directly for its advantage, while the immediate risk of loss from the death or failure of the contracting party would be materially decreased. Indeed the present number of convicts employed at this mode of labor is more than one half as many again as the warden is compelled by his existing contract to furnish. Exclusive of the stone sheds, this department occupies nearly one third of all the shop room existing

in the prison, this being furnished to the employers without any additional charge beyond that which they pay for the labor of the convicts. Attached to it, and occupying a portion of the space devoted to cabinet-making, is the upholstery business, devoted to the finishing of the articles of furniture manufactured in this department. Twenty-five hands are employed in brush-making, and during the year previous to the publication of the last report, no larger number had been employed. The shop room and storage is also found by the warden of the prison for business of this department. Ten convicts have also been contracted for to labor at tin-working, although as many as twenty have at times been employed. Lastly, in the shoemakers' department, eight convicts are the number stipulated for with the contractors, although they have gradually found work for more—fourteen having been occasionally at work for them. In this department, however, the labor is not paid for in the same manner which it is in the remainder of them—its value not being computed by time, but by the piece. Seven or eight men have also usually been occupied in it in making or mending the shoes for their fellow-prisoners. In this ward, as in all the others, the unvarying silence and assiduity with which the labor is carried on, must strike the stranger, and contrast more than favorably with the style which he may elsewhere have had the opportunity of observing. The kitchen of the prison in its accommodations has not yet been benefited by the change which has taken place in other portions of its internal arrangements, although the basement of the octagonal tower

is now fitting up for it. It is somewhat confined in space, but is admirably clean, and we are by no means indisposed to make a luncheon off the brown bread and chowder which they are preparing to distribute to the convicts. Twelve o'clock has already struck, and the convicts are marshalled and on their way to the kitchen. Each one draws near the apertures in the wall, in rotation, and receives his allowance, and then files off to his solitary cell to take his necessary hour of food and rest. Some have books—these have of course been inspected by the officers of the prison previous to permission having been given to retain them. Others linger over their dinner until the hour allotted for it is past, and then the doors of their cells are once more unbarred, and they return again in order and silence to their allotted labor. In addition to the cooks and bakers, indispensable to the establishment, are the equally indispensable tailor and barber, the washer, wood-sawyer, sweeper, teamster, waiter and common laborer—all convicts—amounting to nearly seventy. Ere we quit the walls of the prison, let us notice the wooden building perched on the summit of the walls about the exterior of the prison. These are the watch-boxes. The officer who is now leaning from the small window in one of them is at present on duty; his restless eye is scanning every movement that goes on in the yard below him—so strict is the surveillance—that no attempt is making to evade the vigilance of those who have the charge of the interior of the prison. There are still other objects of interest which we may hereafter give to our readers.



STONE-CUTTING DEPARTMENT OF THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE PRISON.



A VIEW OF THE CITY OF WASHINGTON, D. C., FROM THE CAPITOL.

WASHINGTON CITY.

At the present time, when the recent inauguration of our thirteenth President has made the seat of national government the cynosure of all eyes, the accompanying views of the city of Washington and its principal thoroughfare, from sketches made on the spot by our own artist, will be very appropriate, and a few remarks regarding its foundation and erection into the seat of government, may prove of interest to our readers. To Washington himself

we are indebted for the suggestion that the seat of government be located on the Potomac, and the States of Virginia and Maryland having, in accordance with that suggestion, set off and granted a tract on either side of that river for the purpose, Congress passed an act on the 16th of July, 1790, creating the District of Columbia, and providing for the erection of the necessary public buildings for the accommodation of the President, Congress, and the various departments. The name of its noble founder was given to

it, and the year 1800 was fixed upon for Congress to remove from Philadelphia to the new location. A more beautiful site for a large city could scarcely have been selected. On a level plain some three miles in length, and varying from a quarter to two miles wide, and extending from the banks of the Potomac to a range of hills which bounded the plain on the east, the new city was laid out. Quite a number of small streams flowed through the plain.

[For continuation of description see page 207.]



PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, WASHINGTON CITY, WITH A VIEW OF THE PROCESSION ON THE DAY OF INAUGURATION.

OLD DUTCH HOUSE, ON LONG ISLAND.

Below we give a representation of a peculiarly interesting memento of the past. It is indeed an antique of the first water, and recalls to our minds the past and its primitive associations, as it relates to the early settlers of New York and its immediate vicinity, in a most forcible manner. The artist has given us a plain, unadorned sketch, copying nature and indulging in operation of his fancy. Those who have visited this famous old house, and its romantic neighborhood, will at once recognize the picture.



VIEW OF THE OLD DUTCH HOUSE, LONG ISLAND, ERECTED 1699.

MRS. CHARLES KEAN, AS "VIOLA."

We present below a very perfect likeness of this lady (formerly Ellen Tree), as she appeared, not long since, at the Haymarket Theatre, London, in the character of Viola, in Shakspeare's "Twelfth Night." The great excellence of Mrs. Kean's personation of this and others of the great bard's characters is the charmingly intellectual characteristics she embodies in the performance. She is never for one moment Mrs. Kean, the actress, but at all times the very character which she so faithfully represents. The view we give below represents Mrs. Kean in the fourth scene of the second act, at the touching reply she makes to the duke:



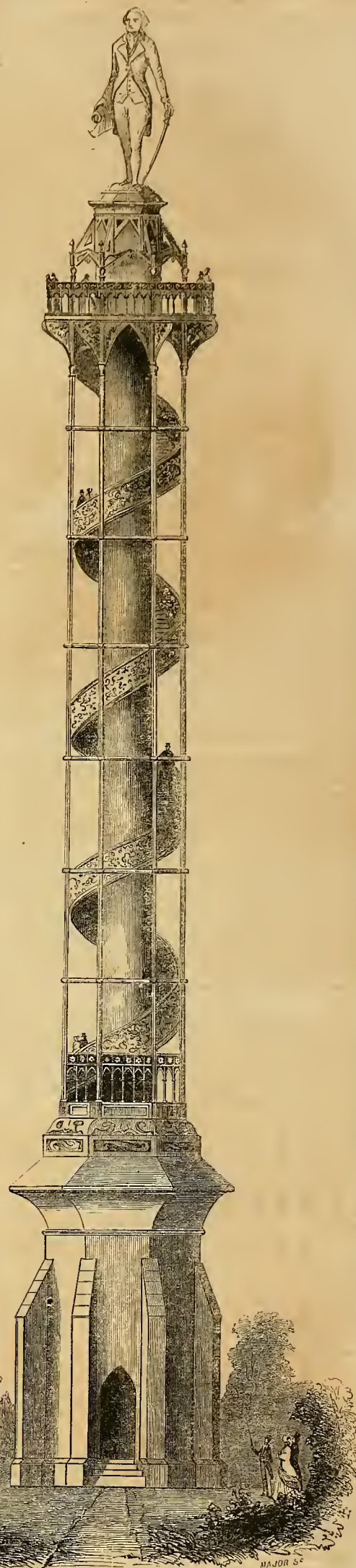
MRS. CHARLES KEAN AS "VIOLA," IN TWELFTH NIGHT.

"She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm in the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief."

Our latest news from abroad represents Mr. and Mrs. Kean still engaged in the most laudable efforts to sustain the legitimate drama upon the English boards, and under the especial patronage of the Queen and Prince Albert, who have devoted a portion of the royal residence for the purpose of select performances of sterling plays, and some few of the most approved modern farces. The character of Viola, and that of Ion, are said to be Mrs. Kean's best, in which many of our readers will remember to have seen her.

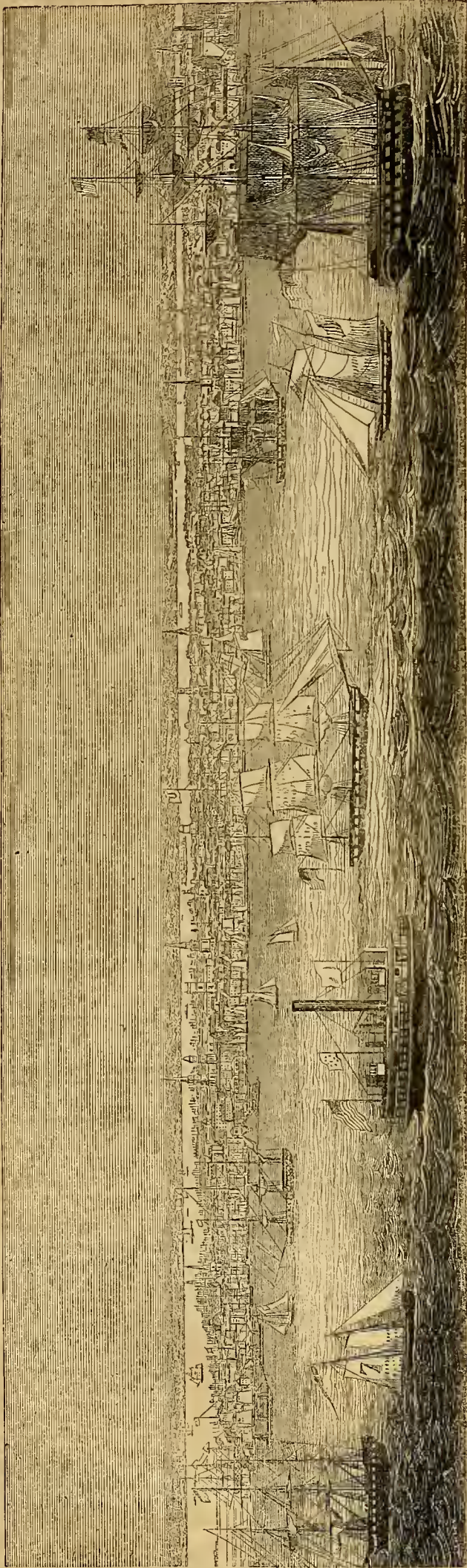
PHILADELPHIA WATER WORKS.

The accompanying illustration is an elevation of the stand pipe or tower about to be erected by Birkinbine & Trotter, of Philadelphia, for the West Philadelphia Water Works. The shaft is of heavy plate iron, five feet in diameter, and one hundred and thirty feet high. The octangular base is of cut stone, fifty feet high, which supports eight cluster columns of cast iron. Between the columns and the shaft is a spiral stairway of cast iron, leading from the ground to the landing near the top of the shaft. Upon the top of the shaft and supported by the columns and flying buttresses, is a cast iron statue of Washington, sixteen feet high, making the total height from the ground to the top of the statue one hundred and forty-six feet. This tower will be erected upon the most elevated part of the district, and one hundred and six feet above the low water mark of Schuylkill River. The object of the stand pipe, as represented herewith, is to answer the purpose of a reservoir for the present, and at the same time to give sufficient head of water for the supply of the district. Its height is sufficient to reach the level of the water in the large reservoirs which are contemplated to be built at some future time. And when they are built, which will probably be in the course of one or two years, they will be about three and a half miles from the pumping machinery; and this stand pipe being upon the ascending main from the pumps to the reservoirs, will act as an equalizer, and thus relieve the pumping machinery. Philadelphia commenced the example in this country, as it regards supplying her citizens with good wholesome water, by means of public water works; New York followed, and in Boston we have also our own inestimable Cochituate. It can easily be demonstrated that the health of a city largely depends upon a proper supply of the pure element, so as to place it within the reach of all classes. The statistics of the three cities named, before and after the introduction of pure water, give abundant evidence of the truth of this. The Philadelphians, finding their present supply not adequate to the immensely increased demand, are still at work, as our engraving demonstrates, in perfecting and enlarging their means of supply. The committee chosen for the purpose made the following report to the corporation respecting the plan which we illustrate: This plan, which the committee beg leave respectfully to recommend for adoption by the Board, was suggested by Messrs. Birkinbine and Trotter, as an alternative for the third named plan, in the event of that one being considered too costly, and is of the same character as the works constructed by them for Germantown, which are now in successful operation. It proposes the construction of a reservoir on Yarnall's land, some distance above the Fairmount dam, from which the water will be pumped by two high-pressure engines, to a stand-pipe or tower, elevated one hundred and thirty feet above the highest grade of the district, to give the requisite pressure to all parts of the same. A constant supply of Schuylkill water could be thereby distributed at a pressure, when necessary in emergencies, of about one hundred and five feet above the highest, and two hundred and five feet above the lowest part of the district. The average pressure is estimated, for ordinary use, at seventy-five feet above the highest, and one hundred and seventy-five feet above the lowest part of the district. The engines and pumps would be sufficient to raise and distribute 1,000,000 gallons per diem; a quantity sufficient for the daily wants of the district for ten years to come. The stand pipe illustrates a well known principle in philosophy, that water will seek its own level, and though a very plain and simple fact, yet to produce the desired force and head, by bringing this natural effect so to operate as to be of service in supplying the district with water, involves a very complicated and costly arrangement of machinery. When completed, this structure will form one of the notable curiosities in the vicinity of the city of brotherly love, an object of much scientific interest.

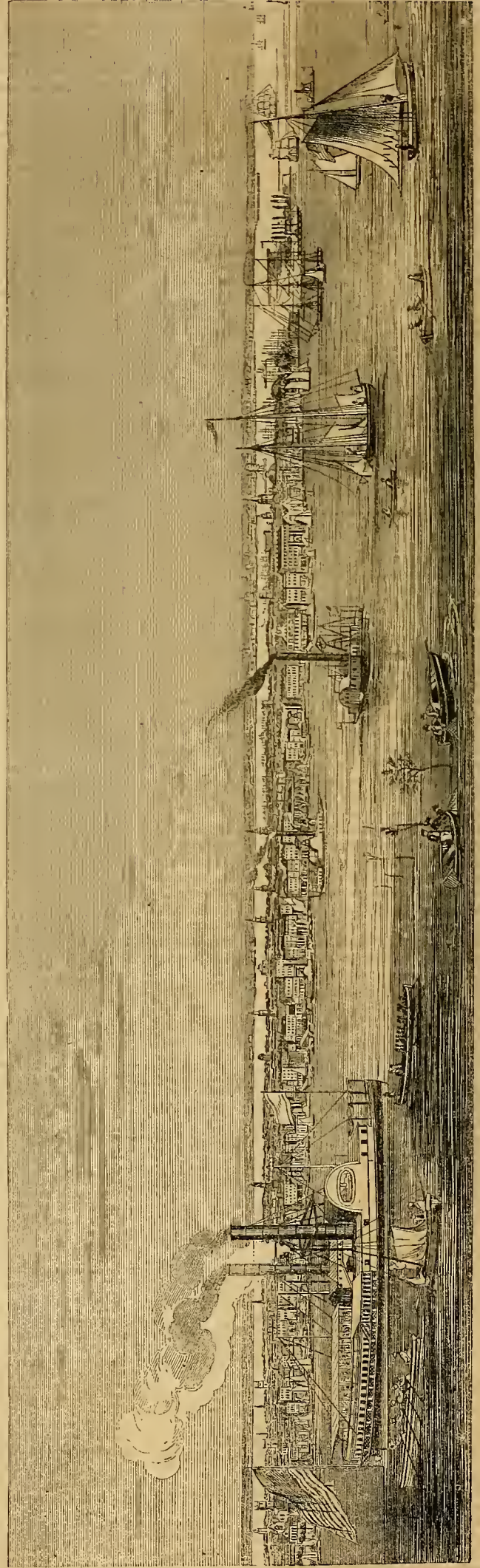


STAND PIPE OF PHILADELPHIA WATER WORKS.

A FINE PANORAMIC REPRESENTATION OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, THE METROPOLIS OF THE UNITED STATES.



THE CITY OF NEW YORK, AS SEEN FROM THE EAST RIVER.



THE CITY OF NEW YORK, AS SEEN FROM THE NORTH RIVER.

LITERATURE AS A PROFESSION.

Not many years since, a young American who should have announced his intention of adopting literature as a profession, would have been regarded by his friends as a fit candidate for a straight-jacket...

The American reader is no longer content with the literary themes that the old world has heretofore sent to us. This is but natural; an entirely new social and political system demands congenial food which it may assimilate to itself.

We have already a brilliant array of names among American writers, and they show, too, that literature as a profession is not a failure. They have not burst upon the world like comets; but quietly commenced their career and worked their way into notice by steady and sustained efforts.

We need not exhort to a due appreciation of our national writers. They are appreciated and well remunerated; and in this we most heartily rejoice for our country's sake.

A BIT OF GOSSIP.

Eighteen years ago, the Emperor Napoleon III, then twenty years of age, offered his hand to a beautiful English lady of noble birth, and was haughtily refused. "Mademoiselle," said he, "you have thrown away a crown!"

"THE LOST HEIR: or, The Duke and the Lazzarone. A Tale of Naples and its Environs."—We shall commence a novelette, thus entitled, in the next number of the Flag of our Union.

PERSONAL.—Count de Sartiges, the French Minister, goes to France soon, on a visit of a few weeks, to be present at the coronation of Napoleon III, and render his respects.

LUXURIOUS.—So abundant are turtles at Key West, that every family upon the Key, for a bit (twelve and a half cents), can dine daily upon fine turtle-soup and turtle-steaks.

IRRESISTIBLY LUDICROUS.—If you have not yet seen Warren perform in the "Lost Pocket Book," at the Museum, there is a fund of mirth-provoking enjoyment in store for you.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.—This mammoth paper certainly stands at the head of the literary newspapers of America. It is filled with the contributions of the best American writers, in prose, essays, poems, tales, etc.

EXTENSIVE.—When completed, the Broadway front of the St Nicholas Hotel will extend three hundred and five feet.

PROFITABLE.—One county in Virginia produces, annually, a quarter of a million dollars' worth of peanuts.

THEATRICAL.—Mr. and Mrs. Keen will probably visit the United States in the spring, and perform in the principal theatres.

LEVER, the novelist, resides permanently in Florence.



GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER.

JOHN W. BRAZELL, REV. H. HARRIS WELLS, ANNE JOINSON, WILLIAM R. LAWRENCE, ANNE T. WILBUR, HORATIO ALGER, JR., MISS LEUC BRADSHAW,

CAROLINE A. HAYDEN, ALICE CAREY, MRS. L. H. SHOURNEST, C. K. HENDLE, DR. O. W. RUNCAY, FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, S. H. LLOYD.

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

- "The Borrowed Tools," a sketch for farmers, by AUSTIN C. BURDICK. "Walls from Washington," No. XI, by BENJ. DEBNEY POORE. "The New Doctor; or, The Plain Gold Ring," by ALICE D. NEAL. "Athens as it is," by REV. F. W. HOLLAND. "Emily," lines, by CAROLINE A. HAYDEN. "The Provoking Lover," verses, by PEGUE CAREY. "An Angel's Reverie," lines, by WM. LEIGHTON, JR. "Keep at Work," verses, by NEALS BERNARD. "A Sea Song," by MATURIN M. BALLOU.

CHARLESTOWN STATE PRISON.

On pages 196 and 197, we give a series of very correct original views illustrating the interior economy of this institution, well known as being one of the best conducted establishments of this character in the country.

PLAY OF THE "JEWESS."

This fine historical play, now performing at the Boston Museum, is put upon the stage in the most perfect style, and with the most liberal expenditure of money. It is a relief to see such a performance at this house, after the miserable negro exhibition that was continued upon its boards for so long a period.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION, published by F. Gleason, Boston, is one of the most elegant publications which appears in this country. The illustrations are ahead of anything we meet with from the press—it is without a rival in the boldness and spirit of its designs.

SPLINTERS.

- ... We are likely to have a line of steamers established between our Atlantic coast and Naples, direct. ... Abraham Miller, who was with Wolfe at the taking of Quebec, is still alive in Canada, aged 115 years! ... There are one or two gold mines now being worked in Virginia, affording a very handsome yield. ... Madame Augusta, once the pride of the ballet, still resides in New York city, and teaches a public dancing school. ... Mr. Bunn, in his Southern tour, lectured with very good success in Washington city, a few days since. ... The English government has stopped sending convicts to Australia. The fact is, they "rather like it!" ... Biscaccianti gave seventy-one concerts in all while she was in California, and with brilliant success, every way. ... Why is Palmerston like the menies? asks Punch. Because nearly every administration has him once! ... Mrs. Trollope is now residing at Florence, Italy, and is engaged in writing novels. Her villa is called Trollopacon. ... Soto, the danseuse, won unbounded applause, during her late engagement, in the City of Notions. ... Australian emigration is literally emptying the ports of England of the laboring classes, and causing much trouble. ... Mr. Hackett—Falstaff Hackett—has been performing Shakspeare's "Fat Knight," most imitatively in this city. ... The spirit rappers from Boston are doing a very profitable business in London, so the English papers say. ... Julia Bennett, lately of the Boston Museum, has the sole management of the People's Theatre at St. Louis, Mo. ... The new Tremont Temple will be completed and publicly opened with appropriate services about the first of May. ... The new custom house, at Bangor, is to be built of granite, at a cost of forty-one thousand dollars.

MARRIAGES

In this city, Mr. William F. Howe to Miss Lucretia F. Kelley, both of Charlestown; Mr. Adam B. Nye, of Boston, to Miss Sarah L. Perry, of Charlestown; Mr. Hugh Roy to Mrs. Hannah Toy.

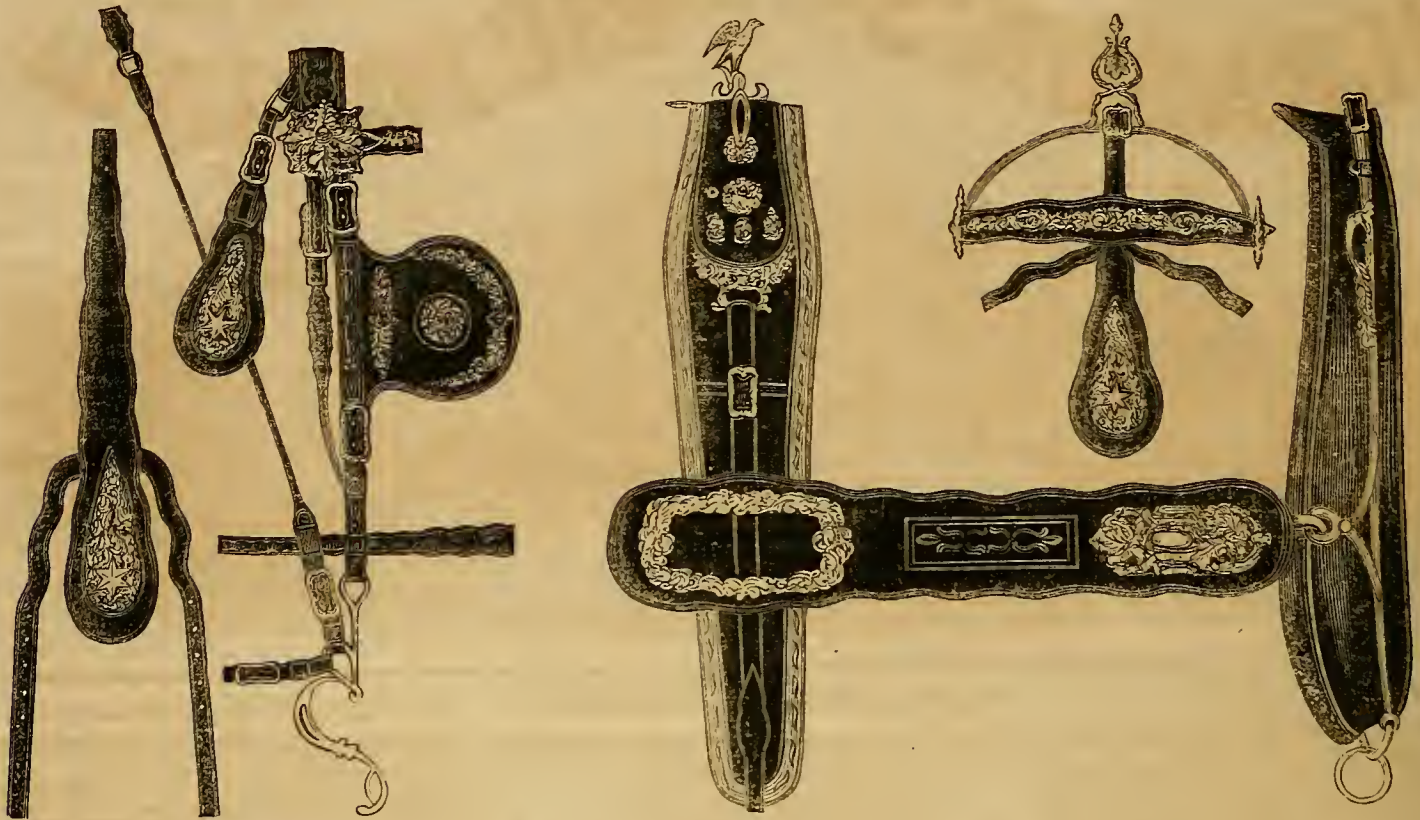
DEATHS

In this city, Mrs. Sally Hartt, widow of the late Mr. Edward Hartt, 79; Capt. James Eells, of Portsmouth, 74; Miss Susan Maria, daughter of the late Samuel Eells, 74; Miss Mary Ann A. Carroll, 29; Charles, son of Mr. Charles Thomas, 19.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL. VOLUMES 1st, 2d and 3d, Bound. We have volumes 1st, 2d and 3d of the PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION elegantly bound in cloth, with gilt edges and back, and illuminated sides...



GLEASON'S PICTORIAL Drawing-Room Companion. A Record of the beautiful and useful in Art. The object of this paper is to present, in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary mélange of notable events of the day...



REPRESENTATION OF THE HARNESS DESIGNED FOR THE CARRIAGE RECENTLY PRESENTED TO PRESIDENT PIERCE.

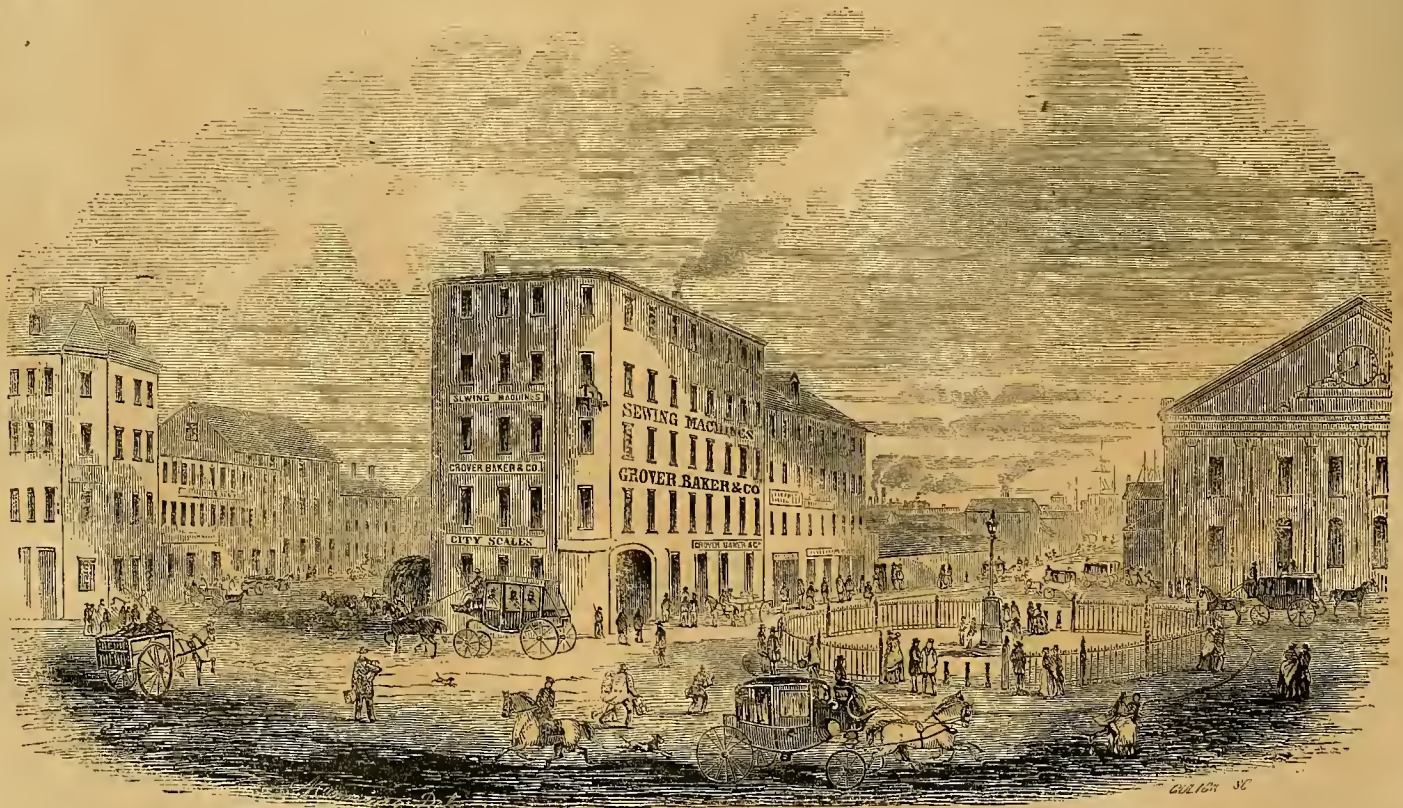
HARNESS FOR THE PRESIDENT'S CARRIAGE.

It will be remembered that we gave, in a former number, a picture of the carriage and horses presented by the citizens of Boston to President Pierce, and now we give a correct fac-simile of the splendid harness which was designed by William Rogers, and manufactured by Mr. Hannaford, the well known harness maker, and his able corps of assistants. The silver work, which is very rich, was done at the establishment of J. & J. E. Holt, whose experienced workmen have done themselves much credit. As there was some misunderstanding between the committee who ordered the harness and the manufacturers, the harness was not appropriated to the use for which it was originally designed. It was pronounced to be far too rich and elegant for the rest of the establishment, and a cheaper ready-made harness was substituted. This harness was made of the very best of material that could be procured, and of an entirely new and original plan, the whole being very rich and superior. The blinkers are ornamented by three designs in solid silver, oak branches entwined with leaves and acorns, the ornaments being encircled in an enamelled bud. The hame terret, the design of which is in keeping with the rest of the harness, is also of solid silver; the harness tugs are very elaborately worked, the buckles being of solid silver, wrought in the oak leaf and branch pattern these buckles weigh down \$87 of

coin silver. The snidle, or pad, is very elegantly got up, with rich and massive terrets and water books of solid silver, representing at the base an oak stump, surmounted by an American eagle, with wings extended. The pads are of a white ground, richly inlaid with a red enamelled bud, while between the buds there is a very rich finish of blue enamelled leather, the pattern of which, with the general design of the harness, will be seen in the engraving. This is probably one of the finest harnesses ever manufactured, and by far the richest ever exhibited in this country. We believe in the maxim, "honor to whom honor is due;" and if the presentations from time to time bestowed upon our public dignitaries are really the tribute of personal regard, and the appreciation of public worth, and not the mere offerings at the shrine of selfishness, they will not fail to form a bond of attachment between those who present and those who receive them, and keep up a frank and affectionate interest in both parties, alike honorable to all. We desire to see our public men beloved for their personal worth, as well as honored for the station they occupy; and that is the happiest nation where the people love their rulers, and where rulers acknowledge the mutual tie that unites them together, in one common effort to foster and uphold the institutions and laws they have sworn to cherish, as the bulwark of their country's greatness.

HAYMARKET SQUARE, BOSTON.

We give below a capital picture of this well known spot. It has grown to be a most busy locality, and the centre of a vast amount of trade. Prominent in the picture, we have a fine open spot suitable for a fountain, which, we hope, may soon be improved for this purpose. The spot derives its name from its having been, for a long period of years, devoted to the purpose of the City Hay Scales, and as a stand for the sale of hay. We should multiply these breathing spots in our city; for the town must have lungs as well as human beings, in order to live and be healthy. Conspicuous in the engraving will be seen the large building occupied by Grover, Baker & Co., manufacturers of the Patent Sewing Machines, one of the most extensive and prosperous manufacturing establishments in this country. A better locality for their business could not possibly have been chosen. It gives us pleasure, also, to bear testimony to the high and honorable standing of this house, as it regards its responsibility and general dealings. On the right of the picture, we have a view of the Boston and Maine Railroad Depot, a very large and well arranged building for the purpose designed. Haymarket Square now presents a striking contrast to the period when old Ebenezer Clough (the last of the shoe-buckles) used to weigh the hay and issue the city certificates in a shod-like building stationed near its centre.



VIEW OF HAYMARKET SQUARE, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

THE BOSTON COURIER

Vol. IV. No. 14. — Whole No. 92.



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1853.

23 PER ANNUM. } Vol. IV. No. 14. — Whole No. 92.
6 CTS. SINGLE.

BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

We here present a very excellent copy from T. Buchanan Read's painting illustrating the beautiful little allegorical poem by Leigh Hunt, which is given herewith. With Mr. Read, as a poet, our readers are already acquainted; but to those who have not enjoyed an opportunity to examine his pencil and brush versification, we should say a word of him as a painter. Probably there are few artists of the present day who can equal, and none, within our knowledge, exceed him in point of judicious and yet striking effect in the mingling of color. His pictures are of that cast to take the eye and the deepest interest of the appreciating mind at once, the same as any beautiful scene in nature is sure to do. But let us give the reader the exquisite little poem that Mr. Read here illustrates so beautifully and so much to the life:

"Ahon Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase),
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold;
And to the presence in the room he said:
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Replied: 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Ahon. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Ahon spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, 'I pray thee, then,
Write mine as one who loves his fellow-men.'
The angel wrote—and vanished. The next night
He came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!"

The picture is supposed to represent the moment when "the vision raised its head." Ahon, half recumbent, is just awaking from his sleep; and the angel's face represents all the "sweet accord" that the poet refers to. The lines have always struck us as a beautiful theme, and even in boyhood we have read them with delight. Mr. Read is the first artist, probably, who has ever illustrated the beauty of the parable, and having seen the original—a reference to which our readers will recollect we took occasion to make in a former number—we can bear ample testimony to the exquisite finish and perfect grace of the artist's conception. The eagerness with which Mr. Read's paintings are sought for, is a compliment of the most tangible character to the young artist-poet, and we are gratified to know that his genius is paid, not only by appreciation, but by ample pecuniary return for its efforts.



ABOUT BEN ADHEM AND THE HEAVENLY MESSENGER.

two Moors seen Ben Hamed safe at the other end of the pass, than they sprang back into their saddles and made at the Christian.

"Give way, dog!" cried one of them.

"Not while I live," returned Charles.

Charles of Leon received both of their blows without harm— one upon his shield, and the other upon his mailed shoulder. The Christian had one advantage; his triple mail shielded him against all slushing, cutting blows, while his opponents wore only single breastplates. The clang of swords was sharp and fierce; once the Christian got a prick in the right thigh, but the man that gave him the thrust fell from his horse on the next moment, with his head half severed from his body.

The remaining Moor soon cried for quarter, and Charles let his point fall.

"Back, then," the Christian cried. "Let fall your sword!"

The Moslem dropped his weapon and backed quickly from the pass.

"Help me to my horse," faintly groaned Ben Hamed, who had raised himself upon his elbow.

"Help the poor alcalde," said Charles.

"Christian dog!" exclaimed the fallen Moslem, "you have not yet escaped. Vengeance shall yet be mine."

"Rail on, poor fool—then go and find another wife for your king."

The alcalde was lifted to the back of one of the horses, and with much difficulty he managed to grasp the reins.

"Don't be too confident," he uttered, at the same time cringing with pain. "You may yet wonder to find who is the fool!"

As the alcalde spoke he made a motion to his companion, who had remounted his horse, and they both started off.

Charles of Leon turned back, and instinctively he stopped to gaze upon those whom he had slain. He could just see the glistening of their breastplates, and he guided his horse carefully over the bodies.

"Does Bea Hamed speak with reason?" he uttered to himself, as he thrust his sword hilt into its scabbard. "I shall wonder to find who is the fool! By heavens! if there be danger ahead!"

The knight's exclamation was cut short by the clatter of horses' hoofs. He quickly drew his sword again, and with much misgiving he set himself on his guard. It was a single horseman, coming from the northward, and as the clatter grew more distinct a variety of fears intruded themselves upon the knight's mind.

CHAPTER XI.

LOST.

CHARLES OF LEON drew farther back into the pass as the horseman approached, but ere long he discovered that he had no personal danger to fear, for he recognized in the horseman who was coming towards him his own esquire. This discovery, however, was far from setting the knight's mind at rest.

"Gads my life! Sir Charles, are you safe?" was Pedro's exclamation, as he drew in his rein.

"Yes, yes. But why are you here?"

"To help my master. Eh! what's that in the pass?"

"Three of the Moors are there."

"And where are the other three?"

"There were but two more. You made a mistake in your count. One of them—the alcalde—has gone back to be cured of his bruises, and the other has gone to help him."

"San Dominic, but my master's sword is as good as ever."

"But Zehra—where have you left her?"

"At the edge of the small wood just over yonder hill."

"Pedro, you should not have left her alone."

"But how could I help it? I feared that you might be worsted. I could not rest easy while I knew you were in danger."

"And yet, Pedro, you should not have left Zehra. I told you not to."

"There can be no danger, for I left her in a safe place, and she promised not to move till I returned," urged Pedro, as he noticed that his master was sorely troubled by what had happened.

"You should not have left her."

"She told me to seek you."

"And yet you should have known better than to have disobeyed my injunctions," continued the knight. "If danger comes of this I shall blame you, Pedro. Bea Hamed spoke triumphantly as he rode away, and I think he had reason for it. Those who crossed the bridge, and came not with the alcalde, may have gone another way. O! I wish you had kept on. Now haste thee. Sink your rowels deeply."

Pedro's horse was tired, but yet he galloped off abreast of the knight's beast without faltering.

Charles of Leon was moved by a fearful suspicion as he urged his steed onward. From what Pedro had said he felt sure that more horsemen had crossed the Guadix bridge than had met him at the El Ajo pass. He knew, too, that there were many paths that led from the road he was on across to the Jaen highway.

"On! on!" he cried, as the fear began to form more tangibly in his mind. "A thousand pistoles if we find her safe. Bear up your horse, Pedro."

The hill was topped, and Pedro pointed out the wood where he had left Zehra.

"I see her no!" said Charles.

"Because she has hidden among the foliage."

"But she would surely come forth when she heard our coming."

Pedro made no reply, for he began to have misgivings in his own mind. At length the wood was reached, and the knight sprang from his horse. He called the name of Zehra, but he gained no answer. He pushed his way among the trees, but he could see no horse—no Zehra. He called again, and then he lis-

tened, but he heard nothing save the sighing of the breeze as it stopped to dally with the aspen leaves that hung above him.

"She's not here," he uttered, as he met Pedro at the farther extremity of the copse.

"No," tremblingly returned the esquire. "She may have ridden on."

"She would not have done it alone."

The two men retraced their steps to where the horses stood.

"'Twas here I left her," said Pedro, "and here she promised to remain."

"O! if she be lost!"

"Wait, Sir Charles. I will see if I can find the marks of her horse's feet."

As Pedro spoke he sprang to the edge of the wood and sank upon his hands and knees.

"Here are the tracks," he said, as he moved along in a north-easterly direction. "And here she stopped," he continued, as he had moved along some two rods. "San Jago! but here's another!"

"Another what?" cried Charles, springing to the spot.

"The tracks of another horse. And another too! And yet another! O! do not curse me, my master—do not. But she's gone!"

"Gone!" echoed Charles, in tones of such keen anguish that his esquire started with new affright. "God defend me."

"O, forgive me, sir Charles—forgive me!" Pedro cried, as he sank upon his knees again and clasped his hands together.

"I know you meant me well, Pedro."

"Yes. It was my love for you that overcame my judgment."

"I forgive you, Pedro. And now let us—"

"God of heaven! what was that?"

As the esquire uttered this exclamation the knight's noble steed reared with a loud snort, and then with one fearful plunge he sank quivering upon the turf. Charles sprang to the side of his horse, and found that a javelin had pierced his neck in an angular direction and entered the vitals.

"We are surrounded!" shouted Pedro. "Mount my horse and flee."

Charles of Leon made no reply, but drawing his sword he turned towards the direction from whence the javelin must have been thrown, and he saw a man at a short distance off, while several horsemen were coming around the eastern sweep of the hill he had passed. There were nearly a score of them soon came in sight, and he who had thrown the javelin called loudly for them to hasten up.

"Mount my horse and flee," cried Pedro. "We cannot give them battle."

"One of us must be left to fight," calmly returned the knight.

"Will you not mount?"

"No."

"Then I will. Don't fight them, sir Charles, but surrender."

As Pedro spoke he leaped into his saddle, and putting spurs to his horse he dashed off through the little wood.

The Moors leaped their horses into the road in a moment afterwards, and surrounded the Christian knight.

"Never mind the servant," cried one who seemed to be the Moslem leader. "Let him go. This is the man we want. Surrender, thou Christian dog! Down with that sword of thine!"

Charles of Leon hesitated. His sword seemed anxious for work, but the odds were too fearful. He on foot against a score of armed men and mounted—it was madness. With a heavy heart he thrust his sword hilt into its scabbard, and then folded his arms across his breast.

"Where is the maiden?" he instinctively asked, as half a dozen of the Moors laid their hands upon him.

"She is safe. By Allah, but you must have thought Granada a city of dolts, if you expected to get clear with such a prize."

Charles felt sure that Zehra was in custody, and he felt for the time that he would rather be a prisoner than be free. With the hope that ardent desire sometimes inspires, the Christian looked ahead to victory yet. The light of his vision must have been an emanation from his own imagination, for no circumstances about him then could have aided him to his hope.

After the knight's hands had been secured, a horse was led up upon which to mount him, and at the first glance he recognized the light Arabian he had bought for Zehra. He was placed upon the animal's back, then secured in his seat, and in a few moments more the whole party were mounted. Several of the Moors still persisted in pursuing Pedro, but their leader said no.

"Let the coward go; we want nothing of him worth the trouble of getting him. By my faith, sir Christian, your man shows but little love for you, to gallop off and leave you alone."

Charles remained silent beneath the taunt, for he could not help thinking for himself that Pedro had acted the coward. But other thoughts of more moment forced themselves upon the mind, and he grew more dejected.

It was evident to our hero that the party that had captured him had kept the Jaen road from the bridge, and crossed over beyond the wood to the way they were now in. This had been his fear when he met Pedro at the El Ajo pass.

The Moors, with their prisoner, passed over the hill, and took their way back as Charles had come. At the top of the elevation the knight looked down, and at the foot he saw a small party of horsemen waiting. With one of them he saw a female. He knew it was Zehra, and at that moment he would have drawn his sword against the host that surrounded him, but the hands pressed hard upon his wrists, and he could only groan in his anguish.

When the captors of the knight reached the foot of the hill, their leader called for the other party—only three in number—to ride on ahead. Charles could see Zehra's pale features, and from the manner in which she reclined upon the stout form of the man with whom she rode, she seemed to have fainted.

"By the great God of heaven, Granada shall tremble for this!" uttered Charles of Leon, as Zehra was lost to his sight.

The Moslem leader only laughed.

"Your city shall smoke in ruins, and your blood shall flow like water."

"Will you do all this?"

"Leon and Castile shall do it."

"You will not tell them the tale!" said the Moor.

Charles knew the meaning of those words, but he felt not the dread that might have been expected, for he could not believe that Mohammed would dare to kill him. He did not know the Moslem king!

When those who rode ahead reached the El Ajo pass they stopped. The others soon came up, and not a little astonishment was expressed at the sight of the three dead Moors.

"What is this?" cried the chief, as he leant over his saddle-horn and gazed down upon the corpses.

"That is the mark of my hand," said Charles.

"But Ben Hamed is not here."

"No—I sent him back to Granada to get back the blood he lost. I gave him his pitiful life, and I spared him a companion, too."

The Moor gazed a moment into the face of the Christian, and then he said, while he gathered his reins:

"The vultures of the Alpujarras shall have one meal from Christian flesh!"

Charles of Leon shuddered; but soon he was calm again, and defiance rested upon his brow.

The Moslem dead were left where they lay, and again the party set forward. Zehra was borne on in advance, as before, while the Christian was surrounded more closely by his captors.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MEETING IN PRISON.

"THERE'S more in your hosom than you will confess, but by Allah, it shall be dragged from you!"

This was spoken by Mohammed, as the Christian knight of Leon stood bound before him. At a short distance Ben Hamed stood, supported by two attendants. He was weak from pain and the loss of blood, but his soul seemed strong with deadly passion.

"You had better beware how you carry out your threats," was the Christian's answer. "I have nothing to tell you, save that which you know."

"And I know enough to cause the death of a score like you. By the sword of the Prophet, Christian cur, your head is not worth the half of revenge I owe you. Three of my knights lie dead by your hand, and you would have snatched away my bride. Away with him to prison!"

"Not yet, sire," interposed Ben Hamed. "Let the dog die now."

"Away with him to prison. He shall die soon enough."

"Let it be now," urged the alcalde. "He is dangerous while alive."

"No," thundered the king, springing from his seat and striking his hands together. "His death shall grace my nuptial day, and then your fair daughter shall see his gory head! I'll make her a present of it, and if she love him as she seems, 'twill be a right glorious nuptial present. Away with him, and bid Tarik that he look well to his safety."

The cords that bound the Christian knight were strong, but they came nigh bursting while the king spoke. The young man felt his temples throb and his throat swell, but he had no power of utterance. The king's officers took him by the arm to lead him away, and without a word he turned from the royal presence.

In an hour from that time Charles of Leon was delivered up at the prison of Granada. Tarik, the jailor, received him from the hands of the officers, and took him away. It was not a subterranean dungeon to which Charles was conducted, but a strong, vaulted room on the second floor of the prison. The walls were of solid stone—so were the floor and the vaulted roof. It was early morning, and the light came in through a small loop-hole situated some eight feet from the floor.

In the centre of the room there was a stone bench, and near it a stout iron bolt. An attendant had followed Tarik, with chains, and ere long our hero was securely fastened by a shackle upon each ankle, to which was affixed a chain that was bolted to the ring in the pavement. Manacles were placed upon the knight's wrists, and when all was completed Tarik sent his assistant away.

"You've fallen into rough hands, sir knight," said the jailor, as he arose from his work.

Charles looked upon the stout form of the old man—for the jailor was old—and a painful shadow flitted across his face.

"I do not mean that I am rough," Tarik added, "though my calling is not by any means a gentle one; but I think the king means you little good."

"The king will not dare to take my life," uttered the knight.

"Don't be too sure of that. I have had younger men than yourself come here by the king's orders, and—"

"Go on," said Charles.

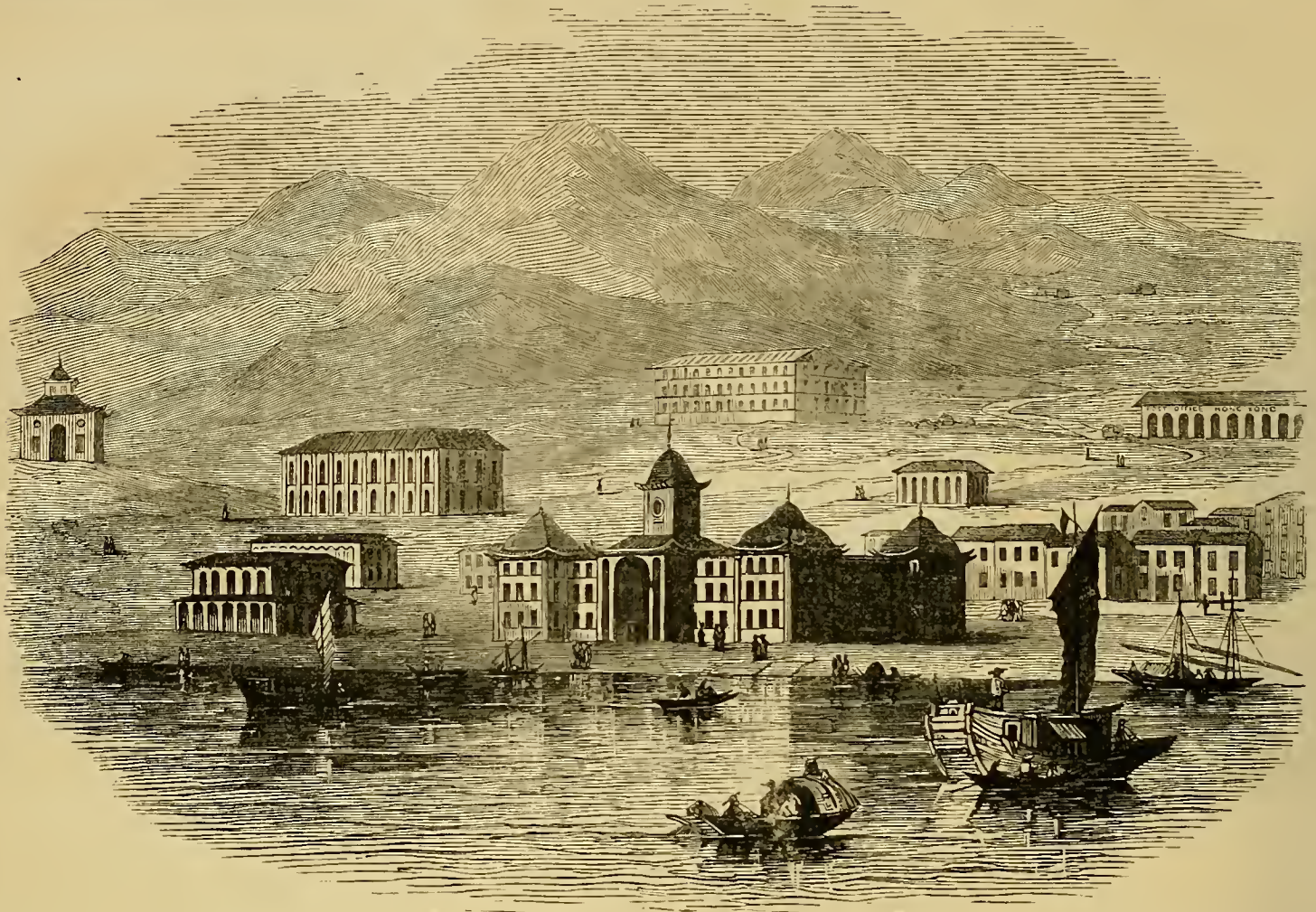
"They never went forth to the world again!"

The young Christian shuddered.

"My orders with regard to yourself are not very strict, save that my own life is in peril for your safe keeping. If you want any delicacies, and have the means to purchase them, you can be gratified."

"I am thankful for your kindness, but I know of nothing now that I wish which it is in your power to give."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



A VIEW OF THE VICTORIA BARRACKS, HONG KONG, CHINA.

ENGLISH BARRACKS, HONG KONG.

Above we give a fine view of the English barracks at Hong Kong, in China. The accompanying account of the present condition of the island will be read with much interest. Hong Kong, "the Red Harbor," is the name given by the Chinese to one of a number of islands called by the Spanish "Ladrones," or "Thieves," from the notorious habits of the inhabitants. It lies about forty miles, east, from Macao, and is eight miles long, and from two to four in breadth. It is separated from the main land of China by a channel of the sea, which varies in width from half a mile to three miles. The Lympoo Pass is about half a mile across. Its physical aspect is that of a broken ridge of hills, the highest being about 1000 feet, running from N.N.W. to S.S.E., and rising abruptly from the sea, particularly on its northern face, where stands the straggling town of Victoria, four miles long. The vegetation of the island during the rainy season is but small; in the other months of the year there is none. Its geology resembles that of the south of China—rotten rock, hard stiff clay, and red sandstone. On digging the foundations for buildings at Victoria a fetid smell arose, caused by a gas, which spreads sickness through the island. There are no marshes to be found, but the heavy rains every year produce a new surface by washing the old into the harbor, which is every year growing shallower from the deposit. Its climate is variable, and, from its sudden transitions, dangerous to the health of its residents. Situate on the verge of the tropics, there is a dry burning heat while the sun is approaching, and during the rainy monsoon a fearful pestiferous gas is emitted from the soil, which, if it does not produce fever and speedy death, has the result of enervating both the body and the mind. The Chinese look upon it as a "fatal" island, and have left it to be inhabited by the very refuse of their population, or for the "outside barbarians." The climate produces the most weakening effects on the European constitution, and few Englishmen can expect to live many years after residing there for some time. Its diseases are endemic fever, diarrhoea, and dysentery. Each European soldier is calculated to pass four times through the hospital in the course of the year. The artillery, infantry, and the crews of the ships stationed there suffer in equal proportion. The

British commander, General d'Aguilar, has declared, that to retain Hong Kong will require the loss of a whole regiment every three years, and that to have 700 effective men, it is necessary to maintain 1400. The graveyard was soon filled, and another was required from the surveyor-general, who found it difficult to point out a proper spot. As to the population and progress, the only known facts are, that in January, 1841, it was ceded to Captain Elliot, and great offers were made by him and Commodore Sir Gordon Bremer to induce settlers to go there. The floating population, on its being taken, was about 7800 smugglers, stonecutters, and vagabonds; in March, 1841, it rose to 12,360; in July, 1845, it was about 19,000; but of the worst characters from the neighboring coast of China, for not one respectable Chinaman had come to settle there during the British occupation.

RUINS OF COWDRAY CASTLE.

We give our readers herewith a view of an old English castle, of a truthful and venerable aspect. These ruins stand about a quarter of a mile east of Midhurst, in the county of Sussex, in England, and form a piece of picturesque scenery that is much admired. Our artist has given a view of a portion of it. At the Conquest this place formed part of the barony of Arundel; but in the time of Henry I., four and a quarter knights'-fees were created by the king in favor of Savarie de Bohun, in whose family the castle continued for many years, and from thence passed into the possession of the Nevilles, and became part of the inheritance of Margaret, countess of Salisbury, daughter of George, duke of Clarence, who resided there. Henry VIII. re-granted her estates, which had been forfeited by the attainder of the countess, to her and her heirs. In 1596 Cowdray was visited by Queen Elizabeth, at the solicitation of its then possessor, Viscount Montacute (Montague). The ancient mansion had then been substituted for one built by the Earl of Southtop, which was destroyed by fire in 1793. The estate by purchase is, we believe, now in the hands of Lord Egmont. It is spoken of as having been a stately pile, with every development of ancient times. The tooth of time has left its mark upon these old relics of feudal ages. Some it has entirely devoured, and obliterated all traces of them. Of some the remains still stand in gloomy grandeur, covered with the moss of ages—the crumbling mementos of greatness and power long since passed from the earth. What tales of thrilling interest would these old baronial castles relate, could their walls embody in speech the deeds transacted within their enclosures! What thousand voices of joy, what notes of sorrow, what records of domestic affection, what details of daring, of chivalry, ay, and of crimes, too, dark and terrible, would stand out to the gaze, could these decaying monuments of the past but daguerreotype the scenes of which they have been witness! Some of these fabrics were noble specimens of architecture, and some were massive prison-houses, where scenes of feudal oppression were enacted, grinding into the very vitals of the people. But all these records both of the power and the tyranny of ancient times must soon disappear before the more social and humane regime of the present age.



RUINS OF COWDRAY CASTLE, SUSSEX COUNTY, ENGLAND.

PORTRAITS OF AFRICAN SLAVES.

We present on the page herewith three characteristic portraits of Brazilian slaves. The marks discernible upon the faces of two of the portraits are indelible, and caused by branding, a cruel operation which these ignorant creatures voluntarily submit to, thinking these marks ornaments. Even Brazil has now joined with all the rest of the world in declaring the slave trade to be piracy, and no more will be imported from Africa. Spain has ostensibly done the same thing, but the authorities of Cuba wink at the business, and receive large bribes from the dealers in the traffic. The portraits which we present are those of imported slaves, African born. Tattooing, or indelible marking of the body, is very common in Africa, and indeed among very many other uncivilized races, people and countries, as the South Sea



PORTRAIT OF A MOZAMBIQUE SLAVE WOMAN, IN BRAZIL.

Islanders, New Zealanders, etc., etc. The negro race of which we give the accompanying specimens, however, show a passion for ornaments that amounts almost to a mania. The native region of the negro seems to be the central portion of Africa, though some tribes of the negro variety have been found in America and the South Sea Islands. The negro formation prevails in Western Africa in the region of the Gambia and Senegal; extending southwards, is most strongly marked in Guinea, and passes gradually over into the Caffre and Hottentot formation. In Eastern Africa, it commences to the south of Abyssinia; prevails in Zanguebar and Monomotapa, though not in general pure. Of the tribes in the more central part of Africa, little is known. The heat of the climate, in all these regions, may have some effect upon the tint of the skin, but is by no means the only or the principal cause of the black color, since, under the same climates of the torrid zone, there are found all shades of complexion. White



PORTRAIT OF A MOZAMBIQUE SLAVE, IN BRAZIL.

men in Africa only become somewhat swarther, but never black, even in a succession of generations, unless they intermingle with the negroes; and blacks, in other regions and climates, are not found to lose their native hue. The seat of the black color is the *rete mucosum*, and the external surface of the true skin, and when the *rete mucosum* is destroyed, as by disease, etc., the color is lost; so, in parts of the body where the epidermis is unusually thick (the palms of the hand and the soles of the feet), it is of a lighter shade. Negroes are also distinguished from the other races by other external, and by some anatomical peculiarities, particularly in the conformation of the cranium. The projection of the whole visage in advance of the forehead; the prolongation of the upper and lower jaws; the small facial angle they evince, the flatness of the forehead and of the hinder part of the head, together with the compression in the direction of the temples, allowing less space for the brain than in some other varieties; the woolly, frizzled hair; the short, broad and flat nose; the thick, projecting lips, with many other peculiarities of formation, constitute some of the characteristics of the negro or Ethiopic race. The African tribes of this variety have in general elevated themselves so far above the simple state of nature, as to have reduced the lower animals to subjection, constructed settled habitations, practised a rude agriculture, and manufactured some articles of clothing or ornament. In political institutions they have made no advance, their governments being simple despotisms, without any regular organization. Their religion is merely the instinctive expression of the religious feeling in its lowest form of fetishism. Their languages are described as extremely rude and imperfect; almost destitute of construction, and incapable of expressing abstractions. They have no art of conveying thoughts or events by writing, not even by the simplest symbolical characters. The negro character, if inferior in intellectual vigor, is marked by a

warmth of social affections, and a kindness and tenderness of feeling, which even the atrocities of foreign oppression have not been able to stifle. All travellers concur in describing the negro as mild, amiable, simple, hospitable, unsuspecting and faithful. They are passionately fond of music, and they express their hopes and fears in extemporary effusions of song. The opinion formerly maintained, that they were of an inferior variety of animals, would not now find an advocate, or a convert, even in the ignorance or the worst passions of the whites. Whether they are capable of reaching to the same height of intellectual cultivation as the Europeans, is a question on which we need more facts before any decision can be arrived at.



PORTRAIT OF A BENGUELA SLAVE, IN BRAZIL.

THE ROYAL TIGER.

Below we give a good representation of this ferocious animal. The tiger and the lion are the largest and most powerful of the cat kind. The tiger is found only in the East Indies, in Hindoostan, Siam, Cochio-China, Malacca and the isles of Suada. Its strength and sanguinary disposition are such that it is the terror of the inhabitants in those countries; and no animal, except the elephant, is capable of resisting it. It even comes into the midst of villages, in the night time, for the purpose of carrying off cattle. The color is yellow, with transverse black stripes; and the tail has alternate black and yellow rings. The pupil of the eye is round. It resembles the other animals of the cat tribe in every respect, and can be tamed as easily as the lion. Its voice is very powerful, and resembles that of the lion.



A REPRESENTATION OF THE ROYAL TIGER.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

KEEP AT WORK.

BY NEALE BERNARD.

Busy hands are apt and pliant,
 Hopeful hearts are warm and bright;
 Labor's voice bids strong-armed, giant
 Drones arouse their inert might.

Laggards have no title places,
 No great good in future store;
 No stern eyes, nor honest faces,
 No frank hearts to truth onpouze.

None hut stalwart labor-learners,
 Tollers never ceasing strife,
 Can attain to earth-discerners
 Of the true and perfect life.

Out rude masses forms of beauty
 Life-like spring from master hand;
 So good deeds from faith and duty,
 Emanate to bless our land.

World-wide tollers, skillful moulders,
 Delvers in the glorious arts,
 Ye are nations' destiny holders,
 Men of brave and honest hearts.

Carbers of the lightnings subtle,
 Weavers of consummate skill,
 Through the loom the darting shuttle
 Speed ye, working wonders still.

Nations' wealth and power and blessing,
 Shapers of a country's fate,
 Front are we such worth possessing,
 To construct and re-creates.

Keep at work!

Toll keeps hand and heart from rusting,
 Buoyant soul, unlettered mind;
 Look back hopeful, forward trusting
 Good reward's above enshrined.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE BORROWED TOOLS.

A SKETCH FOR FARMERS.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

SAMUEL THOMPSON and Nathan Holmes were both of them farmers, and they were also near neighbors. Their land was situated upon a beautiful ridge, and was strong and productive. In the natural capacity of the soil, there was not a cent's worth of difference in the two farms, but yet they bore a very dissimilar aspect after they had been worked a number of years. Mr. Thompson's buildings looked neat and tidy. His door-yard was clean, his windows were whole, his barn was snug and warm, his orchard looked thrifty, and the trees were carefully dressed and pruned. Now Mr. Holmes had no more of a family to support than did his neighbor, but yet his house and out-buildings, and the rural aspect of his farm were very different. A few rags were to be seen in spots where there should have been panes of glass; various things were kicking about in the yard that should have been in other places; there were large cracks in his barn, through which the rain and snow sometimes beat; his apple trees were scabbed with old bark, and the tops were disfigured by scragly, dead limbs. Mr. Holmes worked hard—harder, if anything, than did Mr. Thompson; but yet his matters were always at loose ends, and he often wondered how it was that his neighbor pushed things along so smoothly, and kept everything in such excellent order.

"Ah, Thompson," said Holmes, one day in early spring, as he came up to the door of the former, "have you got an inch auger?"

"Certainly," returned Thompson; "I couldn't get along on a farm without one."

"I wish you would lend it to me a little while. I have delayed sowing my grain for two days, because my harrow is broken, and I had no tools with which to mend it."

"I will lend it to you with pleasure," said Thompson. And then, as a sudden thought seemed to strike him, he added:

"They tell me, Mr. Holmes, that you lost one of your cows yesterday."

"Yes," returned Holmes, with an uneasy look, "one of the best cows I had."

"But how did it happen?"

"She broke her leg."

"Broke her leg? How, pray?"

"Why, you see the floor in my tie-up had got rather worn and shaky, and night before last she got one of her legs through it, and snapped the bone off like a pipe-stem, so I had to kill her."

"Ah, Mr. Holmes, those are things we farmers ought to guard against. A very little labor at the proper time would have saved all that."

"I know it," said Holmes, with a downcast look; "and I should have fixed the floor long ago if I had had the tools. But it's no use in crying now. What's done, can't be helped."

That was always a source of great consolation to Mr. Holmes. When a thing was done, he tried to feel satisfied with the reflection that it could not be undone, though he seldom laid up the experience for future use. Mr. Thompson turned towards the shed door, and led the way up into a neat, light chamber, and Holmes followed. Here was a stout bench, all fixed for handy use, and upon it were a full set of planes, saws, gauges, mallets, hammers, etc., while in a small rack against the partition, were

arranged a set of chisels, gimlets, files and screw-drivers, and overhead hung some half dozen different sized augers. In short, there was everything here that a man could possibly need in building and repairing about the house.

Mr. Thompson took down an inch auger and handed it to his neighbor, and as he did so he remarked:

"I haven't seen your son Thomas about for two or three days. Is he sick?"

"Well, not exactly sick, but he's got a very bad foot. He can't step on it."

"Ah, how did that happen?"

"He trod on an old rusty nail in the barn-floor, and it went into his foot some ways."

"Wh-e-w! that's bad," uttered Thompson, with a sympathetic shudder. "I never allow my boys to be around much barefooted. I have found that the pricks and bruises generally cost more than shoe-leather, aside from the comfort and looks."

"O, Thomas wasn't barefooted, but you see there was a hole in the bottom of his shoe. I meant to have carried it down to the village and had it mended, but I forgot it."

"Ah, friend Holmes, I save all such difficulties as that. I always keep a little leather by me, and then when there is a little tapping or patching to be done, I can fix it up in a few minutes. All these things can be done during rainy days, when I might otherwise be lying idle."

"Well," returned Holmes, "I suppose I could cobble a shoe well enough if I only had the tools; but it takes quite a collection of implements to fill up a cobbler's bench. However, what's done can't be helped. I guess Tom'll be out in a day or two. But I must hurry off now and fix my harrow."

It took Mr. Holmes nearly all day to mend his harrow, so that he had to postpone the harrowing of his land till the next morning, and when he at length got his grain into the ground, he was just five days behind his neighbor Thompson. His son was confined to the house over a week, and during that time he had to hire an extra hand, which cost him about four dollars, besides the doctor's bill he had to pay. When it came baying time, he had to buy new rakes, because the old ones had gone to rack and ruin. Perhaps they had started with the loss of a few teeth, or the breaking of a bow, or, perhaps, even the head might have got broken, and thus, instead of saving a good handle, etc., and making the other parts that were needed, for the want of proper tools, he was obliged to buy new rakes entire. So in all the departments of his business, he was constantly meeting with obstacles that retarded his progress, and all for the want of a few simple tools.

One rainy day in the fall, after the harvesting was completed, Mr. Thompson was in his tool-chamber making some apple-boxes, when his neighbor Holmes entered.

"Thompson," said the latter, after he had watched the movements of his neighbor's fore-plane a few moments, "how much did that ox-sled of yours cost? I have got to have me one this winter."

"O, that cost me nothing. I made it myself during some of those rainy days that we had just before harvesting. I got the timber out when I hauled out my wood last winter, so the job came quite easy."

"Well, neighbor Thompson," said Holmes, after some little time spent in hard study, "I don't see how it is that you get along so. Your farm don't produce any more than mine does, and I'm sure you don't work so hard as I do. Your wife don't make better butter or cheese than mine does, your sheep don't bear better wool, your bees don't make better honey. You raise more fruit than I do, to be sure."

"But I have no more trees," said Thompson.

"No,—but then your fruit is of a better quality and finds a more ready market."

"Certainly,—because I have grafted in the best species. My trees were the same as yours twelve years ago; and with regard to other matters, I think if you will look about the two places you will find that in many respects mine is the most productive. My cows give more milk than yours do through the winter, because they have better shed room and a warmer barn. I raise more pork than you do, because my pens and pig-houses are tight and comfortable; and then I am inclined to think that my bees make rather more honey than yours do, for my hives are in better order. I may not raise more corn than you do, but I guess the rats and squirrels don't have such easy entrance to my grain-chambers as they do to yours."

"Perhaps you are right," muttered Holmes, with a crest-fallen look; "and I suppose you are laying by money."

"Certainly I am,—one or two hundred dollars every year."

"So much as that?" uttered Holmes, with a look of surprise.

"Why, I can't lay up a cent."

"Let me give you a bit of a secret," said Thompson, in a kind, neighborly tone, as he laid his plane upon the bench. "Last summer you bought four new rakes and a pitch-fork. Now how much did they cost you?"

"Let's see: The rakes were twenty-five cents apiece, and the fork came to a dollar."

"Well, now my fork-handle got broken accidentally last winter, and so did some of the rakes; but I immediately took such parts as were good and brought them up here, and then at my first leisure opportunity, I fixed them up. There are two dollars saved. Now you have nothing to do to-day."

"No, it rains too hard."

And yet you see I am at work. Now how are you going to get your apple-boxes?"

"Maroon is going to make them for me, and I am to give him a barrel of good apples."

"There are two dollars more. Now if you hire a sled made as good as mine, it will cost you twelve dollars. That will be sixteen dollars that I have laid up, while you have been able to do nothing. Now let us see how that sixteen dollars will multiply itself. You sold your wool last spring, as soon as you had sheared your sheep?"

"Yes,—I had to, for I needed the money."

"And how much did you get?"

"Thirty cents a pound."

"If you had had sixteen dollars by you in ready cash, you wouldn't have been obliged to have sold then?"

"No," returned Holmes, whose eyes were beginning to open. "I could have squeezed along with that sum."

"Now," continued Thompson, "I sold my wool yesterday, and they sent to my door and took it. I got forty-two cents a pound for it. I had one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and by reckoning it over after I had sold it, I found that I had made just twenty-one dollars; that is,—I had obtained twelve cents more on a pound than I should if I had been obliged to have sold when you did. So you see how these little things multiply themselves."

"And this all comes of your having tools to work with," said Holmes, in a sort of subdued tone.

"Mostly," returned Thompson.

"Well, if I had tools I might save a good many small sums in the course of the year, but I never have the money to spare for them. Why, the tools you have here and in the house, over and above your farming utensils, must be worth fifty dollars."

"Just about that sum."

"Then I fear I shall have to scrape along with borrowed tools. I can never spare any such sum as that."

"You don't understand the secret, Mr. Holmes. Let me explain. I never should have gone with a fifty-dollar bill and bought tools, but I have collected them gradually. I have bought every tool I have on the premises with my grog-money."

"Grog-money!" iterated Holmes, in blank surprise.

"Yes," returned Thompson, with a slight smile,—"with my grog-money. Now I am not going to give you a temperance lecture, for you are as well able to judge for yourself as I am; but I am going to give you a little principle of economy, and show you its consequent comfort, content and happiness. The first year I was on this farm, I used occasionally to take a little spirit, and whenever I would go to the village, which was usually twice a week, I would drink two or three times. I know not that I experienced any bad effects from it, but I am confident it did me no good, and that it was a habit that might grow to a big evil. As near as I could calculate, the spirit I had used cost me on an average twenty-five cents a week. I suppose it costs you that now."

"Yes, every cent of it."

"Well, I commenced on the first day of January to lay up my grog-money, and with that disposition came a peculiar desire to commence saving in other ways, and I soon found the means of stopping up many more gaps in my financial affairs. I saw how much might be saved if I could only do some of the work that I was then obliged to pay for, and to this end I commenced buying such tools as I thought would come most handy. At the end of the first year, I found myself the owner of thirteen dollars' worth of tools, and it had all come from the money I might otherwise have drank up. I felt stronger and heartier than I did the year before, and I felt much happier, for I knew that I was laying the foundation for future good. Time passed on, and my twenty-five cents a week kept coming in. It was now a saw, then a hammer, then another plane, then a new auger, then a bit-stock and bits, until, in eleven years, I have, not only collected an excellent variety of tools, but I have drawn directly from my grog-fund nearly a hundred dollars in cash besides; but the value of my tools cannot be estimated in money, as I have already shown you. They are not only a source of great profit, but they are also a source of an incalculable degree of comfort. A small gap in a man's business affairs may seem a trifling thing at first, but it is like a little hole in the bank that confines the high waters of a lake. The almost insignificant stream will be sure to grow frightfully larger, and unless soon stopped up, the pure waters of the lake will ere long lose themselves in the neighboring streams. I believe, my friend, that in giving up my grog, I have not sacrificed one single comfort. Now don't you think you would feel full as well without it? Compare the products of your grog-money with the products of mine."

Mr. Holmes made no answer, but he poked deep down into the shavings with his feet, as though he expected to find an idea there.

"Thompson," he said at length, "I wish you had explained this to me years ago."

"I was afraid it might offend you, for to touch upon a man's private affairs is at best a delicate matter."

"I know it,—but Natban Holmes is not the man to be offended with his friend for kind admonition and instruction."

"Well," said Thompson, with a look of extreme gratification, "it is not too late now to commence, and if ever you have an opportunity to take advantage of the market, and if fifty dollars or so would be of any use to you, I will lead it to you with pleasure."

Mr. Holmes thanked his friend with moistened eyes, and shortly afterwards he went to his own home. The next day he went to the village, but instead of bringing home his little brown jug, he brought home an auger, and he felt really proud when he found himself at work with one of his own tools.

The winter passed away, and when spring came, Holmes found himself the owner of six dollars' worth of tools, and all from money that he would have worse than wasted had he not have

bought them. But this thing operated in many ways for good. Now that he had the ability to fix up his buildings without borrowing tools, he began to take a degree of pride in them that he had never felt before. He built racks and stands for his farming utensils, reset his windows, fixed up his bee-hives and roofed them over, tightened his barn, and during the rainy days, he found himself with plenty of useful and profitable work to do. His children never wear wordless shoes now, nor do his cows break through the barn-floor, but he is a happy, thriving, contented farmer. His cows give as much milk, his bees make as much honey, his trees yield as many and as good apples, his clumbers hold as much grain, and he gets as much money for his wool as does his neighbor Thompson, and all this is because he stopped his grog and bought his own tools, and left off depending upon his neighbors for what he ought to do for himself.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

EMILY.

BY CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.

I will hope for the future! My dreams of the past
Have been thuctured with sadness, sometimes with regret;
Too early life's sunshine with clouds was o'ercast,
I will hope for the future, and strive to forget.

I will hope for the future! I knew not before
That fortune delighted in changeable moods;
It was told me of late by a sweet little sprite,
Who comes to me often and never intrudes.

She told me whenever a heavy cloud
Came up to darken my path of light,
To look beyond with a fearless eye—
One spot in the future was ever bright.

And I mean to obey her,—besides, she not love
Lest a halcyon charm to my heart's sweet dreams?
And although I know that his rosy smile
Is not always as true and as bright as it seems—

Yet I mean to believe it, and strive to forget
That the past has not always with pleasure been fraught;
I will live for the future, and happiness yet
Shall be mine, though with many a tear-drop 'tis bought.

BIOGRAPHICAL WRITING.

Biography written in a true spirit, while something quite different from history, is nevertheless, an important supplement and aid to it, throwing light into its dark corners, and explaining its obscurity. For the historian, in the spirit of the painter or poet, must dispense with all the minutiae of detail which would interfere with the effect of his conception. He has a broad canvass, crowded with many figures, and in the grouping of these, the bringing out of strong points, the handling of the light and shade, many minor points must be obliterated, or thrown into the background. He presents us with truth, indeed, but not with the whole truth. The historian shows us the warrior in the hour of battle, on the field of review, or in the pomp of a military triumph; the statesman in the light of a senatorial victory, as he appears before the broad gaze of the world; the divine clad in his sacerdotal robe, at the high altar, or in the pulpit, at the moment of addressing listening crowds, and swaying the hearts of men by the fervor of his eloquence. The biographer, on the other hand, dealing with individuals and not with masses, painting portraits and not groups, is permitted a more elaborate finish in the treatment of his subject. He shows us the soldier, not only in the hour of battle, but in the privacy of his tent, or in the bosom of his family; the statesman in his study, or unbending from his public tasks to social intercourse; the divine in the daily walks of life, in the discharge of parochial duties, amid the toils and trials common to all humanity. The biographer is often at variance with the historian in treating the same subject. He often shows us the littleness of the great; for many a prominent actor in the world's great drama wears a mask upon the public stage that conceals his real features. Few men are found abroad, beneath the searching light of heaven, with the same aspect of soul, the same undisguised native promptings, visible in every act and word, as characterize them at their own firesides, and surrounded by those who know them most intimately. It is truly going "behind the scenes" to enter the domestic circle, for there the artificial man must be dropped, the cloak that is sometimes worn before the eyes of the world is laid aside, and we have the soul unmasked indeed.—*Life of Hosca Ballou.*

ALEXANDER POPE.

He cherished his religion confessedly as a plea for idleness. The result of all this was, that in his habit of thinking and of study, if study we can call a style of reading so desultory as his, Pope became a pure *dilettante*; in his intellectual eclecticism he was a mere epicure, toying with the delicacies and variances of literature; revelling in the first bloom of moral speculations, but sated immediately; fastidiously retreating from all that threatened labor, or from all that exacted continuous attention; fathoming, throughout all his vagrancies, amongst cooks, no foundation; filling up no chasms; and with all his fertility of thought expanding no germs of new life. This career of luxurious indolence was the result of early luck which made it possible, and of bodily constitution which made it tempting. And when we remember his youthful introduction to the highest circles in the metropolis, where he never lost his footing, we cannot wonder that, without any sufficient motive for resistance, he should have sunk passively under his constitutional propensities, and should have flattered amongst the flower-beds of literature or philosophy far more in the character of a libertine butterfly for casual enjoyment, than of a hard-working bee pursuing a premeditated purpose.—*De Quincy.*

PRIDE.—Diogenes, being at Olympia, saw at that celebrated festival some young men of Rhodes, magnificently dressed. Smiling, he exclaimed, "This is pride." Afterwards meeting some Lacedaemonians, who were in a mean and sordid dress, he said, "This also is pride." The keen observation of the philosopher enabled him to detect pride in these two opposite exhibitions of human nature.

Some play for gain; to pass time, others play
For nothing; both do play the fool, I say;
Nor time or coin I'll lose, or idly spend;
Who gets by play, proves loser in the end.—*Hearth.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

WAIFS FROM WASHINGTON.

No. XI.

BY BEN PERLEY POORE.

Adieu to the session! 'tis over—
The city no longer is gay—
The member, the gambler, the lover,
Are scattered like swallows away.
The landlords aglow are at leisure—
Though a few office-seekers remain,
Poor fellows, to see little pleasure,
For most of them labor in vain.

Adieu to the session! the speaker,
Though sometimes both prosy and long—
The claimants who fattened like leeches—
The outsiders, importunate throng—
The pleasures, which fashion made dross—
The praises of fiddles and flutes—
The luxury of flirting with beauties—
The tedium of talking to mates.

Adieu to the session! Another
Will come, with its trifles and toys,
And hurry away, like its brother,
In sunshine, and perfume, and noise.
Will it come with a rose or a briar?
Will it come with a blessing or curse?
Will its dresses be lower or higher?
Will its morals be better or worse?
Will it find me grown thinner or fatter?
Or fonder of wrong or of right?
Or married, or buried? No matter—
Adieu to the session! Good night.

A prologue like the above, friend reader, is a specimen of the expedients which Washington letter writers are reduced to, at this season. Like a garrison, when their stock of provisions is consumed, we are driven to resort to what we should never otherwise think of meddling with, and re-hash poetry for want of original prose to serve up.

The removals and appointments, this year, have kept the metropolis alive a good month longer than it usually shows signs of animation after the close of a session, and the fishers of men who manage the telegraphic drag-nets have landed many a good haul. True, their productions were often decidedly piscatorial in point of fact, and at times important facts escaped their meshes, and were out in the open sea of gossip ere any "special telegraphic correspondent" could catch them. But they have done yeomen service, these caterers for the telegraph; and their employers, especially the proprietors of the New York journals, deserve great credit for their liberal outlays. Little think those who skim over the telegraphic despatches of such a paper as the Daily Times how much money, labor and thought they have cost—how many hands and minds have been employed to convey the rumor floating about the White House, via. correspondent, telegraph, editor, type, press and carrier, to the subscribers. Yet he has it at his breakfast table, and duplicates of it, by the thousand, are sent over the length and breadth of the Republic—price two cents.

President Pierce has naturally been the centre of attraction—not only to the cormorants seeking places, but to the thousands of citizens who have centered at the metropolis. No power could have ordained, no wealth purchased, the homage of the heart which he has received,—nor has any one seen him, to my knowledge, that has not been pleased with his cordial frankness, his hospitable kindness. There is evidently nothing of cunning in his nature, nothing of duplicity in his composition, and language, with him, is the utterance of his real sentiments and feelings. Indeed, I find some of his warmest admirers in the ranks of his political opponents, and the ancient signals will soon be useless as rallying points. The Guelph of Whiggism finds himself by the side of the Democratic Ghibeline, and is not startled by the juxtaposition, for each is ready to battle for the constitution. And all recognize in President Pierce a champion who will sustain that sacred charter of independence, in defiance of bigotry and intolerance—bearing himself proudly in addressing foreign rulers—considering every citizen of the Republic as a sovereign—and only bowing to the King of kings as he solicits "the kind Providence that smiled on our fathers, to preserve the blessings inherited by their children."

The Cabinet officers are well known, and favorably known. Marcy, the able politician, well versed in the machinery of government—Guthrie, whose integrity is equal to his height, and who cannot be easily swerved—Davis, a gallant soldier, who was worthy to be the son-in-law of General Taylor—Dobbin, worthy and well qualified to elevate our depreciated marine—McLelland, who has won high honors in the interior already—Campbell, one of the ablest men in the country—and last, although by no means least, Cushing, who enjoys a deservedly high reputation for learning and talents. Prodigious interests, national and social, are confided to the President, and he has, in the above Cabinet, seven advisers well qualified to counsel him, and to preside over the different departments of government. Yet, if I am not mistaken, President Pierce does not confine his hopes of support to his Cabinet, or to the majorities of his party in each House of Congress. He knows politicians are "weak vessels," and is too good a pilot to embark his hold upon the republican heart in a fleet which can at any time be wrecked by a breath of disaffection sweeping over the surface of popular feeling. Even the proudest ship does not sway the under-currents of the ocean depth, but is as much their toy as the veriest straw that floats on the surface—and the President, by rejecting all consequential supporters, can find a staunch allegiance among the masses. Millions will appreciate his patriotic course, and rally "as a unit" in the support of his administration.

The consumption of paper for the "memorials" must have been enormous, for every office-seeker brought—on an average—five quires. One, and I am sorry to say that he was unsuccessful, came armed with over three hundred letters, coming from members of his State Legislature, chairmen of committees of nine, and secretaries of sub-committees of five. In Ohio, this wholesale system of recommendation was capitally rebuked by a waggish senator, who run a deep-set saw into the endorsing amiability of his brother legislators. Drawing up a paper (as the Cincinnati Gazette informs the world), which in its heading purported to be a memorial to President Pierce, requesting an office for one of the unterrified, he easily obtained the signatures of his "grave and reverend" fellow-honorables. At last one of them, not liking a suppressed chuckling from some "outsiders," read the paper just as he had appended his autograph, and then discovered that he and his brother members had been giving their joint note for one thousand dollars. He smiled ghastly, coughed, said it was "carrying the joke rather too far, but the note was deemed well endorsed."

Prominent in real influence at head-quarters, and never associated with the political gamblers in Congress, is the Hon. Mr. Little, from the Marshfield district, Massachusetts, who was the only Quaker member of the last House. He is a self-educated, staunch yeoman—such a man as was common in Revolutionary days, but seldom found now. True, he has not made a rattling speech, or slapped a secretary's face, or got drunk in the lunch-room, or been seen at sunrise near the gas-works, or acted as other "honorable men" have. But he has ever been in his seat, ready to give his excellent judgment when it has been solicited, and I am happy to add my feeble homage to the praise bestowed upon his conduct by other writers. A score of such men would lighten Congress, and the now sodden mass would rise into buoyant, wholesome utility.

The hotels here must have coined money, for the week preceding the inauguration they doubled their prices, and hundreds have paid \$4 00 per day for the privileges of sleeping on one of a dozen cots in a reading-room, and dining on what they could secure by scrambling. As for the bar-rooms, there has been a consumption of spirits rivaling the streams which flooded the gutters of Portland under Mr. Dow's administration; yet such has been the mental excitement that I have seen but few drunken men in the streets. Between here and New York, comfort is an unknown word, and I shall hasten to the American House, at Boston, where the pleasant host and his aid, Major Richardson, will soon make me forget the discomforts of the journey. As to the railroads, upon which a traveller is some dozen hours in creeping over three hundred miles, varied by intervening omnibuses, ferry-boats, and extortionate purveyors of indifferent fares, they are emphatically a "noisance." "There," said Mr. Pickwick, "that word expresses it all."

So endeth my last "Waif;" and long before it meets the eye of my readers, I shall have returned to my northern home, well content with my winter's sojourn at the metropolis. The large circulation of the Pictorial, which obliges its energetic and liberal proprietor to "put it to press" long before its date, has prevented my writing with that freshness which can be given to the "sight drafts" for a daily paper. But it is pleasing to reflect that I have steered clear of party politics—sought no favor—dealt no ungenerous blows—and gleaned everything within my reach calculated to amuse and instruct my readers. *Pax vobiscum!* Wa may meet again, and now,

"Ye who have traced the pilgrim to the scene
Which is his home—if in your memories dwell
A thought that once was his, if on ye swell
A single recollection; not in vain
He wore his sandal-shoon, and scallop-shell—
Farewell!"

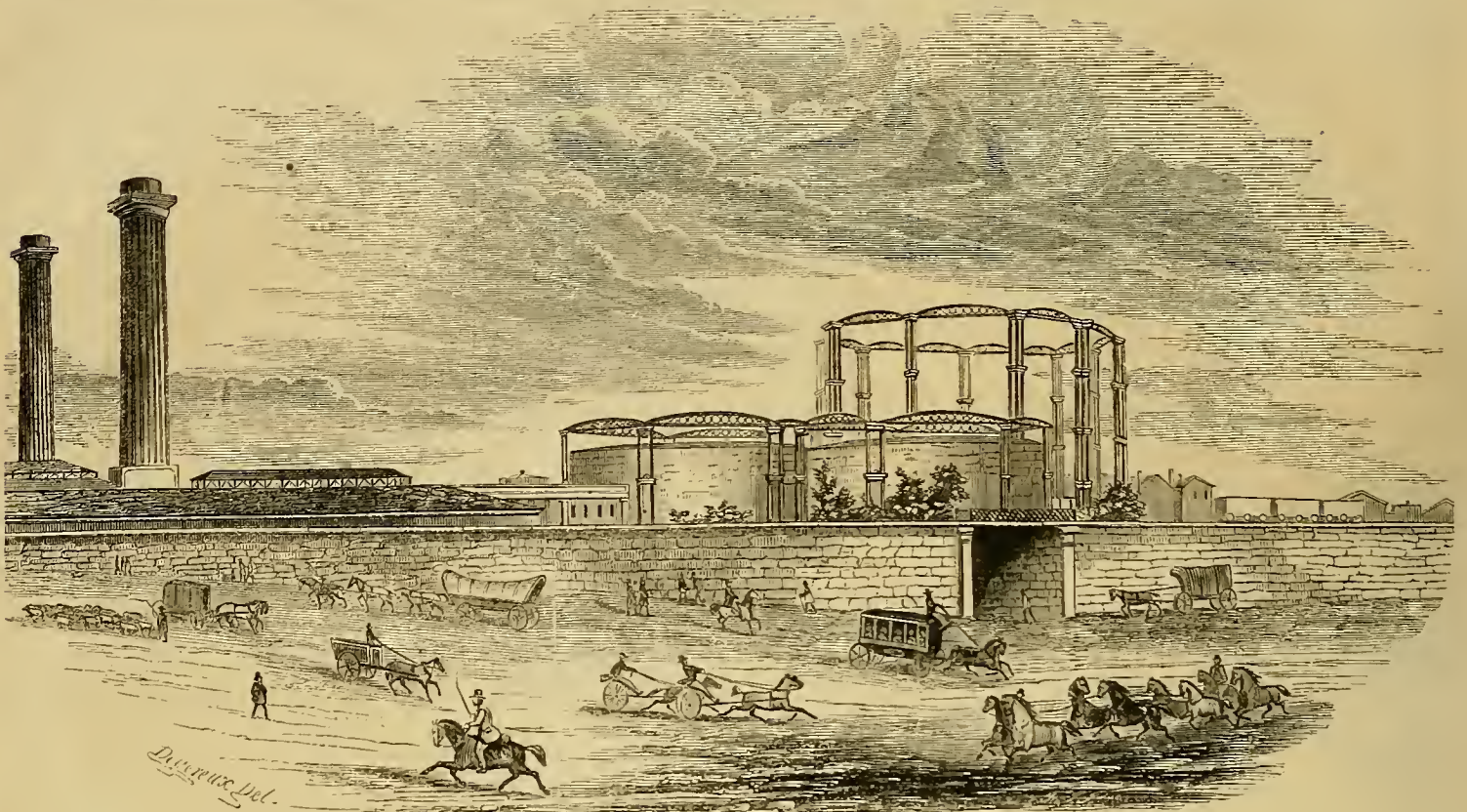
THE AMERICAN MERCHANT.

The American merchant is a type of the restless, adventurous, onward going race of people. He sends his merchandize all over the earth; stocks every market; makes wants, that he may supply them; covers the New Zealander with Southern cotton wove in Northern looms; builds hocks of stores in the Sandwich Islands; swaps with the Fejee cannibals; sends the whaleship among the icebergs of the poles, or to wander in solitary seas, till the log-book tells the tedious sameness of years, and boys become men; gives the ice of a Northern winter to the Torrid Zone, piles up Fresh Pond on the banks of the Hoogly, gladdens the sunny savannahs of the dreamy South, and makes life tolerable in the bungalow of an Indian jungle. The lakes of New England awake to life the rivers of the saltry East, and the antipodes of the earth come in contact at this "meeting of the waters." The white canvass of the American ship glances in every nook of every ocean. Scarcely has the slightest intimation come of some obscure, unknown corner of a remote sea, when the captain is consulting his charts, in full career for the "terra incognita."—*Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.*

WHAT SAND IS.

Sand is rock, and other hard substances, reduced into powder of various degrees of coarseness. And there was, therefore, no sand in chaos. While the earth was still without form and void, the materials of which sand is composed had not assumed their present peculiar character, for sand is a highly-manufactured article, and requires time for its production. A bran-new planet can no more have sands (unless ready-made) spread over it, than a new park can be adorned with symmetrical avenues of old staggard oak trees. Allowing, then, for the small proportion of sand which the winds, the rains and the rivers have ground out for us, what an old established concern the ocean wavemill must be, to have pounded thus finely for us the immense quantity of sand which we have in the world!—*Dickens.*

It is as meritorious to attempt sharing in a good man's heart as it is contemptible to have a design upon a rich man's money. A noble nature aims its attentions breast high; a mean mind levels its paltry assiduities at his pocket.



REPRESENTATION OF THE GAS WORKS, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA GAS WORKS.

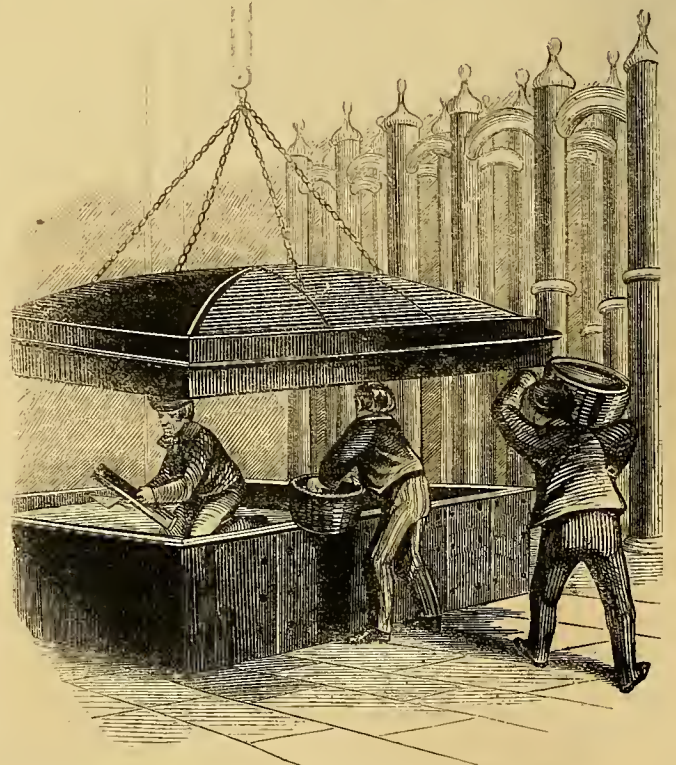
To the year 1835, the erection of the Gas Works was authorized by the corporation of the city of Philadelphia. A small amount of money only was at first expended, simply for the purpose of testing its economy and usefulness. It would seem strange that the good citizens of our sister city should have doubted for a moment the feasibility and economy of such an undertaking, when some eight or ten years before, gas light had been so well tested and adopted by both New York and Boston; for as early as 1826, this brilliant light was used in many stores in Washington street. One in particular of which we well remember—the arcade and stationery store of Isaac W. Goodrich, in State street. Be that as it may, the unenlightened corporation of Philadelphia shrunk from any innovation upon old established systems, and they also regarded it an unsafe means of yielding artificial light. However, old landmarks were soon swept away, and intelligence and enlarged experience, soon acknowledged its superiority over “whale oil,” bog’s lard and “penny dips.” The Philadelphians may now well boast of their gas works and their water works; they form some of the chief attractions of the city. Our artist has given us a correct view of the works from Market street, which we herewith present, accompanied by views of interest in different departments of the establishment. The works cover some eight acres, with a river front of 800 feet on the Schuylkill. In the

establishment there are some four or five different sections, each one of which is an independent gas factory of itself, and capable of management unconnected with the others. The separate buildings comprise two retort-houses, two purifying-houses, two metre-rooms, containing six station metres, and four conical governors, two ranges of workshops, and coke sheds and offices, three coal-stores, two perpetual lime kilns, and eleven gas-holders. The retort-houses are 195 feet long and forty-eight feet wide, comprising eight sections, containing 240 retorts; they are built of brick, and rest upon arches supported by cast iron girders, giving space for the storage of over 50,000 bushels of coal beneath the floors; the roof-frames are of wrought iron, covered with slate; the height of the chimneys is one hundred feet. The range of offices, metre-rooms and workshops, belonging to the old works, is 133 feet by twenty, the coke-shed 170 by twenty-four feet, and the coal shed eighty by fifty feet, arranged round a hollow square. The extent of the range of offices, smith-shops and metre-house of the new works is 122 by 120 feet; the coke-shed, store-rooms, etc., 270 by twenty-two feet. Between the retort-houses, is an underground coal-store, forty by 190 feet, capable of containing 40,000 bushels. The lime-kilns are built of stone, in the usual form of perpetual kilns. The southern coal-store is constructed in four sections, one hundred feet long, thirty feet wide, joined side by side, so that they constitute one building, 100 by 120 feet, with a

roof supported on stone piers eighteen feet high; its capacity is about 200,000 bushels. The old works contain eight gas-holders, of fifty feet diameter and 35,000 cubic feet capacity each. Of those connected with the new division, two are of eighty feet diameter, containing 200,000 cubic feet each, and one of 140 feet diameter, with a capacity of one million cubic feet, all of the telescope form. The guide frames of these gas-holders are entirely of cast iron; those of the eighty feet holders are composed of six stands of fluted columns, arranged in pairs, with an entablature to each pair, and raised to three tiers in height—there being thirty-six columns to each gas-holder—the whole bound together at the top by iron open-work girders. The large holder is guided by twelve sets of columns, standing in groups of three, raised four tiers high; the lower tier is of the Tuscan, the second Doric, the third Ionic, and the upper the Corinthian order of architecture. The number of columns is 144, and the whole height of the structure above the coping of the tank, is seventy-four feet, and the depth of the tank thirty six feet. A high standard of illuminating quality of gas has been adopted and constantly maintained at these works, by the use of the proper varieties of coals, or by the addition of a proportion of resin, when the coals should chance to fall below the proper standard. The quality aimed at, is that designated “twenty-candle gas;” that is to say, the light of an argand burner, consuming four feet an hour, is equal to that of



THE RETORT ROOM IN THE PHILADELPHIA GAS WORKS.



THE PURIFYING ROOM IN THE PHILADELPHIA GAS WORKS.



THE METRE ROOM IN THE PHILADELPHIA GAS WORKS.

twenty sperm candles, six to the pound. This quality has generally been obtained, without the aid of resin, by the use of certain varieties of coals from the western part of the State. The quantity of gas manufactured during the year, is one hundred and eighty-two millions and sixteen thousand cubic feet. A more definite notion of the magnitude of this volume of gas will be obtained, by converting it into gallons, of which it will make seven and a half millions, or about the same as the daily consumption of hydrant water in the summer months. The extent of main pipes laid in the streets, is five hundred thousand two hundred and sixty-seven feet, or about ninety-four and three fourths miles! The number of metres in use is 9238, and the whole number of customers on the books is 9216, using 115,004 lights, besides 1464 in the streets, fifty in the market houses, and sixty-four in the public squares. The total extent of street, main and service pipe is nearly 115 miles. Extensive as are these works, it appears that they will not be adequate to supply the increasing demand; it is therefore proposed to erect new works. A desirable location has been obtained for this purpose, containing about seventy acres, at Point Breeze, immediately on the banks of the River Schuylkill, on which additional works are to be erected at once. It is contemplated, in time, to remove the old works to this place entirely.

THE PATENT OFFICE AT WASHINGTON,

Of which we give a view below, occupies a commanding position, a few squares from Pennsylvania Avenue, about midway between the Capitol and the White House. It is a noble edifice, with a massive granite foundation, the main building and front portico of free-stone, painted white, while the wings, of more recent construction, are of dazzling white marble. The right wing is not yet completed, but the left wing has been occupied of late by the Metropolitan Mechanics Institute holding their first fair in its upper hall, the largest room in America. The present rooms occupied by the officers of the Patent Office are on the right of the main entrance, and are crowded with models and drawings, undergoing the necessary examinations and comparisons with known inventions—an ordeal which only a fraction can pass. On the left of the main hall, is the collection of models of objects patented, a varied and interesting testimonial to the inventive genius of our untrammelled artisans. Everything, almost, is there, from a bridge to a flat-iron—from a locomotive to a sewing-machine—and most of the models are exquisitely finished. The old models were destroyed by fire some years since, but the present building is fire-proof. Up stairs is the National Museum, open to all, which contains, among other things, the hallowed uniform, equipments, and other relics of the immortal Washington.

WINTER AND SPRING.

Proud and stern on his mountain throne,
King WINTER kept his state;
In his cloudy robe, with his icy crown,
Dark monarch of earth! he sat
His aged head was wreathed with snow—
With snow like hoary hair;
Din, mist-like forms were crouching low,
In homage round his chair.
Dread and drear is the monarch's power,
And blighting the breath he breathes—
But the stormiest heart hath its gentler hour,
As the rock-cliff bled the moss-born flower,
With its pink and thy wreath.
"I will prepare a royal feast!"
So spake the monarch's voice—
"That may—such weary ages passed—
My lonely heart rejoice.
Then go, ye vassals, hasten forth
As on the lightning's wing;
Gather all that is fair of earth,
Gather and to me bring!
A robe of soft and summer green
Around my shoulders throw;
Of ivy wreath a verdant screen,
To hide my couch of snow!
Unlock the icy-fettered stream,
To run in silver down;
Call here the sephyr and the beam,
To make the flowers their own.
Call from the sunny lands of soot,
The minstrels of the air;
For I have missed and mourned
Too long,
Their notes so silver clear.
And ye, my vassals, hear my throne
Where flowers may round me
spring;
I will no longer dream alone
That I on earth am king!"
And low their heads his vassals
bowed
Before their master's will;
But said, "Thy slaves are not al-
thy bidding to fulfill. How
Had thou for gold or treasure ask'd,
Or the flashing diamond stone,
We would for thee our strength
have tasked—
They should have been thy own.
We'll hold for thee thy palace
walls
Of crystal, clear and bright;
And hang around thy regal halls
The rock-born flowers of light,
If so thou wilt!" His face the king,
In sorrow, turned away.
"Go! I have asked of ye a thing
From powers beyond my sway.
Stern is my strength, wide my
command;
But my domain of dread
Gives but the sceptre to the hand,
No garland for the head."
And as he spoke, the palace wall
Flew open with a sudden sound,
Again it closed, and in the hall
A lovely boy was standing found.
His graceful limbs with strength
were strung,
His ringlets, bright as sun-
touched gold.
Which he behind him idly flung,
Waved rich in many a glossy
fold.
With dauntless brow he gazed upon
Old Winter and his ancient throne;
And Winter felt a secret fear,
As if a rival power were near.
Yet first the Monarch silence broke—
"Speak, youth, and be thine errand told;
Why hath thy foot our echoes woke?"
So questioned he the minstrel bold,
And boldly, too, the answer came—
"A POET I, and SPRING my name;
Where'er I go I hear a song,
The life of light, the love of song.
But where I dwell, and whence I come,
I may not tell; 'tis distant far.
Thou canst not live where I may roam;
And when I leave my glowing star,
As now I do, to cross the main,
And field, and flood, and mountain chain,
I breathe the spell that sets them free
From all thy icy tyranny."

The voices that around me rise,
Companions of my onward path,
A greater power within them lies
Than dwells in all thy stormy wrath.
For if my golden lyre I take,
And if my gentle song I wake,
The world is softened to the strain,
And laugheth forth in flowers again."
"Then," said the monarch, "wake for me
The song in which such magic dwells,
That I may drink its melody,
And mark the marvel of thy spells."
The youthful minstrel touched the string,
And sang unto the aged king;
And gardens spread, and flowers sprang
Around, like vision, as he sung.
The song was o'er; the minstrel ceased;
No word the monarch said;



WINTER THE KING, AND SPRING THE POET.

But he his hands together pressed,
And bowed his hoary head.
What should that falling tear-drop speak?
It did not flow for pain;
What flush was on that aged cheek
When he raised his head again?
"Take thou the guerdon; 'tis thine own
My kingdom take to thee;
Be thine my diadem and crown,
My sceptre thine shall be.
I'll bend no more beneath the weight
Of stern and blighting power;
I sought in vain, on my throne of state,
For the love-encircling bow.
My heart the joy could never know
That love that song could bring;
POET, thy hand! Farewell my throne
I'll blend my being with thine own,
Thou SPIRIT OF THE SPRING."



A VIEW OF THE PATENT OFFICE BUILDING, WASHINGTON CITY, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE PROVOKING LOVER.

BY FREDERICK CASEY.

I cannot lightly talk and smile,
I will not sit and sigh;
I am not vexed enough to scold,
And too much vexed to cry.
So, Annie, do enlighten me,
My hope is all in you;
I'm sure I do not know what he means,
And can't tell what to do.

Last night when Charley talked to me,
Though he was kind and good,
He acted like an injured man,
Who suffered all he could.
'T would be a pretty way to be,
Without the aching led;
If he wishes me to talk to him,
It's very easy said.

One day he asked me if I thought,
When to another wed,
I'd ever breathe a sigh for him,
Because his hopes were dead?
And if I did not think he'd feel
Disconsolate and sad?
I'm sure I can't tell how he'd feel,
I know that I'd feel bad.

He said he wished he knew my heart,
His own was torn with doubt;
If he'll only ask me what I think
Of him, he'll find it out.
So what to think, or how to act,
I'm sure I do not know,—
But if he wants to marry me,
I wish he'd tell me so!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE NEW DOCTOR:

—OR—

THE PLAIN GOLD RING.

BY ALICE H. NEAL.

"DID N'T you hear the gate shnt, Caroline? I wonder who it can be this time of day? just look out of the hall window; I hope it's nobody coming to tea." And Mrs. Dana looked out from under the mass of really very fine hair she was arranging, at her eldest daughter, who was busily employed in sorting patterns from a bureau drawer at the other end of the chamber.

"In one moment, mother. These are the sleeves, I guess. Somebody is coming up the path. Dear me, Mrs. Simpson, of all the world, and she means to stay, you may depend, for she has her bag stuffed with work!"

Mrs. Dana twisted the thick braid around her well shaped head with a sudden jerk, and "prospected" for her cap in a flurry of impatience; but the cap had disappeared, as essentials will when one is dressing in haste, and her guest had fairly knocked at the front hall door, and been admitted by one of the little ones, before she could lay her hands upon it again. Not that she particularly needed a covering for that fine hair, scarcely threaded with gray, but it was the custom of the place and people for matrons to assume them, and Mrs. Dana would not have been seen without hers for the world.

"Dear me, Caroline, do come and help me look. Mrs. Simpson, as particular as she is, and not one crumb of cake or a loaf of fresh bread in the house! I knew somebody would come, if we put off baking. I wish your father hadn't hurried me so about these shirts. There, under that apron pattern, isn't that a blue strig? Roll up the muslin, and put it in the spare room closet. Run down and show her into the sitting-room. She'll be right up here. O, there it is!" and Mrs. Dana commenced another search for her cap, which was hanging on the foot of the bed in full view, as her daughter obeyed her last injunction.

Mrs. Simpson had already found her way to the sitting-room, which was cool, and shaded, and had ensconced herself in the Boston rocking-chair in the corner.

"How d'ye do, Caroline? How's your ma? I see Sarah is playin' round again. She's had quite a time with her face, hasn't she? I guess your mother minds old Dr. Lane a little; but I tell you 'twas high time he gave up. The new doctor—how do you do, Miss Dana? I hope you haven't hurried on my account. I was just going to tell Carline that hearing the doctor say at dinner that the 'squire had asked him 'round here to tea, I thought I'd take my work and come along too. He being a stranger, and young people are mostly bashful. You haven't seen him yet, only in church, have ye, Carline? He aint a mite like most of them Boston chaps who come up here, and look as if they never saw baked beans before in all their lives. He's a real home body; you never knew a man make so little trouble, though, to be sure, I say my cooking's good enough for anybody!" And Mrs. Simpson's pause for a compliment on her housewifery was as evident as that of any distinguished public speaker we have ever seen take occasion to pour out a glass of water at the conclusion of a period, which ought to bring down the house.

"Yes, indeed, we all know that," responded her hostess, abruptly; for her empty bread tray and cake jar rose in comparison to Mrs. Simpson's bountiful table, and this revelation of another guest, and of all people the new doctor just from the city, invited in the 'squire's usual off hand but often inconvenient hospitality, struck dismay to her already perplexed mind. There was no con-

fectioner at the next corner, no baker down the street to supply the deficiency, as we of city life have always at hand, and worse than all the "hired girl!"—Squire Dana was guilty of this piece of extravagance, always so considered in rural districts—had gone home to pass the afternoon, leaving all the household care to devolve on Caroline, or Carrie, as her young friends abbreviated it. If either of them was long absent from the room, Mrs. Simpson would be sure to notice it, and insist that they should make no difference for her, and it was late in the season, when neither jam nor preserves could make up the deficiency.

As for Carrie herself, the announcement of the doctor's expected visit had set her heart fluttering at a most unnatural rate. He had been the lion of the town for the past three weeks, having bought out old Dr. Lane, and fitted up the little office next to Mrs. Simpson's in the most tasteful manner. There was a bright ingrain carpet upon the floor, a new revolving office chair, book shelves not all occupied by leathern bindings, and two or three prints over the mantel. Moreover, the heavy wooden shutter had been replaced by a green Venetian blind, and through the slats the young ladies of the village had caught more than one glance of the new arrival, as he sent forth the vapoing curls of smoke from his cigar, his feet slightly elevated, and his head thrown back, after the fashion of those addicted to the "pernicious weed." As yet, he had only made professional calls; but Carrie had seen him twice on the meeting-house steps, and once, when riding in the chaise with her father, he had passed them on horseback, and bowed. He was not a "handsome" man; indeed he was pronounced "ugly" by Ellen Ladd, whose little brother had been sick with the measles, and, of course, she could judge, as she had managed to show great devotion to the cross young invalid in the doctor's presence. But Carrie admired tall men, and the new doctor was tall, and she thought his eyes were very expressive; for, of course, he looked up to the gallery in the singing, and the 'squire's daughter had stood next to the chorister for more than a year; a stranger could but notice "her pure voice o'erfloat the rest," and it was only natural for the doctor to look as well as listen. But in the midst of her pleasant anticipations, she, too, recollected Hitty's absence, and what would devolve on her.

"Father was so provoking," thought the audacious little maiden. "He always would invite company without saying a word to them; and what would the doctor think to see her setting the table and clearing away? for the family meals were always taken in the sitting-room, opening from the parlor, and with children running out and in, it was impossible to keep the door shut. Then, too, she had seriously meditated a white dress, but she had only one, and that must be worn Sunday, so it would not do to run the risk of spoiling it by getting tea with it on; father would be sure to notice it, or her blue muslin either, when she was working about, and then the doctor would know it was put on just for him. O dear! all her pleasure spoiled by Hitty's being out of the way. It was always so! Hitty was sure to be gone just when she was most wanted!" And so lost was she in this distressing reverie, that it was a long time before she noticed sundry nods and signals from her mother, who had gone into the kitchen for a moment, under excuse of seeing the time from the tall Geneva clock that stood between the windows.

Mrs. Dana had summoned her daughter, as a committee of ways and means, for to her it was no slight annoyance; her reputation for housewifery, and her husband's for hospitality, were at stake. Mrs. Simpson was good-natured, but she would be sure to mention, the next time she went out to tea, how mean she felt when she found out the Danas hadn't expected company that afternoon; for there wasn't a morsel of cake, nor so much as a hot biscuit on the table; and what would the new doctor think?

"Just like your father," commenced the disturbed little woman. "He never thinks how much we are put out. He might have known Hitty was gone, for I asked him for five dollars for her at dinner time. She never takes up her wages, except when she goes home. There isn't an egg, as sure as I live!" (and the egg box was laid down with no light emphasis on the dresser). "I remember now; that pudding took every one; and by the time John went to the store and back, they'd be here. What shall I do, Caroline?"

Carrie thought of the light rolls, or "soda biscuit," as they were called, which she was so famous for. But it required a stretch of self-denial to offer to prepare them; for with the mixing and baking the whole afternoon would be consumed, and she would not get five minutes in the parlor. However, she was not selfish, and her mother was in an unusual strait; so Carrie professed her services, and suggested that there were plenty of ripe currants on the bushes, which John and Lucy could gather, and they would look beautifully in the tall glass dish. Mrs. Dana's butter was always good; and there were some honey and dried beef. Carrie ran through all the resources of the buttery, with an eye to their tasteful arrangement, very cheerfully, considering the long anticipated pleasure it was to deprive her of, and her mother went back to her guest little suspecting it, and tolerably well satisfied with the prospect.

There was no time now to think of any change of toilet; the bright tin pints were taken down, and the children despatched to the garden, not unwillingly, for from the time the fruit season commenced, they were forbidden to enter the sacred enclosure without leave, and now they had visions of helping themselves as well as their sister. The best china tea-set, only used on special occasions, was brought from the parlor closet and dusted, before Mrs. Simpson was invited in there from the sitting-room, the flour sifted into the bread bowl, the moulding board, with all its ceteras, prepared, and then, while the fire in the stove was kindling, our young friend went into the parlor for a moment's chat. She had more than usual interest in the good-natured gossiping of

Mrs. Simpson just now; for the new doctor had his meals there, and, of course, his sayings and his doings were the principal themes of her discourse. How fond he was of custards, and how much he praised hers! that she had sent all over town that day for some honey, because he had said it would seem like old times to taste real honey once more. Here Mrs. Dana and Carrie exchanged delighted glances, and Carrie remembered the little oval glass dish which always set off the golden syrup so, and determined to take the first chance to slip it out of the closet.

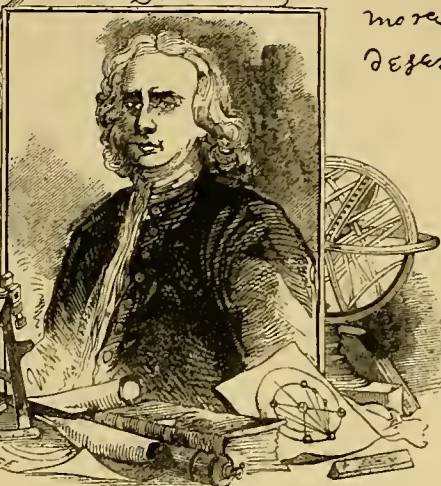
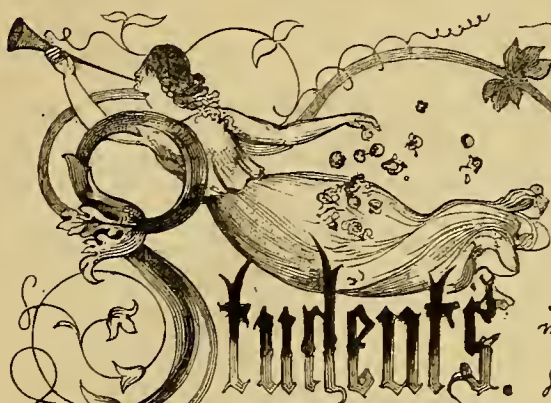
"You never knew such a good-natured man around the house," continued the lady, working very fast, and stitching vigorously on a pair of summer pantaloon, intended for her eldest hope, an uncommonly tall lad of sixteen. "Men folks are generally cross, I think, 'specially in the morning; but, bless you, he comes along with such a smile, a 'how d'ye find yourself this morning, Mrs. Simpson?' just as if I was the greatest stranger in the world. I tell him he ought to get married; a doctor aint good for much until he is. So he laughs and says, 'Just pick me out a wife, Mrs. Simpson, and I'll see about it, only let her know how to make such nice biscuits as these,' says he—'there, just so'—and he takes a hot one. I say you're just the one, Carline; somehow I thought of you right off. 'There's Carline Dana, the 'squire's daughter,' says I; 'a mon that gits her in well off; you'd make an elegant couple,' says I, 'for all, Carline aint very tall.' 'O,' says he, as quick as that, 'the best things come in the smallest quantities!'"

"O, Mrs. Simpson!" said Carrie, deprecatingly, "you didn't tell him about me? how could you?" And a very beaming blush, not of anger, however, flushed her cheek. "And then father's asking him here, he'll think—" but what she supposed he thought was not made manifest at this particular juncture, for there he stood on the very threshold, with her father, they having come around from the barn upon the soft garden walk, where 'Squire Dana had been himself, like a merciful man, to see that the horses were properly fed.

"Don't run away, Carline," he called out in his bluff, hearty tone. "I've brought the doctor to see you women folks. She don't look much as if she needed one, does she, doctor, with such red cheeks!" And, of course, the cheeks grew redder than ever at the respectful but earnest look she met in answer to this challenge; for she was sure he must have heard what she was saying as he came by the window; and, besides, there was her hair pushed back behind her ears, as she had bent over her work this warm afternoon; and she had her apron on, no fanciful trifle of ribbon or lace, but a full, wide gingham apron, tied over her new calico dress. And now she was too proud to make any change, for the doctor would think it was done just for him. "O dear, why had Hitty gone off this particular afternoon!"

But Mrs. Dana, troubled with no such qualms as these, now that her tea-table was arranged, bustled about to make her guest comfortable, in her kind, motherly way; and Carrie slipped off to hide her chagrin in the kitchen. The 'squire declared this was the pleasantest room in the house, and, indeed, it seemed so this warm July afternoon; for morning-glory vines grew over both the windows; the door, opening from the shady side of the house, let in a pleasant breeze; and it was so neat and tidy, from the yellow painted floor to the bright tins ranged on the newly white-washed wall, that it was a comfort to look about one. Carrie was not the girl to sit down and brood over a mortification, or go to an unwelcome task sullenly; and after watching through the morning-glory vines, to see her father and his guest safely over the clover field, on their way to the orchard and the south meadow, she seated the urchins, with their well-filled pails, on the door step, first seeing that their hands were as clean as soap and water could make them, to the arduous task of "stringing currants," while she went about her self-appointed task. How tempting, in prospective, were these snow-white rolls, ranged in the shining baking-pans, each one carved by the cake-cutter to an exact circle, more tempting still on the first peep into the oven, threatening to be only too light; and then when the first batch came, brown and glowing out upon the kitchen-table, our little heroine felt more than paid for the flushed complexion, the watching and tending of this nice process. And now the snowy cloth is laid, while another detachment is consigned to the oven, and fluttering between the two rooms, singing still as she goes, the tea-table is covered by her skilful hands. Yellow butter and cream from the spring house; the honey melting through the woven cells; the delicate ruby tint of the currants crowning the centre, and heaped with crushed loaf sugar; the china; the best tea-tray, in all the puzze of new Japan; the best teaspoons, glittering as when they came home from the Boston silversmith's; only wanting the shell-shaped cake plates, heaped with the brown, light, delicious biscuits on either side, to make it quite complete. No wonder Carrie paused a moment to congratulate herself on a closer survey, to lean forward and re-adjust the tall glass dish of currants exactly in the centre; to smooth a fold of the snowy table-cloth; to take up and put down again, quite unnecessarily, the silver butter-knife, and turn the handle of the cream-pitcher. She had a right to be proud of her own neat handiwork, although her face was burned by the stove heat, and her apron had swung around to the side, and her sleeves were still rolled up to the white dimpled elbow; she fully intended to set all these little matters right, and brush her hair forward, before she saw the doctor again; but fate and the thoughtless 'squire willed it otherwise; for he had ushered their guest in at the kitchen door, inviting him to wash, as they had just come from the farm yard, and proceeding to set a good example by a vigorous splashing and application of yellow soap to his own full sized hands. It seemed destined that Carrie should not be at ease in the doctor's society, for she was obliged to obey the call for clean towels, discovering, just at that moment, that

Types of Mind; or Fac-similes of the Hand-writing of Eminent Persons, No. 11, BY BEN. PERLEY POORE.



President SPARKS has indissolubly connected his name with the memories of Washington, Franklin, and other worthies, whose histories he has so ably chronicled, and whose massive intellects are reflected in his very autography. PRESIDENT, more brilliant, more fully returned.

WASHINGTON IRVING is best known by his quaint essays, replete with scenes of love and pathos, descriptions of past days, or legends of the fair clime of Andalusia. But he is nevertheless a diligent student, and even at his present advanced age, is delving in dusty archives, that he may faithfully portray the life of the *Pater Patria*.

Sir ISAAC NEWTON's autograph is such as might have been expected from an unequalled student. Aware of his position as a "sovereign of science," he was nevertheless modest, candid, and uneccentric in his habits. "I do not know," he wrote just previous to his death, "what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me!" What a lesson to the presumption of most students, especially those who have not even found the smoother pebble or the prettier shell, and how emblematic of him upon whose tablet is inscribed:

"Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night. God said, 'Let Newton be!' and all was light."

Newton's reigning desire was to prove that his grand discoveries were perfectly in unison with the order which God had, according to Scripture, observed in the creation.

Trin. Coll Cambridge.

I have perused your very ingenious Theory of Vision in which (to be free with you as a friend should be) there seems to be some things more solid & satisfactory, others more disputable but yet plausibly suggested & well deserving of consideration of your ingenious.

J. S. Newton

DAVID RITTENHOUSE was the first American astronomer of eminence, and succeeded Dr. Franklin as president of the "American Philosophical Society." Dr. Rush, his intimate friend, says in a biographical sketch of him, "There was no affectation of singularity, in anything he said or did; even his hand-writing, in which this weakness so frequently discovers itself, was simple and intelligible at first sight, to all who saw it." His close observation of the phenomena of nature, and the clear detail of his style, are patterns which some modern astronomers would do well to follow. In private life, Dr. Rittenhouse exhibited all those mild and amiable virtues by which it is adorned.

David Rittenhouse

GEORGE BANCROFT, in his histories, as in his autography, gives evidence of his nervous temperament, his acute intellect, his ardent patriotism, and his honest heart. His works contain that happy mixture of much truth and little imagination, so desirable in a historian, and so well calculated to ensure popularity and fame.

Jane's Sparks

N. W. Prescott

Washington Irving

George Bancroft

David Home

J. Smollett

Gibbon

William Macaulay

HOME—SMOLLETT—GIBBON—MACAULAY, form a bright galaxy of English historians, but it will be observed that they lack the freedom of autography which characterizes their American

compeers. [The first three of these signatures, we would state, were copied from an English collection, which cost its proprietor nearly twenty thousand dollars. It contains many rare American

specimens, among them thirty-four letters written by Washington, several by William Penn, autograph signatures of every signer of the Declaration of Independence, save two, etc., etc.]

John Bishop of Charleston

F. M. Carey

W. E. Channing

Massachusetts Ballou

J. D. Hawks

John E. Barry

E. Robinson

The Right Reverend Bishop ENGLAND, of Charleston, S. C., was a prelate of rare attainments, rapid and vigorous thought, and freedom of expression. As an orator, he had few equals, and in private life he held enthralled the affections of all who enjoyed the rare pleasure of his intimacy.

Rev. Dr. CHANNING's discourses and works abound with proof of the elaborate study and ornament which are manifest in his autography. For power of thought, beauty of illustration and elegant demonstration, he ranked among the brightest ornaments of the clerical profession.

Rev. HOSEA BALLOU's autography is clear, bold and decided, even as was the life of this ecclesiastical parent, "whose whole life was a beautiful and consistent tribute to truth. His epistles were brief, meaning and affectionate, exhibiting the same reliance upon Divine Providence that ever exercised his bosom."

President WAYLAND is a scholar, and a ripe one—a preacher, too, we have heard said, of much attraction—and a writer of works which have a high reputation.

Rev. Drs. PALFREY and HAWKS are close students, fluent writers, and display in their chirography little of the elegance and the elaborate finish which characterize their writings.

Rev. Dr. ROBINSON has acquired high fame by his researches in biblical literature and localities, rather sectarian in their tone, but displaying marked genius and decidedly original thought.

John Marshall

Joseph Story

Wm Brewster

Chief Justice MARSHALL, who so long presided over the Supreme Court of the United States with unassailed dignity, was an untiring student, whose labors can only be appreciated by the profession of which he was so great an ornament. His decisions live only in the dusty repositories of legal oracles, but equal, in the estimation of a grateful nation, the fame of successful warriors, or the oratorical efforts of gifted statesmen.

Mr. Justice STORY wrote as he lived, with precision, method and ability. The results of his studies are to be found in his recorded judgments and in his literary productions, each of which won him honorable favor abroad as well as at home. Whatever subject he touched, was touched with a master's hand and spirit, nor can any one deny him the title which he coveted in his youth and enjoyed in his old age, "The jurist of the commercial world."

LORD BROUGHAM is a student, and enjoys reputation in his multifarious avocations. Droll in the House of Lords—deep in the Edinburgh Review—diplomatic in France—oracular at his club—exact in his histories—fickle in his attachments—versatile as an actor—profound as a lawyer—we find compounds of all his peculiar qualifications in the many essays which come from his nimble and caustic pen.

Benjamin Rush

John C. Warren

Rumford & Silliman

Dr. BENJAMIN RUSH, of revolutionary celebrity as a surgeon, died at the head of his profession on this continent. His autography is characteristic of his declaration that "Medicine without principles is a humble art, and a degrading profession," and every stroke of his pen evinces a bold, decided, and critically accurate mind, intent upon a logical analysis.

Dr. WARREN enjoys the confidence and esteem which invariably attend on a long and meritorious professional life. His published productions evince equal research, talent and judgment, and have won him an honorable position throughout the scientific world. Such men give character to whatever department of science they lead.

COUNT RUMFORD was a New England boy, who by study and scientific research rose to wealth, title and fame abroad. Equally distinguished as a practical chemist, and a scientific scholar, is Professor SILLIMAN, whose highest reward is the gratitude of every intelligent fellow-citizen, and the honorable regard of every true philosopher in Christendom.

LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK, THE PIANIST.

This gentleman, a native of New Orleans, who has but lately returned from Europe, whither he has been to perfect his musical education, has turned out to be one of the finest pianists in the world. The likeness which we herewith present of him is an excellent one. The critic of the New York Courier and Enquirer says: "Mr. Gottschalk's style is full of dash, and glitter, and quaint conceit. He piles the Pelion upon the Ossa of difficulty, but his Titanic labors do not ensble him to mount heavenward. His command of the mechanism of his instrument is so vast, so unerring, that it seems as if it must have been born with him; as if it were impossible that mere practice and mere will could enable a man to do all that he does with his fingers. In this respect he has few rivals, perhaps no superior in the world. He annihilates difficulties; they fall around him, heaps upon heaps. They are not always of tremendous proportions, for he has as much delicacy of finger as power of arm and firmness of touch, and many of his triumphs seem to be the result of fineness of organization. He is ambidexter; and reversing the old saying, his thumbs are fingers. His first concert in this country filled the newspapers with rapturous eulogiums, fully sustaining the many tokens of approval which the foreign papers have given to him, and which led us to look with so much interest for his *debut* in this country. The Home Journal says:—"He produces the same sort, and the same degree of effect, as that which oratory sometimes has, in times of public commotion."

SHIP BUILDING.

Darius Davidson, a celebrated naval architect, of Boston, proposes to construct an immense steamer 700 feet in length. She is to be driven by sixteen separate engines, having a total of 5000 horse power, and the average speed of twenty-five miles per hour, and to have berths and state rooms for 3000 passengers! These figures seem large ones, but we are travelling towards their realization. Three thousand passengers is a great number to be on board a single ocean steamship, but one-half that number have, if we mistake not, already been carried on a single trip of some of the California steamers. Seven hundred feet is a great length for a sea going vessel now, but not nearly so great as half that length would have been considered fifteen years ago. The 350 feet we have—the 700 feet we may yet have. Where are the passengers to come from? say the doubting. Put the passage at \$20 to \$25, and you will see! If 250 per week offer themselves at \$125 fare, it is not unreasonably to expect 500 at \$75, or 1000 at \$50, or 3000 at \$25, and when the figures are made, the "Leviathan" will carry the palm by all odds, both of profit to the owners and comfort to the passengers. All that prevents the experiment is the fear that passengers and freight will not offer, because the people cannot be made to believe that such a vessel would be safe. There are merchants and moneyed men, who are personal believers in the project, but they want confidence

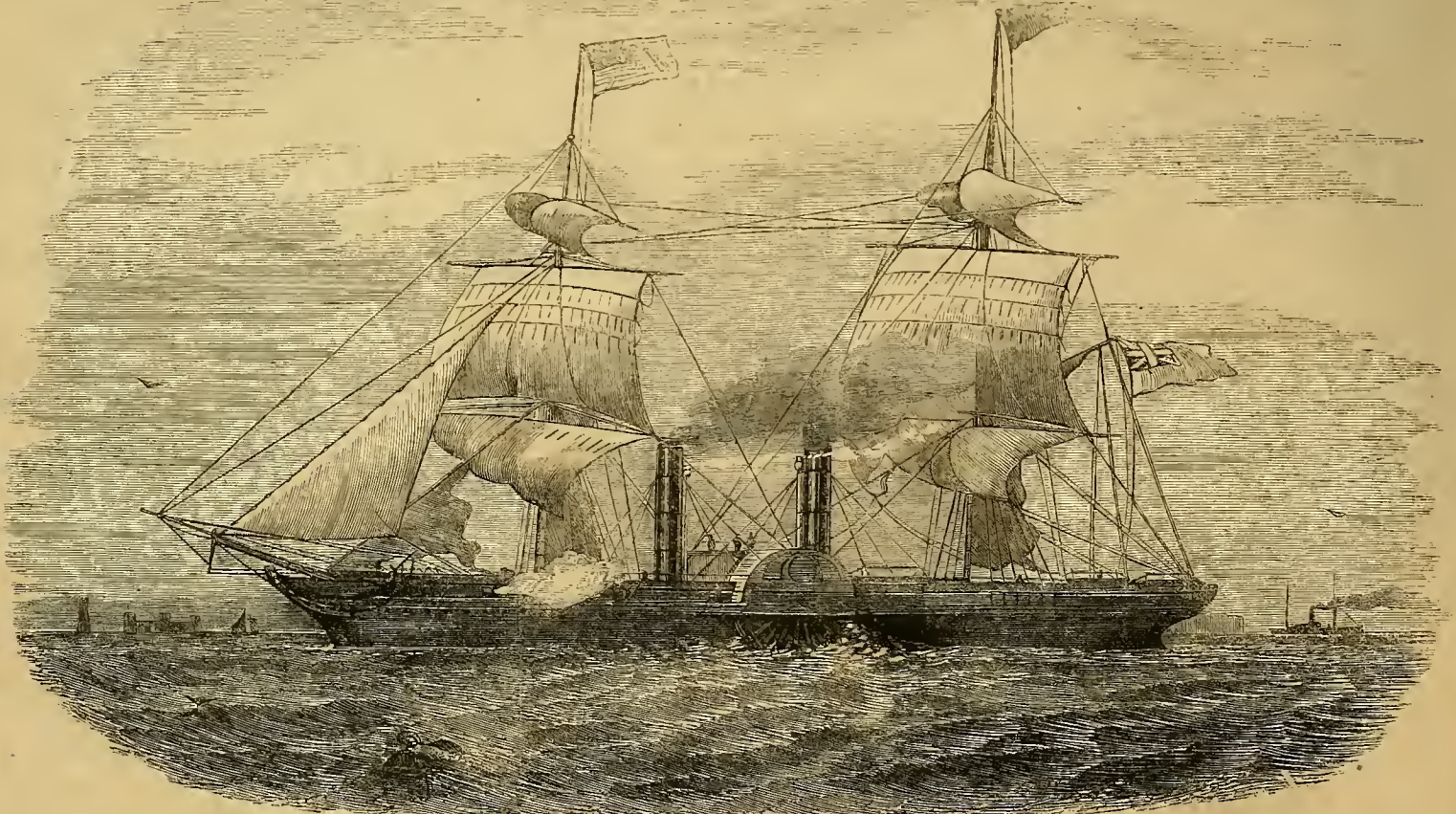


LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK, THE CELEBRATED AMERICAN PIANIST

that they will be sustained in the undertaking. It is worthy of notice that the largest ocean steamships now plying on the Atlantic, bear precisely the same proportion in length, breadth and depth, as is recorded to have existed in Noah's ark. The dimensions of the Atlantic steamers are,—length, 233 feet, breadth of beam, 50 feet, depth, 23 1-2. The dimensions of the ark were,—length, 300 cubits, breadth, 50 cubits, depth, 30 cubits. It will be seen, therefore, that the ark was nearly twice the size in length and breadth of these vessels, the cubit being twenty-two inches. After all the improvements of forty-two centuries, which have elapsed since the deluge, the ship-builders have to return to the model afforded by Noah's ark.—*Newburyport Herald*.

THE STEAMSHIP "ARABIA."

We herewith afford our readers a very fine view of the large and splendid steamship "Arabia," built at Glasgow, Scotland, for the Cunard Steamship Company, and designed as a regular packet between Liverpool and Boston and New York. The Arabia is of the following dimensions:—285 feet keel and fore-rake; beam, 41 feet; depth of hold, 28 feet; Custom-House measurement, 2393 37-100 tons; the engines of nine feet stroke; the diameter of the cylinders 103 inches; and the diameter of the paddle-wheels 36 feet. She is provided with tubular boilers, which are fired from amidships. She has two masts, unlike the other vessels of the company, which have three; and there are two chimneys. The figure-head of the Arabia is also an Arab chief, in a warlike attitude. The stern, which is elliptical, is beautifully ornamented. The promenade deck extends the entire length of the vessel. The internal arrangements of the Arabia are very similar to those in the other vessels of the Cunard fleet, the comfort and convenience of passengers being the first consideration. Beneath the upper deck are saloons, stewards' pantry, etc. Between this pantry and the saloon two well-furnished libraries have been placed. The saloon itself is capable of dining 160 persons; and here a different style has been adopted from that to be seen in the other ships of the line. As the vessel has no mizzenmast, the saloon forms an unbroken apartment; and the absence of the mast has also given an opportunity to introduce a cupola, filled with stained glass. The cabinet work is of bird's-eye maple, panelled with a marqueterie of ebony. The ceiling blends oak beams, with green, and gold, and white alternately. In the upholstery, crimson hangings have been adopted. The sofas are covered with Utrecht crimson velvet, and the floor is laid with a rich tapestry carpet. The stern lights of the saloon are filled with stained glass, representing groups of camels, with their drivers, and other Oriental sketches; and the opposite end of the saloon is decorated with plate-glass mirrors, in highly-wrought gilt-frames. There are no fire-places, the whole of the apartments being heated by steam pipes traversing the floors, and the temperature can be regulated at pleasure. The gentlemen's retiring saloon is panelled with bird's-eye maple, and curtained and carpeted in the same way as the saloon. The ladies' boudoir, on the same deck, is of satin-wood, exquisitely carved in arabesques, and through the openings of which a crimson silk back-ground is introduced. A velvet pile carpet is laid on the floor, and the panels are adorned with paintings on glass, representing scenes in Arabia and other parts of the East, amongst which is a view of Jerusalem, another of Mount Ararat, and an encampment in the desert, which are very beautiful. The sleeping apartments are hung with Tourmay curtains, and the floors are laid with Brussels carpets. The Arabia is stated to have the largest and most powerful engines ever put into a ship, and the ease and facility with which they work is a marked feature in their performance.



A REPRESENTATION OF THE ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIP ARABIA, OF THE CUNARD LINE.

CHRISTIANITY'S PROGRESS



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1853.

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BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

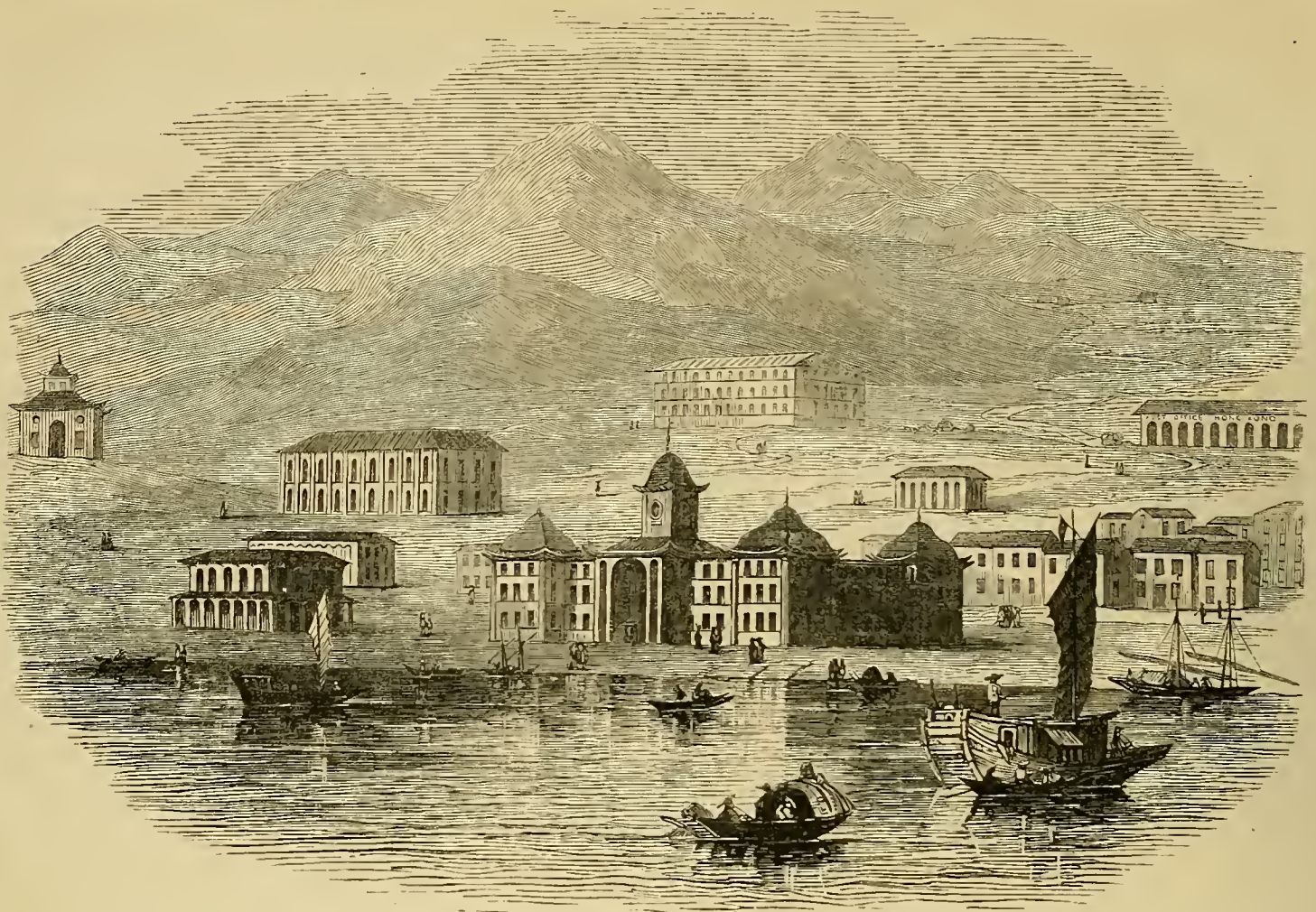
We here present a very excellent copy from T. Buchanan Read's painting illustrating the beautiful little allegorical poem by Leigh Hunt, which is given herewith. With Mr. Read, as a poet, our readers are already acquainted; but to those who have not enjoyed an opportunity to examine his pencil and brush versification, we should say a word of him as a painter. Probably there are few artists of the present day who can equal, and none, within our knowledge, exceed him in point of judicious and yet striking effect in the mingling of color. His pictures are of that cast to take the eye and the deepest interest of the appreciating mind *at once*, the same as any beautiful scene in nature is sure to do. But let us give the reader the exquisite little poem that Mr. Read here illustrates so beautifully and so much to the life:

"Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase),
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold;
And to the presence in the room he said:
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Replied: 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, 'I pray thee, then,
Write mine as one who loves his fellow-men.'
The angel wrote—and vanished. The next night
He came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

The picture is supposed to represent the moment when "the vision raised its head." Abou, half recumbent, is just awaking from his sleep; and the angel's face represents all the "sweet accord" that the poet refers to. The lines have always struck us as a beautiful theme, and even in boyhood we have read them with delight. Mr. Read is the first artist, probably, who has ever illustrated the beauty of the parable, and having seen the original—a reference to which our readers will recollect we took occasion to make in a former number—we can bear ample testimony to the exquisite finish and perfect grace of the artist's conception. The eagerness with which Mr. Read's paintings are sought for, is a compliment of the most tangible character to the young artist-poet, and we are gratified to know that his genius is paid, not only by appreciation, but by ample pecuniary return for its efforts.



ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE HEAVENLY MESSENGER.



A VIEW OF THE VICTORIA BARRACKS, HONG KONG, CHINA.

ENGLISH BARRACKS, HONG KONG.

Above we give a fine view of the English barracks at Hong Kong, in China. The accompanying account of the present condition of the island will be read with much interest. Hong Kong, "the Red Harbor," is the name given by the Chinese to one of a number of islands called by the Spanish "Ladrones," or "Thieves," from the notorious habits of the inhabitants. It lies about forty miles, east, from Macao, and is eight miles long, and from two to four in breadth. It is separated from the main land of China by a channel of the sea, which varies in width from half a mile to three miles. The Lymoon Pass is about half a mile across. Its physical aspect is that of a broken ridge of hills, the highest being about 1000 feet, running from N.N.W. to S.S.E., and rising abruptly from the sea, particularly on its northern face, where stands the straggling town of Victoria, four miles long. The vegetation of the island during the rainy season is but small; in the other months of the year there is none. Its geology resembles that of the south of China—rotten rock, hard stiff clay, and red sandstone. On digging the foundations for buildings at Victoria a fetid smell arose, caused by a gas, which spreads sickness through the island. There are no marshes to be found, but the heavy rains every year produce a new surface by washing the old into the harbor, which is every year growing shallower from the deposit. Its climate is variable, and, from its sudden transitions, dangerous to the health of its residents. Situate on the verge of the tropics, there is a dry burning heat while the sun is approaching, and during the rainy monsoon a fearful pestiferous gas is emitted from the soil, which, if it does not produce fever and speedy death, has the result of encraving both the body and the mind. The Chinese look upon it as a "fatal" island, and have left it to be inhabited by the very refuse of their population, or for the "outside barbarians." The climate produces the most weakening effects on the European constitution, and few Englishmen can expect to live many years after residing there for some time. Its diseases are endemic fever, diarrhoea, and dysentery. Every European soldier is calculated to pass four times through the hospital in the course of the year. The artillery, infantry, and the crews of the ships stationed there suffer in equal proportion. The

British commander, General d'Aguilar, has declared, that to retain Hong Kong will require the loss of a whole regiment every three years, and that to have 700 effective men, it is necessary to maintain 1400. The graveyard was soon filled, and another was required from the surveyor-general, who found it difficult to point out a proper spot. As to the population and progress, the only known facts are, that in January, 1841, it was ceded to Captain Elliot, and great offers were made by him and Commodore Sir Gordon Bremer to induce settlers to go there. The floating population, on its being taken, was about 7800 smugglers, stonecutters, and vagabonds; in March, 1841, it rose to 12,360; in July, 1845, it was about 19,000; but of the worst characters from the neighboring coast of China, for not one respectable Cluamann had come to settle there during the British occupation.

RUINS OF COWDRAY CASTLE.

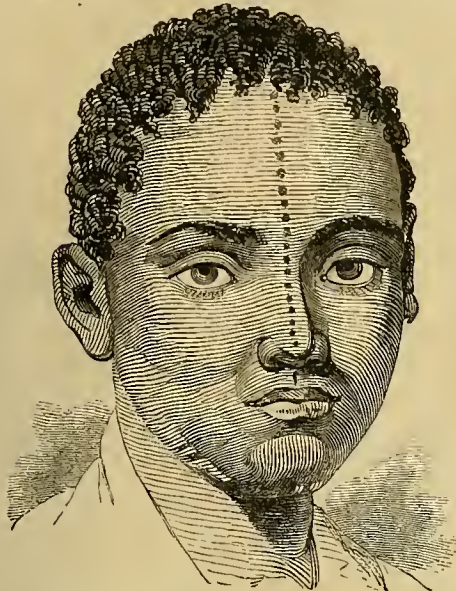
We give our readers herewith a view of an old English castle, of a truthful and venerable aspect. These ruins stand about a quarter of a mile east of Midhurst, in the county of Sussex, in England, and form a piece of picturesque scenery that is much admired. Our artist has given a view of a portion of it. At the Conquest this place formed part of the barony of Arundel; but in the time of Henry I., four and a quarter knights'-fees were created by the king in favor of Savarie de Bohun, in whose family the castle continued for many years, and from thence passed into the possession of the Nevilles, and became part of the inheritance of Margaret, countess of Salisbury, daughter of George, duke of Clarence, who resided there. Henry VIII. re-granted her estates, which had been forfeited by the attainder of the countess, to her and her heirs. In 1596 Cowdray was visited by Queen Elizabeth, at the solicitation of its then possessor, Viscount Montacute (Montague). The ancient mansion had then been substituted for one built by the Earl of Southampton, which was destroyed by fire in 1793. The estate by purchase is, we believe, now in the hands of Lord Egmoat. It is spoken of as having been a stately pile, with every development of ancient times. The tooth of time has left its mark upon these old relics of feudal ages. Some it has entirely devoured, and obliterated all traces of them. Of some the remains still stand in gloomy grandeur, covered with the moss of ages—the crumbling mementos of greatness and power long since passed from the earth. What tales of thrilling interest would these old baronial castles relate, could their walls embody in speech the deeds transacted within their enclosures! What thousand voices of joy, what notes of sorrow, what records of domestic affection, what details of daring, of chivalry, ay, and of crimes, too, dark and terrible, would stand out to the gaze, could these decaying monuments of the past but daguerreotype the scenes of which they have been witness! Some of these fabrics were noble specimens of architecture, and some were massive prison-houses, where scenes of feudal oppression were enacted, grinding into the very vitals of the people. But all these records both of the power and the tyranny of ancient times must soon disappear before the more social and humane regimens of the present age.



RUINS OF COWDRAY CASTLE, SUSSEX COUNTY, ENGLAND.

PORTRAITS OF AFRICAN SLAVES.

We present on the page herewith three characteristic portraits of Brazilian slaves. The marks discernible upon the faces of two of the portraits are indelible, and caused by branding, a cruel operation which these ignorant creatures voluntarily submit to, thinking these marks ornaments. Even Brazil has now joined with all the rest of the world in declaring the slave trade to be piracy, and no more will be imported from Africa. Spain has ostensibly done the same thing, but the authorities of Cuba wink at the business, and receive large bribes from the dealers in the traffic. The portraits which we present are those of imported slaves, African born. Tattooing, or indelible marking of the body, is very common in Africa, and indeed among very many other uncivilized races, people and countries, as the South Sea



PORTRAIT OF A MOZAMBIQUE SLAVE WOMAN, IN BRAZIL.

Islanders, New Zealanders, etc., etc. The negro race of which we give the accompanying specimens, however, show a passion for ornaments that amounts almost to a mania. The native region of the negro seems to be the central portion of Africa, though some tribes of the negro variety have been found in America and the South Sea Islands. The negro formation prevails in Western Africa in the region of the Gambia and Senegal; extending southwards, is most strongly marked in Guinea, and passes gradually over into the Caffre and Hottentot formation. In Eastern Africa, it commences to the south of Abyssinia; prevails in Zangnebar and Monomotapa, though not in general pure. Of the tribes in the more central part of Africa, little is known. The heat of the climate, in all these regions, may have some effect upon the tint of the skin, but is by no means the only or the principal cause of the black color, since, under the same climates of the torrid zone, there are found all shades of complexion. White



PORTRAIT OF A MOZAMBIQUE SLAVE, IN BRAZIL.

men in Africa only become somewhat swarthier, but never black, even in a succession of generations, unless they intermingle with the negroes; and blacks, in other regions and climates, are not found to lose their native hue. The seat of the black color is the *rete mucosum*, and the external surface of the true skin, and when the *rete mucosum* is destroyed, as by disease, etc., the color is lost; so, in parts of the body where the epidermis is unusually thick (the palms of the hand and the soles of the feet), it is of a lighter shade. Negroes are also distinguished from the other races by other external, and by some anatomical peculiarities, particularly in the conformation of the cranium. The projection of the whole visage in advance of the forehead; the prolongation of the upper and lower jaws; the small facial angle they evince, the flatness of the forehead and of the hinder part of the head, together with the compression in the direction of the temples, allowing less space for the brain than in some other varieties; the woolly, frizzled hair; the short, broad and flat nose; the thick, projecting lips, with many other peculiarities of formation, constitute some of the characteristics of the negro or Ethiopic race. The African tribes of this variety have in general elevated themselves so far above the simple state of nature, as to have reduced the lower animals to subjection, constructed settled habitations, practised a rude agriculture, and manufactured some articles of clothing or ornament. In political institutions they have made no advance, their governments being simple despotisms, without any regular organization. Their religion is merely the instinctive expression of the religious feeling in its lowest form of fetishism. Their languages are described as extremely rude and imperfect; almost destitute of construction, and incapable of expressing abstractions. They have no art of conveying thoughts or events by writing, not even by the simplest symbolical characters. The negro character, if inferior in intellectual vigor, is marked by a

warmth of social affections, and a kindness and tenderness of feeling, which even the atrocities of foreign oppression have not been able to stifle. All travellers concur in describing the negro as mild, amiable, simple, hospitable, unsuspecting and faithful. They are passionately fond of music, and they express their hopes and fears in extemporary effusions of song. The opinion formerly maintained, that they were of an inferior variety of animals, would not now find an advocate, or a convert, even in the ignorance or the worst passions of the whites. Whether they are capable of reaching to the same height of intellectual cultivation as the Europeans, is a question on which we need more facts before any decision can be arrived at.



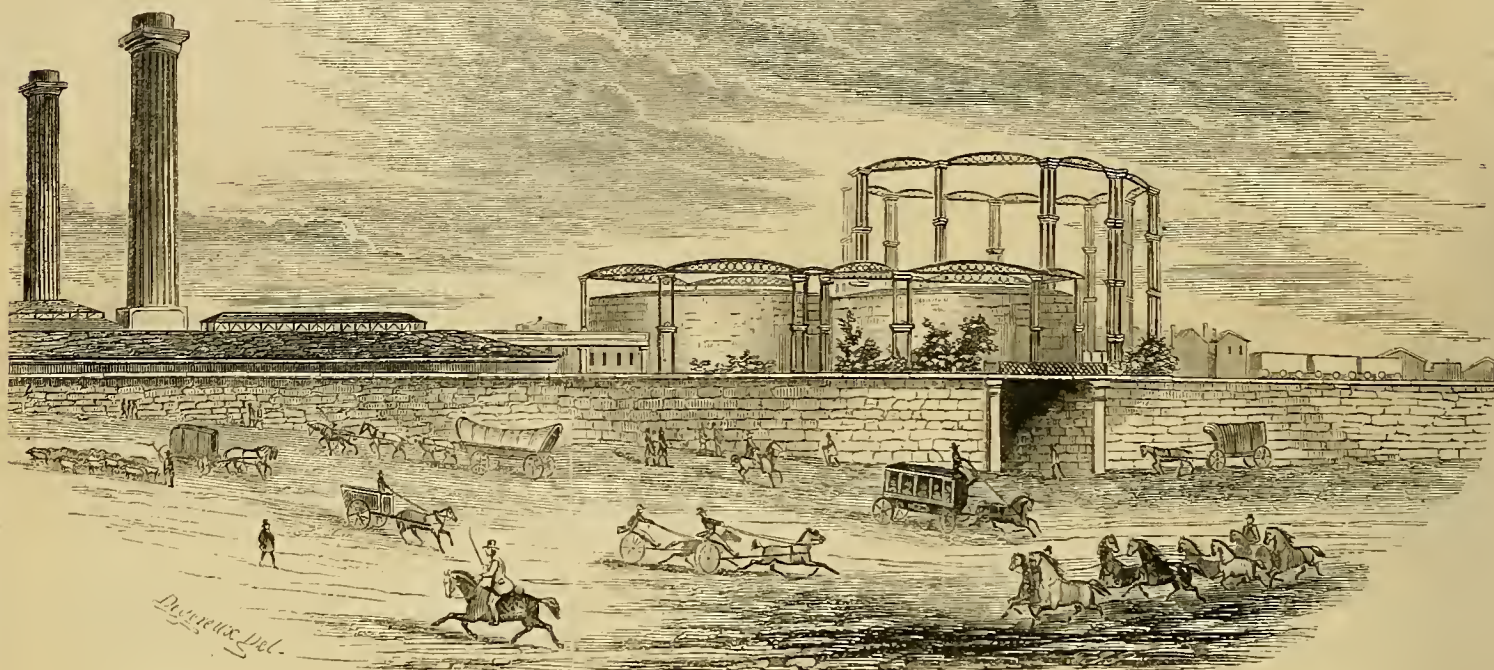
PORTRAIT OF A BENGUELA SLAVE, IN BRAZIL.

THE ROYAL TIGER.

Below we give a good representation of this ferocious animal. The tiger and the lion are the largest and most powerful of the cat kind. The tiger is found only in the East Indies, in Hindoostan, Siam, Cochin-China, Malacca and the isles of Souda. Its strength and sanguinary disposition are such that it is the terror of the inhabitants in those countries; and no animal, except the elephant, is capable of resisting it. It even comes into the midst of villages, in the night time, for the purpose of carrying off cattle. The color is yellow, with transverse black stripes; and the tail has alternate black and yellow rings. The pupil of the eye is round. It resembles the other animals of the cat tribe in every respect, and can be tamed as easily as the lion. Its voice is very powerful, and resembles that of the lion.



A REPRESENTATION OF THE ROYAL TIGER.



REPRESENTATION OF THE GAS WORKS, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA GAS WORKS.

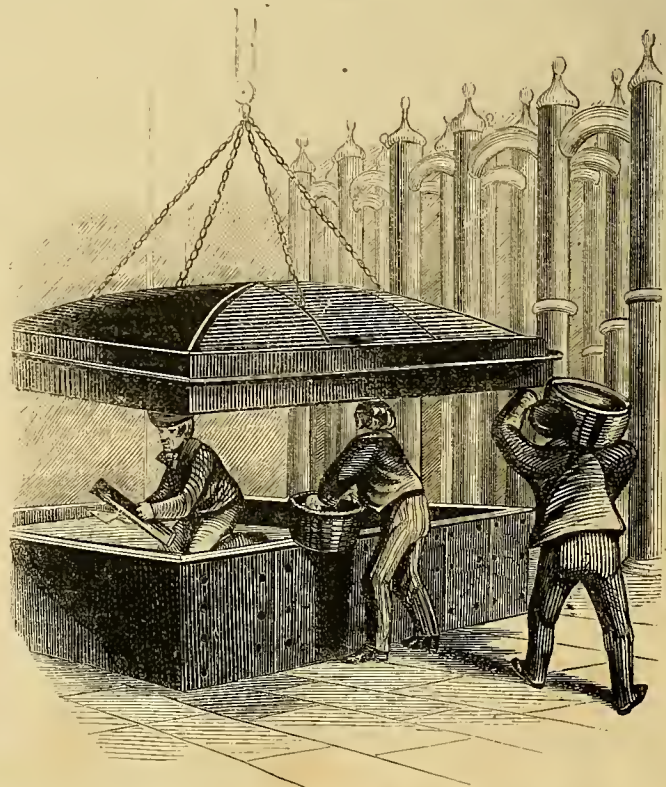
In the year 1835, the erection of the Gas Works was authorized by the corporation of the city of Philadelphia. A small amount of money only was at first expended, simply for the purpose of testing its economy and usefulness. It would seem strange that the good citizens of our sister city should have doubted for a moment the feasibility and economy of such an undertaking, when some eight or ten years before, gas light had been so well tested and adopted by both New York and Boston; for as early as 1826, this brilliant light was used in many stores in Washington street. One in particular of which we well remember—the arcade and stationery store of Isaac W. Goodrich, in State street. Be that as it may, the unenlightened corporation of Philadelphia shrunk from any innovation upon old established systems, and they also regarded it an unsafe means of yielding artificial light. However, old landmarks were soon swept away, and intelligence and enlarged experience, soon acknowledged its superiority over "whale oil," hog's lard and "penny dips." The Philadelphians may now well boast of their gas works and their water works; they form some of the chief attractions of the city. Our artist has given us a correct view of the works from Market street, which we herewith present, accompanied by views of interest in different departments of the establishment. The works cover some eight acres, with a river front of 800 feet on the Schuylkill. In the

establishment there are some four or five different sections, each one of which is an independent gas factory of itself, and capable of management unconnected with the others. The separate buildings comprise two retort-houses, two purifying-houses, two metre-rooms, containing six station metres, and four conical governors, two ranges of workshops, and coke sheds and offices, three coal-stores, two perpetual lime kilns, and eleven gas-holders. The retort-houses are 195 feet long and forty-eight feet wide, comprising eight sections, containing 240 retorts; they are built of brick, and rest upon arches supported by cast iron girders, giving space for the storage of over 50,000 bushels of coal beneath the floors; the roof-frames are of wrought iron, covered with slate; the height of the chimneys is one hundred feet. The range of offices, metre-rooms and workshops, belonging to the old works, is 133 feet by twenty, the coke-shed 170 by twenty-four feet, and the coal-shed eighty by fifty feet, arranged round a hollow square. The extent of the range of offices, smith-shops and metre-house of the new works is 122 by 120 feet; the coke-shed, store rooms, etc., 270 by twenty-two feet. Between the retort-houses, is an underground coal-store, forty by 190 feet, capable of containing 40,000 bushels. The lime-kilns are built of stone, in the usual form of perpetual kilns. The southern coal-store is constructed in four sections, one hundred feet long, thirty feet wide, joined side by side, so that they constitute one building, 100 by 120 feet, with a

roof supported on stone piers eighteen feet high; its capacity is about 200,000 bushels. The old works contain eight gas-holders, of fifty feet diameter and 35,000 cubic feet capacity each. Of those connected with the new division, two are of eighty feet diameter, containing 200,000 cubic feet each, and one of 140 feet diameter, with a capacity of one million cubic feet, all of the telescope form. The guide frames of these gas-holders are entirely of cast iron; those of the eighty feet holders are composed of six stands of fluted columns, arranged in pairs, with an entablature to each pair, and raised to three tiers in height—there being thirty-six columns to each gas-holder—the whole bound together at the top by iron open-work girders. The large holder is guided by twelve sets of columns, standing in groups of three, raised four tiers high; the lower tier is of the Tuscan, the second Doric, the third Ionic, and the upper the Corinthian order of architecture. The number of columns is 144, and the whole height of the structure above the coping of the tank, is seventy-four feet, and the depth of the tank thirty six feet. A high standard of illuminating quality of gas has been adopted and constantly maintained at these works, by the use of the proper varieties of coals, or by the addition of a proportion of resin, when the coals should chance to fall below the proper standard. The quality aimed at, is that designated "twenty-candle gas;" that is to say, the light of an argand burner, consuming four feet an hour, is equal to that of



THE RETORT ROOM IN THE PHILADELPHIA GAS WORKS.



THE PURIFYING ROOM IN THE PHILADELPHIA GAS WORKS.



THE METRE ROOM IN THE PHILADELPHIA GAS WORKS.

twenty sperm candles, six to the pound. This quality has generally been obtained, without the aid of resin, by the use of certain varieties of coals from the western part of the State. The quantity of gas manufactured during the year, is one hundred and eighty-two millions and sixteen thousand cubic feet. A more definite notion of the magnitude of this volume of gas will be obtained, by converting it into gallons, of which it will make seven and a half millions, or about the same as the daily consumption of hydrant water in the summer months. The extent of main pipes laid in the streets, is five hundred thousand two hundred and sixty-seven feet, or about ninety-four and three fourths miles! The number of metres in use is 9238, and the whole number of customers on the books is 9216, using 115,004 lights, besides 1464 in the streets, fifty in the market houses, and sixty-four in the public squares. The total extent of street, main and service pipe is nearly 115 miles. Extensive as are these works, it appears that they will not be adequate to supply the increasing demand; it is therefore proposed to erect new works. A desirable location has been obtained for this purpose, containing about seventy acres, at Point Breeze, immediately on the banks of the River Schuylkill, on which additional works are to be erected at once. It is contemplated, in time, to remove the old works to this place entirely.

THE PATENT OFFICE AT WASHINGTON,

Of which we give a view below, occupies a commanding position, a few squares from Pennsylvania Avenue, about midway between the Capitol and the White House. It is a noble edifice, with a massive granite foundation, the main building and front portico of free-stone, painted white, while the wings, of more recent construction, are of dazzling white marble. The right wing is not yet completed, but the left wing has been occupied of late by the Metropolitan Mechanics Institute holding their first fair in its upper hall, the largest room in America. The present rooms occupied by the officers of the Patent Office are on the right of the main entrance, and are crowded with models and drawings, undergoing the necessary examinations and comparisons with known inventions—an ordeal which only a fraction can pass. On the left of the main hall, is the collection of models of objects patented, a varied and interesting testimonial to the inventive genius of our untrammelled artisans. Everything, almost, is there, from a bridge to a flat-iron—from a locomotive to a sewing-machine—and most of the models are exquisitely finished. The old models were destroyed by fire some years since, but the present building is fire-proof. Up stairs is the National Museum, open to all, which contains, among other things, the hallowed uniform, equipments, and other relics of the immortal Washington.

WINTER AND SPRING.

Proud and stern on his mountain throne,
King WINTER kept his state;
In his cloudy robe, with his icy crown,
Dark monarch of earth! he sat
His aged head was wreathed with snow—
With snow like hoary hair;
Dim, mist-like forms were crouching low,
In homage round his chair.
Dread and dread is the monarch's power,
And blighting the breath he breathes—
But the sternest heart hath its gentler hour,
As the rock-cleft hideth the moss-born flower,
With its pink and tiny wreaths.
"I will prepare a royal feast!"—
So spake the monarch's voice—
"That may—such weary ages passed—
My lonely heart rejoice.
Then go, ye vassals, hasten forth
As on the lightning's wing;
O'er all that is fair of earth,
Gather and to me bring;
A robe of soft and summer green
Around my shoulders throw;
Of ivy wreath a verdant screen,
To hide my couch of snow!
Unlock the icy-fettered stream,
To run in silver down;
Call here the zephyr and the beam,
To make the flowers their own,
Call from the sunny lands of song,
The minstrels of the air;
For I have missed and mourned
Too long,

Their notes so silver clear.
And ye, my vassals, hear my throne
Where flowers may round me
spring;
I will no longer dream alone
That I on earth am king!"
And low their heads his vassals
bowed.

Before their master's will;
But said, "Thy slaves are not al-
thy bidding to fulfil. (lowed
Had thou for gold or treasure ask'd,
Or the flashing diamond stone,
We would for thee our strength
have tasked—
They should have been thy own.
We'll build for thee thy palace
walls

Of crystal, clear and bright;
And hang around thy regal halls
The rock-born flowers of light,
If so thou wilt!" His face the king,
In sorrow, turned away.

"Go! I have asked of ye a thing
From powers beyond my way.
Stern is my strength, wide my
command;

But my domain of dread
Gives but the sceptre to the hand,
No garland for the head."
And as he spoke, the palace wall
Flew open with a sudden sound,
Again it closed, and in the hall
A lovely boy was standing found.
His graceful limbs with strength
were strung,

His ringlets, bright as sun-
touched gold,
Which he behind him idly flung,
Waved rich in many a glossy
fold.

With daughter's brow he gazed upon
Old Winter and his ancient throne;
And Winter felt a secret fear,
As if a rival power were near.
Yet first the monarch silence broke—

"Speak, youth, and be thine errand told;
Why hath thy foot our echoes woke?"
So questioned he the minstrel bold,
And boldly, too, the answer came—
"A POET I, and SPRING my name;
Where'er I go I bear along
The life of light, the love of song.

But where I dwell, and whence I come,
I may not tell; 'tis distant far,
Thou canst not live where I may roam;
And when I leave my glowing star,
As now I do, to cross the main,
And field, and flood, and mountain chain,
I breathe the spell that sets them free
From all thy icy tyranny.

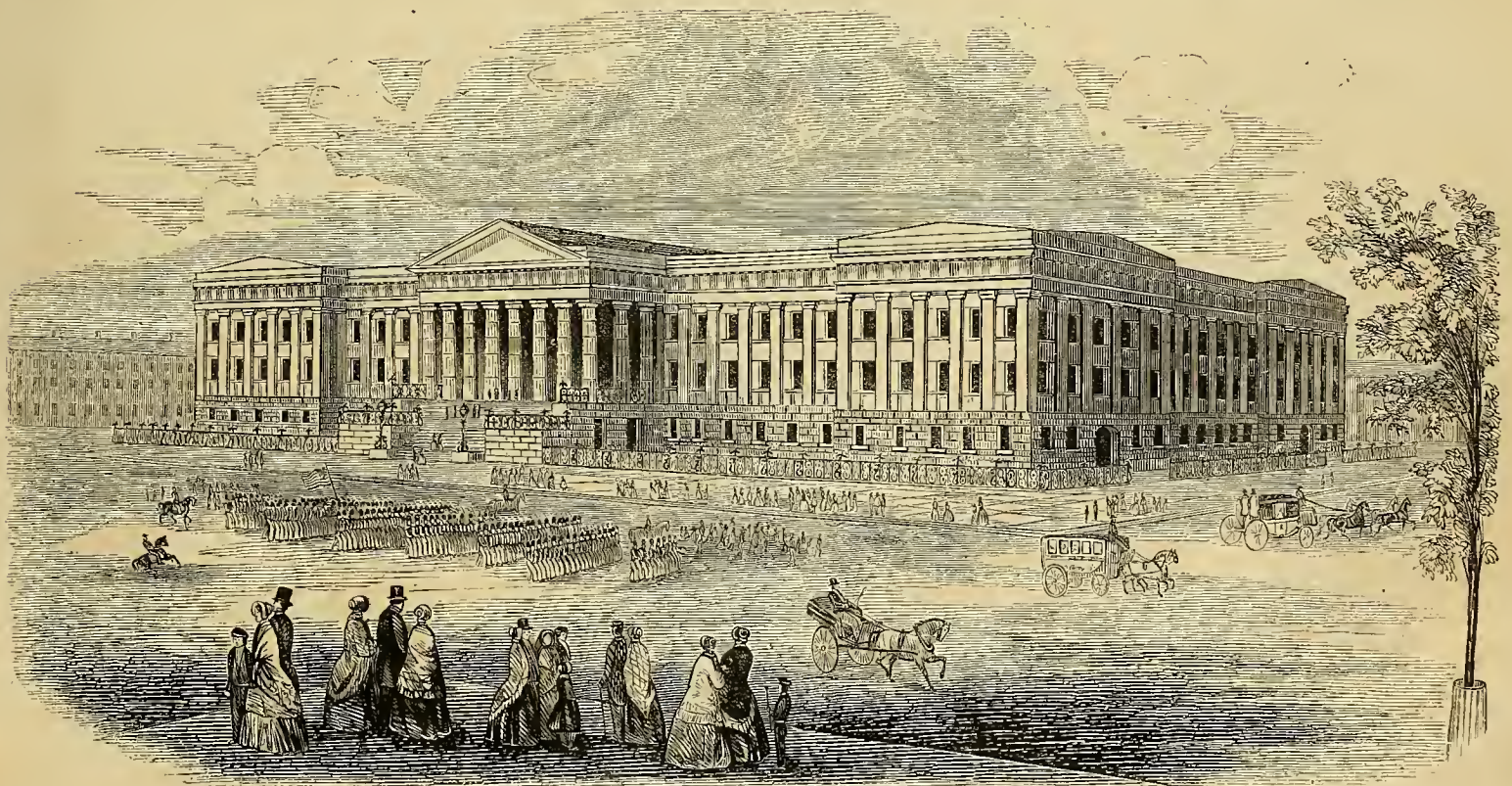
The voices that around me rise,
Companions of my onward path,
A greater power within them lies
Than dwells in all thy stormy wrath.
For if my golden lyre I take,
And if my gentle song I wake,
The world is softened to the strain,
And laugheth forth in flowers again."
"Then," said the monarch, "wake for me
The song in which such magic dwells,
That I may drink its melody,
And mark the marvel of thy spells."
The youthful minstrel touched the string,
And sang unto the aged king:
And gardens spread, and flowerets sprung
Around, like visions, as he sung.
The song was o'er; the minstrel ceased;
No word the monarch said;



WINTER THE KING, AND SPRING THE POET.

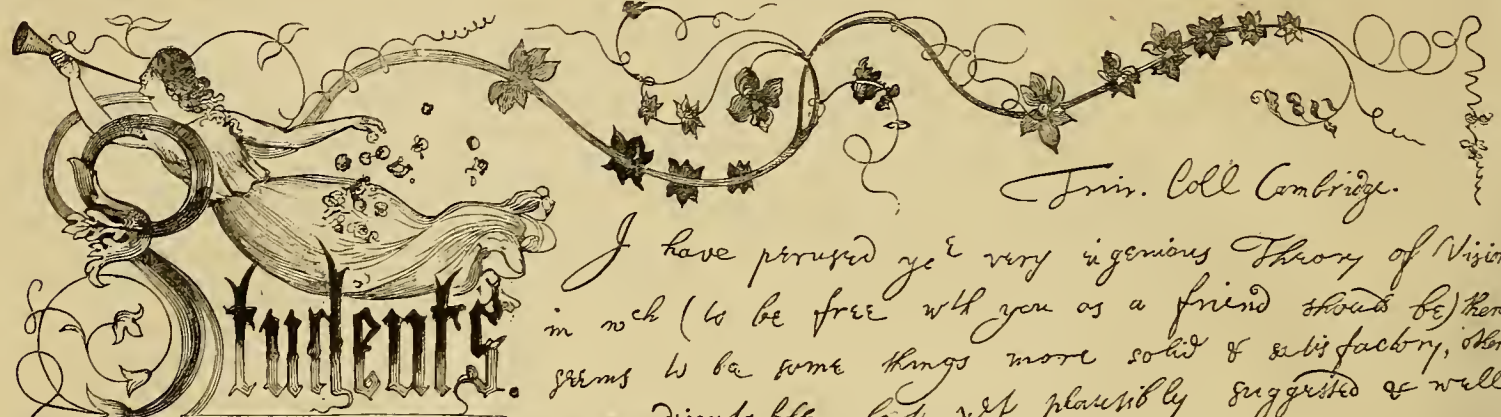
But he his hands together pressed,
And bowed his hoary head.
What should that falling tear-drop speak?
It did not flow for pain;
What flush was on that aged cheek
When he raised his head again?

"Take thou the gerdon; 'tis thine own
My kingdom take to thee;
Be thine my diadem and crown,
My sceptre thine shall be.
I'll bend no more beneath the weight
Of stern and blighting power;
I sought in vain, on my throne of state,
For the love-surcharging bower.
My heart the joy could never know
That love that song could bring;
POET, thy hand! Farewell my throne
I'll bend my being with thine own,
Thou SPIRIT of the SPRING."



A VIEW OF THE PATENT OFFICE BUILDING, WASHINGTON CITY, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Types of Mind; or Fac-similes of the Hand-writing of Eminent Persons, No. 11, BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.



Students

I have perused your very ingenious Theory of Vision in which (to be free with you as a friend should be) there seems to be some things more solid & satisfactory, others more disputable but yet pleasantly suggested & well deserving of consideration of your ingenious.

Trin. Coll Cambridge.

Is. Newton

Sir ISAAC NEWTON's autograph is such as might have been expected from an unequalled student. Aware of his position as a "sovereign of science," he was nevertheless modest, candid, and unceasing in his habits. "I do not know," he wrote just previous to his death, "what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me!" What a lesson to the presumption of most students, especially those who have not even found the smoother pebble or the prettier shell, and how emblematic of him upon whose tablet is inscribed:

"Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night. God said, 'Let Newton be!' and all was light."

Newton's reigning desire was to prove that his grand discoveries were perfectly in unison with the order which God had, according to Scripture, observed in the creation.

DAVID RITTENHOUSE was the first American astronomer of eminence, and succeeded Dr. Franklin as president of the "American Philosophical Society." Dr. Rush, his intimate friend, says in a biographical sketch of him, "There was no affectation of singularity, in anything he said or did; even his hand-writing, in which this weakness so frequently discovers itself, was simple and intelligible at first sight, to all who saw it." His close observation of the phenomena of nature, and the clear detail of his style, are patterns which some modern astronomers would do well to follow. In private life, Dr. Rittenhouse exhibited all those mild and amiable virtues by which it is adorned.

David Rittenhouse

President SPARKS has indissolubly connected his name with the memories of Washington, Franklin, and other worthies, whose histories he has so ably chronicled, and whose massive intellects are reflected in his very autography. PRESCOTT, more brilliant, is equally renowned as a historian.

WASHINGTON IRVING is best known by his quaint essays, replete with scenes of love and pathos, descriptions of past days, or legends of the fair clime of Andalusia. But he is nevertheless a diligent student, and even a his present advanced age, is delving in dusty archives, that he may faithfully portray the life of the *Pater Patria*.

GEORGE BANCOFT, in his histories, as in his autography, gives evidence of his nervous temperament, his acute intellect, his ardent patriotism, and his honest heart. His works contain that happy mixture of much truth and little imagination, so desirable in a historian, and so well calculated to ensure popularity and fame.

Jared Sparks

N. W. Prescott

Washington Irving

George Bancroft

David Hume

J. Smollett

Gibbon

Macaulay

HUME—SMOLLETT—GIBBON—MACAULAY, form a bright galaxy of English historians, but it will be observed that they lack the freedom of autography which characterizes their American

compeers. [The first three of these signatures, we would state, were copied from an English collection, which cost its proprietor nearly twenty thousand dollars. It contains many rare American

specimens, among them thirty-four letters written by Washington, several by William Penn, autograph signatures of every signer of the Declaration of Independence, save two, etc., etc.]

John Bishop of Charleston

F. W. Carey
F. D. Hawks

W. E. Channing
John E. Barry

Hosea Ballou
E. Robinson

The Right Reverend Bishop ENGLAND, of Charleston, S. C., was a prelate of rare attainments, rapid and vigorous thought, and freedom of expression. As an orator, he had few equals, and in private life he held enthralled the affections of all who enjoyed the rare pleasure of his intimacy.

REV. DR. CHANNING's discourses and works abound with proof of the elaborate study and ornament which are manifest in his autography. For power of thought, beauty of illustration and elegant demonstration, he ranked among the brightest ornaments of the clerical profession.

REV. HOSEA BALLOU's autography is clear, bold and decided, even as was the life of this ecclesiastical parent, "whose whole life was a beautiful and consistent tribute to truth. His epistles were brief, meaning and affectionate, exhibiting the same reliance upon Divine Providence that ever exercised his bosom."

President WAYLAND is a scholar, and a ripe one—a preacher, too, we have heard said, of much attraction—and a writer of works which have a high reputation.

REV. DRs. PALFREY and HAWKS are close students, fine writers, and display in their chirography little of the elegance and the elaborate finish which characterize their writings.

REV. DR. ROBINSON has acquired high fame by his researches in biblical literature and localities, rather sectarian in their tone, but displaying marked genius and decidedly original thought.

John Marshall

Joseph Story

Wm Brewster

Chief Justice MARSHALL, who so long presided over the Supreme Court of the United States with unsullied dignity, was an untiring student, whose labors can only be appreciated by the profession of which he was so great an ornament. His decisions live only in the dusty repositories of legal oracles, but equal, in the estimation of a grateful nation, the fame of successful warriors, or the oratorical efforts of gifted statesmen.

Mr. Justice STORY wrote as he lived, with precision, method and ability. The results of his studies are to be found in his recorded judgments and in his literary productions, each of which won him honorable favor abroad as well as at home. Whatever subject he touched, was touched with a master's hand and spirit, nor can any one deny him the title which he coveted in his youth and enjoyed in his old age, "The jurist of the commercial world."

LORD BROUGHAM is a student, and enjoys reputation in his multifarious avocations. Droll in the House of Lords—deep in the Edinburgh Review—diplomatic in France—oracular at his club—exact in his histories—fickle in his attachments—versatile as an actor—profound as a lawyer—we find compounds of all his peculiar qualifications in the many essays which come from his nimble and caustic pen.

Benjamin Rush

John C. Warren

Remford Silliman

Dr. BENJAMIN RUSH, of revolutionary celebrity as a surgeon, died at the head of his profession on this continent. His autography is characteristic of his declaration that "Medicine without principles is a humbug art, and a degrading profession," and every stroke of his pen evinces a bold, decided, and critically accurate mind, intent upon a logical analysis.

Dr. WARREN enjoys the confidence and esteem which invariably attend on a long and meritorious professional life. His published productions evince equal research, talent and judgment, and have won him an honorable position throughout the scientific world. Such men give character to whatever department of science they lead.

COUNT REMFORD was a New England boy, who by study and scientific research rose to wealth, title and fame abroad. Equally distinguished as a practical chemist, and a scientific scholar, is Professor SILLIMAN, whose highest reward is the gratitude of every intelligent fellow-citizen, and the honorable regard of every true philosopher in Christendom.

LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK, THE PIANIST.

This gentleman, a native of New Orleans, who has but lately returned from Europe, whither he has been to perfect his musical education, has turned out to be one of the finest pianists in the world. The likeness which we herewith present of him is an excellent one. The critic of the New York Courier and Enquirer says: "Mr. Gottschalk's style is full of dash, and glitter, and quaint conceit. He piles the Pelion upon the Ossa of difficulty, but his Titanic labors do not enable him to mount heavenward. His command of the mechanism of his instrument is so vast, so unerring, that it seems as if it must have been born with him; as if it were impossible that mere practice and mere will could enable a man to do all that he does with his fingers. In this respect he has few rivals, perhaps no superior in the world. He annihilates difficulties; they fall around him, heaps upon heaps. They are not always of tremendous proportions, for he has as much delicacy of finger as power of arm and firmness of touch, and many of his triumphs seem to be the result of fineness of organization. He is ambidexter; and reversing the old saying, his thumbs are fingers. His first concert in this country filled the newspapers with rapturous eulogiums, fully sustaining the many tokens of approval which the foreign papers have given to him, and which led us to look with so much interest for his debut in this country. The Home Journal says:—"He produces the same sort, and the same degree of effect, as that which oratory sometimes has, in times of public commotion."

SHIP BUILDING.

Darins Davidson, a celebrated naval architect, of Boston, proposes to construct an immense steamer 700 feet in length. She is to be driven by sixteen separate engines, having a total of 5000 horse power, and the average speed of twenty-five miles per hour, and to have berths and state rooms for 3000 passengers! These figures seem large ones, but we are travelling towards their realization. Three thousand passengers is a great number to be on board a single ocean steamship, but one-half that number have, if we mistake not, already been carried on a single trip of some of the California steamers. Seven hundred feet is a great length for a sea-going vessel now, but not nearly so great as half that length would have been considered fifteen years ago. The 350 feet we have—the 700 feet we may yet have. Where are the passengers to come from? say the doubting. Put the passage at \$20 to \$25, and you will see! If 250 per week offer themselves at \$125 fare, it is not unreasonable to expect 500 at \$75, or 1000 at \$50, or 3000 at \$25, and when the figures are made, the "Leviathan" will carry the palm by all odds, both of profit to the owners and comfort to the passengers. All that prevents the experiment is the fear that passengers and freight will not offer, because the people cannot be made to believe that such a vessel would be safe. There are merchants and moneyed men, who are personal believers in the project, but they want confidence

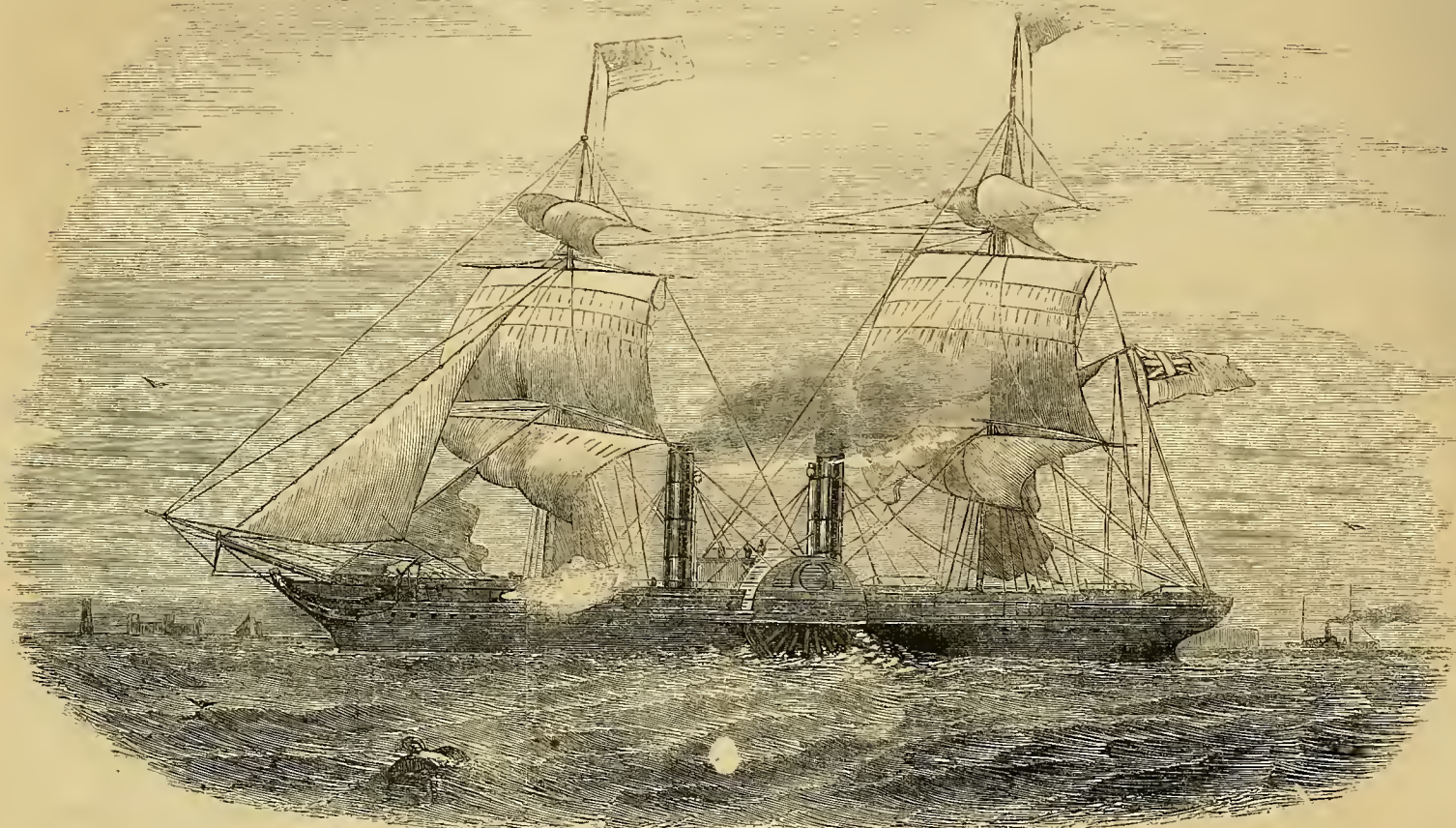


LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK, THE CELEBRATED AMERICAN PIANIST

that they will be sustained in the undertaking. It is worthy of notice that the largest ocean steamships now plying on the Atlantic, bear precisely the same proportion in length, breadth and depth, as is recorded to have existed in Noah's ark. The dimensions of the Atlantic steamers are,—length, 233 feet, breadth of beam, 50 feet, depth, 25 1/2. The dimensions of the ark were,—length, 300 cubits, breadth, 50 cubits, depth, 30 cubits. It will be seen, therefore, that the ark was nearly twice the size in length and breadth of these vessels, the cubit being twenty-two inches. After all the improvements of forty-two centuries, which have elapsed since the deluge, the ship-builders have to return to the model afforded by Noah's ark.—*Newburyport Herald.*

THE STEAMSHIP "ARABIA."

We herewith afford our readers a very fine view of the large and splendid steamship "Arabia," built at Glasgow, Scotland, for the Cunard Steamship Company, and designed as a regular packet between Liverpool and Boston and New York. The Arabia is of the following dimensions:—235 feet keel and fore-rake; beam, 41 feet; depth of hold, 28 feet; Custom-House measurement, 2393 37-100 tons; the engines of nine feet stroke; the diameter of the cylinders 103 inches; and the diameter of the paddle-wheels 36 feet. She is provided with tubular boilers, which are fired from amidstips. She has two masts, unlike the other vessels of the company, which have three; and there are two chimneys. The figure-head of the Arabia is an Arab chief, in a warlike attitude. The stern, which is elliptical, is beautifully ornamented. The promenade deck extends the entire length of the vessel. The internal arrangements of the Arabia are very similar to those in the other vessels of the Cunard fleet, the comfort and convenience of passengers being the first consideration. Beneath the upper deck are saloons, stewards' pantry, etc. Between this pantry and the saloon two well-furnished libraries have been placed. The saloon itself is capable of dining 160 persons; and here a different style has been adopted from that to be seen in the other ships of the line. As the vessel has no mizzenmast, the saloon forms an unbroken apartment; and the absence of the mast has also given an opportunity to introduce a cupola, filled with stained glass. The cabinet work is of bird's-eye maple, panelled with a marqueterie of ebony. The ceiling bleeds oak beams, with green, and gold, and white alternately. In the upholstery, crimson hangings have been adopted. The sofas are covered with Utrecht crimson velvet, and the floor is laid with a rich tapestry carpet. The stern lights of the saloon are filled with stained glass, representing groups of camels, with their drivers, and other Oriental sketches; and the opposite end of the saloon is decorated with plate-glass mirrors, in highly-wrought gilt-frames. There are no fire-places, the whole of the apartments being heated by steam pipes traversing the floors, and the temperature can be regulated at pleasure. The gentlemen's retiring saloon is panelled with bird's-eye maple, and carpeted in the same way as the saloon. The ladies' boudoir, on the same deck, is of satin-wood, exquisitely carved in arabesques, and through the openings of which a crimson silk background is introduced. A velvet pile carpet is laid on the floor, and the panels are adorned with paintings on glass, representing scenes in Arabia and other parts of the East, amongst which is a view of Jerusalem, another of Mount Ararat, and an encampment in the desert, which are very beautiful. The sleeping apartments are hung with Tournay curtains, and the floors are laid with Brussels carpets. The Arabia is stated to have the largest and most powerful engines ever put into a ship, and the ease and facility with which they work is a marked feature in their performance.



A REPRESENTATION OF THE ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIP ARABIA, OF THE CUNARD LINE.

FRANK'S

FRANK'S



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1853.

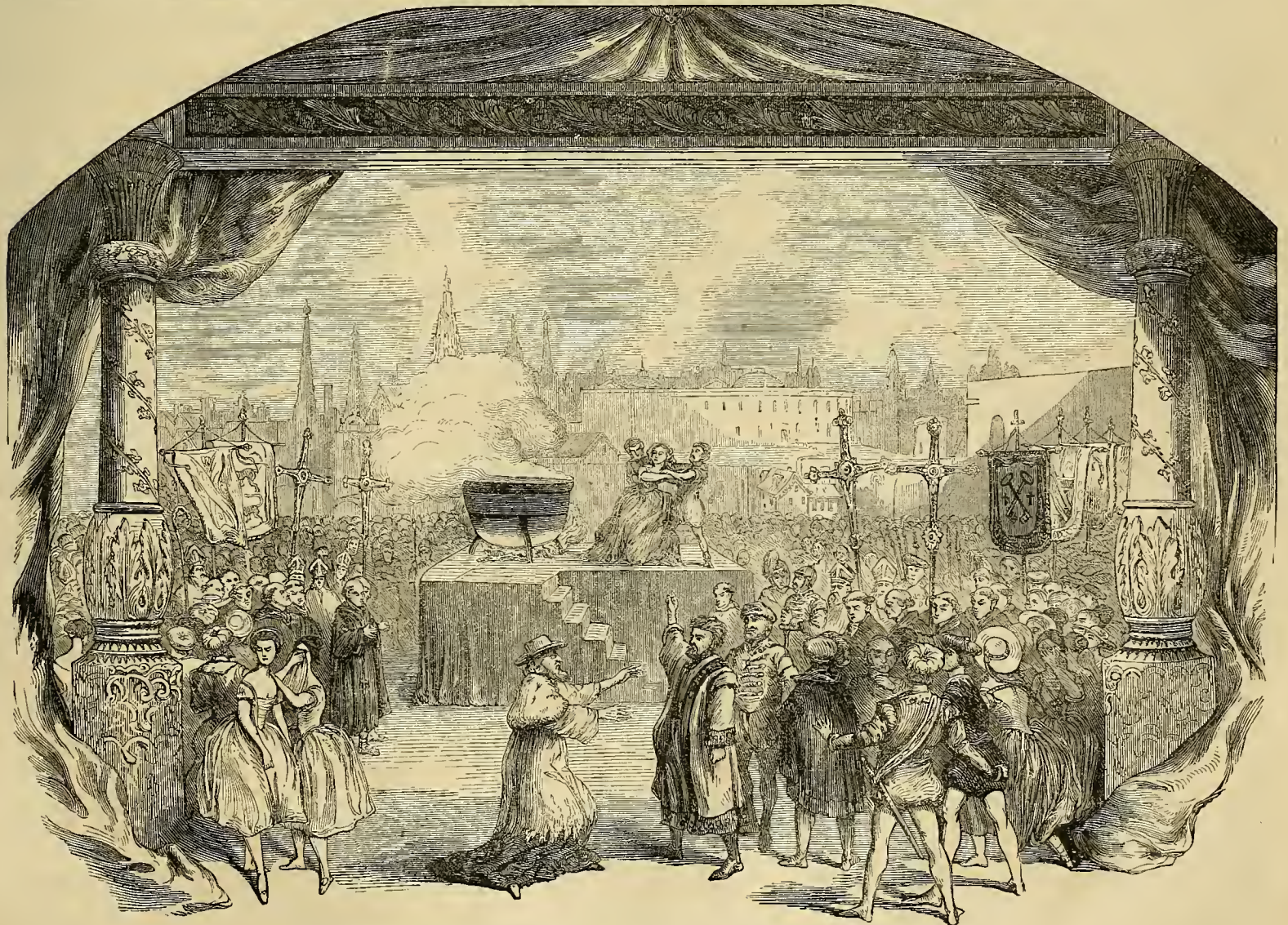
\$3 PER ANNUM. } VOL. IV. No. 15.—WHOLE No. 93.
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CLOSING SCENE OF "THE JEWESS."

Below we present a very admirable engraving of the closing scene in the scenic play of "The Jewess," as performed at the Boston Museum. This grand and gorgeous drama is written to illustrate a period of history when the Jews throughout continental Europe suffered the severest persecution. Eleazer, a Jew, a rich goldsmith of Constance, has been driven from Rome by the persecution of the Christians. He takes refuge with his supposed daughter, Rachael, in the free city of Constance. Leopold, Prince of Germany, falls in love with the Jewess, although betrothed to his cousin, the Princess Endosia. Their love is discovered. The law condemns both Jew and Christian to death for seeking the

unhallowed union. The Jewess saves her unworthy lover, by taking upon herself all the imputed guilt. She is about to be executed with her supposed father, when Eleazer makes known the fact that Rachael is the daughter of a Christian prince, saved by the Jew during the burning of the palace at Rome. The real father of Rachael is the President of the Council of Constance, who thus unexpectedly recovers his daughter at the moment of her intended execution. In the plot of the piece, the incidents of history are closely followed. The views of the lake and the city of Constance are exquisite—and all the scenic effects, from the opening view of the Cathedral and Grand Square of the city, to the Imperial tent and platform of death, are admirable. In the

properties and costumes, great care has been taken to follow closely the dress and usages of the period, and Mr. Kimball deserves every possible credit for presenting this historical piece before the public in so complete a form. Mrs. Barrett as the supposed "Jewess" Rachael, the Messrs. Smith as Leopold and Eleazer, and Mr. Keach as Frank John Forrester, the fighting and feuding Englishman, are deserving of much credit for the manner in which they perform their several characters. Throughout the piece is effective and brilliant; it deserves the great popularity that is so freely bestowed upon it. Old and young, rich and poor, have thronged the seats of the Museum during its late performances, highly gratified at the entertainment.



CLOSING SCENE FROM THE PLAY OF "THE JEWESS," AS PERFORMED AT THE BOSTON MUSEUM.



A PICTURESQUE VIEW OF THE FIRST SETTLEMENTS IN ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

AUSTRALIAN SCENES.

On the page herewith we present three interesting views of Australia, relative to the earlier history of Adelaide. The colonies of Australia occupy at this time a very important share of public attention. To the rich equally with the poor—to the capitalist as well as the impoverished emigrant, a correct knowledge of their state is valuable. Few colonies possess greater capabilities for the residence of a great and enterprising community. Even if gold had not been discovered in Australia, the island would, at no distant day, have attracted the attention of the world, from its rapidly increasing population, its great resources, and its extending commerce. Bearing on this subject, we gather some interesting facts from a valuable statistical article in the Boston Journal. Founded but little more than half a century since, and having a population, prior to the discovery of gold, of less than four hundred thousand, the imports of Australia amounted during the year ending March, 1851, to £3,301,595, and its exports to £3,603,696—equalling the commerce of Canada, with its million of inhabitants. The principal article of export from the Australian colonies before its mineral wealth was discovered, was wool, of which, in 1840, the amount of 7,668,960 pounds was exported, which, at fifteen pence sterling currency per pound, would give £479,310 as the value of the export of this single staple. In 1846 the export had increased to 21,865,270 pounds, which at the same valuation would yield £1,365,579. It is probable that there was a large annual increase in the export of wool down to the period of the discovery of gold. Besides wool, sperm and whale oil, live stock, salted and preserved meats, timber and tallow figure largely in the table of exports from Australia. It is probable that cotton, flax, hemp, and many other valuable products, would have been raised and exported to a considerable extent within a few years, if the gold discoveries had not interrupted the extension of agricultural productions. Australia is very favorably situated for carrying on the whale fishery, and several colonial vessels are engaged in that branch of industry. Many American whalers, from what is called the middle ground, annually put into the port of Sydney to refit. The number of whale ships engaged in this fishery in 1848, in connection with New South Wales, was sixty-four, viz., thirty-seven foreign, three British, twenty-four colonial. Ship building promises to be an important branch of the productive interest of the colony when its affairs become settled. From 1834 to 1849, a period of fifteen

years, 325 vessels were built in the colony. They were mostly small, however, being adapted merely to the coasting trade. The imports, up to the time of the gold discovery, were principally from Great Britain, and were mostly of clothing, cotton, linen and silk goods, hardware, iron and steel, provisions, machinery and jewelry, amounting to some five or six millions of dollars annually. Since the period when attention was turned to the exploration for gold, a great change has taken place in the imports as well as

average of eight or ten per cent. On many of the most important articles of import the rates are but five per cent. The free list is large. The trade between our own country and the island of Australia is rapidly increasing, and has already assumed an important position in our foreign commerce. There are now established in Boston and New York, regular lines of packet ships for the transportation of passengers and freight, and the departure of ships for that distant land has become a daily occurrence.

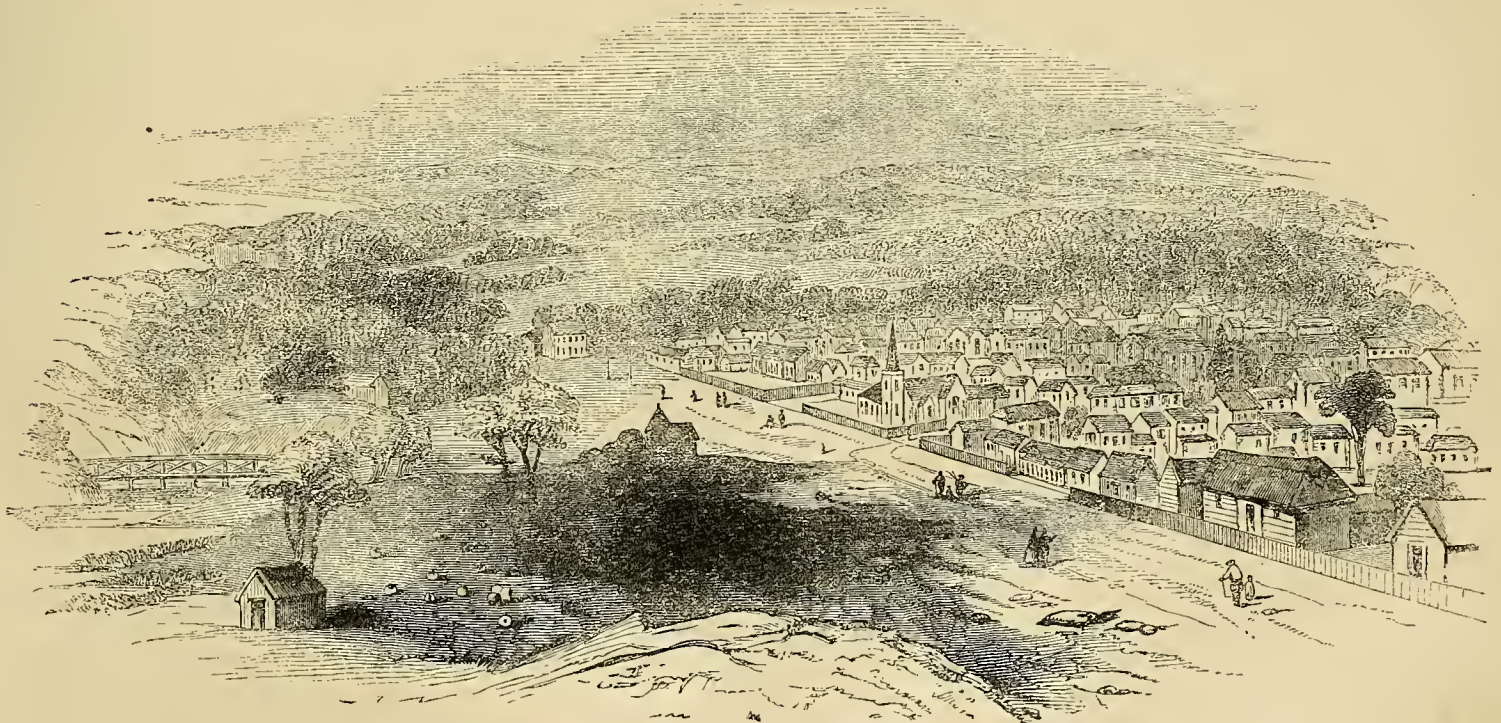
This new channel of trade to our merchants will no doubt prove a safe and profitable business. Many of our enterprising young men have gone there, and many more are preparing to leave, and Australia will soon have an infusion of the go-ahead Yankee race among her population. But the movements in this country towards Australia, are of small account when compared with what is going forward in England. From fifty to sixty ships leave the ports of Liverpool and London each month, with full cargoes, and with every berth taken up by passengers. There is from that quarter a perfect deluge of the young and adventurous. It is computed that during the last summer the emigration to Australia was at the rate of twenty thousand monthly. It would be interesting to discuss the effect which this emigration will have upon the population and productive industry of Great Britain and America. But our limits will allow of only a brief reference to this important topic. During the last decade, ending with 1851, the population of England proper increased only a little more than one per cent, and that of Great Britain, including Ireland, largely decreased. It has been ascertained that the emigration from England since the discovery of Australia has greatly exceeded the natural increase of the population. Australia is being peopled directly from England—by a population who have a strong love for and pride of country—who believe there is no nation like Great Britain, and no institutions like those under which they have lived. It will require years for this feeling to be rooted out, and to become superseded by a conviction of the true interests and the higher destiny of their adopted country. If Australia was being peopled by the Irish, or even by an emigration from the British North American colonies, not five years would elapse before it would assert its independence. A mild and liberal policy on the part of the home government may retard, or a disregard for the interests and welfare of the colony may hasten, the day of its emancipation—but independence in either case is its inevitable destiny.



THE FIRST PARSONAGE HOUSE ERECTED IN ADELAIDE.

the exports. Mining materials, provisions, and all the articles to supply the wants of the gold digger will hereafter form an important feature in the table of imports, and gold to the amount of ten to fifteen millions of pounds annually will probably figure hereafter in the list of exports. The tariff of Australia is imposed by the colonial authorities, and is very moderate. The duties levied on the principal articles, however, vary at different ports, and it would extend this article too much to particularize. Speaking generally, the tariff on imports will not, we think, exceed an

average of eight or ten per cent. On many of the most important articles of import the rates are but five per cent. The free list is large. The trade between our own country and the island of Australia is rapidly increasing, and has already assumed an important position in our foreign commerce. There are now established in Boston and New York, regular lines of packet ships for the transportation of passengers and freight, and the departure of ships for that distant land has become a daily occurrence.



REPRESENTATION OF THE CITY OF ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.



VIEW OF THE CITY OF ST. JOHN'S, NEW BRUNSWICK.

CITY OF ST. JOHN'S, NEW BRUNSWICK.

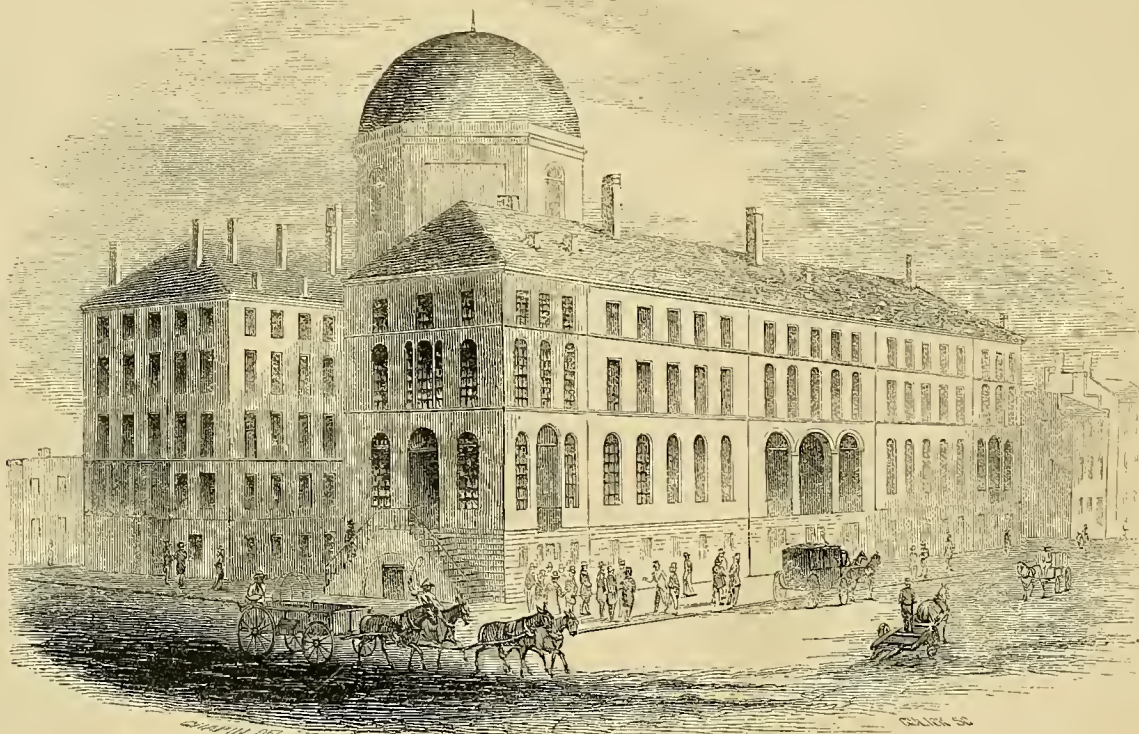
Above we give a truthful representation of this thriving city, one of the most enterprising in the provinces of British America. St. John's is a seaport, the largest and most important, although not the capital of New Brunswick. Some geographical facts and statistics will be interesting, and serve to illustrate our engraving. The city is built on the north side of the St. John River, near its mouth, in the Bay of Fundy, 130 miles west-south-west of Halifax, and 190 miles east-north-east of Augusta, in the State of Maine. Its latitude is 45 degrees 20 minutes north; longitude, 66 degrees 3 minutes east. Population, some 15,000. Its harbor is commodious and spacious; and though a bar across its entrance dries at low water, the rise of the tides is such (from 25 to 30 feet) that large vessels enter the port at high water. The entrance to the harbor is between a bold headland bounding the river to the east, and Patridge Island, about two miles south of the town, which has a lighthouse and a fort. Another fortress guards the harbor, at Carleton, opposite St. John's, and on a commanding height immediately above the town itself is Fort Howe, now in ruins. At ebb tide, a mud flat extends for some distance in front of St. John's; but at high water it is covered, and the aspect of the place is most imposing. A projecting rock separates the town into the upper and lower coves. The former, containing the wharves and the warehouses, is the principal division; but the lower has been much improved by the erection of a line of barracks. Several of the streets are inconveniently steep, and in winter even dangerous; though much labor has been employed to adapt them for carriages. The houses, principally of brick, are regularly arranged and handsome. The chief public buildings are a fine court house, the marine hospital, poor-house, and several churches and chapels. St. John's has a chamber of commerce, a savings bank and two public banks, and a marine insurance company, two public libraries and news-rooms, and four or five well-conducted newspapers. On the opposite bank of the river is the little town of Carleton, under the municipal government

of St. John's, and quite a thriving village. St. John's is a corporate city, which, including Carleton, is divided into six wards, and governed by a mayor, recorder, six aldermen, and six assistants. The mayor, recorder, and other chief officers, are appointed by the governor; the aldermen being elected annually by the freemen. St. John's is a free port, and the great commercial emporium of New Brunswick. In one year 2549 ships, of the aggregate burden of 298,610 tons entered; and 2339 ships, burden 298,127 tons, cleared out from the port and its outports; and its commerce has steadily increased in value and extent. In the same year 81 vessels of the burden of 24,679 tons, were built at St. John's. Several ships, averaging 400 tons, belonging to this port, are employed in the Pacific and eastern oceans in the seal and whale fishery. The herring fishery in the harbor affords from 10,000 to 15,000 barrels a year, besides salmon and shad. Its position will ever command the trade of the vast and fertile country, watered by the lakes and streams of the river St. John, as through it the bulk of imports and exports must pass.

MERCHANTS EXCHANGE, BALTIMORE.

We give below a very fine view of this building, situated on the corner of Gay and Pratt Streets, Baltimore. It is one of considerable importance to the merchants and citizens generally of the Monumental City, being the rendezvous for a very large amount of business. It contains the Custom House, Post Office, Exchange Reading-Rooms, Rotunda of the Exchange—where the merchants meet on 'change, at noon, each day, to regulate the financial destinies of the city (à la Wall Street, New York, and State Street, Boston),—the Merchants Bank, and other institutions and offices. Part of this building was formerly occupied by the Exchange Hotel. The whole of this property, except the Custom House and Merchants Bank, was lately purchased by a company of enterprising gentlemen, who made such arrangements and alterations as were necessary to adapt it to its present purposes. The original cost of the Exchange property was about \$600,000. It is a prominent feature in the architectural characteristics of Baltimore, and we give our readers the view as a matter of general regard.

We have also some other points of interest relating to the Monumental City, which we shall present in these pages from time to time, as space and variety shall admit. Perhaps no feature of the Pictorial has been more popular than its delineations of public buildings, whether devoted to the purposes of commerce, the comfort of the traveller, education or religion; and we take pleasure in making, as far as practicable, our sheet a faithful transcript of all such, both as models of architecture and as signboards, indicating the locality and belongings of all such places throughout the country, as we may judge to be of moment to the public. And as our field is the world, we shall, as we may find opportunity, continue to lay before our thousands of readers representations of such edifices in other lands as are objects of regard to the traveller, and may awaken interest in those who, tarrying at home, peruse with pleasure details of notable events, and linger over illustrations of architectural beauties, whether of older or modern times, which it is one design of our journal to portray.



REPRESENTATION OF THE MERCHANTS EXCHANGE, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.



A WEDDING SCENE IN JAPAN, FROM A DRAWING BY A NATIVE JAPANESE ARTIST.

JAPANESE CUSTOMS AND CEREMONIES.

The marriage ceremonies of the Japanese are in accordance with the mystic doctrines of Buddhism. Long, formal and fantastic, the alliance is finally cemented by draughts of a liquor called *zakki*, passed from one relative to another by two young girls called *butterflies*, under the direction of a *mediator*, or master of ceremonies. The above engraving, copied from a picture brought to Europe from Japan by President Titsinghe, represents this stage of the nuptial ceremonies. Seated in a saloon, on the upper side, at the left hand, is the father of the bride, and next to him is her mother. Next is the bridegroom, twirling his fan, and beyond him are the *mediator* and his wife. In the centre of the saloon are the two *butterflies*, bearing the *sousous*, or *zakki* jugs. Seated in the foreground, on the left, are the parents of the bridegroom. Next is the bride, clothed in a white mantle, with a white veil on her head; and on her right, is the *kaisoge*, or bridesmaid. Beyond are the youngest brothers of the bride and the bridegroom, and in the passage-way is seen the head-servant. Before the bride is a stand called *fikiwatasi*, on which are drinking-bowls and a viol, while on the other side of the *butterflies* is a box of dainties. On a table is the *fiki-demono*, a sash presented to the bridegroom by the bride's father, with much formality. In an alcove is the *toko*, or refreshment-table. The bridal feast consists of Japanese delicacies, among them, boiled rice, duck-soup, yolk of eggs, boiled sea-spiders, snipe with ginger-sauce, and at the close, *zinnac*, or powdered green tea, dissolved in boiling water. Matches are arranged by *mediators*, and the wishes of the bride are never consulted, so that there is little affection, and conjugal fidelity is rare.

Funerals in Japan are attended with many formalities, and we give below a representation of the procession at the interment of a civil officer. The corpse, having been kept forty-eight hours, is packed in a square *quan*, or coffin, which is taken in an enclosed bier to the temple, where sweetmeats and incense is offered up be-

fore the graven image, and prayers are read. Gongs are then sounded, and the procession starts for the grave, as represented in the engraving. Servant bearing *kiatats*, or trestles, upon which the bier is placed during a halt. Bearer of the *obata*, or great flag, inscribed with the holy name of *Siaka*. Bearer of the *rengees*, or sacred flower. Priest, with his chaplet, guiding the deceased, and repeating hymns. Young candidate for the priesthood, carrying incense. Bearer of the *foro*, or lantern, in which are lighted candles. The bier, carried by two servants, while a third holds over it the *tenqay*, or umbrella. By the side of the bier walks the *atosuagi*, or eldest son of the deceased, and behind, cane in hand, is the *Isja*, or physician. In the original Japanese picture, a troop of friends follow, but they do not differ, in point of dress, from the officials; and in the rear are *norimons*, or *palanquins*, of the females. On arriving at the grave, the coffin is buried, and the bier left on the surface of the ground for seven weeks, when it is removed, that the *sisek*, or tomb-stone, may be erected. During these seven weeks, the heir goes every day to the grave, and repeats prayers; the rest of the time he remains at home, abstains from fish and flesh, and neither shaves nor cuts his nails. At the expiration of one hundred days after the decease, he gives a feast to the priest and his relatives. Such are the bridal and funeral customs of this people. The population of Japan has been variously stated; but no estimate yet given has the slightest pretension to accuracy. The most moderate estimate, however, fixes it at rather more than fifty millions, exclusive of the inhabitants of the Japanese dependencies. They are divided into eight classes: the princes, nobles, priests, soldiers, civil officers, merchants, artisans, and laborers either agricultural or otherwise; the caste system is strictly pursued, and each follows the employment of his fathers, whatever his talents may be for a different pursuit. The people, physically considered, appear to be a mixed breed of Mongolian and Malay blood; they regard themselves as aborigines. They are, in gene-

ral, well made, active, and supple, having yellow complexions, small deeply set eyes, short flattish noses, broad heads, and thick black hair, which, however, is not allowed to be worn, except on the crown, the sides of the head being kept constantly shaved. The dress of the Japanese consists of several loose silken or cotton robes, worn over each other, the family arms being usually worked into the back and breast of that which covers the rest. To these is added, on state occasions, a robe of ceremony; and the higher classes wear with it a sort of trousers called *bakkama* (resembling a full-plaited petticoat drawn up between the legs), with one or more swords, according to the rank of the parties. The lower orders are prohibited from wearing swords. The men shave the front and crown of the head, the rest being gathered and formed into a tuft, covering the bald part; the women, on the contrary, wear their hair long, and arranged in the form of a turban, stuck full of pieces of highly polished tortoise shell; and they paint their faces red and white, and stain their lips purple, and their teeth black. Hats are worn only in rainy weather; but the fan is an indispensable appendage to all classes of the Japanese. Their gait is awkward, owing partly to their clumsy shoes; but that of the women is the worst, in consequence of their practice of so tightly bandaging the hips, as to turn their feet inward. On the other hand, they do not deform themselves by confining their feet in tight shoes, like the Chinese. Polygamy is not practised even by the nobles, and far more freedom is permitted to the female sex than in China; many are well educated, and almost all play on musical instruments. Respecting the moral condition of a people so little known, it would be rash to venture any remarks. They are alleged, by Siebold and others, to be intelligent, and desirous of increasing their knowledge by inquiries; they study medicine and astronomy, and their observations are as correctly made as their rude instruments will allow. In other sciences considerable progress has been made.



A FUNERAL PROCESSION IN JAPAN, FROM A DRAWING BY A NATIVE JAPANESE ARTIST.

MARSHAL SOULT, DUKE OF DALMATIA.

MARSHAL SOULT belonged to the great generation of 1769, the year which produced Napoleon, Cuvier, Chateaubriand, Sir Walter Scott, and, if we remember rightly, Wellington also. Born at Saint Amans (Tarn), France, of a family of farmers, Nicholas Jean de Dieu Soult enlisted, as a common soldier, in 1785, in

erslautern. At that of Wissemburg, he distinguished himself, and, commanding the attack on the left, he succeeded in driving the Austrians from the important heights where they were entrenched. Jourdan, having replaced Hoche in the command of the army at the Moselle, fought two battles in succession at Arlon, in consequence of which Captain Soult was appointed adjutant-

of Fleurus. Soult ran to him and said: "Are you going to die, Marceau, while your soldiers are disgracing themselves? Go to them—bring them back to battle; it will be more glorious to conquer!" Marceau listened to his friend; he hastened after the flying divisions, rallied them, and shared with them the honors of the day. Before this, under General Lefebvre, he had performed



MARSHAL SOULT, DUKE OF DALMATIA.

the royal infantry, where he received his first grades. In 1791, he was made sub-lieutenant of grenadiers in the 1st battalion of the Upper Rhine, which soon after elected him by acclamation, adjutant, and afterwards captain. In 1794, with the latter grade, he passed, under Hoche, the army of the Moselle, and, entrusted with the details of a division, he was present at the battle of Kais-

general and chief of battalion on the 19th Pluviôse of the year II. of the French Republic, then adjutant-general and colonel, two months afterwards. He was present at the two battles of Fleurus, in the last of which the divisions of Ardennes, commanded by Marceau, having been repulsed, and retiring in great disorder, the general, in despair, sought an honorable death near the mill

the duties of the chief of the vanguard staff in the division of the Palatinat. Appointed brigadier-general on the 20th Vendémiaire, year III., he passed into General Harty's corps, and took part in the blockade of Luxemburg. Soon after, he was employed again under Lefebvre, then under Kleber.

[...or continuation of description, see page 239.]

APRIL.

Now through the cloud, where pipes the lark on high
His cheery melody, sweet April comes,
Strewing gay flowers, of many a varied dye—
Flowers, which her breath calls from their winter
tombs.
Now beams to heaven the violet's dewy eye;
"The mountain daisy" modestly resumes
Her vesture prim; the primrose ceases sigh;
And fragrantly the garden's beauty blooms.
O, cheerfully the streamlet gurgles now,
Where coo the pigeons in the vocal grove
As April, though a cloud be on her brow,
Smiles, through her tears, the beams of hope and
love.
Young Hebe of the months, propitious nymph,
Pour out on earth the fructifying lymph.

At thy approach, mild April, mother Earth,
Opens her bosom for the golden shower,
Which fills her heart with hope and grateful mirth—
Bringing to Ceres' sons a piteous dower.
From monarch oak e'en to the humblest flower
All nature hallows thee. O, may no dearth,
No bitter blight, or pestilential power
Sadden the homes of rural toil and worth.
Enough our isles have suffered. Let thy breath
Bear on its balm the boon of healthful life;
May plenty triumph o'er disease and death,
And stricken lands once more with joy be rife.
We hail thy presence, Hebe of the year!
And O, propitious be thy smile and tear.

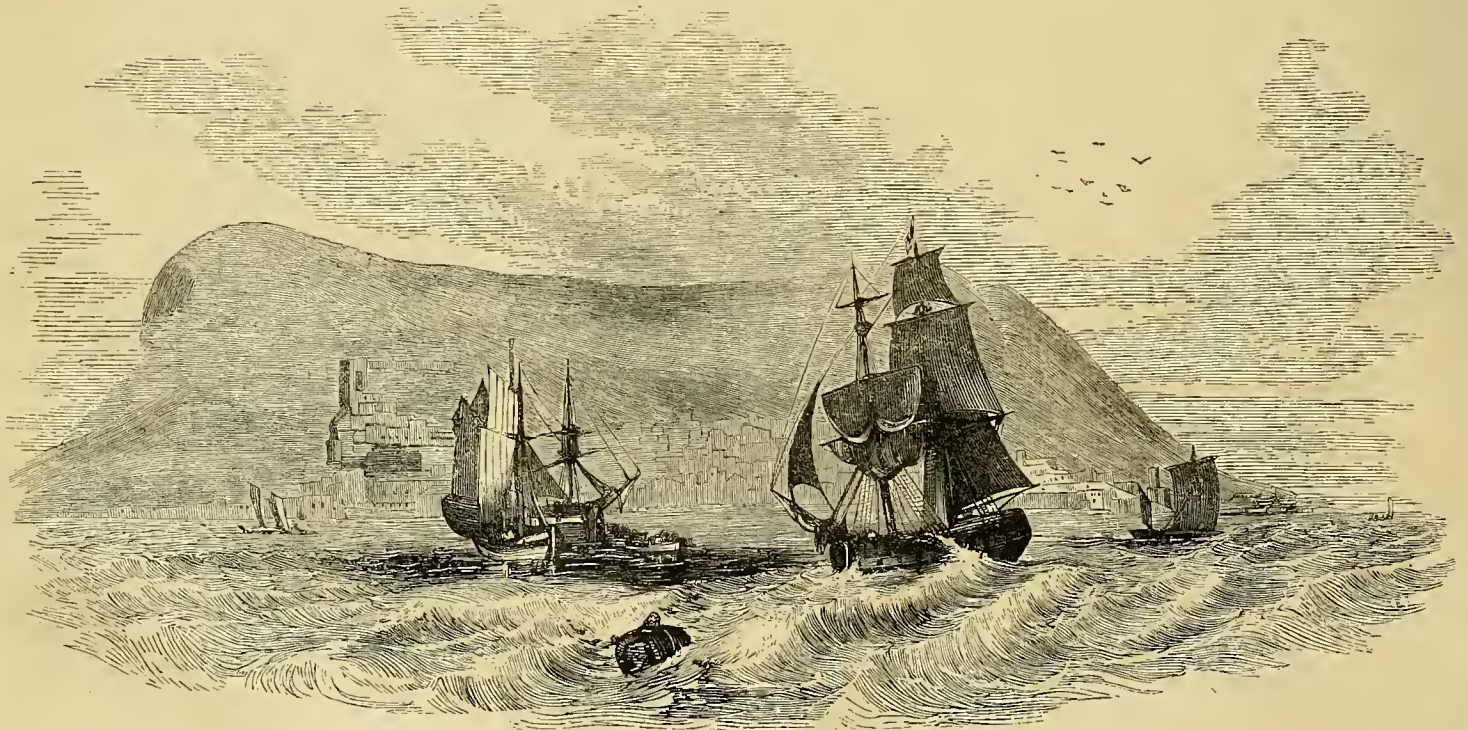
FORTRESS OF GIBRALTAR.

Below we give our readers an admirable view of Gibraltar, the most famous "strong hold" of ancient or modern times. It contains a population of about 20,000, exclusive of about 3000 troops. The fortress stands on the west side of a mountainous promontory or rock (the *Mons Calpe* of the ancients), projecting into the sea south about three miles, being from one-half to three-quarters of a mile in breadth. The southern extremity of the rock, eleven and a half miles north of Ceuta, in Africa, is called Europa Point. Its northern side, fronting the low narrow isthmus which connects it with the mainland, is perpendicular, and wholly inaccessible; the east and south sides are steep and rugged, and extremely difficult of access, so as to render any attack upon them, even if they were not fortified, next to impossible; so that it is only on the west side, fronting the bay, where the rock declines to the sea, and the town is built, that it can be attacked with the faintest prospect of success. Here, however, the strength of the fortifications is such that the fortress seems impregnable, even though attacked by an enemy having the command of the sea. The town, which lies on a bed of red sand, at the foot of the rock, on its northwest side, has a principal street, nearly a mile long, well built, paved and lighted; and of late years many of the narrow streets have been widened, the alleys removed, and the general ventilation improved. Still, however, "the houses are constructed for the latitude of England, not of Africa; for, instead of patios, fountains, and open galleries, admitting a free circulation of air, closed doors, narrow passages, wooden floors, small rooms, and air-excluding windows, keep out the fresh, and keep in the foul air." These circumstances seem, in part at least, to account for the contagious fevers by which the town is sometimes scourged. The principal buildings are the governor's house and garden, the admiralty, the naval hospital, the victualling-office, and the barracks. The fortifications are of extraordinary extent and strength. The principal batteries are all emplaced, and traverses are constructed to prevent the mischief that might ensue from the explosion of shells. Vast galleries have been excavated in the solid rock, and mounted with heavy cannon; and communications have been established between the different batteries by passages cut in the rock, to protect the troops from the enemy's fire. In fact, the whole rock is lined with the most formidable batteries, from the waters to the

ALLEGORICAL REPRESENTATION OF THE MONTH OF APRIL.

summit, and from the Lund gate to Europa Point; so that, if properly victualled and garrisoned, Gibraltar may be said to be impregnable. The Bay of Gibraltar, formed by the headland of *Cabrita* and *Europa* Point, four miles distant from each other, is spacious and well adapted for shipping, being protected from all the more dangerous winds; the extreme depth within the bay is one hundred and ten fathoms. To increase the security of the harbor, two moles have been constructed, which respectively extend eleven hundred and seven hundred feet into the bay. The Spanish town and port of Algeciras lie on the west side of the bay. As a commercial station, Gibraltar is of considerable consequence. Being made a free port in 1704, subject to no duties and restrictions, it is a convenient entrepot for the English and other foreign goods destined to supply the neighboring provinces of Spain and Africa. Gibraltar, the *Calpe* of the Greeks, formed with *Abyla* on the African coast "the pillars of Hercules." Its name was

changed to *Gibul-Tarif*, or mountain of *Tarif*, in the beginning of the eighth century, when *Tarif Ebu Zarcia* landed with a large army to conquer Spain, and erected a strong fortress on the mountain side. During the Moorish occupation of Spain it increased in importance, but was at length taken by *Ferdinand*, king of *Castile*, in the fourteenth century. It was soon recaptured, and did not become the appanage of Spain till 1462. Its farthest history till its conquest by the English in 1704, is unimportant. During the war of the Spanish succession, the English and Dutch fleets, under Sir *George Rooke* and the Prince of *Hesse Darmstadt*, attacked the fortress, which surrendered after some hours' resistance. The Spaniards, during the nine following years, vainly tried to recover it; and in 1713 its possession was secured to the English by the peace of *Utrecht*. In 1727, the Spaniards blockaded it, for several months, without success. The most memorable, however, of the sieges of Gibraltar, is the last, begun in 1779 and terminated in 1783. The batteries on the rock were known to be most formidable; and yet the bold, not to say extravagant, project was entertained of attempting to silence them by the fire of ten enormous floating batteries ingeniously constructed by the Chevalier *D'Arcon*. A powerful combined French and Spanish fleet and army was collected to co-operate in the attack, which excited an extraordinary interest in all parts of Europe. The grand effort was made on the 13th of September, 1782; and the only thing to be wondered at is, that the floating batteries should have so long resisted, as they actually did, the tremendous fire of red-hot to which they were exposed. At length, however, two of them took fire, and their terrific explosion terminated the conflict. The garrison, and their gallant commander, Sir *Gilbert Elliot*, afterward Lord *Heathfield*, were not more distinguished by their brave defence than by their generous efforts to rescue their enemies from the flames and the waves. Though the town is fortified in itself, its chief protection is derived from the batteries on the neighboring heights, which sweep both the isthmus and the approach to the town by water. The last siege displayed the power of artillery in every shape. The town was then almost entirely destroyed; but it was afterwards rebuilt, on an improved and much enlarged plan. The houses have flat roofs, and large bow windows: they are generally painted black, with a white strip to mark each story or floor; the black is intended to blunt the dazzling rays of the sun. * * * In the hands of such a nation as Great Britain Gibraltar must ever be a strong hold of power, and probably no attempt will ever be made to dispossess them of it. The cost to maintain its impregnability constitutes no small item in the British exchequer, and its commerce has long been falling to decay. But the advantage which its possession confers on Great Britain, is most important. It is, as it were, the key of the Mediterranean; and while its occupation gives the British the means of effectually annoying their enemies in war, it affords equal facilities for protecting their commerce. The Straits of Gibraltar form an entrance from the Atlantic into the Mediterranean. The narrowest part is to the west of Gibraltar, and fifteen miles across. The ancients called them *Gaditanum* and *Herculeanum Fretum*, or *Straits of Hercules*. A strong and constant current flows into the Mediterranean from the Atlantic Ocean, in the middle of the straits, while two feeble lateral currents issue from the sea. But if an anchor be cast in the straits, a lower current is found to prevail, setting out into the ocean.



VIEW OF THE CELEBRATED STRONGHOLD OR FORTRESS OF GIBRALTAR.

CHRISTMAS

WREATH



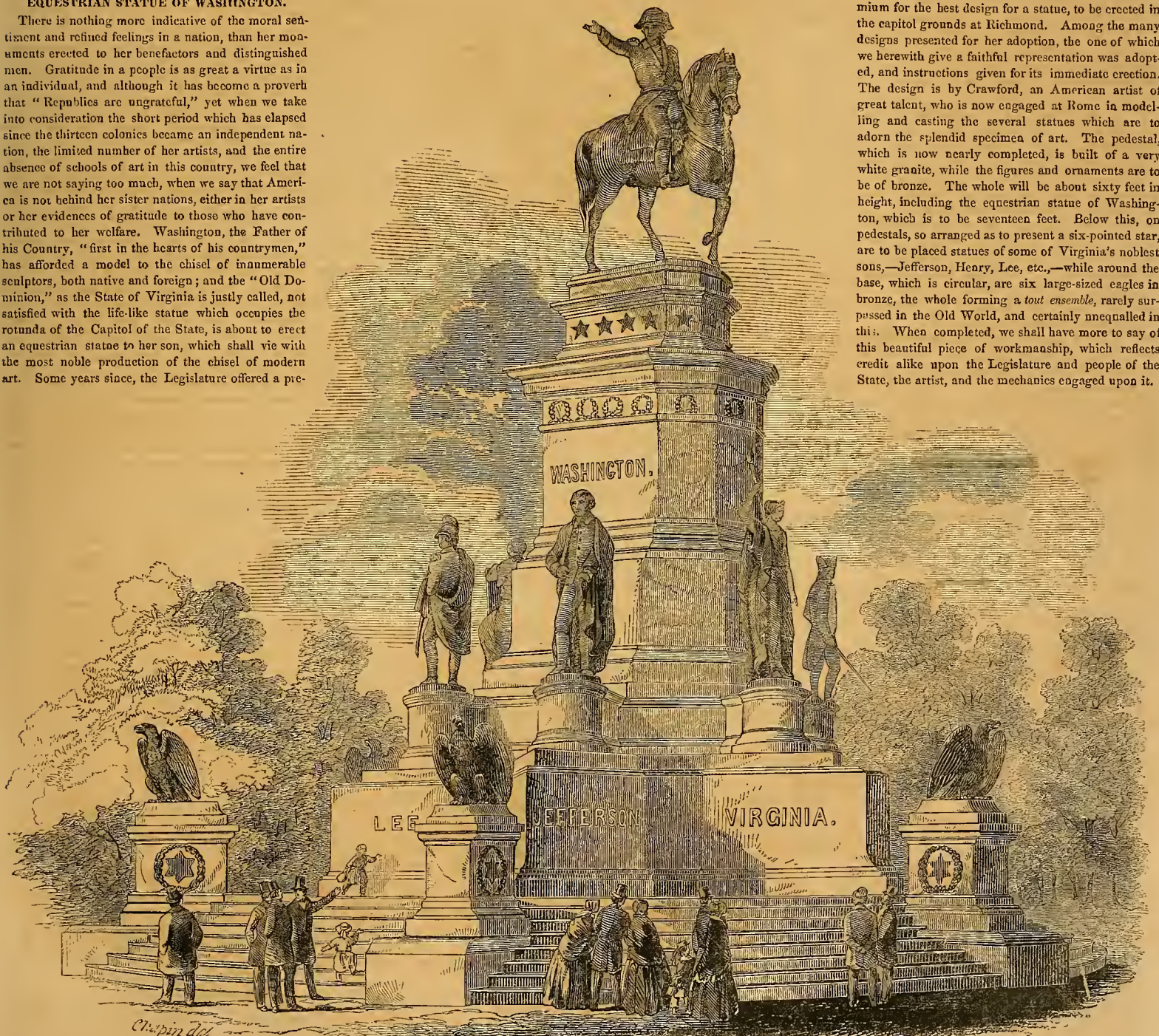
F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1853.

33 PER ANNUM. } VOL. IV. No. 16.—WHOLE No. 94.
6 CTS. SINGLE.

EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

There is nothing more indicative of the moral sentiment and refined feelings in a nation, than her monuments erected to her benefactors and distinguished men. Gratitude in a people is as great a virtue as in an individual, and although it has become a proverb that "Republics are ungrateful," yet when we take into consideration the short period which has elapsed since the thirteen colonies became an independent nation, the limited number of her artists, and the entire absence of schools of art in this country, we feel that we are not saying too much, when we say that America is not behind her sister nations, either in her artists or her evidences of gratitude to those who have contributed to her welfare. Washington, the Father of his Country, "first in the hearts of his countrymen," has afforded a model to the chisel of innumerable sculptors, both native and foreign; and the "Old Dominion," as the State of Virginia is justly called, not satisfied with the life-like statue which occupies the rotunda of the Capitol of the State, is about to erect an equestrian statue to her son, which shall vie with the most noble production of the chisel of modern art. Some years since, the Legislature offered a pre-



mium for the best design for a statue, to be erected in the capitol grounds at Richmond. Among the many designs presented for her adoption, the one of which we herewith give a faithful representation was adopted, and instructions given for its immediate erection. The design is by Crawford, an American artist of great talent, who is now engaged at Rome in modelling and casting the several statues which are to adorn the splendid specimen of art. The pedestal, which is now nearly completed, is built of a very white granite, while the figures and ornaments are to be of bronze. The whole will be about sixty feet in height, including the equestrian statue of Washington, which is to be seventeen feet. Below this, on pedestals, so arranged as to present a six-pointed star, are to be placed statues of some of Virginia's noblest sons,—Jefferson, Henry, Lee, etc.,—while around the base, which is circular, are six large-sized eagles in bronze, the whole forming a *tout ensemble*, rarely surpassed in the Old World, and certainly unequalled in this. When completed, we shall have more to say of this beautiful piece of workmanship, which reflects credit alike upon the Legislature and people of the State, the artist, and the mechanics engaged upon it.

REPRESENTATION OF THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF WASHINGTON, AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.



VIEW OF CINCINNATI, OHIO, FROM THE HILL BACK OF NEWPORT BARRACKS.

THE QUEEN CITY OF THE WEST.

The fine engraving, which we give above, of Cincinnati, was taken from the hill near Newport Barracks, and is certainly a very faithful one. The rise of Cincinnati has been so rapid, and its position is so commanding, that a slight glance at the annals of this "Queen City of the West," is desirable. The ground on which the city is built belonged to the Miami purchase, made of the United States, in 1787, by John Cleves Symmes, Esq., in behalf of himself and a company formed in New Jersey; and the deeds of all the in and out lots of the city were made in his name. Symmes's purchase included all the territory between the Great and Little Miami rivers, to extend back so as to include 1,000,000 of acres; out which was found, within the contemplated limits, to include only 600,000 acres. In 1788, he went on to the purchase, for the purpose of aiding in its settlement, and located himself at North Bend, where he hoped to build up a city which should become, in time, what Cincinnati now is. On the 28th of December, 1788, Israel Ludlow, with about twenty other persons, landed on the north bank of Ohio River, opposite to the mouth of Licking River, and commenced a settlement, erecting three or four log cabins, the first of which was built on Front, east of and near Main Street; and in January, 1789, he proceeded to lay off the town. The whole site was then a dense forest, the lower table being covered with sycamore and sugar-maple trees; and the upper, or second table, with beech and oak trees. The streets were run, and the corners marked upon the trees. The city is supplied by water raised from the Ohio River by a steam engine of 40 horse power, and forced into two reservoirs on a hill of 700 feet distant. The reservoirs are elevated 150 feet above low-water mark in the river, and 30 feet above the upper plane of the city. The largest reservoir is 103 feet by 50, and the smaller, 94 by 45 feet. The average depth of the whole is 12 feet, and their capacity is 1,600,000 gallons. The water is carried by cast-iron pipes under the bed of Deer Creek to the intersection of Broadway and Third Street, whence it is distributed through the principal streets, in pipes of oak logs, with cast-iron joints. The trade of Cincinnati embraces the country from the Ohio River to the lakes, north and south, and from the Scioto to the Wabash River, east and west. The Ohio River line in Kentucky, for fifty miles down, and up as far as the boundary between that State and Virginia, make their purchases here. Its manufactures are sent into the upper and lower Mississippi country. Cincinnati is an excessive manufacturing place. Its natural destitution of water-power is extensively compensated at present by the employment of steam engines, and by the surplus water of the Miami canal, which affords 3000 cubic feet per minute, equal to carrying sixty pairs of millstones, most of which is now in use. Cincinnati was first chartered as a city in 1819. This charter has been repeatedly altered and amended, and is the basis of its present government.

Cincinnati exhibits the precocious character of our people in its true light; a town but yesterday, a city to-day, and a metropolis to-morrow! It is well termed the "Queen City of the West." It is already the centre of a vast internal commerce, by its canals, railroads, and the facilities of the Ohio River; and its course, as it regards its growth and prosperity, is steadily upward and onward. Its people are intelligent, hospitable, and industrious, and what more is there wanted to make this emporium the centre of business and commercial prosperity of the great "central West?" In 1850, the population of this thriving city was 115,338. The artist has given us here a very accurate and interesting engraving of Cincinnati, and we commend it for its truthfulness.

NEW ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

The perseverance of the English government in the search for its lost officers—Sir John Franklin and his companions—is worthy of all praise. We give below a picture of one of her majesty's vessels—the sloop *Rattlesnake*, fitted out at Sheerness for the conveyance of provisions and stores to the Arctic regions, for the relief of the missing squadrons of Sir John Franklin and his brave companions. Having taken on board all her stores and supplies for her own crew for three years, exclusive of extra comforts for the ship's company, she takes out 17,000 pounds of D. Hogarth and Co.'s preserved meats, soups, etc., 15,000 pounds of preserved vegetables, 2000 pounds of pickles, 3000 pounds of cranberries,

1000 pounds of jullienne, and an abundant supply of other anti-scorbutics; she also takes a large quantity of live stock and poultry for the comfort of the ship's company. Captain Henry Trollope, and the officers generally, have paid especial attention to the fitting up of this vessel for the comfort of the entire ship's company. As the preservation and comfort of the officers and crews of the vessels engaged in the Arctic service depend upon the maintenance of an artificial temperature within the ships, the most efficient means have been provided for this purpose. The apparatus consists of a stove or cockle placed in the hold, to which fresh air is admitted by a downcast funnel acting on the principle of a wind sail, whilst an arrangement of tubes conveys the warm air to the officers' berths and the fore parts of the main deck. Ventilation is secured by means of an upcast funnel, into which the smoke flue from the above is carried; thus varying the air within the funnel, and creating an upward current for the vitiated air of the 'tween decks, which is found particularly useful when the ships are housed over for their winter quarters in the ice. The power of the stove is equal to maintain a body of 2400 cubic feet of air at 52 degrees Fahrenheit, when the external temperature is from 15 degrees to 20 degrees below zero. The ventilating arrangements are adequate to change the whole of this body of air twice within an hour, which affords a supply of about five feet per minute for each individual on board. The whole of the ships, which are now on active service, including the expedition that sailed under the orders of Sir John Franklin, have been fitted with this apparatus, and its efficiency tested under very trying circumstances. Our own nation, in common with the English people, feel a deep interest in the welfare of Sir John Franklin and his brave companions. The expedition so soon to leave our own shores to prosecute the search for the intrepid navigator, under command of Lieut. Kane, has made the most close and far-sighted arrangements to ensure success; and although it may, perhaps, be questioned, whether they will ever find Sir John, they are expecting to be able to throw such light upon his probable course, as to satisfy the public mind in regard to his fate, as well as add some new facts to scientific discovery.



HER MAJESTY'S SLOOP RATTLESNAKE, FOR THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

THIBETAN SHEEP.

We present herewith a fine picture representing the famous Thibetan sheep, lately imported into England from India. Moorcroft was the first traveller, we believe, who noticed the peculiar race of sheep inhabiting the Trans-himalayan district of Ladak. Subsequent observations having confirmed his opinion as to the quality of their flesh and wool, the East India Company imported a flock which originally consisted of fourteen sheep and ewes, but which was increased by the birth of six lambs during the passage. The whole flock has been sent, for a short time, to the Gardens of the Zoological Society, London, previous to their distribution among the landed proprietors whose possessions are best adapted by soil and climate for naturalizing this mountain variety in the British islands. They are said to thrive well, and give promise of becoming soon thoroughly acclimated to their new situation.

THE VAULTS OF ST. DENIS.

The abbey church of St. Denis ranks among the oldest Christian religious buildings in the kingdom of France. According to tradition, St. Denis, or Dionysius, left Rome to preach the Gospel in the year 240. His mission, it is said, was eminently successful, but he met with the fate of many other Christians of the time in which he lived, and was headed by his persecutors. Henceforth his name was registered in the Romish calendar, and he became the patron saint of France. Among those whom he had converted was a pious lady named Catulla, who having, by a stratagem, obtained possession of his body, caused it to be buried in a field that was her property, and lay by the road-side. When the persecutions of the Christians ceased in 313, she erected a tomb over his remains; and subsequently a chapel was built on the spot, while the fame of the saint attracted new and valuable offerings to his shrine; and in 496 the chapel was rebuilt, being much enlarged and improved. St. Denis is also famed as the burial-place of the kings and queens of France, from an extremely early age in the history of that country, until the time of the revolution at the end of the last century. The first prince of



THIBETAN SHEEP, INHABITING THE TRANS-HIMALAYAN DISTRICT OF LADAK.

whose burial notice is taken in French history, was Dagobert, an infant son of Chilperic, in the year 580. In 613, Dagobert I. founded the abbey of St. Denis, and at his death, in 638, he was buried under a magnificent monument erected in the church; in 642, his wife, Nantilde, was placed in the tomb by his side. Still farther to celebrate the reign of this monarch, a statue was erected to his memory, seated on a throne with his two sons, Clovis and Sigebert, by his side. After the death of Dagobert, Pepin-le-

divided from the body. A wooden chest, about two feet long, lined with lead, was discovered, which contained the bones of Dagobert and those of his queen, Nantilde; they were enveloped in silk, and the bodies were separated from each other by a partition, which divided the chest. When all was ended, these remains of three dynasties were thrown into two trenches, surrounded by quicklime, and the grass now grows over the common grave of monarchs who had governed France for centuries.

Bref, father of Charlemagne, rebuilt the abbey on a much more extensive site; it was completed in 775. In 1373 Charles V. built the chapel as a burial place. Up to 1793, the abbey of St. Denis was famed for its immense riches, and still continued to be the last receptacle of the mortal remains of the kings and queens of France. The needy revolutionary government was not long before it laid hands on the unknown contents of the abbey's treasury, and a list was taken of its treasures.— Among these were many articles extremely valuable, on account of the precious metals of which they were formed, and the jewels with which they were enriched. The first act of the national convention was but a prelude to the nearly utter destruction of the royal abbey of St. Denis. On the 31st of July, 1793, it was decreed that the tombs and mausoleums of the former kings of France, not only in the abbey of St. Denis, but elsewhere, should be demolished; a few friends of the fine arts, however, interposed, to save such monuments as appeared deserving of a better fate. On the 12th of October this decree was carried into effect. The first tomb opened was that of Marshal Turenne, and his remains were found in a high state of preservation; luckily, they were the ashes of a hero, not a king, and they were first carried to the Jardin des Plantes, and afterwards removed with great pomp to the church of the Invalides. On opening the vault of the Bourbons, in the subterranean chapels, the body of Henry IV., who died in 1610, was found in good preservation. They then opened that of King Dagobert, who died, as we have said, in 638. It was hollowed to receive the head, which was



REPRESENTATION OF THE VAULTS UNDER THE ABBEY CHURCH OF ST. DENIS, FRANCE.



VIEW OF THE CITY OF BALTIMORE, MARYLAND, FROM FEDERAL HILL.



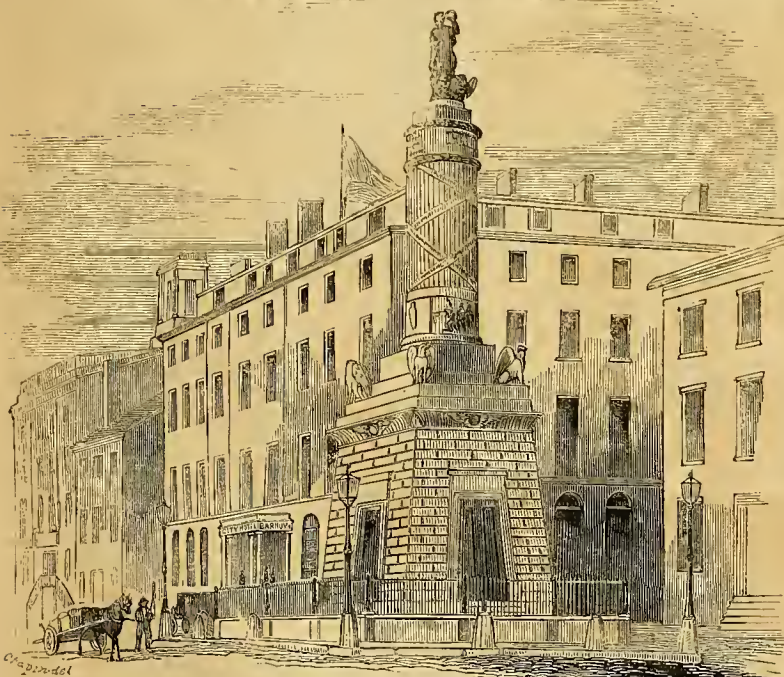
ARMISTEAD MONUMENT.

BALTIMORE,—the third city in point of population in the United States, is situated on the Patapsco River, 14 miles from its mouth, 100 miles from Philadelphia, and 40 from Washington. Its latitude is 39 deg. 17 min. north, and longitude 76 deg. 37 min. west. The population in June, 1850, was 141,440 whites, 24,668 free negroes, and 2946 slaves—total 169,054, showing an increase in ten years of 66,541. The city is built on quite uneven ground, which gives an advantage in relation to cleanliness, and it presents to the eye of an observer from the opposite side of the harbor an imposing appearance. The view which we give is taken from Federal Hill, an eminence on the south side

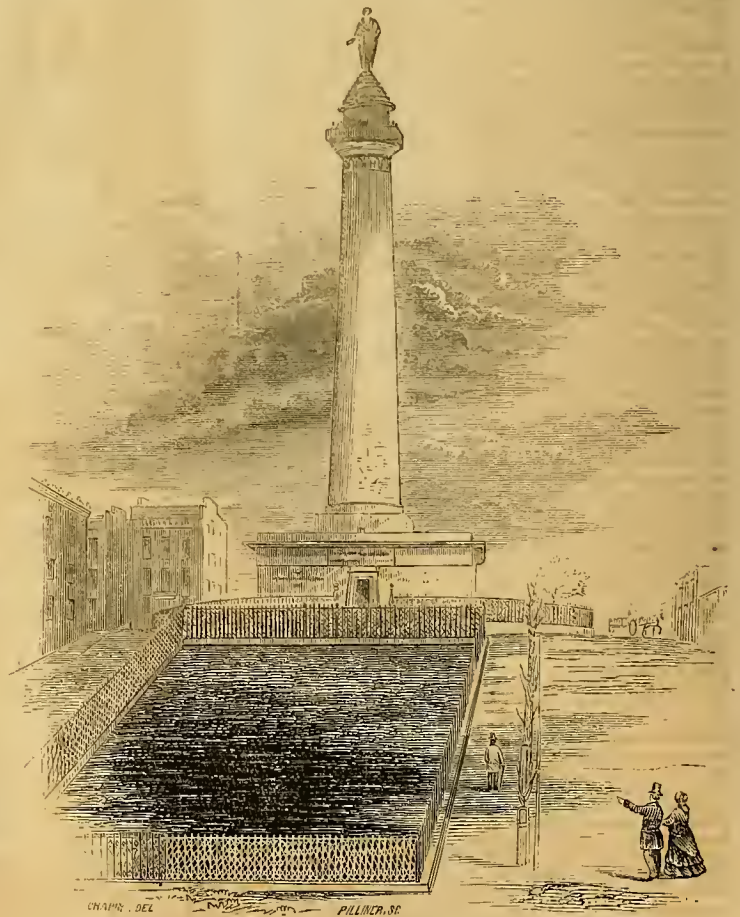
of the northwest branch of the Patapsco, a fine stream navigable for vessels 14 miles, to Falls Point, and gives a general idea of the appearance of the city from the river. Commencing on the left of the picture, No. 1, the gothic spire is that of the Presbyterian Church; 2, the large building just beneath, is the State To-

bacco Warehouse; 3, Eutaw House, a fine first class hotel; 4, the new Catholic Church; 5, the building with two spires and a dome is the Catholic Cathedral; 6, St. Paul's, Episcopalian; 7, Presbyterian Church; 8, Court House; 9, Barnum's Hotel, just in front of the Court House; 10, the Sun Building; 11, the Washington Monument; 12, Calvert Station, of the Baltimore and Susquehanna Railroad; 13, Christ Church—this steeple contains a splendid chime of bells; 14, the Exchange; and 15, the Shot Tower at the corner of Fayette and Front streets.—Baltimore has been called the Monumental City from the two splendid monuments which it contains. The Washington Monument—of which we present a very correct view, taken from the corner of Charles and Centre streets—is situated upon high ground, 100 feet above tide water, near the centre of the city, and surrounded by some of the mansions of the more wealthy citizens. On each of the four sides, a park, similar to the one shown in the engraving, is laid out and neatly fenced, thus affording a commanding view of the noble structure from

model of which may be seen in the basement. It represents the chief in the crowning net of his life—his resignation of his commission at Annapolis, in December, 1783—and cost \$9000. The monument is built entirely of white marble, and a flight of 228 steps on the interior of the column carries the visitor to the top, from whence he gets a magnificent view of the surrounding country. The ground was given by the late Col. John Eager Howard, Governor of the State, and the "Hero of the Cowpens,"



BATTLE MONUMENT, BALTIMORE.



WASHINGTON MONUMENT, BALTIMORE.

the four cardinal points of the compass. The base of the monument is 50 feet square and 20 feet high. From this rises a plain doric column, one hundred and seventy-six feet six inches high, on which rests a very graceful colossal statue of Washington, by Cassici, sixteen feet high, a

and the monument was erected by the State of Maryland, the corner stone being laid on the 4th of July, 1815, with imposing ceremonies. The inscriptions are as follows. Over each of the four doors of entrance: "To George Washington, by the State of Maryland." On the north front: "Commander-in-chief of the American Armies, 15th June, 1775. Commission resigned at Annapolis, 23d December, 1783." South front: "President of the United States, 4th March, 1789. Returned to Mount Vernon 4th March, 1797." East front: "Born February 22d, 1732. Died 14th December, 1799." West front: "Trenton, 25th December,

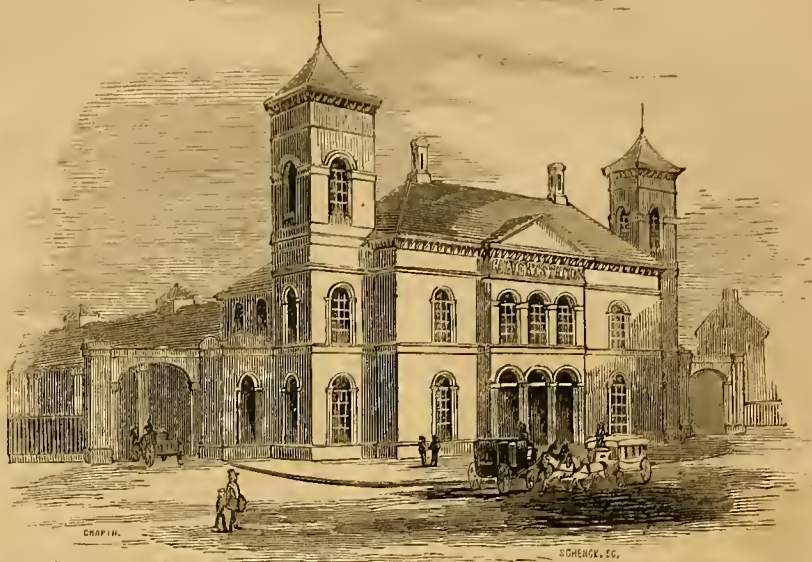


MECHANICS INSTITUTE, BALTIMORE.

1776. Yorktown, 19th October, 1781." A keeper is always ready at hand, and for a small fee, supplies visitors with a lantern, by the aid of which to grope his way to the top of the monument.—"The Battle Monument," as it is called, in Monument Square, erected to commemorate the battle of North Point, and the bombardment of Fort M'Henry, on the 13th and 14th of September, 1814, is a beautiful specimen of art, one of which the Baltimoreans are justly proud. Occupying as it does, a commanding position in the centre of the city, and immediately opposite to Barnum's Hotel, one of the best, by the way, in the United States, it is a subject of great attraction and interest to every citizen and stranger, and commemorating one of the most interesting incidents in our last war with England, it must be highly prized by all who feel any interest in their country's history. It is built entirely of white marble, under the supervision of Maximilian Godefroy, by whom it was planned. It rests upon a square terrace, 40 feet square and 4 feet high. From this rises a rusticated basement in the Egyptian style, composed of eighteen layers of stones, indicating the number of States at the period of the battle. On the four sides of this are false doors approached by three steps, indicating the number of years the war continued. Above this base is a cornice, ornamented with a winged globe emblematical of the flight of time, and on the four corners are beautifully executed griffins. The shaft represents an enormous Roman fasces, bound together with fillets, representing union. On the fillets are the names of those brave men who lost their lives in the contest, and around the upper portion—between wreaths of cypress and laurel, indicative of glory and grief—are the names of the officers who fell on that occasion. On the lower portion of the shaft are two pieces of sculpture in low relief, representing the battle at North Point between the British under General Ross, and the Americans under Gen. Striker, and the bombardment of Fort M'Henry by the British fleet. The whole is surmounted by a figure representing the city of Baltimore. She has a mural crown upon her head, emblematic of cities. In her left hand she holds an ancient helm or rudder, indicative of commerce, while her right is raised, and in it is a laurel wreath. Her head is gracefully thrown forward, looking towards the field of the battle. On her right is an eagle, and on the left a shell. The height of the basement is 20 feet, that of the shaft 18 feet, while the figure is 71-2 feet high. The whole height from the ground to the summit is 521-2 feet. The inscriptions beneath the sculptures are as follows:—*North Side*—"Battle of North Point, 12th of September, A. D., 1814; and of the Independence of the United States the thirty-ninth." *South Side*—"Bombardment of Fort M'Henry, 13th September, A. D., 1814; and of the Independence of the United States the thirty-ninth." For a background to this picture, we have Barnum's City Hotel, which has a world-wide reputation, and needs no eulogium from us.

On Calvert street, just below the "Monument," is the handsome terminus of the Baltimore and Susquehanna Railroad, called "Calvert station." This has a handsome free-stone front, and is worthy of attention from its large size and elegant proportions. The main structure for the reception of the cars is 315 feet long and 120 wide, is supported by 42 granite columns, and roofed with sheet iron. Its cost was about \$45,000. The beautiful

building of the Mechanics Institute, on Baltimore street, is one of the handsomest structures in Baltimore. It was erected by the "Maryland Institute for the

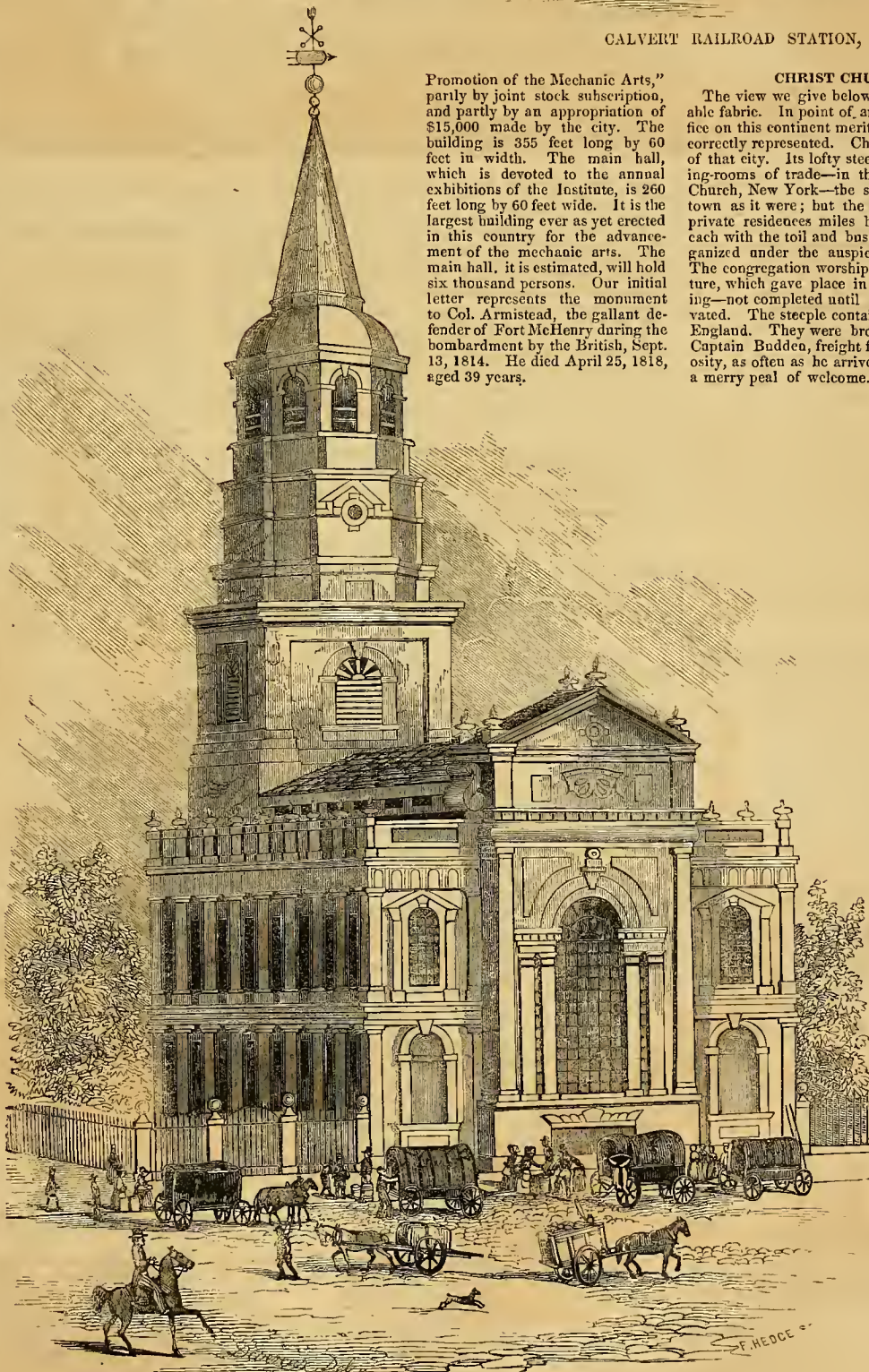


CALVERT RAILROAD STATION, BALTIMORE.

Promotion of the Mechanic Arts," partly by joint stock subscription, and partly by an appropriation of \$15,000 made by the city. The building is 355 feet long by 60 feet in width. The main hall, which is devoted to the annual exhibitions of the Institute, is 260 feet long by 60 feet wide. It is the largest building ever as yet erected in this country for the advancement of the mechanic arts. The main hall, it is estimated, will hold six thousand persons. Our initial letter represents the monument to Col. Armistead, the gallant defender of Fort M'Henry during the bombardment by the British, Sept. 13, 1814. He died April 25, 1818, aged 39 years.

CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

The view we give below is a truthful delineation of this venerable fabric. In point of antiquity and historical interest, no edifice on this continent merits more attention than the church here correctly represented. Christ Church is located in Second street of that city. Its lofty steeple towers amid the stores and counting-rooms of trade—in this particular very similar to Trinity Church, New York—the site of each when located being out of town as it were; but the growth of the cities has since pushed private residences miles beyond, and commerce has surrounded each with the toil and bustle of its nature. This church was organized under the auspices of the Rev. Mr. Clayton, in 1695. The congregation worshipped at first in a more primitive structure, which gave place in 1727 to the present ornamented building—not completed until 1753, in which year the steeple was elevated. The steeple contains a chime of eight bells, purchased in England. They were brought to Philadelphia in ship *Matilda*, Captain Budden, freight free; and in compliment to his generosity, as often as he arrived in subsequent years, they rang forth a merry peal of welcome. "These bells," says Watson, in his *Annals of Philadelphia*, "heavy as they were in the mounting, had to be taken down in the year 1777, by the Commissary General of military stores, to keep them from falling into the hands of the British for military purposes; they were again returned and hung after the evacuation of the city." Tradition says that they were sunk in the Delaware river. In this church Washington and Franklin and their families worshipped. It was while Washington was President, and the seat of government was at Philadelphia. "On Sunday mornings, at the gate of Christ Church," says Watson, "the appearance of Gen. Washington's coach, awaiting the breaking up of services, never failed in drawing a crowd of persons, eager when he came forth, for another view of this nobleman of nature. The indistinct sounds of the concluding voluntary upon the organ within were no sooner heard, than the press became formidable, considering the place and the day. Washington was to be known at once. His noble height and commanding air, his person enveloped, in what was not very common in those days, a rich blue Spanish cloak, thrown over the left shoulder; his easy, unconstrained movement; his patient demeanor in the crowd, emerging from it; his gentle bendings of the neck to the right and to the left; these, with the appearance of the awed and charmed and silent crowd of spectators, gently falling back on each side as he approached, unequivocally announced—behold the man!" The name of the Rev. Wm. White, the first bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, is intimately associated with all our recollections of Christ Church. It was especially the scene of his labors through a period of more than half a century. His remains lie entombed in a vault at the side of the edifice. The venerable Horace Binney, Esq., and the late Hon. John Sergeant, with their families; these, with many names prominent in our colonial history, represented in the persons of descendants, may be mentioned as members of Christ Church, and as connecting links with a period dating far beyond the Revolution. An interesting fact is that the silver communion service was presented by Queen Anne.



VIEW OF CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

Types of Mind; or Fac-similes of the Hand-writing of Eminent Persons, No. 12., BY BEN. PERLEY POORE.

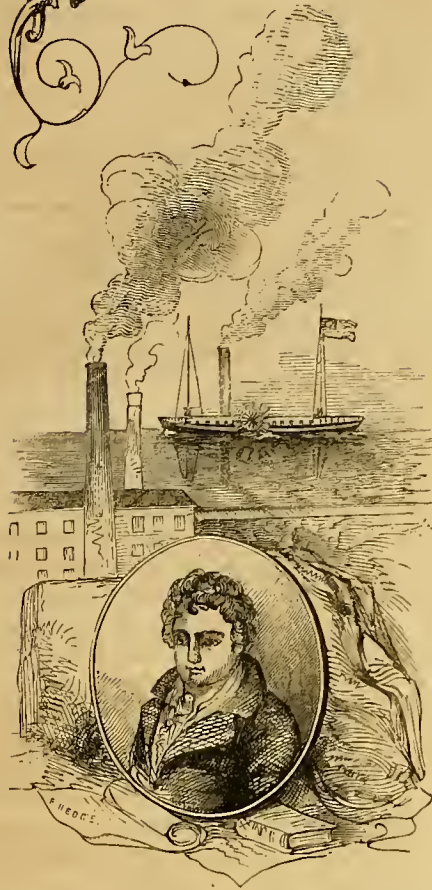
Practical Men.

New York June 30th 1814

Dear Sir

I am building a steam vessel of war to carry 24 long 32 pounders and use only red hot shot, she is intended in the first experiments for harbour defence; having Locomotion, she can on a calm ply round an enemy. take favorable positions, and such advantages as it is hoped will render her of great Utility; I enclose you a small notice of the invention Compliments to my friends Parker Gage, and Volney, and believe me

Respectfully yours
Robert Fulton



ROBERT FULTON's name is prominently identified with that practical science to which we are indebted for those new applications of principles which, from time to time, change the social and business relations of the world. Our artist has accurately copied, with the portrait of Fulton, a drawing of his first steamboat—the parent of the leviathans that now challenge the world to

compete with them, as they traverse the mighty deep. It was one hundred feet long, twelve feet wide, and seven feet deep, and while on the stocks at New York, was known as the "Fulton folly." His autography, although decided, is not uniform, and we find that at different periods of his life, he was engaged in a variety of pursuits, besides his regular profession of portrait painting. He

projected the first panorama ever exhibited in Paris, and invented several schemes for approaching hostile vessels under water, and fixing destructive torpedos to their keels. No monument is erected to his memory—but every paddle-wheel—whether on the broad ocean or in some small inland river—beats from the conquered element a chant of homage to his memory.

Wm Penn

WILLIAM PENN is a type of that practical sect, the "Friends," and of those noble spirits who laid the broad foundation of our Republic, in the solitude of the wilderness, and among all the hardships of a new world.

Edward Jenner

EDWARD JENNER, in discovering vaccination, placed his name at the head of practical science, and made a contribution to humanity which has only been approached by Dr. Morton, in the discovery of the pain-destroying properties of ether.

Charles Dickens

CHARLES DICKENS is emphatically a practical author—one who paints those around us so vividly, that the mental illusion is as complete as words can make it. His hand is bold, somewhat supercilious, and given to an occasional eccentric flourish.

Samuel Slater
John Jacob Astor

SAMUEL SLATER, coming from England in 1789, introduced cotton spinning machines into this country, resolving population into new combinations, and causing cities to spring up throughout the land, which echoes with the dizzy whirl of the spindle, the rattling of the shuttle, and the busy hum of industry.

NICHOLAS BIDDLE, at one time, was at the head of a banking institution which openly defied the President, but which soon fell from its high estate. His autography is nervous, decided, but sadly contracted.

John Hancock
W Biddle

JOHN HANCOCK and ANNOTT LAWRENCE, "solid men of Boston," are distinguished by their success in business, and by the dignity with which they ever discharged those civil and social duties, to which they were called by their fellow-citizens. Mercantile pride and enlarged patriotism are ever combined, and commercial men, who have taken good care of their own affairs, ever make sound, practical statesmen. Prompt in public matters as in private business, there is no mistaking their clear views, or their independent, characteristic autography.

Abbott Lawrence
George Law
Stephen Girard

JOHN JACOB ASTOR and STEPHEN GIRARD could probably have furnished autographs, during the closing years of their lives, unrivalled in pecuniary value. Their names are held in respect by practical men, not only for their business success, but for their honorable integrity, and their inflexible uprightness of conduct. GEORGE LAW, one of the "steam kings" of New York, is one of those practical money-makers, whose speculations become an object of national pride and of national prosperity. His "slashing" yet marked autography, is typical of his restless ambition.

J S Skinner

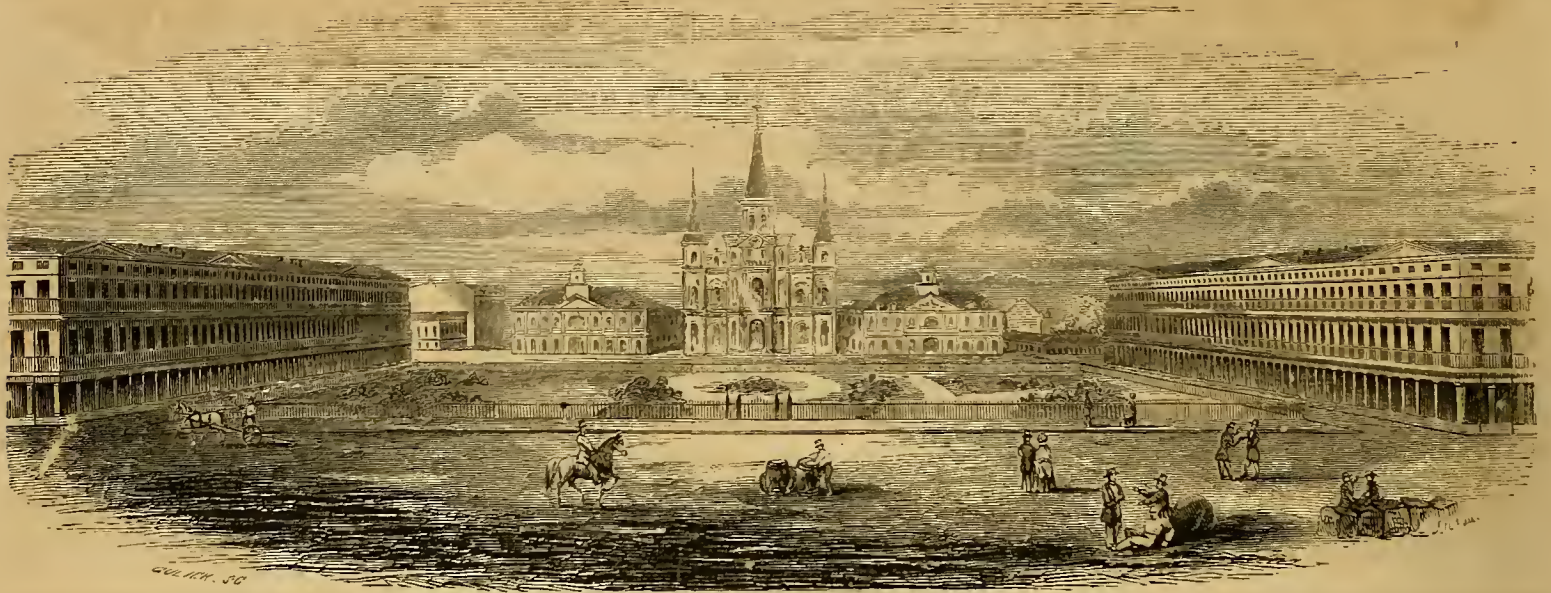
Agricultural benefactors, though last in our selections, are by no means least in the grateful affection with which the nation cherishes the memories of her useful sons. J. S. SKINNER, the founder of agricultural periodical literature, was ably seconded by T. G. FESSENDEN (the "caustic poet"), who followed his example by establishing the *New England Farmer* at Boston. The Rev. HENRY COLEMAN, by his researches at home and abroad, and Judge BUELL by his able writings, could each proudly claim often to have "made two blades of grass grow where one grew before." And DOWNING, the great landscape gardener and rural architect of our Republic, has left behind him many a monument.

Jus G Fessenden

Henry Coleman
J Buell

A. A. Downing

Here endeth this series of "Types of Mind," and the compiler can but express a parting hope that they have not only interested autographers, but enabled many other readers of the *Pictorial* to form a more correct idea of the wisest, the bravest and the worthiest of past periods, as well as many who are widely separated from us in the present. No pains have been spared by the munificent proprietor of this periodical, to serve them up in an attractive form at the fair "feast of reason" which he weekly spreads for the public, and if the purveyor of this department has failed in his selections, the plates have been attractive, and the preparation faultless.



VIEW OF THE PLACE DES ARMES, NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

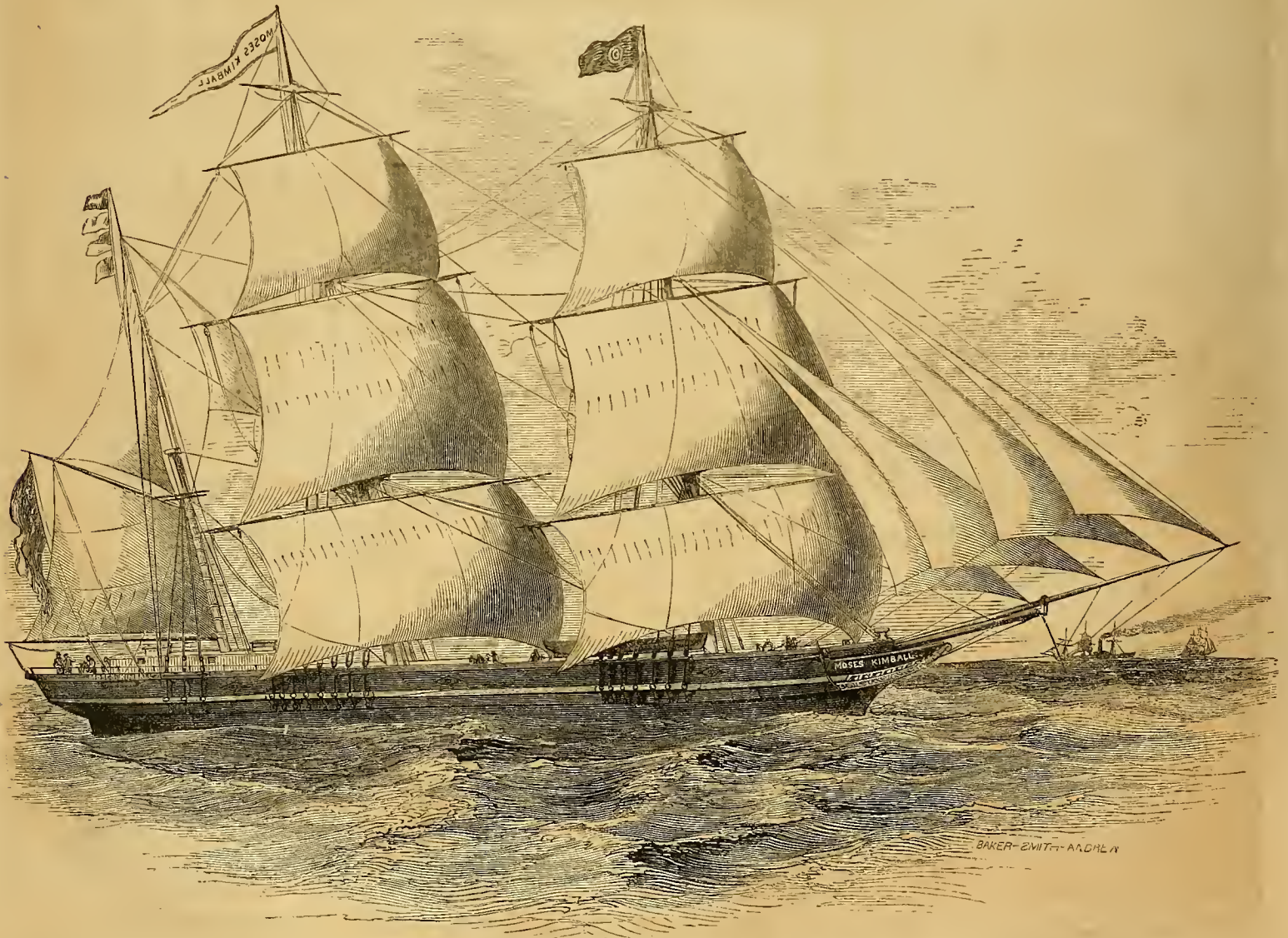
PLACE DES ARMES, NEW ORLEANS.

Above we give a view of the Place des Armes, at New Orleans, taken from the "Levee." The Roman Catholic Cathedral, a noble edifice, ninety feet by one hundred and twenty, with four towers, will be seen in the centre, to the right of which is an old Spanish building for criminals, the court rooms of the city, etc. On the left is seen the mayor's office, recorder, chief of police, etc. It reminds one of the Place des Armes, at Havana, especially on account of the antique and Spanish look of the cathedral. When we last chanced to be in this breathing spot of the Crescent City, it was full of volunteer corps from Kentucky, Missouri, Ohio, etc., come down the river to embark for Mexico. It was fine weather and their white tents gave the place a very handsome aspect and martial appearance. New Orleans is a vast commercial depot, and bids fair to be a rival for the rest of the American cities ere long, being situated at the mouth of a river which sweeps through a valley already peopled by over eight millions of people.

THE HALF-CLIPPER BARQUE MOSES KIMBALL.

But a few years since it was thought that no good vessels could come from anywhere but Medford or East Boston; and this idea was so much encouraged by those whose interest tended that way, that an eastern origin became comparatively a matter of reproach. That notion is now, however, nearly or quite obsolete, as an evidence of which, and as a specimen of what eastern mechanics can do, we give herewith an accurate portrait of the new barque Moses Kimball, named after the proprietor of the Boston Museum. She was built at Belfast, Maine, by C. P. Carter & Co., a firm of ship-builders who enjoy a reputation second to none in this country, and whose name alone is sufficient guarantee of the work. She is nearly 600 tons burthen, of a half-clipper model, thus combining beauty, speed, and carrying ability, and with her neat rig, as seen in the cut, is as graceful a craft as floats in our waters. Her owners may well be proud of her. We learn that she is to be engaged in the Liverpool trade, under the command of Capt. W. Colson, of Searsport, a thorough sailor and a good specimen

of a down-easter. Under such auspices we see no reason why she is not bound to go ahead, like her namesake, with a whole-ale breeze of good luck and prosperity. Moses Kimball, Esq., after whom the barque is named, is probably as well known in this community as any citizen, without exception. Industrious, enterprising, liberal, and a thorough business man, he has done much to elevate the taste of Bostonians in the matter of public amusements, and is proprietor of the most successful and profitable place of public amusement in this country, viz., the Boston Museum. Of course, Mr. Kimball has amassed a fortune, but it has been the work of indomitable perseverance and attention to business; others with the same chance would have failed totally. We last week gave a fine view taken from the closing scene of the "Jewess," got up in such excellent style at this house. If the clipper can sail on the salt sea as successfully as her namesake does on the sea of public opinion, there will be no fear as it regards her complete success. We trust one will be prophetic of the other.



REPRESENTATION OF THE HALF CLIPPER BARQUE MOSES KIMBALL.

FRASER'S PATENT



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1853.

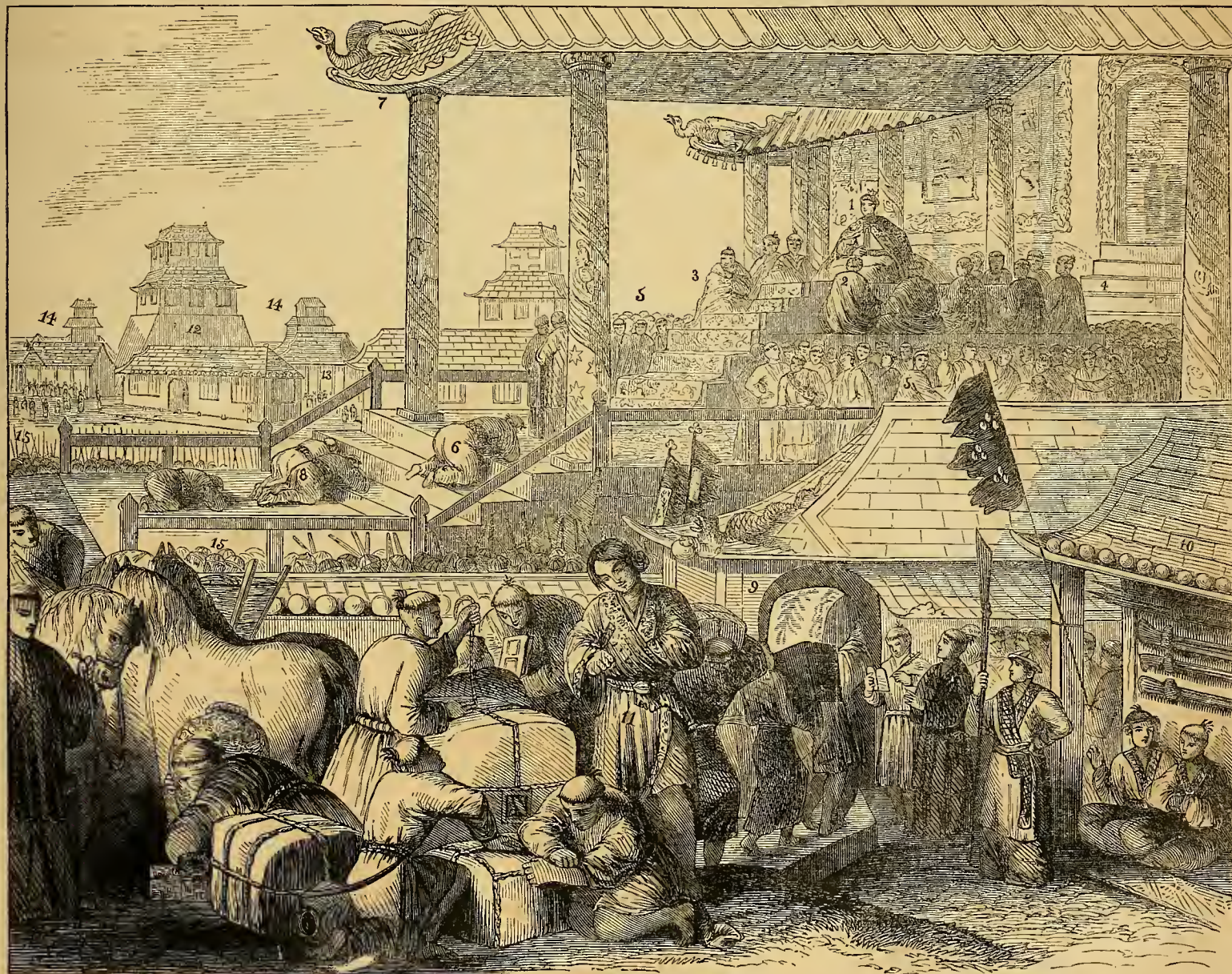
33 PER ANNUM. } VOL. IV. No. 17.—WHOLE No. 95.
6 CTS. SINGLE. }

THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN GIVING AUDIENCE.

We have had considerable to say of late about this strange and inhospitable people, and below we give an elaborate picture representing the imperial ruler of Japan giving audience to his assistant rulers. The Holy Scriptures tell us that Solomon's throne was of wonderful richness and cost; but if we may believe travellers, that of the Emperor of Japan surpasses even Solomon's throne in splendor, and of course completely throws in the shade anything of the sort in these more modern times of regal extravagance. The roof under which the emperor sits is covered with

plates of gold. At each of the two corners lies a great dragon conch, of massy gold. The ceiling represents all manner of imagery, wrought in gold, and adorned with precious stones. This covering rests on four thick columns, no less beautiful than marvellous; the first is adorned with the pictures of the heavenly luminaries; the second, with all manner of known beasts which live on the earth; on the third are wrought fishes, and all other creatures that reside in the water; on the fourth, are inlaid fiery dragons and serpents of gold. The emperor sits in a suit embroidered with gold, with his legs crossways under him. This coat,

which covers his under-garment, is clasped together a little below his chin, and the rest open before, so that the lappets thereof hang on each side of his breeches. Between the gaping of it appears a broad girdle, stiffened with gold, and beset with pearls and diamonds. On his head he wears a little golden crown, which rises aloft with three spiring tops. In short, no invention is spared, no expense or labor considered, as it regards embellishing the throne of the Japan emperor; and if we may judge from these lavish outlays, what a mine of wealth must be the national treasury of this peculiar, half-civilized people!

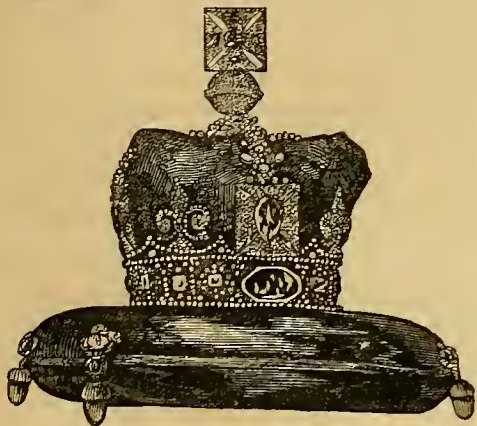


1. The Emperor. 2. Four of his Council. 3. Four Noblemen. 4. Four of the Emperor's nearest Relations. 5. Three hundred Gentlemen. 6. A Japan King before the Emperor. 7. A Roof covered with gold. 8. Two servants of the King and Guard. 9. Emperor's Storerooms. 10. A Gallery full of Soldiers. 11. Overseer of the Inner Court. 12. Towers on the Walls. 13. The Gate of the Second Court. 14. Watchtower. 15. Soldiers round the Throne.

REPRESENTATION OF THE THRONE OF THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN, AT JEDDO.

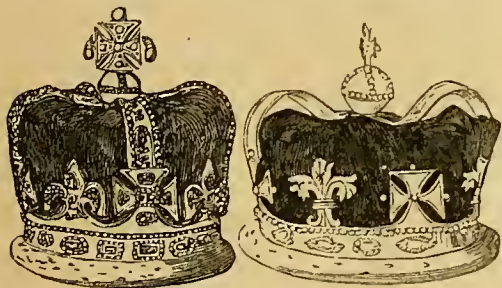
THE CROWN JEWELS OF ENGLAND.

On this and the next page, we give an interesting series of views of the crown jewels, or regalia, used by the sovereign of England, on great state occasions. These jewels are kept at the Tower, and have been, for nearly two centuries, one of the sights of London. Owing to the high charge of admission to view these superb insignia of royalty, the visitors were few, and the interest taken in their history was of trifling import. The reduction of



QUEEN'S, OR IMPERIAL, CROWN.

the admission charge, within late years, has, however, led to a vast increase of visitors; and the anxiety to possess some accurate representations and descriptive details of the regalia has proportionally increased. These precious gems and items of costly state have been the subjects of a dispute of great national importance. It is well known that proceedings have been instituted in the Court of Chancery by the King of Hanover against the executors of his late majesty, William IV., for the recovery of certain jewels of great value, which are supposed to be in the possession of her present majesty, as part of the property of the British crown.



OLD IMPERIAL CROWN. (CHARLES II.)

PRINCE OF WALES'S CROWN.

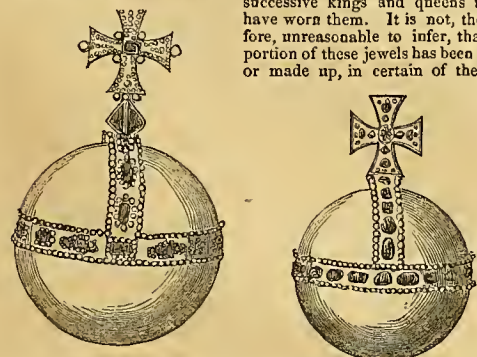
The King of Hanover's claim is stated to comprise two classes of jewels—first, those which belonged to the Electorate of Hanover, and are claimed as heir looms inseparable from that ancient inheritance of the Gaelphic family; secondly, certain jewels bequeathed to the House of Hanover, as heir looms, by the will of Charlotte, Queen of George III. Among the latter, are Queen Anne's necklace, and a star made for her husband, Prince George, of Denmark; also, a valuable set of jewels, bought by George III., in 1761, of his uncle, the old Duke of Cumberland, which were worn by Queen Charlotte on her marriage, and are said to have been given to her as a present by the king. On the other hand, it is maintained that these last mentioned jewels were paid for out of the exchequer, with moneys to the



QUEEN'S DIADEM.

QUEEN CONSORT'S CROWN.

amount of £54,000, appropriated by act of Parliament for the maintenance of the dignity of the crown; and that, consequently they cannot be alienated from the crown of Great Britain. There seem to be two principal questions to be decided between the parties; the one, as to the alienable, or inalienable nature of the property in dispute, or, in other words, whether the jewels in question can be so attached to the one crown or the other as to go with the inheritance; and the other, whether they can be identified at this time, having, no doubt, been set again and again, and altered into various shapes, to suit the taste and purpose of the successive kings and queens that have worn them. It is not, therefore, unreasonable to infer, that a portion of these jewels has been set, or made up, in certain of the re-



IMPERIAL ORB.

QUEEN CONSORT'S ORB.

galia shown to the public, at the Tower. The first express mention made of the regalia being kept in this palatial fortress, occurs in the reign of Henry III., previously to which they were deposited either in the treasury of the Temple, or in some religious house dependent upon



TEMPORAL SCEPTRE. (VICTORIA.)



ST. EDWARD'S STAFF.



SPIRITUAL SCEPTRE. (VICTORIA.)



ANNE BOLEYN'S SCEPTRE.

the crown. Seldom, however, did the jewels remain in the Tower for any length of time, for they were repeatedly pledged to meet the exigencies of the sovereign. An inventory of the jewels in the Tower, made by order of James I., is of great length; although Henry VIII., dur-

TEMPORAL SCEPTRE. (WILLIAM IV.)

ing the Lincolnshire rebellion, in 1536, greatly reduced the value and number of the royal store. "The office of keeper of the crown jewels,



SPIRITUAL SCEPTRE. (WILLIAM IV.)

conferred by the king's letters patent, became, in the reign of the Tudors, one of considerable emolument and dignity. Under Henry VIII., Thomas Cromwell (afterwards

Earl of Essex) filled this office. In the time of Charles II., however, the situation had lost much of its importance and value; and it was then that, to make up for the decrease in the official salary and perquisites, the regalia were first allowed to be exhibited to the public." The regalia were originally kept in a small building on the White Tower; but, Charles I., they a strong chamber, or, afterwards called Here they remained 1841; when being destruction from the raging near them, for safety in the corner. In 1842, to the new Jewel much more com- proceed to describe here represented. Imperial Crown, the coronation of her present majesty. It is composed of a cap of purple velvet, enclosed by hoops of silver, richly dight with gems in the forms shown in our illustration. The arches rise almost to a point, instead of being depressed, are covered with pearls, and are surmounted by an orb of brilliants. Upon this is placed a Maltese or cross pattee of brilliants. Four crosses and four fleurs-



AMPULLE.



ANOINTING SPOON.

de-lis surmount the circlet, all composed of diamonds, the front cross containing the "inestimable sapphire," of the purest and deepest azure, more than two inches long, and an inch broad; and, in the circlet beneath it, is a rock ruby, of enormous size and exquisite color, said to have been worn by the Black Prince at the battle of Cressy, and by Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt. The circlet is enriched with emeralds, sapphires, and rubies. This crown was altered and constructed expressly for King George IV.; then weighed five and a half pounds, and was worn by the king on his accession from the Ab- Westminister; but, on he exchanged this half the weight, made and Bridge for the being lent for the crown was broken up wards. The Old Edward's) is the one miliar to as from its tions on the coin of arms, etc. It was made for the coronation of Charles II., to replace the one broken up and sold during the Civil Wars, which was said to have been worn by Edward the Confessor. With Charles's Crown, the act of coronation is performed: it is of gold, and consists of two arches crossing at the top, and rising from a rim or circlet of gold, over a cap of crimson velvet, lined with



CORONATION SPUR.



CORONATION BRACELETS.

white taffeta, and turned up with ermine. The base of the arches on each side is covered by a cross pattee; between the crosses are four fleurs-de-lis of gold, which rise out of the circle; the whole of these are splendidly enriched with pearls and precious stones. On the top, at the intersection of the arches, which are somewhat depressed, are a mound and cross of gold, the latter encircled with



TEMPORAL SWORD OF JUSTICE.

SWORD OF MERCY, (SHEATHED.)

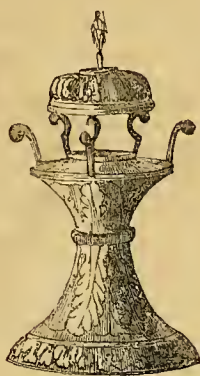
SWORD OF SPIRITUAL JUSTICE.



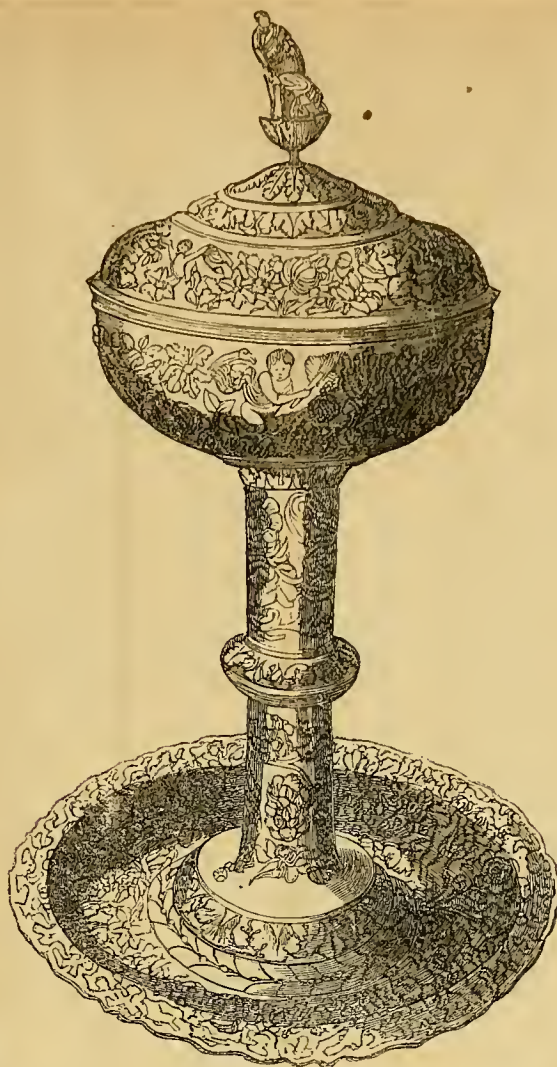
STATE SALT CELLAR.



SALT SPOON.



STATE SALT CELLARS.



BAPTISMAL FONT.



CORONATION TANKARD.

a fillet, the former richly jewelled, and adorned with three pearls, one on the top, and one pendent at each limb. The Prince of Wales's Crown is of pure gold, unadorned by jewels. On occasions of state, it is placed before the seat occupied by the heir apparent to the throne in the House of Lords. The Queen's Diadem, or circlet of gold, was made for the coronation of Marie d'Este, consort of James II.: it is richly adorned with large diamonds, curiously set, and the upper edge of the circlet is bordered with a string of pearls. The Queen Consort's Crown is the one used at coronations when the sovereignty exists in the male branch. It is of gold, set with diamonds of great value, intermixed with pearls and other costly jewels. The cap is of purple

ated; and the spare orb is still to be seen among the royal jewels of England! This orb is a ball of gold six inches in diameter, encompassed with a band of gold, set with emeralds, rubies and pearls. On the top is a remarkably fine amethyst, nearly an inch

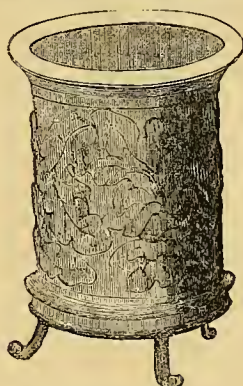
and a half high, which serves as the foot or pedestal of a rich cross of gold, three and a quarter inches high, encrusted with diamonds; having in the centre, on one side, a sapphire, and an emerald on the other; four large pearls at the angles of the cross, a large pearl at the end of each limb, and three at the base; the height of the orb and cross being eleven inches. The Queen's Orb is of smaller dimensions than the preceding, but of similar fashion and materials. We now come to the six sceptres. First is the Temporal Sceptre of Queen Victoria, of gold, two feet nine inches in length; the staff very plain, but the pommel ornamented with rubies, emeralds and diamonds. The *fleur-de-lis* with which this sceptre was originally adorned, have been replaced by golden leaves, bearing the rose, shamrock and thistle. The cross is variously jewelled, and has in the centre a large table diamond. Her Majesty's Spiritual Sceptre, Rod of Equity, or Sceptre with the Dove, is also of gold, three feet seven inches long, set with diamonds and other precious stones. It is surmounted with an orb, banded with rose diamonds, bearing a cross, on which is the figure of a dove with expanded wings. The Sceptres, Temporal and Spiritual (William IV.), differ from the preceding, as shown in the engravings. St. Edward's Staff is a large golden rod, four feet seven and a half inches long, with a pike of steel at the lower end, about four and a half inches. The staff has foliated orna-

ments, and a mound and cross at the top. It is carried before the sovereign, in the procession to the coronation. The Queen's Ivory Sceptre was made for Maria d'Este, consort of James II. It is mounted in gold, and terminated by a golden cross, bearing a dove of white onyx. This sceptre has been shown, but without any authority, as the sceptre of Queen Anne Boleyn. The Ampulla is an antique vessel of pure gold, used for containing the holy oil at coronations. It resembles an eagle with expanded wings, and is finely chased; the head screws off at the middle of the neck, for pouring in the oil, and the neck being hollow to the beak, the latter serves as a spout, through which the consecrated oil is poured into the Anointing Spoon, which is also of pure gold; it has four pearls in the broadest part of the handle, and the bowl of the spoon is finely chased within and without; by its extreme thinness it appears to be ancient. The Spurs (one of which is engraved) are also used at coronations. They are of gold, elaborately wrought at the edges and the fastening: they have no rowels, but end in an ornamented point, being what are commonly denominated prick spurs. New richly-embroidered velvet straps were added to them for the coronation of George IV. The Armilla, or Bracelets, are of solid fine gold, chased, an inch and a half in breadth, edged with rows of pearls. They open by a hinge, and are enamelled with the rose, *fleur-de-lis* and harp. The Royal Swords are named *Curtana*, or the Sword of Mercy, which we have engraved, sheathed; the Sword of Justice to the Spirituality, which is obtuse; the Sword of Justice to the Temporality,

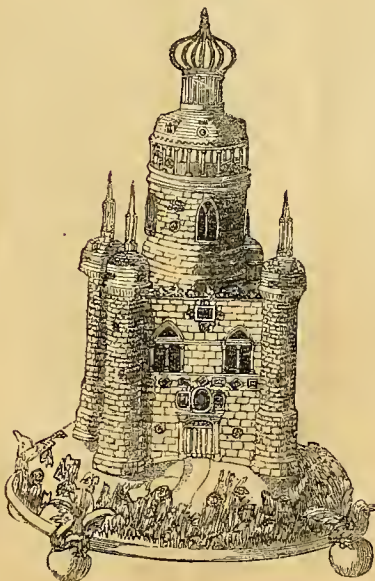


STATE SALT CELLAR.

velvet, faced with ermine. The Imperial Orb, or Mound, is an emblem of sovereignty, said to be derived from Imperial Rome; and to have been first adorned with the cross by Constantine, on his conversion to Christianity. It first appears among the royal insignia of England on the coins of Edward the Confessor; but, Mr. Strutt authenticates a picture, "made in the year 996," which represents that prince kneeling between two saints, who bear severally his sceptre and a globe, surmounted by a cross. This part of the regalia, being indicative of supreme political power, has never been placed in the hands of any but kings or queens regnant. In the anomalous case of William and Mary as joint sovereigns,—the "other world" that Alexander wept for, was cre-



STATE SALT CELLAR.



STATE SALT CELLAR.



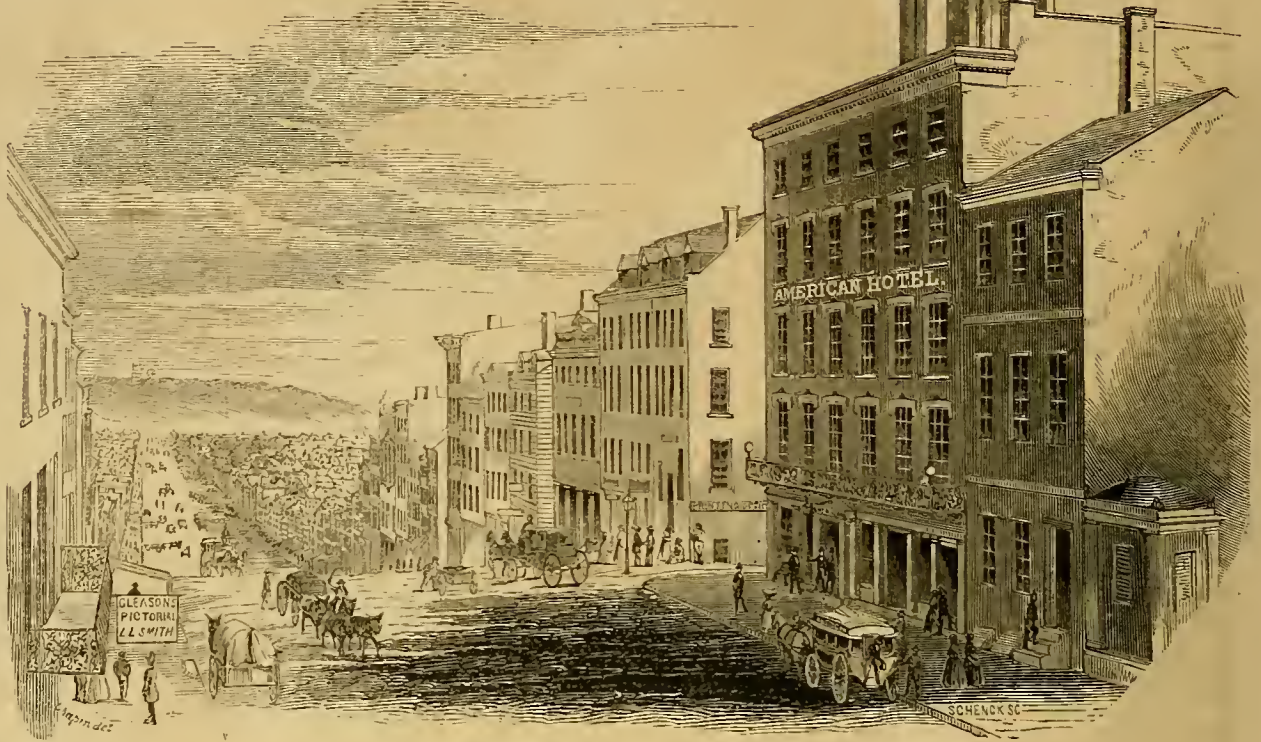
SACRAMENTAL FLAGON.

which is sharp at the point; and the Sword of State. Of these, the last alone is actually used in the coronation, being that with which the sovereign is girded after the anointing; the rest are only borne in the procession by certain great officers. A plain gold ring, with a large table ruby, on which is engraven a plain or St. George's cross, is always prepared for the coronation; but, of course, it must be newly made, or, at least, set, for each sovereign. In the same chamber with the crowns, sceptres and other regalia used in the sacred ceremonial of the coronation, is a very interesting collection of plate, formerly used at coronation festivals; together with fonts, etc. Amongst these are the Queen's Baptismal Font, of silver, gilt, tastefully chased, and surmounted with two figures, emblematic of the baptismal rite. The Salt Cellars present curious, singular forms, of very rich workmanship. There are also in the collection besides the tankard and flagon given above, many other beautifully-wrought specimens of dishes, etc., employed at coronations and other public occasions, where they are used to give celebrity to the entertainment.

MAIN STREET, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

Our readers who have been as far south as Richmond, Virginia, will readily recognize the view here given of the principal street in the capital of the Old Dominion. The sketch was taken on the spot by our own artist, and is a very faithful one. The principal building in the foreground is the American Hotel, on the corner of Eleventh and Main streets, kept by I. M. Smith, Esq., an indefatigable and gentlemanly host. We regret that our space does not allow us to speak of this house as it deserves. Our experience in southern travel justifies us in saying, that after leaving Washington the traveller will find no better house, and if he is so fortunate as to find its equal, he may congratulate himself upon his good fortune. If a gentlemanly host, an excellent table, attentive servants, pleasant, richly furnished rooms, and obliging assistants, can make one comfortable, they may all be found at the American. On the corner below the hotel is the office of the Richmond Enquirer. Still farther "down street" is Pratt's daguerreotype saloon, and on the same side, the building in the distance with a flag waving over it is Whitehurst's gallery. The latter gentleman is deserving of the highest meed of praise for the enterprise he exhibits, as well as for the judicious selection of his assistants. He has galleries in Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Norfolk, Petersburg and Lynchburg, and some of the pictures taken by Mr. Wm. W. Metcalf, his agent in Richmond, excelled anything we had ever seen. Opposite the American is the office of Mr. L. L. Smith, where our Richmond friends may always find the "Pictorial" and the current literature of the day. Mr. S. is a young man of enterprise, and we cheerfully recommend him to the patronage of all who would encourage a new beginner. In the foreground our artist has introduced one of the characteristic teams so prevalent in southern cities, more particularly of Richmond. Rocketts, the port of Richmond, is situated about a mile and a half below the centre of the city, and the cargoes landed here are drawn, or toled, as the negroes call it, in these unique looking teams to their destination in the city. The port is an extremely muddy spot, owing to the frequent overflow of the river, and daily exhibits a scene of intense excitement. Twenty or thirty of these teams may often be seen loaded and empty, struggling through the mud to the hubs of their wheels, the mules struggling, jerking and splashing the unctuous soil in showers around them, while the sable driver, mounted on the wheel-mule—with a single rein by which he guides the nigh leader—makes a vigorous use of his lower limbs on his animal's flanks, and jerks the rein with all his strength, throwing his body into every conceivable attitude, and shouting to his mules in a jargon something between the dialect of a Kickapoo Indian and the howling of a dozen hyenas. Add to this the songs of the negroes as they "break out" the cargo, and you have a scene which is novel in the extreme, and by no means uninteresting to the observer. From its peculiarly favorable situation, between the upper and lower country, Richmond is one of the most healthy cities in the United States. Seldom, if ever, has it been visited with yellow fever, or any desolating epidemic. The city contains from 1500 to 2000 dwellings, something more than half of which are of brick, and the remainder of wood. Near the brow of Shockoe Hill, which is an elevated plain, and a favorite place of residence, is Capital Square, a very beautiful public ground, containing about nine acres, surrounded by a handsome iron railing, ornamented with gravel walks, and shaded with a variety of trees. In the centre stands the State House, which has excited the admiration of travellers for its commanding position, and its chaste yet beautiful proportions. It was constructed after a model brought by Mr. Jefferson from Nimes, in France. It has a portico in front, with an entablature supported by lofty Ionic columns of fine proportions and imposing appearance. In an open hall, in the centre of the building within, is placed a marble statue of Washington, by Houdon, a French artist, which was erected in 1788, during the lifetime of Washington. The following is the inscription on its pedestal, from the pen of Mr. Madison: "The General Assembly of the commonwealth of Virginia have caused this statue to be erected, as a monument of affection and gratitude to George Washington, who, uniting to the endowments of the hero the virtues of the patriot, and exerting both in establishing the liberties of his country, has rendered his name dear to his fellow-citizens, and given to the world an example of true glory."

Richmond contains from sixteen to twenty churches of the various denominations; among which are 3 Episcopal, 2 Presbyterian, 3 Methodist, 3 Baptist, a Unitarian, a Campbellite, a Friends, a Roman Catholic, and a Jews' Synagogue. Some of these are large and elegant edifices. The Monumental Episcopal Church stands upon the site formerly occupied by the old Richmond Theatre, which was destroyed by fire during a performance, involving the destruction of many valuable lives, among which was that of the governor of the State. Among the most splendid and useful of the public works of the city are its waterworks, commenced in 1830, and completed at an expense of about \$120,000. The water is forced up from James River.



VIEW OF MAIN STREET, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

CHURCH OF ST. JAMES THE LESS.

This beautiful little church, of gothic structure, a view of which we present below, is situated but a stone's throw from the Laurel Hill Cemetery, and near the Falls of the Schuylkill. It is of the Episcopal denomination, located in a truly romantic spot, and is an object of interest to all visitors in this delightful region. There is no lathing, plastering, or painting upon it, but it is built of plain stone and wood, although, in its unostentatious way, finely polished and finished within.



CHURCH OF ST. JAMES THE LESS, NEAR LAUREL HILL CEMETERY, PHILADELPHIA.

VIEW OF HARTFORD, CONN.

On the next page, we give an excellent view of the city of Hartford, from the Connecticut River. The picture gives a representation in the foreground, of one of the pioneer steamboats which formerly navigated the Connecticut, a crude and primitive affair when compared to our proud "floating palaces." The city itself is on the west side of the river, some fifty miles from its mouth, at the head of navigation. This is one of the most thriving cities in the State. Its population in 1850 amounted to 18,000.

Hartford is pleasantly situated upon a gently rising eminence, sloping eastwardly to the Connecticut River, and broken into graceful undulations on its western limits. It contains seventy-three streets and lanes, a portion of them running nearly parallel to the river, and others generally crossing them east and west. Main street, which extends from north to south quite through the city, and divides it into nearly equal divisions, is the great thoroughfare, and the seat of the principal retail trade. It is broad and nearly straight, and for more than a mile presents an almost unbroken range of brick and stone edifices, many of which are elegant. On this street are the principal public buildings and churches. State street, also a broad avenue extending from Main street east to Connecticut River, contains many elegant buildings, and is the seat of an active business. Near its junction with Main street, it divides into two branches, enclosing the State House and the public square. Commerce street runs along the bank of the river, is connected by a branch track with the several railroads entering the city, and has a large and commodious freight depot upon its wharf, at the terminus of the branch track, substantially built of brown freestone and brick. Asylum street, extending west from Main street to the general railroad depot, is compactly occupied by large brick and freestone edifices, and is the seat of a brisk and very extensive and heavy business, chiefly in cotton and woollen domestic fabrics. The city, as a whole, is substantially and compactly built, of brick and stone, and exhibits a larger number of elegant edifices and more elaborate architecture than most cities of its size throughout the United States.

SWITZERLAND IN WINTER.

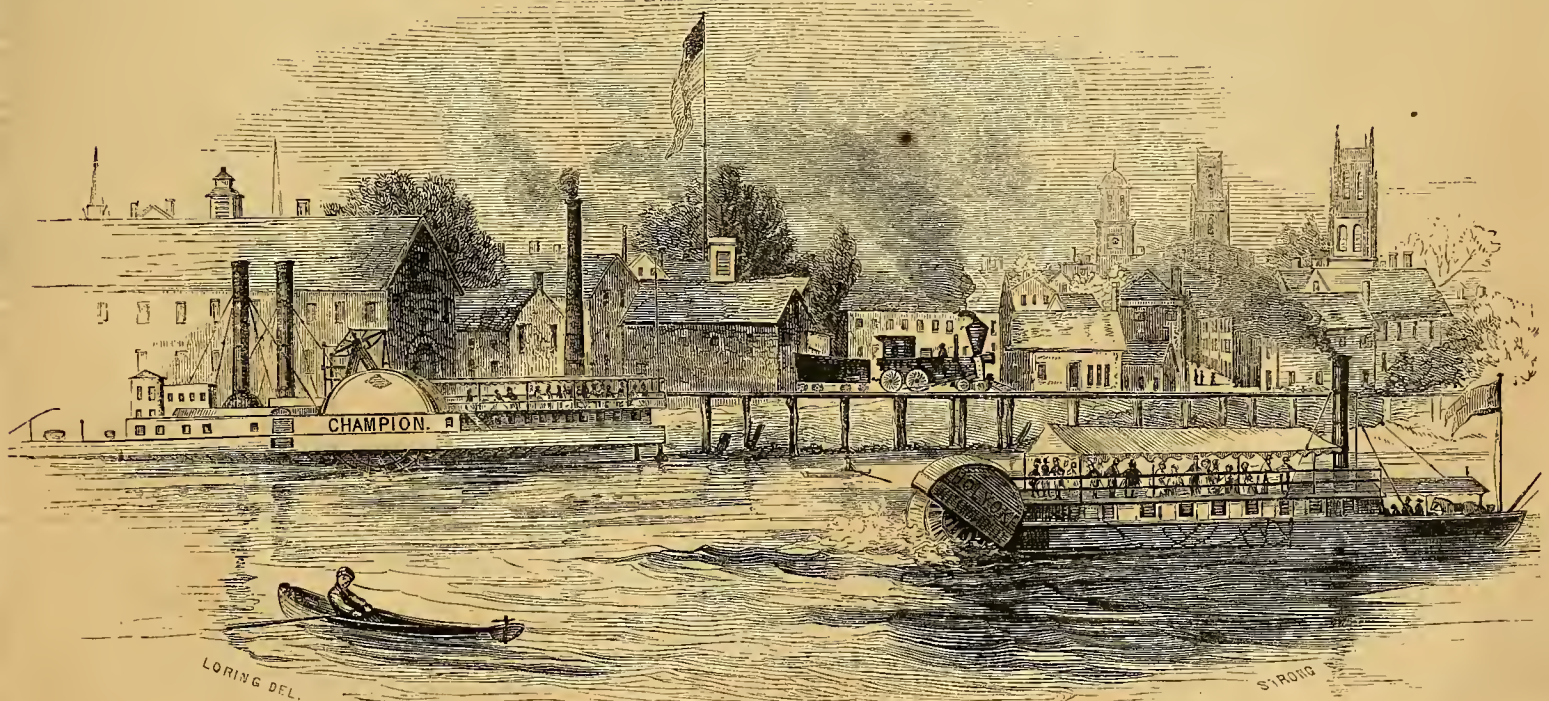
If travellers, after having visited the Alps in summer, should chance to see them in winter, they would hardly recognize them, and might think themselves under the influence of that magic of which the old legends are full. Everything would seem to them dead and petrified in these solitudes where they had left movement and life. No more flocks wandering on the mountain slopes—no more rivulets pouring over velvet banks—the very cascade is fixed to its rock, and its last waves, suspended in immense icicles, wait till the wand of the fairy breaks the enchantment and restores them to liberty. Such a scene, the cascade of Giessbach, a beautiful and striking object, is represented in our engraving with remarkable fidelity. Everywhere reigns a profound silence, and not a murmur is heard through the forest sleeping in the snow. If there rises, at long intervals, a cry from the neighboring village, whose existence you only conjecture from the smoke-wreaths spirally ascending, the dull rumor finds no echo in the mountain—it dies stifled in the thick envelope which covers the whole country like a vast shroud. All the mountains, blended in uniform whiteness, no longer indicate the distances which separate them, nor enable you to distinguish their highest summits, the abiding places of eternal snow. The lakes, whose transparent waters animated the summer landscapes with their brilliant reflections, now sleep, sombre and black, in funeral contrast with their frozen setting. Strange spectacle! in the presence of which you experience at first an invincible stupor. It is thus, they say, that the soul recoils upon itself in the presence of the desert. Still, if you can accustom yourself to this gloomy but imposing scene, you find it at last possessed of a deep fascination. The smoke, which pierces through the snow-laden hemlocks, announces the dwelling of man and the peaceful activity of domestic life. This hospitable sign attracts you; you advance, as between two walls, by a road painfully wrought out, to the village. Each house is carefully cleared of the masses of snow which surround it; communications are daily kept up between the dwelling and the barn, the stable and wood-pile; a path leads to the school, the town-house, the church, and the cemetery; for, amid the sleep of earth, human activity, the cares of this world, and religious thoughts and duties still exist. Everything, it is true, is managed so as to be handy; the foresight of the father has provided a quantity of wood within reach of the women folk; all the purchases necessary to last till spring have been made; for it is uncertain whether it will be possible to communicate with the town during the cold. Each house, like a lost ark, must be provided with some store against unforeseen accidents. Ask the prudent peasant woman to open her closet and chests; you will see, together with the precious colonial articles the Swiss mountaineers consume so largely, and the bread, which, in certain localities is baked for the whole season, and even, sometimes, the entire year, a little stock of medicines carefully labelled, and which her experience has taught her to employ judiciously. For the rest, there is always some house in the village better furnished in this respect than the



THE FROZEN CASCADE OF GIESSBACH.

others: it is most generally the presbytery, and people run thither in time of need, to seek remedies for the body, to the same house which keeps in reserve and dispenses no less liberally, medications for the soul. The more these little communities are separated from the rest of mankind, the more the need of mutual succor is felt, and the more charitable dispositions are awakened; all the poor are nourished and sustained, or rather, there are no poor in these wild retreats, where no one possesses a superfluity. The village, almost always inert and silent, still has its hours of

these sublime contrasts: children and old men formerly fancied geni presiding over these grand metamorphoses, and reigning above over the avalanches, the whirlwinds and the tempests. It is long since marvellous dragons ceased to inhabit the caverns, and the mountain giant wakened the echoes with his voice. For the rest, if these vain creeds have dispersed with the progress of intelligence, Christian faith has proportionally gained—minds are not freed from superstition to wander into doubt, but to attach themselves to the divine and salutary truth.



VIEW OF THE CITY OF HARTFORD, CONN, FROM THE RIVER—SHOWING AN OLD-FASHIONED STEAMBOAT.

THE BEARDED LADY OF GENEVA.

Madame Josephine Fortune Clofullia, the subject of the present notice, and of whom we present an accurate likeness herewith, was born at Versoix, a small village situated on the banks of the Lake of Geneva, in Switzerland. Her father was a brigadier of gendarmes in that district, and happening to be stationed from time to time in the village, he paid his addresses to Josephine's mother, and married her when she had attained the age of twenty. As

some description of the physical conformation of Josephine's parents may not be uninteresting to those who seek the causes of such remarkable departures from the laws of nature, it may be as well to state that her father was above the middle height, thin and delicate in constitution, with brown hair, and very little beard. Her mother was remarkably handsome, and was celebrated throughout the neighboring district for her skill in the manufacture of lace, embroidery, and every sort of needlework. Her health was extremely delicate, and she possessed nothing of that remarkable peculiarity for which her daughter has since been so celebrated. It was not so, however, with her father, who, although small of stature, exhibited early this hirsute development, his face and body being almost entirely covered with hair. Josephine was the eldest born of the couple above described. At her birth, her face was surrounded with a fine down, which gradually increased, until at the age of eight it had attained a length of more than two inches. It was not, however, until she had reached the age of fifteen that it began to alter in color and to assume that dark tint and virile appearance that it now presents. Three other daughters and a boy were the fruit of this marriage; and Josephine's mother was ultimately carried off by one of those attacks incidental to the climate. Being the eldest of the five children, thus suddenly bereft of a mother's tender care, and her father being entirely engrossed in the cultivation of his farm, Josephine was called upon to supply to them the place of the parent they had lost. She was well qualified for the task, having received an excellent education and being well skilled in the use of her needle. The singular peculiarity for which she was distinguished excited little or no observation amongst her neighbors, as they had been daily habituated to see her from her childhood, and she attained the age of nineteen without even shaving or cutting her beard, it being strongly impressed upon her that her doing so would only have the effect of encouraging its growth and subjecting her to greater inconvenience. She had attained, as we have just stated, her nineteenth year, when happening one day to meet some foreigners who were visiting the picturesque scenery of the neighborhood, they were so

much struck by the singularity of her appearance that they endeavored to induce her father to exhibit her in public. He could not be prevailed upon, however, to quit his home, although assured of the probability of realizing a considerable sum of money by travelling with her. It was not until 1849 that he could even be induced to part with her. In that year, some French travellers, who had heard a description of this extraordinary phenomenon, went expressly to Versoix to visit her, and were so much struck

the period of their departure for America, and where Madame Clofullia was exhibited to upwards of 200,000 persons, including some of the most distinguished persons in England. She was an object of peculiar attraction to the medical profession, who visited her in great numbers, and made her the subject of several papers read before the members of some of the learned societies. Madame Clofullia is the mother of a female child, which presented a remarkable contrast to its mother, being extremely fair, and un-

distinguished by any peculiarity; and also of a boy, who, although only a few weeks old, has already begun to develop some incipient evidences of this hirsute tendency. The births of both children are attested by medical certificates. This extraordinary woman is now being exhibited in this city at Amory Hall, where the curious will not fail to pay her a visit. There has not been for years so great a curiosity to be seen in Boston; and we are told that it is found difficult at times to accommodate the large concourse of persons who throng the hall to behold the bearded lady. Among the medical faculty of Boston, she has excited much interest, in a scientific point of view. History records but few such instances of freaks of nature, though there are many authentic cases of the like on record. Can we get well through with penning this article, and not refer to the woman's rights society? Here is a member of their sex, who out Herods Herod; not content with claiming the right to vote, and laying siege to our nether garments (a la bloomer), our beards are actually in jeopardy. Heaven forbid! Hippocrates mentions *Phetusa*, a woman whose beard took to growing during the absence of her husband, Pythias, in exile. A Swedish grenadier was taken prisoner by the Russians, and presented to the Czar, in 1724, who turned out to be a woman with a beard a foot and a half long. There is a portrait of a bearded woman in the royal gallery at Stuttgart. Her name was Bartel Græfje, and her chin was buried in dark hair. In 1726, the fashionable rage of the Carnival at Venice, was a *dansense*, who had never been exceeded in grace and suppleness, but who had a black and thick beard of silken and remarkable beauty. Marguerite, the Queen of the Low Countries, was heavily bearded. Naturalists tell us that there is a race of women in Ethiopia, whose hair upon the face shows no difference from that of men. A French work upon expression and beauty, declares that nothing is more captivating and mischievously piquant than a slight down of silky black upon the lip of a pretty woman. Notwithstanding this opinion, however, the history of chemistry shows that the art of suppressing the growth of hair on the female face, has been pursued with great pains-taking.



MADAME JOSEPHINE FORTUNE CLOFULLIA, THE BEARDED LADY OF GENEVA

by her appearance, that they concluded a most advantageous engagement with her father for the privilege of exhibiting her for a year through the principal towns of France. It was in this tour that Mademoiselle Josephine made the acquaintance of M. Clofullia, her present husband, a landscape painter, and the son of the proprietor of the Theatre of Arts at Troyes, in Champagne. After a short courtship they were married, and Josephine's father decided on returning to his own country. The young couple continued their tour, and on the opening of the Great Exhibition, paid a visit to London, where they remained nearly two years up to

the period of their departure for America, and where Madame Clofullia was exhibited to upwards of 200,000 persons, including some of the most distinguished persons in England. She was an object of peculiar attraction to the medical profession, who visited her in great numbers, and made her the subject of several papers read before the members of some of the learned societies. Madame Clofullia is the mother of a female child, which presented a remarkable contrast to its mother, being extremely fair, and un-

AMERICAN FLINT GLASS WORKS.

Below we give the reader a fine view of these famous works, as seen from Boston harbor. The works are situated in South Boston, and are a monument of enterprise and thrift. It is not long since a raging fire destroyed the company's works, but phoenix-like they have arisen from the ashes. Mr. P. F. Slane is the proprietor and overseer of the whole business. The establishment is now in a most successful condition, and is busily turning out all kinds of cut and pressed glass ware, of the most beautiful and varied styles. A very large number of employees are constantly engaged upon the works, in duties as various as multifarious. The immense chimneys, five in number, which are requisite to the furnaces, are named Cotopaxi, Vesuvius, Aetna, Tyro and Vulcan. Every portion of the business is performed here, cutting, designing, packing, etc., forming a most busy scene to the eye of the visitor. No stranger visiting Boston should fail to make the acquaintance of the gentlemanly proprietor, Mr. Slane, and examine the works which we have depicted.

weight from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and forty pounds. Two of the principal localities for the cultivation of this drug in Bengal are subject to the East India Company, and the manufacture and traffic in it is a strict monopoly of the government. In the others, there is a most oppressive system of espionage established over the natives, to an extent which throws the control of the traffic into the hands of the same company. On that which was raised in Malwa, a province lying in the western part of India, beyond the East India Company's control, and which, in order to reach Bombay, the principal market, has to pass through certain territories of the company, a *transit duty* of 400 rupees is levied. The income from this tax, in 1846, was £1,000,000, which, with the revenue received the same year at Calcutta, from the article, makes the sum total of income to the company from it £3,000,000.

The idea of sending opium from Bengal to China, originated in 1767. From this time to 1794, the trade in it met with but poor success. In the latter year, the English succeeded in station-

are thousands of shops fitted, in many of the Chinese cities, with accommodations expressly for smoking. Many of these shops are represented to be the most miserable and wretched places imaginable. Rev. Mr. Squire, of the Church Missionary Society, says of them: "Never, perhaps, was there a nearer approach to hell upon earth, than within the precincts of these vile hovels, where gambling is likewise carried on to a great extent." It is stated that there are one thousand of these opium shops in the city of Amoy. All classes in the community are addicted to the practice. The effects of this drug upon the consumer are thus described by a distinguished Chinese scholar: "It exhausts the animal spirits, impedes the regular performance of business, wastes flesh and blood, dissipates every kind of property, renders the person ill-favored, promotes obscenity, discloses secrets, violates the laws, attacks the vitals and destroys life."

The Chinese government has made strong efforts to cut off or restrict the traffic in this drug. Public attention was directed to its injurious effects in 1799, and in 1809 an edict was issued re-



VIEW OF THE AMERICAN FLINT GLASS WORKS, SOUTH BOSTON, FROM THE HARBOR.

THE OPIUM TRADE.

Opium, as is well known, is the production of the plant *Papaver Somniferum*, called in English the Poppy. This plant was originally a native of Persia, but is now found growing as an ornamental plant in gardens throughout the civilized world. It is most extensively cultivated in India, where it is estimated that more than 100,000 acres of the rich plains of that country are occupied for this purpose, giving employment for many thousands of men, women and children. Its cultivation throughout is very simple. The seed is sown in November, and the juice is collected during a period of about six weeks in February and March. The falling of the flowers from the plant is the signal for making incisions, which is done in the cool of the evening, with hooked knives, in a circular manner around the capsules. From these incisions a white milky juice exudes, which is concentered into a dark brown mass by the heat of the next day's sun; and this being scraped off every evening as the plant continues to exude, it constitutes opium in its crude state. India, it is said, produces sixty thousand chests of opium annually, each chest varying in

ing one of their ships laden with opium at Whampoa, where for more than a year she lay unmolested, selling out her cargo. In 1821, owing to the difficulties attending the sale at these places, the opium merchants withdrew all their vessels from Whampoa and Macao, and stationed them under the shelter of Liutun Island, in the bay, at the entrance of Canton River, which henceforth became the seat of extensive trade. From those vessels it was taken in Chinese junks and smugglers' boats, and retailed at various ports along the shore. In 1847, it is said about fifty vessels were engaged exclusively in this trade, besides a greater or less number which were only partially freighted with the drug. It is stated that two and a half millions of dollars worth of opium is annually imported into Foo-chow, from whence it finds its way to the interior. In that city alone there were, in 1848, one hundred houses devoted to the smoking of the drug, while as many retailed the poison in small quantities. The principal use made of opium by the Chinese, is in the form of smoking, a practice to which they are most passionately addicted. The wealthier orders do their smoking in their own dwellings but for the poorer classes there

quiring all ships discharging their cargoes at Whampoa, to give bonds that they had no opium on board. Still more stringent laws were adopted in 1820. In 1834 an edict was issued, declaring that the injury done by the influx of opium, and by the increase of those who inhaled it, was nearly equal to a *general conflagration*, and denouncing upon the seller and smoker of the poison the bastinado, the wooden collar, imprisonment, banishment, confiscation of property, and even death by public decapitation or strangulation. But notwithstanding all this, the trade kept increasing until at length, an Imperial Commission was appointed, clothed with the highest authority, to proceed to Canton and endeavor to effect an utter annihilation of the trade. He seized and destroyed some 20,280 chests of opium, and compelled the merchants to sign a bond forever to cease trading in the article. This bold measure led to the war with England, commonly known as the opium war. The Chinese were defeated, and subjected to terms which reflected anything but honor upon the conquerors; and a traffic forced upon them which they had striven by every means in their power to annihilate.—Allen.

CINCINNATI'S PATRIOT



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1853.

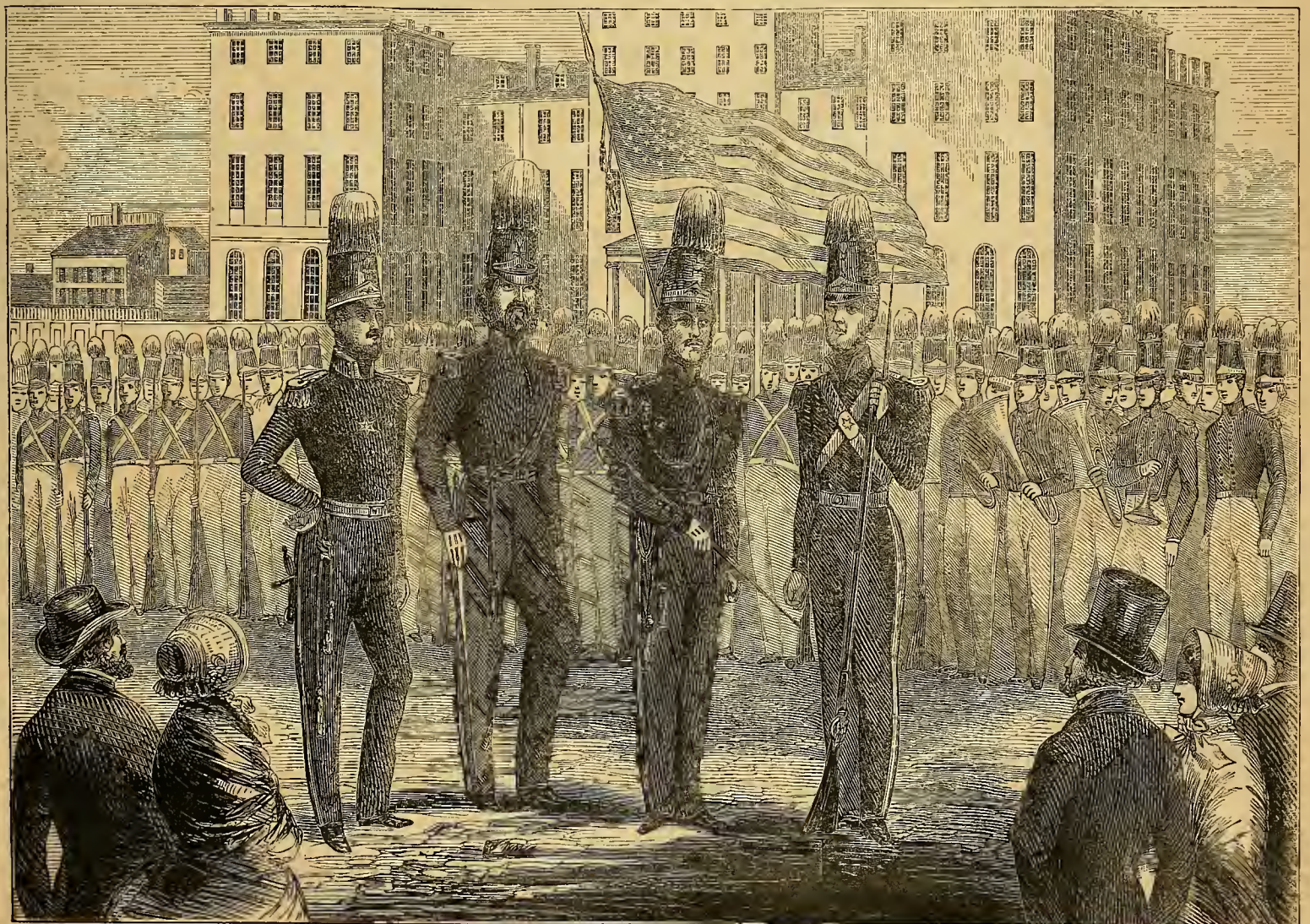
33 PER ANNUM. } VOL. IV. No. 18.—WHOLE No. 96.
6 CTS. SINGLE.

THE CINCINNATI ROVER GUARDS.

Cincinnati for some years past has been nearly destitute of volunteer military organizations. The late war with Mexico absorbed most of the companies then in service, and for a long time subsequent the military spirit of the city seems to have been dormant. The want of some creditable association of the kind has, however, been frequently felt and expressed, and wealthy citizens have stood ready to second with their influence and means any systematic effort to supply the hiatus. The company known as the "Rover Guards," whose first parade our artist has illustrated below, originated some two months before the voluntary disbandment, in July last, of the "Independent Fire Engine and Hose Company," generally known as the "Rover Fire Company" of Cincinnati, whose roll for a quarter of a century had registered the names of many of the most influential citizens of the place. The members of the military organization were at first required to be members of the fire company also, but upon disbanding the

latter, this feature was necessarily changed. The Guards, with a view to perpetuate the memory of the former philanthropic and time-honored association, adopted its recognized title, and went spiritedly to work to effect the thorough equipment of a military corps composed of citizens recognized as identified with the progress and welfare of the town. The result of the effort has been most satisfactory. On the 5th of October last, the company election was held, and under all the difficulties incident to the formation, drill, and complete equipment of a volunteer military corps, was enabled to make its first field-dress parade on the 22d of February following. To the zeal and untiring exertions of the commandant of the corps, Captain Charles H. Sargent, the early success of this effort is undoubtedly to be in a great measure attributed. The company has now eighty enrolled members, besides a full brass band of sixteen instruments, combining the best musical talent of the city. The full-dress uniform of the corps and band is of scarlet cloth—coat, pantaloons, and cap, the coat turned up

with light buff, and trimmed with gold lace, the pants with a broad buff stripe on the outside seams, the cap of the U. S. A. regulation, except that the visor is of burnished lacker prefixed on an angle to protect the forehead, and is richly ornamented with gold embroidered bugle, star, eagle, and initials "C. R. G.;" the plume red, tipped with white. The cross-belts are of white webbing, with blue leathern body-belt, and blue patent leather cartridge-box and bayonet-scarboard. The breast-plate for cross-belts is of burnished gilt, with a five-pointed star raised in silver, the chosen emblem of the corps. The body-belt has a lackered front plate, with the initials "C. R. G.;" in burnished metal. The undress or fatigue uniform is neat and substantial, consisting of dark blue jacket and cap, trimmed with red cord, and black pantaloons, with a full complement of U. S. regulation equipments for drill or fatigue service.—Our artist has depicted the company in line, with the celebrated Burnet House in the background, and given a faithful picture of their soldierly appearance.



REPRESENTATION OF THE ROVER GUARDS, OF CINCINNATI, OHIO.

ANTIQUE GALLERY OF THE LOUVRE, PARIS.

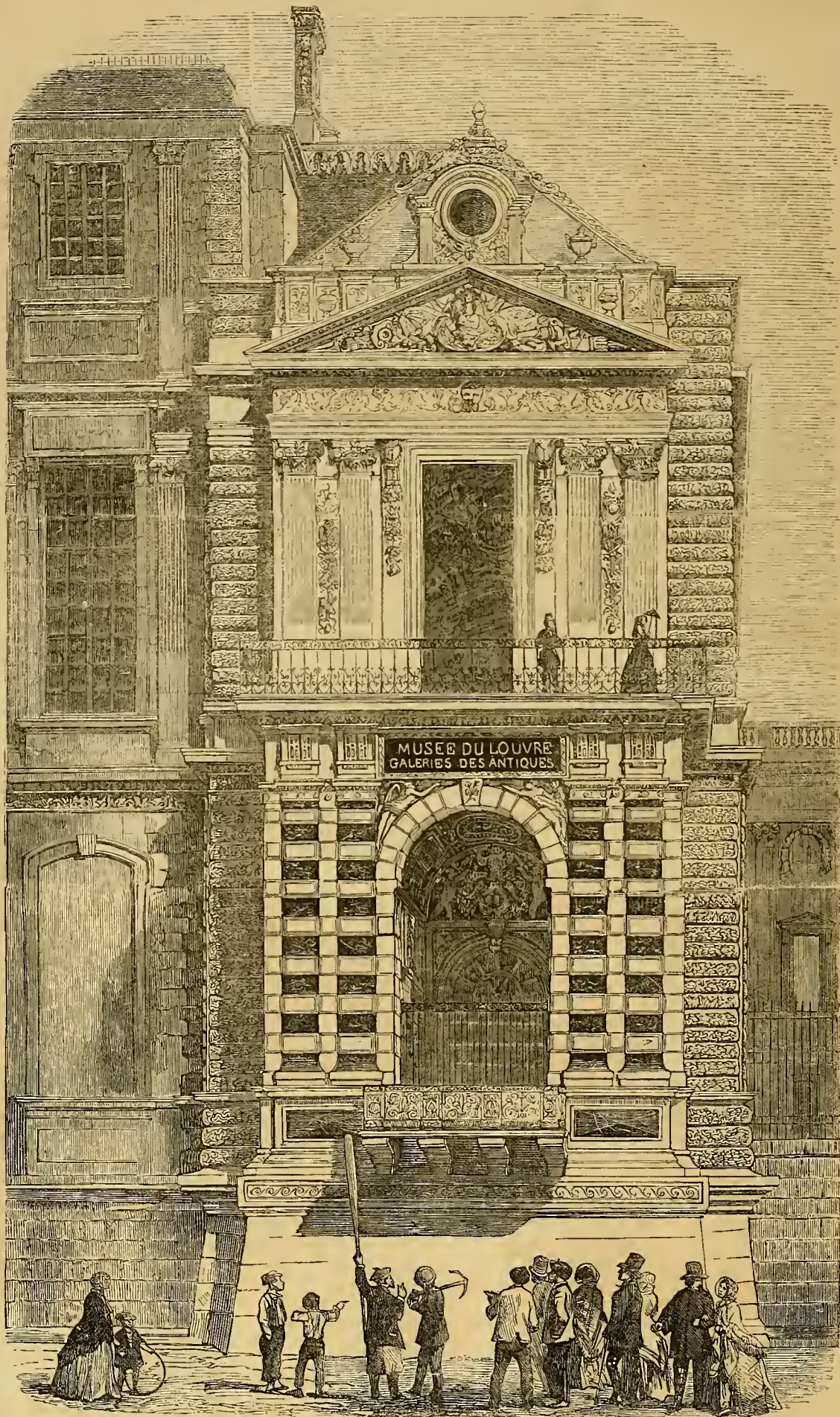
The most ancient part of the gallery of the Louvre, which extends along the Seine, and the square building which attaches it to the Louvre, had, until lately, remained, externally, in the condition in which they were left by Charles IX. and Henry IV.

Workmen are now engaged in finishing the sculpture of the facade of the first, and have completely restored the second, in which is the Apollo Gallery, which has recently been repaired in all its magnificence. This gallery formed a portion of the apartments of Anne of Austria. She had the ceilings painted by Romanelli in the school of Peter of Cortona. These easy paintings, more agreeable than correct in style, themselves require restoration in certain parts. At the extremity of the gallery is a large arched window opening in a balcony commanding the quay, to which gloomy historical recollections have imparted a sad and celebrity. This window is conspicuously represented in the engraving. It is asserted that from this window Charles IX. fired upon the Huguenots during the massacre of St. Bartholomew. To perpetuate the memory of this crime, the Council General of the Commune of Paris, in the third year of the republic, issued a decree providing "that a stone post should be erected in this place, and that there should be attached to it a commemorative inscription." For six years Paris might read the following inscription, which Bonaparte, when First Consul, removed, at a later date: "It was from this window that the infamous Charles IX., of execrable memory, fired on the people with a carbine." This tradition is questionable in more than one point. In the first place, it rests only on the suspicious authority of Brantome. He says that, after having suffered himself to be drawn by the queen into this massacre, "he (the king) was more ardent in it than all others; so that, when the game was playing, and it was day, and he saw any in the faubourgs of Saint Germain bestirring themselves and escaping, he took a great hunting harquebuss that he had, and fired directly upon them, but in vain, because the harquebuss did not carry so far." However it may be with regard to this useless firing towards the Seine, and even though Charles IX. might not have been guilty of it, his memory would be no less odious. Far from disavowing the massacre, or rather massacres of St. Bartholomew, he boasted in open parliament, that it was by his orders they had taken place. Of a weak, hypocritical and cruel character, he ordered the massacre of a party in which his wavering policy, or rather that of the Italian Catherine de Medici, his mother, had lately rested; he suffered friends with whom he had passed the evening at play to be slaughtered, saving only Ambrise Pare, the physician, because he could not dispense with his care in a malady difficult to cure, and which gave him the greatest anxiety, since his grandfather, Francis the First, had died of it. Still, we must perceive that in the inscription prepared in the year III, by the Commune of Paris, history was falsified by that mirage peculiar to the epoch, by which Caesar was made a tyrant, and his assassin Brutus a liberator freeing his country; whereas, in reality Brutus was the man of the aristocracy and privilege, while democracy was on the side of Caesar. Thus, in Charles IX. firing harquebuss shots upon the

see only a tyrant firing on the people. Now he only did what the people themselves were doing; he was with the majority of the people, and he was even applauded by them when he went to the gibbet of Montfaucon with his mother, his sisters, and the court, to see the body of Admiral de Coligny suspended by the feet.

on the Huguenots, his subjects, from a window of his palace, at least the window of the Louvre charged with being the scene of this attempt is completely innocent of it, and for a very good reason—it was not in existence at the time. In the midst of the confusion and uncertainty about the epochs of construction of different parts of the palace

adjoining the pavilion now under consideration, there is reason for believing that the gallery extending from the old Louvre to the branch of the Seine above the garden of the Infanta, and constructed by Catherine de Medici and Charles IX., did not advance to the point where it now ends upon the quay; then this first portion of the facade upon the garden is of itself of a different style from that which has been added to it, and which comprises the last three windows of the Gallery of Antiques on this side of the quay. This extremity was added by Henry IV., as is proved by the letters H preserved in the recent restoration of the facade in the frieze between the basement and the first story; it is asserted even that the cipher of Henry IV. was joined to that of Gabrielle d'Estrees, but their interwoven ciphers exist now only in the facade of the gallery, which, starting from the pavilion, projects in the direction of the Seine and the Tuilleries. The balcony from which Charles IX. is said to have fired on the Huguenots on the bank of the Seine must have been in the rear of the present balcony by the whole length of the three compartments added by Henry IV., and that represented in our engraving is innocent of these dreadful reminiscences of civil and religious war. The window of the Gallery of Antiques presents a deep bay open to the air, and closed in front on the balcony by a plain grating. The interior of this bay is decorated with marbles, painting and gilding. In the interior, above the casement, and supported by two genii, is the double shield of France and Navarre; the first, three fleur-de-lis on an azure ground; the second, a chain of gold in a field gules. The whole is rich and picturesque. The great glory of Paris, as respects the fine arts, has long been, and will continue to be, the gallery of the Louvre, comprising a most extensive and valuable collection of pictures and statues. During the latter years of the reign of Napoleon, this gallery was the richest and most magnificent by far of any that ever existed, having then to boast of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Rome, Florence, and, in fact, of the greater part of continental Europe, carried off by the conquering legions of France. But victory having deserted the eagles of Napoleon, these treasures were again restored to their former possessors, and the Louvre has no longer to glory in the Apollo Belvidere, the Venus de Medici, and other matchless productions. Still, however, the collection is a very noble one. There are eighteen large halls, on the ground-floor, filled with pieces of sculpture, including the choicest treasures of the Villa-Borghese, and many works that once embellished ancient Rome. Many of them are of great value. Had we



PAVILION OF THE CELEBRATED ANTIQUE GALLERY OF THE LOUVRE, PARIS.

Truth is sufficient to render the name of Charles IX. execrable in the list of French monarchs; there is no need of masking him for the purpose. If nothing can save the memory of this young man of twenty-two, one of the good poets of his day, and endowed with some good traits that were obliterated by his mother, from the execration of posterity; if it is even true that Charles IX. fired

room, it would be pleasant in this connection to give the readers of the Pictorial a still more detailed account of this home of Parisian art, but sufficient has been said to fully explain its purpose, and to show it to be the rendezvous of the artistic genius of all Europe. The French, in all their fickleness of character, have never lost their love for art and the beautiful.

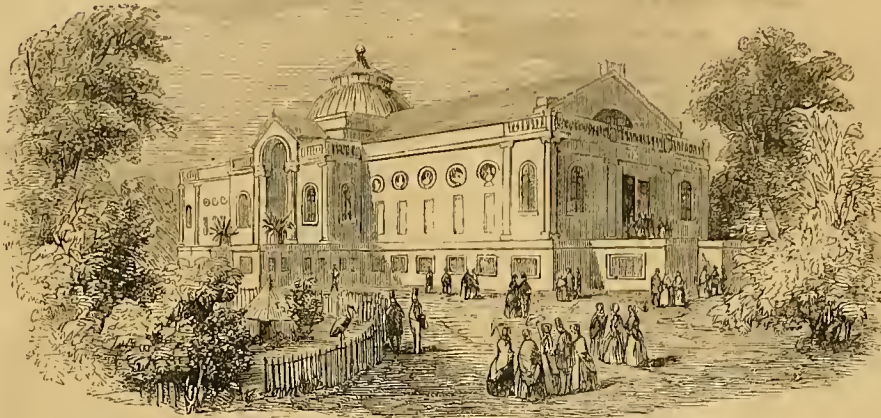
THE ANTWERP ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.

In 1843, after long discussion, many citizens of Antwerp united and resolved to endow their city with a zoological garden. Their object was to propagate in an agreeable manner, a taste for and knowledge of natural history, to facilitate the study of it by members of the society, as well as artists and students of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, and the medical students of the Antwerp Athenaeum. A capital of one hundred thousand francs, divided into shares of one hundred francs each, bearing three per cent interest, was the first basis of the society, subscribers were employed in purchasing a locality which now comprises rather more than six acres of ground. The society is composed of active and honorary members and corresponding members. The admission fees paid by visitors enable the society to continue and extend their operations and collections. The garden is situated outside the city, and contiguous to the railroad station. But it is only a pleasant walk from the ramparts. The entrance has nothing majestic, merely a shaded alley, at the end of which is the pretty cottage occupied by Mr. Kets, the director, and one of the first founders of the society, and his nephew and assistant, Mr. Vekemans. You have hardly taken many steps in this alley, before you meet a range of iron columns spaced along the trees on each side. Each of them, elegantly curved at its extremity, supports a perch, and here, in fine weather, is exposed a part of the collection of aras, paroquets and cockatoos. Besides the cottage of which we have spoken, there are two principal buildings in the garden; one, seen on the right as you go out, is the restaurant, an elegant and new building, which, to many of the profane, is an essential part of the garden. Here, on summer evenings, visitors assemble to chat quietly of business or pleasure; the other, looking on the garden in its full extent, is the museum (represented in our engraving), a vast edifice surmounted by a cupola, bearing a character of fine architectural simplicity. It is composed of a base and one story. The central part of the basement is devoted to birds, while the two side wings fronting the garden, are occupied by ferocious beasts. This arrangement is merely temporary. It is certain, that in case of fire, it would be hard to find men zealous enough to go into the midst of lions, tigers and animals of the same nature, to extinguish the conflagration. You reach the first story by a stone staircase; a columned vestibule gives access to an immense gallery which has no limits but that of the building itself, and which contains the extensive

pigs, buffaloes, emels, dromedaries, zebras, etc. The monkeys occupy a palace constructed on the plan of that in the Garden of Plants at Paris. The collection of birds is richer yet. The society possesses forty-five species of paroquets, arranged in cages one above the other, in the central part of the basement story of the museum. In the garden we find two sheets of water; one of them, very shady, with verdant banks, contains different species of ducks, two pelicans and some water-hens. Its banks serve as a promenade to two wild turkeys and several kinds of plover. The other pond, larger yet, at the opposite end of the garden, as will

tary-birds, the scourge of the serpent family—and any quantity of curious pigeons. But a mere catalogue of the collection would, in fact, do, fill pages. On seeing the vast buildings, the cottages, the elegant parks, the pools, the trees and flowers of this charming garden, we cannot but congratulate the city of Antwerp in possessing so agreeable and interesting a resort. Antwerp owes a debt of gratitude to the first founders of the society, who did not shrink from the heavy responsibility, and magnitude, and difficulty of their undertaking; to Mr. Kets, the founder and generous endower of the society, and to Mr. Vekemans, his assistant,

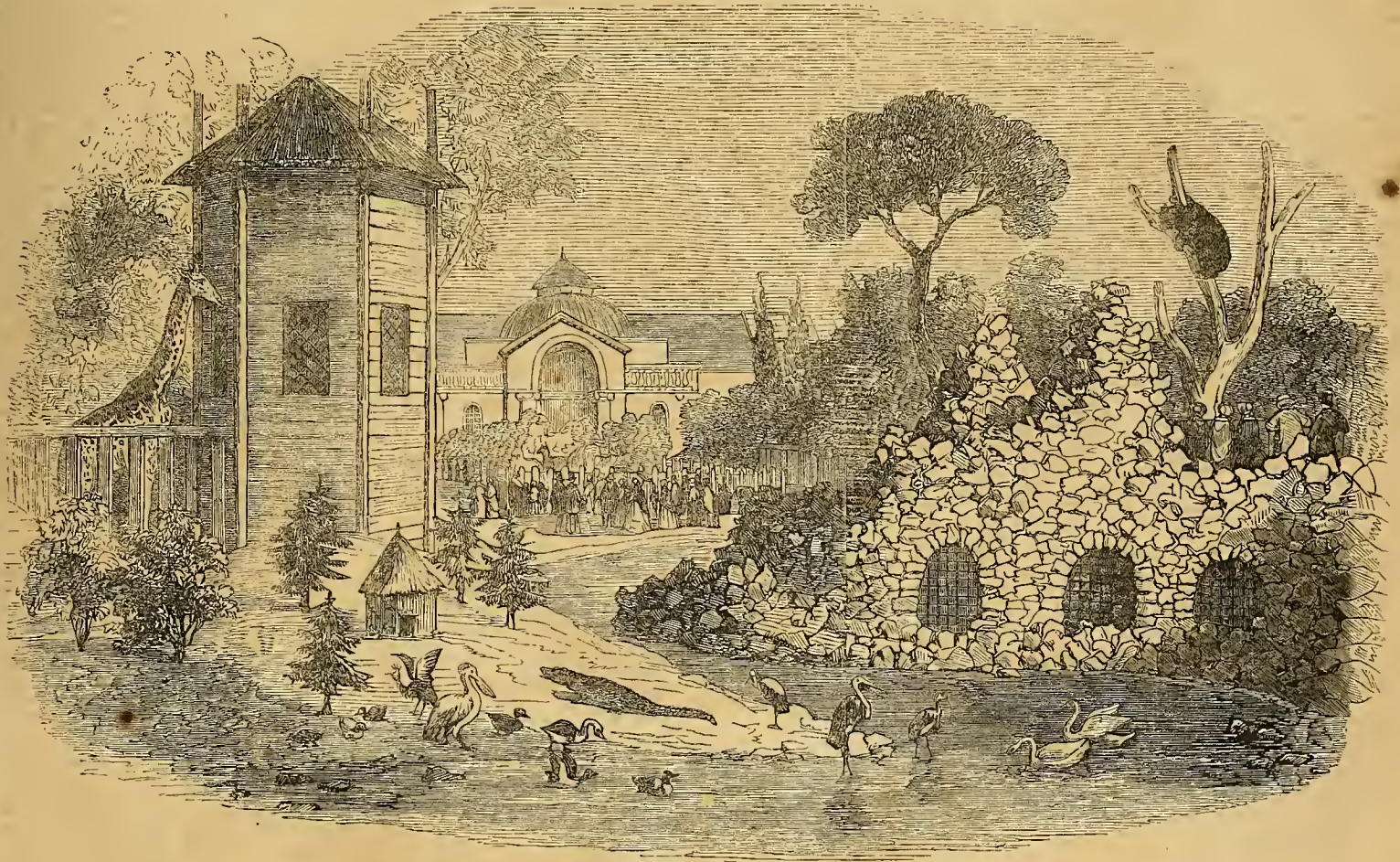
who has arranged the whole, and given the garden that smiling aspect, that air of health and riches, joined to the curious collections it contains, that makes it one of the places which the tourist, in his most rapid journey, finds worthy of an attentive and contemplative visit.—Antwerp itself is a well-built, fine old city, and it is in various respects highly interesting. Altogether it is supposed to contain about 12,000 houses, mostly built of stone, with a population of about 100,000. The great boast of Antwerp is its cathedral, a superb gothic structure, begun early in the 15th and not finished till the 16th century. Its spire, of the most beautiful and delicate workmanship, is said by Schreiber and others to be 466 feet high. The interior corresponds in grandeur with the exterior, and it contains two famous pictures of Rubens; one of which, the Descent from the Cross, is generally regarded as his *chef-d'œuvre*. Of the other churches, that of St. James, which contains the tomb of Rubens, St. Andrew, and St. Paul, are the most celebrated. All of them are adorned with fine paintings. The Bourse, or Exchange, is one of the finest buildings of its class in Europe; it is said to have served as a model for the London Exchange, burnt down in 1837. The *Hotel de Ville*, a marble structure, rebuilt in 1581, after being destroyed by fire, is a magnificent fabric. The convent of the Recollets has been converted into a museum, in which is a superb collection of paintings, including many that were formerly scattered among the different churches and convents. It comprises some of the choicest specimens of the Flemish school; as Rubens, Van Dyke, Jordaens, Van Vein, Martin de Vos, etc. Antwerp is very ancient. Ludovico Guicciardini, in his *Descrizione de Paesi Bassi*, describes it in 1560 as a city of vast wealth and the most extensive commerce; adding, that it was no uncommon thing for 500 ships to enter and leave its port in a single day! And making every allowance for the exaggeration obvious in this statement, there is no doubt that it then en-



THE ANTWERP ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN'S GALLERIES OF COLLECTIONS.

be seen in the engraving, bathes the ingenious constructions in rock-work, which serve to imprison the bears. Here you see the Egyptian goose, the brant, many kinds of swans, and a flock of twenty Carolina ducks. But an unexpected guest among these peaceful inhabitants, is a magnificent crocodile, who, free during the six warmest months of the year, sometimes languidly stretched upon the bank, sometimes inertly floating on the surface of the water, seeks ardently the beneficent rays of the sun. Up to this time (and he has lived six years in his summer palace) no attempt upon the peace of his neighbors has tarnished the innocence of his existence. At the approach of man, he dives into the water, scorting violently. To the left of the first sheet of water four

1581, after being destroyed by fire, is a magnificent fabric. The convent of the Recollets has been converted into a museum, in which is a superb collection of paintings, including many that were formerly scattered among the different churches and convents. It comprises some of the choicest specimens of the Flemish school; as Rubens, Van Dyke, Jordaens, Van Vein, Martin de Vos, etc. Antwerp is very ancient. Ludovico Guicciardini, in his *Descrizione de Paesi Bassi*, describes it in 1560 as a city of vast wealth and the most extensive commerce; adding, that it was no uncommon thing for 500 ships to enter and leave its port in a single day! And making every allowance for the exaggeration obvious in this statement, there is no doubt that it then en-



THE LODGES FOR LIVE ANIMALS, CONSTRUCTED AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN, ANTWERP.

collections of stuffed animals and the curiosities of natural history, for which the society is indebted to the generosity of Mr. Kets, the director. The garden, considered as a whole, is admirably planned; accidental features of the ground are happily managed so as to add to its apparent size; it is very rich in trees and exotic plants, which, thanks to the vigilant care bestowed on them, promise cool shade and brilliant borders, when time shall have given them their full development. The collection of mammifera is numerous. It now comprises four lions, Bengal tigers, panthers, leopards, hyenas, jackals, etc.; brown, white and black bears, a considerable number of ruminating and other animals, among which are camel-leopards, many species of antelopes, ta-

cassowaries parade in a park contiguous to that of the antelopes. The society has eight of these animals, but those of which we speak were born at Knowsley, Lord Derby's estate, on the 1st of April, 1851. They are kept separate from each other, and up to this time no eggs have been hatched. Let us walk on a little farther, leaving to our right the park of ostriches, plumed cassowaries and other birds of this genus. We come to a large aviary of fine wire work, divided into compartments, where are found birds of bright plumage and rare species in great numbers. The mandarin ducks to be seen here cost two hundred dollars a pair—almost as much as our bird-fanciers sometimes pay for royal Cochín Chinas! In other places we find beautiful egret herons, and secre-

joyed a more extensive foreign trade than any other city in the north of Europe. But this prosperity was destined to be of short duration. In 1575 it was sacked and partly burned by the Spaniards. In 1585 it was invested by the famous Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, who took it after a lengthened and memorable siege. After its capture the greater part of its merchants and principal people emigrated to Amsterdam and other towns in the United Provinces, carrying with them their capital, skill, and connections. The decline of its trade dates from this epoch, and was consummated by the Dutch obtaining the command of the river. Antwerp still retains much of the prestige of its former glory, although it ranks not now among the first European commercial cities



VIEW OF THE CITY OF PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

CITY OF PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

This manufacturing city, of which we give a representation above, contains some fifty thousand inhabitants. The city stands at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers, which, by their union, form the Ohio. It is built upon the triangular plain, enclosed on two sides by these two rivers, extending partly up the highlands, by which the side opposite to the point is bounded. The distance from the point back to these highlands is about one mile; and the different prominences are known by the names of Grant's, Ayer's, and Quarry Hills. The place was laid out in 1765, on the bank of the Monongahela; with streets running parallel to the river, and others running back from the river at right angles with them. The same arrangement was followed when, afterwards, the town began to be built upon the bank of the Allegheny; so that the cross streets, starting at right angles from the two rivers, necessarily meet obliquely, at a point a few streets back from the Allegheny. Thus the city, in its outline, bears a strong resemblance to the lower part of the city of New York. The city is noted to the adjacent country, beyond the two rivers, by a bridge over each, and by ferries. The site, says a writer on the spot, is a real amphitheatre, formed by the hand of nature. The rivers flow in channels from 450 to 465 feet below the highest peaks of the neighboring hills, which, by accurate measurement, have been found to vary thus slightly between these relative elevations. These hills surrounding the city are filled with bituminous coal, which is easily quarried and brought to the city, and affords unequalled facilities for manufacturing operations, for fuel, and for lighting the streets and dwellings with gas. The principal coal strata lie at an elevation of above 300 feet above the part of the city which is on the alluvial plain; and so uniform is this geological feature, that a levelling instrument, placed at the mouth of any of the beds, if carried round the horizon, carries the circle of vision along the openings of all the other mines. The coal formation is here, as in every other part of the Ohio valley, level; so much so as often to render the draining of the mines difficult. These hills, though steep, are not generally precipitous, and afford from their verdant slopes and peaks a series of rich and varied landscapes. The fertility of the soil continues to their very summits. There is nothing of barrenness visible, but the forests, fields, meadows, orchards and gardens, exhibit one panorama of beauty and abundance. Pittsburg occupies the site of the former French fort Duquesne, which the French held possession of from 1754 to 1758, and whence, by instigating the Indians to hostilities, they brought so much terror to the frontier settlements of Pennsylvania. It was here, in 1755, that General Braddock lost his life, and the army under him suffered a defeat, in an attempt to drive the French from this post, and that the youthful Washington displayed his military skill, and gave promise of his future greatness, by conducting in a masterly manner the retreat of the shattered forces. A subsequent expedition, with a more formidable force, under General Forbes, was successful in striking terror into the enemy, so they evacuated the fort and abandoned the place; though not without having routed and

dispersed an advanced detachment of 800 men, sent forward under Captain Grant; which they did, with the aid of the Indians, by surrounding them, upon what is now Grant's Hill, and killing and capturing about 300 of their number. Among the prisoners taken was the captain himself. The English, having dispossessed the French, erected a temporary stockade, which they called Fort Pitt; and in 1759, General Stanwix commenced the construction of a more formidable work, which cost the British government

£60,000 sterling. This fort sustained an attack from the Indians in 1763. Some remains of a brick redoubt, which was built in 1764, after peace was restored between the French and the English, are still visible. Until after the close of the Revolutionary War, Pittsburg continued to be only a small place. In 1775, the number of dwellings within the present limits of the city was not more than twenty five or thirty. But in 1784, the ground, which belonged to Penn's manor, and was the property of the family,

was laid out into town lots, and sold rapidly. Two years later, the first number of the Pennsylvania Gazette was published here, in which it was stated that the number of houses in the village was about 100. In 1778, the county of Allegheny was constituted, and in 1791, Pittsburg became the county town. The earliest authentic account of the population is in the Pittsburg Gazette for January 9, 1796; when, by a census just taken, it appeared that it amounted to 1395. It was during this year that Louis Philippe, afterwards king of the French, visited this place, and spent considerable time there. Pittsburg is compactly built, with many handsome edifices, chiefly of brick; which, however, have a dark and smoky appearance, from the falling soot of the bituminous coal, which is used to such an extent by the manufactories and otherwise. Among the public buildings, the new court house, situated upon an elevation which commands an extensive view, is a splendid edifice, of the Grecian Doric order of architecture, 165 feet long and 100 feet deep. The height of the dome above the ground is 148 feet. The cost of this building was about \$200,000. A splendid Roman Catholic cathedral, located on Grant's Hill, makes an imposing appearance. The buildings of the Western University of Pennsylvania are also situated near Grant's Hill. The Third Presbyterian Church, several of the banking houses, and some of the large hotels, are also fine buildings. There are three market houses, and a museum containing many Indian curiosities. Three covered bridges cross the Allegheny River, one of which has a walk for foot passengers upon the top. A bridge also crosses the Monongahela, 1500 feet in length, which was erected at an expense of \$102,000. The harbor is chiefly in this river, because the depth of water is greater here than in the Allegheny. Many other objects of interest might also be enumerated did our limits permit.

INDIAN FALLS, NEAR COLD SPRING.

New York State abounds in large and small falls, of the most beautiful character, richly repaying the tourist who visits them, and forming the constant resort of artists from all quarters to sketch and faithfully delineate them. That which our artist has depicted here is called Indian Falls, and is situated near Cold Spring, in the State referred to, and is formed by Indian Brook, so called, which also gives material for several lesser falls in its romantic course. Niagara, the father of waterfalls, is also situated in New York State; and artists tell us that nowhere in Europe are there more picturesque scenes of the character to be found, than are presenting themselves to the observant traveller in the various portions of this extensively watered State, where nature exhibits so many charms.



VIEW OF INDIAN FALLS, NEAR COLD SPRING, NEW YORK.

THE NEW POLICE BADGE.

Our good city has long claimed pre-eminence among her sister capitals in the United States, for the high character and efficiency of her police organization. This department of the city government is composed of men who, for sterling worth, courage, determination and intelligence, stand unrivalled by any like body of men in the Union. Of this arm of the law, our citizens are justly proud, because of the perfection to which its organization has been



THE NEW BADGE OF THE BOSTON POLICE.

brought. Our city fathers have lately passed an order, which has been put in practice, relative to the distinctive badge to be worn by the police. Heretofore they have worn the word "police" in large metallic letters around the hat; but this unchristian fashion is now discarded, and the star emblem on the left breast adopted. The new badge is similar in size and shape to that worn by the Baltimore police, being a six-pointed, elongated star, radiating from an oval shield, or plate, in the centre. On this shield in the *Boston star*, as is represented in our engraving, is a figure of Justice, raised in bas-relief, holding the sword and scales; upon the pedestal at her feet—on which is inscribed the date of the foundation of the city,—stands a hound, emblematical of watchfulness and activity. The whole forming a beautiful and appropriate design, which is accurately represented by the accompanying engraving, drawn from an impression of the die, furnished us by the designer and manufacturer, Mr. E. A. G. Roulston, of this city, to whom is due much credit for this last of the many elegant specimens of his handiwork. Mr. R. is an ingenious workman, and has done himself credit in this production.

FONT HILL, RESIDENCE OF EDWIN FORREST, ESQ.

Mr. Forrest, the American tragedian, has built him a fine, stately mansion, about a mile south of Yonkers, N. Y., on the east bank of the Hudson River, a fine view of the castle-like structure being afforded in passing up or down the river, though not from a point immediately opposite, as it is partially shut out from view by the rocks and trees which form a screen to the river side. It is situated on rising ground, and is accessible from the railroad track or nearest landing by a romantic winding path. Its style of architecture is half Norman half Tudor, turret rising above turret, as represented in our engraving, and its base surrounded by a wild growth of luxuriant underwood, and flowers, and cedars. The



VIEW OF FONT HILL, FORREST CASTLE, AT YONKERS, NEW YORK.

edifice is deserted now, and its popular owner finds more congenial residence in town life. The library, an octagonal apartment, looks towards the river, and the various rooms are spacious, being a mingling in their finish of ancient and modern styles. The view from the turrets of Font Hill is sublime in summer, the lake-like Hudson adding that charm to the scenery which water alone can give. There are few spots in America more beautifully situated than Mr. Forrest's castle at Font Hill. We have too often spoken of this eminent tragedian personally, to require any detailed account of him in this connection, and we can only add here that the same extraordinary success and popularity attend his professional career, which has realized for him a large fortune, and a lasting and honorable fame among his countrymen.

SUGAR ESTATE NEAR MATANZAS, CUBA.

The view given below represents the well-known and very delightful sugar plantation of John Chartrand, situated some fifteen miles from Matanzas, near the village of Limonar, where Vice President King was so hospitably entertained not long since. This spot is one of those lovely gardens for which the Island of Cuba is so justly celebrated, while the salubrity of the atmosphere renders it a delightful residence for the invalid. It is approachable from Matanzas by railroad, and is situated within five minutes' walk of the depot. The road leading to "Ariadne"—the name by which the estate is known—is beautiful beyond description, running through a splendid avenue of palms—that king of

the tropical forest,—and orange-trees, with all the surroundings of floral beauty, characteristic of this land of the sun. The hospitality of the host of Ariadne is proverbial, and his generous solicitude and unremitting attention—for which all remuneration was refused—to our Vice President, deserves a national token of appreciation. Mr. Chartrand's estate gives employment to over one hundred slaves, and a happier or better managed set of men cannot be found on the island. Mr. C. was formerly a resident in St. Domingo, and had his life saved by a faithful slave, whom he brought to the United States, and afterwards carried with him to Cuba. This slave lived with him as his friend, and died in his house, at the age of 90 years. Mr. King, since his return, gratefully expresses his estimate of the hospitality he there received.



REPRESENTATION OF THE SUGAR PLANTATION OF MR. CHARTRAND, NEAR LIMONAR, CUBA.



THE BOUTE-BOK.

GAZELLES

MALE AND FEMALE ELANDS.

SPECIMENS OF RARE ANIMALS.

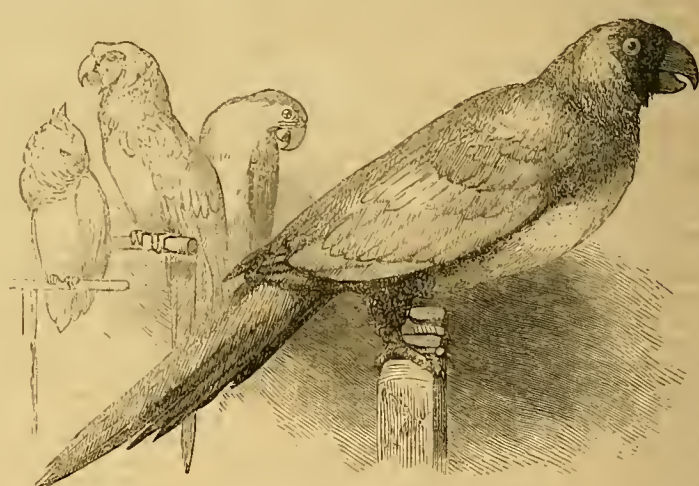
We present on this page some interesting zoological specimens, of a character not very familiar to the general reader. First, the bonte-bok is a native of South Africa, and is well known, also, by the name of blaze-buck, in reference to its white face. The second representation is composed of three specimens of the gazelle,

largest of the antelope species, and when full grown is five feet in height at the shoulder, and, from the mildness of its nature and the excellent quality of its flesh, is more esteemed than that of any of the other wild animals of South Africa. The docility of this species is such, that to save the burthen of conveying such a heavy carcass, the old bulls weighing about eight

fourth group represent a male and two female hog deer, a favorite object of sport to the Indian hunter. A peculiar habit in this species, of stamping with a quick jerk of the fore-knee, is represented in the engraving. The subject of the fifth group is the masked parrot, so called. It is a native of the South Sea Islands, and derives its name from the peculiar character of its natura



THE MALE AND FEMALE HOG-DEER.

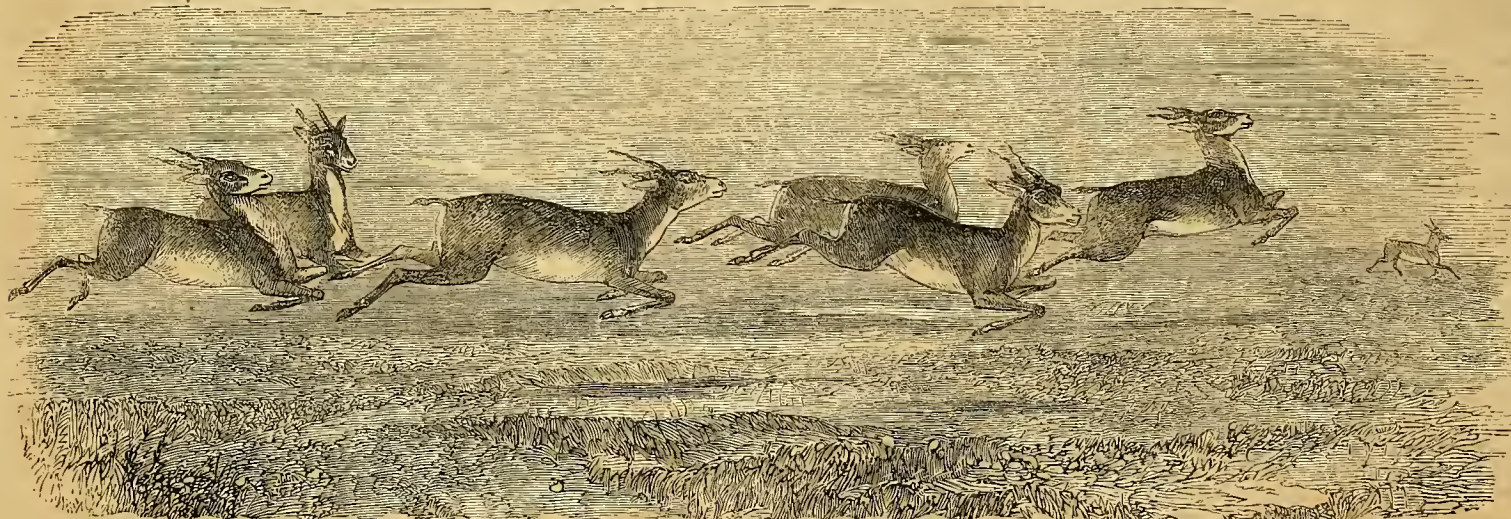


THE MASKED PARROT.

the most delicate of the antelope species. This delicate animal, so remarkable for the beauty and size of its eyes, has ever been highly valued as a pet by the better class of Europe. The gazelle is found in Egypt and North Africa, and may be seen faithfully represented upon the monuments of the former country and Nubia. The third group represents a male and female eland, the

hundred weight, it is the practice of the African hunters to ride into the midst of the herds in which they congregate, in order to select the full-grown males, and turn them in a homeward direction before bringing them down. The large muscles from the thighs of this animal, when dried and cured, produce an esteemed article of diet, called by the Cape colonists thighb tongues. The

head ornament. The sixth group represents a herd of Indian antelopes. These animals are remarkable in their native state for their extreme shyness. They are represented in the accompanying illustration in the performance of a series of long and lofty springs, which they exhibit upon the least alarm from the approach of strangers, or the appearance of any sudden danger.



VIEW OF A HERD OF INDIAN ANTELOPES.

CONDITION OF MEXICO.

Comprising an area of territory one third as large as all Europe, and a climate that fosters nearly every species of vegetables, and a soil rich in mineral productions, Mexico is bankrupt, torn by discord, dissensions, and civil war.

The only way to account for this ridiculous folly is, to look for its cause among those who represent the country. The people are not so free as Russian serfs, and far below our southern slaves in intelligence, knowledge of the comforts of life, or physical courage.

Santa Anna is bravado, all fuss and bluster; hating the people of the United States—as he has good cause to do—he calls upon the people to second him in reclaiming their lost nationality, and breather anathemas, loud and deep, against the "northern barbarians."

With its natural advantages, extending over twenty-one degrees of latitude, Mexico might be made the garden of the world, could industry and thrift but be infused into the nature of its indolent people.

But we hope there is a better fate in store for her yet. Like Cuba, she must wait for Yankee enterprise to overrun her broad territory, before the riches that now sleep in her bosom shall be made to blossom like the rose, and the wealth of her mines be poured forth to enrich the treasury, and challenge the commerce of the world.

MAZZINI.—Speaking of Mazzini and the continental police, the London Times says:—"With a price set upon his head in half the kingdoms of Europe, and with a face so remarkable as never to be forgotten when once seen, he, nevertheless, traverses the whole continent, passes in and out of cities under the strictest surveillance of martial law, visits Milan, Vienna, Naples, Rome, crosses and re-crosses the channel, where spies are always upon the watch, and issues his proclamations fearlessly everywhere."

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.—This periodical keeps pace with the age in which it is published, and we do truly say, that we have seldom spent time more agreeably, or more profitably, than when engaged in looking over the back numbers of the current volume.

HISTORY OF HANOVER, MASS.—We have received from Rev. J. S. Barry a copy of his work, just published, upon this subject. It is a book evincing much patient research and carefulness of record, and must find a ready sale in Plymouth County.

THE SEASON.—The budding trees, and fragrant atmosphere from the South, which does not lose all its flavor of flowers before it sweeps over our colder New England clime, tell us of early summer.

"THE FIRST VIOLET."—There is a sweet poem, thus entitled, on page 279, of the present number, by Mrs. H. Marion Stephens, fragrant as the flower it enlorges so gracefully.

THEATRICAL.—Mr. Chippendale, the well known and favorite actor, is now stage manager of the Haymarket Theatre, London.

MARRIAGES

In this city, Mr. C. E. Penrose to Miss Abby A. Piper; Mr. Samuel C. Davis to Miss Lucy A. Griffin; Mr. G. H. Ransom to Miss Mary E. Pentland; Mr. Atwood T. Knowlton to Miss Martha Deane; Mr. John Martin to Miss B. Scholer; Mr. J. G. Kunder, of Winchester, to Miss Louise Stearns, of Gloucester; Mr. J. H. Lanning to Miss P. Bellinger; Mr. J. G. Fritz to Miss Catharine Altvater; Mr. James H. Dyke to Miss Frances H. Ripley.

DEATHS

In this city, Mrs. Elizabeth Brewer, relict of Mr. Nathaniel Brewer, 80; Mr. Samuel Stillman Sullivan, son of the late Deacon John Sullivan, 31; Mrs. Mary Jenkins, widow of the late William Jenkinson Esq., 60.

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A Record of the beautiful and useful in Art. The object of this paper is to present, in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS, and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in its design, in this country.



GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR. MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER.

- REV. H. HASTINGS WELD, MISS ANNE T. WILCOE, NEALE BERNARD, ALICE CARRY, AUSTIN C. BURDICK, SYLVANUS COBB, JR., H. MARION STEPHENS, MISS P. HAMILTON, A. MORRELL COYT, MARY GRACE HALPING.

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

- "Hildebrand: or, The Baccarer and the Cardinal. A Sicilian Story of Sea and Shore," by AUSTIN C. BURDICK,—being the commencement of an excellent Novelletto. "A Bundle of May Flowers," a story, by MISS ANNES LESLIE. "The Student's Composition," a story, by SYLVANUS COBB, JR. "Edith's Reign: A Tale of May Day in Merry England," by BEN: PERLEY POORE. "The May Docket," a story, by MRS. CAROLINE ORNE. "Meeting at Sea," verses, by PUCHE CARRY. "The Lament of Age," lines, by J. HUNTS, JR. "May Day," a poem, by MRS. L. H. SUGOURNEY. "The Cottage by the Sea," lines, by HORATIO ALGER, JR. "The Ocean's Song," verses, by D. HARRY, JR.

FIRE-ARMS.

The percussion-lock, it appears, was invented by an English clergyman—Rev. Mr. Forsyth—in the year 1807. In the year 1500, all fire-arms were fired by a lighted match carried in the hand. About 1510, the match-lock was introduced, which was so far an improvement that the lighted match was attached to the gun.

PICTORIAL BOUND.

At our reduced prices for bound volumes of the Pictorial we have received orders from all directions, and have been kept busy enough in filling them. The three volumes, I, II. and III., at \$7 for all, is a bargain that shrewd people will improve. With these volumes, one can sit down at home, and yet travel all over the world, seeing all notable places, dignitaries, monuments, localities, animals, and, in short, a sample of all that is worth observing, and be, at the same time, thoroughly instructed and improved by the accompanying letter-press.

VICE PRESIDENT KING.—Mr. King left Matanzas on the 7th inst., in the steamship Fulton, the captain of which had a cabin built on deck for his better accommodation.

SPLINTERS.

.... The New Yorkers are about to erect a superb opera house on grounds situated in the immediate vicinity of Union Square. It is indeed a fact that one-half the population of Europe are in arms to keep the other half in subjection, at this time. Bunker Hill Monument was lately struck by lightning twice in one day. Fortunately the fluid followed the lightning-rod. Art has lost a favorite and accomplished son, in the death of Jessi, the celebrated engraver, lately deceased at Florence. A person will float like a cork, it is said, on the great Salt Lake, its waters are so thoroughly impregnated with salt. Alexander Von Humboldt is still alive, erect, eighty-four years old, and as ardent a student as he was forty years gone by. The United States possesses a hundred million acres of public land that the foot of the white man has never touched! The gold product of California last year was considerably over eighty millions of dollars, all of which was exported thence. The present Emperor of the French is short in stature, and has very short, ill-formed legs,—so a Paris correspondent writes. Fine specimens of copper ore have recently been obtained from mines a few miles east of Leesburg, in Virginia. The annual cost of the United States army and navy is 67 cents per head for the population; that of Great Britain \$2 56. It is said that the post of Minister to England was offered to Washington Irving, but he felt too old for the responsibilities. It is announced that the Emperor of Morocco is dying, and great public disturbances are feared at his death. A letter from Havana states that during a recent week, upwards of 1200 slaves were landed on the coast. The eighth edition of the life of Hosea Ballou, by the editor of the Pictorial, has just been issued by the publisher.

AQUAKANONK, N. J.

We give herewith a view of this picturesque little village, which is situated on the Passaic River, between Newark and Patterson, and about ten miles distant from New York. The Ramapo Railroad passes through it. A small propeller runs between Aquakanonk and New York, depending, principally, upon freight. Owing to the circuitous route, it takes nearly four hours to accomplish the voyage, while a person may be conveyed by railroad in twenty minutes. The Passaic is one of the most beautiful rivers in the United States; its course is so very winding, that a vessel in navigating it heads to nearly every point of the compass. Its banks are lined with country seats, many of which, especially in the vicinity of Aquakanonk, are noted for their beauty and the taste with which the grounds are laid out. The river abounds in fish, and during the proper season the disciples of Izaak Walton may be seen upon the rustic bridges, or snugly seated in boats upon the stream, enjoying their favorite pastime. A blessing constantly with us is apt to be overlooked and unappreciated, but if we were to be without these beautiful, convenient and ever necessary threads of water, extending inland, hither and thither, our fertile soil and lovely scenery would soon become like the sands of the desert. Beautiful scenery is not complete in a picture or in nature, without, at least, a dash of lake or river on its bounds. Our seaboard abounds in these charming additions to commerce, fertility and comeliness. This river, the Passaic, has a course of some seventy or eighty miles, flowing through a mountainous country, but with a very winding course, and empties at last into New York Bay. It has in its course some noble falls, which afford fine water power. Especially are the Falls of Patterson noted, being a perpendicular fall of fifty feet, and a total descent of seventy feet, with a width of sixty feet, affording an immense water-power and a most picturesque view. The river is navigable to Aquakanonk, the locality represented by our artist herewith. Sloops and small steamers therefore pass to and from the town, creating some amount of trade, and it thus becomes the head of navigation on the Passaic River.



VILLAGE OF AQUAKANONK, NEW JERSEY.

WASHINGTON CITY.

Washington would be a beautiful city if it were built; but as it is not, I cannot say much about it. There is the Capitol, however, standing like the sun, from which are to radiate majestic beams of streets and avenues of enormous breadth and astonishing length; but at present the execution limps and lingers sadly after the design. This noble metropolitan myth hovers over the north bank of the Potomac (this Indian name means, I believe, the wild swan, or the river of the wild swan), about one hundred and twenty miles from Chesapeake Bay, and at the head of tide water. Pennsylvania Avenue is splendid: it is about three hundred feet broad; but the houses are not colossal enough to be in keeping with the immense space appropriated to the thoroughfare. They should be at least as high as the highest of old Edinburgh houses, instead of like those of London, which some one compared to the Paris ones making a profound courtesy. Now these Pennsylvania Avenue habitations seem to be making a very distant courtesy indeed to their opposite neighbors; and it made us think of people at an immensely wide dining-table, separated as "far as the poles asunder."—*Travels in America.*

THE HERRING.

The great winter rendezvous of the herring is within the Arctic Circle; there they continue for many months in order to recruit themselves after the fatigue of spawning; the seas within that space swarming with insect food in a far greater degree than those of our warmer latitudes. This mighty army begins to put itself in motion early in spring; appearing off the Shetland Isles in April and May; but the grand shoal does not come till June. In fine weather they reflect a variety of splendid colors, like a field of precious gems. The first check that this army meets in its march southward, is from the Shetland Isles, which divide it into two parts: one wing takes to the east, the other to the western shores of Great Britain, and fill every bay and creek with their numbers; the former proceed towards Yarmouth, the great and ancient mart of herrings; they then pass through the British Channel, and after that, in a manner disappear. Those

which take towards the west, after offering themselves to the Hebrides, where the great stationary fishery is, proceed to the north of Ireland, where they meet with a second interruption, and are obliged to make a second division: the one takes to the western side, and is scarcely perceived, being soon lost in the immensity of the Atlantic; but the other that passes into the Irish Sea, rejoices and feeds the inhabitants of most of the coasts that border on it. The artist, as represented below, has chosen his scene from the fishery off the Isle of Man, where, in successful years, from 40,000 to 50,000 barrels of herrings are taken. The herring fishery is well known to be precarious, as it is dependent on the unexplained migrations of the shoals that visit the English as well as the American coast; but the deep sea fishing we would recommend would afford a regular and profitable employment, if maintained in steady operation by sufficient capital. The banks on the southern and western coasts of Ireland abound with fine fish. Success there has no limit in nature, but is limited by the inefficient means in the hands of poor fishermen. Yet, even with these inferior means, the success has often been such that for want of a market they have been used to manure the land.



SCENE REPRESENTING THE HERRING FISHERY, OFF THE ISLE OF MAN, ENGLAND.

GREENSBORO'S PATRON



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1853.

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MAY-DAY.

The number of the Pictorial which we issue to-day, is dedicated to the advent of spring, and we could hardly have collected a richer feast of fragrant thoughts and beautiful pictures, timely and illustrative of the theme, than we herein present. The rural scene below, representing stream, and valley, and mountain height, adorned with the soft foliage green of "foreshadowed summer," is one of more than usual interest. The pleasant cottage in the dell, the curling smoke, the arching bridge, the happy children on the green sward, the patron goddesses strewing flowers in the footsteps of spring, all combine to illustrate the idea of the season. As we have often taken occasion to remark, we have too few holidays in this country, and we would gladly join in an effort to devote a few appropriate days of the year to annual celebrations. People require relaxation from labor; they need occasional festivities and holidays to keep them at peace with themselves, and to keep them in good spirits; to enable them to return to labor with renewed strength and zeal; and, in short, to render the laboring classes more happy and contented with their lot in life. The bow that is never unstrung loses its elasticity; and

the mind and body which know no relief from incessant labor, soon wear out altogether. What more fitting time for rejoicing "with exceeding great joy" than May-day? How bright and genial the promise of the year; how fresh and green is everything, and how great the contrast to the bleak season but just passed away! Even the birds have consecrated the day, and their carolings, as they fly from branch to branch, or poise in the clear fragrant air, are redolent of thankfulness to the Giver of every good gift. And if these tiny denizens of the air and wood find so much to be musical, and happy, and devotional about, in their sweet way, shall not man, also, with his "boasted reason and accomplishment

profound," raise his voice to consecrate the day to cheerfulness and proper ceremony? We observed that the day in Boston set aside for this occasion was more generally regarded this year than for a long period heretofore, and are most happy to chronicle the fact, as it accords so much with our own views. Groups of merry children, whole schools in combination, with wreaths of flowers, and fancy dresses, passed our office, early in the morning, returning from rambles in the neighborhood, or from a flower fair held on the Common. Equestrian parties of older persons were to be seen in large numbers, returning from a ride through the delightful suburbs of our city of notions; and vehicles in any number, loaded with bright eyes and manly faces, returning from the same route, with bouquets without number, rendering the air fragrant as they passed. This is as it should be. Let each succeeding year be more and more universally observed and dedicated to the purpose of celebrating the advent of the season of flowers; let children participate in these ceremonies, and thus erect for their after memory, when looking back through the long vista of the past to those happy landmarks of time which served to enliven the days of childhood, a monument of joyousness.



M. DE LAMARTINE.

M. de Lamartine is a poet, a traveller, a legislator, and a politician. He plays many parts on the stage of life, and is good in them all, though his greatest and widest fame rests upon his poetry, and his prose, which is almost as beautiful. Alphonso de Lamartine was born at Macon, in the beginning of 1791, when France was in the midst of the storm of the Revolution. His first recollections are of the prison, to which he used to be taken to see his father, who had been arrested, suspected of the crime of being an aristocrat, because he had filled some post in the Orleans branch of the Bourbon family. He survived the reign of terror by living in the greatest privacy, at an obscure place called Milly, afterwards so piously illustrated by his son. There the poet passed a long and innocent childhood, and only left it when he



PORTRAIT OF M. DE LAMARTINE.

entered the College of the Peres de la Foi, at Bel'ev. After leaving college, and about the year 1809, Lamartine lived at Lyons, and from thence made a short trip to Italy, and then proceeded to Paris, where for some time he lived a gay and joyous life, dreaming, and writing, and fancying he was a dramatic poet, for which, of all things, his genius is the most unsuitable. In 1813, his health being affected, he revisited Italy. The fall of the empire and the restoration had a considerable change in the destiny of the poet. Nurtured in sentiments and opinions wholly opposed to the revolution, he had never acknowledged the sway of Napoleon. It was to him but the rule of brute force, of numbers, and of the sword. He entered as an officer in the *garde du corps* in 1814, but did not resume his post after the hundred days, and his life presents no event of note till 1820, when his "Meditations Poetiques" were first given to the world. The advent of a great poet was at once acknowledged. The work became universally popular, and, thanks to Lamartine, France believed once more in poetry, the eternity of love, and the beauty of nature—things that the verse-makers of the century had wholly forgotten. He profited by the popularity his name had acquired, and entered on the career of diplomacy; he was attached to the French Legation of Florence. He has been an exception to the common lot of poets, being blest with fame, wealth, and a marriage of affection. In 1830, he was admitted a Member of the Academy, and since that time he has travelled in the east, of which voyage he has given a most eloquent description to the world.

THE MAY-POLE.

The scene below is one representing a May-day scene in merry England, in olden time. The occasion was made a gala day then, and lads and lasses gathered about the base of the May-pole, chose their queen, and twined the fragrant wreaths about her brow as a fitting crown. Around this loved symbol of springtime gather old and young, and dance with dimble feet and hearts as light. O, it is a joyous sight, a sight of olden time, a sight still to be seen in some of the retired rural districts of England, where the heavy tread of progress has not entirely obliterated the pleasant usages of the past. Would that May-day were again esteemed as it was once esteemed,—would there was once again shown the joyousness of heart that made the heel light and the laugh loud, that lent gaiety to youth, and associated relaxation from labor with festive enjoyment, on this auspicious day which ushers in the spring. In this country the occasion is more generally heeded than many people are aware of, especially in New England, where May morning is a period for happy reunions, and banquet presentations, and other matters of an appropriate character for the occasion. On page 298, the reader will find the story connected with the picture below.



BARON HAYNAU.

The Baron Haynan, whose conduct in the late Hungarian war was stained with such acts of atrocity as will long cause his name to be held in execration throughout Europe, is stated to be a natural son of the Duke of Hesse, by a goldsmith's daughter. He was born at Cassel, in the year 1786, and appears to have been long notorious for his eccentricities, which, when he was for some time in military command at Graz, led to his being considered insane. Upon the recall of Baron Wellden from the superior command of the Austrian troops, he was replaced by Baron Haynan, who was appointed under the style and title of Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian army in the kingdom of Hungary and the principality of Transylvania; he being, at the same time, charged with the direction of the government in both those coun-

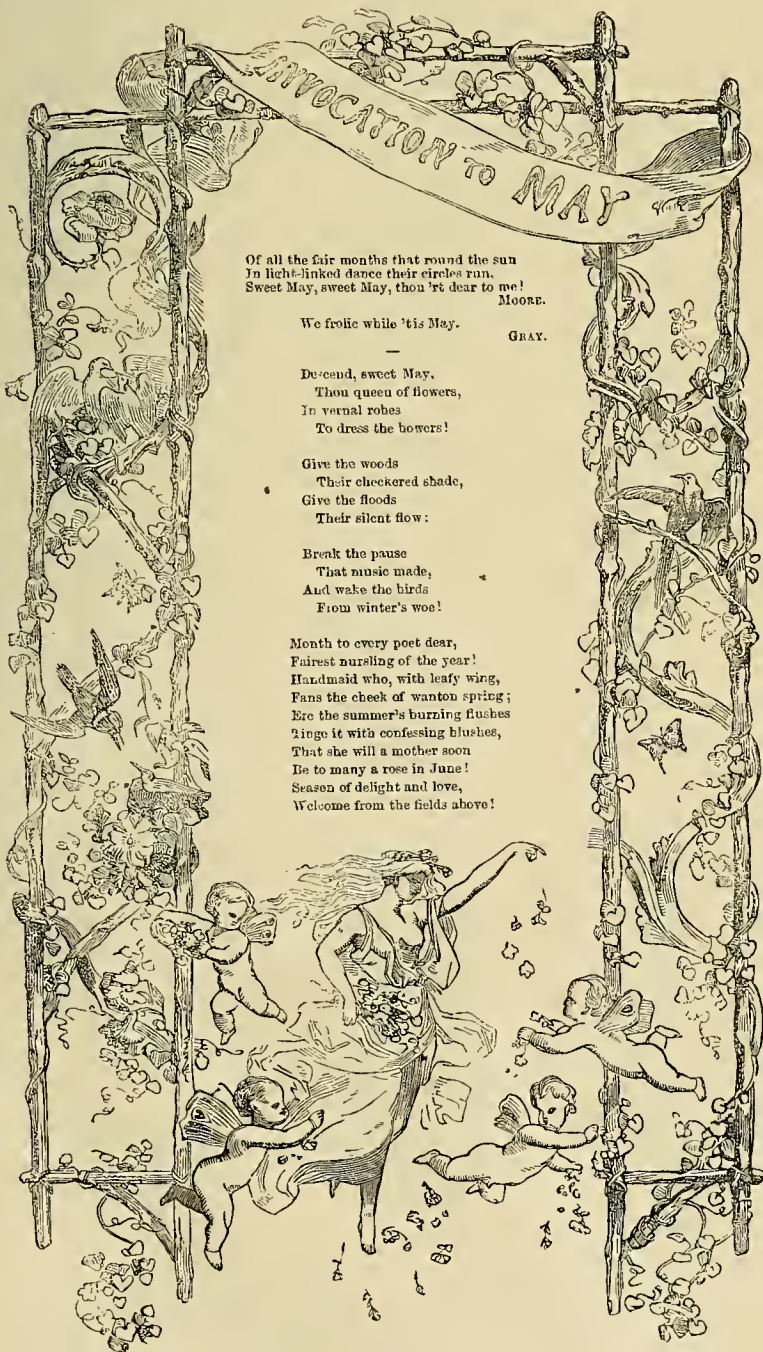


PORTRAIT OF BARON HAYNAU.

tries, declared in a state of siege. He, probably, may have been considered to have gained this distinction by his cruelties, when, on the 30th of March, he arrived with an imperial force and a battering train before Breseia, which had revolted against the Austrians. After a six hours' bombardment, the city was entered, the barricades in the streets carried with great slaughter, and the beautiful city almost razed to the ground. In August, he added to his ignominious conquest the capture of Szegediu; and, within a week, he led the imperial army to Temeswar, where a sanguinary conflict ensued, which terminated in the utter defeat of the Hungarians. At the close of the war, Haynan carried into effect the exactions from the Hungarians with such insupportable cruelty, that he received the imperial command to retire to less active service. Nevertheless, so strange is human nature in some of its phases, and so notorious are the Austrians for their inconsistency, that we find this execrated commander's conduct receiving the ir approval; and a deputation, consisting of a number of the most distinguished citizens of Pesth, presenting a most beautiful album to General Haynan, as a "token of gratitude!" In this country, as well as in Europe, his name is detested, and his memory will be handed down to posterity, coupled with the epithet of the "woman-whipper" and the Austrian "human-butcher." He has gone to his long home now, having lately died, and it is said that his death was partially caused by his remorse, and the annoyance caused by the publicity of his crimes. Even his own people despised him, and he was too cruel even for the emperor, who more than once censured him for severity. The reception which this monster in human shape received in London, where the mob turned out *en masse* and belabored him with broom-handles and besmeared him with filth, is well known to the readers of our paper. The "woman-whipper" was glad to hide his "diminished head," and to make the best of his way out of England under cover of a disguise. Such be the fate of all tyrants!



A SCENE DESCRIPTIVE OF MAY-DAY IN OLDEN TIME.



Of all the fair months that round the sun
In light-linked dance their circles run,
Sweet May, sweet May, thou 'rt dear to me!
MOORE.

We frolic while 'tis May. GRAY.

Descend, sweet May,
Thou queen of flowers,
In vernal robes
To dress the bowers!

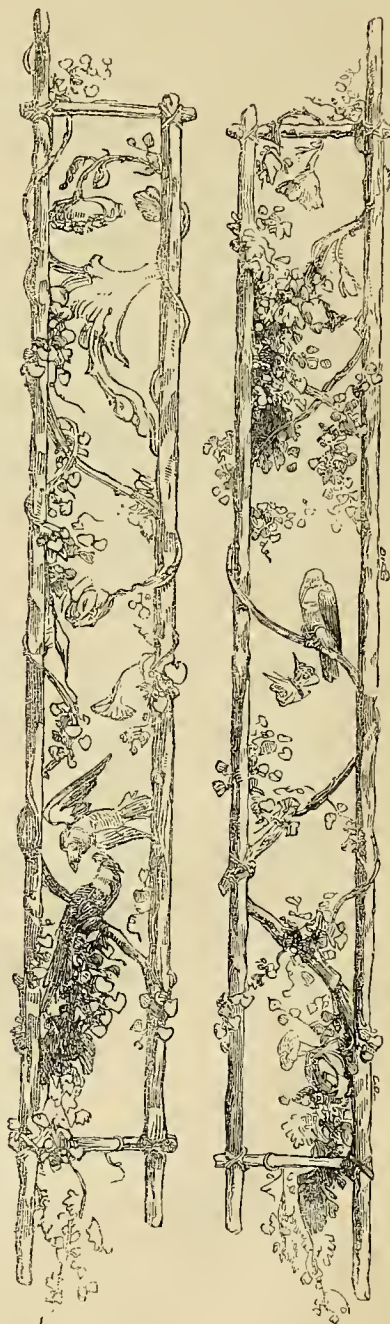
Give the woods
Their checkered shade,
Give the floods
Their silent flow:

Break the pause
That music made,
And wake the birds
From winter's woe!

Month to every poet dear,
Fairest nursing of the year!
Handmaid who, with leafy wing,
Fans the cheek of wanton spring;
Ere the summer's burning flushes
Tinge it with confessing blushes,
That she will a mother soon
Be to many a rose in June!
Season of delight and love,
Welcome from the fields above!

APPROACH OF MAY.

She comes—the varied vernal May!
Let's haste to gather our "BORQUET!"
First, the peerless primrose flowers,
Culled along the wayside bowers;
Twine them with the crowfoot creeping,
And "the shepherd's glass" that, sleeping,
In the meadow loves to lie
Till the dewy grass be dry!
Here are yellow cowslips glowing—
And blue violets scarce showing
Their sweet eyes like a maiden when
She hears love's first confession word,
And turns away—nor looks again,
Save as a startled, trembling bird!
This white and rosy May will twine
Most sweetly with the young woodbine
And sprinkle these gay butterflies—
The mockery of their different dyes,
The sulphur, peacock, tortoise-shell,
Will harmonize our garland well!
And wisely, too, a moral show,
That they when touched away will fly—
Like worldly joy that oft we know
Upon the tasting lip will die!
"Forget-me-not," and horebell, too,
And the field hyacinth so blue;
Besides the flower to which, they say,
NARCISsus gazed himself away
In mirror of a glassy stream!
Forsyth! some poet's fancy-dream!
Crocus with its varied hues,
Let us mid our sweets infuse;
Queen of meadow, and the bloom,
Sedding bee without his hum.
Orchids, with deceiving form,
Mimicking the insect swarm!
Lords and ladies spotted gay
We will range in bright array!
Everything of grove or field
The "painted populace" can yield!
Next we'll skim the streamlet's wave
For the lotus flowers that lave,
Blue and yellow blossoms spread
Widely o'er their rocking bed!
Now from lowly let us climb,
To snatch a garland from the line;
Go the infant oaks' first budding,—
And the perfumed chestnut studding
His green lawn-like leaves with flowers,
That, as distant castle-towers,
Frown their battlements of fear,
Till their sweetness draws you near,
And you find that peace and love
Are mingling kisses sweet above,
Mid the blossoms that afar
Sowed the mimic homes of war!
Through the garden's richer store
We will range to gather more!
—But hold! not rudely be the task commenced,
The garden is the Rose's Palace ferced
By ancient hands of cunning artifice!
All other flowers are menials to her there;—
SOLANA she, to one sole sacrifice
In love's devotion, which she will not share
With ought of earth beside!
'Tis a sweet theme,
Which many a muse before has tried;—
Let none now deem
The hands profane which touch the lyre,
They but essay (it were no crime t' aspire)
To sing again that oft-sung tale:
THE MAY-ROSE AND THE NIGHTINGALE!



WEST POINT, N. Y.

We herewith present our readers with the third and last series of West Point Sketches. The picture below conveys a somewhat limited idea of the magnificent view to be obtained from the ruined ramparts of Fort Putnam, on the summit of Mount Independence. An indescribable thrill of emotion is awakened in the breast of every true American, as he wanders among the grass-grown ruins which ere while have echoed to the footsteps of our patriot sires, and, gazing "up, around, below," drinks in at a glance the whole glorious landscape. Toward the south the view is circumscribed by the Dunderberg, Anthony's Nose, Bare Mountain and Sugar Loaf; while to the north the river flows far, far below, dotted here and there by the sails of innumerable river craft, with an occasional steamer ploughing its ceaseless way over the bosom of the water. On the right rises, in towering majesty, Breakneck and Bull Hill, while on the left, Old Crownest and Butter Hill look down with apparent contempt upon their lesser neighbors. In the extreme distance is seen the city of Newburgh, and its neighboring town of New Windsor, with their white walled houses glistening in the sunlight, and shining and sparkling like the dew on the grass of a summer's morn. But who can describe such a scene? It must be seen to be appreciated, and will amply repay the trouble of climbing to the top of Mount Independence to see. The second large engraving represents, on the left, the Academy or School. This is a plain, old-fashioned building, the upper part of which is devoted to recitation and lecture rooms, while the first story is used as a riding school. The long building on the right of the Academy is the New Barracks. The old-fashioned, ungainly buildings which stood on the Parade, and which were, up to last summer, used for barracks, mess hall, etc., etc., have been razed to the ground, and the new granite structure shown in the engraving, and a new mess hall, also of granite, erected to fill their places. In the foreground is shown a part of a field battery going through their evolutions, which group is intended to match a similar group represented in a former number of the Pictorial. In fact, the view of the West Point Hotel, etc., the representation of the Camp Ground—both given in Vol. III.—and this engraving are pictures to match, and give a panoramic view around the Parade, while

the view from Fort Putnam comes in as an auxiliary, and completes the view around the horizon. Our artist has given us above a very faithful representation of the interior of Fort Putnam, as it now appears. The sketch represents three of the six vaults which remain, and which were built in the walls of the fort, and served as barracks, magazines and storehouses. They are faced with brick, and are twelve or fourteen feet wide, by as many high, and are twenty feet deep. Each one had a fireplace and chimney, and loop holes for firing through in case of attack. The material of the ramparts is limestone, and they seem to be so strongly built, as to warrant the conclusion that they may stand for very many years yet, as a memento of the days when our fathers braved the dangers of the "battle and the breeze," to secure their children, and their children's children, the blessings of freedom. The view from the rampart has already been spoken of, and we would say to the visitor, before leaving this interesting locality, if there is the least spark of enthusiasm in your bosom, or if there lurks no feeling of patriotism there, but a taste for the beautiful in nature, enlighten your "inner man," climb to the top of Mount Independence,

and take our word for it, you never will regret it. The engraving on the opposite page represents the uniforms of the cadets of the Military Academy; young gentlemen who have come here from every portion of our wide domain to be instructed in the art of war. The senior class wear a coat of "blue cadet mixed," with braid across the breast, and on the sleeve and skirts. The cap is the old-fashioned patent leather bell crown, with a black pompon, set in a gilt or brass eagle. The only other ornament is a silver castle on the front. The pants are white in summer, and the same color as the coat in winter. The junior class wear a simple fatigue jacket of gray, and black cap. A collection of trophies and relics of the Revolution—to be seen in the courtyard of the laboratory, and of which our artist has given us a characteristic sketch—will afford much interest to those who are fond of relics of times bygone. It consists of a large, brass mortar taken from Burgoyne at Saratoga, and a portion of the chain which was stretched across the Hudson River, at West Point, during the Revolution. The chain is made of bars about two and a half inches square; the links are about two feet long, and weigh about one hundred and forty pounds each. The chain was manufactured at the Sterling Iron Works, in Orange county, and was conveyed to its place of destination link by link, and put together there. It was stretched across the river at the narrowest part, just below the steamboat landing, and was buoyed up on logs of wood, sharpened at the end to lessen the opposition to the current, which logs were kept stationary by anchors. By the side of this group, may be seen various cannon, mortars, etc., two of the most interesting of which our artist has thrown in at the sides of the map of West Point and its immediate neighborhood, represented on the opposite page. That on the right, is one of two brass field-pieces, of English manufacture, with the monogram of the King, G. R., surmounted by the crown, and bearing the following inscription:—"Taken from the British army, and presented, by order of the United States in Congress assembled, to Major-General Greene, as a monument of their high sense of his wisdom, fortitude and military talents which distinguished his command in the Southern department, and of the eminent services which,

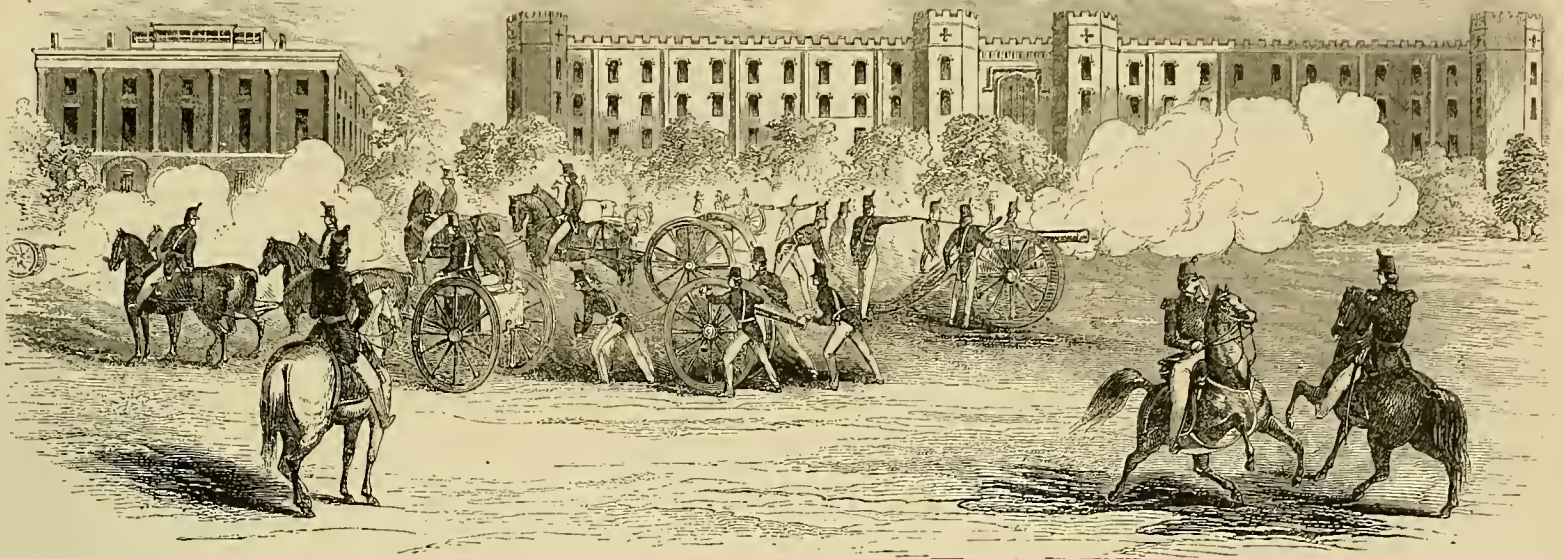
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INTERIOR VIEW OF OLD FORT PUTNAM, AT WEST POINT, NEW YORK.



VIEW FROM FORT PUTNAM, WEST POINT, N. Y., LOOKING UP THE HUDSON RIVER.

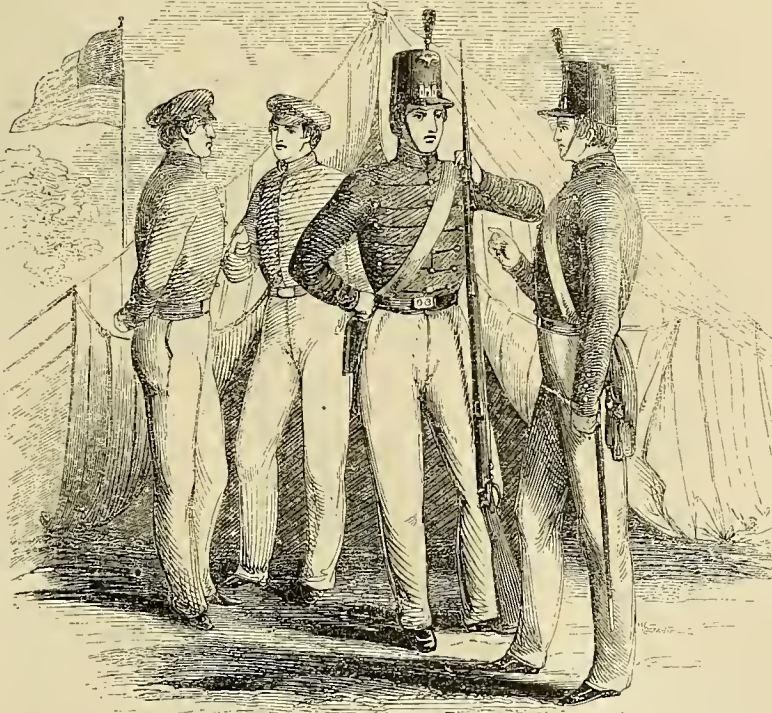


VIEW OF THE U. S. MILITARY ACADEMY AND THE NEW BARRACKS, AT WEST POINT, N. Y.

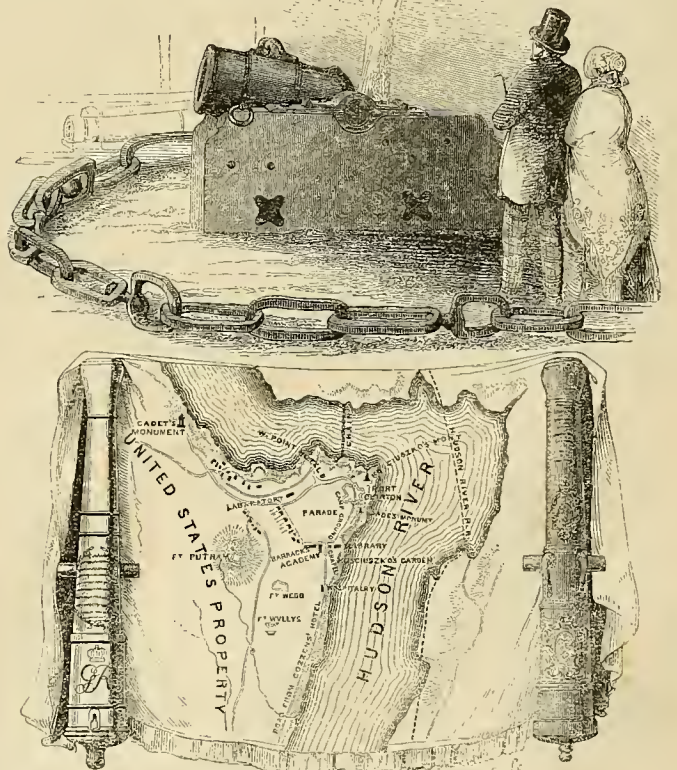
amid complicated dangers and difficulties, he performed for his country, October ye 18th, 1783." During the Revolutionary War, West Point was emphatically the key of the country, as it commanded the river, and prevented the British from holding communication with their provinces in Canada. At this point, the hill, composed of huge crags and blocks of stone, protrudes to the middle of the river, impelling the current to the opposite bank, and reducing the channel to less than half a mile in breadth. This natural formation was eminently favorable to the object of the fortifications erected here. The cliff selected for the fortress rises from the river in three retreating terraces; upon the third of which, one hundred and eighty-eight feet above the water, and spreading out into a plain of more than a mile in circumference, old Fort Clinton was erected. Upon some of the eminences rising still higher in the rear, redoubts were erected covering this fort; one of which was Fort Putnam, which may be seen in the engraving given upon the last page. On Constitution Island, which is a mass of rock, towards the opposite side of the river, works of strong defense were also constructed. These works were constructed under the direction of the celebrated Kosciusko, as engineer; to whose memory a monument has been erected about thirty rods east of the hotel, in the vicinity of "Kosciusko's Garden," a spot to which the "Polish chieftain was accustomed to retire for study and reflection." These fortifications were defeated

by four thousand men. They were built in a single year, almost without cost to the country. The French engineers, superintending the execution of their own plans to the minutest details, received no emolument, and the soldiers who labored at them had no pay. The British had a strong desire to possess themselves of this important post; and its surrender, as is well known, was to have been the first fruit of Arnold's treason, which was providentially prevented by the detection of Major Andre, and the discovery of the correspondence in his possession. These grounds, now occupied by the national military academy, were ceded to the United States Government, by the State of New York, in 1826. Here are erected, for the purposes of the institution, the stone barracks, as seen in the representation which is given above, with the necessary accommodations for two hundred and fifty cadets, the number authorized to be received by law; also a large three-story building, two hundred and seventy five feet long by seventy-five feet wide, for the recitation and drawing-rooms, for military exercises in winter, and for a depository of apparatus, models, etc. Besides these, there is a beautiful stone building, two stories high, one hundred and fifty feet in length by sixty in width, in the Gothic style of the period of Elizabeth, designed for the library and philosophical apparatus, with an astronomical observatory upon one of the three towers with which the north front is ornamented, a chapel, a hospital, a mess hall, and seven-

teen separate dwellings for the officers of the institution, with many other necessary buildings. During the months of July and August, the cadets leave their barracks, and encamp upon the plain; and their time is devoted to a series of drills and evolutions upon parade, which are highly interesting to visitors. We might enlarge more fully upon the history of the relics to be seen here, as well also as upon that of the institution and fortress at West Point. But those who are desirous of learning more of these interesting objects, will find in "Lussing's Field Book of the Revolution,"—an invaluable guide, not only to West Point, but to every spot in our country where Revolutionary relics and reminiscences are to be found—and we cordially recommend the work to the perusal of every American. The map we have given will enable the visitor to find all of the localities illustrated or described in the various series which we have presented to our readers. As a whole these views will be of particular value to the readers of the Pictorial, representing, as they do, a locality of so much national interest to all Americans. The students of the academy come from nearly every section of the United States, and, of course, have friends in all these various localities. To such, the engravings we present, will, of course, possess more than ordinary interest; while the distant view of old Fort Putnam, which we give on the last page of this number, will render this series of engravings still more complete.



UNIFORMS OF THE CADETS, AT THE MILITARY ACADEMY, WEST POINT.



REVOLUTIONARY TROPHIES AND RELICS, AT WEST POINT.



THE YOUNG GARDENERS.—FROM A PAINTING, BY EDUARD MAGNUS, OF BERLIN.

THE YOUNG GARDENERS.*

Here is a dream of glory!— sweetly blest
With such refined simplicity of Art
That its ecstatic influence bounds—confest—
To NATURE'S bosom, and absorbs the heart!
The *two* so blend— pure Art—dear NATURE—just
As though new kindred grew between them both;
Art standing Nature, singing "Come, you must;"
And Nature coming as if nothing loth!
Such holy beauty never Genius drew,
With pencil half so glorious, yet so true!

What is the theme? When Eden's garden bloomed
From Earth's young bosom,— and by merit's troay,
Who felt how INNOCENCE their nature doomed
To walk in purity before their God!
The wearers of his trago throw away
Their angel garment for the cloak of sin,
And banished purer light, and endless day,
And caught the flaming sword, and quailed
within!

Since then,—with withered Paradise—when Earth
Would call *back* innocence—lo! Genius wild
Would crown it with a new and lovely birth
In the sweet presence of a *little child!*
And such the pictured bud of Art that now
Nestles on Nature's ties, and gleams upon its
bough!

Here are *two* little Children—as they sit
In some sweet garden of the blushing south;
Their pretty eyes by very Heaven seem lit
While lingering beauty flickers round the
mouth,
And playful dimples smile upon the cheek,
And love seems glowing through the very curls;
Not love line that which makes the brain grow
weak.

In after life, with wild and maddening whirls;
But love that calls all hearts down—like some
spring
That hath a quenching for Affection's thirst—
A soothing, holy, good-hegulling thing
That always calmed the soul, and never curst
The blessed love of childhood.— *Well* they play
Young gardeners!—with the crop they find
around,
And as their sweet limbs catch the warm sun's
ray,
They gather flowers and fling them to the
ground,
As the light plays aroun! their forms the while,
And bathes their beauty in a sea of smile!

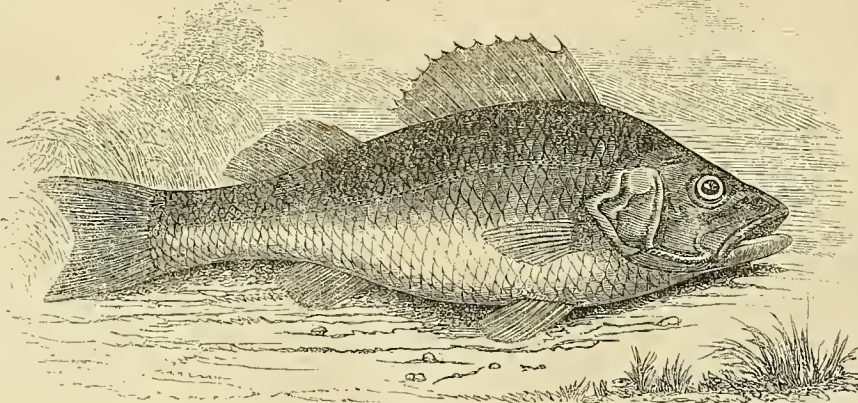
The boy is infantine—a very child
With but a lip of flowers—all else unclad—
So mule, peevish, purposeful, and wild;
Yet with his cherub heart so full and glad!
The girl—his most sweet sister—holds him fast,
Keeps him from harm, and smiles upon his face.
(O, that such heavenly smile could ever last,
Nor ever fade before the world's disgrace!)
And the trees seem around them both to grow
As figures unto their pictures—just as though
Nature would clasp them to her arms of green,
And say, "So pure be all my children seen."

* The painting, an engraving of which we give, illustrative of this theme, is one of the best tributes to the genius and power of the artist—a most natural and vivid picture by Edward Magnus, of Berlin. In our opinion nothing has ever burst forth from the brain with such an intense light of genius.

ANGLING NOTES FOR MAY.

May, more especially if we reckon by the Old Style, is the month which, on an average, affords the fly-fisher the most sport and the most pleasure. Spring, which, in the month before, "came slowly up this way," is no longer hesitating and coy; she has gathered confidence as she has become better clothed, and she now tips forward like a mountain nymph in a new green kirtle, courting the gaze of admiring mortals. How delightful is the walk to the water side, so early in the morning, in the month of May. The angler is up before the sun, and has walked a long mile before he meets him on the upland lawn; and just as he is admiring the brilliancy of the dewdrops that gem the grass, up springs the lark within twenty yards of him, in the full burst of song. As

he is crossing the stile, by the side of the coppice, about half a mile further on, he hears, or thinks he hears, a note which never fails to arrest attention: he pauses for a moment, and hears it repeated—"Cuckoo! cuckoo!" He hails the winged voice as a favorable omen, and goes on his way rejoicing. And now, having reached the stream, which is beginning to curl under the gentle breeze which has just wafted the mist away, he fits his rod, and "goes at" the water for a panier full. The cut of a perch here appended indicates that this fish is now in season—that is, any angler, who is fond of such sport, has now, and will have for the next three months, a good chance of catching him. The perch, though a handsome fish, both as regards form and color, is not of much use for the *pan*, being dry, bony and insipid; and he bites so freely, and yields so tamely that he may be captured with very little skill. Almost any kind of tackle is good enough for him, provided it be strong enough to pull him without the aid of a landing net; and no bait is more tempting to him than a branding worm. He lies mostly in quiet pools, or *slacks*.



THE PERCH.

CURRAN AND THE FARMER.

A farmer attending a fair with a hundred pounds in his pocket, took the precaution of depositing it in the hands of the landlord of the public house at which he stopped. Having occasion for it shortly afterwards, he resorted to mine host for the bailment; but the landlord, too deep for the countryman, wondered what hundred was meant, and was quite sure no such sum had ever been lodged in his hands by the astonished rustic. After ineffectual appeals to the recollection, and, finally, to the honor of Bardolph, the farmer applied to Curran for advice.

"Have patience, my friend," said the counsel; "speak to the landlord civilly, and tell him that you are convinced you must have left your money with some other person. Take a friend with you, and lodge with him another hundred in the presence of your friend, and then come to me."

Moved by the rhetoric or authority of the worthy counsel, he followed the advice, and returned to his legal friend.

"And now, sir, I don't see as I'm to be better off for this, if I get my second hundred again; and how is that to be done?"

"Go and ask him for it when he is alone," said the counsel.

"Ay, sir; but asking wou'd do, I've afraid, without my witness, at any rate."

"Never mind, take my advice," said the counsel; "do as I bid you, and return to me."

The farmer returned with his hundred, glad, at any rate, to find that safe again in his possession.

"Now, sir, I suppose I must be content; but I don't see as I'm much better off."

"Well, then," said the counsel; "now take your friend with you, and ask the landlord for the hundred pounds your friend saw you leave with him."

The wily landlord found that he had been taken off his guard, while our honest friend returned to thank his counsel exultingly, with both hundreds in his pocket.—*Mirror of the Times.*

Nothing is more delightful than to feel a new passion rising, when the flame that burned before is not yet quite extinguished. Thus, at the hour of sunset, we behold with pleasure the orb of night ascending the opposite side of the horizon.



ALLEGORICAL REPRESENTATION OF THE MONTH OF MAY.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

MAY-DAY.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Come forth! come forth! at the dewy morn,
Come forth to the groves, mid the scented thorn;
There's a rushing of wings through the vernal sky,
A gleaming of plumes, like the rainbow a dye.
There are gushes of melody, wildly stirred,
A chant of love for the brooding bird,
And a warbled chorus from tree and spray,
Hail to thee, May! Hail to thee, May!

Come, twine a wreath of the earliest green,
With cowslip buds and the violet sheen;
The daisy is up mid the tufted grass,
The king-cup nods as we gliding pass
The fox-glove exults on the hillock's side,
And the hyacinth kindles the garden's pride;
And their petals thrill, as they whispering say,
Hail to thee, May! Hail to thee, May!

There's a quivering sound, like the lute's faint sigh,
From the shaded dells where the mosses lie;
"The florist sought, with the spring's first ray,
Where his tulip-bulbs and his lilies lay;
Yet no man cared for our nameless bed,
Where the frost-chain bound us so dark and dread,
But he—who rules where the seraphs wait,
He remembered us all in our low estate;
He quickened our hearts mid the desolate soil,—
Praise to our God! Praise to our God!"

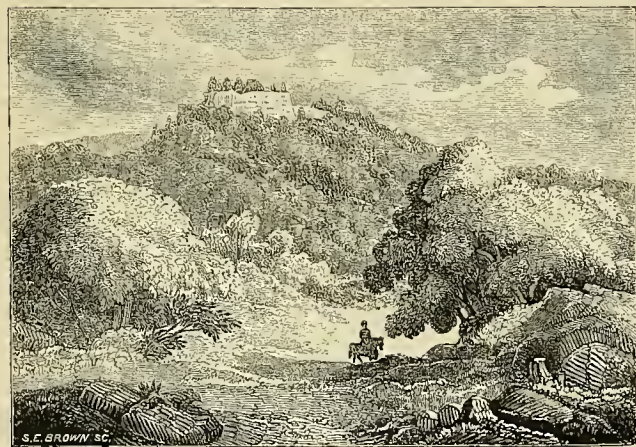


THE LOVERS AND HILDEBRAND MEETING NEAR THE TEMPLE

[See 'HILDEBRAND,' page 291.]



ILLUSTRATION OF MAY-DAY.



DISTANT VIEW OF FORT PUTNAM, WEST POINT, N. Y.

OLD FORT PUTNAM.

This ancient landmark, so intimately connected with the stirring events of our struggle for independence, is now little more than a mass of ruins. Its lofty position on the height above West Point, N. Y., makes it plainly visible to those who pass up or down the Hudson, and the distant view which we present of it, herewith, will be more generally recognized, therefore, than the interior view given on another page of this number. The view from the fort, is probably one of the finest that the entire course of the picturesque Hudson can afford, from the lofty points on either bank. Fort Putnam is situated 598 feet above the river. The English were strongly desirous of obtaining possession of this spot, as it was the key to

their communication with the Canadas, and the reader will remember that its surrender was to have been one of the earliest fruits of Arnold's treachery, so providentially prevented by the detection of Major Andre, and the discovery of the correspondence in his possession. The proximity of the West Point Military Academy to the old fort, draws many summer visitors to the spot, and the fort is the daily resort of the curious from all parts of the country. It is approachable by a carriage-road, though the ascent is at times very abrupt, and almost dangerous when a vehicle is used for the purpose; but once upon its crumbling walls, the traveller is repaid for all trouble in the toilsome ascent, by the glorious view that presents itself to his gaze.

MAY.

Mother of Hermes! Goddess-month of mirth
Of love, and hope! we welcome thee, sweet May!
The floral scepters kept vigil at thy birth,
And hymned thy praises on thy natal day.
As Venus rising from her Ocean's spray,
To bless the world, e'en so thy beauties rise,
Dooming and bright from April's tearful sway,
Gladdening the earth, and 'luminating the skies.
Cold is the heart, sweet Month! which cannot thrill
With redolence of hope, and pleasures fled.
When thou com'st smiling o'er the orient hill,
Crowned by the Loves, and by the Graces led.
Ah! well indeed may bloom the grove and dale,
To greet thee and thy minstrel-nightingale.

He harbages thy coming and the flowers
Open their breasts to drink his nectar song.
Mute are the meaner birds of Beauty's bowers,
While he, the glory of the feathered throng,
Pours out his soul of melody. O! sweet
To hear his love-notes in the morning fair,
Or dewy eve, when whispering lovers meet,
In rural lanes, perfumed by white-thorn rare.
Queen of the flowers, we greet thy presence well.
Hope, lark-like, springs aloft and hails thee
here.
Though clouds may lower, thy sunny smiles repel
Their embers, and bid the world, good cheer.
O! may thy blessings prove without alloy,
Sweet May! fair month of Nature's teeming joy.

HOW TO GET RICH.

Such is the force of well-regulated industry, that a steady and vigorous exertion of our faculties, directed to one end, will generally insure success. Would you, for instance, be rich? Do you think that single point worth the sacrifice of everything else? You may then be rich. Thousands have become so from the lowest beginnings, by toil, diligence, and attention to the minutest articles of expense and profit. But you must give up the pleasure of leisure, of a vacant mind, of a free, unsuspecting temper. If you preserve your integrity, it must be a coarse-spun and vulgar honesty. Those high and lofty notions of morals which you brought with you from the schools, must be considerably lowered, and mixed with the baser alloy of a jealous and worldly-minded prudence. You must shut your heart against the muses, and be content to feed your understanding with plain, household truths. You must not attempt to enlarge your ideas, or polish your taste, or refine your sentiments; but must keep on in one beaten track, turning neither to the right hand nor left. "But I cannot submit to drudgery like this—I feel a spirit above it." 'Tis well: be above it, then; only do not repine that you are not rich.—*Mrs. Barbauld.*

GENERAL ADVERTISEMENTS



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1853.

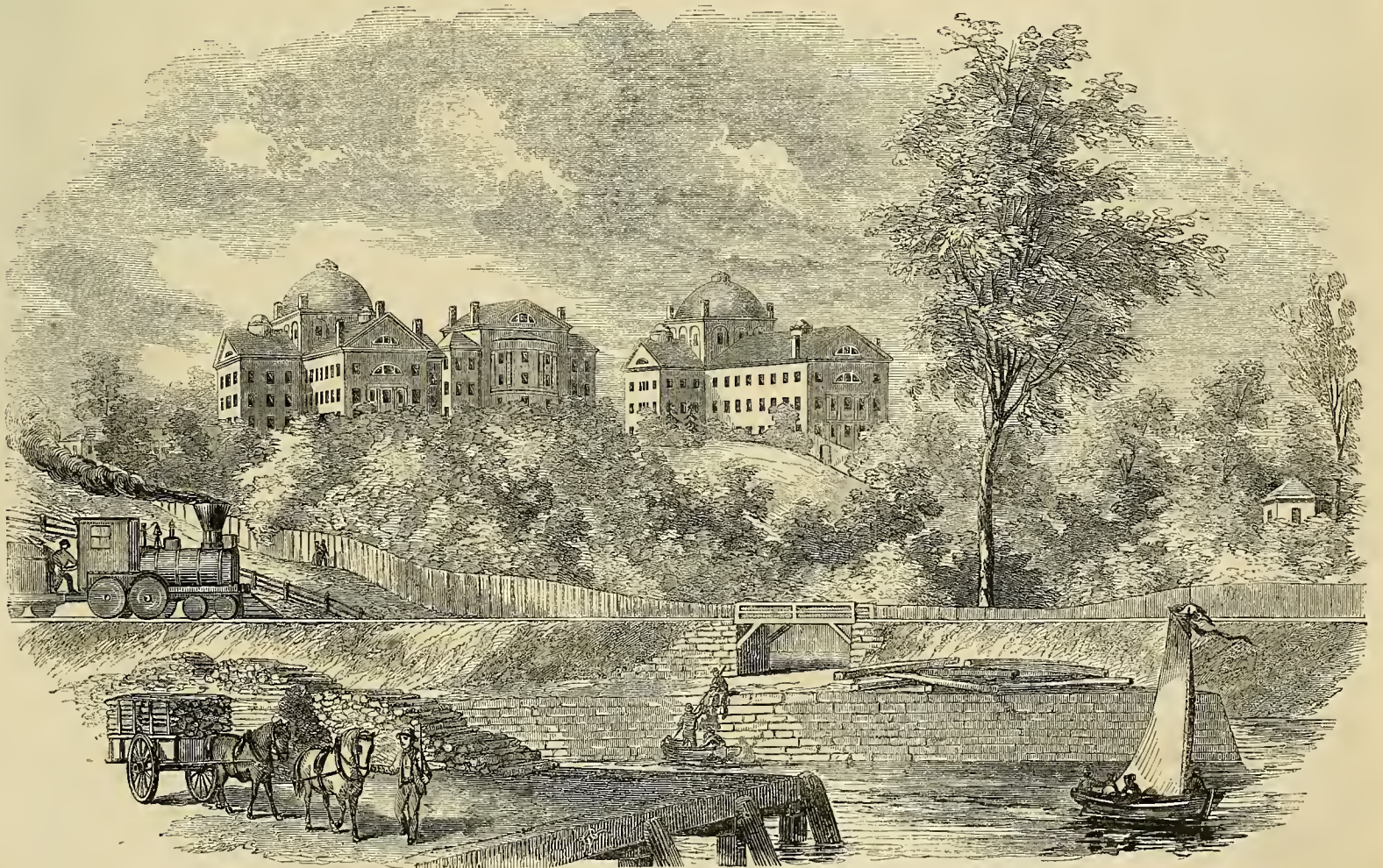
\$3 PER ANNUM. } Vol. IV. No. 20.—Whole No. 98.
6 Cts. SINGLE.

MCLEAN ASYLUM, SOMERVILLE, MASS.

The McLean Asylum for the Insane, situated in the town of Somerville, a suburb of Boston, is well known all over this country as being one of the most excellent institutions of the character in this land, and probably in the world. Under the control of intelligent and liberal men, officered by persons of both sexes, chosen, as well for their humane dispositions and proper temperaments, as for their other professional qualifications, the institution has gradually come to share the entire confidence of the public, and especially of those who have been obliged to resort to its means in behalf of suffering friends. The faithful representation which we present below of the institution and the grounds attached, will be at once recognized by a majority of our New England readers, or any of the more distant ones who may have chanced to visit Boston, and seen the points of interest in its environs. The asylum is under the immediate charge of Dr. Bell, one of the most successful physicians that has ever attempted the treatment of the insane. Dr. Bell's report shows that there have been three hundred and sixty-six patients in the asylum

during the last year. Of these, one hundred and thirty-five have been discharged; more than one half of whom—seventy-two—have been restored to reason. The average number of patients has been exactly two hundred. The number of deaths, fifteen, has been unusually small for such an institution. Nothing of unusual incident has occurred in the asylum during the year. Dr. Bell advises us at length, of a necessity, the approach of which has for some time been apprehended, viz., the provision of further accommodations for the class of patients resorting to the asylum. Not more than one half of those for whom application has been made have been admitted during the last year—the refusal being occasioned solely on account of want of adequate room. Other hospitals in this region of the country are similarly crowded. Dr. Bell estimates that the fair extent of accommodation at the asylum, even after the completion of the Appleton Wards, will not exceed that for one hundred and sixty,—looking to the higher order of arrangements—although the number of patients has, at times, amounted even to two hundred and ten. The main buildings remain, in external dimensions, as they were

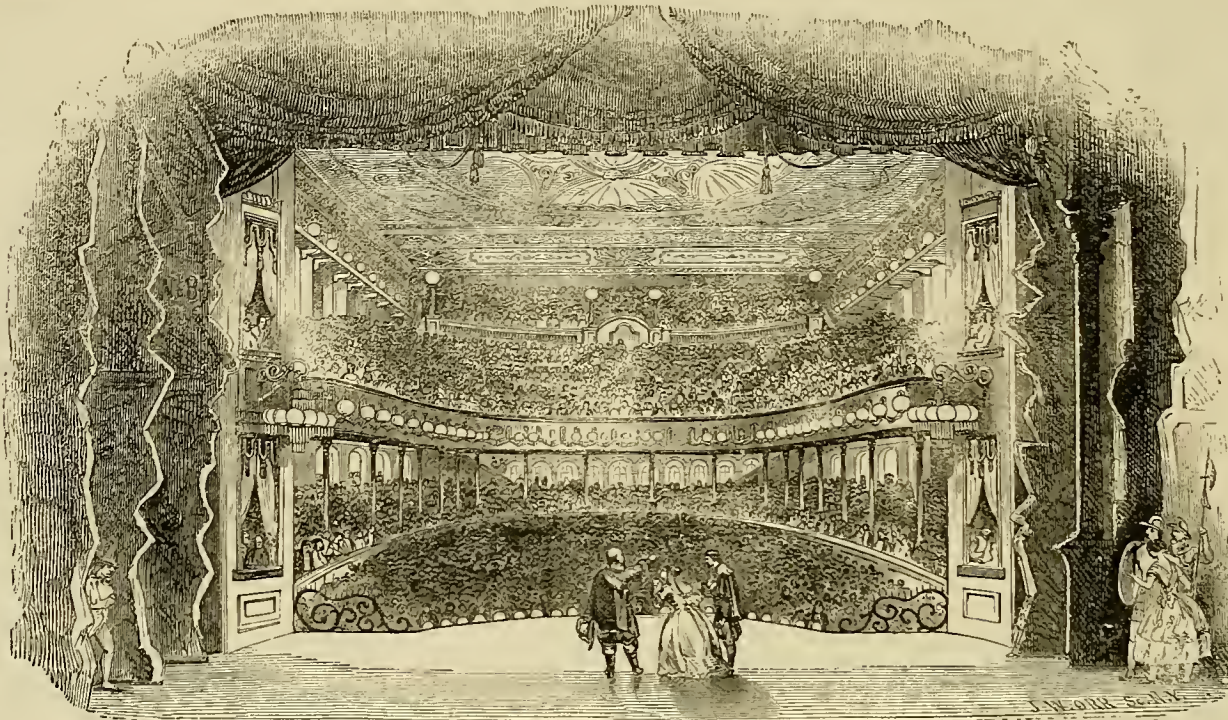
in 1837, when the household consisted of less than half of the present number, and the excess has, in a considerable degree, been provided for by interior alterations, encroaching even upon the proper quarters of those having official charge. These alterations have made the interior of the present asylum irregular and inconvenient, so far as those sections are concerned which have been fitted up at various times to meet pressing emergencies. The hope, which was cherished, that such alterations or enlargements would be no longer needed, after the many and large proposed New England establishments for the insane, has proved entirely illusive. Indeed, it is ascertained that there are as many insane patients, in this region of country, for whom accommodations cannot be obtained in an institution like this, as there were at the period of the establishment of the asylum. Dr. Bell is of opinion, for reasons which he gives, that it is true policy to establish another similar asylum, separated, in point of location, from the present one, but bearing similar relations to the General Hospital. He also believes that there would be advantages resulting from having entirely separate asylums for the two sexes.



VIEW OF THE MCLEAN ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE, IN SOMERVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS.

NIBLO'S.

Until the year 1828, the land upon which Niblo's Garden is now located, formed a part of the Bayard Farm, and was then used as a training-ground for race horses. The whole plot of ground was, at that time, purchased by Hon. S. Van Rensselaer for \$15,000! Scarcely half the price of a single city lot on the same place at this day. This ground alone, without any building whatever upon it, is now worth \$300,000—a pretty fair increase in value. Mr. Niblo was, in 1827, actively engaged in business in that part of New York, now considered very far down town, but was then the heart of the city. With a keen appreciation of what would please the public, and the clear foresight of a thorough man of business, he resolved to convert this almost barren spot into a blooming garden, and open it to the public. Large trees were transplanted from distant woods to the selected spot; choice flowers and plants mingled with the rarest exotics; fountains gushed, and threw their spray into the air; and all around, a beauteous garden bloomed. In the centre of this pleasant place a neat temple was erected and dedicated to music. The entertainments first given here consisted of instrumental concerts; to these were added a few vocalists, with a piano forte accompaniment, and a display of fireworks each evening. During this first season the old Bowery Theatre was burned down, and the managers, anxious to provide for a company that had just arrived from England under engagement to them, proposed to Mr. Niblo that he should erect them a theatre to perform in, until their own establishment could be rebuilt. Mr. Niblo took the matter in hand, and in fifteen days from the time the foundation was laid, a commanding and handsome theatre was actually completed—comprising a spacious stage, a parquette, and two circles of boxes, capable of holding twelve hundred persons. The house and garden were gaily lighted by thousands of colored illumination lamps, for gas was not to be had then. This theatre was called the "Sans Souci." One year later this building was converted into a fine concert saloon, and was opened with a grand musical festival, on Monday, May 18th, 1829. The affair went off brilliantly, and at once established Mr. Niblo's Saloon as the headquarters of the first families, and the leading place of amusement in New York—a reputation it has steadily maintained undiminished and unapproached to the present day. At this time the first Italian troupe used to perform at the Opera House in Leonard street, on the site of the first National Theatre, and after an unsuccessful season there, it was their custom to come up to Niblo's Garden, and in that popular resort restore their damaged fortunes. Mr. Davis, of New Orleans, also brought his French opera company to New York, and after unsuccessful experiments at the old Park and elsewhere, would bring his forces to Niblo's Garden, and always made money and friends. Mr. Niblo soon erected a larger and more perfect theatre, and continually added to the beauties of his garden. Here the wonderful Ravel Family drew thousands upon thousands for many summers in succession, and here the beauty, wealth, worth, and fashion of the city and the whole country met, year after year, until, in September, 1846, a destructive conflagration occurred, and in less than four hours, a heap of black and smoking ruins alone remained where the sun had gone down on a blooming garden, filled with a thousand gay and happy people. The ground lay waste and untenant for two years, Mr. Niblo having retired to his beautiful country-seat on the East River, to enjoy peacefully the fortune acquired by thirty years' active life. But the public missed the garden, the press bewailed it, and old friends urged him to return. Moved by their wishes, and influenced, perhaps, by a desire to renew his long-established and familiar intimacy with the universal public, Mr. Niblo again returned to the old spot once more a desert, and resolved to erect such an establishment as should at once prove worthy the city of New York, and a memorial of his own untiring energy and ability as a caterer to his well-tried friends, the public. This celebrated establishment as it now stands, not only holds the first rank among all the places of amusement in New York, but is unequalled by any on the American continent. Indeed it is conceded by many Europeans who have visited all the gay capitals of France, England, Germany, Spain and Italy, that Niblo's Garden, when the whole establishment is taken into consideration, is unsurpassed even in Europe. Containing, as it does, under one roof, a spacious and magnificent opera house, a splendid concert hall, and a ball-room, with richly furnished reception parlors,



VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE OPERA HOUSE, AT NIBLO'S GARDEN, NEW YORK.

drawing-rooms, dressing-rooms, and a supper saloon sufficiently capacious to accommodate upwards of a thousand guests. Independent of these, which are almost nightly thrown open to the public, the entrance halls and lobbies are sufficiently spacious to

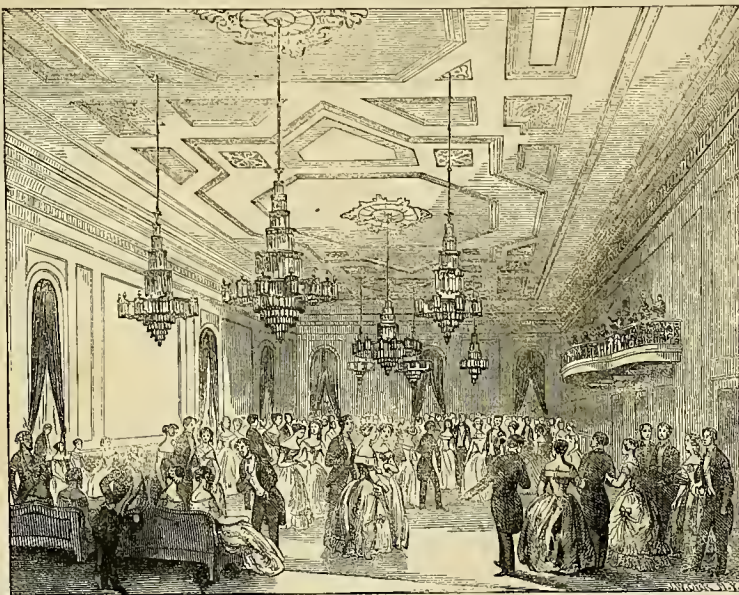
and on the left to a garden filled, during the summer, with rare and choice trees, plants and flowers; and, during the evening, when gaily illuminated and crowded with promenaders, this spot forms one of the great attractions of the place.



VIEW OF THE ENTRANCE HALL AT NIBLO'S GARDEN.

afford accommodation for an entire audience at one time, and even these are decorated in a style of splendor equal to the interior of our most sumptuous dwellings. The principal entrance is through three arched door-ways near the centre of that magni-

ficent building, the Metropolitan Hotel. On passing the outer doors of large plate glass, the visitor finds himself in a handsome entrance-hall. The floor is of variegated marble—the roof, supported by Corinthian columns, is painted in fresco—and the side walls are panelled from floor to ceiling. Three pairs of splendid doors of richly stained and enamelled glass, set in black walnut frames, swing noiselessly open and admit the visitors to the vestibule, which is twenty-five feet wide and seventy-five feet long, illuminated by ten handsome three-light branches. The effect of this entrance chamber is really beautiful. Between the light and tasty marbled columns, rising on each side to the roof, are glazed doors leading on the right to the gentlemen's saloon and a spacious restaurant, and on the left to a garden filled, during the summer, with rare and choice trees, plants and flowers; and, during the evening, when gaily illuminated and crowded with promenaders, this spot forms one of the great attractions of the place. The ceiling of the vestibule, which is supported by richly carved trusses of white and gold, is elaborately ornamented in relief, and richly gilt—the blaze of light being brilliantly reflected back from every salient point. Ascending by four wide and easy steps, the spectator passes into the inner lobby, equally spacious as the last, and beautifully ornamented in fresco painting with gold moulding. On the left of this lobby are three large, glass, double doors, leading into the interior of the theatre or opera house—one of the most spacious and complete structures of the kind in America. Throughout the whole building, every seat in the parquette, dress-boxes, upper-circle and balconies is furnished with spiral steel springs and hair-stuffed cushions, and covered with rich blue damask. The stage is 76 by 64 feet beyond the proscenium, at which point it is 45 feet in width, being modelled after that of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, which is acknowledged to be the best in the world. The orchestra is movable, and can, by a simple arrangement, be adapted to a band of a hundred performers, or reduced to the most moderate compass. The scenery, machinery, costumes, and other accessories of scenic display in use at Niblo's, are of the most costly, complete and magnificent description. Opposite to the doors leading to this part of the house is a magnificent saloon for promenade and refreshment. During the intermissions between the performances, this splendid *salle* is brilliantly lighted by twenty-one double chandeliers; every part of the walls and ceilings is painted in fresco and laid in gold panels, and when it is filled with the gaily-dressed audience, it presents a most pleasing *coup d'œil*, unparalleled elsewhere. A spacious staircase, of admirable proportions, leads to the magnificent ball and concert saloon, to the richly-furnished ladies' parlors, drawing-rooms, etc., etc. Seven magnificent chandeliers spread a blaze of light throughout this splendid *salon de la danse*, which is one of the finest proportioned rooms in the city, and universally known as the most fashionable room in New York for balls or concerts. This portion of the establishment has a separate entrance from Broadway; visitors passing through the entrance hall to the reception parlors, thence to the splendidly furnished drawing-rooms, and concert hall, or ball-room—all of which are on the same floor, and entirely separated from all other parts of the building. It is not an uncommon occurrence here, during the gay, winter season, to find the entire building crowded in every part with the votaries of pleasure—the opera house tenanted by a brilliant audience, numbering between two and three thousand persons—the ball, or concert room, echoing to the gay hand and the merry feet of the dancers, or to the magnificent harmonies of the Philharmonic Society, or some other grand concert, listened to by an audience of twelve hundred people—while a thousand more are enjoying the creature comforts of this life in the supper saloon below. These vast assemblages beneath one roof are not, we repeat, uncommon in Mr. Niblo's establishment. Yet so admirable is the construction of the building, and so perfect the system of management adopted and carried out, that no confusion or interruption ever occurs, nor does the sound of one entertainment ever penetrate to that portion of the building devoted to another. On some great occasions the entire establishment, including the theatre with its immense stage and parquette, is floored over and added to the ball-room for the votaries of Terpsichore; the spacious and lofty vestibules, lobbies and passages for promenading, the ranges of boxes for repose and enjoyment of the gay scene, the saloons and supper rooms for refreshment, are all thrown open



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE BALL-ROOM AT NIBLO'S GARDEN.

together, and have furnished ample space and accommodations for as many as six thousand persons at one time! May it not, then, be fairly claimed for this establishment, that it is the most perfect in the world? Among the minor but all-important peculiarities of Niblo's Garden, may be especially noted the high respectability of the audiences that assemble there—the perfect order and decorum that reign throughout the entire building, and, “though last, not least,” the admirable cleanliness of the whole establishment, in which respect it is positively a pattern to all

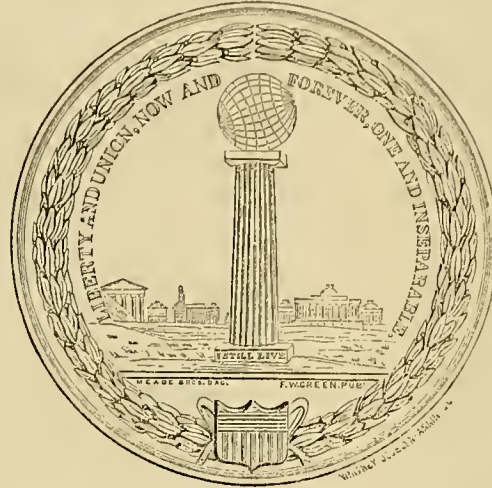
places of public resort, every part of the building being kept as scrupulously clean as the dwelling of a well-conducted family, and as neat as a *belle's boudoir*. The triumphant success of Madame Saotage, during a series of thirty nights, firmly established Niblo's Garden as the opera house *par excellence*; the auditory being nightly filled by audiences numbering from two to three thousand persons, and presenting a *coup d'œil* of magnificence and beauty we have never seen surpassed.—This celebrated resort, though situated nearly in the heart of the business of the city, at the time it was laid out as a garden, was literally out of town; and our readers may smile when we tell them that Mr. Niblo was obliged to build two large and handsome omnibuses to bring the citizens to his then rural retreat. These were the very first omnibuses ever built in that city after the original French models—having platform springs and crank axles. They ran from the City Hotel to the Garden; were drawn by four spirited horses, handsomely caparisoned, driven by well-dressed Jehus—with a civil and sprightly lad attached to each to collect the fare and attend upon the ladies. But such has been the mighty rush of population into the metropolis of the country that distances once far remote from the thoroughfares of trade, are now but the centres of trafficking communities; and the “up town” of to-day, but a few years ago was among the untenanted suburbs. Whole neighborhoods along with their churches, have emigrated upward, leaving the older portions of the city entirely to the reign of mammon, and the pursuits of business, commerce, and places of public amusement.

FACSIMILE OF THE WEBSTER MEDAL.

Below we present to our readers a copy of either side of the Webster medal, lately completed at a cost of some \$1500. The work is the artistic effort of the same person who made the Clay medal, either of which specimens of art have never been excelled in this country for neatness, beauty, and perfection of likeness. The work has been for a considerable period in hand, and now that it is at last perfected, we hasten to lay a fac simile of the same before our readers. It is of the largest tallation size, and exhib-

NEW YORK CITY FLOUR MILLS.

Ever ready to chronicle any improvement which may benefit mankind, we present our readers this week with an engraving of the above-named establishment. The urgent necessity for a steam flour mill in this vicinity, where consumers can obtain fresh ground flour and meal, has induced the proprietor, William M. Willet, Esq., to erect this splendid building. It is situated on the southeast corner of Broome and Lewis Streets, New York, in close proximity to the East River, and but a few steps from the great thoroughfare of Grand Street. The building is seventy-five feet front on Broome Street, fifty feet on Lewis Street, and is five stories high; it is built of Philadelphia brick. The architect, Edmund Waring, Esq., and the builders, Messrs. Moore and Bryant, have won for themselves much credit; while Mr. Aaron Osborn has displayed no less skill as a carpenter, in the elegance of workmanship in the interior. The machinery throughout the building has every requisite for a flour mill on the most improved principles, being put up under the direction of Mr. Andrew Morrow, the well known millwright. A steam engine of sixty horse power is required to work the machinery, and in all respects it is pronounced a model flour mill. Our country friends visiting New York would do well to pay a visit to these mills, and witness the latest improvements in the manufacture of that very necessary article—flour. The superintendent is Mr. Edward F. Green; the book-keeper and cashier, Mr. Benjamin A. Baker, whom our readers will recognize as being once the manager of the Howard Athenæum, Boston, in conjunction with Mr. English. The miller is Mr. T. C. Connell, who is connected with numerous attaches well qualified to ensure the success of so splendid an undertaking. The necessity and advantage of these places for the manufacture of flour nearer home, are becoming more felt, at the north, and the frequent adulterations which have been made in this staple have turned the attention of people here to the manufacture of an article which shall be pure and wholesome, and may be obtained fresh for distance by the masses of the metropolis.



FAC-SIMILE OF THE WEBSTER GOLD MEDAL.

its on one side a most admirable profile of the great statesman. On the reverse is a doric pillar sustaining a globe, the pillar resting on a base, with the inscription “I STILL LIVE.” In the background are representations of Faneuil Hall, the United States Capitol, and other public buildings connected with the history of Mr. Webster's public labors. Within the milling is a broad and richly-sculptured circular wreath, inclosing the legend—“Liberty and Union, Now and Forever, One and Inseparable.” This beautiful medal has been struck in gold, silver and copper, and will be sought for by many, as a memento of the great statesman.



NEW YORK CITY FLOUR MILLS, SITUATED ON THE CORNER OF BROOME AND LEWIS STREETS.



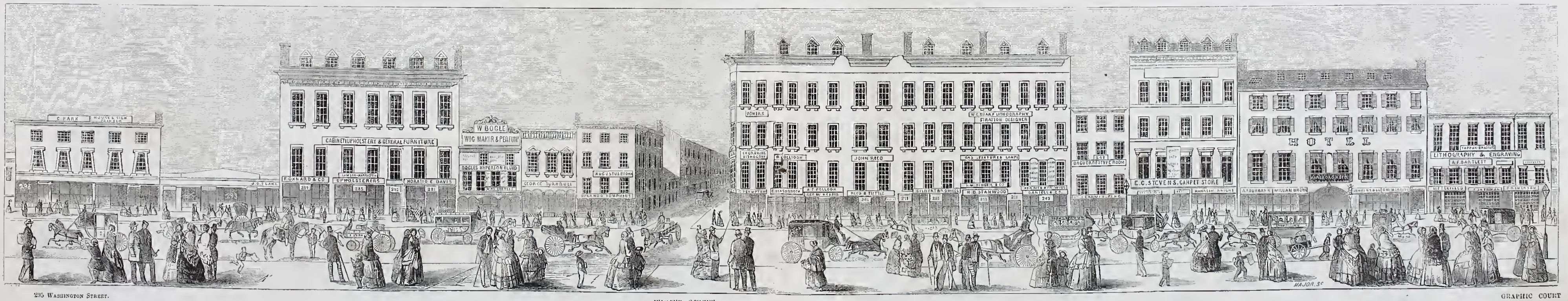
SCHOOL STREET. WILLIAMS COURT. COURT AVENUE. COURT AVENUE. COURT STREET.

GRAND PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE WEST SIDE OF WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS., COMMENCING AT THE CORNER OF COURT STREET, AND EXTENDING TO No. 295, ABOVE WINTER STREET.



BROMFIELD STREET. NORFOLK AVENUE. HARVARD PLACE.

GRAND PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE WEST SIDE OF WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS., COMMENCING AT THE CORNER OF COURT STREET, AND EXTENDING TO No. 295, ABOVE WINTER STREET.



215 WASHINGTON STREET. WINTER STREET. GRAPHIC COURT.

GRAND PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE WEST SIDE OF WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS., COMMENCING AT THE CORNER OF COURT STREET, AND EXTENDING TO No. 295, ABOVE WINTER STREET.

THE SOCIETY ISLANDS.

The first engraving, depicted on this page, represents the harbor of Papenoo, Otaheite, one of the Society Islands, and the second gives a view of Capo-Houa, of the same island and group. This cluster of islands in the South Pacific Ocean, was discovered by Captain Cook, in 1769, and lie between latitude 16 and 18 degrees south, and longitude 149 and 152 degrees west. Some authorities limit the name to a group composed of the six small islands of Huahine, Raiatea, Tahaa (Otaha), Borabora, Tubai (Toohooai), and Maura, giving the name of Georgian Islands to the group

the society were not prohibited from marrying, but, in case they had offspring, they were required to put them to death. In 1797, eighteen missionaries from England were settled upon this island. During fifteen years, they labored with very little success. In 1814, the number of those who, in Tahiti, had voluntarily renounced idolatry, and embraced Christianity, amounted to about fifty. Since that time, the efforts of the missionaries have been attended with great success, almost the whole of the inhabitants of this and the neighboring islands having renounced idolatry and embraced Christianity. A general reformation of manners has

Americans is just what is wanted to develop the full resources of these islands. American culture would increase ten-fold the productions of the soil. Lying so near to our new possessions on the Pacific coast, and the centre of the great ocean highway to the East, destined to be thrown open to our commerce by American diplomacy, the importance of this group, as a commercial and maritime depot, is almost incalculable. Our readers are aware that the people of the Sandwich Islands have already made overtures to this government for its protection. Public opinion, we think, would sanction the acquisition of these islands. This, how-



HARBOR OF PAPERNOO, OTAHEITE, SOCIETY ISLANDS.

comprising Tahiti (Otaheite) and Eimo, about fifty leagues to the southeast of the former. Tahiti, the largest island of the cluster, is about 100 miles in circumference, being upwards of 30 miles long, and 20 miles, where widest, broad. The population, estimated by Cook at 200,000, is said by Ellis not to exceed, at present, 10,000 souls, which is nearly half of that of the whole cluster. This great decrease of the population is probably in part owing to the practice of infanticide which formerly prevailed, and in part to the diseases introduced among the islanders by the licentiousness of their European visitors. The general reception of Christianity has been attended by the improvement of the moral and physical condition of the people, and the abolition of the cruel rites and debaucheries which were previously practised. The soil of these islands is generally fertile, yielding bread fruit, cocoa nuts, bana-

followed; schools have been established, and the useful arts introduced. The seat of government and principal port of Otaheite is Papeta which exhibits the same combination of European houses and native huts as the capital of the Sandwich Islands. The harbor is a capacious sheet of smooth water, of a circular shape, and so completely land-locked as rather to resemble a large dock-basin than a natural harbor. The commerce, consisting in the exportation of pearl-shells, sugar, cocoa-nut oil, and arrow-root, in exchange for European manufactures, chiefly cloth and hardware, is carried on exclusively by foreigners, as the natives have no vessels larger than their double canoes. This port is also frequently visited by whalers coming here to refit or to obtain supplies. Otaheite is not and never can be so important a commercial station as Oahu, in the Sandwich Islands

ever, is a matter of grave import, and will, doubtless, be decided by the wisdom which has ever characterized our national councils.

The whole of the Polynesian group may be considered as a series of submarine mountain ranges; for no portion of the earth's surface has more numerous inequalities, and nowhere, except in America, have the chains so marked a course from north to south. Indeed, all the archipelagos have, more or less, this direction, and it is not unfrequently happens that the small chains are individually terminated by an island of larger size than the others with which it is connected. Many of the larger islands, and particularly those which shoot up to a considerable elevation from the sea, consist of basalt, as well as other igneous formations; and in many of them are distinct traces of volcanic action, with a few active volcanoes. It is also well known that the Pacific is a great theatre



VIEW OF CAPO-HOUA, OTAHEITE, SOCIETY ISLANDS.

nas, plantains, yams, jambo, arum or taro, sugar-cane, etc. The animals are swine, dogs, poultry, rats, ducks, pigeons, parrots, and a few other birds. The inhabitants are described as tall and well made, affable and kind in disposition, and fond of music. The complexion of the islanders is olive, or reddish brown; the hair black, or dark brown, and rather coarse. The language of Tahiti was the first Polynesian language reduced to writing. This was done by the English missionaries; and there are now, besides translations of the Scriptures, numerous other works, printed in the native language, which very nearly resembles that of the Sandwich Islands. A singular institution prevailing in the Society Islands, previous to the prevalence of Christianity, was the *areoi* society, many of the regulations and practices of which were of the most licentious and shocking description. The members of

The various groups of islands, both in the North and South Pacific Oceans, are known under the general name of Polynesia. Of these, the Sandwich Islands, lying nearer our own coast, being in the North Pacific, are more an object of importance to us than those that lie more remote. The Sandwich Islands are particularly interesting to Americans, not only because they are one of the arteries of commerce, the field of missionary enterprise, and the residence of many of our countrymen, but politically, since it is not at all improbable that this group of islands may, before long, be annexed to the United States. The islanders appear to have given up all hope of maintaining an independent government, and since they must lean on the strong arm of some powerful civilized nation, their choice is that of the free government of the United States. The energy, intelligence and untiring activity of the

of volcanic action, and every island, yet examined in Polynesia, consists either of volcanic rocks or coral limestone, and in many instances of basalt and lava, having a girdle of coral. The formation of coral, which is very gradual, ceases as soon as it reaches the surface of the water; but it serves as a basis for a vegetable soil, which, in these regions, is soon covered with plants, cocoa-nut and other trees. By far the largest portion of Polynesia is between the tropics; but the small extent of the islands procures for them the temperature of the ocean, and a succession of light sea and land breezes. Hence the heat never becomes oppressive, even to Europeans. Hurricanes and earthquakes are of rare occurrence. The peculiar geographical features of these islands have been fully described by the researches of the missionaries there, and often given to the world with much minuteness of detail.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE OCEAN'S SONG.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

Crystal fountain!—crystal fountain!
Purling softly, sweet and low;
Gliding from the hills and mountains,
E'er thy silver streamlets flow;
Then thou comest to dwell with me,
In the bosom of the sea!

Sparkling dewdrop! from thy mansion,
Where the sun assails thee not,
Hasten to my blue expansion,
Seek thee out some chosen spot;
Hasten onward to the sea,
Light and joy shall rest with thee!

Noble river!—noble river!
Dost thou seek in vain for rest?
Thou mayst dwell with me forever,
Calmly glide into my breast;
As the streamlet is to thee,
So thou, river, art to me!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

CAIRO AS IT IS.

BY REV. F. W. HOLLAND.

CAIRO—a purely oriental city, entirely arabesque—is by far the easiest of observation, and the richest in materials of thought, of all the Asiatic communities. It is no more African than European—its inhabitants, customs, edifices, religion, are essentially Arabian; wherever the negro appears, it is in the contrasted condition of the slave alongside of his master—the stranger sojourning with the rightful owners of the soil. And so it appears to have ever been. On those tombs erected before the Hebrew patriarchs, the Ethiopian is carved as a strange and conquered race; the features of those formidable despots, who sit embalmed in rose granite at Karnak and Thebes, are never African, but uniformly Asiatic. At the first cataract of the Nile, you come upon another race, always, as they are now, servants; the best servants, the Turk thinks, which the world produces—kind, devoted, unambitious, faithful; as servants entrusted with sovereign power over the harem, confided in by the master more than his wife or children, and so an object of envy to the crushed peasant driven forth by government officers to water government land for anybody's profit rather than his own. These are Nubians—a black "dyed in the wool," a perfect specimen of the unadulterated Ethiopian—the great staple of the slave market, as I myself saw at Cairo, Constantinople, Alexandria, etc. The fact was significant, that, among all the human cargoes floating by us on the Nile, or crowding the shops near the Grand Mosque of Soliman in Constantine's capital, not one "pale face," not one even of copper color, met the eye. In all alike were seen the race which has been grinding in the house of bondage from a remote antiquity—the race which will surely rise at last in the extension of a quickening, world-renewing faith.

Cairo is no longer upon the river. With a waywardness like our own "Father of Waters," the Nile plays strange tricks with its banks—undermining one town, but throwing ar other back into the desert—cutting in upon Mansfouat, and leaving Cairo, "the Victorious," two miles distant from its port. From the two thousand little boats tied up at Boulak, you pass upon a nimble little donkey over a wide, acacia-shaded and well watered avenue, through rich gardens, a tumult of pedestrians, donkey-drivers, loaded camels, creaking carts, and an occasional carriage or omnibus, into a labyrinth of crooked, narrow, mat-covered, nameless and dirty lanes, where the second story lattices nearly touch across the street, and no loud sound is heard, save the prayer-cry five times a day from some tall minaret, or the whip-snap of some lank Arab runner, warning travellers of the approaching carriage; where the scutinel comfortably asleep at his post, the shopman kneeling at prayer among his wares, the coffee-houses strung round by reclining groups, the strange occupations and stranger want of occupation, convince one that he has turned over a new leaf since he left home.

As at Rome, there is a twofold interest; the modern city, more ancient than most of the antiquity of Europe—the youngest community in Egypt, Alexandria, being twenty-two hundred years old, and eleven times as old as our oldest American settlement—and the ancient city, running far back of all known history, in the depths of mystery and myth, of legend and fable.

Among its modern curiosities, Cairo claims the oldest mosque in the world; it is no doubt the simplest and largest. It is an immense open court, with cloisters all around it, one of whose marble pillars is said to have been sent through the air from Mecca, by a stroke of the Prophet's whip; and two standing together are said to squeeze to death any bad man who would pass between them. There is nothing but a lofty reading-desk to distinguish it from any other enclosure; very few travellers visit it at all. It is chiefly resorted to on one festival day of each year, and professes to be twelve centuries old. So much for the mosque of Amron.

That of Sultan Hassan exhibits the peculiarities of this kind of structure—not only in its rich exhibitions of the Saracenic, in the pointed arch, the graceful minaret, the characteristic tombstone, the lofty dome and pleasant fountain, but, that here the poor man is ever welcome to pursue his trade in the outer court or to sleep, and childhood may enjoy its sports, the dove presume upon its privilege, and the dusty bathe their limbs while the pious pray.

It is a fact, that, while the needy have received alms for centuries in this house of prayer, its gates are ever open, and no man is prevented from staying while he pleases, or doing what he likes—sewing, knitting, resting or praying. The outer court contains what every mosque must have:

"The fountain fresh where'er they pray,
Men wash the soil of earth away."

The Sultan's tomb occupies part of the inner hall, with an ancient copy of the Koran spread open upon it; his chair is in another part. Against the side wall the reading-desk lifts itself up somewhat like the New England pulpit fifty years ago. A stone shield, three feet in diameter, upon the wall, indicates the size of the half penny loaf in the good Sultan's time; and upon the splendid bronze doors are to be detected traces of the gold which once made the whole interior as brilliant, as it is now sombre, forlorn and decaying. A school is attached to each large mosque, and very appropriately taught by a blind man: the chief business being to commit the Koran to memory by a species of monotonous chanting—the Turk paying more respect to his Scriptures than we to that glorious Book from which the best of his treasure is stolen. The minarets of Constantinople are finer, more numerous, and better built than those of Cairo; but, it is wonderful that a structure so airy and so appropriate to a Christian's aspirations has never been connected with our religion. The most beautiful mosque in the world is probably that of Mehmet Ali at the citadel. Its interior, an immense area, is all lined with watered alabaster—too soft for permanency, and wearing rather a mottled look, but the most exquisite building-material in the world. No Italian city has anything so delicately beautiful, so fairy-like, so truly an ode written in stone. Near the door is the old man's tomb, where prayers are still said for his soul; he certainly needed them. But the wonderful height of the dome, the richly-clustering columns, the peculiar lightness of the whole structure, as if it were just springing up with its burden of prayer into the clear heaven of Egypt, moved me more than the solemn gothic pile of Strasburg, or the museum-magnificence of St. Peter's.

I know not how it is with other travellers, but, while the Greek church always disgusted and sometimes shocked, and but few Protestants frequent the Italian temples with comfort, there was something infinitely refreshing in the simple vastness, the undecorated walls, the pure, cool air, the earnest and apparent spirituality of a service without organ, bell, candle or shrine. If we remember that Islamism arose as a protest against idolatry, that it entirely swept off from the Arabian esentechon this foul blot, we see one purpose of Providence in its permission; one promise, too, of the "better time coming," in its conversion to a spiritual Christianity. Different travellers will, of course, say their say regarding the reality of the religious sentiment among the people; but I took every occasion to see the people thoroughly from one end of Egypt to another, entering into all kinds of buildings, and making all the purchases for our little party, and for that purpose getting some little hold of their language; and the impression was very strong that no people surpassed them in the devotional part of religion. Alone, or in a crowd, in the melting sun, or the chilling rain, nothing can disturb or shorten a Mahomedan's prayer. For the time being, he is absorbed into the infinite; as far as his undeveloped nature permits, he has worshipped with his whole soul. And unnumbered occasions prompt us to say,

"O for a Christian faith with pagan zeal!"

Two kinds of dervishes, the howling and the whirling, are attached to the mosques as a kind of monks; avoiding matrimony, practising fasting and other austerities, and devoting themselves sometimes to a life of meditation, seclusion and prayer. The howling dervishes I happened to visit when they were in excellent tune. Their services follow the Friday morning worship of the mosque, commencing with many thousand repetitions of the name of Allah, each faster and louder than the one before, the body bowing with marvellous rapidity, caps, cloaks, turbans and bonnetes flying off as the excitement increases, and the posture changing from sitting in a circle around their chief to standing erect. By-and-by two venerable patriarchs begin to whirl together, as the music became wilder and the howling ceased, making seventy-seven circles; and one furious fellow—whose head fastened my attention by its singular gyratory motion—after dancing a little by himself, flew head foremost at the stone wall, and gave it three awful blows with his bare skull: when his brethren sprang upon him, and threw him upon the floor, where he lay apparently senseless, while we left them listening to a *menoriter* repetition of the Koran. It is very seldom that they have so fierce an exhibition. The fervor of the order has greatly chilled, and in many places their buildings look neglected, and sometimes are deserted or perverted to other purposes—a convincing evidence of the lethargy creeping over the heart of the most formidable enemy which Christianity has ever had to encounter. Once, this dirty fanatic was the vanguard of Mahomedanism.

This same citadel, whose outlook upon the Pyramids, the Nile, the city of two hundred thousand, the extended cemetery, the Libyan or Arabian Desert, no other part of earth has equalled, has one startling memory. The highest esplanade but one is the scene of the Mamelukes' murder. The crafty Mehmet Ali had entertained them sumptuously; then dismissed them with every expression of the good will which such hospitality has ever means in the East. As the last of these savage chieftains passed through the first gate, it closed suddenly, and the only other gate was seen to be secured, too; and before they could speak, the deadly shots began to strike down from the surrounding walls, and they who had often resisted their sovereign with success, and at liberty were able to defy his power, found themselves the victims of a cowardly massacre. But one boy escaped, and his preservation was

almost a miracle. The height down which he leaped his horse is eighty feet at present, though there may have been a pile of rubbish to greatly diminish the distance and break the shock; yet, to survive such an exploit and escape his bloodthirsty enemy is the most marvellous thing in modern history. The fact is unquestionable; but, upon the spot, one did not wonder that several of the doomed dashed their heads against the wall, instead of rushing upon this other death.

In this citadel is the Well of Joseph. A noble structure, worthy of this beautiful name, but of an unknown antiquity; a wide stairway winds down through the solid rock to the depth of two hundred and seventy-six feet, where an unfailling supply of water is furnished no doubt by the Nile, and drawn up by a succession of buffaloes, at different stages, turning an endless chain of earthen jars. Before gunpowder was in use, so wide, as well as deep, an excavation is certainly a triumph of art, checking our modern tendency to boast of mechanical achievement.

Almost under this towering fortress, with its well, mosque and palace, begin the "tombs of the caliphs," or properly of the Mameluke kings—a sad contrast to the ever-enduring Pyramids on the other side of the river. For, though rich as an Oriental dream, everything about them is "dust unto dust." Their domes are cracked, their walls aslant, their monumental stones broken; and a sensitive spirit might fancy them groaning over some merited abandonment. The Turk is peculiar in this; when a building is done, it is done with him, and he never troubles his head about any repairs. He is content to know that his grave may by-and-by gape open, and his moanment lie prostrate on the sand, and his gaily gilded renow be washed out forever. It would be against his character, and provoke bad omens, to introduce the Yankee process of renovation. So that, the cornice of the largest mosque in Cairo threatens to come down upon the believers' heads, the windows are nearly broken out, the matting a mass of decay; and yet it is presumed to be obedience to destiny to let the slow work of ruin run on. Is it not a religion announcing and atheotizing its own extinction?

Cairo is full of memories of Moses. The stone steps by which you ascend the bank of Roda from your boat to examine that thermometer of Egyptian plenty or famine, the Nilometer, bears his name with Mussulmao, Jew and Christian. And not improbable is it, that here his balrush-ark was arrested, and the daughter of the king smiled upon the rescued babe, who smiled to her again. This delicious island must have been occupied anciently, as now, with palace-grounds and gardens. The royal ladies must often have strolled by the water's edge to catch the refreshing breeze, watch the passing snail, and, perhaps, bathe hands and feet in the bountiful stream. Such is the custom of the Egyptian females now. And I cannot imagine a more probable tradition than that which assigns this spot on the upper part of the garden-isle to the rescue of the redeemer of a fearfully oppressed race. You meet Moses again the other side of Cairo. A solitary obelisk, half plastered over by the mason bee, is the sole relic of Heliopolis. Seen in its own place, this sculptured, needle-like pillar has a peculiar beauty. In the midst of a paved square at Rome, or on the parade-ground of Constantinople, the church spire of Egypt has no significance. And merely to have been able to move so tall a shaft from a spot where in the infancy of art it had been erected, after a journey of hundreds of miles, is certainly worthy of no special commemoration. But, where it characterized the most ancient worship of which there are any remains—standing, as at Luxor and Karnak, the spiritual beacon, guiding the devout to the gate of the sanctuary, and lifting high above the crowd the legendary history of the spot upon its sculptured faces—it has a beauty all its own. But, seen as at Heliopolis, where it is the sole remains of the holy past, it has a touching solemnity. With uplifted finger of stone, it stands sentinel over the city of priests, like that soldier who was found standing armed at his post, when Pompeii was disinterred from the sleep of the grave. Here it was that Moses received, as a king's son, that priestly education which made him "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians." Here, too, Joseph obtained a wife from the almost royal family of the priesthood. Some have hoped that the deciphered hieroglyphics might give a deeper insight into the past history of our race. But, while a key to these veteran inscriptions has really been furnished by the Rosetta stone, and here and there one, like Champollion, can turn it in its rusty lock, the treasures displayed seem no more than the names of kings and conquerors, with long appendages of descent from some deity. After the years that Mr. Gliddon has given the subject, the extreme difficulty with which he read a part of the inscriptions on his mummy prove how little service can be expected from such a complicated alphabet. No doubt it is all for the best that Providence has buried in impenetrable night the idolatrous weaknesses of the past, its bloody prejudice, its infamant credulity, its licensed sensuality, its grovelling conception of Deity—and that we cannot bring them back to cloud the present, or darken the future—chill the heart of hope, or arrest the arm of endeavor.

GOOD AND BAD ARGUMENTS.

The next best thing to a very good joke, is a very bad joke; the next best thing to a very good argument, is a very bad one. Few trains of logic, however ingenious and fine, have given me so much pleasure—and yet a good argument is, among dainties, one of the daintiest—few, very few, have so much pure truth in them, as the exclamation, "How good it was of God to put Sunday at one end of the week; for if He had put it in the middle, He would have made a broken week of it!" The feeling here is so true and strong, as to overpower all perception of the rugged way along which it carries us. It gains its point; and that is all it cares for. It knows nothing of doubt or faint-heartedness, but goes to work much like sailors; everybody, who does not know them, swears they must fall; yet they are sure to succeed.—*Guesses at Truth.*

JUDGE HALIBURTON.

This gentleman is one of the judges of Nova Scotia. He is, however, better known by the *sobriquet* of "Sam Slick," under which he published, some years since, a collection of "Notions," which immediately took high station, by right, as one of the few



PORTRAIT OF JUDGE HALIBURTON.

really original productions of the day. Sam's *entree* into the literary world appears to have been by the columns of a weekly Nova Scotian journal, in which he wrote a series of sketches illustrative of the peculiarities of homely Yankee character. There was no name attached to them, but they soon became so popular that the editor of the Nova Scotian newspaper applied to the author for permission to reprint them entire; and this being granted, he brought them out in one small, unpretending duodecimo volume, whose popularity soon spread over the United States, and by all classes of inhabitants was most cordially welcomed. At Boston, at New York, at Philadelphia, at Baltimore, in short, at all the leading cities and towns of the Union, this anonymous little volume was to be found on the drawing-room tables of the most influential and intelligent members of the social community; while even in the emigrant's solitary farm house, and the squatter's log hut, among the primeval forests of the "Far West," it was read with the deepest interest, cheering the spirits of the backwoodsman, when his day's toil was at an end, by the wholesome, vigorous, and lively pictures which it presented of every-day life; and a recent traveller records the surprise and pleasure he experienced at meeting with a "well-thumbed" copy of the duodecimo in question in a log hut among the woods of the Mississippi. This transatlantic popularity soon reached England; and an enterprising London publisher concluded with Mr. Haliburton the purchase of the copyright. Its success was almost instantaneous; and its primary cause may be found in its sound, sagacious, unexaggerated views of human nature—not of human nature as it is modified by artificial institutions, and subjected to the despotic caprices of fashion, but as it exists in a free and comparatively unsophisticated state, full of faith in its own impulses, and quick to sympathize with kindred humanity; industrious, self-relying, adventurous, untrammelled by the fetters of social etiquette; giving full vent to the emotions that rise within its breast; regardless of the distinctions of caste, but ready to find friends and brethren among all with whom it may come into contact. Such is the human nature delineated in "Sam Slick." Another reason for "Sam Slick's" popularity may be found in the humor with which the work is full of overflowing. Of its kind it is decidedly original; but, perhaps, we shall be able to come to a more exact estimate of its peculiar quality, if we just briefly glance at the three distinct sorts of national humor—English, Irish, and Scotch—of which much of our literature is composed. Like the English character, the English humor is frank, hearty, and unaffected. Generally speaking, it is by no means remarkable for quaintness or eccentricity, but maintains a certain decent method and adheres to nature, even when it verges on sheer extravagance, as we may see by reference to the farces of Foote, the odes of Wolcot, and the admirable legends of Ingoldsby, where it appears in its broadest, sunniest, and most grotesque aspect. The Irish

humor, on the contrary, sets all propriety at defiance, and is most characteristic when most extravagant. In all its phases it is tinged with the rich lights of fancy—is buoyant and mercurial to excess—owns no allegiance to the understanding, being prompted solely by the animal spirits—delights by reckless and unexpected sallies—but even in its wildest flights never loses sight of good-nature, which redeems its excesses, and is its essence and inspiration. The Scotch humor is sly, grave, caustic—the humor rather of the understanding than the fancy. It has little of *bonhomie* or cordiality about it—is eminently shrewd and practical in its character—is founded on observation, and a nice, intuitive perception of the weaknesses of human nature—and is seldom unminged with something of sarcasm. Those who wish to see it in its highest perfection may consult the "Sir Andrew Wylie" and "Entail" of Galt, and the episodic sketch of Lismahago in Smollett's "Humphry Clinker." Now, in describing the humor of "Sam Slick," we must borrow a phrase from architecture, and say that it is of a *composite* order, by which we mean that it combines the qualities of English and Scotch humor—the hearty, mellow spirit of the one, with the shrewd, caustic properties of the other—including, however, for the most part, to the latter. It derives little help from the fancy, but has its ground-work in the understanding. It does not convulse us with laughter, like the broad, racy drollery of Hook, or convey a succession of pleasing shocks to our mind, like the airy, fanciful extravagances of O'Keefe; but affects us by its quiet truth and force, and the piquant satire with which it is flavored. In a word, it is the sunny side of common sense.

Not only are Judge Haliburton's sketches universally popular in our own country, but, as noticed above, they are deservedly regarded with great favor abroad. In 1842, he went to England, as an *attache* to the American legation, and his observations on the aspects of British society were published during the following year, under the title "To Attache: or, Sam Slick in England." This work, like the other sketches from his pen, is remarkable for the combination of humor with sound, sagacious views of human nature, mingling with humorous sallies of wit at the peculiar aspects of English society and English character. There is nothing bitter or sarcastic in his most caustic pencillings, but rather an exuberance of mirth completely turns the edge of his closest critical dissections. His delineations of character and customs are no gross caricatures, but playful exhibitions of many of the phases which human nature sometimes assumes. His truthful drawings evince a shrewd apprehension of the various spings of human nature; and often throw broad gleams of sunshine over human society, which make us cheerfully tolerate what, under other aspects, might provoke only disdain and contempt. Judge Haliburton has since published an historical work, on the settlement of New England.

ANTIQUITY OF THE POLKA.

It appears that this celebrated and favorite dance, which has created such a sensation in Europe and America for a few years past, is not of the recent origin that many of its most ardent admirers would lead us to believe. Without desiring to detract from its favor, we still must be faithful to history, and present below a representation of the very same dance as performed in the sixteenth century, more than three hundred years ago. These figures are copies of drawings which then existed, relating to the manners and customs of that period.



THE POLKA THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

ROXBURY CHEMICAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

The illustration given below represents the well-known gigantic chimney of the "Roxbury Chemical and Color Manufacturing Company's Works," near the "Highlands," and also very near the Providence Railroad. The various and extensive buildings of the works also come into view, and give a faithful picture of this very busy place. The principal object of interest in the picture is the chimney, which rises to the great height of two hundred and ten feet, from a base eighteen feet in diameter, twenty inches thick, to a diameter, at the top, of six feet. The cost was five thousand dollars. In the various buildings are made chemicals for manufacturing purposes, such as acids, alum, vitriol, etc., in great quantities. The operation of manufacturing affords much pleasure and gratification to those who visit and take an interest in scientific labors. The atmosphere of the buildings, so far from being deleterious to health, is considered by those engaged in the works as highly beneficial, no one having died of any long complaint who has worked there for a length of time, and the place is visited by some invalids for benefit in lung complaints, instead of taking a sea voyage, for the atmosphere in one of the buildings is similar to that at sea. A visit to the works will richly repay one for the trouble. The works are in charge of Professor A. A. Hayes, the distinguished chemist and State Assayer. The President of the corporation is William Underwood, Esq., treasurer, Henry Burdett, Esq. A comparison between this chimney and other works of note may not be uninteresting. The highest chimney in the world is that of St. Rollox Chemical Works, Glasgow, which is, from foundation, four hundred and fifty feet high, forty feet diameter at the base, eleven feet at the top. The pyramid of Cheops is four hundred and sixty feet, the steeple of St. Peter's, Rome, is four hundred and fifty-eight feet, that of St. Paul's, London, is three hundred and sixty-two feet, and that of Trinity Church, at New York, is three hundred feet.

CALCULATING MACHINE.

A Polish Jew named Staffel, a native of Warsaw, has invented a calculating machine that works sums in addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, with astonishing rapidity and precision. It also performs the operation of extracting the square root, and the most complicated sums in fractions. The machine is about 18 inches by 9, and about 4 inches high. The external mechanism represents three rows of ciphers. The first and upper row, containing 13 figures, is immovable; the second and third, containing 7 figures each, are movable. The words addition, subtraction, multiplication and division, are engraved on a semicircular ring to the right, and underneath is a hand which points to whichever operation is to be performed. The figures being properly arranged, the simple turn of a handle is given, and the operation is performed at once as if by magic. The most singular power of the instrument is, that if a question be wrongfully stated—as, for instance, a greater number being placed for subtraction from a lesser, it detects the error, and the ringing of a small bell announces the discovery. He has also invented a machine for ascertaining, by weighing, the fineness of gold and silver. Both machines are, to say the least, extremely curious, and have been rewarded with a silver medal by the Russian Government. They were afterwards exhibited in England, where they were examined by the Directors of the Bank of England.—*Athenaeum*



REPRESENTATION OF THE CHEMICAL WORKS, ROXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS.

FRUITFUL SOILS



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1853.

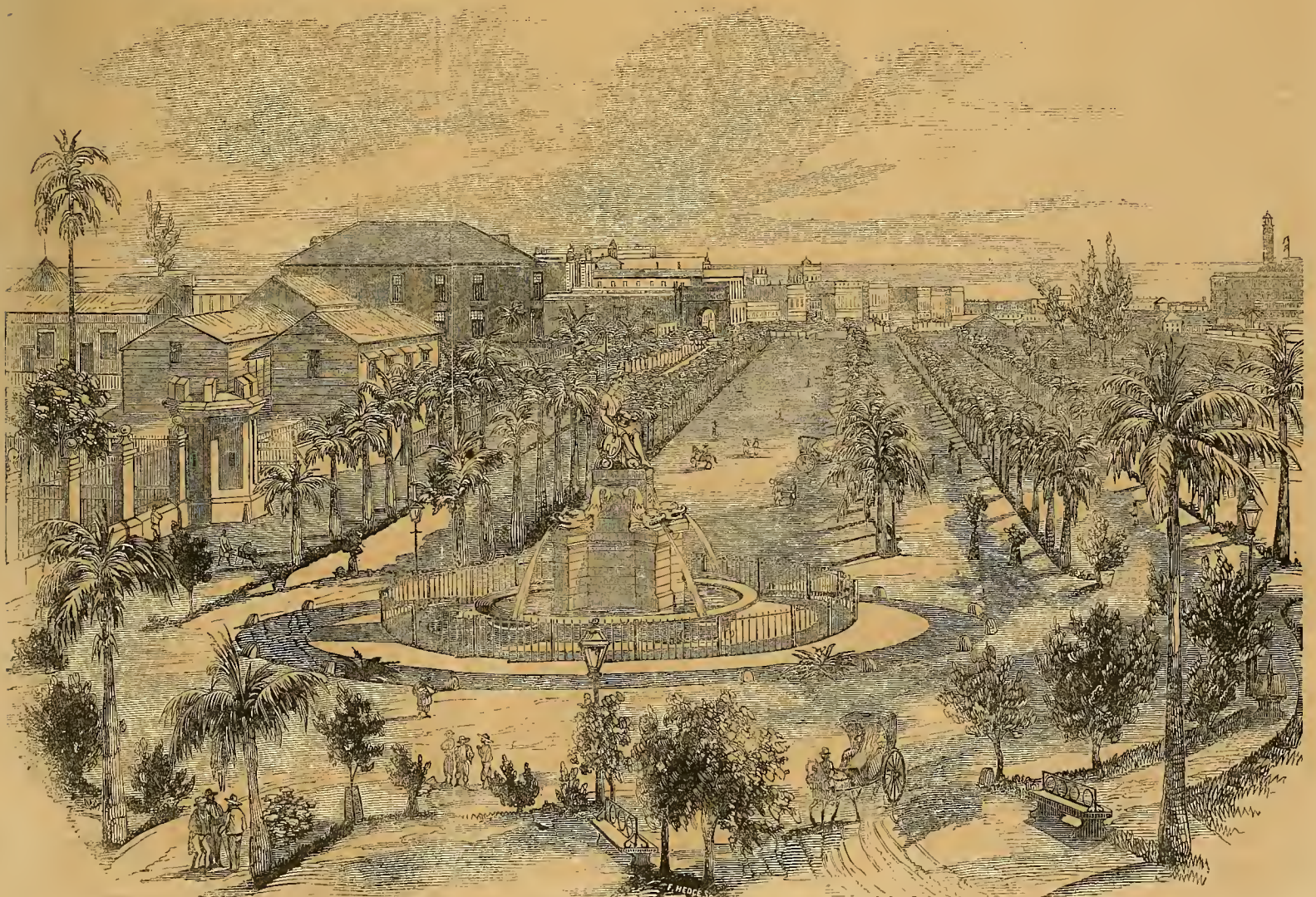
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8 Cts. SINGLE. } VOL. IV. No. 21.—WHOLE No. 99.

IMPERAL DEL PASEO, HAVANA.

The characteristic picture, which we present below, is that of one of the delightful paseos, or gardens, for public driving, without the walls of the capital of Cuba. Abounding in fountains, statues, and the gloriously luxuriant herbage of the tropics, it forms a very paradise for Flora herself. This is the daily resort of the Habanese, who come hither—the ladies in their volantes, and the gentlemen mostly on foot—to greet each other, as English ladies and gentlemen resort to Hyde Park. Like everything else about this peculiar people and locality, the Paseo Imperial is entirely unlike any other promenade in the world. The city itself abounds in beautifully arranged squares, ornamented with the royal palm, king of the tropical forest, with here and there a few orange trees, surrounded by a luxuriant hedge of limes. The largest and most

beautiful of these squares is called the *Plaza des Armes*, fronting which is the governor's palace, and about which also are the massive stone barracks of the Spanish army. This square is surrounded by an iron railing, and is divided like the paseo, represented below, into beautiful walks, planted on either side with gaudy flowers, and shadowed by oranges and palms, while a grateful air of coolness is diffused around by the playing of a fountain into a large stone basin, surmounted by a marble statue of Ferdinand. This spot is the nightly resort of all who can find time to be there, and the governor's military band performs always from seven to nine o'clock. The Crocoles call it "the poor man's opera," it being free to all. The city of Havana is surrounded by a high wall and ditch, and its gates are always strictly guarded by soldiery. In order to reach the Imperial Paseo, or, indeed, any

other locality without the city walls, you must, therefore, pass the guard, and this is in no wise permitted without a passport, though you were to return within the next fifteen minutes. There is in the neighborhood of this paseo, a very extensive and finely conducted botanical garden, which, taken in connection with some of the really excellent institutions of the city, in the matter of art and general education, argue much for the increasing degree of refinement and civilization of the inhabitants. Besides the Royal University of Havana, a medical and law school, and chairs on all the natural sciences, it contains many other institutions of learning. Among these are a seminary for girls, a free school of sculpture and painting, a mercantile school, also free, with many private institutions for learning. Yet many planters' sons are sent to this country to perfect their education.



A VIEW OF THE IMPERAL DEL PASEO, AT HAVANA, CUBA.

"So you can," returned Francis.

"Come," continued Hildebrand, "I see just where your thoughts are leading you to. You'd better seek your rest now. I will show you the way."

De Mora followed his conductor to the cabin, and soon afterwards he had thrown himself upon the couch which had been pointed out to him. It was a long time, however, before he slept, and when he did sleep his slumbers were far from being easy.

When Francis was thoroughly awakened, it was by the letting go of the anchor, and when he went on deck, he found that he had slept well into the forenoon. The sails were hanging in the hantlines, and the vessel was anchored in a deep cove, from which only a very narrow pass opened to the sea. The boats were already lowered, and as soon as they were manned, they put off for the shore.

"How long shall you remain here?" asked de Mora of the buccaneer.

"Not over three hours. As soon as we can get our provisions on board, I shall be off. Do you feel uneasy?"

"Not exactly that; but of course I am anxious."

"Well, well—I will do all for you I can."

"I believe you will, sir."

"Ha! what is that? Horsemen, upon my soul. See them? There—just on the brow of that hill."

Hildebrand pointed with his finger as he spoke, and Francis saw three men on horseback, riding over the hill away towards the opposite coast.

"Is that anything out of the way?" asked our hero.

"It may be, and may not be. We will wait till the boats come off, and see if any of the crew know what it means."

In half an hour the boats came back.

"Carlini," said Hildebrand, as one of his officers, thus named, came over the side, "did you see those horsemen that went over the hill half an hour ago?"

"Yes, captain."

"What were they?"

"Robbers, I think."

"How?"

"Robbers, signor; for I have a poor fellow in my boat whom they robbed and left half dead among the rocks."

"By my faith, this is coming too near the rub, when robbers infest a bunch of rock like our little island," said Hildebrand.

"But bring the poor fellow up, Carlini."

The officer turned towards his boat, and at length, by dint of great exertions, the man was lifted over the side. He was a stout built fellow, with black hair and beard, and an eye of uncommon lustre. His dress was such as was usually worn by the Sicilian peasants, and it was much soiled and torn.

"Well, my man, what is all this about?" asked Hildebrand, as the fellow was set upon the beam of one of the gun-carriages.

"I have been robbed, signor captain," replied the man, in a doleful voice. "Three men set upon me, knocked me down among the rocks, and robbed me of three-and-twenty crowns which I had saved from a whole year's vintage."

"But how came they on the island?"

"They must have come over in a large boat from Favignano. I saw such a boat come over this morning."

"You don't seem to be bruised much."

"Ah, my back and side, signors," uttered the man, with a grunt, and a painful shrug of the shoulders.

"Yes, I suppose so," returned Hildebrand. "And now what am I to do with you?"

"Your men told me you would be likely to run near to Trapani, and I hoped you would have the heart to carry me there."

"Do you belong there?"

"Yes."

"Then what were you doing here?"

"I had come with three-and-twenty crowns to trade for some goats."

"Well," said Hildebrand, "I can't refuse you so small a favor. I may not set you down exactly at Trapani, but you shall be landed as near there as possible. Help him below, some of you."

The man expressed his thanks, and as soon as he had been conveyed below, all hands set to unloading the boats. Once more they were sent on shore, and when the second load had been got on board, the boats were hoisted up, and again the brig was put under weigh. The wind was from the southward, and the buccaneer ran out from the cove without difficulty, and when once outside, her head was put to the northward and eastward.

The stranger had been carried into the cabin, and when Hildebrand and Francis went below, he was seated on a lounge that stood against the bulkhead. There was a door in this partition that opened to the store-rooms of the vessel, said door being only fastened on the cabin side by a bolt.

"Who unbolted that door?" asked Hildebrand.

"I did," returned the new comer.

"What did you want in there?"

"Only to see what sort of a place you had," calmly and unhesitatingly replied the man. "I was never in a large vessel before, and I had the curiosity to see how it looked. I hope there's nothing wrong in it, sir."

The man was so honest that Hildebrand could not mistrust him, and the thing was passed over.

"I wish you would help me into one of these beds, signor," groaned the poor fellow, "for my limbs ache, and I am very faint."

The buccaneer and Francis lifted him into a berth, and shortly afterwards they went on deck.

It was now past noon, and the weather was delightful. Our hero could have forgotten all his misfortunes in the scene that

now surrounded him, if Angela Fontani had only been out of danger. Away to the westward was spread the great sea, supporting upon its farthest point the base of heaven's blue vault, while right ahead loomed up the mountains of Sicily. To a seaman the scene might have been tame enough, but to Francis de Mora it was all new, and he enjoyed it accordingly.

Nearly two hours did the young man stand upon the quarter-deck and gaze about upon the boundless panorama, when his eye caught the glitter of white walls upon the edge of the distant landscape. He pointed it out to Hildebrand, and asked what it was.

"That is Trapani," returned the captain. "We shall come to near there and land our chance passenger."

At this moment one of the men came up from forward and hurried up to where the captain stood. There was a deal of wonderment upon his face, and he was almost breathless in his haste.

"Ah! captain!" he gasped.

"Well—out with it. What's the matter?"

"That man, signor—that man you took on board this forenoon—the man we thought was lame."

"And what of him?" eagerly asked Hildebrand.

"Why, signor, he's in the store-room. I found him moving some bread-boxes about."

"In the store-room! Moving bread-boxes! He! the lame man!" uttered the buccaneer.

"Yes; and when I started him, he ran back to the cabin, through the bulkhead-door, as nimbly as anybody."

"By the saints, there's mischief brewing here," exclaimed Hildebrand, as he clenched his fist and turned towards the cabin.

"De Mora, follow me, and you, Carlini. If he be an enemy, he had better beware."

With quick, nervous steps, Hildebrand started for the cabin, and de Mora and Carlini followed closely after him.

CHAPTER X.

PROMPTIONS.

Ludovico, Cardinal of Palermo, was in his private audience chamber. It was early morning, but yet the prelate's toilet was completed. He took quick strides up and down the apartment, and though there was a sort of triumphant expression upon his features, yet an observer could have seen that he was far from being easy upon all subjects that occupied his mind. At length the door of his chamber was slowly opened, and one of the secret agents of the tribunal entered.

"Ah," uttered the cardinal, as he saw the black form, "now the work is fairly commenced. How liked the young man his arrest?"

"He slipped the leash, my lord."

"Did you miss him?"

"We got him, and he escaped."

"Escaped?" repeated the cardinal, starting as though he had been shot.

"Ay—he fairly slipped from our grasp. The messenger you sent—"

"Messenger I sent?" interrupted Ludovico. "What messenger?"

"The Capuchin."

"I sent you Capuchin."

The agent opened his eyes in astonishment, and as soon as he could control his speech he related to the cardinal the circumstances of the appearance of the Capuchin, and the subsequent escape of Francis de Mora. Ludovico heard him through in silence.

"You say he ran towards the water," said the cardinal, with his teeth shut very tightly together as he spoke.

"Yes," returned the agent. "We followed him towards the Marino, but he must have turned off."

"There's some of Hildebrand's work in this," fell from Ludovico's lips. "Didn't you see any boat making off, or any vessel under sail?"

"I fancied that I saw a boat moving off under the western shore of the bay, but I could not be certain."

"It is Hildebrand's work, I am sure," continued the cardinal. His brow contracted as he spoke, his head sank forward till his chin rested upon his bosom, and his arms were folded across his breast.

In this way he remained for full five minutes, and during that time his soul must have been the seat of wild and conflicting emotions. But when he raised his head again his face was calm, but its calmness was like the bosom of the frozen lake; and as he spoke, his voice seemed like the rending of some stout fabric.

"You may go," he said to his agent of the tribunal; "but no word of this must escape you. If de Mora be really gone, then I have not much to complain of. The case is not so bad as it might have been. I may want you again ere long."

Ludovico waved his hand, and the agent left him.

Half an hour later, and Michael Fontani was in the cardinal's presence, and he soon heard of all that had occurred respecting Francis de Mora. They both agreed that it must have been Hildebrand who had helped the young man off.

"Now, my lord duke," said Ludovico, "you must look to your niece. This marriage must be consummated immediately."

"As you please," returned Fontani.

"Have you spoken with the girl yet upon the subject?"

"I barely hinted at it this morning."

"Ah—and how stood she?"

"Very calm."

"But not all willing?"

"No. I think she will take it hard, and he difficult to manage."

"O, there need be no trouble about that, my lord duke. Let

her take it as hard as she may, she cannot escape us. I understand her feelings well. She hopes to gain the hand of de Mora; but when she is assured that such a thing is impossible, I think she will be less restive in our hands."

"I hope so," said the duke.

"O, I know she will. Now do you break the thing to her at once, and after that I will see her. We have time for no more trifling. De Mora is gone, and if he comes back, it will only be to—go again."

"But how long, my lord cardinal, before you would have this marriage take place?"

"As soon as possible. Within a few days, at least."

"So soon as that?"

"Yes—far the sooner the better. You will not object."

"O, no."

"Then make all haste and perform your part of the business. Make Donna Angela understand this very day that she must wed as you have said. Just make her know this, and the rest will be easy enough."

The duke promised obedience, and shortly afterwards he withdrew.

Half an hour later than this the cardinal had another visitor. It was a young man, very gaily and elaborately dressed, and one who, whatever might have been his claims to good looks, was very defaced by dissipation and debauchery. He was tall, and remarkably well built, and his general air and carriage was independent and haughty, though in the presence of the cardinal he was somewhat restive and cringing.

"Well, Signor Nicholas de Villani," said the cardinal, with a spice of bitterness in his tone, "how have you conducted yourself for the last week?"

"Right honestly, my lord," replied the young marquis.

"Ah—no falsehood, now. You were in a brawl only the night before last."

"That was purely accidental, my lord cardinal, I assure you. It was no seeking of mine."

"Well, I suppose I may as well believe you," returned Ludovico, baring his fingers. "But now you must begin a little different life. You will be married very shortly."

"Ah," uttered de Villani, elevating his eyebrows. "How soon?"

"Perhaps in less than a week."

"By the lady of grace, my lord, but you are pushing matters."

An angry flush passed over the cardinal's face at the young man's freedom of manner.

"Be careful how you handle your tongue, signor marquis, or you may find yourself in a school you will not like. You will be married as soon as possible, and I wish that you should be making preparations."

"O, as for that matter, my lord, I am all ready now. The lady is young and handsome, and I am to have an hundred thousand crowns with her hand. By Saint Peter, I should not want long to prepare for such a fate."

The cardinal smiled.

"Upon my soul, I speak the truth," continued de Villani. "I will marry just when you say."

"And will you promise to conduct properly until after you are married?"

"Most so readily."

"Then wait upon the duke, and get an interview with the lady as soon as possible. Pontani will prepare the way for you. Be loving and courteous, now, towards her, and make her like you if possible. You had better see her to-morrow."

"I will, my lord, and I will conduct myself most properly in her presence. She must like me."

"I trust she will."

"And suppose she does not?"

"You will marry her at any rate."

"And have the hundred thousand," added de Villani, as he turned away.

One other visitor the cardinal had that forenoon. It was the Carmelite monk, Benedic.

"So you lost your game, after all," said Ludovico, after he had received the monk's obeisance.

"Yes, my lord; but it was no fault of mine. I did my part."

"I know that, Benedic, and you shall have the reward."

The Carmelite's eyes sparkled, and his round red face was immediately lighted up.

"A horse wouldn't have caught the prisoner, my lord, after he once got started. My soul, how he did run."

"Never mind, so long as he runs far enough not to come back again."

"And even if he does come back—" intimated the monk.

"He'd better stay away," added the cardinal. "But now, Benedic, I sent for you on another business. Where is the Franciscan?"

"He is still in the city, my lord."

"And what is he doing?"

"Nothing, that I can discover, only loitering about."

"Don't he seem bent on any business at all?"

"Not that I can discover, my lord."

"Have you found any one that knows him?"

"No—or, at least, none who will tell me that they know him. He is already very intimate at the Capuchin convent, and he seems to have many friends."

Ludovico started across the room, and for several moments he continued a quick, uneasy walk. Twice he stopped and looked the monk in the face, and then started on again.

"Benedic," he said, at length, in a hushed voice, while he trembled at every joint, "that man is old enough to die!"

"He is an old man," returned the monk, speaking in a slow, deliberate manner, as though he would learn more of the cardinal's mind ere he spoke fully.

"He might die easily," resumed Ludovico, in a whisper.

"He might be sent to the tribunal," suggested Benedic.

"Not now, not now. He must not be sent there."

The Carmelite waited for a long time, but the cardinal was silent. Ludovico had thoughts then which he even feared to trust with the monk. Benedic, bad as he was, hoped that the prelate would not ask him to dip his hands in blood. He was willing to plot, and to deceive, and to help ensnare, so long as good inducements were held out, but he could not take human life with his own hands. He had reason to believe, however, that such was the deed the cardinal had in his mind, and he trembled lest the request should come. But he was destined to be agreeably disappointed, for Ludovico, whatever may have been his ulterior wishes, said nothing more in the train of thought he had broached. He only bade the Carmelite watch the Franciscan carefully, and ascertain, if possible, who and what he was.

Ere long Benedic withdrew, and the Cardinal of Palermo was left alone with his own thoughts and reflections. His brow grew dark, and his lips trembled, for those thoughts and reflections were no very agreeable companions.

December 21st, thus occurring at the period which we should designate as Autumn. Summer, of course, commences when Spring leaves off, and is comprised in the months of June, July, August and September. South of the equator, the summer corresponds, in time, to our winter. The astronomical summer commences in the northern hemisphere when the sun has reached its greatest northern elevation, therefore commencing, as above stated, June 21st, and ending about September 23, when the sun crosses the equator the second time in the year. Autumn, commencing when Summer ends, progresses with the sun in its apparent descent to the southern hemisphere, and is said to end when that luminary touches the equator. According to the usual mode of calculation, therefore, Autumn begins at that period—September 23d—when, for the second time in the year, the days and nights are equal in length, and ends about December 21st, at the time of the shortest days. Winter, "stern ruler of the year," commencing with the shortest day, ends with the vernal equinox, March 21st. In our hemisphere, the winter is but eighty-nine days, while in the southern hemisphere it is ninety-three, our winter occurring during the earth's perihelion, and the winter of the southern hemisphere during its aphelion, when its motion in its orbit is slower. The coldness of the winter, therefore, is owing to the shortness of the days, or time during which the sun is above the horizon, and the oblique direction in which his rays fall upon our globe at that season. In the torrid zone, there is no winter, in our sense of the word; but a rainy season, without ice, snow, or frost, takes its place. Thus much of the character of the four regular seasons of the year we have deemed appropriate and interesting in this connection. As it regards the illustrations which we present to our readers, touching these divi-

sions of time, their application and appropriateness are at once obvious to the simplest capacity. There is something very suggestive in the periodical recurrence of the seasons in their stated order. The reflective mind looks out upon nature in Spring, and beholding the earth bursting from its long sleep, and again putting forth its varied verdure of beauty and grace, sees the assurance of the declaration that summer and winter, seed time and harvest shall not fail. The birds instinctively hail the dawning of spring—the gay morning of renewed life. Their melodious carollings welcome its approach. It is a season animating and cheering, calling forth new powers and exertions, as well as new delights. It revives plans of labor and gives impulse to new enterprise. It is a new stage in the journey of life, awaking dormant powers, and hastening onward the career of social improvement. The revival of nature stimulates the wise and provident to prompt and vigorous exertions, and every hour is improved to useful purpose, by the farmer, to prepare the earth for the summer that succeeds, when the various fruits of the earth, shall be, in their succession, laid by the generous hand of nature on the table of man. Then summer comes in, as the prelude of autumn, when the rolling harvest is gathered into the garner-house, for the sustenance of earth's busy tribes of man and beast. Autumn stands as the representative of a ripe old age, befitting emblem of a life of threescore and ten. An autumn evening is a fruitful theme of reflection, blending the decline of day with that of the year; the period of beauty and decay. Such a season is often the parent of thoughts of a serious and pathetic cast; naturally commingling ideas of the sunset of physical with that of moral being, as the deepitude of the dying year furnishes a picture emblematical of the closing years of human life. And



SPRING.

THE SEASONS.

We present upon the page before the reader four statues designed to represent the four seasons of the year—Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. To the observant eye, these statues will be exceedingly suggestive; the real poetry of the designer's conception being abundantly apparent in the delicate outline and the graceful finish. Such illustrations as these, though less striking, as to size and general effect, yet present to the eye of the student themes for pleasure and study. Perhaps the youngest school boy who reads the Pictorial could give us the actual or obvious bounds of time which are said to constitute that period of the year known as Spring, but it will not be inappropriate here for us to lay down the regular period in more minute form. Speaking, then, after the style of the almanac makers, Spring begins when the sun, in its ascent, crosses the equator, and ends when it reaches its highest position at mid-day. In New England, Spring, then, begins rightfully about March 22d, and ends June 21st; in the southern hemisphere, the astronomical Spring begins September 23d, and ends



SUMMER.



THE COMING FOOTSTEP.

DESIGNED BY T. F. MARSHALL, ESQ.

I can't think why he stays so long!
My fluttering heart is filled with fear;
The nightingale begins her song,
And yet her song I hardly hear;
The village clock is striking eight;
I can't think why he stays so late!

The sun has reached the western hill,
And if he come before it set,
Then heaven and light are with us still;
—It sinks, it sinks! he comes not yet!
But what puts doubt within my head?
I wish this thing I had not said!

Lower and lower! 'tis almost gone!
I'll shut my eyes, and will not see
My dearest hope in life go down!
But hush! O heavens! it must be he!
It is! it is! he climbs the hill!
Now let the sun sink as it will!

A CAGED BIRD.

Some one near to the place of our domicile is possessed of a couple of beautiful mocking-birds. Some one else nourishes a parrot, and we ourselves lay claim to a brace of canaries. Our canaries are remarkably taciturn—as little inclined to vocalize as Diogenes in his tub. They will hop around their cage, pecking at the seeds dropped on the floor, or perch themselves on its bars and look quizzically at each other, with one eye closed, for hours at a time, and say nothing at all. Even the cheering influence of the sun seems to have lost its proper effect on their benighted minds and only makes them more stupid. It is not so, however, with their feathered neighbors, and we are religiously thankful it is not so. The especial mocking-bird of which we speak, hangs from a

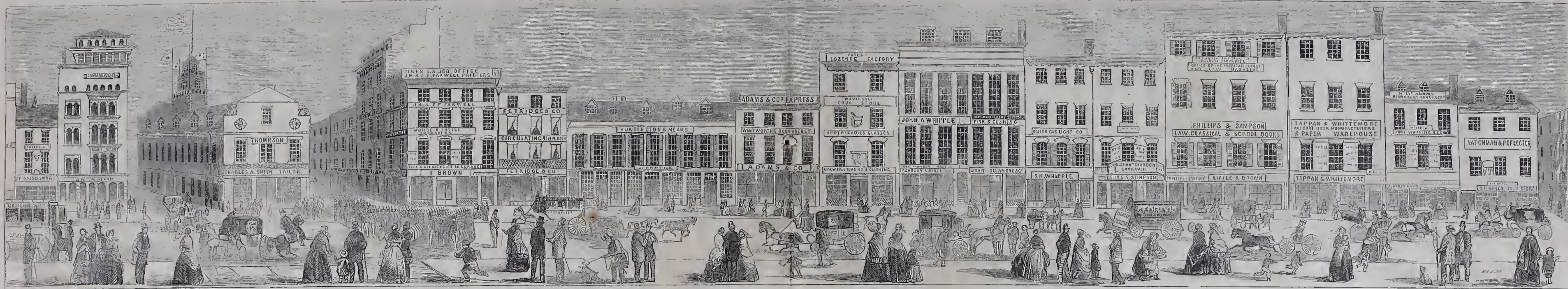
balcony adjoining ours, and the first thing we hear in the morning, and the last thing at night is the exultation of his song. He will be warbling some exquisite air which we are becoming sleepy in our efforts to write out musically, when suddenly the warbling is stopped, and we are re-awakened by a fantasia from the parrot, mingled with cries like a cat, and a dozen other incomprehensible noises. All day yesterday he was composing—endeavoring to adapt the capacities of his orchestra to the various sounds of a brass band that he heard in the distance. He did the trumpet very well, but could not come the drum. That stuck him. About dark he gave up the trial, and went off into a thousand varieties upon a piano which was being played across the street. That bird is a joy and gladness to us.—N. O. Picayune.



AUTUMN.



WINTER.



STATE STREET. OLD STATE HOUSE. STATE STREET. WATER STREET

GRAND PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE EAST SIDE OF WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS., COMMENCING AT THE CORNER OF STATE STREET, AND EXTENDING TO No. 206.



WATER STREET. SPRING LANE. OLD SOUTH CHURCH. MILK STREET.

GRAND PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE EAST SIDE OF WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS., COMMENCING AT THE CORNER OF STATE STREET, AND EXTENDING TO No. 206.



FRANKLIN STREET. 203 WASHINGTON STREET.

GRAND PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE EAST SIDE OF WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS., COMMENCING AT THE CORNER OF STATE STREET, AND EXTENDING TO No. 206.



A REPRESENTATION OF KAFFIR CHIEFS ARRAYED IN THEIR NATIVE WAR COSTUME.

KAFFIR CHIEFS.

The Kaffirs are a race with some affinity to the negro; they are brown-colored, the darkest among them coming from the north-east. They have their own language, which missionaries have been able to acquire, and use in spreading a knowledge of Christianity among them. That they do not practise its rules, cannot be made a peculiar reproach to them; few Christian nations, in their dealings with savages, have ever set the example. At best the only use they have made of their bibles and testaments was for loading their muskets against the English; if they knew the history of the last European war, they might reply that men far better taught desecrated holy things quite as unscrupulously. They cultivate a few sorts of grain, but diet chiefly on flesh, milk, roots and fruits—very good things all, when well cooked, and enough of them; the poor of civilized lands have very often seen a worse bill of fare. Pigs, geese, hares and fish, it is said, they refuse to eat—whether by some strange diffusion of the Mosiac prohibitions is not known, but there seems a trace of them. Their great and favorite occupation is breeding cattle; they "glory in their goad, and their talk is of bullocks." The employment is held in a sort of honor among them; and in one of the tribes—the Tambukis, we believe—the place in the village where the herds are collected, is at once their parliament, court of law, public dining-place, slaughter-house, parade and burial-ground of the royal family! Things, we may imagine, are rather primitive with such a combination of appliances. They hunt extensively, and are not particular as to what the game is; the gazelle and antelope serve when lions, buffaloes, elephants, and such minor prey are scarce; and, sometimes, the lions in return hunt them. Of their religion but little is known; the differences of error and ignorance are countless; they have priests, magicians and sorceresses; the magicians are sometimes murdered if they fail; the sorceresses are always believed—a deference to the fair sex that does the race infinite credit. They know the use of money, build kraals and villages of mud, and wood huts, and are expert in the use of the *assagai* or dart, which, in their hands, is a very formidable weapon; but the extent to which they have obtained fire arms and ammunition by the suicidal avarice of the white traders, makes them still more dangerous. Their chiefs are hereditary, and exercise despotic power. Collect such a people in large numbers on a badly defended frontier, armed, with farms and cattle all around them, and the havoc and destruction they can commit can readily be fancied. Their skill in cattle stealing and love of the pursuit is unsurpassable; the "reivers" of Scotland, the Donald Bean Leans and Rob Roy of English annals, are scarcely worthy to be named in the same breath with them. The ease with which they convey large herds of cattle from place

to place, and the way they manage them, are said to partake of the marvellous. They have repeatedly spread consternation through the colony by their inroads; boundary treaties made with them have been always broken; it may be questioned if they understand such obligations. To check the progress of these disasters, the whole colony is under arms, and the force that can be brought together numbers 18,000 men. The main difficulty is not to check the advance of the Kaffirs, but to prevent their harassing and perpetual attacks. Our engraving gives a representation of three of these Kaffir chiefs, who figured quite conspicuously in the recent war with the British in Kaffir land. They are depicted in their war costume. One of them is represented as in the act of throwing the *assagai*, an instrument in wielding which they are perfectly at home. The leopard skin caross, and the plumes of the Kaffir crane, as worn around the head, are the distinguishing marks of a chief, none of less rank being permitted to wear them. The Kaffirs are adroit thieves, and the quantities of ammunition and muskets they have obtained in trading, has been no small occasion for vigilance and alarm to the settlers. They are an athletic and fine-looking race of men.

HUNTING THE OTTER.

The engraving below represents the method of hunting this animal in Scotland, where it is a favorite diversion, more peculiar to that locality than elsewhere. It is an animal found nearly all over the world, and some few facts in its natural history may be interesting in this connection. The common otter inhabits all parts of Europe, dwelling on the banks of rivers, in burrows, forming the entrance of its hole under water, and working upwards, making a small orifice for the admission of air in the midst of some thick bush. It is about two feet in length to the insertion of the tail, which is sixteen inches long. It is brown above and whitish around the lips, on the cheeks and beneath. The otter can be domesticated, though, from its ferocious disposition, this is a task of much difficulty. When properly trained, they become very useful, one of these animals being able to supply a large family with fish. When the otter, in its wild state, has taken a fish, it carries it on shore, and devours the head and upper parts, rejecting the remainder. It is destructive, killing more than it can eat. It fights very obstinately when hunted, often inflicting severe wounds on the dogs. The American otter inhabits the whole American continent, but is rare on the Atlantic coast of the United States; in Canada, however, they are very numerous, 17,300 skins having been sent to England in one year, by the Hudson's Bay Company. Its habits are the same as that of the European species. The American otter is about five feet in length, including the tail, which is eighteen inches. The color of the whole body, except the chin and throat, which are a dusky white, is a glossy brown. The fur is much esteemed, and is very dense and fine. The common mode of taking them is by sinking a steel trap near the mouth of their burrow. The sea otter is much larger than the two last, being about the size of a large mastiff, weighing from seventy to eighty pounds. Its color, when in full season, is perfectly black; at other times of a dark brown. The fur is very fine, and sells at very high prices in China, to which the skins are usually taken. It is exclusively found between the 49th and 60th degrees north latitude, on the north-western coasts of North America, and the shores of Kamtschatka and the adjoining islands. It is always seen on the coast or in the immediate vicinity of salt water. It feeds on almost all kinds of fish and crustacean animals. It runs very swiftly, and swims with extreme celerity, either on its back, sides, or sometimes as if upright in the water. It is caught by placing a net among the sea-weed, or by chasing it in boats. The flesh of the young is said to be very tender, resembling lamb in flavor. The female is very attentive to her offspring, playing and fondling with it in all ways, and never relinquishing it as long as she can defend it or shield it from danger.



METHOD OF OTTER HUNTING.

MRS. HOWITT.

The portrait given herewith of the celebrated English authoress, Mary Howitt, is said by those who have seen her to be very perfect. Her works are in everybody's hands in England or America; and their perfectly truthful spirit finds a way at once to the heart, and succeeds in engaging our interest, and in making us in love with human nature in situations and under circumstances rarely penetrated so successfully by the light of imagination, and consequently the character, incident and dialogue have made her tales as popular as they are instructive. As a writer for the young, Mary Howitt has been long eminently successful, and it is no mean subject of congratulation to us to know that she is decidedly not of the class of individuals who have taken to writing children's books simply because they found themselves incapable of writing any other, and who yet consider their *childish* books, which require no mind at all, to be of the same importance as *children's* books, which exercise powers of mind of no common class. To distinguish the difference between the two classes, we do not need to go farther than to the juvenile readers themselves. With them books written by those possessed of a great share of natural talent are invariably found to be most popular; and as an evidence of this truth we may remark that we have frequently been struck when in the nursery at seeing the well thumbed tales and poems of Mary Howitt, and the delight with which its occupants dwelt upon and committed to memory the stores provided for their entertainment, even when they reached to the length of *Madam Fortescue* and her *Cat*, that captivating tale of domestic treachery and sorrow. Mary Howitt has always been distinguished for her happy imitation of the ancient ballad composition; and their simplicity, earnestness, fancy and womanly tenderness have given them a permanent place in the poetry of England. "It is," as she remarks in the preface to her ballads and other poems, "perhaps, needless to say, that I have been all my life a passionate admirer of ballad poetry. Brought up as a child in a picturesque, old-fashioned part of England, remote from books and from the world, and under circumstances of almost conventual seclusion, the echoes of this old traditional literature found their way to my ear and my heart. Few books, except those of a religious and somewhat mystical character, reached me; but an old domestic, with every requisite for a German Marchen Frae, who had a memory stored with ballads, old songs, and legends, inflamed my youthful imagination by her wild chants and recitations, and caused it to take very early flights into the regions of romance. When I married, under circumstances the most favorable for a young poetical spirit, the



PORTRAIT OF MRS. HOWITT.

world of literature was at once opened before me; and, to mark the still prevailing character of my taste, I may say the first book I read when I had my free choice in a large library, was 'Percy's Relics of Ancient Poetry,' of which I had heard, but till then had never seen. The first fifteen years of my life were devoted to

rendered still more so, by their insolence and constant habit of pilfering. And such was their hostility to the troops, that they were kept in constant alarm, being frequently under arms all night. At length on the 5th of September, the companies, under cover of darkness, left the town, and marched to Boston.

poetry. My husband and I published two joint volumes of poems within the first few years of our marriage, and then, giving freer vent to my own peculiar fancies, I again took to writing ballads, which were published in various periodicals of the day; and the favorable reception they met with gave me the utmost encouragement. The happiest period of my life, however, was, when gladdened by the praise of the public, and encouraged by my husband, on whose taste and judgment I had the greatest dependence, I resolved to put forth my whole strength into one effort, which should afford me free scope for working out character, and for dramatic effect, at which I had always aimed, even in the simplest ballad. My hopes were high, and I thought to achieve a name among the poets of my country. I accordingly wrote 'Seven Temptations,' a poem faulty in many respects, and different to what I would now do, but with which at that time I spared no pains. The first review I read of this work was so unfavorable, that I was cut to the heart. It, however, had its share of praise, and made me many dear and valuable friends."

COLLINS HOUSE, DANVERS.

The Collins House, situated in North Danvers, Massachusetts, is a highly ornamental and elegant mansion, exhibiting the style of architecture prevailing at the time of the Revolutionary war, and was built by the Hon. Robert Hooper, of Marblehead, a wealthy royalist, and familiarly known, in his times, by the name of King Hooper. Being strongly attached to the royal cause, he invited Gen. Thos. Gage to spend the summer with him at Danvers, and make his elegant and spacious mansion his residence. Gov. Gage, accepting the invitation of his friend, took up his residence at the Collins House, June 5th, 1774, which afterwards became his head quarters, and was a place of much resort, and no little revelry, by the ladies and gentlemen, in favor of the king, and the royal governor. On the 21st of July, 1774, two companies of the 64th Regiment arrived in town from Castle William, in Boston harbor, and encamped near the mansion. Gov. Gage, when residing in Danvers, is said to have been very courteous in his intercourse with the inhabitants, and always expressed a belief that he should be able to adjust all the difficulties then existing in the colonies. To the patriotic people of Danvers, the presence of the royal troops, encamped among them, was a great annoyance, and



VIEW OF THE COLLINS HOUSE, NORTH DANVERS, MASS.

THE PENITENTIARY



F. GLEASON, } CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1853.

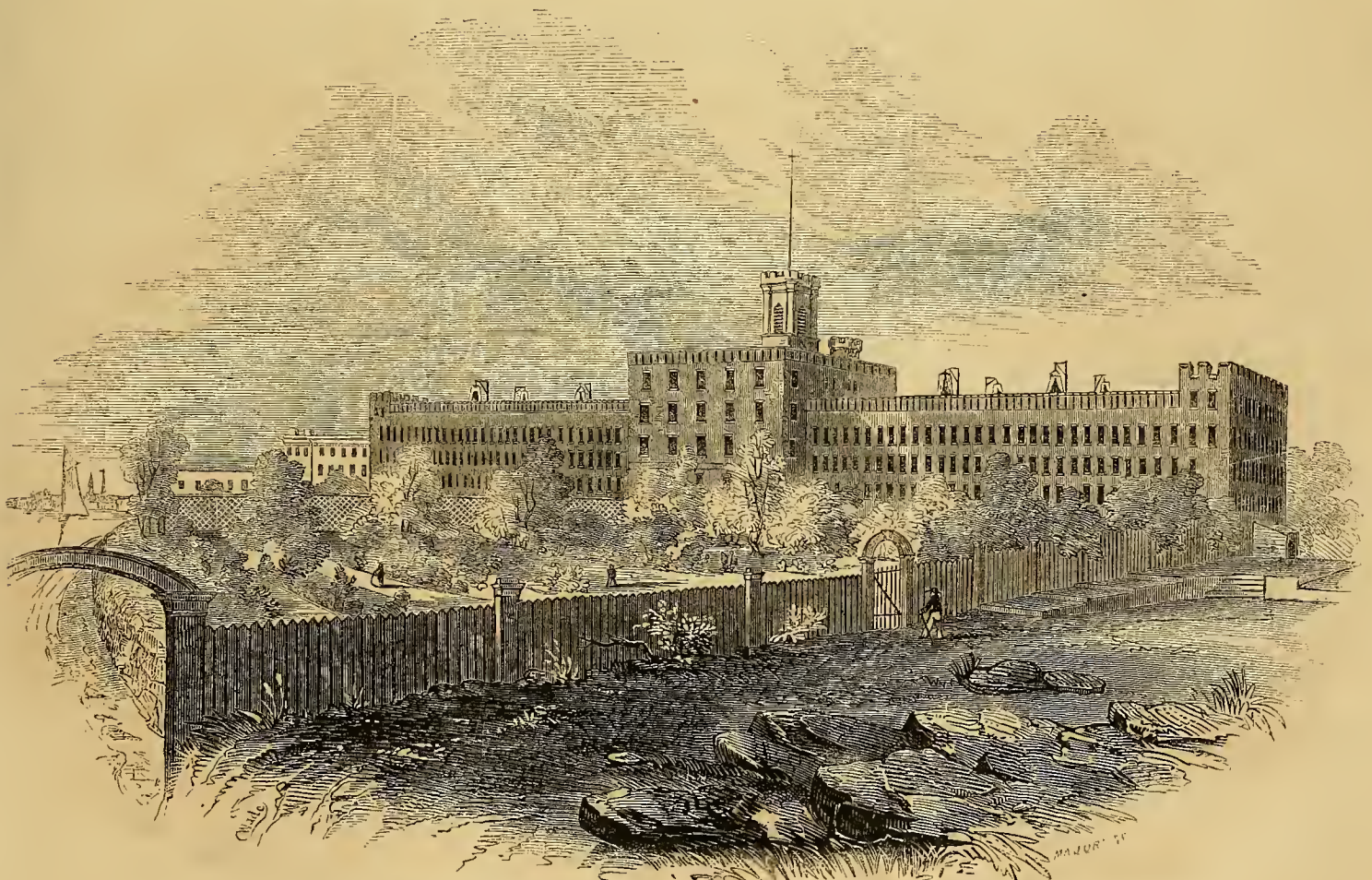
\$3 PER ANNUM. } VOL. IV. No. 22.—WHOLE No. 100
6 Cts. SINGLE.

PENITENTIARY, BLACKWELL'S ISLAND, NEW YORK.

The view which we give of this well-known structure represents the buildings and locality as seen looking southwest. The building in the distance is the hospital, and the city of New York is seen also in the extreme distance. There is a fine garden on the slope, which is seen circling towards the river, and on the borders of the river a fine road extends the entire length of the island. Everything in and about the neighborhood speaks of neatness, and a high state of discipline and cultivation. The Penitentiary is situated opposite the foot of Fifty-fifth Street, on Blackwell's Island, at midway between the eastern and western shores; it is of blue building stone, quarried from the rock of the island. In the front and rear walls of the middle part of the structure, the stone is squared and laid in courses, and some of it quite well hewn; the walls of the building, with this exception, are of rubble masonry. The middle building measures sixty-five by seventy feet, and the wings each fifty by two hundred feet, the entire length being four hundred and sixty-five feet. The middle building is four stories high; a hall in the first and second stories, eight feet

wide, extends from front to rear, and is crossed at right angles by another hall, dividing these stories each into four parts; some of the rooms in these stories are twenty-five by twenty-seven feet. These two stories are occupied by the keeper as his residence. The third story is one open room, sixty by sixty-six feet, furnished with seats, etc., and used as a chapel; a dwarf partition through the middle serves to separate the males and females. The fourth story is also one open room, and is used at present as the hospital for the male convicts. The middle building is fifty-five feet high to the top of the battlements, and the top of the cupola is at an elevation of seventy-seven feet. The two wing buildings contain the convict cells; the males are confined in the northern wing, and the females in the southern. The cells are constructed in a compact manner, forming an isolated structure, twenty by one hundred and sixty-five feet, located centrally within the area of the wing building; the surrounding court or hall separating it from the exterior walls, being thirteen feet wide and twenty-nine feet high; the cells are placed back to back, four tiers high, the doors opening on iron galleries, which extend along the

entire front of the cell structure, and communicate with stone stairs at the end nearest the middle building. There are thirty-two cells in each row in the northern wing, and thirty in the southern, making two hundred and fifty-six and two hundred and forty—in all four hundred and ninety-six cells. The cells in the northern wing measure three and a half by seven feet, and six feet nine inches high. The institution is a credit to the State of New York, and the country generally, conducted as it is in the most thorough and perfect manner, and being officered in the most admirable way, by men who thoroughly understand their business, and who take a pride in its proper discharge. It has long become an exploded idea that brutality and the utmost severity were alone the proper means of reclaiming the criminal; something else besides the lash is requisite for reformation. Gentle but decided and judicious clemency has been adopted in this and many other like institutions throughout the country, and with the most salutary success. No matter how vile the criminal may be, there remains still upon his soul the half-effaced image of God, and we cannot treat him like a brute, who, in the eye of Heaven, is our brother.



VIEW OF THE PENITENTIARY, AT BLACKWELL'S ISLAND, NEW YORK HARBOR.

Since the boats had been alongside, everything of value that could be got at had been put into them, and as soon as the brig struck, the men grasped the rails and awaited their commander's orders.

"Now get into the boats carefully," cried Hildebrand, after he had given the orders for lowering the stern-boat. "Let each man secure his weapons. Over, now."

In ten minutes all hands were in the boats, the painters were cast off, and then they made for the beach. Many an anxious, longing look was cast back upon the ill-fated brig, as the men rowed silently towards the shore, and more than one eye was moist as it rested upon the swaying fabric that so long had been a home to the crew.

The boat in which were Hildebrand, de Mora, and the two principal officers, was the first to reach the beach, and as the former leaped out upon the sand, he folded his arms across his breast, and looked off upon his vessel.

"Never mind," he said, while the look of sadness that had been gathering upon his features gradually passed away, "you have served me well, my faithful bark, and I would as lief you would rest there as anywhere. Your timbers will soon be rent in twain, and then the Spaniard need no longer fear you. You are old, now, and your labors are done. Yet I would have kept thee a little while longer—till the maiden was safe, at least."

"You mean Donna Angela," said de Mora, who had caught the commander's words.

"Yes, Francis; but we may save her yet. There are many fastnesses among the mountains."

"But she would leave the island."

"There is no need of that. In a short time she may return to Palermo."

"Return?" uttered Francis. "Return to Palermo?"

"Ay. There is retribution in store for the cardinal," said Hildebrand. "Ludovico cannot always triumph."

"But how is this to come?"

"It will come, and for the present let that suffice you. If we can only get Angela away for a short time, she will be safe."

By this time the whole crew were landed, and after the various articles had been taken from the boats, the men gathered about their chieftain.

"Stave the boats!" ordered Hildebrand. "Leave them not so that others can use them."

This command was quickly obeyed, and ere long the boats were total wrecks.

"Ha! there goes the brig!" cried one of the men.

All eyes were quickly turned in that direction, and it was seen that the vessel had indeed gone over. Her stern had been driven around, and she now lay upon her beam ends, with the sea breaking mournfully over her.

"I am glad of that," said Hildebrand. "She will never give footing to man again. Now, my brave men, let us make the best of our way out of this. I have no doubt that there are soldiers upon the coast somewhere, ready to take us. I am sure now that those three horsemen whom we saw riding over the hills upon our little island, were leagued with the man who scuttled our vessel. They probably had a boat ready to convey them across to the opposite coast, and if they have given the warning, the enemy may be down upon us. Follow me, and I will lead the way to a place where it shall be difficult for them to trouble us."

As Hildebrand spoke, he turned to the southward and started on, his men following in regular order. They carried, by turns, the articles they had brought with them, some carrying bags of money, some provisions, and some other articles of value that had been taken from the proud Spaniard.

At the end of half a mile the captain turned to the left, around the base of a small, steep hill, and having passed beyond this, they entered a defile that led towards the mountains. The way was rough and rugged, but the men kept bravely on, and just at nightfall they reached the spot where Hildebrand had determined to stop for the night. It was a deep notch between three mountains, and there was only one entrance to it—an entrance, too, which a dozen men might have held against an army.

"Here is our bivouac for the night," said the leader. "Now such of you as are fatigued may sleep. I shall keep watch for a while."

After Hildebrand had spoken, he withdrew to where grew a small cluster of mulberry trees, and here he sat himself down upon a stone, and for over an hour he remained there by himself. When he arose, it was dark, and he sought out Maldo and Carlini. With them he remained long in conversation. Their words were low and earnest, and ever and anon there came tones as if of entreaty.

"I will seek rest now," said Hildebrand, as he arose from his seat. "The men will be up before I am awake, and I wish you to tell them all I have said. Tell them, too, that my mind is made up. This will break the way, and save me much explanation. You will do this."

"Yes," answered both the officers.

"Then good night."

Maldo and Carlini went away, and Hildebrand laid himself down upon the moss, and gathered his mantle about him to keep off the dew while he slept.

Towards morning the men were all astir, and as Maldo and Carlini delivered to them the message of their commander, they were filled with various emotions. They gathered together in small knots, and whispered with each other, while their countenances betokened that they felt far from happy.

Before the sun rose, Hildebrand started from his rest, and having bathed himself in the basin of a small spring that gushed forth near at hand, he joined his men. Silently he partook of the plain

fare that was prepared for the morning's meal, and after this was done, his brave followers began to gather about him.

"Listen to me, my men," he said, as he stepped upon a large stone. "Maldo and Carlini have, ere this, told you of my purpose."

"Yes," cried an old, weather-beaten gunner; "they told us that you were about to leave us; but we hope it is not so to be."

"It must be so," returned Hildebrand. "I am getting old now, and I would retire from the startling scenes that have so long surrounded me. When first I entered upon this life, I hoped to see my country free from the foreign yoke, and God knows I have done all that lay in my power to that end. But such is not to be the case. You know that a price has been set upon our heads, and for that reason alone have we held out so long against the Spaniard; but now I hope to obtain an honorable amnesty for all my crew. The King of Spain is sick and tired of our doings, and he fears that we may yet excite an effective rebellion among the hardy men of Sicily. In view of this, he will be glad to buy us off by an honorable pardon, and as circumstances now stand, I have made up my mind to accept it."

"We have been proscribed over the land as buccaneers—our tyrants have branded us thus; but God knows, we have only stood out in the maintenance of rights which belonged to us. For long years—ay, for ages—our country has been the mere football of foreign kings, and are we to be blamed that we hoped to gain freedom for ourselves and children? No! no! When I am called to lay my head upon the pillow of death, I can look back upon the life I have spent in enmity with the Spaniard, and feel that God will pardon me for all I have done. I have not done it for myself, but for my country."

"Now, my men, we must separate for the present, but we shall meet again. We shall meet when I have a pardon for each and every one of you. I had not intended that this separation should have occurred so soon; but the unexpected loss of our vessel has served to hasten matters. There are wrongs to be redressed in Palermo, and when that is done, I will either meet you in the mountains, or send for you to come to the city. God bless you all."

Big tears now rolled down the chieftain's cheeks, and for a while his utterance was choked. The men wept, too, as stout hearts can always weep, and with low, broken murmurs they gathered more closely around their beloved commander.

"And must you go?" they said.

"Yes," was Hildebrand's reply; "and I must set forth quickly, too, for I would reach Palermo to-night. You had better keep on towards the mountains of Corleone, for there you will find friends in abundance. But remember, you shall hear from me ere long, and there you shall settle for the remainder of life as you choose."

The old chieftain stepped down from the stone, and passing around among the men, he took each one by the hand. He blessed them all, and then he turned to his officers.

"Maldo," he said, "you will lead the men safely to Corleone, and there let them rest."

"Yes, my captain."

"It is well. And now, for the present, *adieu!*"

Hildebrand turned away and wiped the tears from his eyes, and then he sought Francis de Mora.

"Come," he said, as he took the young man by the hand, "you and I are to be companions yet."

There was a farewell wave of the hand, another murmured blessing, and then Hildebrand and his charge moved quickly away from the camp.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DUNGEON OF THE TRIBUNAL.

THE way which Hildebrand took, after he had left the defile that led to the place of the night's bivouac, was through a pass between two hills, and in about an hour he struck upon a beaten track that led towards Alcamo. Thus far the two companions had travelled almost in silence.

"Do you mean to go directly to Palermo?" asked Francis, after they had struck the path.

"Yes."

"But will it be safe?"

"We shall not enter the city to-night. At the convent of the Capuchins you can remain in safety, and when I go among the people it will be in deep disguise. If there is danger, we shall meet it this side of Palermo."

"Then you think there may be danger?"

"Of course I do; but yet I hope to escape it. I think there are men out after me."

"And yet you are sure that if we can reach the convent we shall be safe," said de Mora, in an earnest, anxious tone.

"Yes—there can be no danger more."

"I should like to know wherein that safety lies."

"You have my word for it, and now all that you can do is to trust me."

"O, I am not afraid to trust you," quickly returned Francis. "But you will not wonder that I have apprehensions."

"No—it is natural enough. I, too, have apprehensions, but they are for danger, as I have told you."

For some distance farther they walked on in silence, and at length de Mora asked:

"Have your present crew been with you long?"

"Most of them have been with me for over twenty years."

"So long as that?" uttered Francis, in surprise.

"Ay. They, like me, were proscribed because we lifted the standard of liberty in the mountains."

"I have heard of that. My father was of the number. There were some put to death then."

"So there were," returned Hildebrand, with a shudder. "The Spaniard hung forty of those who spoke for freedom. Then most of the others bowed their necks to the yoke; but an hundred of us fled to the seashore. We had money enough to build a vessel, and having equipped her, we set forth against Spain upon the sea. My life since then has been a checkered one. I have had many narrow escapes from Philip's ships, but thus far I have braved the tyrant. Now, in my old age, if he will cry me quits, I will henceforth let him alone. I might have done this long ago—I might have done it when I found that my countrymen would not rise for freedom; but then I could not, for I was like a hunted beast. My life, and that of every man with me, would have been taken. Now, however, I may make an honorable treaty of amnesty and peace."

The sun was now half way to its meridian, and having reached a small spring, the two men sat down to rest themselves. They were in a deep valley, which seemed shut in on all hands by high hills, and the sides of which were mostly grown with wild fig and olive. They had been sitting by the spring some ten minutes, when they were both started by the sound of a horn near at hand. The echo was so quick and distinct that they could not guess at the direction from which the sound came, but they sprang to their feet and quickly gazed around.

"There's danger here!" uttered Francis, as he instinctively rested his hand upon his sword-hilt.

"Perhaps so," returned Hildebrand, drawing his own sword from its sheath.

In a few moments more the horn was again heard; but this time the echo was cracked and broken.

"What an echo," said de Mora.

"There were two horns there," returned Hildebrand. "Ay," he quickly added, "and three! By Saint Paul, they are all about us!"

"Then let us bestir ourselves. If they are enemies we may hide."

"Perhaps they see us now. Hark! There is the sound of horses' feet. They are nigh at hand, too."

"There is one of them!" cried Francis, pointing in the same direction in which their course lay.

The horseman thus pointed out was some twenty rods distant, and the moment he saw the two travellers, he pulled up his rein, and blew a shrill blast upon his horn. The peal was answered by many others in different directions.

"There is no flight, surely," said de Mora, as he drew his sword.

"No—nor will there be use in fighting," added Hildebrand, as he saw his companion's movement. "If there be a score of them, as I suspect, and they be after us, then we shall make a sorry hand at defence. It will be safer to surrender."

"And be taken to Palermo!" uttered the young man, with a cold shudder.

"Yes."

"And be given into the hands of the cardinal?"

"Yes."

"Then it will be a sure step to the tribunal; and who ever came forth from there with life?"

Before Hildebrand could answer, half a dozen horsemen had broken through the surrounding thicket. They were government soldiers, and among them was an officer. Shortly there were more of them came up, and among them the buccaneer felt sure that he recognized the three whom he had seen upon the island of Levanzo.

"What ho, there! who are you?" cried the officer, as he rode up to the spring.

"Travellers," returned Hildebrand.

"Ay, and heavy ones, I ween. Ha! Signor de Mora, you here?"

Francis recognized the officer as one whom he had often seen in Palermo, though he knew not his name.

"I am after a man called Hildebrand," continued the soldier.

"That's him," shouted a man who had just come up.

It was the peasant who had scuttled the brig.

"Ay—I am Hildebrand," returned the buccaneer, seeing that denial would be useless. "Now what do you want with me?"

"You must go to Palermo with me," said the officer.

"Then I suppose I had better submit at once, for you count up too strong for resistance."

"You will be wise, certainly, not to put us to the need of force."

"But you have nothing to do with me," said de Mora.

"O, yes, signor. I received a courier this morning, direct from the city, and you are wanted."

"By whom?"

"The cardinal."

"And did the cardinal send for me, too?" asked Hildebrand.

"I think not," answered the officer. "You have to thank some good monks for your share of our attention; though I think you are meant for Ludovico's hands in the end."

Hildebrand's hands trembled in his eagerness to get hold of the peasant, but that worthy individual kept well out of his way, and it was best for all concerned that he did. Both the prisoners gave up their swords, and without resistance they allowed their arms to be pinioned behind them.

This, to the buccaneer, was a hard thing, and he felt the hot blood rush to his face as the bonds were placed upon him; but there was no help for it. Francis de Mora showed the most emotion under the operation, for his soul was filled with deadly fear. He thought not of the disgrace of being bound, but his mind leaped forward to the dread tribunal before which he was sure he should be brought.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BIARRITS AND VICINITY.

On this and the next page, we give a series of engravings, giving first, the costume of the women of Bayonne; second, a general view of Biarritz, Atalaye and the entrance of the fishers' park, together with the coast of Spain, and a representation of the old port of Biarritz. Biarritz, in the district of Labour, and but a trifle over four miles from Bayonne—the picturesque costume of whose women forms the subject of our first engraving—is a maritime town, to which its baths give an importance, though its population is only two thousand. It is thrown on the banks of overhanging rocks, about one hundred and thirty feet above the level of the sea. The very deep sinuosity described by the coast at this point amasses the waves and tides which mount very high in this rocky gulf, and dash against the reefs with thundering noise. But then this tumultuous strife has the advantage of producing and keeping up a light breeze which refreshes this treeless and barren coast. In the course of time this furious and continual war has formed numerous excavations, of which the largest, forming a half-circle of thirty-six or forty paces diameter, with a height of eighteen or twenty, has received the traditional name of the Chamber of Love. It is the sad story of the shepherd, Oura, and the shepherdess, Edera, who were driven by the rising tide into this cavern, which gave it its poetic name. The sea, heating the rocks, has formed other cavities, called the Baths of Love. A true Temple of Venus is this fine country of Labour. The Baths of Love, like the Chamber of Love, are dangerous to those who dare confront the fury of this terrible gulf of Gascony, and we are told of numerous young and beautiful bathers who have been carried off by the reflux in spite of the devotion of the holdest swimmers. People will frequent it, notwithstanding these sad legends; but it is prudent to avoid the Baths of Love, and to keep to the safe and commodious beach of the old port—see engraving—a little creek furnished with boats and all bathing materials, and means of saving too venturesome, or too feeble swimmers. Here, everybody bathes promiscuously; and it is amusing, on certain days of the week, to witness the arrival of numerous caravans of Bayonnese, who come to participate in the pleasures of the bathing season *en caçolets*—that is to say, on mulets carrying double saddles, on each side of which is placed a chair or a stool to accommodate the traveller and the driver; as to the weight, it is balanced by adding ballast to the lightest side. Here are the carriages of Bayonne, where they are found stationed at the corners of the principal street or square; and it is proper to say, that the drivers are commonly young and pretty Basque girls, which adds not a little to the original charm of these easy vehicles. For a number of years the beach of Biarritz has been in possession of a well-deserved reputation. The bathing establishment is not fixed there, but the bay of the old port is preferred. There, the beach is softer, the water less agitated, and high, natural walls protect this point against the east and north winds. The air is always warm, and in tearing yourself from the embraces of the sea, you have nothing to fear from those sudden transitions from hot to cold, which often more than neutralize the effect of the bath, and require laborious reaction. A well-organized party of men are employed to follow the bathers, and to aid them on the first alarm, so that no disaster is possible. Under the eye of excellent swimming-masters, who watch over the security of all,

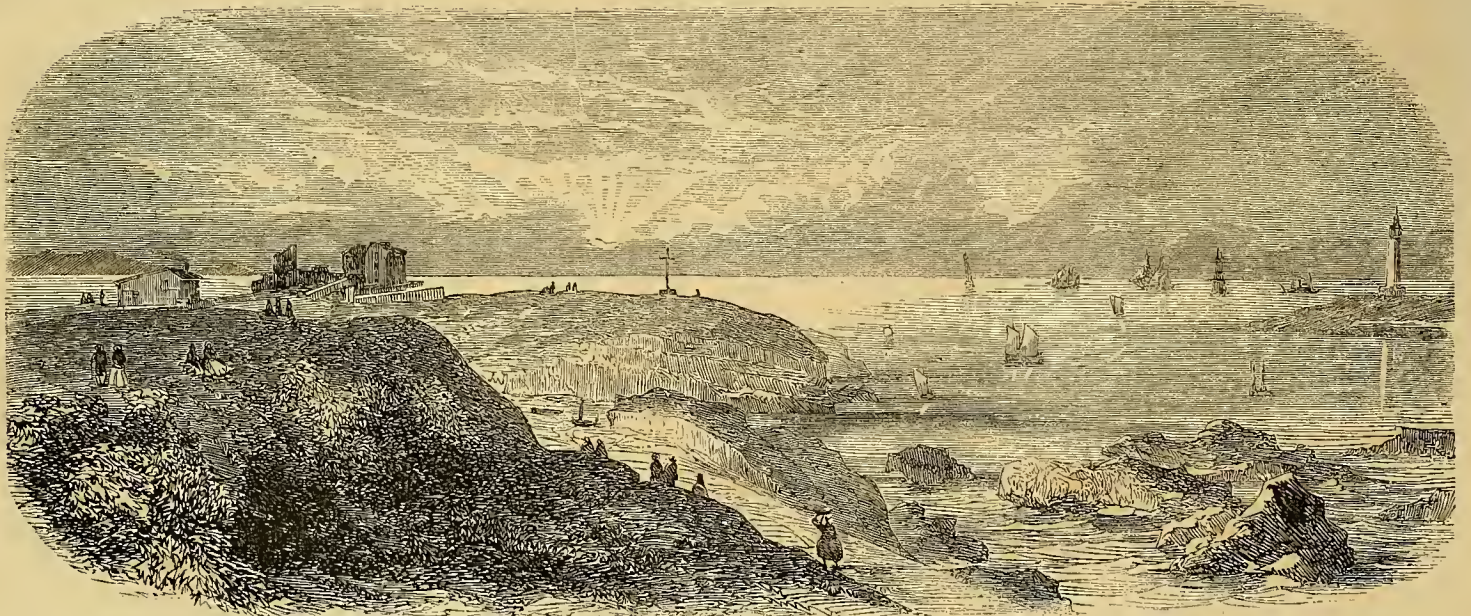


COSTUME OF THE WOMEN OF BAYONNE.

even a child might yield to the caresses and rocking of the waves. In the flanks of the rocks at the old port, spacious and commodious roads have been cut, which command views of the town, the sea, the beach, and the Doric colonnade of the vast establishment of hot-baths, situated opposite and a short distance from the principal bathing-place. On following the path to the right, you arrive by an insensible slope to Atalaye—the cape, finely depicted in our engraving—whence the eye embraces the whole of an immense panorama. On one side, the revolving light which crowns the point of Saint Martin of Biarritz, the mouth of the Adour, the flotillas of fishing-boats, all tall masted vessels, going seaward, and the coast of Marecien, which seems to blend the horizon with the sea; on the other side, and to the left, the downs of Bidart, the pretty village of Gaethary, whose white houses are arranged in amphitheatrical form, Sora and its battlemented tower, Fontarabia and the whole coast of Spain; at its base the waves dashing on the rocks and falling back in cascades, and before you the vast Atlantic. On the side opposite to Atalaye extends a superb beach covered with fine and soft sand—the resort of accomplished swimmers. Here they sometimes engage in rash strife with the tempestuous waves; but the directors of the baths have redoubled their cares and precautions on this special point, to obviate all danger. Shallops, each manned by full crews, are continually cruising from point to point, all ready to pick up imprudent bathers who trust too much to their own strength, or get astray in the rollers. On the other side of Moulin are many basins, where persons not expert in the art of swimming can

flotillas of boats and barks, larger and smaller, returning from, or going upon, their adventurous fishing voyages. The picturesque huddle of the arrival and departure presents artists and amateurs with an inexhaustible source of observation; since, after all the studies, sketches, drawings and paintings of this kind, it is not yet exhausted. The evening, commenced on the beach, ends at the hull or concert. On this coast there is any amount of legendary lore. The people here deal in legends, as they do in relics of the *grand armée* at Waterloo. There are some touching all the cavities, all the points, and all the reefs of the shore. Altogether, it is a spot that the traveller who finds himself near should not fail to take time to visit and examine, if only to acquaint himself with some of the quaint stories he is sure to hear from the legend-loving race who people the spot. But let him be warned not to receive them with too much credulity, as they too often border upon the impossible to challenge more than a good laugh over the simplicity of the narrators, who have delivered themselves of them so often as to have become firmly convinced of the truth of these stories, oftentimes of their own fabrication. As a healthful resort for the invalid, beyond a doubt, the locality possesses peculiar and desirable attractions. It is a sort of Saratoga; only to make the similitude, this delightful inland American watering-place should be transplanted to Lynn Beach or Newport. But the annual visitors to this European summer resort hear much the same relation to continental society, as does the society of Saratoga to the northern and southern States of this Union. This series cannot fail to possess great interest to our readers.

bathe without any danger. Biarritz during the fine season, is of course a cosmopolitan congress of celebrities of all sorts, standing out, in the manner of portraits, from a background of numerous nobodies. There is no watering-place which cannot boast, on an average year, of more than four dozen lions. Eminent social characters are more subject than plebeians to "all the ills that flesh is heir to." *Ferit sublima fulmen.* But what imparts a peculiar character to Biarritz is the fusion of French and Spanish nationalities, with a few amiable young ladies embroidered on the mass. Without speaking of characters from the neighboring departments and Parisians, a rare species, you find there the Bearnaise, with his brilliant and keen eye, his expressive and intelligent face, the Basque of Quiruzcoa, prompt and easy, a true descendant of those brilliant Cantabrians, who long sustained a deadly combat against the Roman eagles; Catalonian, Navarrese, and a host of other beauties, blonde or brunette, with blue or black eyes, milk-white or swarthy hue, among whom the humble *grisette*, the Bayonnese, holds an honorable rank, and justifies the reputation of her race, among whom ugliness is a phenomenon, and grace and elegance are found in every street. Our first engraving gives an idea of the beauty and grace of those fascinating girls. Conversation rooms occupy the first story of a hotel recently built on the principal square. Here you find newspapers, pamphlets, publications of all kinds, romances, musical instruments, etc. Although the coast of Biarritz is very barren, as its geological formation explains, it does not appear that the west wind is an insurmountable obstacle to cultivation. Experiment has shown the contrary. One of the greatest contemplative recreations of life at Biarritz is, in addition to the sight of the ocean—a spectacle eternally changing, in spite of its apparent monotony—that of the



BIARRITS, ATALAYE, AND THE ENTRANCE OF THE FISHER'S PARK.

A CHINESE DINNER PARTY.

When a Chinese invites to a ceremonious dinner, a large, red paper is sent several days before the time. On this is written the invitation, in the politest terms of the language. On the day before the feast, another invitation is sent to the guests, on rose-colored paper, to remind them of it, and to ascertain whether they are coming. Again on the next day, a short time before the hour appointed, the invitation is repeated to inform them that the feast is prepared and awaits them. When the guests are assembled, the first thing presented is warm almond milk in large cups. Every table is served with exactly the same food, and the same number of dishes, at one and the same moment. Only four or

the centre for a cup, about the size of a breakfast cup. The dinner now commences, and all the wine cups are filled with *seu henp-tson*—a weak, acidulated liquor, distilled from millet seed, and is always drunk hot—and the master of the feast rises, as well as all the guests; he holds the wine cup in both hands, saluting them with it, after which they all drink together, and sit down again. A cup with hot food is now served in the centre of every table. After the first course has been finished, the upper table is removed, and the table remaining is spread with spoons, wine-cups, chop-sticks, vinegar, soy, and sweet sauce, with some plates of sliced radishes, pears, oranges, and various other fruits and vegetables, placed before each person; and all the large fruits are

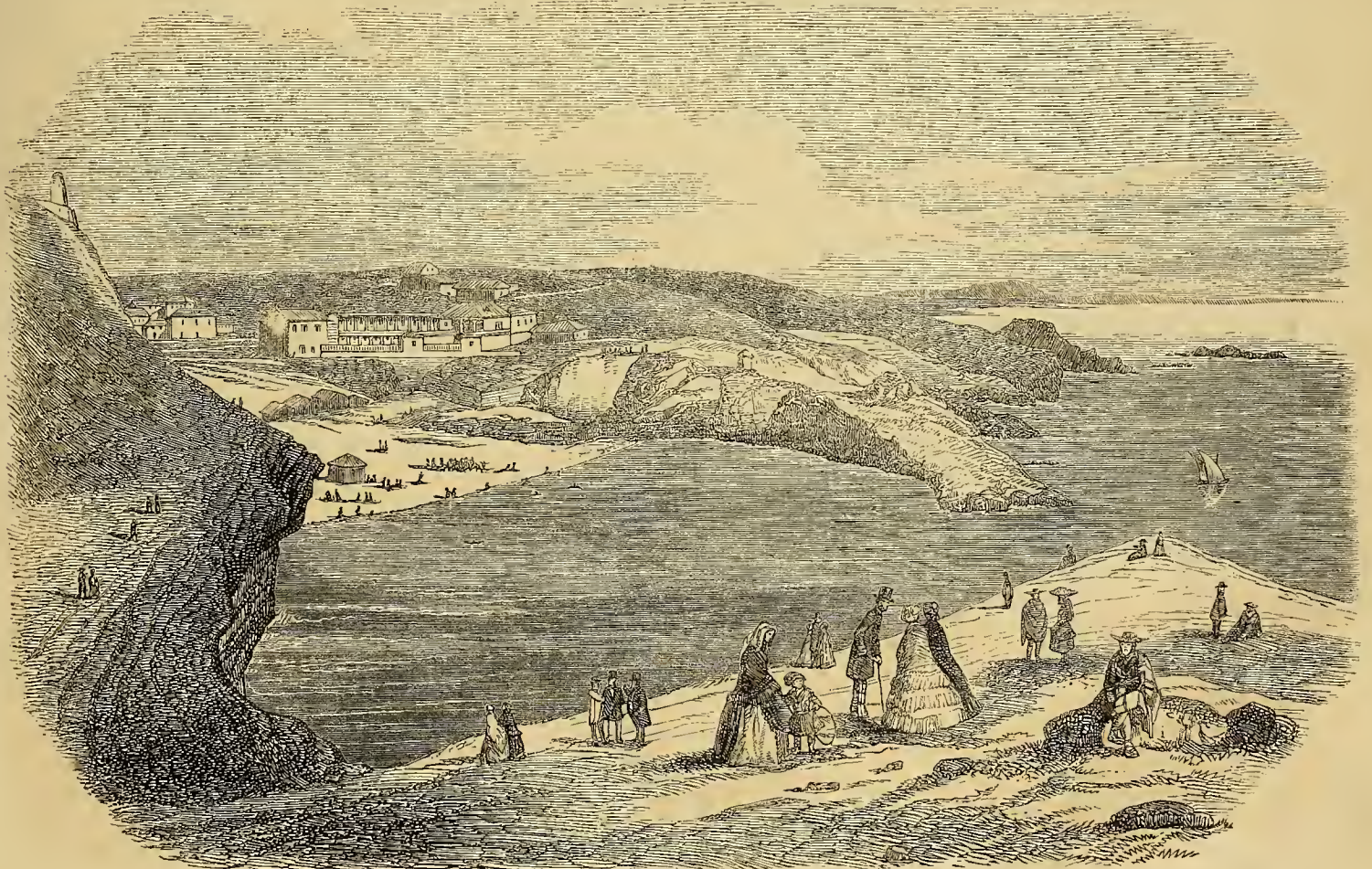


GENERAL VIEW OF BIARRITS AND THE COAST OF SPAIN.

five persons sit at each table. In very fashionable houses not more than two or three. The tables are mostly made of polished ebony, or Surat black wood, and double; for, as they use no table-cloths, the upper table is removed, with all that is on it, at the end of the first course, to give place to the second. For the end of the first course, the tables are laid out with chop-sticks, wine-cups, china ware, or enamelled spoons or stands, and two little plates, with fruits, nuts, etc. Several small, cold dishes, such as dry salted fish, shred fine, and made into salad, with mushrooms, etc., are spread over the board, only leaving room in

sliced, as well as the vegetables. While the second course is preparing, those who are tired of sitting, rise and walk about the room. The second table being prepared, the guests are all seated again, when bird's-nest soup—the most expensive and the greatest delicacy a Chinese can offer—is served up, with pigeon's or plover's eggs floating upon it, to each person. When entertaining any of the high constituted authorities, the master puts the first dish of the second course on each table himself, as it is brought in by the servants. After all, tea is served up in covered cups, as before described—on the leaves, and without milk or

sugar; and thus closes the entertainment. On the day following the feast, the host sends a large, red paper to each of the guests, apologizing for the badness of the dinner; and they answer him on the same sort of paper, expressing in the most exalted and extravagant terms the pleasure and unbounded satisfaction his feast has afforded them. The pigtailed nation in everything are unlike any other people, though doubtless under all this show of politeness is hidden an equal amount of duplicity and dissimulation as can elsewhere be found. The Chinese customs evince much that is hollow-hearted in their social relations.—*Tour in China.*



THE OLD PORT OF BIARRITS.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

HOPE.

BY JOSEPH B. EULLER.

Sweet day-star of the heart! thou light divine!
Immortal Hope! he thou forever mine!
Shine out refulgent on my sinning heart,
Nor ever may one risen flower depart!
Though pale they are and fragile, let them bloom,
Abiding ever amid sun and gloom;
Unbar the spirit's light, and bid it roll
A tide of sunshine round the darkened soul!

The shipwrecked sailor, clinging to the mast,
Looks to thy star, and parts with thee the last;
The weary pilgrim, on the desert wild,
In danger's hour has looked to thee and smiled!
Thy glorious presence cheers the dying bed,
When human aid and every friend has fled;
On stormy seas—in battle's bloodiest hour,
Bright hope o'er human hearts extends its power!

Should life's frail bark amid the storm be lost,
And hapless thou on sorrow's waves be tost,
Hope on—and while a floating plank abides,
Hide thou thereon in triumph o'er the tides.
The storm may pass—the darkness turn to day,
And gentle gales may waft thee on thy way;
Some guardian angel ever lives above,
For faithful souls—the messenger of love!

Trust not in self alone, but look on high,
To man's almighty Friend—the Deity!
When every aid and earthly friends are past,
Lord of all good! let hope forsake us last!
On death's black clouds O may her bow of light
Shine out, and smiling, bless our closing sight;
Herald of peace! may it to us be given,
To cheer the faithful spirit on to heaven!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

GRATITUDE:

—OR,—

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE.

BY HENRY WM. REINHART.

It was as sweet and beautiful a summer's night as ever shone out of the blue and cloudless skies which overhang the fair regions of the western continent. The vast, stainless vault, without one speck or fleecy of wandering vapor to tell of its connection with anything of earth or earthy, seemed one immeasurable vault of lapis lazuli, so dark was the lustre of its cerulean blue; while myriads upon myriads of bright stars, and brighter planets, gemed the expanse, incomparable to any other than their own deathless splendor. Full-orbed and round, the powerful moon careered among them; and who could doubt, as he gazed on her wizard circle, that she might well possess the sway which chains the mighty ocean, and shakes the majesty of man's immortal reason!

One of those nights it was, on which it needs but a little to permeate the imaginative mind, as the eye gazes upward through the unfathomable air to those great lights which may be other worlds, or suns dispensing life to other systems, or thrones meet for the angels and archangels of the Lord, that the dull mortal ears can catch the echo—faint, but celestial—of that everlasting hymn which the stars sing rejoicing in their courses, and glorifying the Creator.

But there was in reality no sound abroad but those sweet voices of the summer, which fill the ear of man with hopes so calm, and promises so cheering—the faint and breathless rustle of the fresh green leaves in the dewy air—the low plash of the distant river—the notes of the nocturnal insects revelling in the coolness of the time, and chirping gleefully—staunch tipplers as they are—over their pure dew goblets.

It was already growing late, and the gay crowds were turning homeward, which had been sauntering for hours in the enjoyment of the blithe summer air and the pleasant breeze from the water, along the farther banks of the fair Schuykill, forgetful in their own not all unselfish happiness, that in that very hour, in the near city, there were weak mothers pining in silent grief beside the couches of their perishing babes, and husbands—strong, resolute and fearless men—hanging in utter desolation over what, but an hour since, was the light of their eyes, the treasure of their souls, the one hoarded hope of their lifetime—what from henceforth is nothing but a lost memory, a never-ending anguish!

Yes; they were turning homeward—fathers, with happy children by their sides; and matrons leaning on the arms of those who had grown old year by year with them, that neither had perceived the gathering wrinkles, nor the snows whitening the once dark hair; and maidens hanging upon those to whom their troth was that day pledged; and old men, frail, bowed and tremulous, yet calm and cheerful, with troops of attentive friends, children, and children's children around them. Hopeful and contented, all looking forward to the dear home circle, to the gay evening meal, to the fond welcome of the low, glad laugh and sparkling eye, with which, the poorest but is richer than a prince's dwelling; without which, home is but a barren waste, a solitude, a desolation!

Yes, they were turning homeward—the river road had already become nearly silent, and almost deserted. For a while longer, a few scattered groups of men might have been seen hurrying along, walking fast, talking aloud and eagerly, as if afraid of being belated; and still, after all these had disappeared, and none other followed them, a few individuals went rapidly along towards the

bridge. And then, all on that side the placid stream was night and nature; while, on the other, lamps were lighted, and illuminated windows glistened, and merry sounds came floating over the stream, laughter, and strains of music, and now and then a song, the outpouring of some heart too happy to be silent.

For there are many such in this world—ay! many, many such! There is much happiness, if men but knew when they possessed it, and could but rest content with that they have, nor lose both that and peace by striving onward still to that they know not of. Yes, there is much, much happiness—alas! that they who are the best enjoyers of it, should forget so often what they do enjoy; should forget so often that there is much woe, much agony, much despair likewise!—that there be many broken spirits, of the poor, whom but a little aid, a small sprinkling from their fountains of abundance might relieve, and perhaps raise from infamy and crime, to good report and virtue—that there be many broken hearts, of those apparently above the wants of life, to whom a little sympathy, a few kind words, perchance even a single smile, were as a springing well in the desert: full of renewed life and consolatory promise.

Indeed, there is much woe; and whether of the two, happiness or sorrow, predominates in the mortal scale, He alone knoweth, who keeps so accurately the account, that not one sparrow falls from heaven without his holy will, by whom the very hairs of your head are all numbered—and who hath declared that to those who mourn he will make rich compensation, and that those who have done good unto one of the least of these his brethren, have done it unto him, likewise.

On that fine summer's night, there sat a girl beside the river's bank, on a little space of green turf that intervened between the sandy road and the abrupt descent to the water's edge, partially screened from sight by a clump of evergreen junipers. She sat there when the first groups strolled forth to take their evening walk, after the heat and burthen of the day were done; and she sat there still, when the last straggler had returned to his own quiet hearth to eat, drink, and be merry, and to lie down, it is too likely, without returning thanks to the Giver of those means and that merriment.

She was a girl, a very young girl, not seemingly above sixteen or seventeen years of age, perhaps of the lower classes, for she was plainly and poorly, but very neatly, clad, and perfectly clean and tidy in her garments, which displayed not one stain or rent, though many dams and patches. An old straw bonnet, with a ribbon of faded blue—a remnant, perhaps, of better days, for it was of a fine material, and a shape that had once been fashionable—lay on the greensward by her side, and near it, a weather-bleached shawl that had, in bygone days, been rich and costly. Her head was uncovered, except by a profusion of soft, Auburn hair, hanging loose over her neck, and even hiding much of her face, in long, natural ringlets, such as a duchess might have coveted. And, as she leaned her brow disconsolately on one thin, white hand, its elbow propped on the listless knee, with all her graceful form, relaxed, as it were, by sorrow, and drooping like a faded flower, it is scarce possible to conceive a picture more full of simple pathos, more indicative of soul-depressing sorrow, more suggestive to the feeling heart of sad and pitiful imaginings.

Yet, as she sat there from dewy close of eve till now, when the night was waxing towards its noon, though hundreds had passed by her—young, artless maids and joyous children—and contemplative, ay, and self-styled religious men—yet few had noticed, and none pitied her. Soon after the sun set, a knot of wild and thoughtless youths, who had been drinking at some of the pot-houses lower down the river, attracted by the elegance of her form, and perhaps yet more by her unprotected situation, had strolled down from the road and formed a circle round about her, and harassed her with rude questions and impertinent surmises, and some of them had even addressed terms to her such as he must be base-minded and brutal, who would utter to female ears. But it is probable, that they did so from that vague love of tormenting, which appears to be inherent to the worst parts of our nature, which prompts the child to persecute the insect, the youth to pursue whatever flies from him, the man to hunt down his fellow-man, whether in mart, or field, or forum. For, when they found that they could get no fun out of her, as they termed it—that she only looked at them with a calm, set eye, and shook her head without speaking, not daring, in consequence of the passing crowd, to offer any outrage, they passed on, and left her alone with her sorrow.

Several grave-eyed, austere-looking, elderly men, members of church congregations, looked at her attentively as they walked by, talking of markets, and the rise or fall of stocks, and frowned and shook their heads, and one of them whispered a surmise, "that she was probably no better than she should be"—as if, alas! nought mortal were so—as if he, the speaker, were anything but a mass of sordid money-loving and uncharitable hypocrisy!—and then another answered, that "the almshouse or the penitentiary was the only place for such cattle!"—and then, like the priest and the Levite, they passed by on the other side!

It was now nearly eleven o'clock, when the sound of horses' hoofs was heard coming down the road, and in a minute or two a young lady, dressed in a dark-colored riding habit, and wearing a man's beaver hat, came into sight, cantering joyously along upon a beautiful thorough-bred horse, accompanied by a gentleman a few years older than herself, and followed at a respectful distance by a well-dressed and well-mounted servant.

The full light of the moon shone into her face, as she rode down the narrow track directly facing its beams, and displayed all her charms as distinctly as clear daylight could have done; and she was indeed very beautiful. Taller than the common height of women, her figure, although slight and singularly graceful, was

fully rounded, and gave promise of voluptuous symmetry, when she should have reached the years of mature womanhood. Her face, which bore all the characteristics of extreme youth, was exquisitely fair, and regularly Grecian in its outlines, with large, soft, blue eyes filled with a sort of melancholy languor; her skin was as white as alabaster, with but the faintest blush of carnation on her cheeks; her lips, however, were fresh and rosy, and there was the dimple of an arch smile not infrequently playing about them, although the most general expression of her features was that of artless, confiding innocence, and perfect purity of soul. Her hair, of the lightest shade of bright and sunny brown, fell down, quite out of curl, in a profusion of rich, silky masses over her neck and the collar of her habit, and was contrasted exquisitely by the dark folds of the lace veil which drooped from her riding hat.

Aroused by the clatter of the passing hoofs from her sad meditations, the girl, who sat by the river's bank, started up suddenly, and as she turned her head quickly round to see who were coming, her face, too, fronted the moonlight. That was a beautiful face, too; but as unlike as possible to that which met its gaze—it was the face of one naturally a bright, rosy-checked brunette, though now sorrow, and suffering, and perhaps privation, had banished every vestige of bloom from the features, and every semblance of merriment from the pale lips. The large, dark, hazel eyes were full of a wild expression, timid and soft, yet shy as the glance of a young doe fresh from her native thickets, and there was a sad, painful meaning in the whole countenance—a vacancy, which yet was not altogether vacancy, for it conveyed the idea of many sorrowful and agonizing thoughts at work within, shaking the reason and bewildering the soul. The nut brown hair, which had been braided neatly over her low, fair brow, was all dishevelled, wet with dew, and tangled by the careless vehemence with which she had pushed it back, when it fell down over her eyes.

Such was the aspect of the girl as she encountered suddenly the eye of the young, happy lady, nursed in the lap of luxury and soft indulgence, and now high in the hope and promise of a delightful future to be spent fearlessly and without the touch of earthly sorrow in the companionship of him who now stood beside her, and to whom her young heart was pledged.

The girl spoke not, nor made any sign to show that she saw the passers-by, but stood and gazed on them with that wild, wandering glance which I have noticed, and which spoke, perhaps, of a mind far away from this world and its fleeting joys, or enduring sorrows.

There was, however, something in her whole attitude and air so meek, so touching, so despairing, that the young horsewoman drew in her bridle, and said in a low, silvery voice to the gentleman at her side:

"O, William, see—here is this poor girl yet, whom we saw as we were riding out. I am so sorry I did not speak to her then—but I will now. I will ask what ails her; it may be we can assist her."

"No, Fanny, no; on no account! You must not think of such a thing. She is a low, vile creature, and will probably insult you if you address her."

"I think not, William," said the gentle being, looking at her attentively, "she looks very miserable, but not bold. Besides, if she were rude, it will do us no harm; and it would hurt me very much, if anything should befall her of evil, which I could have averted and did not. I will speak to her."

"No, you must not, indeed. I say you shall not, Frances!" and he hid his hand on her rein as he spoke.

"Shall not! I do not understand you, Mr. DeLamere. That is a word that you have no right to use to me, yet, at all events. So now, be so kind as to remove your hand from my bridle; for seriously, I assure you that I will speak to her. Upon my word, sir, I believe you know her, and are afraid that she should divulge some secret. Let me go, I say; let me go—or I shall call Thomas."

"I will not put you, madam," said the young man, exceedingly annoyed by her manner, "to such straits as to call a servant to relieve you from the importunities of your accepted lover. Head-strong girl, that you are, do as you will; but be sure that you will repent it."

"I think not," answered Fanny Aston. "I do not think that I ever shall repent an act of common charity!" And with the word, turning her horse's head, she rode up to the side of the girl, and bending down from her saddle, she addressed her in sweet, musical, low tones.

"Tell me," she said, "what ails you, my poor girl, that you look so wild and sad, and that you sit here so late with the dew falling. Why do you not go home to your friends?"

The girl looked up into her face, as if bewildered by the voice of kindness, and it was a moment before she answered: "I have no home, lady, and no friends."

"How can that be—how can that be, if you are virtuous and honest?—and with that mild, gentle face of yours, I am sure that you must be both. How can that be, I say, in this country where every one that will work may have a home and plenty of all things?"

"I have no country, either, lady. I am a stranger—a poor English girl. Mother died years ago, and lies in a green churchyard of Merry Kent, and father brought me here—but, alas! he has lived but an evil life, and from bad has gone on to worse, till a week since he was sentenced to the state prison; and the lady I worked for till that time, would not employ a convict's child, and I can get no shelter, and my last shilling was spent yesterday, and they have turned me out of doors, and I have no resource but sin or death—and O, but the last is long, long coming—and, with God's help, the first I will never know."

"That you shall not—that you shall not—" cried the young

lady, hursting into tears of gentle sympathy—"that you shall never do, if your sad tale is true. At least, here is money that will procure you a bed and food to-night, and here is my card. Come to me early—as early as you can—to-morrow, and if you can show me then that what you tell me is true, I will take care of you. Now that you have money you can sleep, I suppose, where you did last night."

"Yes, yes, dear lady; yes, and—and—" but the revulsion of joy and gratitude was too much for her, and she burst into a flood of violent and convulsive tears.

"There, there," said the lady, stooping down again from her horse, and patting her cheeks kindly, "never mind thanking me—the tears will do you no good—but dry them up, and do not forget to come to me to-morrow."

And with a gay, gentle laugh, intended to re-assure the weeping girl, she shook her embroidered rein, and, giving her horse his head, cantered on lightly homeward.

"Well, nicely you are imposed upon," said the young man; "the artful mixx has fairly done you, with her story."

"I fancy not," she replied, gravely. "I have little doubt that to-morrow will prove that what she told me is quite true."

"Ha! ha! you ladies are vastly soft—softer even than I fancied," said the youth, sneeringly.

"Softer hearted, it may be, we are," said the girl, half-reproachfully. "And let me tell you, William Delamere, it is no reproach to a man to be soft-hearted, either—nor any proof of weakness, or cowardice, or unmanliness, but quite the reverse. O, hardness—hardness is horrible to me, whether it be of heart or head, of reason or of feeling—I cannot endure your hard people. And even if I have been imposed upon, what then?"

"Well, you have done no good, that's all, and enconr—"

"Yes, but I have—yes, but I have done some good. I have given myself, at least, a moment of sincere and not unworthy pleasure. And whether that girl be good or bad, she is clearly miserable, and I have, if nothing more, relieved that misery for a moment."

"Yes, by giving her the means of drowning it at the next grocery in rum."

"I hope not; but if it were so, even that is, I suppose, some temporary solace; and, though I would not knowingly minister to such a gratification, yet if she make the worst use of it in all the world, it will not be half so terrible a reflection to me, as that, by my refusal of a trifle from my superabundance, she had been driven either to sin or suicide."

"Well, Fanny, well—that is all very pretty; but we should never agree if we were to talk all night about it. So we had better say no more, but canter home; for it is getting late, and Mrs. Aston and your father will be uneasy, and perhaps fancy that you have met some accident."

"I am sorry—I am very sorry that we cannot agree—more sorry, Mr. Delamere, than words of mine can express."

"Mr. Delamere! mister!" repeated the young man, bitterly; "and it has come to this, has it—and all for a trull like that."

But his angry words were partially lost in the clatter of the hoofs on the road; at least, Fanny Aston made no reply at all, nor did any more words pass between the lovers, until they reached her home, when she sprang hastily down from her horse, and without giving him her hand, wished him good night, perhaps a little coldly, ran up the steps, as the door opened, and went in without waiting for an answer.

Early the following morning, the young girl came to the house of her gentle patroness; and it required but a few moments to investigate and prove the truth of her sad tale. The milliner, for whom she had worked during two years, vouched strongly for her character and her temper, and expressed her regret at having been compelled to part with her, not, as she said, owing to any feelings on her own part, but to the reluctance of her girls to keep company with the daughter of a convict. Farther inquiries were made at the house of the poor people where she had lodged, and they, bringing strong vouchers from the parish priest of their own respectability, asserted that she was the best, kindest and most honest girl they had ever known, and that it was their utter poverty alone, which had compelled them to exclude her from their miserable home.

From that day forth, poor Hannah Irvine knew no more sorrows; from that day forth, she was installed as lady's maid and seamstress to sweet Fanny Aston, and smiles now came back to her dimpled cheeks, and the wild, vacant gleam died away from her lustrous eyes.

Before the year had passed, her father died in the prison, penitent and happy, and looking forward to a better life in a happier world, where there are no temptations any more, nor sorrows. A few natural tears fell from Hannah's eyes, but they were soon dried up, for she could not but perceive that it was a merciful and gracious Providence, which had removed the old man, with his heart softened and amended, from a scene which must ever have been full of pain and mortification.

Another year was in its prime, when a new change took place in Hannah's destinies. One lovely summer's day brought an old friend—more than an old friend—a true and sincere and unforgetten lover, who had waited but the end of his parents' life to sell out at home, and follow her to another hemisphere, without whom he had found out that England was to him no longer Merry England.

Fanny was grieved at parting from the maiden whom she loved, but her gentle and unselfish spirit led her to forward, by all means in her power, the wishes of the girl she had preserved from misery, and perhaps from ruin; and, in a few months, Hannah and her husband left the vicinity of the city, for a rich farm on the banks of the Susquehanna. And though for a long time Fanny saw them no more, she often heard of the welfare of her humble

friends, and received tokens of their unchanged affection. Thus far, at least, she had no cause for repentance.

In the meantime, though she had been much affected and much disappointed, also, by the unfeeling manner of her lover, and by his too apparent worldliness, displayed at many times, and in various manners, yet Fanny Aston had forgiven him; and, hoping ever that she should soften down his hardness, and render him by degrees more charitable and kindly judging of his neighbors, had continued her engagement, loving him ever—unworthily as he was of such affection—with that deep, exquisite, all-trusting, boundless love, to which no earthly feeling can be compared, and which exists only in the souls of young and artless women.

Three years had flown since the time when they two had ridden out so joyously beside the green banks of the summer Schuylkill—three years and upward, for it was now November, and as dark and disconsolate an evening, as that other had been bright and glorious.

A heavy mist hung over the city and the country, shaken occasionally by the sluggish breath of a damp, chilling wind from the eastward; occasionally a few heavy drops of rain would come pattering down to the dank earth, and constantly the sere leaves were floating down, turning round and round in the stagnant atmosphere, like mortal aspirations, uncertain whether to sink or soar.

It was about ten o'clock at night, and the streets were now all silent and deserted, notwithstanding the earliness of the hour, so wretched and cheerless was the time. But, through the cold mist and pattering rain, there might have been seen the figure of a delicate and elegant looking girl, tastefully dressed, and in a garb not suited to the hour or the weather, hurrying towards the wire bridge, that spans the Schuylkill, at a pace singularly variable—now quick and restless, now slow and tottering and uneven.

It was no difficult thing to perceive that she was in a state of fearful mental perturbation, or bodily anguish, so acute as to disorder all the functions of the mind.

The lamps cast a dull and hazy light over the airy fabric of the bridge, but sufficed not to reach the turbid and sullen waters, which might be heard plashing heavily against the shores, through the dense vapors which filled the void above the river's level.

The sleepy watchman's eye fell carelessly upon the figure of the lady as she passed—for she was evidently of the upper classes—but he was too selfish and too indolent to look long after her, almost to wonder what she could be doing in that strange place, and at that most untimely hour.

She walked on slowly, and reached the bridge, and stood there for a long time leaning over the abyss, holding one of the wire ropes, and evidently absorbed in the deepest and most painful meditation. At last she raised herself up on the slight, fairy-looking net-work, which serves for a balustrade to the bridge, and still holding with each hand by one of the iron cables, was balancing herself over the waters just in the act to spring.

It was at this moment that a light, double wagon, with a couple of bright lamps burning over the fore wheels, drawn by a pair of fine, active horses, the brass plates of their handsome harness glittering merrily in the lamplight, came whirling up to the spot near which she stood.

In the strange and awful state of her feelings she had not heard it approach, and her first knowledge of the fact that her rash deed was about to have spectators, was derived from the sudden stoppage of the vehicle. She turned her head quickly round, so that her face, for a second's space, met the glare of the lamps, and was recognized by those within, as a shrill, female shriek and the sounds of her own name told her in an instant. But it availed not to stop her—fearful, perhaps, of interruption—perhaps bewildered and unconscious what she did, she let go her hold and sprang wildly out in the gloom.

"My God! my God! it is Fanny Aston! Jump over, Henry! jump over quick, man—you that can swim like an otter—and save her. I will drive over to the other side and get help—O, save her!" cried a sweet, female voice in tones of mortal anguish.

"I warrant me," replied a bluff voice; and an athletic, wiry-looking figure sprang out of the wagon, cast off a heavy overcoat, and, without hesitating or looking round him, bounded over the low parapet.

So quickly did the whole thing pass, that the splash of the falling girl was scarcely heard, before the heavier plunge of the strong man into the water rose on the night air.

The wagon was driven rapidly forward, but ere it had reached the gate house, a loud shout of "All's well!" from the water bore pleasant tidings to the ears of the wife and mother, who had sent out the husband of her heart to risk his life in that deed of gratitude and charity.

In less than a minute after she reached the farther shore, the strong and adventurous swimmer scaled the bank, bearing in his arms the frail, fainting form of wretched Fanny Aston.

Quick, quick he wrapped her in his coat, lifted her into the carriage, drove furiously away through a few short streets, stopped at the door of a small but gaily lighted and cheerful looking house, and, without saying one word, bore his sweet burden up the stairs, and into a neat bed-chamber, where kindly aid, and more than a sister's love, soon brought her back to consciousness and life. And when her eyes were again opened, it was to catch the eager and affectionate glance of that Hannah, whom she had once preserved from grievous peril, and who had now required that old debt by saving her even from everlasting death.

But what had brought about this sad and wondrous change? Reader, in a commercial world there may be many changes sad, but there be none wondrous. The wealth of Fanny Aston's father had melted away like snow before the sun, and he had been awakened from his dream of splendor and success, to find himself a

bankrupt and a beggar. Then was it very ill for him that he had lost his wife the preceding winter; for in distress and sorrow, what stay is there, what comfort to a man, what sure support against despair, like one word from the lips of her, whose price is valued above rubies!

But to him that voice spake not; in his prosperity he had not known God, and in his adversity he had no hope. His mind was earthly—his idols all of earth; and, they once lost, the mind itself gave way, and the late princely merchant lay in the squalid cell of a pauper lunatic.

Then, O, false heart of man! then, William Delamere not only sprang not forward to clasp his sweet bride to his heart, and wipe away her tears, and make amends for a father's loss by a husband's holy love, but—villain! villain! he dared insult her pure ears with treason—he dared offer to the girl, whom in her affluence he had wished to wed, the option of gilded sin—splendid dishonor.

Then, with her means of life all scattered to the four winds of heaven, her natural friends all gone, her trust in human nature broken and destroyed, her senses reeled, her religion failed her, her faith was too weak to hear up against that strongest of temptations—the temptation to end the heart-ache, and the natural ill the flesh is heir to. She was scarce rescued from perdition. But it is never all too late; and it may be that in that awful moment her deed of charity performed so near to that same spot was accounted gain to her—for had it not been for that one deed, body and soul, as we must believe, she had that night perished.

Those humble friends never forsook her; their house was her home, likewise. In their calm, happy home in the fresh country, the last days of her life passed happily and calmly; and when she died—which she did in a few short months, by a natural and gradual decay, sinking under no known disease, unless it be that which is called vulgarly a broken heart—she died in peace with all men, and in the hope, the reasonable hope, of everlasting bliss in heaven. And by the green banks of the Susquehanna, under a weeping willow, there stands a small and humble pillar with this brief inscription: "FANNY.—Never too late for Gratitude."

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

TO A TUFT OF EARLY VIOLETS.

BY JESSY MAT.

Welcome! sweet heralds of spring!
The gift of bounty rare,
Which April, in her caprice gives,
To dress the hillocks fair!

What though she dares, with shrilly voice,
Amid the hills to rave;
To check aspiring buds that faint
Would burst their wintry grave!

Yet here, a "very queen," all smiles,
The mossy turf she treads,
And softly whispers, "Lowly ones,
Lift up your trembling heads!"

With golden hearts that breathe of love,
And robes of Tyrian dye,
Ye, for the banquet-wreath of spring,
Have entered joyously.

In busy marts there is no place
To make your fragrant nest;
For there the pulse of stirring life
Knows neither peace nor rest.

Where rise the massive domes of stone,
And towers the lordly fane,
Nature's bright beauties ever seek
The sunny light in vain.

But here ye've room to lift your heads,
Mid lawns and sunny vales,
And have your tiny cradles rocked
By April's fitful gales.

Fair dwellers round my own dear home!
Emblems of tender thought!
Ye bid me with a mystic chain
Of hope and love, deep wrought!

Thanks for your blessed tales of home,
And for the truths ye teach;
I'll love ye still, where'er I roam,
While memory holds her seat!

HUMANITY.

If the boys were acquainted with the wonderful structure of insects, and of other animals low in the scale, they would never be found sticking pins into flies, or tormenting ants; nor, when men, would they treat those noble domestic animals, the horse and ox, with cruelty. The girl who has learned to derive enjoyment from observing the operations, and watching the metamorphoses of insects, who knows their history, and is conversant with their structure, habits, and curious economy, will mark those circumstances in animals higher in the scale; and ascending to her own species, will learn also the elevation of her own nature. As she grows up to womanhood, she will feel more intensely the delicacy and dignity of the feminine character, and resist with more force the temptations which always beset innocence, amiability, and inexperience, both from without and from within.—*New England Farmer.*

MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would seem almost as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we loved in life. Alas! how often and how long may these patient angels hover around us, watching for the spell which is so soon forgotten.—*Dickens.*

THE PASSIONS OF ANIMALS.

Spry and others state that the snake-catchers in the East Indies have the art of enticing snakes from their concealment, by a kind of song or humming sound; and Neale affirms, that he tamed rattlesnakes by music, and, however dangerous they might be, he completely subdued them; which is confirmed by Chateaubriand, who saw the anger of one of these reptiles completely subdued by the tones of a flute. Lenz, on the other hand, describes these as mere fables, as in no instance could he ever succeed in making any impression on a snake by music, but he cites the instance of a goose which followed a harp player whenever he performed. Bechstein says that mice are attracted by music, and Bettina noticed the same in running up the gamut. An elephant in Paris, within hearing of a concert, expressed, by its gestures, its pleasure at some pieces, whilst others did not affect it. Some dogs are singularly excited by music, and accompany it with a distressing kind of howl.

It is known to sportsmen that the deer and roe listen to music; and, according to Obsoville, monkeys are attracted by it, and exhibit very marked delight. Fish can hear very distinctly; carp distinguish the sound of a bell, and the voice of their keeper, when called to be fed, which the author witnessed at a pond that contained some carp of an enormous size, in the garden at Peterhoff, near St. Petersburg; a similar event is also mentioned with regard to the truck-fish, in the island of Mauritius. Guiana lizards are said to be enticed into traps by whistling to them. Birds are endowed with a very susceptible power of hearing; provided most wisely as a means of preservation, with regard to their peculiar habits. Obstructed as their sight must often be, by the intervention of long grass, they would otherwise become an easy prey; but the sound of a foot-step, or the snapping of a twig, excites their immediate alarm, and they ensue safety in flight. Some birds not only recognize the voice of their master, but distinguish its intonation, whether as coaxing them, or as calling them to feed. But however keen the faculty in general, song-birds must yet possess a much greater development; for they not only show an ear for melody, by raising and falling in their notes, but they will even pick up an air from a flageolet or an organ.

The mocking-bird of America is undoubtedly the most extraordinary proof of this faculty; for it will imitate as well the song and cries of other birds, as the sounds of different animals. Of all birds, the owl has probably the most exquisite sense of hearing. The mere examination of the outward part of the organ is sufficient to prove that fact with certainty. Dependent on it for its means of subsistence, as enabling it to perceive its prey in the shades of evening, when its sight, however piercing, can only enable it to seize the object, whose slightest motion announces its presence, it sails along on its noiseless, silken wing, exciting no alarm in other things, though it receives it from them. The portion of the ear of the mole assigned for the cognizance of sounds in the air, is less perfect than those which, deeper seated, receive the impression of any sound or vibration proceeding from the earth. The beaver has the power, when diving, to fold its ear backward on its head; and the water-shrew, for the same purpose, has three distinct flaps, which close the orifice, in the same manner that many diving and burrowing animals are furnished with flaps to the nose, by which they close the entrance to all injurious

bodies. The hippopotamus, which remains for lengthened periods beneath the surface of the water, is also provided with a valve-like apparatus. Hares and rabbits, which squat close on the ground, and which might be more readily discovered were any projecting point of their bodies visible, fold their ears flat backwards. In all, this sense is remarkably keen, and with horses it is only exceeded by that of the smell; they hear sounds and are restless long before the rider can perceive an animal or a human being in the distance. The carrier horses in Switzerland hear the fall of an avalanche, and warn their master of the danger, by their terror, and by refusing to advance, and even by turning in an opposite direction. The acute sensibility of this organ is somewhat obstructed by the bushy hairs which grow in the outer sheath, and thus horse-dealers can hear out from horses they have for sale, in order that sounds, striking on the nerves with greater force, may, by exciting the animals, give them a more lively appearance.

PARKINSON'S RESTAURANT.

In the accompanying engravings we give our numerous readers some most excellent views of the confectionary establishment of the celebrated Parkinson of Philadelphia. It is located on Chestnut street, above Tenth, and but a short distance above the Girard House. We could hardly do our hundred thousand readers a more acceptable service than to advise any of them, should pleasure or business direct them towards this beautiful city, by all means to call at Mr. Parkinson's fine establishment. It is one of the best and most extensive cafes in the United States, and travellers inform us that in no European city can this establishment in all its appointments be excelled. The building was lately the mansion of a very wealthy private family; Mr. Parkinson has completely remodelled its interior, besides adding to the eat wing a spacious and beautifully decorated store for the sale of ices, confectionaries, fruits, etc. In the main building there are a number

of apartments, all magnificently furnished, but the grand saloon for ladies is the chief feature of the first floor. Its walls are richly frescoed by those eminent artists, Haberstrook & Kaiser, and furnished with sumptuous velvet carpets, rich, costly gorges curtains, gorgeous mirrors, chandeliers, velvet sofas and chairs, marble and rosewood tables, and everything in perfect good taste and harmony. The garden attached, of which Mr. Devereaux has also given us a good picture, is filled with rare exotics, noble trees, shrubbery and flowers. A beautiful and classic fountain forms the centre, from which a jet d'eau is seen sparkling in the sunlight. In the rear of this part is a large building, fitted up expressly for gentlemen, as a reading and smoking room. Here may be found on file some of the best literature of the day—all of the London illustrated journals, the Critic, Leader, and Punch, together with our own periodicals of note, embracing Gleason's Pictorial, Graham's Magazine, etc. Mr. J. W. Parkinson is entitled to the honor of having under his charge a restaurant which cannot be excelled in any country, and well worthy of that fair and beautiful city, Philadelphia. The garden, as represented in the next page, is delightfully inviting; to the weary and famished; and our Philadelphia friends need never want for a cool and refreshing resort in the hot summer evenings,



PARKINSON'S RESTAURANT, CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Mr. Hartley, in the Isle of Egina, narrates that, passing by a flock of sheep, he asked the shepherd if he gave names to his sheep, and if they obeyed him when he called them by their names? He bade him call one; he did so, and it instantly left his pasturage and his companions, and ran to him with signs of pleasure and prompt obedience. Mr. Wilderspin says he frequently witnessed in Cumberland and other mountainous districts an illustration of the parable that the sheep knows the good shepherd's voice. When the sun is about to set, the shepherd's boy advances along the foot of a chain of mountains, and giving a peculiar call or whistle, the flocks which were scattered like spots of snow over stupendous heights, begin to move simultaneously, and collecting, as they pour down the steep descent, approach him in order, without leaving one solitary straggler. This power of memory is the source of obedience, discipline, and intelligence in animals, and enables man to direct the energies he has controlled. The lesson once taught, the training and submission once enforced, are never forgotten, and even produce new combinations of intelligence.

so long as this convenient and most agreeable cafe is open to receive them. The nearest approach to this excellent restaurant that we have chanced to meet with, is that of the famous Demonica's, in Havana, where nearly the same taste has been displayed. This is the nightly resort of the lounging young planters in and about the city, where they can smoke their regalias, and sip their *agras*, or flavored ices, with the utmost abandon—at the same time listening to the fine music of the governor's military band, which always plays throughout the evening in the grand plaza, hard by. We need hardly refer to the excellence with which our artists, designer, and engravers have executed these pictures; as to the artistic beauty all can judge; but as to the exactness of resemblance, to the spot and objects represented, our good readers in the City of Brotherly Love will judge for themselves. We have many more fine pictures in hand of Philadelphia and its immediate vicinity, which will be given to the patrons of the Pictorial in due time, as well as all other localities and subjects of general interest throughout the entire Union.

THE VARNISH TREE.

Few who are in the habit of either using or seeing the beautiful black Japan varnish which is so much admired for the elegant gloss it imparts, know whence it is obtained, or are familiar with the manner in which it is procured, and the unpleasant exposure attending the operation. It is the product of a tree which grows in both China and Japan. It is cultivated in plantations, and is so much improved by the treatment it receives, that a cultivated tree yields three times as much varnish as a wild one. The Chinese call the tree "Tel Shoe;" it has some resemblance to the ash, with leaves shaped like those of the laurel, of a green color and downy feeling. There is scarcely anything more curious about the tree than the common manner of propagating, which is neither by seed nor suckers. Early in the spring a small branch or twig is selected, about a foot and a half or two feet in length, and a ring of bark cut from it all round about half an inch in breadth. The wound is immediately coated up with soft clay, and a ball of the same clay formed around five or six inches in diameter. This is then covered up with matting to prevent it from falling to pieces, and a vessel of water hung over with very minute holes in the under part, sufficient to permit the water to drop slowly upon the ball, and keep it constantly moist. In the course of six months, with this treatment, the wounded edges of the bark shoot forth into the fibre-like roots, which form the more readily as the tree is still supported by the sap from the parent stock. When the twig has taken sufficient root in the mass of the clay, to support an independent existence, it is cut from the tree a little below the clay, placed immediately in the earth, and at once becomes a self-sustaining tree. When these are seven or eight years old, they are capable of supplying the varnish, which is gathered in the following manner: about the middle of summer, the laborers proceed to the plantations of the varnish tree, each furnished with a crooked knife and a large number of hollow shells, somewhat larger than oyster shells. With their knives they make numerous incisions in the bark of the trees, about two inches in length, and under each incision they force in the edge of the shell, which easily penetrates the soft bark, and remains in the tree. This operation is performed in the evening, as the varnish flows only in the night. The next morning they re-visit the trees, and find each shell either wholly or partially filled with varnish, which they scrape out carefully with their knives, depositing it in a vessel which they carry with them, and throw the shells into a basket at the foot of the tree. In the

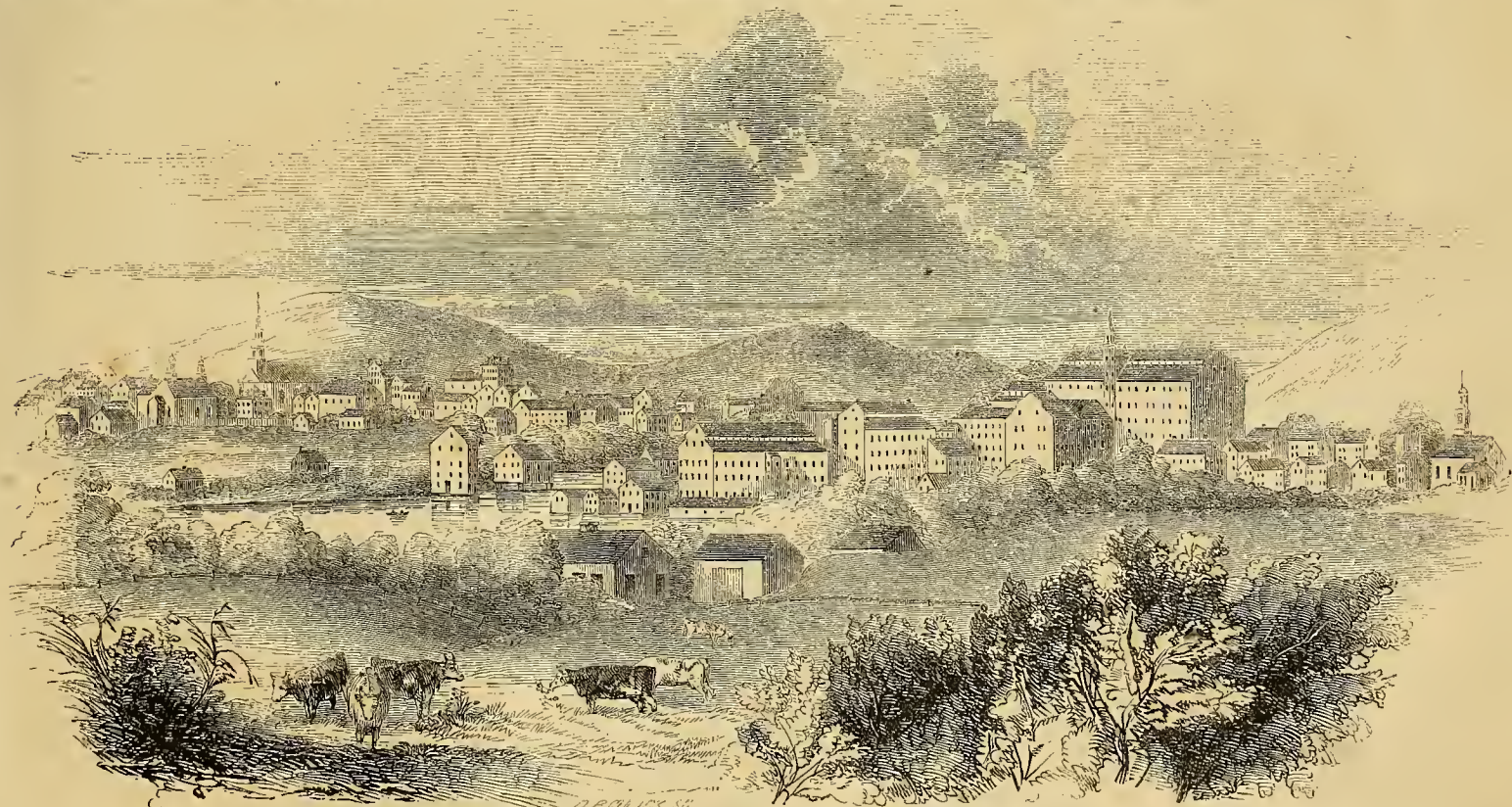


GARDEN VIEW OF PARKINSON'S CAFE.

evening the shells are replaced, and the varnish again collected in the morning. This process is continued throughout the summer, or until the varnish ceases to flow. It is computed that fifty trees, which can be attended by a single workman, will yield a pound of varnish every night. When the gathering is over, the varnish is strained through a thin cloth, loosely placed over an earthen vessel, and the little impurity that remains is used in physic. The natural color of the varnish is white, and it looks like cream, but it blackens on exposure to the air. A curious property in the varnish sometimes affects the workmen, causing painful eruptions over the whole body. As a preventive, they rub themselves thoroughly with oil and a decoction of herbs and bark, and keep the system free by medicine. They wrap their heads in linen veils when at work, leaving only the eyes open, and wear long gloves reaching above the elbows.—*Boston Journal.*

AMESBURY—SALISBURY.

We are indebted for the design of the following picture to D. W. Noyson.—Amesbury was formerly a parish in the town of Salisbury, under the name of Salisbury New Town. It took its name from a town in Wiltshire, England; and in the first records of the town it is written Amesbury. The town was incorporated in 1668; it is six miles in length, and three in breadth, and is divided into three sections: West Parish or Jamaica, the Ferry, and Mills. The Ferry lies at the south-east extremity of the town, at the junction of the Powow River with the Merrimac. Its name is derived from the ancient ferry which was established between this part of the town and Newbury. The river alters its course at this point from a northeast to a southwest direction. This was formerly the seat of considerable trade, and many large ships were owned in this place. Ship-building was also carried on extensively on the banks of the river, and some are still yearly launched. Shad and salmon are caught at this place, but are growing scarce now. The mills are situated at the north-eastern border of the town, around the lower falls of the Powow, forming a continuous settlement with the north-western town of Salisbury, on the opposite side of the Powow. The width of the river is about two rods, and is crossed by a number of bridges. There are five dams at the Mills, within a space of fifty rods; the aggregate fall of water is about seventy-five feet. The stream is rapid, especially in freshet times, when its descent over the falls presents a very beautiful scene. The stream is seldom exhausted; when so, Kimball's Pond is dammed up and converted into a reservoir. The canal which forms a communication between the pond and river is nearly an eighth of a mile in length. It has been built more than a century. A part of it forms a tunnel under a high hill, and is quite a curiosity. Water power in this place was applied to machinery at an early date. Jacob Perkios's machine for cutting and heading nails, which was invented about 1796, was first used in these towns. The town of Amesbury is hilly, and much of the natural scenery is of a picturesque character. The Amesbury Flannel Manufacturing Company, incorporated in 1822, with a capital of \$200,000, have two large factories in operation, one for the manufacture of flannels, and the other for satinetts. Salisbury is the oldest town in Massachusetts, on the north bank of the Merrimac, it being incorporated in 1640. It is a flourishing town. It has one cotton mill, and two woollen mills. About 700 hands are employed in the mills in both towns.



VIEW OF THE TOWNS OF AMESBURY AND SALISBURY, MASSACHUSETTS.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

A beautiful superstition prevails among the Seneca tribe of Indians. When an Indian ascends dies, they imprison a young bird until it first begins to try its power of song, and then leading it with kisses and caresses, they loose its bonds over the grave, in the belief that it will not fold its wings nor close its eyes until it has flown to the spirit land and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost.—*Gleason's Pictorial.*

Fly off, O beautiful bird,
To the home of the mourned and dear;
And whisper each tender word,
And tell of each heart-wrung tear.
And sing her a song so sweet,
The sweetest that memory sings;
And never rest on your feet,
Nor pause on your mounting wings—

But onward and upward speed,
Through the regions dim and grand,
Till the far-off stars shall lead
Your course to the spirit-land.
There, hovered in pleasant groves,
Where the souls of the blessed dwell,
The phantom presence roves,
Of the maiden we love so well.

You will know her by her eyes,
That are dark as the forest fawn's;
By their glance of glad surprise,
And their light like the morning dawn's.
You will know her by the grace
Of her motions, wild and free;
By her eloquent, child-like face,
And her form like the swaying tree.

Then bid to her gentle breast,
And closely nestle there;
Ah, happy! to be cared
By an angel so pure and fair.
She will take every fond embrace,
Each kiss we have warmly given,
And sigh for her dear native place,
Though she blooms mid the roses of heaven!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE TWO HOMES:

—OR—

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

BY MRS. S. P. DOUGLTY.

A more striking contrast could scarcely exist than between the homes of William and Henry Camden. United by the tie of brotherhood, in many respects of similar dispositions and feelings, both blessed with worldly prosperity, with affectionate wives and dutiful children, one could scarcely account for the difference which we have mentioned; for, from like causes, we generally expect like results.

But the more observing of those around them, particularly the old settlers of the pleasant village who remembered the brothers when they were lads, knew that there was one point of character in which they were very dissimilar, and this they maintained gave a coloring to every event of their lives. William was of a bright, cheerful temperament, always disposed to make the best of everything, and never discouraged, even when fortune seemed to frown; while Henry, on the contrary, seemed constantly anticipating evil, and embittered his days of prosperity by looking forward to some possible evil shrouded in futurity.

"We used to call them Sunshine and Shadow," remarked old Deacon Gray, as a neighbor made some remark upon the two brothers who had just passed the spot where they stood.

"And the name is certainly applicable to them now," returned the other. "I never saw a more sunshiny home than that of William Camden. His wife is just like himself, always cheerful and contented. His children are the most good-natured little things in the world; everything within and around the house has an air of comfort and happiness which it is perfectly delightful to witness. It always seems to me that the birds sing more sweetly and the flowers bloom brighter there than on any other spot in the village. But Henry's home is shadow indeed. He is a fine man, too, and his wife is a nice woman; but somehow they have such a melancholy turn. I cannot understand it for my part. I hate to see folks borrow trouble."

"It is not Christian like to do so," remarked the deacon, gravely. "We are told in Holy Writ that 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;' and it becometh not poor, short-sighted mortals like ourselves to take thought for the morrow, for we know not what a day may bring forth. Let us look to our present duties, and enjoy our present blessings, trusting the future to an ever-wise Providence."

Leaving the deacon and his friend to their sage reflections, we will at once introduce our readers into the homes of the two brothers. And first, let us take a peep into the pleasant little room where Mrs. William Camden was at that very time awaiting her husband's return. He was somewhat later than usual, and the little ones around her were clamorous for dear father, and indignant that Alice, the nursery maid, should have made her appearance with the usual summons to bed.

"What, go to bed without kissing father! No indeed. Kind mamma would let them sit up a little longer, would she not?" and one coaxing little cherub climbed upon her knee and enforced the request with a kiss, while another clung around her, and looked pleadingly in her face.

"A few minutes longer, Alice," was the reply. "Mr. Camden

will soon be here, I think, and if not, darlings, mamma will kiss you twice, and tell you a pretty story to comfort you."

The little group were gay and glad again, and ere many minutes had elapsed, a joyful shout from those stationed at the window told that the husband and father was in sight. In a few moments he was amongst them, enjoying and returning their caresses, and in no way disturbed by the clamor of their happy little voices; while the mother stood by gazing with delight upon the innocent happiness of her loved ones.

And soon all was hushed. The fond good-night had been said; each little head was upon its pillow, and the parents were left to the quiet enjoyment of the evening meal.

Ever alive to the slightest variation in her husband's feelings, Mrs. Camden had perceived a cloud upon his brow even while he mingled joyfully with his children. But with a woman's peculiar tact, she took no present notice of it, but cheered him with pleasing anecdotes on the passing events of the day, evidences of the improvement of the elder children, and funny little sayings and doings of the younger ones—trifling details, but amusing and interesting to the father's heart.

It was not until the meal was ended, the sleeping little ones visited, and they were once more seated in the quiet room where they usually passed their evenings in reading and conversation, that the wife alluded to the weight which she still saw was upon her husband's mind.

Mr. Camden replied at once with perfect frankness.

"Our business affairs look rather dark at present, dear Ellen; but, I trust, the cloud will soon pass away. We have, however, considerable reason for apprehending a heavy loss, owing to the failure of a house with which our firm is intimately connected. It will put us to much present inconvenience, and some retrenchment will be necessary in all our expenses; but I think all will ultimately go well again."

"I have no doubt of it," was the cheerful though sympathizing reply; "and there are many ways in which we can live more economically, if it should be desirable for a time. A little more exertion on my part would enable us to dispense with at least one servant; our proposed summer excursion can be given up; it is always expensive, and on many accounts superfluous, for we have an abundance of fresh country air in our own pleasant home. Indeed, I have no doubt that we can retrench to a very considerable amount, without experiencing the least inconvenience."

"If all women were like you, my sweet wife," replied the husband, affectionately, "we poor men should not so often be driven to distraction by trouble in our business affairs. A cheerful home is the greatest blessing a man can possess. Poor Henry has returned to his family this evening, completely bowed down with fear of approaching calamity. He can see no bright side to the affair. He is confident that ruin is inevitable. My most powerful arguments fail to convince him that a heavy loss, occasioning temporary inconvenience, is all we have to apprehend. His tender-hearted wife will sympathize with him most truly, but no cheering word will escape her lips; she, too, will take the same gloomy view of affairs. The poor children will go to rest with sad hearts and minds filled with undefinable fears of approaching evil."

Mrs. Camden sighed as she replied:

"I will step over and see Clara in the morning, and endeavor to induce her to look at things in a more cheerful light."

"That will pass even your power, I fear; but come, Ellen, let us resume the book which we commenced last evening. My mind is wearied by close attention to business through the day, and it will be a relief to read a few pages from our favorite author."

An hour or two passed pleasantly away, and then, refreshed and invigorated, the husband and wife sought repose. Their minds dwelt not upon the cloud which, for a time, might obscure their sky. In their evening devotions, they thought but of the many blessings which surrounded them, and prayed for willing hearts to impart these blessings to those who were suffering and needy. Trouble passed lightly over them, for within their own hearts they carried what the poet appropriately calls the stoutest of all armors. The keenest and surest weapon is a bold and cheerful spirit.

Leaving this sunshiny abode, we must beg the reader to return with us to the twilight hour, and accompany Henry Camden to his home. Here, too, the little ones were impatiently awaiting their father's return.

"Something must have happened to father," remarked Mary, the eldest of the children, with a wise shake of the head.

The child but echoed the anxious expression of the mother's countenance, as she gazed uselessly from the window.

"He never stays so late," she murmured. "There must have been some accident on their return from the city," and visions of fractured skulls and broken bones passed rapidly before her.

The children appealed to her for leave to remain up beyond their usual hour, but they were unheeded. Her whole soul was absorbed in the thought of approaching misfortune.

Judging from the appearance of her mistress, that the little ones would be better off out of the way, the nursery maid endeavored to enforce her demands, when fortunately the father entered.

The children sprang to his arms. He stooped to embrace them, saying, sadly:

"Good-night, my darlings; go with Betty. Father does not feel like talking with you to-night."

They obeyed quietly, but an expression of sorrow was visible in their innocent faces.

"Poor father is sick," whispered the youngest darling, as she pressed her lips to his cheek. "Lizzy will take care of him tomorrow."

The mother scarcely waited until the door was closed ere she

approached her husband, and with a tender pressure of the hand, exclaimed:

"My heart told me that something had befallen us, dear Henry; but I feared a personal accident to yourself. Tell me at once what is the matter."

"Our business affairs are in a most critical and alarming condition, Clara. I fear that utter ruin is impending."

Tears fell fast from Mrs. Camden's eyes.

"It will be hard to bear poverty," she murmured. "I think not of myself, dear Henry, but I grieve for you, my poor husband, who have toiled for years to place us in possession of comforts, of which we must now be deprived, and our children, how sadly they will feel the change!"

"It is indeed hard," exclaimed the husband, as he hurriedly paced the apartment, as if bodily motion would relieve the troubled state of his mind; "but there is no remedy, and we must endeavor to submit. William would persuade me that the case is not so desperate as I imagine; but it is useless to deceive myself with hopes which can never be realized. Better to look our troubles full in the face at once."

"Far better," rejoined his wife. "William always talks to us about looking on the bright side; but for my part I think it better to be prepared for the worst."

They seated themselves at the table, but the husband partook of the food which was placed before him, without relish, and Clara felt a choking sensation in her throat which prevented her from swallowing one mouthful.

The evening passed in mournful silence, and at an early hour, with sad hearts, they sought repose.

Morning found the brothers again at their post—the one invigorated and strengthened for whatever might befall; the other still more depressed and anxious.

At home the contrast was even more striking. With her usual motherly kindness and cheerful activity, Ellen Camden had prepared her elder children for school, provided suitable amusements for the little ones, superintended her domestic establishment, and then hastened to prepare herself for a friendly call upon her sister-in-law, anxious, if possible, to alleviate her fears, and prevent her from sinking into the state of despondency which she had witnessed on other occasions. Amid all her various employments, her mind was constantly with her husband, not with anxiety and foreboding, but with a more than common tenderness, and an earnest desire to impart peace and consolation should affairs take a worse turn than she had apprehended.

A short and pleasant walk brought her to the house of Henry Camden. She could not but think of her own pretty cottage, with its green blinds, its neat fences, the pleasant shrubbery, and the clustering roses and honeysuckles filling the air with their fragrance, as she approached the gloomy-looking mansion, where all embellishment seemed to be scorned, unless we except a weeping willow, or the deep green of the ivy which clustered around the front portico.

Four sweet children were playing in the yard, and they joyfully flew to welcome "Aunt Ellen," as she approached.

"How comes it that you are not at school, dear Mary?" she asked, as she affectionately returned their greeting.

A shade passed over the child's countenance, as she replied:

"Mother did not get us ready as usual. I asked her once if it was not school time, but she said that it made little difference now, for we should not be able to go to school long. Something is the matter of poor mother; she has cried all the morning, and father was very sad, too. I am glad you have come, Aunt Ellen."

"This is worse than I anticipated," thought Mrs. Camden. "I fear Clara has some affliction of which I am ignorant," and with ready sympathy, she entered without ceremony.

"Mrs. Camden is in her own room, ma'am," said the attendant. "I presume you can see her, although she had me tell any one that called that she was not well, and did not feel able to see company."

"I will go up to her room," was the reply; and the gentle tap at the door was answered by a request to walk in.

"Good morning, Clara. I am grieved to hear that you are not well this morning," was the salutation of the visitor, to which greeting a pressure of the hand and a shower of tears were the only response. "You alarm me, Clara. Has anything occurred of which I am uninformed? Your husband, is he well?"

"Alas, my poor husband! It is for him that I grieve most deeply," sobbed Clara. "Surely, Ellen, William has told you of our mutual misfortunes."

"He has told me that there is danger of a heavy loss in their business, which will, for a while, embarrass them, and render economy on our part necessary; but I do assure you, my dear sister, there is no cause for this extreme anxiety and alarm. If your husband is desponding, there is more need that you should be calm and cheerful. The cares and perplexities of the day are annoying, and the business man frequently returns with a clouded brow. How important it is that his wife should then meet him with bright smiles and soothing words."

"Surely we should sympathize with their griefs," was the almost indignant reply. "Would you have me smile when Henry is sad? My heart must be cold indeed."

"True sympathy, Clara, does not require that we take upon ourselves the whole state of the one with whom we sympathize. We may, indeed, enter deeply into his feelings, but if we would be mediums of consolation, we must endeavor to keep our own minds in a quiet, cheerful state, and, if possible, present a brighter side of the picture to him whom we are endeavoring to console."

"But here there can be no brighter side, Ellen. The prospect is, that we are penniless."

"O, no, no, Clara! not so bad as that; but even if we were,

we should be thankful that our husbands are still comparatively young men, with good health and undiminished energies, and that we ourselves are well adapted to any exigency in which we may be placed, being possessed of various talents and accomplishments, which would not only enable us to be useful to our children, but might add materially to our diminished incomes. I have an excellent opinion of your abilities, and no very mean one of my own, you see. So cheer up, my dear sister, and above all remember that our afflictions, as well as our blessings, are from a Father's hand, and are designed for the same great end. The loss of worldly riches dims not our hopes of eternal happiness, and while these hopes remain, is not the future bright before us?"

The better feelings and deeper principles of Clara responded to this appeal, and for a time she made some effort to rise above the grief which she had allowed to overwhelm her. Ellen remained with her for an hour, and then left her, with the satisfaction of knowing that she was far more cheerful than when she catered.

With her husband's return, however, the dark shadow returned also. There was no vigorous effort to raise him from the slough of despond into which he had fallen. A slight attempt at a smiling welcome was instantly checked by the despairing expression of his countenance.

A week passed before matters were decided, and then Henry Camden was forced to acknowledge the superiority of his brother's judgment. There was indeed a heavy loss, and some retrenchment was necessary, but they were still in possession of every comfort.

This removal of their worst fears did not, however, produce the relief which might have been expected. Every economical arrangement was viewed as a calamity, and trifling acts of self-denial, which, to the more cheerful Ellen, seemed scarcely worth noting, were to Clara subjects of mournful regret and constant annoyance.

But our design is merely to present to our readers a few striking instances of the contrast between the homes of Sunshine and Shadow.

Three years had passed, and the cloud which had obscured their worldly prospects had disappeared, and the brothers were even more prosperous than formerly. It was the birthday of the eldest daughter of William Camden, a lovely girl of twelve years, and a happy party were assembled in their pleasant parlors to celebrate the joyful day.

"Is it not delightful to look at the children?" said the fond mother, as, wearied with her exertions for the entertainment of her young guests, she seated herself by the side of her sister-in-law, who had been invited to accompany her own little ones on the occasion. "There is so much innocence in their joy, that it seems to bring us nearer to our heavenly home when we join them in their sports. I know no better cure for the heart-ache than to mingle with a group of merry children."

"But do no fears for the future ever disturb your mind while contemplating their joy?" asked Mrs. Henry Camden, as she stooped to kiss one of the joyful little ones who, at that moment, ran up to them for a caress. "For my own part, it often makes me sad to witness the wild merriment of thoughtless youth. How little they know through what dark paths their future lot may be cast. In riper years they may look back upon their happy childhood as a beautiful dream, which sometimes forces itself upon their minds in painful contrast with the stern realities of life."

"True," was the reply; "but who would instil a dread of the future in their young hearts? Confiding in the love of their Heavenly Father, we would teach them to receive, day by day, their daily bread, rejoicing in the sunshine, and regarding the storms with humble gratitude as messengers of their Father's love, purifying their souls from earthly dross. Surely we may rejoice with them, my sister, unchecking by the fear of evils shrouded in futurity."

Their conversation was interrupted by the approach of little Ellen Camden, Clara's youngest daughter, a lovely child of four years, leading her little cousin, a bright, manly little fellow, nearly a year younger.

"Look, mamma," exclaimed Ellen, "cousin Henry and I have come to sit by you and Aunt Ellen. We are tired now, and want to rest, and I have some nice sugar-plums in my pocket, and Henry shall have half."

They seated themselves at their mothers' feet, and laughed and chatted with innocent glee, as they divided the candy, and watched the sports of the elder children.

The two mothers bent over them with delight, but even then, a half-defined fear checked Clara's joy, and she whispered to her sister:

"There is one grief that we have never yet known, dear Ellen. Could we bear a separation from those precious ones?"

"Should our Father call them to himself, we will endeavor cheerfully to yield him his own," she replied; but a tear glistened in her eye as she pressed her boy to her heart, and bestowed an almost equally affectionate embrace upon the little Ellen.

One short week had elapsed since the birthday party, and the voice of mourning was heard in the home of Henry Camden. The loved one, the pet and darling of the whole house, sweet little Ellen, lay upon the bed of death.

Every means had been tried to abate the raging fever which scorched her life-blood, but it was in vain; no mortal power could save her. In her delirium, she called wildly upon her parents for comfort and aid, but alas! they responded not to the appeal. Overwhelmed with anguish, even their bodily senses seemed almost paralyzed with grief, and they appeared incapable of thought or action.

It was then that the more exalted faith and submission of the

scarcely less afflicted aunt shone brightly in the chamber of death. It was her kind voice which soothed the little sufferer, her hand which quieted the restlessness of delirium, upon her bosom the last sigh was breathed. The little one had gone home.

Gladly would Ellen have spoken words of consolation to the bereaved parents. Gladly would she have led them to turn from the mournful contemplation of their own loss, and think of that joyous little spirit freed from the fetters of earth, and now to be admitted to the heavenly mansion of light and love. But she felt that it would be vain. Clara could but shake her head, and reply in a voice broken by sobs:

"You know not the feelings of a mother's heart when the cherished one is taken from her. May God spare you the affliction!"

Alas! even while she spoke, the hour had arrived. A hasty summons from the home of William Camden called the mother to the side of her little Henry, who was violently attacked with symptoms of the same disorder which had ended the life of his cousin.

A fear of this had crossed Ellen's mind, for she well remembered how lovingly the two darlings had sat together at their feet, and even then the fearful disease must have filled the veins of the little girl.

With a sad heart she took the sweet boy in her arms, and gazed upon his altered countenance; but an earnest prayer for strength was not unanswered. Even amid the dark clouds which now encompassed her, she could see light beyond, and her heart was filled with a heavenly peace which earthly afflictions could not take away.

The father also, although deeply tried, bowed his soul in submission to the will of his Creator; and while watching unweariedly by the side of his boy, suffered not himself to endeavor to draw him back to earth, while the angel band were quietly withdrawing him to heaven. All human means were tried, and when these failed, the cherished little spirit was yielded without a murmur.

How different now were those two homes! In each there was a void. The bright faces and happy voices of the dear ones were missed by all. But in the one the darkness of the shadow of death still reigned, and every object was enshrouded in its gloom; while in the other, the heavenly sunshine had already beamed forth. Affliction had increased the affection of those who remained, and as they drew still nearer to each other, they felt that a new tie bound them to their heavenly home, and that the happy spirit of him who had gone before, called upon them to sorrow no more, but to look upward and rejoice with him in the light of heaven.

Our simple sketch is ended. May the lesson which we have endeavored to convey sink deeply into our hearts, and encourage us, amid the vicissitudes of life, to maintain a calm and cheerful spirit; never dwelling on the dark side which earth may sometimes present to our view, but looking up to the Source of constant and unvarying light. Then shall the sunshine of the soul illumine the external objects which surround us, and the dark shadows which too often obscure the happiness of our homes will disappear, like the mist of a summer's morning, giving place to peace, contentment and joy.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THRENODY

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. MILLARD FILLMORE.

BY CORNELIA J. ORME.

You have mourned in the forest stillness,
O'er the oak and the proud elm's fall,
And spread o'er the pine in its glory,*

The clouds as an earthly pall;
With the tramp of a nation's footsteps,
And the roll of the muffled drum,
The great, and the wise, and the mighty,
To their long, last slumber come.
But now for the flower faded,
Rise the dirges soft and low,
And the heart a sad requiem music
Keepeth time to the tear-drop's flow!
Ay! a flower, in prime of blossom,
Winning homage as a queen;
Yet meek in her bloom as the violet
That hides 'neath its leafy screen;
Soft may she rest with the buds she loved best,
Weaving above her their beautiful vest!

A favored one! the world bestowed
On thee full many a token;
And eager friendship twined thy heart,
Whose strings were yet unbroken.
A husband's fame, more precious far,
(What glory could be dearer?)
Reflected on thy sunny path
A ray than diamonds fairer!
But midst of joys unwithering still,
And honors borne so meekly,
He came—before whose hallowed breath
E'en love's strong arms grow weakly.
Yet should we mourn that thou hast won
A meed earth ne'er hath given?
Transferred from lofty halls below,
To loftier halls in heaven!

* Clay, Calhoun and Webster.

With a true wife, a husband's faults should be sacred. A woman forgets what is due to herself when she condescends to that refuge of weakness—a female confidante. A wife's bosom should be the tomb of her husband's failings, and his character far more valuable in her estimation than his life. If this be not the case, she pollutes her marriage vow.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

PARTING AND MEETING.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Like music in a reed, the light
Was shut up in the dim, wild night;
And 'twixt the black boughs fell the snowing,
The black March boughs together blowing,
Till hill and valley all were white.

The windows of the old house glowed
With the dry oak-boughs, burning brightly,
As in the old house burned they nightly;
So little cared they that it snowed,
The two my rhymes be of. If tears
Or shadows filled the eyes else lit
With sunshine it were best unwrite,
And all about sweet hopes and fears
Were best unaid, too. Tares will grow
In spite of the most careful sowing;
We find them in the time of mowing,
Instead of flowers, we all do know.

So it were better that I write
No wbit about the lady's sighing;
'T were better said she had been trying
To make it pretty for the night.
Ruds, white and scarlet in her hair,
And that the ribbon she should wear
Had sadly vexed her—not a hue,
Purple nor carmine that would do.

Or that the cowslips of the May,
Her little hand had freely given;
Nay, more, the sweetest star of heaven,
To gain a rose the more that day
For her sad cheek—so foolish runs
In all of us the blood of youth.
Ere wintry frosts or summer suns
Bleach fancy's fabrics, and the truth
Of sober senses turns aside
The images once defied.

It was a time of parting dread,
For middle night the cock was crowing,
The black March boughs together blowing,
The lady mourning to be dead;
And idly pulling down the flowers,
Tied prettily about her hair;
Alas! she had but little care
For any bliss of future hours!
That parting made the world all dim
To her, which ever way she saw;
I know not what it was to him
Belike, but as the gusty flow
That went before the husk—if so,
Hers was a doubly piteous woe!

And years are gone, or fast or slow,
And many a love has had its making
Since these two parted, at the breaking
Of daylight, whiter than the snow.

Again 'tis March! the lady's brows
Are circled with another light
Than of the burning oaken boughs,
That lit the house the parting night.
And they have met, the eyes so sweet
In the old time again she sees;
Hears the same voice, and yet for these
Her heart has not an added beat
If there be tremblings now, or sighs,
They be not hers—she feels no sorrow
That he will be away to-morrow;
Nor joy that bridal mornings rise
Out of his smiling—she is free!
O give her pity, give her tears,
By one great wave of passion's sea,
Drifted alike from hopes and fears.

SUPERSTITION OF THE FELLAHS.

Earth, air and water, in the East, are filled with spirits, evil or good, who constantly hold communications with mortals. The number of the evil ones, perhaps, predominates. Every day the fellah is liable to come in contact with them. If he stumble over a clod, he must take care to invoke the name of God in a form, otherwise he is sure to be possessed; and there is always a devil ready to leap down his throat in case he should happen to gape. He dare not, without first politely asking permission, even pour out water on the ground, or throw down any load, or sit upon the grass, or light a fire. Every place, every part of a house, is inhabited by its peculiar genius. The well is almost always haunted by a beautiful spirit, who floats in the water, or hovers over its surface; and no bucket is ever let down without a previous "hy your leave." Even the *Mustra* has uncouth, loathsome goblins, peculiar to itself; and on entering it is necessary to say, "*Astabak min el habu wu el habasi.*" In this invocation, the name of God is left out; and for the same reason written paper is never trod upon, nor otherwise treated disrespectfully, because it either has the name of God written or printed upon it, or the letters which form that name. Most persons extend the same respect to white paper, simply because it has the power of receiving the sacred impression. To sit upon a book is considered the very height of impurity; and if it is done by accident, must be atoned for by an invocation specially adapted to the case.—*Village Life in Egypt.*

THE FAIR SEX.

Woman is a very nice and complicated machine. Her springs are infinitely delicate, and differ from those of a man, as the work of a repeating-watch does from that of a town-clock. Look at her body—how delicately formed! Observe her understanding—how subtle and acute! But look into her heart—there is the watch-work, composed of parts so minute in themselves, and so wonderfully combined, that they must be seen by a microscopic eye to be clearly comprehended. The perception of woman is as quick as lightning. Her penetration is intuition—I had almost said instinct. Spirit in conversation depends upon fancy, and women all over the world talk better than men.—*Sherlock.*

PRINCE ALBERT,

AS CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE, ENG.

Cambridge, England, like Cambridge, Massachusetts, is a name familiarly associated with the memory of every student and scholar, as most intimately connected with education and letters. Our engraving represents the queen's consort in the character of Chancellor of the University, and in the robes and costume generally which he wears on the occasion of his annual visit to Cambridge. Reader, did you ever happen to visit Cambridge during vacation, says an able writer, when no subject of local interest had arisen to disturb the tranquillity of that very interesting town? If, in your anxiety to familiarize yourself with the architectural grandeur and solemn beauty of the colleges, you have selected that silent period of the year for your visit, you must have been

nothing to shake your impression that Cambridge was the perfect type of human tranquillity. A few more gowas, a few more caps, a few more pale and anxious faces will have met your eye in the rich and umbrageous gardens, the silent cloisters, and the serene meadows on the margin of the serpentine and silver Cam; but they could have had no effect in shaking your conviction that human passion was in a state of suspense—that all the struggles of ambition, the yearnings of hope, the anxieties of avarice, the despair of love, the suggestions of envy, hatred, and malice, were entirely absorbed and engrossed in the one noble and valuable pursuit of wisdom. In short, the sentiments that might be supposed to possess one, and the sights (save on a less aristocratic scale) are the same as those which would greet us in our own American precincts of Harvard. This celebrated university is of

EFFECTS OF CLOTHING.

The London Lancet, on the subject of clothing, says:—Let a person in bed be covered with sufficient blankets to promote perspiration, and let these blankets be covered with an oil or India rubber cloth, or other impervious fabric, in the morning the blankets will be dry, but the under surface of the India-rubber cloth will be quite wet. The blankets, by their dryness, show that the exhalations of the body pass through them, and would pass through them to the surrounding air had they not been intercepted by the impervious outer covering. Thus the habitual use of an impervious covering is injurious. Its effect must be to place the body in a constant vapor-bath, in which the insensible or healthy perspiration is constantly becoming condensed into the form of humidity, and, being prevented from passing off in its elastic and



PRINCE ALBERT IN COSTUME AS CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

particularly struck with the calm and dignified repose, so proper to the abode of learning, which distinguishes even the high streets and market-places of Cambridge. Here and there you may perchance have encountered a master of a college pacing the *trattoir* with the unbent brow and pleasant smirk of an important functionary temporarily relieved from a portion of his cares and responsibilities, and occasionally you may have been jostled by a fellow in a state of severe abstraction, but nothing else can have occurred to impress you with an idea that you were in the midst of an active and teeming population. Or you may have visited the fine old town in term time, when crowds of undergraduates were avidly drinking from the pure well of temporal and spiritual knowledge, and the various classes of seniors were actively engaged in informing the youthful mind and controlling youthful tendencies to reprehensible aberrations. Still you will have seen

very ancient origin. According to some writers, it was founded as early as 630, but the earliest authentic document relative to it bears date 1229. The university consists of seventeen colleges, four of which are called halls. It is composed of a chancellor, vice-chancellor, masters or heads, fellows of colleges, and students. The government is administered by a chancellor, a vice-chancellor, who is usually the head of some college, a high steward, two proctors, and many other subordinate officers. There are also twenty-three professors in the various departments of literature and science. Two members of parliament are returned by the university, who are chosen by the whole body collectively. Cambridge and Oxford are the great *foei* of literature and science in England; and though, in this radical age, they may be thought by some as evincing a conservatism behind the times, yet their influence is still potent, having all the prestige of a venerable antiquity.

invisible form, the perspiration is thus constantly checked, and skin eruptions must be the result. Nevertheless, it must be less injurious to check perspiration, in some degree, by a water-proof overcoat, than to get soaked with rain. There can be no doubt that water-proof fabrics may be made very light, and so formed as to be worn in wet weather and yet allow some room for perspiration. But still they are not healthy, and should never be put on but in cases of extreme necessity. Any person who has worn a water-proof outer garment for some time knows, by experience, that it causes weakness and chills. No person should wear a garment but such as allows the vapor or perspiration, which is continually exuding from the skin, to pass off freely. For this reason, a frequent change of entire clothing conduces to health. Clothing should be light and warm, and not too tight, and the modern styles of clothing favor this idea very much.



GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURN M. HALLOU, EDITOR.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER.

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MRS. S. P. DOUGHTY,
CORNELIA J. ORME,
MISS LUCY BRADSHAW,
JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

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"Wooling a Widow," a story, by BEN. PERLEY POORE.
"The Song Bird," lines by JONAS B. PHILLIPS.
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KEEP BUSY.

The idler—or, perhaps, we should give him the more legitimate and descriptive name of loafer—is a sponge on society, a mere vegetable, a sort of toadstool, and quite as useless. He never produces a single thought, his hands are never turned to anything; but he lolls about, lazy and miserable, from morning until night. Fie, fie, man! what is life without activity? only a door groaning on its rusty hinges. We care not how rich a man may be; to be happy he must be busy. Refine indolence as you may, ennui will creep in. The only thing that melancholy fears is perspiration. The best fun in the world is activity. Who ever saw a wood-sawyer or a hod-carrier troubled with the blues? It is only the rich and comfortable that die of indigestion. When we set our eyes on a lazy, complaining man, we recall Zimmerman's words. "If you ask me," says the shrewd old philosopher, "which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No; I shall say indolence will conquer all the rest." Indeed, all good principles must stagnate without mental activity. It is with us as with the things in nature about us, which, by motion, are preserved in their purity and perfection; if the water runneth it holdeth clear, sweet and fresh, but what is more noisome than a stagnant pool? Pythagoras says, that in this theatre of man's life, it is reserved only for God and angels to look on. But, according to Swift, even angels are not to be passive. The royal arms of Lilliput, he says, are an angel lifting a lame beggar from the earth.

WIRE LACE.—At Nottingham, England, the great centre of the lace manufacture, they are now manufacturing a most beautiful fabric of lace for window and bed curtains, etc., of iron wire. Verily, this is an iron age.

SPLINTERS.

.... Some one poetically and very beautifully defines prayer as being the respiration of the soul.

.... Property in the city of Washington is rapidly rising in value, and prosperity is the lot of most of its citizens.

.... Judge Haliburton, of whom we recently gave a likeness, is now in London, about to publish a new book of humor.

.... Mrs. Meagher, wife of the exile, is on her way for New York, accompanied by Thomas Meagher, M. P., the exile's father.

.... The Chinese eat many kinds of insects, such as locusts, grasshoppers, and silk-worms. They are very fond of rats.

.... A telegraph line from London to Calcutta and Canton is projected. A girdle will be put round the world one of these days.

.... The population of Lexington, Ky., in a sexual point of view, is singularly divided, being 2756 males, and 2755 females.

.... The French government maintains 40,428 priests, at an annual expense of about nine million dollars.

.... Madame Louise Rutzky, sister of Kossuth, arrived in the Hermann at New York, a few days since, with her three children.

.... Col. Scott Hayden, well known for his connection with the unfortunate expedition under Lopez, died in New Orleans, lately.

.... The Countess of Desmond, who died in James I.'s reign, declared Richard III. as handsome a man as she ever danced with.

.... Grace Greenwood and five other unmarried ladies are still keeping old maids' hall at Rome. "Strong-minded" party.

.... That a man who has no bills to pay, belongs to the *no-bility*, in the strictest sense of the word, who can guinasy?

.... A correspondent, who is given to sporting, wants to know when the "Anglo Saxon race," so much talked about, is to come off.

.... Our friend Josselyn, of the "Lynn Bay State," is about to start a daily penny paper in Salem. Success to you, neighbor.

.... A man may "do good by stealth," but as for blushing "to find it fame," that's all nonsense, you may rely upon it.

.... The Koh-i-noor diamond is valued at about \$10,000,000. The interest on this would support a small family very handsomely.

WOMAN.

How seldom do we pause to realize the true sphere of woman; indeed, how few among women even realize their own power and rightful position. Ladies, do you wish to govern your husbands, lovers, or brothers? Let us tell you how to accomplish it. To begin with: those who govern most make the least noise, as is seen in the rowing of a barge. Those who do the drudgery, splash, puff and perspire like mad; while he who governs, sits quietly in the stern, and is hardly seen to move at all. Take a hint from this, and never attempt to argue or accomplish your purpose by controversy; it is ill judged, especially between husband and wife. Rousseau says: "The empire of woman is an empire of softness, of address, of complacency; her commands are caresses, her menaces are tears." Let a smile then be your ever ready weapon; let gentleness be your argument, and thus by quiet persuasiveness shall your purpose be gained. Let modesty, that crowning jewel of thy sex, be ever with thee, for lovelessness ceases to exist without it. Though a woman may be decked with all the embellishments of art and nature, yet if boldness be read in her face, it blots out all the lines of beauty, and leaves a cloud shadowing the fairest work of the Creator. Talk about the laws that govern us, and that a man must be master in his own house; why, woman has more strength in her looks than man has in all his boasted codes of law, and many times more power in her tears than we have in any of our arguments.

A man cannot possess anything better than a good wife, nor anything worse than a bad one. She moulds the character of his home; she makes it sweet or bitter to him; she is the presiding genius, and if false to her trust, no earthly power can avert the fearful consequences that must result. It true to her position and her nature—if governing by love and gentleness—she is an angel of light, and borrows her lustre only from heaven. It has been said, that woman was made of a rib out of the side of Adam—not out of his head to rule over him, nor out of his feet to be trampled upon by him, but under his arm to be protected, and near his heart to be beloved; ay, there is the sphere where she is most potent, the empire where she reigns as queen. Let her arguments and influences then be exerted upon the tenderer sensibilities of our nature, those faculties which gentleness subdues; let her language be that of love, and success is certain. Thus shall the wife render her husband happy; his home, his quiet residence, will be to him like an oasis in the desert of life, where there shall spring up a fountain of gushing tenderness and welcome. God blesses such a home.

Perhaps at no period and in no country has woman received so just an appreciation, or been accorded a more honorable position, than those she enjoys at the present time, and in our own happy land. She is indeed the dispenser of the sunshine of the brightest side of human life. No one dares dispute her supremacy, or raise a voice against her. It was different in the olden ages of the world; then woman was often the jest of the opposite sex. Xenarchus, the comic poet, in noticing that only the male grasshopper sang, exclaims: "How happy they are in having dumb wives!" Eubalus, another old Grecian jester, after mentioning the atrocities of Medea, Clytemnestra and Phedra, says, it is but fair that he should proceed to enumerate the virtuous heroines, when he suddenly stops short, and pretends that he cannot recollect a single one!

SONTAG AND ALBONI.

These two eminent prima donnas have met with distinguished success in this country, both in concert and in opera. Sontag is better supported by the talent that accompanies her; but Alboni is a host in herself, with far more compass and power than her rival, but with, perhaps, less culture. Indeed, Sontag had a European reputation before Alboni was old enough to sing in public, and though her notes are surpassing sweet and liquid, she often fails in what she attempts. Alboni, on the contrary, is as clear and perfect in articulating her highest as her lowest notes. In Boston, both these distinguished artistes have formed hosts of friends, and, on Sontag's part, this has been accomplished in spite of the meanness of her managers in the late opera season at the Howard Athenaeum.

HIGHLAND COSTUME.—The gay world of Paris seem to have been much struck with the costume of a nobleman, Lord Orkney, at the grand ball given by the Legislative body, on Easter Monday, to the Emperor and Empress of France. This northern lord, it is said, wore "the knife at the garter, the hunting horn, the plaid, the kilt, the bonnet, the sporrin, all complete as Rederick Dhu, or Fergus Macivior." He drew more eyes upon him than even the Duke of Brunswick, who was covered with diamonds.

REPARTÉE.—In the United States Senate, an Indiana man twitted Clark, of Rhode Island, about the governor of that State having so poor a salary that he was obliged to raise cows and milk. Clark rejoined, saying, that while in Rhode Island they killed their calves and sold their milk, in Indiana they raised their calves and sent them to Congress.

ATTACHMENT.—A man went home, the other evening, and found a new and somewhat original attachment on his wife's pinno; it was put on by the sheriff.

AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY.—An ancient author writes:—To make a man smart, throw him on his own resources.

GENTLE HINT.—A country editor invites the attention of delinquent subscribers to the 6th chapter of Luke, 31st verse.

REMEMBER—No punishment is so terrible as prosperous guilt.

MARRIAGES

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Joel W. Lincoln to Miss Priscilla N. Tower, of Woburn.
By Rev. Mr. Richards, Jonathan Prescott, Esq., of Memphis Tenn., to Miss Priscilla O. Bickford.
By Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. John H. Barker to Miss Clara Bowman.
By Rev. Mr. Neale, Mr. William O. Dresser, of Haverhill, to Mrs. Deborah M. Robinson.
By William Pulfrey, Esq., Mr. Royal Brooks to Miss Almira Mansoo, of Eaton, N. H.
At Cambridgeport, by Rev. Mr. Stearns, Mr. Samuel P. Adams to Miss Caroline W., daughter of Elphinst Davis, Esq.
At Newby, by Rev. Mr. Moulton, Mr. Samuel G. Ladd, Jr., to Miss Eliza A. Bhowler; by Rev. Mr. Dennis, Mr. Andrew J. Baldwin to Miss Esther E. Anals.
At Holliston, by Rev. Mr. Tucker, Mr. Henry Harrington, of Westboro', to Miss M. Eliza, daughter of Samuel Payson, Esq.
At Full River, by Rev. Mr. Cummings, Dr. James W. Hartley to Miss Mary Jane, daughter of Mr. Cook Boston.
At West Winchester, N. H., by Rev. Mr. Mansoo, Mr. Thomas E. Dudley, of Boston, Mass., to Miss Emma A. Turner.
At Portland, Me., by Rev. Mr. French, Mr. James H. Fuller to Miss Mary E. Farr; by Rev. Nathaniel Dana to Miss Lois C. Tolman.
At New York, Mr. Franz Bulow Muller, of Liverpool, Eng., to Miss Coraella R., daughter of Mr. Prosper M. Wetmore.

DEATHS

In this city Mrs. Minerva P., wife of Mr. Freland Stockwell, 43; Mr. Sam'l Hollis, 39; Miss Sarah Ann, daughter of Mr. E. K. Lyford, 19; Mr. Joseph H. Bartlett, 52; Mr. James Simpson, 30; George E., son of Mr. Stephen Fitzgerald, 3; Miss Catherine J. Dougherty, 20; Mrs. Frances S., wife of Capt. George A. Trundy, 27. Mrs. Christian H., widow of the late Marvin Mayne, Esq., of East Cambridge, 68; Mr. Freeman Luce, 61; Mrs. Bethiah W., relict of the late William Sawyer, Esq.
At Roxbury, Mrs. Lydia Parshey, formerly of Stratford, N. H., 85.
At Charlestown, Mrs. Lydia A., wife of Mr. James M. Simpson, 28.
At Cambridge, John Farrar, LL.D., 73.
At Lynn, Mr. Joseph Short, 43; Mr. Aaron Bacheller, 46.
At Hingham, Mrs. Lydia, relict of Mr. Solomon Lincoln, 81.
At Acton, Mrs. Mary, widow of the late Mr. Tilly Robbins, 80.
At Newington, N. H., Mr. Joseph Coleman, 90.
At Boothbay, Me., Mrs. Apphia, wife of the late Seth Smith, Esq., 84.
At New Haven, Ct., Mr. Alexander Fisher, son of Prof. Olmsted, 20.
At Brooklyn, N. Y., Mrs. Harriet E. P., wife of Mr. Charles F. Burdett.
At East Salem, N. Y., Mr. Ebenezer Harris, a native of Brooklyn, Ct., 88.
At Washington, D. C., Mrs. Isabella Leavitt Howard, wife of Chas. A. S. West.
At Cincinnati, Mrs. Fanny Siders, relict of Mr. Edward Knight, of Boston.
At Frankfort, Ky., Mr. Joshua McQueen, 106.
At Savannah, Ga., John Savery, Esq., of Carver, Mass., 64.

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[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE WIDOW'S STORY.

A SCENE FROM ACTUAL LIFE.

BY MISS LUCY BRADSHAW.

We were sojourning for a short time at the Galt House, Louisville, Kentucky,—fortune had made me a rover from my very girlhood. While my father attended to his business, I often roamed through the streets, which are all at right angles, after the Philadelphia style, and amused myself by watching the many faces I saw, and pausing now and again to play, for a moment, with some of the bright-eyed children that thronged the sidewalks.

As I was passing through one of the short streets that cross the main thoroughfare, I paused before a very lowly and humble-looking tenement, attracted by the pale face and languid eye of a little boy, who sat on the door-sill, inhaling the morning air of a fine spring day. To my interrogations, the little fellow answered with singular intelligence; said he had been sick—that mother was sick now, and had sent him out to breathe the fresh air. My sympathy and interest were both at once enlisted, and asking the child if I might go in and see his mother, I passed into the house, and came upon a scene that brought quick tears into my eyes.

The room I had entered was clean and neat, though it contained nothing beyond the positive necessities of life, including a low pine bedstead, a couple of chairs, a plain deal table, and a few cups and saucers on a couple of shelves, beneath which were one or two iron stoves for cooking. These were the principal articles in the room. Upon the bed lay the pale and attenuated form of a woman, of perhaps three and thirty years, and beside her an infant of seven or eight months was sleeping—a beautiful child, its full round cheeks contrasting strangely with the mother's attenuated figure and sunken features.

Both were asleep. The mother breathed short and quick, and a sigh ever and anon heaved her breast, while a dimpled smile wreathed the tranquil features of the babe. Ah, how I struggled with my feelings to suppress any motion or sound that might awaken them. I could hardly retain sufficient control over myself to avoid sobbing aloud. Youth and age, boyhood and motherhood,—how suggestive! What a crowd of contending reflections rushed through my mind, and how were they heightened by the grave contrast that existed between the blessed angel face, and that of the care-worn mother! I stood as though bound by some secret spell, until at last the infant made some uneasy note of restlessness, and the quick ear of the mother caused her to awake.

Of course she was startled to see me, a stranger, standing there, but my countenance must have so plainly spoken the sympathy that I felt at heart, that she was at once re-assured, and rising from her humble bed, she asked me to sit down. This I was glad enough to do, for somehow the effect of what I had seen was to set me trembling, the activity of my thoughts had made me physically weak, and I sat down, almost unable longer to retain an upright posture. After a few kind and solicitous words on my part, I gained the key to unlock the story, the preface of which lay open before my eyes. It was sad,—sad, indeed,—but with most beautiful and reclaiming shades of character and nature in its relation.

Lucy Hubbard belonged to a very excellent family in New England. Her father was a member of the legal profession, and resided in one of the large towns of the Eastern States. Losing his wife while Lucy was yet an infant, Mr. Hubbard provided a prudent and competent housekeeper, under whose charge he placed his child, and being himself much absorbed in his profession and in politics, he seldom interfered with the domestic arrangements, or took cognizance of them at all, further than to pay the quarterly bills, and listen on such occasions to the housekeeper's report of the family affairs. Lucy, thus left alone as it were, grew up, weed-like, beautiful by nature, but little cultivated in mind or person, until her fourteenth year, when she was sent to a popular boarding-school by her father.

This was a delightful change for the child. To form so many acquaintances, to be with so many kind-hearted companions, to strive to equal them in her attainments, and to love them too,—for with a heart capable of loving warmly, she had fond, heretofore, little exercise for this power. Lucy had been at this school just one year, and greatly had she improved. Personally she had assumed a most beautiful and womanly appearance, and her features, naturally beautiful, had now gained the added charms of mental refinement and culture. In her rambles about the hills and grounds in the neighborhood of the academy, Lucy had by chance become acquainted with one who was destined to cast a most important influence upon her life.

Horace Hardwick was a young mechanic, but he was a fine, manly person, whose bosom seemed filled with the nobleness of true manhood, and who added to a fine figure and handsome features the attractions of good sense, wit, cheerful humor, and a scrupulously honest and upright character. He loved the young school girl, and we hardly need add that he was loved in return. They attended the same meetings, walked often together, they met frequently, unknown to others, and, finally, they vowed to love and marry each other. Lucy knew very well her father's pride—she knew that he would never consent to her marrying a mechanic, but Horace had in a short twelvemonth become everything to her, and her vow should be kept.

On the day that Lucy was sixteen, she went home to pass her birthday with her father. She had been two years at the academy, and her father, who saw her but once or twice during a year, looked upon her with not a little pride at her strong resemblance to her mother, whom he had always considered the best and most charming woman he had ever known. But when, after proper

preliminaries and introductions, Lucy told him of her love, and asked his consent to marry Horace Hardwick, her father's amazement and anger knew no bounds. He declared he had rather lay her in her grave than see her thus disgrace his name. He was proud, ambitious, was rising in his profession, and was already the congressional candidate of his party; and he swore solemnly to disinherit her if she did not give up her childish passion, and refuse to see this mechanic again.

Lucy knew her father's character; she knew that he would keep his word. She loved her father with a deeper love than his stern nature and his coldness toward her would seem to have induced. But she loved Horace better, and within a month she, a girl of but sixteen years, became his wife. Horace knew that it was best not to remain in this victory longer. He could prosecute his trade as a wheelwright more profitably at the west, and there, too, Lucy felt delicate about meeting her old friends, who knew that she had married clandestinely, and so they went to Louisville, and here Horace Hardwick established himself in his business.

Years of happy domestic life passed over them; a fine, generous-sooled boy, so very like his father, soon blessed their home after their removal thither. He was a great joy and happiness to both; and still another in time was given to them. This second son it was that had attracted my attention at the door, and few humble homes were so happy as that of the wheelwright and his gentle wife. True Horace could earn but a moderate living, but that was all they asked,—“Contentment makes every meal a feast,” says some shrewd philosopher,—and their board was amply spread for their wants. At last, when little William, the second son, was seven years old, and Horace was twelve, the husband was taken ill from some unusual exposure, and a severe cold settled upon his lungs, that defied all medical treatment.

Day by day he grew gradually worse, until consumption threatened him, and indeed soon became settled upon him. He knew that he must die. It was then for the first time that he reproached himself for taking Lucy from her father's roof and all her early friends, and encumbering her with a family. But this young couple had not forgotten in their youth the blessings of religion; they had always sedulously attended to the holy dictates of the Scriptures, and its teachings were night and morning read aloud and heeded. Now when Lucy Hardwick was called to part with her dearly-loved husband, how great a consolation his religious belief was to her, can only be known by those who have been thrown upon the Bible for consolation in times of fearful trial.

She believed, and so did Horace, that they were parting but for a short time, to be again united in heaven, and though the parting was sad, it was also so hopeful that grief was robbed of half its power. During his last hours the father called his eldest boy to his bedside, and told him that he must leave his mother to his charge. Boy though he was, he seemed fully to realize his father's words, and replied to them in a way that invigorated the heart of the sick man. “Be a good son to her, Horace,” said he, “work hard and manfully to support her and your little brother, and God will bless the widow and the orphan.”

The sale of her husband's stock in trade, with a small sum of money he had saved from time to time, was sufficient, with economy and industry, to carry the widow on in her domestic affairs for a considerable time. The same month in which her husband was placed in the grave, saw her once more a mother. She loved her fatherless babe with redoubled affection as she gazed upon it, and reflected that it would never know a father's love. It was a dear little girl, and this babe it was that I had seen sleeping by its mother's side, when I had entered the humble abode of the widow. I have been twice as long in telling her sad story as she was in relating it to me, and now she kissed the little Lucy, and pressed her to her heart.

“That is William at the door?” I suggested.

“Yes.”

“He is ill, is he not?”

“He has been,” said the mother, “very ill; and sleepless nights on his account, and anxiety about Horace, have rendered me almost sick also.”

She might have added that which I very well knew, as another cause of her weakness, viz., the want of appetizing, nutritious food, and enough of it.

“But where is Horace?” I asked.

“He left me some seven months since, saying, ‘Mother, there is no bread to spare under this roof. I am thirteen years old, almost fourteen, am strong and well; I must go away from Louisville, and see if I cannot earn some money for you, and brother, and the babe.’”

Here the mother's voice refused utterance, and she sobbed aloud.

“He kissed me, kissed William, and our little Lucy, said he remembered his father's words, and gave me a handful of silver, all he had, and which I have since learned he sold his clothes, and took poorer ones, to procure, and I have not heard of him since.”

“Noble boy!” I exclaimed, involuntarily. “But have you not written to your father?”

“Often, but he has never replied to me. He is a proud, cold man, and will keep his word.”

“Do you not think that Horace will return?” I asked.

“If he lives I know he will return,” she replied earnestly. “I pray for him nightly, and I know that Horace will not desert me in my extremity. Too many blessings have I to be thankful for already, not to bear a hopeful heart within my breast, and to say ‘Thy will, not mine, be done.’”

“I shall come again to see you,” I stammered out, through my tears, and laying my purse in her lap, I hurried back to our hotel, where I cried for a good long hour.

In vain did I try to tell my father the widow's story,—my heart was too full. But one thing I could and did do at once, and that

was, to prepare a large basket full of necessities and nutritious food, and, with a slave, I went personally to see it delivered into the hands of the grateful woman. She told me it was the first *charity* she had ever received; that she really believed she never could have begged, unless she saw little William or Lucy starving. How delighted was the little boy at the delicacy and abundance of the food, and even the babe partook with eager appetite of the delicate preparation brought for it,—and the mother was vastly invigorated by a good and wholesome meal. I cannot recall any little act of my life that ever imparted so much actual satisfaction and pleasure to my heart, as did this little affair. During the three weeks that we remained at Louisville, I made daily visits to the young widow, and having seen her immediate wants supplied, I promised to see her again on our return up the river from Grand Gulf, whither business now called my father.

The wheels of time turn swiftly on, and after a fortnight passed at Grand Gulf, my father found that it was necessary for him to go to New Orleans, and from thence, within a couple of months, we went to the British West Indies, and back to the United States by the way of Havana and New York. I had not forgotten my acquaintance, the widow in Louisville, but it had been out of my power to communicate with her now for nearly a year, when I once more found myself travelling west,—and so eager was I to see the widow and know whether I might not once more serve her at a critical moment, that I even left my father at the United States Hotel, in Cincinnati, and anticipated his arrival at the Galt House by a whole day.

I hastened to seek out my acquaintance and her young family. I found the house easily; that was there, the same as ever, but new occupants were within; they knew nothing of her who had formerly lived there. They could not even tell me where the owner of the house resided,—when his rent was due, he came and collected it, they said, but where he lived they knew not. A little further and more minute inquiry, however, satisfied me that Mrs. Hardwick and her children had left Louisville, but whither they had gone no one seemed to know. My father, in compliance with my earnest solicitings, strove, but in vain, to unravel the mystery. I was depressed and unhappy. I was curious to know the finale of her history. I was anxious to do her, if possible, still a further kindness, by rendering her pecuniary aid.

In our roving life we once more found ourselves at our favorite home, the Revere House, in Boston,—a place which seems, more than any other on this side the Atlantic, like home. I had not forgotten the scene of my first discovering the mother and sleeping babe in Louisville, but the event had been considered as one that would never again recur forcibly to my mind, when the merest chance revived the whole matter, and unravelled the mystery which had so perplexed me in relation to the widow's removal. Observing a child in one of the principal streets at the west part of the city, I was led to walk up and speak to him because of the joyous-hearted laugh that rang out from his happy lips; and when he looked up into my face, I thought that I had somewhere seen that face before, young as it was. Memory, with lightning-like speed, turned back to the little sick boy I had seen sitting at the door of the humble tenement in Louisville.

“Is your name William, my little fellow?” I asked.

“Yes, ma'am.”

“William Hardwick?”

“Yes, ma'am; do you know me?” he asked, roguishly.

“I think so. But where do you live?”

“In that house,” he replied, pointing to a fine brick house.

“And your mother, does she live there too?”

“Yes, ma'am,” he replied; then after a moment's pause he continued, “do you know my mother?”

“I think that I do.”

“Wont you go in and see her?” said the little fellow, politely.

I thanked him and followed him up the steps, went in and sat down in the parlor, while he ran up stairs, as he said, to tell mother that a lady wanted to see her. My heart beat quickly, I knew not why, but I was very much excited. In a moment more she whom I had known in such a humble condition entered the room, in a calm, dignified, and lady-like manner, dressed with the most scrupulous neatness and good taste. She recognized me in a moment, and hastening forward pressed both my hands in her own, and kissed my cheek. Tears coursed down her still handsome face, and I think my own eyes were full of them.

I will not keep the reader in suspense, any more than I would allow the widow to keep me so. I learned that after about a year's absence, her brave boy Horace had crossed the plains to the Pacific, with a company of California engineers; that with the impetus of duty constantly in his mind, love for his mother, and the recollection of his father's dying words, he had worked with the spirit of a man. Extraordinary success had crowned his efforts. The miners learned his story, and afforded him protection, advice, and kind assistance. He was strangely successful, beyond even his most sanguine hopes.

So attached had the miners become to him, that they made up a purse for him, and sent him home the shortest and quickest route, free of cost. And when he arrived at Louisville, he had, with a few diamonds, purchased to lighten the weight of the gold, the value of *eleven thousand dollars*. “O, it was not the money, I am sure it was not the money that rejoiced me so much, but it was the means whereby to keep my dear Horace with me, and to feed my children.”

The widow wrote once more an imploring letter to her father. He had removed to Boston, and found himself going, step by step, childless and unattended, to the grave. Perhaps, too, the widow's story touched him, now that the boy had so nobly sought and obtained relief for his mother, and perhaps, too, he was influenced (alas, poor human nature!) by the fact of the ample means she possessed for her wants for a long time to come. At any rate a favorable answer was returned to the last letter, the family came and were kindly received. A house was taken, the grandfather came to live with the widow and her children, and their home was a serenely happy one.

And thankful is the heart of the widow, whose nightly prayers ascend to Heaven for the past, from a grateful bosom, and with hopeful beseechings for her children's future.

I saw Horace, and a few words from his mother explained our acquaintance. His fine, manly form, scarcely yet out of boyhood's frame, swelled with emotion, and his lips quivered for a moment as he advanced and took my hand.

“I need not tell you, madam,” he said, “that your name and kindness are too indelibly engraven on our hearts to be forgotten.” Let me draw the curtain over this gleam of sunshine that closes my story.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Hon. Orville Hungateford, residing at Watertown, Jefferson county, N. Y., keeps five thousand hens in a ten acre lot. — In 1848, when Louis Napoleon was elected to the National Assembly, he declared: "Never will I attempt to envelope myself in the imperial purple!" — Another slave schooner, called the *Cora*, has been seized off the Cuban coast by a British cruiser, and taken into Havana. She had brought in successfully one cargo of slaves, and was at this time going to Cardenas, to fit out for another run. — The Italian farmers still plough by the same rude implements that were in use before the Christian era. — A new-fashioned umbrella has made its appearance, recently, in Paris. It is fixed to the shoulder by a spring, and follows the movements of the body. This covers the body as the ancient one, and leaves the person who uses it at entire liberty to manage his hands as he is pleased. — Queen Victoria is rapidly regaining her health. The "addition" is flourishing. — The Hungarian, by whom the attempt was made to assassinate the Emperor of Austria, was one whose wife had been flogged to death by the Austrians, at Pesh, in 1849. — Five hundred daily papers are published in the United States. — The coinage by the United States Mint and its branches, for the past five years, has exceeded that of Great Britain by \$76,304,739. — More than seven hundred persons bathe every day at the People's Washing and Bathing Establishment in Mott Street, New York. The charge for a bath is only three cents, yet the establishment is now self-supporting. — Many instances are adduced by the Western papers to show that whiskey, given in large quantities, is a cure for the bite of a rattle-snake. — It is a fiction of the poet to say that the British flag has braved the battle and the breeze for a thousand years. It is scarcely two hundred years since England became a power on the ocean. — Signora Parodi has been singing, with considerable success, at the Philharmonic Concerts, in Genoa, Italy. — In six years the consumption of tea in Great Britain has increased only from 57,600,000 pounds to 65,000,000 pounds; in the United States it has increased from 18,000,000 pounds to 34,300,000 pounds. — Talford, the author of "Iou," has written a new play, entitled "The Castilian."

A HEARILESS ACT.

A Raine paper narrates the following circumstances as having lately occurred at the town of Speyer:—It appears that a weaver, known as the best rifle shot of the district, bethought him of affording a crowning proof of his unerring aim. He, therefore, took his rifle in one hand, and his son, twelve years old, in the other, and then, posting the boy at the end of an alley in his garden, placed an ordinary sized potato upon his head, retired fifteen yards, raised his weapon, aimed, fired, and cut the potato in two, leaving the child neither scathed nor frightened, so confident was the latter in his father possessing a charmed ball. The police interfered, and prevented a continuance of the trials. The father was imprisoned for a short period.

SNAILS.

A French paper says that snails have become quite a fashionable article of diet in Paris, as they were in the days of the old Romans. There are now fifty restaurants, and more than twelve hundred private tables where snails are accepted as a delicacy by from eight to ten thousand customers. The monthly consumption of this molluscan is estimated at half a million. The market price of the great vineyard snails is from 2f. 50c. to 3f. 50c. per hundred, while those from the hedges, woods and forests, bring only from 2f. to 2f. 25c. The proprietor of the *snailery* in the vicinity of Dijon, is said to net over 7000f. annually.

RELICS.—The Royal Society of London has recently received as a legacy several articles which were once the property of Sir Isaac Newton. Among the articles is the philosopher's gold watch, in a richly chased case, bearing a medallion with Newton's likeness, and the following inscription:—"Mrs. Catherine Conduit to Sir Isaac Newton, January 4, 1708." The Royal Society is now in possession of the most complete and comprehensive collection of Newton memorials in existence.

MISQUOTATION.—There is a curious error in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, which has not hitherto been noticed. It occurs in definition 13 of the verb "to sit," and pervades every edition, even Mr. Todd's. "Asses are ye that sit in judgment." (Judges 5: 10.) The verse is, "Speak, ye that ride on white asses, ye that sit in judgment, and walk by the way."

A RESULT OF STRIKES.—A sea captain, just from the Eastern ship yards, says that ship building in that direction will be in a measure suspended, at least for the present, in consequence of inability to pay the high wages demanded by the workmen.

THE CALORIC SHIP.—It is said that the *Ericsson* will be ready for sea by the 1st of July, when her wrought-iron cylinder-bottoms shall have been put in, and proceed direct to London.

RAILROAD FATALITY.—Three hundred and thirteen persons were killed, and ninety-seven injured, on the New York State railroads, during the past year.

QUITE A FLEET.—Forty-three steamboats were discharging and receiving freight during one day, at St. Louis, Missouri, lately.

STACKS OF MONEY.—The present banking capital of the city of New York is about \$43,000,000.

Wayside Gatherings.

Within about a year, eight steamers, valued at nearly a million and a quarter of dollars, have been lost on the Pacific coast.

Dr. Benjamin Rush, speaking of the science of medicine, compares it to "an unroofed temple, cracked at the sides, and rotten at the foundation."

A Catholic college is to be established at Galveston, Texas, of sufficient dimensions and endowments to make it an institution of the highest order.

At the Haymarket Theatre, London, a new five act comedy, by Mr. Sullivan, entitled "Eloquents in High Life," has been produced with much success.

The recent seal fishery season in Newfoundland has been the most successful ever known. Over a quarter of a million of these animals have been taken.

The malleability of gold can be carried to such an extent that an apartment twelve feet square might be carpeted for thirty or forty dollars.

Mr. Fox, the butler of the Bishop of Wells, had recently the good fortune to captivate the heart and obtain the hand of a lady with an estate of £60,000.

Francini's Hippodrome, in New York, at its first performance, was attended by over nine thousand persons. The chariot races are a novel and exciting feature.

It is stated that eighty American seamen, eighteen captains, ten mates, and as many more foreigners, have died during the past nine months, at Port au Prince, from yellow fever.

The population of Wilmington, Del., at the present time, is 16,163. Of these 6587 are white males, 7389 white females, 920 colored males, and 1257 colored females; or, 13,976 white persons, and 2157 colored.

There is evidently a prevailing feeling among the Jewish people in this country that modern Judaism cannot supply their spiritual wants. They are looking for something more rational and substantial.

In Auburn, New York, for every dollar of taxes paid by Catholics, they have received \$12 for their poor in return; and for every dollar paid by them into the school fund, they have received \$6 50 in the instruction of their children.

A young man, who was formerly in the printing-office of the *Liverpool Courier*, but now in South Australia, has written home to say that he is at work upon the *Melbourne Argus*, at ten guineas per week.

An investigation is progressing in New York in reference to the management of the late American Art Union, and it is shown that one of the voluntary officers received, during six months, a salary equal to \$4900 per annum!

A syphon for dairymen has recently been brought into general use in Scotland, by means of which the milk is drawn away from the cream, instead of skimming the cream off the milk. Science seems to be reversing everything in life.

The American Colonization Society and its auxiliaries have sent out to Liberia, since 1820, in their various expeditions, 7457 persons. Of these, 3123 were born free, 242 purchased their freedom, and 4092 were emancipated in view of their emigration to Liberia.

Foreign Items.

There are rumors of a powerful force sent to watch the Japan expedition.

The Emperor of China has legalized the sale of opium, at 40 taels duty per chest.

A convent of Jesuits is about being established at Cologne. Premises have been taken for the purpose.

The Emperor of France has granted a large tract of land in Algeria for settlement by the Swiss Whaling Company, formed at Havre.

The Duke of Tuscany is said to have notified the British government that Mr. Crawford may remain in Florence, if his government vouches he is not an agent of Mazzini.

The Emperor of France has sent to the Israelite committee of charity at Lyons, for its lottery, two magnificent services of plate, bearing the imperial initials.

Kossuth has addressed a letter to the House of Commons, denying that he has ammunition in England, but admits that he has in other countries, and avows his intention to war on Austria until the independence of Hungary is achieved.

A new manifesto from Mazzini is reported to have appeared at Turin. It is now said that Mazzini and some of his agents have crossed from Malta to Sicily. Eighty prisoners have been arrested at Catania and Messina.

Cholera has broken out in Moscow.—Some difficulty has arisen between Servia and Russia.—Servia refusing to dismiss Mr. Jack, an Austrian, from the directory of the military school of Kragie baty, on Russian dictation.

Correspondence of the Augsburg Gazette states that Lord Stratford has already assured the Porte of British protection, and in conjunction with the French Minister, is prepared to address a note to that effect to the Divan.

We notice that the *Preuzentung* states that the Prussian police recently sent to London full proof that Kossuth rented the house through Hale. That the ammunition was making to Kossuth's order, and 500 grenades were made to order of Kossuth's agent at Rostock, which port was the emporium of the revolutionary material.

The Turkish government respects and encourages the Protestant converts in every way; protecting them from the persecution of the Mahomedan priesthood, and allowing their book depot to be established in a quarter of Constantinople, where no Franks were hitherto permitted to reside, with the express understanding that Protestant books alone are to be sold there.

In China, rebels threatened Shanghai with a force of 50,000 men. Kwying, an imperial commander-in-chief, was defeated and killed. The emperor had issued a proclamation, and calls on the people for help. The "Friend of China" says: If Britain, America and France offer the emperor assistance to keep his throne, they might bid him to open China to commerce again.

Intelligence has been received of an insurrection at Friburg, Switzerland, by 300 peasants, under a colonel, and its suppression with some bloodshed. The city remains in a state of siege. The gates are closed, and streets held by patrol. Perrier, one of the insurgents, was tried by court martial and sentenced to 30 years in irons. The priest of Torrea, Louis Weck Chas, is also arrested. Carrat was killed. Other leaders fled.

Sands of Gold.

... It is necessary to allow the night to pass over the injuries of the evening.—*Napoleon*.

... The two shortest words to pronounce, *yes* and *no*, are those which demand the most examination.—*Pythagoras*.

... Death has consigned many a man to fame, whom longer life would have consigned to infamy.

... The great chastisement of a knave is, not to be known, but to know himself.—*J. Petit Senn*.

... Prosperity seems to be securely safe, unless it be mixed with a little adversity.—*Hosca Ballou*.

... Whatever beauty may be, it has for its basis, order, and for its essence, unity.—*Father Andra*.

... Men in earnest have no time to waste in patching fig leaves for the naked truth.—*J. R. Lowell*.

... If he could only see how small a vacancy his death would leave, the proud man would think less of the place he occupies in his life-time.—*E. Legouve*.

... The modesty of certain ambitious persons consists in becoming great without making too much noise; it may be said that they advance in the world on tip-toe.—*Voltaire*.

... Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it stoutly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life.

... Dissolute men, like unskilful horsemen, who open a gate on the wrong side, may, by the virtue of their office, open heaven for others, and shut themselves out.

... Much misconstruction and bitterness are spared to him who thinks naturally upon what he owes to others, rather than what he ought to expect from them.—*Madame Guizo*.

... To acknowledge our faults when we are blamed, is modesty; to discover them to one's friends, in ingenuousness, is confidence; but to preach them to all the world, if one does not take care, is pride.—*Confucius*.

Joker's Budget.

Why is the sun like a good loaf? Because 'tis light when it rises. Why is dancing like new milk? Because it strengthens the calves.

Why is an angry man like a lady in full dress? Because he is ruffled.

A country newspaper, speaking of the blind wood-sawyer, says, "although he can't see he can saw."

What reason is there to believe that Ananias never told a lie? Because he was bore out by the by-standers.

An Irish gardener was once requested to set his master's watch by his sun dial, and he forthwith "planted" it in the ground close to it.

There is an old maid in Babylon, L. I., who is so accustomed to dating her age backward that when she speaks of the latter part of December, she calls it "late in the spring."

An editor was seen to *blush*, last week, when an apple woman, to whom he gave a piece of silver for some fruit, asked him *if he'd no brass*—meaning pennies.

A celebrated poet at one time advertised that he would supply "Lines for any Occasion." A fisherman sought him shortly after and wanted "a line stroog enough to catch a porpoise."

"Have you, in your album, any original poetry?" asked one young lady of another. "No," was the reply, "but some of my friends have favored me with original spelling."

The New York Day Book says: "If our wife wanted to run away with another man, we would wish her Godspeed, for we think too much of her to see her want for anything."

Lorenzo Dow once said of a grasping, avaricious farmer, that if he had the whole world enclosed in a single field, he would not be content without a patch of ground on the outside for potatoes.

A lady, upon taking up Shelley's novel, "The Last Man," threw it down very suddenly, exclaiming: "The last man! Bless me! if such a thing ever were to happen, what would become of the women?"

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AN ELEGANT, MORAL AND REFINED
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F. GLEASON
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, BOSTON, MASS.



VIEW OF THE BATTLE-GROUND AT RED BANK, ON THE DELAWARE RIVER, NEW JERSEY.

RED BANK, ON THE RIVER DELAWARE, NEW JERSEY.

We present our readers above with an accurate drawing of this spot, renowned for being the scene of battles during the revolutionary war. It is located but a few miles from Philadelphia, and is named from the color of the earth of which it is composed. Here was located Mifflin's Fort, which was so gallantly defended by Col. Greene, of Rhode Island, against a detachment from the British army, commanded by Count Donop, on the 22d October, 1777, in which the count and many officers were made prisoners, and a lieutenant-colonel, three captains, four lieutenants, and seventy privates were killed. On the 21st of October, Colonel Count Donop, a distinguished German officer, crossed the Delaware at Cooper's Ferry, at the head of a detachment of Hessians, to attack the fort. It was part of the plan, that as soon as the assault should commence, a heavy cannonade from Fort Mifflin should be made from the bastions on the Pennsylvania shore, and that the Vigilant ship-of-war should pass through a narrow channel between Hog Island and the main, so as to attack the fort in the rear. The fortifications at Red Bank consisted of extensive outer work, within which was an entrenchment, eight or nine feet high, hoarded and fraised, on which Colonel Greene, the commander, had bestowed great labor. Late in the evening, on the 22d, Count Donop attacked it with great intrepidity; it was defended with equal resolution. Colonel Donop received a mortal wound, and Lieutenant Colonel Mingerode, second in command, fell at the same time. Lieutenant Colonel Lising drew off the detachment; and, being favored by the darkness of the night, collected many of the wounded. He marched about five miles that night, and

next day returned to Philadelphia. In commemoration of this event a monument of handsome gray marble has been reared, which our artist has also sketched below, bearing the following inscription:

"This monument was erected on the 22d October, 1829, to transmit to posterity a grateful remembrance of the patriotism and gallantry of Lieutenant-Colonel Christopher Greene, who with 400 men conquered the Hessian army of 2000 troops, then in the British service, at the Red Bank, on the 22d October, 1777. Among the wounded was found their commander, Count Donop, who died of his wounds, and whose body is interred near the spot where he fell. A number of the New Jersey and Pennsylvania volunteers, being desirous to perpetuate the memory of the distinguished officers and soldiers, who fought and bled in the glorious struggle for American Independence, have erected this monument on the 22d day of October, Anno Domini, 1829."

Red Bank presents a very beautiful appearance from the Delaware, particularly during the summer season. It is quite a place of resort, and is so near to the city of Philadelphia, that many gentlemen reside there, or board at the public hotel.

he had the misfortune to lose his mother. Left a widower, with young children, the elder Wilson felt the necessity of providing them with a guardian, and accordingly re-married. An increase of family and heavy expenses compelled him to forego all hopes of completing Alexander's education in the manner at first contemplated, and he was apprenticed to his brother-in-law, William Duncan, a weaver. Part of his leisure he devoted to poetry, and some of his productions, inserted in a Glasgow paper, obtained considerable success. Abandoning weaving, Wilson for three years travelled Scotland as an itinerant pedler. Having made arrangements for the publication of a volume of his poems, he attempted, while selling his wares, to obtain subscribers for his



MONUMENT TO COUNT DONOP, AT RED BANK, N. J.



PORTRAIT OF ALEXANDER WILSON, THE ORNITHOLOGIST.

ALEXANDER WILSON.

Alexander Wilson was born at Paisley, on the 6th of July, 1766, in a humble cottage. His father, a Scotch peasant of rare integrity and remarkable intelligence, a man of sober and industrious habits, thought, by means of personal privations, to ensure the means of giving a liberal education to his son, whom he designed for the church. Many letters of Wilson, in the course of his agitated life, testify his gratitude for his father's efforts. At the age of ten years

book. But he succeeded very ill. Disappointed in his literary and trading speculations, he determined to try his fortune in America, and, without any definite plan, without friend or protector, and with only a few shillings in his pocket, he landed at Newcastle, Delaware, on the 14th of July, 1794. He worked at different trades, engraving and weaving, and again became a travelling pedler, keeping a journal, combining remarks on the people, with observations on the natural history of birds, etc., and afterwards a schoolmaster. He finally resolved to devote himself entirely to ornithology, and to become the historian and painter of the feathered tribes. His friends sought to dissuade him from his purpose, but without effect. After many trying discouragements he finally succeeded in 1809 in bringing out his first volume of American Ornithology. In 1810 this was followed by another. He died in 1813, the brilliant pioneer in his favorite science on this side of the Atlantic.

GLEANINGS FROM THE PAST



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1853.

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RAILROAD BRIDGE OVER THE SUSQUEHANNA.

Below we present a fine engraving of the railroad bridge over the Susquehanna, near Harrisburg, Pa., with the fine scenery which surrounds the locality. This immediate vicinity affords some delightfully-attractive points to the artist, and the entire aspect of the neighborhood is wild and picturesque in its character. The bridge, which is a most notable and beautiful structure, spans the river about six miles above Harrisburg. This section of the Susquehanna is said to rival the Hudson in its scenic beauty. The Susquehanna here loses its way through a range of abrupt mountains, which constitute the western termination of the great anthracite coal region found in Schuylkill county.

The scenery about this spot has all the softness of a splendid agricultural valley, teeming with spirited little villages, and imposing farm-houses, agreeably contrasting with the soft green aspect of bold and lofty mountain ranges, through which the river tamely and serenely winds its peaceful way, like a silver thread. It is astonishing what levellers of romance railroads are. These quiet and beautiful sections of country, where one was wont to give his horse the reins, and, while the animal walked leisurely forward, would find time to analyze the beauties of the scenery, to scan the mountain and the valley, the river and the wood, are now so swiftly passed by in the cars, as to present a sort of panorama upon canvass, hurried before the eyes of an audience by the

boy behind the scene, who turns the crank for twenty-five cents a night! Ah! give us the good old days of travelling by horse power. Steam and romance are sadly at variance; and the idea that they can ever assimilate is as apocryphal as that the lion and the lamb will lie down together. But, be this as it may, we give our readers a fine and accurate picture of this bit of American scenery, and know they will be pleased with it. One has not to go abroad to delight the eye with some of the finest scenery in the world; our own favored land is blessed as freely in beautiful aspects of nature as in her liberal bounty and fertility, and on a scale of grandeur and sublimity which are acknowledged by travellers to be unequalled in any other part of the world.



DE VEREUX. DEL.

MAJOR. SC.

RAILROAD BRIDGE ACROSS THE SUSQUEHANNA, NEAR HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

HILDEBRAND:

—OR—

THE BUCCANEER AND THE CARDINAL.

A SICILIAN STORY OF SEA AND SHORE.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIII.—[CONTINUED.]

The captives were placed upon the backs of two of the stoutest of the horses, behind two strong fellows, and as soon as they were properly secured, the party, numbering twenty in all, set off. At the distance of half a mile they came up to another party of soldiers, numbering over fifty. They belonged to the same gang, and were ordered by the leader to fall into the rear. They cast earnest glances upon Hildebrand, as he passed them, but their looks were more of wonder than of triumph.

It was nearly dusk when the party entered the suburbs of the city, and when they stopped, it was before a large stone building which was enclosed by a thick, high wall. All about the edifice grew great chestnut trees, so that its walls were nearly hidden from the street that ran nearest to it.

"Here we will stop," said the lieutenant, as he dismounted and came up to where the prisoners were.

"The tribunal!" fell from de Mora's lips, as he slid to the ground.

"Am I to stop here?" asked Hildebrand.

"Yes."

At that moment a large door of the building opened, and half a dozen black-robed men came forth. De Mora and Hildebrand knew them well. Every one in Palermo knew those men, and not a heart so stout but that it would tremble before them.

"Here are your prisoners," said the officer, as the agents came up.

"Ah, my young friend, back once more, are you?" uttered one of the dark robes, as he took Francis by the arm.

Just then the Carmelite, Benedic, came waddling from the building. His little eyes sparkled with satisfaction as he saw the prisoners, and with a low chuckle he turned towards the officer. De Mora and Hildebrand both heard enough of his conversation to know that they owed their capture to him, and that the cardinal did not yet know that such a plan was on foot.

"Keep them safely, now," said Benedic, as he turned to one of the agents. "The cardinal shall know of their arrival."

Without more ado the prisoners were led into the building. They were both conducted to the same dungeon—a deep, damp vault below the surface of the ground—and there they were loaded with irons, and chained to heavy bolts in the stone floor. When the door was shut upon them they were left in utter, dull darkness, amid noisome vapors, and the dampness of the rocks sent a cold chill to every part of their frames.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE GRAND MASTER. THE FRANCISCAN AGAIN.

On the morning succeeding the capture of Hildebrand and de Mora, the Carmelite monk was closeted with the cardinal.

"Both safe, you say?" cried Ludovico, while his eyes sparkled with delight.

"Yes, my lord, both."

"But how came it, Benedic? How, in our lady's name, did you manage to entrap the buccancer?"

"Ah, that was a plan which I opened to Sopho and Paroli, and they helped me out with it."

"But how was it done?"

"Why, my lord, I learned where Hildebrand was in the habit of going with his vessel, and there I set the trap for him. I stated my plans to the general, and he detached a company of soldiers to lie in wait upon the coast. We hired a quick-witted fellow—one Gambo by name, who lives by his wits—and he promised to get on board the buccancer, and to contrive some means for getting the vessel on shore. This he did, and the soldiers did the rest."

"And what has become of the rest of the crew?"

"I don't know, my lord. The soldiers didn't get sight of them when they first landed, and so they contrived to get off into the country among the mountains. Hildebrand and de Mora were found alone the next day."

"Do you know which way they were going?"

"The officer told me they were coming towards the city."

"Towards Palermo?"

"Yes."

"They must have been bold, then?"

"Nevertheless, my lord, they are safe now."

"Ay, good Benedic, so they are; and you shall receive your reward. I know the laws do not suppose that a sworn mendicant can use money, but there may be some little comforts you would like. At all events, you shall have the money."

"Thank you, my lord."

"Now go, Benedic, and tell the judge that I shall be at the tribunal before noon. Stop not now for money. You know my treasury is not yet open. Wait until—but never mind. Go."

If the cardinal had finished the sentence he began, he would have told the Carmelite to wait until he had gained possession of the property of Donna Angela Fontani; but he took a second thought and kept the words back.

"Now, my dear Hildebrand," exclaimed Ludovico, as soon as he was alone, "I will cancel my debt to thee right quickly, and I'll seal thy lips, too, against the telling of our business connections. Ha, ha, they who think to outwit me must be keen indeed. With Hildebrand and de Mora out of my way, then the other step is easy; and that, too, must be quickly consummated. The duke tells me his niece takes the matter quite calmly. I am glad of that."

For some minutes after he had done speaking, the cardinal continued to pace up and down the room. Then he rang for his page, and gave orders that any who were waiting to see him might be admitted. There proved to be some half dozen people waiting for an interview, and it was over an hour before Ludovico was again at liberty. At the end of that time he arrayed himself in his robes, and with the usual number of attendants he set out for the office of the tribunal.

The street was cleared as the powerful cardinal walked along, and the people uncovered their heads and bowed low before him. On all hands he received the most proper outward marks of homage, but he knew full well that none of that homage came from the hearts of the people. He could see the marked compression of the lips, and the quick burning of the eye, when some one near him bowed, all telling that he was feared and hated, instead of being beloved and honored. But he was obeyed, and he was satisfied. He ruled in Palermo, and his ambition was gratified.

At length he reached the office of the tribunal. In the first hall he bade his attendants wait for him, and then moving on to the extremity of the place, he drew aside a heavy black arras, and knocked at the door which was hidden behind it. Presently the door was opened, and the Cardinal of Palermo was in the presence of the grand master of the tribunal. The master was robed in black, the cap upon his head was black, and the very cast of his features looked black, too. He bent his head, in token of subjection to the cardinal, and moved a seat for his august visitor.

"You have two prisoners?" commenced the cardinal, as he sat down.

"Yes," returned the master.

"Are they safe now?"

"Yes; as safe as though lodged in the very centre of the earth."

"That is well."

"I do not think, my lord, that even the thought of escape ever entered a man's head who was confined where they are."

"So much the better. Who has seen the prisoners since they came here?"

"None but those I can trust."

"That, too, is well; but, my good master, I would have you more than usually careful of those two men. If you send them food or drink, let one man carry it, and be sure that he is a man who will enter into no conversation with them, and who, above all things else, will not report what he hears."

"I have such men, my lord, and they shall be employed."

The cardinal toyed with the trimming of his purple mantle for a while, without speaking, and, at length, the master asked:

"Will you be present at the trial?"

"No," returned Ludovico.

"Then who shall make the accusation?"

"I will send it in writing. I shall send it by Benedic, the Carmelite; and I wish you to have the business transacted as quickly as possible."

"And now, when would you like for the trial to take place?"

The cardinal considered a few moments, and then he answered: "It may come off to-night. Benedic shall be here soon after dark, with the papers. The case will be a plain one, and you may use the torture as you see fit; only remember that the case must be made out."

"I already understand that," returned the master. "There are none come here who go back to the world again, to tell our doings."

"You are right there," said Ludovico. "By my faith, I would not have our secrets known. There are prying eyes enough in Palermo now to look through these very walls, with a little assistance, but that assistance they must not have. I rule the people now, but I think they love me not too well."

"Never fear, my lord," confidently returned the master. "This business shall be silent to the world."

"I would have it so," resumed the cardinal, "and especially in this case. There are particular reasons why I would have this most secretly conducted and most quickly disposed of."

"It shall be done as you wish."

Some time longer the cardinal remained there in conversation; and when the dial upon the coping of the window threw its shadow upon the hour of noon, he arose, and left the place. He passed out into the wooded court, and his attendants all followed him. Near the gate he met the old Franciscan, and, with a startled motion, he stopped.

"Why do you not bow down when I pass?" asked the cardinal.

"Ah, pardon, my lord cardinal. My eyes are dim, and I noticed not my fault."

As Father Hugh spoke, he bowed most reverently to the prelate.

"Now, what are you doing within the gates of this place?" asked Ludovico, at the same time motioning for his attendants to fall back out of hearing.

"I am looking about, my lord."

"And for what?"

"Merely to satisfy my curiosity."

The cardinal glanced into the old man's face, but his eyes trembled before the calm look he met. He rallied himself, however, and, with a look of assurance which he did not feel, he said:

"You'd better not let your curiosity carry you too far."

"But, surely, my lord cardinal, there can be no harm in looking at your buildings," said the Franciscan.

"Do you know what building this is?" asked Ludovico.

"Yes; I have heard that it is the holy tribunal."

"So it is; and you had better beware that you do not—"

The cardinal stopped without finishing the sentence. The great dark eyes of the Franciscan were fixed full upon him, and he could not repress the shudder that crept over him.

"I do not think you would threaten me with harm," calmly remarked the old friar; "for surely I mean no man evil. I trust that, in Palermo, virtue, at least, may save a man from harm. Is it not so, my lord cardinal?"

"Most assuredly," returned Ludovico, with a slight twitching of the muscles about the corners of the mouth; "and obedience to our rules constitutes a part of that saving virtue. Now, leave this place, and beware that you approach it not again."

"I submit," returned the friar; and, as he spoke, he turned slowly away.

When he was gone, the cardinal called to his attendants, and then moved on his way; but his step was more slow, and he noticed not the salutations of the people, as they passed him. He was too deeply engaged in his own reflections.

There is a class of men, who, when met by opposition, press more hotly forward towards their object, no matter whether that object be evil or not; and who, also, grow more fiery in their bent of wrong, from having a glimpse of danger before them. Ludovico was one of this class. His object was a momentous one, and it was evil enough, too; and he had more than one reason to fear for the result; but, like the man who is about to leap into some boiling, hissing cataract of waters, he shut his eyes, and resolved upon the risk.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BLACK SEALS.

THERE was a small, chink-like hole in the wall of the dungeon in which Hildebrand and Francis de Mora were confined, which, though it let not light enough in to make objects visible, was yet sufficient to mark the coming of day. Their first night of imprisonment had passed, and the day that succeeded was drawing towards its close. Once they had had bread and water brought to them, but they had spoken no word with the man who brought it. Through the day, the prisoners had been able to see each other in bare outline, but now the darkness had come again, as black and dense as ever, and the opening or closing of the eyes met with no change in sensation, save the mere muscular action necessary to the movement.

"Hildebrand," said Francis.

"I hear you," returned the buccancer.

"How much longer, think you, will they keep us here?"

"I cannot tell."

"Death were preferable to this. I am all chilled now, and my limbs ache with the weight of these irons."

"It is a hard fate, surely; but give not up yet."

"Ah, Hildebrand, I must give up ere long. I could not stand this many days. I am not so used to hardship as you, nor are my limbs so strong. But perhaps we may be both left here to die."

"Nay, de Mora; I think not so. We shall most assuredly be brought to trial before the tribunal."

"We are not sure of that," said the young man. "The cardinal has the power, and I am sure he has the will."

"You are right there," returned Hildebrand; "but there is one thing you forget. There must be a number of people knowing to our imprisonment, and he will not dare to murder us without a show of justice. No; we shall be tried."

"And then go to our death," added Francis.

"We shall be condemned, most assuredly."

"And from that condemnation there is no escape."

"There may be."

"May be!" repeated de Mora, straining his eyes, as if he would peer through the thick darkness to where his companion sat.

"Ay—there may be, Francis. There will be hope as long as life remains. But I must confess to you the truth, and tell you that my hope now rests wholly on chance. I was not prepared for this sudden imprisonment. Could I have had a day longer, the cardinal's power would have been harmless over me; but even as it is, I am not without hope."

"But for me—"

"Our fates will go together. If I am free, you will go with me; and if you die, I shall keep you company."

"At all events," murmured de Mora, as he moved his aching limbs to an easier position, "I pray God that our trial will come quickly."

"So I think it will," answered Hildebrand, "and for that trial you must be prepared. There was a man once escaped from them, after he had gone through the examination, and been condemned. It was Carlini, my second officer. He escaped when they least thought of it. He made his way from those who were leading him from the hall of trial by knocking down four of them, and then leaping through a window. From him I have learned somewhat of the secrets of this place. Now, ere you go to your trial, you must know that it will make no bit of difference whether you answer or not; or, if there is a difference, their end will be gained more quickly by your refusal. You will be tortured if you do not answer as they wish you to, and if you die under that torture, they will give you a speedy death, and easily wash their hands of the deed."

"Horrible!" uttered Francis, forgetting for a moment the bodily pain he was suffering, under the fearful thought thus presented. "Horrible!"

"Ay, it is horrible; but no more horrible than true," replied Hildebrand. "Now, let me counsel you to deny them nothing."

No matter how absurd the question, answer it as you may see they wish."

"But if they ask me to criminate you in my answer?"

"It makes no difference. Your answers can affect me not a jot; for I shall criminate myself if they wish me to. Your prime object is, to keep clear of the torture."

Francis de Mora reflected long upon what he had heard, and he felt confident that he had heard the truth. Minutes passed by until they could be numbered into hours, and at length the prisoners were aroused by the moving of the bolts upon the outside of their door. Soon the heavy door was swung slowly open, and four black-robed men entered the dungeon. Without a word they proceeded to unloose the shackles from the bolts in the floor, and then they led the prisoners forth.

It was some time before our hero could hear the light of the torches which his conductors carried; but, by degrees, he became inured to the glare, and then he was able to walk faster. The way was along a vaulted passage, up a long flight of steps, and then through another passage, until they stopped at a heavy door, upon each side of which stood a stout man armed with a sword and shield. De Mora's heart fluttered quickly, and beat hard against its case, as he noticed the great blood-red cross that stood out upon the ebony door, for he knew that the cross of his Saviour was not more bloody than that. He had time to notice, too, that the windows of the passage were barred with iron.

Soon the door was opened, and the two prisoners were ushered into the room beyond. It was lighted with tall waxen tapers, but yet it looked more dreadful than had the dungeon. The apartment was a large one, and everything in it of fixed substance was jetty black. Even the wax of the four tapers was like sticks of ebony, and the very blaze was of a ghastly hue.

There were twelve men there, in black robes. The master sat upon a raised seat, and upon each hand were two of his agents. Then there were two more who sat at a table in front, and at whose use lay materials for writing. Then the four who had accompanied the prisoners made eleven. The twelfth man was none other than Benedict; but he was robed like the rest, save that he wore not the cross upon his breast.

There was but one implement of torture in the place, and that was the rack. There were no implements separate from that, but yet that contained a variety of combinations within itself. It was a stout, low frame, about twelve feet long; and reaching across, from side to side, were small slats, upon which the victim was laid, upon his back. At each end there was a windlass, over which passed the straps that were to be made fast to the wrists and ankles; but, in addition to the gyves thus used, there were little double riogs that slipped over the fingers. At each turn of the windlass these rings could be made to pull in opposite directions upon the same finger, so that it became equally painful with the thumb-screw. This rack was directly upon the left hand of the prisoners, and they could see that the long levers were in their sockets, ready for use.

"Is Hildebrand present?" asked the master, after the door had been shut and bolted.

"So I am called," replied the buccaneer, in a calm yet respectful tone; for he knew right well that the least show of disrespect would be fatal to him.

The clerks both wrote, and, when they ceased writing, the master continued:

"You have had command of a vessel armed for warlike purposes, and these arms you have turned in force against your lawful king."

"Against King Philip, of Spain."

"He is your lawful king."

"Against him I have carried war."

The clerks both wrote again, and then the master conferred in low whispers with the Carmelite.

"Hildebrand," said he, as he once more turned towards the buccaneer, "you have saved us much trouble, and yourself much pain, by your answers. Of course you well know what must be the result. You will sin no more!"

The clerks wrote again, and then each folded the sheet upon which he had written, and handed it to the judge.

"Is Francis de Mora present?" asked the master.

De Mora answered, but it was with a trembling voice.

The master opened a paper which he had received from the Carmelite, and, after he had read it, he turned again to the young man.

"You, Francis de Mora, helped abduct one of our daughters from her home, against the express wish of our just lord, the cardinal. Answer."

"Do you allude to Angela Fontani?"

"Yes."

"She went of her own accord."

"And did you not aid her?" asked the master, in a premonitory tone.

At that moment, Francis heard the word "Remember!" drop from Hildebrand's lips.

"Answer!" repeated the master.

"I did," said Francis.

The clerks wrote.

"Now, young sir, you have not only contemplated disobedience to the cardinal of Palermo, but you have placed your foot upon the very sanctity of our holy church."

Francis started, and, if he had looked, he might have seen the little gray eyes of the Carmelite sparkle.

"You placed violent hands upon one of our well-beloved brothers of Mount Carmel, while you knew he was in the discharge of his duty."

"Yes, I did."

"You also threatened him with a violent death."

"How?"

"You drew your sword upon him."

"Yes," said de Mora.

"God have mercy on you, young man. The servants of our holy Saviour are not safe, even in their duty's work, while you are at large. You have been wise in your answers, and, though there are other charges against you both, yet I think it not necessary to read them. You will sin no more!"

The clerks wrote again, and again they handed their papers to the master. He took them. One he laid aside, and the other he held in his hand. Then he took a piece of black wax, and, having held it in the blaze of one of the tapers till it burned, he allowed a drop to fall upon the paper. This drop he pressed beneath a broad seal he wore at his girdle, and, as soon as this was done, he took one of the papers he had first received, and sealed it in like manner. These he handed to one of the men who had conducted the prisoners from their dungeon, and then he waved his hand for them to be taken away.

"May I ask one word?" said Hildebrand, as the agent laid his hand upon him. He spoke to the grand master.

"You may ask it"

"Then am I condemned to die?"

"Most assuredly."

"And when?"

"The doom is written and sealed. I cannot speak farther."

The prisoners were led away without another word, but they went not towards the same dungeon from whence they had been brought. Even Hildebrand now trembled. He knew what those two black seals meant, now, and the chances for his hope began to grow faint indeed. De Mora walked with difficulty. He saw that his stout companion looked pale, and it is no wonder that he should lose all hope now. If Hildebrand feared then, what had he to hope for?

CHAPTER XVI.

A STRANGE DOOM.

THE place to which the prisoners were led from the judgment-hall was far down in the subterranean windings of the arches and vaults that lay beneath the great building of the tribunal. Down they went, until they knew they had reached the lowest range of dungeons. The walls about them were all dripping with water, and the broad flags upon which they trod were all slimy and slippery. At length the conductors stopped. The torches cast a fitful glare around, and the condemned saw before them what appeared to be an unbroken wall of granite; but the deception was soon dispelled, for one of the massive stones was swung back, and the two prisoners were ordered to enter. De Mora shrank back, with a fearful shudder, and sank upon his knees; and even Hildebrand groaned when he gazed into the darkness of the noiseless place which had been thus opened.

"Not in there! not in there!" gasped Francis. "O, mercy!"

Two men lifted him up, and forced him into the dungeon.

"God defend me!" fell from Hildebrand's lips.

"In! in!" pronounced he who held the sealed papers.

"Will you give us food in there?"

"No matter."

The old man's heart broke from its confinement, and his soul waxed warm within him. Instinct overleaped reason, and he sprang like a tiger upon the man who had spoken to him.

"Make way for me!" he cried, as he felled two of the agents to the ground. "I'll not stay here."

He started to run as he spoke, but his effort was a vain one. His feet slipped upon the slimy pavement, and, with a heavy fall, he came down. Before he could regain himself, he was seized by strong hands, and dragged to the dungeon. He resisted still, but it availed him nothing, and in a few moments more the massive stone door was closed upon both him and De Mora.

They were alone again, and blacker than Egyptian darkness enveloped them.

When Hildebrand somewhat regained his scattered senses, his first impulse was to feel around, and ascertain if there was any such thing as a seat or couch in the cell. His first movement was to stumble over the prostrate form of de Mora. The concussion aroused the young man, and he soon got upon his feet, and joined in the search. The place was by no means large—not over twelve feet across—and it was found to have many sides; but nothing could be found to break the smoothness of the walls save a sort of projection near the floor, upon which stood a vessel of some sort, and another substance that felt like bread. There was no seat, no bed.

Whatever may have been the thoughts of these two men, they kept them to themselves. They seemed afraid to speak, lest their own voices should wake some demon in the place. At length Hildebrand pulled off his boots, and rolled them up for a pillow, and then he laid himself down upon the cold stone floor. Francis knew what his companion had done, and he followed his example.

They slept and dreamed, then awoke, and slept again. They murmured prayers in their sleep; in their dreams they groaned, and when they awoke again they shuddered. It was to them a weary, dreary night.

When they finally arose, and shook off their drowsiness, they found that there was a ray of light streaming into the place. It came from a round hole in one of the corners where the wall and the ceiling met. The hole was not over three or four inches in diameter, and was about twelve feet from the floor, which was of course the height of the place.

It was over an hour before the prisoners could bring their eyesight into effectual use with the small quantity of light that came

in to them; but they gradually were enabled to see about them, and at length they could gain a dim view of the whole dungeon. They found the bread and water. The former was hard, black and stale, and the latter brackish and unwholesome; but dire hunger and thirst made them palatable.

They found their dungeon to be in the form of an octagon, with the roof arched just enough to support itself.

"But where is the door by which we entered?" asked Francis, as he gazed eagerly about him.

"I cannot see it," returned Hildebrand, in a hoarse voice.

Nor could they see it. The eight sides of the cell were searched in vain. Everywhere the walls presented the same unbroken surface, save at the angles, and there they all seemed to be tightly cemented.

"There must be a door somewhere," said de Mora.

"Yes—and it must be that one of these whole sides opened to let us in," returned the other. "That is the mystery."

Hildebrand had a pocket-knife with him, and he tried to see if he could force the blade through any crevice between the stones; but he could not. At every joint the granite met completely, and not a crack or chink could he anywhere find.

"Strange," he muttered to himself.

"What does it mean?" asked Francis.

"I dare not think."

"Dare not?"

"No; for 'tis surely some fatal contrivance—some deep planning for dark ends. This place was never formed thus merely as a place of confinement."

"Perhaps it was," said de Mora.

"Then why were we not placed in the same dungeon they took us from?"

De Mora could not answer.

"Simply," continued Hildebrand, "because there is some other end to be answered here. We may as well prepare for the worst."

"Do you think they mean to starve us to death here?"

"You see they have left us food."

"Yes—but when that is gone?"

"No; they might have starved us elsewhere."

"Then what, in Heaven's name, do you think?" uttered de Mora, in an agony of suspense and mental torture.

"I think more than I dare speak," returned Hildebrand, in a low, tremulous tone. "But," he added, in a more cheerful tone, "let us think of something more grateful. It is not impossible that we may escape from this place."

"But speak the truth, Hildebrand. Do you think it probable?"

"You should not ask that question, de Mora."

This was spoken in a melancholy tone, and the young man knew its full import. He knew that his companion had not the hope he spoke of, and he felt convinced that escape from that place was an utter impossibility.

The day dragged slowly, heavily away, and another long, dark night succeeded. The next day came, and the next night. When the third day dawned, the bread and water were all gone, and a raging thirst beset the prisoners. Upon the cold surface of the walls there were drops of water, and these they licked off. The effect was grateful to them, for their tongues were cooled, and there was dampness enough to moisten their palates.

There was one thing they both noticed, and that was, that the stream of light that came through the small hole was more dim than before. It did not appear to be the effect of any change in the weather, but it rather seemed as though some object had been intruded, to shut off part of the light.

It must have been nearly noon. Both the prisoners were seated against the wall, and they had been sleeping. Suddenly, Francis de Mora was aroused by feeling a stream of cold water strike upon his head. He leaped to his feet, and his movement also started Hildebrand.

"What is it, Francis?" he uttered, as he gained his feet, and began to look around.

"There is water coming in here!" was de Mora's reply.

They both gazed up at the hole, and found that a stream of water was running down through it into their dungeon.

"Perhaps there is a storm," suggested Francis.

"If it were," returned Hildebrand, "that water would not be so clear. Were it the drainings from a storm, it would be thick and muddy."

"What, then, is it?"

"There is a large fountain near the building."

"And do you think it has broken its bonds?"

"It has surely found means of escape," said the buccaneer.

"Father of mercy!" gasped de Mora, starting from the thought that had engaged him, "what if they do not discover that the water has found access here! See! none of it runs out! Our dungeon is tight, Hildebrand! O, my soul! it might fill up!"

The old seaman gazed upon his young companion with a pitying, mournful look.

"Can you not guess the truth?" he said.

"The truth?" repeated Francis.

"Ay; can you not guess it?"

De Mora gazed hard upon his companion, and gradually his face grew pale as death. He trembled, and leaned his head against the wall.

"What is it?" he whispered.

"Then the truth is," returned the old man, as he moved forward, and laid his hand upon de Mora's shoulder, "that *this is the manner of our death!* Now we know why these walls are built so tight. See! it comes in faster and faster! Now it rushes to us in a torrent. Francis, let us kneel while yet we can. There's hope for us now only in Heaven!"

Those two men knelt and prayed; and when their prayers

were said, they arose to their feet again. The water was now to their knees, and still the torrent came rushing in, with a roaring sound. The flood kept rising—rising—rising—and not one drop of it found an outlet. With a frenzy which coming death can only give, Hildebrand rushed against the several walls to see if he could not force open a door, or make some outlet for the water. But he might as well have thought to move a mountain. Nothing moved—nothing vibrated before his giant feet.

Up, up rose the fatal element, until the prisoners stood without farther thoughts of effort. The wavelets that broke from the stream laved their loins—it reached their waists—it wrapped its icy folds about their breasts, and, at length, their foothold began to weaken.

Instinctively they both sought the narrow shelf upon which their head and water had stood. They raised themselves upon it, and it gave them another short space of life.

"See," uttered Hildebrand, "how the flood laughs us to scorn!" "It comes, it comes!" murmured Francis. "O God, have mercy now!"

"Hark!" cried the old man. "What shout was that?"

They both heard the noise, as if of men shouting with all their power, but the rushing flood drowned it soon, and the hellowing of the water was all they heard. Again the shout sounded in those deep caverns, but the prisoners were too weak to hear it now.

CHAPTER XVII.

ANGELA'S REBELLION.

WE must go back now. It was on the same day that Hildebrand and de Mora first spent in the deep dungeon after their trial. It was towards the middle of the afternoon, and Angela Fontani was in her own apartment. She had just held an interview with Nicholas de Villani, and she had retired from the meeting sick at heart. She saw that the young man looked upon her as his own, and that he regarded her more in the light of a piece of fortune which had luckily fallen to his lot, than as a being who was to be loved and cherished. He had talked, too, of marriage as though she were but a piece of merchandise which he was glad to take because it glittered with the light of gold. He had not spoken in this in so many words, but Angela could read his thoughts and his motions, and she knew him for just what he was.

While she sat there in her room, her uncle entered and took a seat.

"Well, Angela," he said, "how do you like the marquis?"

"Not at all," was the maiden's calm reply. She spoke calmly, because her mind was made up.

"Do not like him? And why not?"

"Perhaps I might not be able to tell you that. But I will tell you what I can. In the first place, his character is not good."

"But he will reform."

"He cannot so easily reform his disposition."

"Why, his disposition, I believe, is good."

"Not to me, for he lacks everything that goes to make up a religious character."

"But his religion is sound."

"Ah, I mean that true religion of the soul; that religion which a man lives—not that which he professes. I mean that religion which shows itself in the walks of every-day life, which warms the heart, kindles the eye, and opens the mind to all that is good and true."

"You are looking wildly for your religious man, my child."

"Am I?"

"Ay; you will find few such among our young men."

"Then I would never know them."

"You will find de Villani as good as the average."

"O, heavens! then what shall save our race?"

Angela bowed her head as she spoke, and the duke gazed fixedly upon her. His task was a hard one, if he would argue against her, for he knew that she had right on her side. It is no wonder, then, that he should desire to change the subject.

"You must remember," he said, in a sort of persuasive tone, "that there are hundreds of your sex in Palermo who have not so good husbands as the marquis."

"Then there are hundreds that are miserable," returned the girl.

"No; many of them are happy."

"Then their natures have become corrupted. Ah, dear uncle, you know that in the most squalid tenements of our city there is much of happy contentment; but it is the happiness of ignorance. I have seen a woman laugh most boisterously while she was counting over stolen money. Would you call that such happiness as you could recommend?"

"Perhaps not."

"Then the happiness of which you speak has the same foundation. It rests upon ignorance of purer sources of joy."

"And yet you may be happy with the marquis. You may mould him to your fashion of thought."

"O, I dare not undertake it. My very soul shrinks from him. O, if you love me, my uncle, let this thing pass from me. Save me if you can."

"I cannot."

"You mean you will not."

"No, no, Angela; I mean that I cannot. It is beyond my power now. My word has gone forth, and it cannot be broken. The cardinal holds me, and you know his power."

"If Ludovico has planned this thing, and if he is still resolved upon it, and if you have given your consent, then the fate is fixed!"

"You speak truly, Angela. The fate is fixed, and I pray you not to urge me more against it."

One thing the maiden could plainly see, and it gave her a slight feeling of gratitude, too. She saw that her uncle was really unhappy when she appeared miserable. She saw that he was not all bad at heart—that he did not really wish her ill, but that he was acting through fear. She knew that he had allowed the cardinal to gain power over him, and that now he was upon his knees in the dust before that power. She could not exonerate her uncle from blame, for he had indeed been most guilty; but, with a just discrimination, she ascribed his guilt to the weakness of his will, rather than to any innate badness of heart.

"Has the day been fixed for the marriage?" asked she.

"Yes," returned the duke.

"When is it?"

"To-morrow."

"No, no, not so soon as that."

"Yes, that is the time fixed upon."

"But surely it can be put off a while longer—another short day, at least. O, say it can be so!"

"What is the use of that, Angela? It must come, and the sooner the better. To-morrow is the day fixed upon, and to-morrow it must be."

"Then let it come," murmured the fair girl.

"Will you be prepared?"

"Ay," returned Angela, while a sudden light flashed in her eyes. "I will prepare myself. Fear not that I shall be idle, or come unseemly to the wedding."

She hesitated a moment, and then she asked, while the light in her eye grew faint again:

"Have you heard from de Mora yet?"

Michael Fontani knew the truth, but he dared not speak it. He dared not tell her that the youth was within the walls of the Holy Tribunal.

"I know nothing of him," was his reply.

"Then he is safe, at least."

"I hope so."

"God bless and guard him!"

The duke was silent.

"Can you not say 'amen'?"

"Amen," responded the duke, in a husky, trembling tone.

He arose then, and turned away.

"You will be all ready?" he said, stopping a moment at the door.

But Angela did not reply. He hesitated a moment more, but he asked her not again. He passed out without receiving her answer, and soon the sound of his footstep died away in the distance.

When Angela was once more alone, she gave a long time to thought. Her countenance underwent a variety of expressions, but it at length settled down to a look of painful firmness. She walked to the opposite side of the room, and her step was firm. With a hand as steady as the bedded rock, she took hold of the bell-cord, and, having drawn it down, she moved just as calmly back to her seat. Ere many moments, the door of her apartment was opened, and a dark-haired girl entered. She was older than Angela, and though not so faultlessly beautiful, yet she was what would be called handsome. Her most prominent feature was the lustre of her great black eyes. They burned with a strong light, and they revealed a soul full of strong purpose. She looked intelligent, more so than many girls who were above her in station, and with the natural kindness of heart that irradiated her face, there was mixed an unmistakable show of free and dauntless courage. She was by station a servant to Angela Fontani, but her treatment made her in privilege more an equal. She was taken from a home of poverty by Angela's father, and through a service of ten long years, she had not forgotten the gratitude she owed.

"Lucia," said Angela, as her maid closed the door, "take a seat here by me. There. Now I am going to tax your kindness to its utmost."

"It never has been taxed to its utmost yet," replied Lucia, regarding her mistress with a look of wonder.

"Perhaps not; but I am going to try it now. It has been fixed that I shall wed with Nicholas de Villani to-morrow."

"But you do not surely wish for such a thing. O, you will not leave poor Francis! He loves—"

"Stop, Lucia. I would rather lay my head down upon your lap, and there breathe out my last life than do this thing."

"Then you will not do it. By our lady! they cannot force you to it."

"The cardinal has sworn that it shall be done."

"The cardinal has?" repeated Lucia, starting back aghast.

"Yes, and neither he nor my uncle can be moved from the purpose."

Lucia gazed earnestly, pityingly, into Angela's face, but she knew not what consolation to offer.

"What can I do for you?" she at length asked. "I will risk my own life for you, if you will but point out some way in which I can help you."

"I know I may trust you, Lucia."

"You wrong me if you doubt it."

"I do not doubt it, and for that reason I have sent for you now. Lucia, I am going to leave this place to-night. I must flee from this roof. But I would not go all alone."

"I'll go with you to the ends of the earth," ardently returned the faithful girl, as she moved her seat nearer to the side of her mistress. "Only tell me where you will go, and when."

"I must go to-night, for to-morrow will be too late. As soon as the streets are quiet, I will venture forth."

"But have you fixed upon a place where you will go?"

"I think I may trust myself at the convent of St. Mary. I feel sure that the sisters there will protect me."

Lucia shook her head.

"Do you fear?" asked Angela.

"Will it be safe to trust the nuns?" suggested Lucia, in reply.

"You know they will fear to thwart the cardinal."

"But they need not know me."

"Ah, there you mistake, my lady; for you must be aware that when you are missed, Ludovico will leave no means untried to find you, and then, of course, the nuns will know who you are; and though they might give you shelter from your uncle, I doubt me if they would dare to from the cardinal. I would not think of trusting them."

"Where then can I go?" uttered Angela, realizing at once the weight of her companion's objections. "I must leave this roof."

"There are many places in the Val di Mazara where you can find safety. I would rather trust to some honest peasant among the hills. I know many such."

"Then thither I will go."

"And what then?" asked Lucia.

"I will wait there until I either hear from de Mora or Hildebrand."

"Then I am with you. Now make your plans, my dear lady, and you have but to speak your wishes, for me to obey."

"Bless you, Lucia,—bless you! Go, now, and procure disguises."

"What kind will suit you?"

"Anything you think proper. Only be secret, be careful, and be quick."

Lucia arose from her seat, and hurried away, and as soon as she was gone, Angela began to collect together what little money she had at command. It was not much, but it was enough to serve her purpose. She had a faint hope that she should not always have to remain away from her home.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PEASANT'S COY.

IT was after ten o'clock when Angela and Lucia were ready to set out upon their adventurous walk. They were arrayed in the garbs of Sisters Converse, or the lay sisters of our Lady Rosolia, a body of females who were sworn to charitable pursuits, but whose chief calling was in watching with, and ministering to, the poor and indigent sick. Lucia had shown her shrewdness in procuring this garb; for the sisters of our lady were, from their very calling, often in the streets at all hours of the night. The dress consisted of a black gown, with a collar and narrow bosom of white muslin, and a cowl-like hood, which was also of white. Beneath these dark robes, the girls wore their own dresses, and as they assisted each other to perform the novel toilet, they each had hopeful words to speak.

At length the task was completed, and then the girls listened, to assure themselves that all was safe. They heard no noise, no sound, except their own heavy breathings, and with a noiseless movement Lucia opened the door, and passed out into the corridor beyond. Angela followed.

"You will lead the way," whispered the latter.

"Fear not, my dear lady. I have the keys of the outer door and of the court gate. If we can but gain the street we are safe. Be bold, now, and tread most carefully."

"Ah, my heart is strong, Lucia," resumed Angela, as she moved noiselessly along the corridor.

No more words were spoken until they were clear of the buildings. The street was gained without difficulty, and when once there, Angela Fontani stopped for a moment to think. She could not but look back upon the dwelling she had left, and half wonder at the cause that had thus sent her forth; but what of wonder she had was soon lost in the reality of the thing, and at a word from Lucia she started on again.

With a swift step they glided along through the streets, nor were they interrupted till they reached a point near the great convent of the Capuchins. They had got clear of the city, and were walking now more boldly, when a man stepped into their path. He was a soldier.

"Whom have we here?" he asked.

"Sisters Converse," was Lucia's bold, quick answer.

It was too dark to plainly distinguish countenances, but the soldier could see that the females wore the dress of the lay sisters.

"Know you not," said he, "that no person can pass out from the city after night fall without a passport?"

"We did not," replied Lucia.

"But so it is."

"It must be something new, then."

"Ay, that it is. Our good cardinal has placed the bands upon us within the week."

"Let us go back," murmured Angela.

"No, no, sister," promptly uttered Lucia. "Our errand of mercy must not be put off. Hark ye, good soldier, does this edict prevent the ministering of holy rites and charitable deeds? We knew not of it, and our errand now is one which may not be put off without danger even to life itself. You will not refuse us passage."

"I ought not to let you pass," said the soldier.

"It is a long way back, and the hour, too, is late," resumed Lucia.

"But whence go ye?"

"To visit a poor peasant, who will be made happier by our coming."

"And when shall you return?"

"That we cannot exactly tell."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE VANILLA.

The vanilla grows in moist and shady places, on the borders of springs, near the sea, particularly in places subject to inundation, and in the neighborhood of salt or brackish waters. It flowers in the month of May; its fruit arrives at maturity towards the last of September. This plant is found in almost all the warm countries of South America; in Brazil, in Mexico and in Colombia; it is also found in Asia, under the tropics; but into the latter region it seems to have been imported by the English. Three principal varieties of the vanilla are known in commerce—the Pompona or Ilova variety, so called by the Spaniards, has a very thick pod and strong odor; the bastard variety, the least esteemed of the three, has a smaller pod, and a faint odor; the *ley* or legitimate variety, the most sought for, has a thin pod and very pleasant smell. The legitimate of good quality is of a deep reddish brown; it should be neither too glutinous nor too dry. When you open one of the well-conditioned and fresh seed vessels, you find it filled with a black, oily and balsamic liquid, in which float an infinity of little imperceptible grains; it emits at the same time an odor so keen and penetrating, that, breathed a long time, it finally creates stupor or a species of intoxication. In South America it would be easy to subject the vanilla to regular culture; and thus, without doubt, considerable plantations might be formed, and crops obtained sufficient for the supply of the European market; but the inhabitants are contented to gather the fruits which spring from the roots without culture. Still, the vanilla is cultivated at Cayenne and in Guiana; and latterly, its cultivation has been attempted in Europe. An attempt has been made to fecundate the flowers artificially to increase the product, and the experiments seem to have been crowned with complete success. The following is the preparation to which the vanilla is subjected before entering into commerce. A certain number of pods are tied together in bunches and dipped into boiling water, which instantly bleaches them; they are afterwards exposed to the open air and a little sun. After a day's exposure they receive a slight application of oil, that they may dry slowly, without becoming



THE VANILLA PLANT



PORTRAIT OF MAZZINI, THE ITALIAN PATRIOT.

[For description, see page 365.]

too hard or losing their softness. Each of them is surrounded by a small thread of cotton, which prevents the separation of the valves. There soon exudes, from the reversed extremity, a superabundance of viscous liquor; the seed-vessels are slightly pressed

despair and honest execration, the latter drops his fish; the eagle, poising himself for a moment, as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind, snatches it in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears it silently away to the woods." The bald

THE BALD EAGLE.

Below we give a representation of this noble bird, the king of the feathered race. The bald eagle is the most distinguished of the North American species of the eagle tribe, not only from his beauty, but also as the adopted emblem of our country. This bird has been known to naturalists for a long time, and is common to both continents, chiefly frequenting the neighborhood of the sea, and the shores and cliffs of lakes and large rivers. He is found during the whole year in the countries he inhabits, preferring the spots we have mentioned from his partiality for fish. The following poetic description of one of his modes of obtaining his prey is given by Wilson: "Elevated upon a high, dead limb of some gigantic tree, that commands a wide view of the neighboring shore and ocean, he seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the feathered tribes that pursue their busy avocations below—the snow white gulls, slowly winnowing the air; the busy *tringa*, coursing along the sands; trains of ducks, streaming over the surface; silent and watchful cranes, intent and wading; clamorous crows, and all the winged multitudes that subsist by the bounty of this vast liquid magazine of nature. High over all these, hovers one, whose action instantly arrests all his attention. He knows him to be the fish-hawk, settling over some devoted victim of the deep. His eye kindles at the sight, and, balancing himself with half-opened wings on the branch, he watches the result. Down, rapid as an arrow from heaven, descends the distant object of his attention, the roar of its wings reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep, making the surges foam around. At this moment, the eager looks of the eagle are all ardor, and, levelling his neck for a flight, he sees the fish-hawk once more emerging, struggling with his prey, and mouthing in the air with screams of exultation. These are a signal to our hero, who, launching into the air, instantly gives chase; soon gains on the fish hawk; each exerts his utmost to mount above the other, displaying, in the rencontre, the most elegant and sublime aerial evolutions. The unencumbered eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when, with a sudden scream, probably of



THE BALD-HEADED EAGLE.

to favor the discharge of this liquor. When the vanillas have lost all their viscosity, they rapidly acquire the different qualities by which they are known in commerce. The principal use of the vanilla is to flavor ice creams, sherbets and like preparations.

eagle also destroys quadrupeds, as lambs, pigs, etc.; and there are well authenticated instances of its attempting to carry off children. When this bird has fasted for some time, its appetite is extremely voracious and indiscriminate, and it will eat almost any food.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

LAY HER THERE.

BY MRS. L. U. BIGOTTEZ.

Lay her where the lilies grow,
Where the calla blossoms rare;
She rejoiced to see them blow,
She was stainless as their snow—
Lay her there.

Lay her where the violets spread,
When the spring-tide opens fair;
She, like them, did freely shed
Fragrance o'er the lowliest bed—
Lay her there.

Lay her where the wild rose gleams,
Asking not the florist's care;
In the love that constant flows,
She was sister to the rose—
Lay her there.

Lay her where the fountain clear
Showers its freshness on the air;
Like the dewdrops' sparkling spheres
Was her spirit, pure and dear—
Lay her there.

Yet let no despairing wail
Mingle with the funeral prayer;
For the angels sing "All hail!"
Ere we sigh, with sadness pale,
Lay her there.

[Translated from the German for Gleason's Pictorial.]

FEODORE.

A POETIC ILLUSTRATION OF AN ACTUAL OCCURRENCE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KOTZEBUE, BY W. A. KENYON.

The scene is laid in Russia, at the country seat of MAJOR VILLIKOFF, a wealthy landholder, on the road between Moscow and St. Petersburg. MARIE, a young lady, sister to the Major, is discovered alone, in an apartment of the house, singing:

Now is the spring delightful seen,
Young birches dressing all in green,
And sweet-breathed violets new;
It brings the little songster-guest,
With light heart to his feathered nest;
The swallow twitter in her nest;
The cuckoo calls: "Cuckoo!"

With pure, childlike simplicity,
The handiwork of God I see
In every bud and flower;
Where little earth-worms creeping move,
The sun revolving high above;
Temple of nature! there I love
Thy self-adorning power!

The major enters.

Major.—Good morning, sister. Sing you so cheerfully?

Marie.—The larks understand it better.

Major.—Yes, the larks are happy creatures.

Marie.—And do you know why?

Major.—Because they celebrate their freedom with rejoicing.

Marie.—Surely not. The larks free? What are you thinking of? The heralds of spring, the songsters of love—two important offices! They have plenty to do, from the first blush of morning till sunset. No; I consider the larks happy because they choose to be contented. Even now, in April, while all around us is covered with snow—when scarcely the hillock's top or high spot in the field shows itself, these contented guests come and satisfy themselves with the place—hailing it from the air with their quavering song. I know of men, on the contrary, for whom mountain and valley are flourishing for a mile round, and who, yet, hail the fairest morning of spring with a sigh.

Major.—Do you mean me?

Marie.—Whom else? Shame for you! A man of thirty years; major, by good fortune and well meriting; proprietor of a handsome estate; brother to a sister full of love—and yet a kind of misanthrope.

Major.—Was I always that?

Marie.—No! That is what vexes me. You was a sprightly boy, a cheerful youth; why have you become a melancholy man?

Major.—Do you really wish to know?

Marie.—So very much that I must inquire about it the first thing.

Major.—Well, then, you shall know it. O, sister, I am in love!

Marie.—Why, the great misfortune! Yet you do not love the Princess Zurandot?

Major.—I am ashamed of my choice.

Marie.—Then you do not love.

Major.—My shame is my torment.

Marie.—My curiosity is mine.

Major.—Feodore.

Marie.—Our handsome stranger?

Major.—Three months are now flown away since I went over to our ale-house, in the twilight of an evening. A beautiful, half-frozen girl sat weeping in the snow. I asked her why she was crying. She stared and was silent. Said I, "You are freezing, my child; why do you not go in?" She saw the tears were in my eyes, and shook her head. "Are you in want of money?" I inquired again, seizing my purse. She showed me the corner of her handkerchief, in which she had some coppers tied.

Marie.—In brief, she would not go in because some drunken soldiers were in the ale-house. You have repeated the story to me a hundred times already.

Major.—I pointed towards our gate, saying, in a friendly manner, "Since you have no shelter, you had better come with me."

Marie.—She hesitated until she found that you had an honest sister; then followed you, and threw herself into my arms.

Major.—Since that time, she has with every day unfolded some new charm, either of person or mind.

Marie.—And these charms have captivated my noble brother.

Major.—For eternity.

Marie.—Ay, ay! It appeared to me, at the first, indeed, as though she pleased your eyes well; but now, for several weeks past, you have seemed to avoid her—have you not?

Major.—I confess it to you, with shame and sorrow. At first I presumed I had a right—

Marie.—To treat her as an adventuress?

Major.—Her amiable spirit has shown me the bounds.

Marie.—I could have given you the same advice upon that point, after the first morning. I have proved her; her mind is pure.

Major.—As pure as ether is her mind;
Her spirit bears a weight of woe.

Marie.—But what so sad from us confided?
Not by inquiries can we know.

Major.—Calmly endured, by no complaint
The ground of her still grief appears.

Marie.—Our every quest but meets restraint;
Her smiles beseeching through her tears.

Both.—Help we would and cannot,
That will press one sore;
Help we can and may not,
O that pains yet more!

Marie.—Why has she nothing but mystery for us! She certainly knows we mean well towards her. Sometimes it appears to me rather suspicious.

Major.—Abuse not the innocent.

Marie.—She abuses friendship. Who is she? Where does she come from? Why alone? On foot? Whither did she intend to go? Hardly to us, yet she continues here; and yet, again, her anxiety betrays that she desires not to remain only to carry out some plan. She always runs over the leader in the St. Petersburg Gazette, with great eagerness. What should that signify? A word escaped her lately—she hopes to leave us now soon?

Major.—To leave? Does she hope that? Does she make use of the expression, *hope*?

Marie.—Yes, yes, dear brother; I cannot help you.

Major.—O, sister, I cannot live without her.

Marie.—The poorer comfort for me. She goes, you follow, and I remain alone.

Major.—But must she then go? Marie, possibly there is a way to keep her.

Marie.—Certainly, now, if you—

Major.—I offer her my hand, my heart, my rank, my fortune—
Marie.—To a stranger?

Major.—Her name, her fortune, I know not; but her heart—

Marie.—A girl you found in the street? A mendicant?

Major.—Surely she was not born to that. An unfortunate, whose misery enlisted our compassion, whose virtue has won our esteem.

Marie.—And from both has grown love.

Major.—The purest, warmest love.

Marie.—Still, one must know before—

Major.—What she conceals from the friend she will disclose to the companion.

Marie.—And what if the disclosure may not be pleasing? The companion repents too late, then. You should, at least, await the return of our uncle. You know how warmly even he has interested himself for Feodore; warmer almost than became his gray hairs. You know that he, notwithstanding his gout, made the journey to Moscow for the purpose of getting upon her track there; since she one day let fall, in conversation, that she came hither by way of Moscow. We are expecting him now daily and hourly.

Major. Not I. I am not awaiting him; for I should feel ashamed to cherish the least suspicion about Feodore's innocence. I treat you, sister, prepare her in advance; for you perceive me resolute. Open to her my heart, to-day. When she hears that—when she describes a sister in the benefactress—my loved one will possibly awaken her confidence. If not, she shall thus be confounded by mine. "Feodore," I will say to her, "I believe thee to be a noble; thy nobleness will not permit us to be deceived. I desire not to know who thou art; I choose to believe thy worthiness by the purifying glance that has won my heart to thee."

Marie.—Stands it thus with you, indeed! Well, I will endeavor, once more, to unlock her mystery. Your love, perchance, lends me the key. But suppose her declaration, in accordance with your desire, discloses a gulf between her and you; will you set aside all prejudice?

Major.—Success in love requites me all.

Marie.—And the favor of your good king? He who for our father's sake, shows himself so fatherly to you; will he approve such a step?

Major.—When he sees and knows her.

Marie.—But will he see her? will he know her?

Major.—Perchance, perchance to-day. I forgot to tell you—a courier but just now passed. The king, returning in state, has rested over night but a few miles from here. He goes right by our house. I hope, therefore, that, reminded of me, he will stop and alight. Then I will place Feodore before him. All good, all beautiful, she must easily find the way to his noble heart. He will approve my choice, and I shall then serve him the more ardently.

Marie.—Yes, there is a mustard grain of hope; ever sure to be found by those in love. To such no mountain is too high. They speedily remove it, and go easily along the level way.

Major.—The spell of true love
New existence awakes;
Self lifts me above,
And more confident makes.

To every good,
High-hearted deed,
Through flame and flood,
Will love eye lead.
Where heroes fear,
In bloody field,
Love still will dare;
His foe must yield.

The spell of true love
New existence awakes;
Self lifts me above,
And all confident makes.

He retires.

Marie.—Good brother, your hour has struck. The hero dreamed not of it, as he carried himself so valiantly in Prussia and Finland, that he would fall upon the highway, before his own ale-house, into the captivity of a Russian maiden.

Feodore enters.

Feodore.—I wish for some flax, dear lady; that which you gave me yesterday is all spun.

Marie.—How, Feodore? I gave you the labor of three days. You are too diligent.

Feodore.—Yon jest. Would God I could requite your beneficence by my industry. You have so kindly taken me up; you have treated me so tenderly. O, and I, having nothing, understanding nothing, can only thank you with my words—only with my tears.

Marie.—Do you really desire to show yourself more thankful?

Feodore.—Can you doubt it?

Marie.—Well, now, it remains with you richly to reward me and my brother.

Feodore.—By what means?

Marie.—By confidence.

Feodore.—O!

Marie.—You cherish secret sorrow—

Feodore.—Yes.

Marie.—Possibly we might assist you.

Feodore.—O, no!

Marie.—We would cheerfully do it.

Feodore.—I know that; but it is not in your power.

Marie.—You may at least lighten your grief by communication.

Feodore.—I dare not.

Marie.—What prevents you?

Feodore.—A strong prohibition; a solemn vow. Only to one man upon earth dare I mention what afflicts me.

Marie.—Who is he? Why do you not seek him out?

Feodore.—I have sought him long already. God will assist me to find him now, soon.

Marie.—Where?

Feodore.—In St. Petersburg.

Marie.—Why do you not go thither?

Feodore.—The moment has not arrived.

Marie.—Possibly you may have—something reproaching you? Youth errs; repentance reconciles. By concealing in the breast of a friend, you may lighten your heart.

Feodore.—No, lovely woman; I am not unworthy of your kindness.

Even in life's early morning
Sorrow sat my cradle by,
And the mother's sad complainings
Added to her infant's cry.

Youth for me was cold and dismal,
Drying tears was your delight;
But pure innocence—*but virtue*
Never from my soul took flight.

Marie.—I gladly believe you; and may you soon reach the reward of your early sufferings. Destiny has led you to us; may you, by us, find fortune and peace of mind.

Feodore.—The end of my pilgrimage is not here.

Marie.—Who knows? My brother loves you; he is wealthy, reputable, of good family, and—what is more than all—an honorable man. He will make you an offer with such earnestness that you dare not blush. I shall call you sister, with pleasure; and possibly, as a sister, win that confidence which you so pertinaciously withhold from the friend.

Feodore.—Your brother has the most sacred claims upon my esteem, my gratitude and—why should I not acknowledge it—my love; but I belong not to myself. Prevent him, dear lady, that he may not speak with me; at least, not just now. I dare not now give room to a single wish or affection. I must grieve him, and that would be so painful to me.

Marie.—He hopes—let him hope—he desires for no more.

This Cupid a child is, a frolicsome child;
He builds in the air and he writes in the sand;
And likewise a plaything he has we term *Hope*;
From which he will spin a most beautiful thread,
Appear to him always with countenance sad;
But, break not his plaything, lest he should go mad.

Marie having retired, Feodore thus soliloquizes.

"And this, too! Already does the reproach not pain my heart, that I, during my continuance in this house, often surprise myself in dreams, that perhaps never—at least not before they shall have wondered about me, till I attain my great, my noble purpose? Has not the thought of this young man already weakened those venerable impulses in my breast, which must inspire me with a holy courage? O, forgive, forgive! I will continue steadfast—and never forget who built his last hope on me. No sweet alluring shall remove my glorious object from these eyes! Haste,

Feodore; strengthen yourself by the solemn ballad, whose tones have so frequently stirred you to the innermost."

She seizes a guitar that lies upon the table, and strikes in unison with the air.

In this hazy Irish's waters,
Scanty tears I mingle here;
While the fiery Borealis
Bloody wands above me roar.
Underneath this too eternal,
One true heart lies well asleep;
But O, must the bowed and gray head
Still his old affliction weep?
And, by tear-wet steps, descending
Slowly towards the grave I see;
Death I dare not call to hasten,
Since a helpless child calls me.

She lets the guitar fall, and weeps. The major re-enters.

Major.—Feodore weeping!

Feodore.—I sang a ballad that I frequently heard when a child. The old, simple airs are pathetic.

Major.—Has my sister spoken with you?

Feodore.—[Embarrassed.] She was satisfied with my diligence.

Major.—That is not it. Has she not spoken of me?

Feodore.—Of you?

Major.—In you?

Feodore.—O, yes, that occurs daily. The good sister speaks cheerfully of the beloved brother; and the grateful orphan hears it gladly.

Major.—You retreat from me. Will you not hear me?

Feodore.—Forbear! I beseech you, forbear!

Major.—Forbear? Is it that an honest man should conceal the purest feelings, that you say *forbear*?

Feodore.—Be not offended—look upon me as an invalid to whom one dares not be overrash in the agreeable, until the physician permits.

Major.—Where may I find this physician? Name him to me, that I may consult him.

Feodore.—I wait for him with childlike longing.

Major.—And when he comes?

Feodore.—Then, I hope to God he will help me! Then the future will smile for me.

Major.—And for me?

Feodore.—Your happiness will be my prayer.

Major.—Esigmatical maiden! Have I not merited your confidence.

Feodore.—Can one always give confidence?

Major.—O when may thy most lovely mind
This rigid silence break?

Feodore.—O when shall hope an anchorage find?
For grief a respite make?

Both.—Misconceived, the heart
Shuts itself against its will;
Silent, although bleeding still,
It endures the smart.

Major.—But may kind Heaven pardon thee,
When sorrow has an end!

Feodore.—A holy duty will to me
Strength for achievement lend.

Both.—If in virtue's train,
Unto action moved by love,
Perseverance—from above—
Can its purpose gain.

Marie.—[Opening the door.] Our uncle is come. [She vanishes.]

Major.—[To himself.] Ha! if he has only been fortunate in his inquiries. [Ivan Petrovitch, the uncle, coming in, the major springs to greet him.] Welcome, dear uncle!

I. P..—Here I am; here I am. Had I been able to remain at home, I should have been as prudent. Good day, my dear nephew! They have nearly finished me altogether, by this shaking of my old bones against one another. But it is good enough for me. What had I to seek at Moscow? [He glances obliquely towards Feodore, as if against his will.] Good day, Feodore! She makes obeisance to him.

I. P..—[To himself.] The dissembler! Who puts it upon her? The evil one, I take it! Looks she not like an angel; one even who had borne a soul in Abraham's bosom?

Major.—I am very desirous, dear uncle, to hear of your travelling adventure.

I. P..—We are not far from that.

Now up hill, now down hill, o'er stick and o'er stone,
In a furious chase I have driven, have flown;
While snow flakes were flashing, whirled with us along,
While little bells sounded with jovial song;
The driver not seldom was crazy with wine,
A runner disjointed, or broken a line,
Dogs growling and barking, saluted me here,
And servants, with impudence, swindled me there;
Anon I must threaten, anon I must pray,
Anon wait on patience to sweeten delay;
Till, after long journeys, with hills not half told,
These eyes were rejoiced by the turrets of gold.

Major.—[Taking him aside.] Did you come upon the track, in Moscow?

I. P..—I think I did.

Major.—O, quick!

I. P..—My intelligence is not pleasant. The mask of innocence has deceived us.

Major.—Impossible!

I. P..—When I look upon her thus, it also appears to me impossible. But I shall look upon her so no more—the subtle thing!

Major.—I stand upon coals—relate to me.

During this conversation, Feodore remains standing, at a moderate distance, and hushes herself in a becoming manner.

I. P..—Now, you know the captain of the police is an old friend

of mine. My first step was to him. I related to him our adventure, stating that you was enamored, and that the witch had me, also, half-and-half in love; that we could not get a word out of her, and that we very much wished to ascertain in whom we had placed our affections. "Why," said he, "have you not inquired if she has a passport?" "Certainly," said I, "she has lost it." He thought that sounded suspicious. "But she has come from Moscow," said I; and then described her in full, becoming somewhat animated at the same time. My old friend smiled, and thought one in love might get up a superior advertisement of a runaway. He presently sent for one of his most cunning bloodhounds, who was fortunate enough to ferret it out in a few days.

Major.—Who is she?

I. P..—Not that, but whence does she come?

Major.—Well.

I. P..—From Siberia.

Major.—[Agitated.] From Siberia?

I. P..—Yes! She showed herself timorous at the gate. A faithful police officer tricked her in the same tale of the lost passport; and, as he persisted in endeavoring to discover whence she came, she flutteringly informed him, "From Tobolsk!" Naturally desirous now to search the matter more thoroughly, he conveys her for a while, very courteously, to his own residence, not apprehending any mischief from her gentle countenance; only wishing, in haste, to despatch a little business; but when he returned—which was in the course of an hour—she was over all hills.

Major.—Ahem! Singular and mysterious.

I. P..—Mysterious? Not at all! Imagine myself a girl from Siberia, all alone, so timorous, without a pass—a young foreigner slipping nimbly from the police—yet who looks well for one so like a wanton lass, as one drop of the Neva to another.

Major.—Condemn her not too rashly, dear uncle.

I. P..—Rashly? Ha! to the hangman! I have let myself break on the wheel these four weeks long, to come upon the truth.

Major.—I will not endure the burden of this suspicion. How if I suddenly inform her of all that has come to our knowledge?

I. P..—Do as you choose. I withdraw my hand from her.

Major.—I cannot withdraw my heart from her, until she herself confesses. [After some effort, he says:] Feodore!

Feodore.—What would you?

Major.—Come near; look at me.

Feodore.—Why do you look at me so sadly?

Major.—[Gazing fixedly into her eyes.] You come from Siberia.

Feodore.—[Bracing herself. After a pause, she says calmly:] Yes!

Major.—Was you horn there?

Feodore.—No.

I. P..—Also justly there?

Feodore.—Yes.

Major.—Wherefore?

Feodore.—Spare me these questions.

I. P..—But there exactly sits the knot.

Major.—Feodore, what shall I think of this?

Feodore.—Nothing evil, if you can.

I. P..—Yes, if he can! For who can think well of it? An honest girl is never sent to Siberia.

Major.—It is possible some rare misfortune has come upon you.

Feodore.—Yes, it is.

Major.—You may still be innocent.

Feodore.—I am so.

Major.—But in this fall, you should speak; explain—

Feodore.—I dare not.

Major.—If you should confide in worthy persons, they would call you inoffensive and amiable.

Feodore.—Ah, yes; that they would!

Major.—They love you; they would keep your secret faithfully.

Feodore.—I have no secret.

I. P..—What obstinacy.

Feodore.—It is my severest pain that I must appear ungrateful.

Major.—[Sorrowfully.] Appear? You are a very ingrate.

Feodore.—O!

I. P..—The miss will, therefore, readily perceive that, in circumstances of such a nature, she cannot longer remain in the house.

Feodore.—I will go.

I. P..—Ah, but nay! We will perform our duty. The miss has no passport; we will deliver her over to the police.

Feodore.—Do as you think best.

I. P..—[Aside.] That condemned tranquillity!

Major.—No, my dear uncle; let us not aggravate her misfortune. From my house she may pass unhindered. [He offers her a full purse.] Take that, and remove.

Feodore.—[Declining.] It needs not this last kindness to make your house ever memorable. God will hear the thanksgiving of an innocent child, and requite you.

Major.—[With bitterness.] Go, only go. I shall find my peace again. This very day will I solicit the king for a furlough, to travel in foreign lands.

I. P..—[Pretfully.] I will travel with you.

Feodore.—[Half to herself.] This very day! Solicit a furlough!

Major.—I doubly bless the fortunate incident, that just at this time—to-day—the king passes by here.

Feodore.—To-day! Pass here!

I. P..—Is the girl frightened? Yes; one hides one's self betimes just now, for here he will stop; he will alight to refresh himself.

Feodore.—Ha!

I. P..—The couriers have already passed my carriage. The king is not far distant.

Feodore staggers and supports herself by a chair. The major springs towards her.

Major.—What is it, Feodore?

Feodore.—Nothing. O, worthy sir, grant me this last favor—permit me yet one hour longer in your house; by that means, I experience the good fortune to see the king.

Major.—Do you not shun his glance?

Feodore.—He is to me as a gracious servant of Heaven.

I. P..—How will the cunning witch out of it?

Major.—[To himself.] It is impossible! She cannot be guilty.

Marie.—[Bursting open the door.] Uncle! brother! the king is coming! Hasten down to receive him! [She retires again.]

I. P..—Quick, quick, nephew! This is a glorious day, on which one forgets everything else! [He withdraws.]

Major.—[Following.] O, in what a state of mind shall I receive the beloved guest!

Feodore.—[Being alone, and throwing herself upon her knees with great emotion.]

God! Thou who from the icy sea-coast wild,
Through forests, floods and deserts without end,
Hast by an angel accompanied a child!
Strengthen for this moment to the daughter lend!
Upon my trembling lips the cause approve;
Let childish flattery the mighty move.
The tears of misery thou sweetest flow,
And as thou promisest the heavenly prize
To fillal love and piety, below,
Wipe now, I pray, the sorrow from these eyes;
Confirm thy promises; look down and bless
My pious love and constant faithfulness!

[She springs up.] I hear them coming. The decisive moment is here! God, I have none, save thee! God, I commit myself into thy hands!

She steps, tremblingly, to one side. The king, Ivan Petrovitch, the major and Marie enter; the last three in chorus.

Blessed again is made the house
Where treads a ruler wise;
He brings no threatening host in arms,
But blessings none despise.

Where loving children welcome him,
The threshold he endears;
Posterity will bless the place
Where now the loved appears.

The King.—I thank you, my friends; it is well for me to be here, since I know you love me.

I. P..—If you feel thus, beloved sovereign, it is well for you to be everywhere; for where are you not beloved?

Feodore throws herself, breathless, at the feet of the king.

The King.—Who is this? What means this?

Marie.—Feodore, what are you doing?

I. P. and the major evince alarm and amazement.

Feodore.—Gracious king—

I. P..—It is a stranger. Go away; it does not become you.

The King.—Permit her. Every misfortune has a claim upon the king. Speak, my child.

Feodore.—I cannot.

The King.—Recover yourself; take courage. Think that you speak to your father.

Feodore.—Father! The word gives me courage. I am the daughter of General Tschulikoff—

The King.—The outlaw?

Feodore.—For fourteen years he has languished in Siberia; he has erred, and severely atoned. On the shore of the Irish he has hurried his wife and two children—want and sorrow brought them to the grave—I alone am remaining to him now. O, I grow up no joy to him; for in his great age he suffers the nearness of death to afflict him. He sees in me but a helpless orphan—the scanty bread, which I moisten with my tears, comes from his hands. "O," he often groans, "and that you, too, must one day beg!" I could no longer endure my father's misery; my spirit was early matured in that school of affliction; the reputation of your clemency soon forced itself into our terrible solitude; there heamed a ray of hope; I resolved to venture the hardest for obtaining, by entreaties, that clemency for my father, also; with his benediction, I left him; with anxiety and hope, I embrace your knees; most gracious sovereign, pardon my father!

The King.—Stand up. How? Have you come from Siberia alone?

Feodore.—Entirely alone.

The King.—But how?

Feodore.—On foot.

The King.—On foot?

Major.—Ha!

The King.—What gave you the courage?

Feodore.—Confidence in Heaven.

The King.—But the strength?

Feodore.—Filial love.

The King.—What protection had you for such a journey?

Feodore.—My innocence.

The King.—What means?

Feodore.—The kindness of others.

The King.—Could you beg?

Feodore.—For my father.

The King.—Heroic maiden, your father is free!

Feodore. [Crying out.] He is free! [She wishes to cast herself at the king's feet, but sinks, fainting, into the arms of Marie.]

The King.—Every misery, every distress that maiden has endured, shall be overpaid by her rejoicing. I perceive we are all deeply affected.

I. P..—Yes, God knows!

The King.—Remain with her, my friends. Attend not to me. I will withdraw myself from the first eruption of her thanks, and, in her stead, despatch a courier to Siberia. After that, bring the

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 362.]



H. M. SHIPS ENTERPRISE AND INVESTIGATOR IN WINTER QUARTERS, NEAR POINT LEOPOLD, GREENLAND.

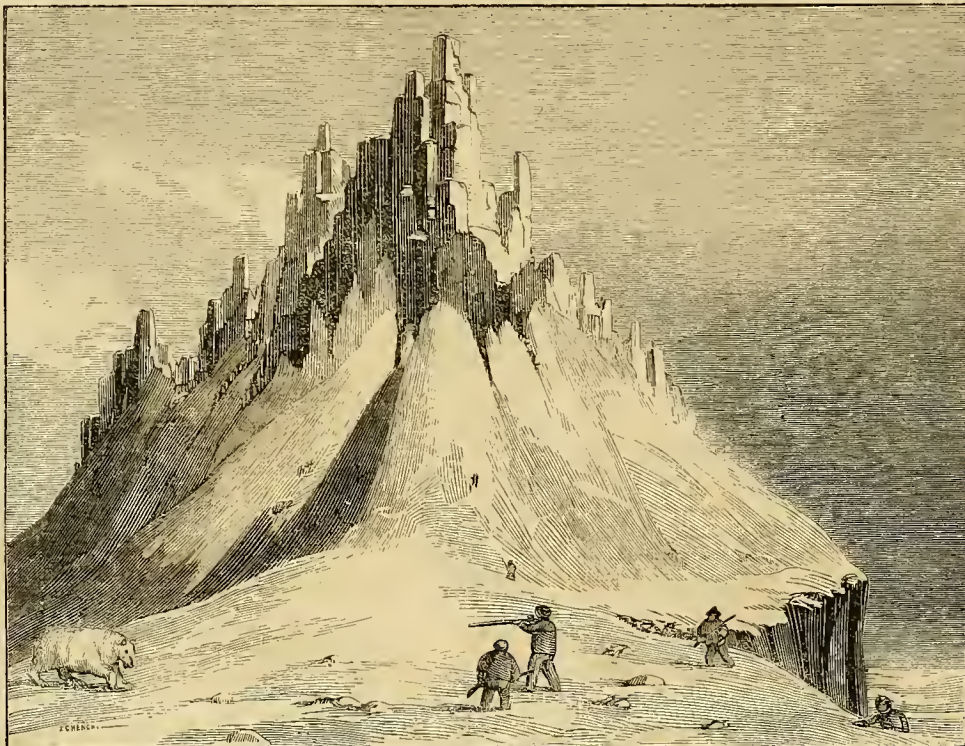
ARCTIC SCENERY.

In the year 1845, the British government fitted out the *Erebus* and *Terror*, bomb-vessels, the former commanded by Sir John Franklin, and the latter by Captain Crozier. On the 26th of May, they were towed to sea, and proceeded on their voyage to the polar regions. The expedition advanced up the east side of Baffin's Bay, and was last seen on the 26th of July, 1845, in Melville Bay, in the stream of Lancaster Sound, by Captain Dannett, of the whaler *Prince of Wales*. Nothing has been heard of them since that period, except traces discovered by the American expedition in 1851-2, consisting of several graves of deceased persons lately connected with the *Erebus* and *Terror*. In 1848, public opinion was so strongly in favor of sending in search of Sir John Franklin, that the British government sent three other expeditions to proceed by various routes in search of the absent voyagers. The principal of these expeditions was that under Sir James Clark Ross, who commanded the *Enterprise*. The other ship, the *Investigator*, was commanded by Capt. Bird. They sailed on the 12th of May, 1848. On the 11th of September, Sir John Ross entered the harbor of Port Leopold, Whaler Point, in Barrow Straits, and was frozen in until the 28th of August, 1849, when the ships were cleared of the harbor by cutting a canal two miles long through the ice. In the year 1850, several expeditions were fitted out for the same purpose, the search of Sir John Franklin. Also, on the part of the United States, an expedition was sent in 1851-2, and is very soon to be followed by a second. Our illustrations are from sketches made, on the spot, by an officer of Sir James Ross's expedition. The first view here-with given presents the two ships, *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, locked in the ice and banked up, and housed over for the winter. The men stationed about on the ice serve for lookouts, and are clad in thick coats of fur, proof against even the Arctic cold. This is noon day in December, and shows but a feeble light towards the sun, similar to our dawn, with stars shining as brightly as at night. The bold headland seen in the distance, Point Leopold, is of great elevation; and the sides show the limestone formation, and bear a gloomy aspect in the less than twilight which prevails for the winter months. The second engraving represents the termination of cliffs near Whaler Point, Port Leopold, North America, and near Greenland. An exploring party are surprised by a polar bear, while ascending the cliffs in the distance. In this region, and adjoining these cliffs, the limestone rocks rise to the height of eleven hundred feet. The party seen is from the ships *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, and the sun is seen to have risen to summer altitude, giving nearly the amount of light we have in winter. In the third illustration is seen the northeast cape of America, and part of Leopold Island. The cliffs here are

also of dark limestone, intersected by veins of gypsum, and have an elevation of several hundred feet. The fourth engraving gives a view of Her Majesty's ships *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, under command of Capt. Sir James C. Ross, in search of Sir John Franklin. The ships are in the neighborhood of the "Devil's Thumb," seen in the pack of ice, and are engaged in warping, and boring in the pack of ice. Men, warmly clothed to protect them from the cold weather, are seen carrying out hawsers from the ships and making them fast in the ice, while those on board are preparing to warp up, by hauling in the other ends of the hawsers. At the head of the foretop-gallant masts are seen men on the lookout, standing in something like casks, to protect them from the cold winds. All the arrangements for this expedition, and for the comfort of the crews were of the most thorough character. And in this outer world of everlasting sterility and desolation they were needed. These Arctic latitudes have long been the field of much interest to the learned savans of modern times, and many efforts at discovery and research have been made. Greenland, itself, was long supposed to be united on the northwest to the continent of America; but the discoveries of recent navigators render it more probable that it is an island. Shape somewhat triangular, with the apex towards the south. It is high and rocky, its surface

presenting a chaotic assemblage of sterile mountains, bare or covered with ice, which also occupies a great portion of the intervening valleys. The centre is said to be traversed by a range of lofty mountains, by which the country is divided into East and West Greenland. Of the former, from latitude sixty-five to sixty-nine degrees, little or nothing is known, the shore being constantly beset by vast accumulations of ice. All this coast appears to be colder, more barren and miserable than the west coast. It may be said to consist of one uninterrupted glacier, exhibiting only a few patches of vegetation, generally on the banks of the rivers; and often advancing far into the sea and forming promontories of ice, large masses of which frequently fall in avalanches. The west shore is high, rugged, and barren, and rises close to the water's edge into precipitous cliffs and mountains, seen from sea at a distance of sixty miles. The whole coast is indented with a series of bays or fiords, interspersed with a number of islands of various form and size. The principal of these is the island of Disco, in the bay of the same name, on the west coast, between latitude sixty and seventy degrees. Only the coasts and islands are yet ascertained to be inhabited, no other part having been explored by Europeans. The air is pure, light and healthy; but the cold during the long winter is often very intense. More snow

falls, and the climate is more severe on the east than on the west coast. In South Greenland the cold seldom exceeds sixteen or eighteen degrees Reaumur, but in the north, the thermometer sometimes stands thirty degrees Reaumur. The sun has considerable power during the summer, but fine weather is never of long continuance. Lightning sometimes occurs, and hail, but the latter seldom. Violent storms are frequent in autumn. The rare occurrence of rain, and the intense degree of cold produced by the northeast wind, has given reason to believe that the most east parts of Greenland form a great archipelago, encumbered with perpetual ice. The aurora borealis has, at some seasons, a light equal to that of the full moon. The rocks are principally granite, gneiss, clay-slate, porphyry, potstone, etc., arranged in vertical beds. They have been found to contain a rich copper ore, black lead, marble, asbestos, serpentine, crystals, and some other valuable stones. There are no volcanoes; but three hot springs have been found in an island on the west coast. Coal is found in the island of Disco. Vegetation, even in the south, is limited to a few stunted birch, elder and willow trees, moss, lichens, grasses, fungi, etc. Proceeding north, the surface becomes more sterile, and at last nothing is met with except bare rocks. Several kinds of wild berries attain tolerable perfection, and the soil on the west coast towards the south, has been found fit for the cultivation of various culinary vegetables; the growth of the potato has latterly been attempted with some success. Among the animals are



TERMINATION OF CLIFFS NEAR WHALER POINT, PORT LEOPOLD, GREENLAND.

also of dark limestone, intersected by veins of gypsum, and have an elevation of several hundred feet. The fourth engraving gives a view of Her Majesty's ships *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, under command of Capt. Sir James C. Ross, in search of Sir John Franklin. The ships are in the neighborhood of the "Devil's Thumb," seen in the pack of ice, and are engaged in warping, and boring in the pack of ice. Men, warmly clothed to protect them from the cold weather, are seen carrying out hawsers from the ships and making them fast in the ice, while those on board are preparing to warp up, by hauling in the other ends of the hawsers. At the head of the foretop-gallant masts are seen men on the lookout, standing in something like casks, to protect them from the cold winds. All the arrangements for this expedition, and for the comfort of the crews were of the most thorough character. And in this outer world of everlasting sterility and desolation they were needed. These Arctic latitudes have long been the field of much interest to the learned savans of modern times, and many efforts at discovery and research have been made. Greenland, itself, was long supposed to be united on the northwest to the continent of America; but the discoveries of recent navigators render it more probable that it is an island. Shape somewhat triangular, with the apex towards the south. It is high and rocky, its surface

the reindeer in the south, the polar bear in the north, white hares, foxes of various colors, and dogs; seals abound in the south, where the walrus also is met with; whales of various kinds inhabit the seas, chiefly towards the north; and the sea, fiords and rivers abound in fish, especially turbot, herrings, salmon-trout, halibuts, rays, etc., with a great variety of shell-fish. Fishing and seal hunting are the principal occupations of the native inhabitants. The exports consist chiefly of whale oil, seal, bear, and reindeer skins, eider down, etc. The Greenlanders are believed to be of the same race as the inhabitants of the coasts of Hudson's Bay, Labrador, the northwest coasts, Kamtschatka, etc., from whom they differ little in person, manner and language. On the west coast they do not much exceed five feet in height. They have long, black hair, small eyes, and a yellow or brown skin. The inhabitants of the east coast differ from the former in being taller, fairer, and more active and robust; but do not exceed a few hundreds in number. There is no European colony on the east coast, and little or no intercourse is maintained between it and the west coast. The inhabitants display considerable skill in the structure of their fishing-boats and hunting implements, which are made of the drift wood brought in vast quantities to the coasts. Many have embraced a species of Christianity; and their superstitious belief in sorcery, etc., is now giving way to a rude kind of civilization. Their *kajaks* or fishing-boats are from twelve to fourteen feet long, and only about one and a half foot



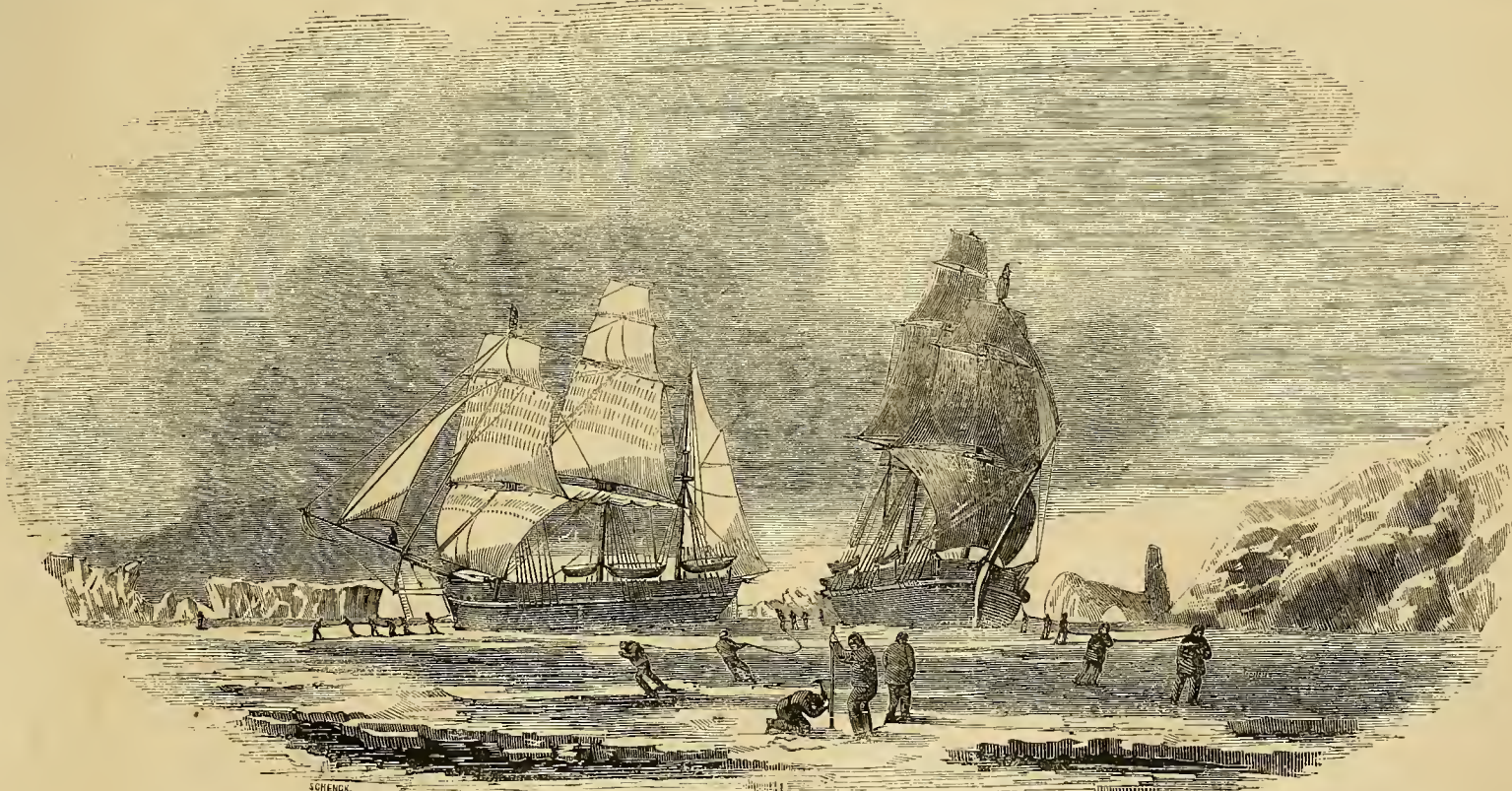
NORTHEAST CAPE OF AMERICA, AND PART OF LEOPOLD ISLAND.

broad, sharp at both ends, and covered with skins, except a small round opening in the middle, where the Greenlanders, having a single oar, takes his seat. Their houses are from six to eight feet high, and vary in size according to the number of families they are intended to accommodate, which sometimes amount to seven or eight. The interior is divided by walls into different compartments; the walls are lined with hroom and hung with skins, and the floor paved with flat stones. Their domestic arrangements are simple, and more remarkable for a want of cleanliness than anything else. The food of the natives is principally the dried flesh of the seal, with a little game and fish; coffee, tobacco, snuff, and brandy, are esteemed the greatest luxuries. Greenland is said to have been discovered by an Icelander, near the commencement of the tenth century; and the first colonization of the country, according to the old chronicles, dates from the year 923, when it was settled by the Norwegian Icelanders. It has long been a subject of discussion, whether colonies were established on both coasts; but from the accounts of recent adventurers, it is pretty certain that no European colony was ever founded to the east of Cape Farewell; at all events, no ruins indicative of any ancient settlements have been discovered on that coast, though numerous traces of them remain on the west coast. Under the Norwegian colonists, the country was governed by Icelandic laws, and had its own bishops. An intercourse was maintained between Norway and these settlements till the end of the fourteenth or the beginning of the fifteenth century, when the trade with Greenland was interdicted. Of the subsequent history of the country, and the fate of the colonies, we have no certain accounts. Several expeditions have from time to time been undertaken for the discovery of the lost colonies, but without success. The first of the

modern settlements was established in 1721, under the auspices of the Danish crown, by Hans Egede, a Norwegian. In the inlets and bays which intersect the coast of Greenland, immense masses of ice are accumulated during a series of years, which, being loosened during the heat of summer, lose their points of support from the shore, and plunge into the ocean with thundering noise. Being afterwards set adrift by the currents, they embarrass the navigation of the polar seas, and become the terror of the mariner. Those masses of ice are formed both of fresh and of salt water, and sometimes rise more than five hundred feet above the surface of the water. The salt water ice occurs in immense fields, of many thousand fathoms in length and breadth, divided by fissures, but following close on to each other. When the wind begins to blow, and the sea to rise in vast billows, the violent shocks of those masses of ice against each other fill the mind with astonishment and terror. The coasts of Greenland are surrounded by many thousand islands of different sizes, on which the native inhabitants frequently fix their residence, on account of their good situation for sea game. Our engravings give very good views both of the appearance of the vessels engaged in the expedition, and of the coast of this inhospitable clime. Whether the object of these various searches for Sir John Franklin will ever be successful or not, we cannot but admire the spirit of indomitable perseverance which has characterized the British government in these efforts, and the deep devotion manifested by Lady Franklin, as also the strong sympathetic action evinced in the expeditions fitted out from our own shores by the public-spirited Mr. Grinnell, of New York. If the honor of tracing the lost Franklin and his party to their icy captivity should be achieved by Dr. Kane and his companions, we should regard it as a noble tribute to humanity. The

land or on an iceberg, to aid the vision; a very complete set of magnetical instruments, sent out from England by Col. Sabine; a daguerrotype apparatus, of the most perfect construction, to preserve, for the scrutiny of those inhabiting warmer regions, the most interesting points of scenery at the extreme north; also the peculiarities of classes, manner of life, etc., of the natives. There will be attached to the expedition an astronomer, an artist, and a naturalist. All told, it will probably not comprise more than twenty-four persons. The *Advance* has five boats, two of which are willow baskets, covered with India rubber. The latter are very light and buoyant, and are intended to be used in connection with sledges, by parties engaged in service on the ice, after the further progress of the vessel shall have become obstructed. Dogs to draw sledges, also the services of Esquimaux, are to be procured on the coast of Greenland, on the upward passage to Baffin's Bay. The *Advance* is not expected to be absent more than eighteen months, but will be provisioned for three years. According to the statements of most explorers, and also of Dr. Kane, the means of sustaining life in those gloomy and sterile regions are quite abundant; and if the present expedition, like its predecessors, should become frozen in the ice, the sea animals, bears, and the birds, which are often seen in large flocks, will furnish enough food, even should their researches require a more protracted stay. However, we may hope, though perhaps faintly, that success will crown this final humane effort, or at least satisfy the world that the intrepid navigators, who have been the subjects of world-wide interest, are no more. God speed the enterprise, we say, and in due time return its hardy veterans, unharmed, from their toilsome work of benevolent research, the honored and prosperous instruments of a noble mission!

New York Journal of Commerce, in speaking of the departure of the second New York Arctic Expedition, for the exploration of the polar seas, gives the following information, which we introduce in this connection. The departure of the brigantine *Advance*, in which the search for Sir John Franklin and his company of lost navigators is to be renewed, is near at hand. We are gratified to learn that Dr. Kane, by whom the expedition is to be commanded, is completely restored to his accustomed health, and will now enter upon the charge of this humane undertaking. A very short period will then only be required to make every needed preparation for the departure. The vessel in which the expedition will sail lies at the pier opposite Grinnell & Minturn's, and looks as well as when fitted up for her first voyage to the polar seas. She has been proved to be exactly adapted to the service in which she is engaged. In her rigging she has been altered from a brig to a brigantine. No other alteration of consequence has been made. Her deck is made of a double thickness of plank, with felt between, and has a cork lining beneath, about seven inches in thickness. Outside she has three thicknesses of plank, and within she is fastened and timbered in the strongest manner. Probably, no expedition has ever sailed from the United States so thoroughly fitted out for objects of scientific research, though these are to be altogether secondary to the main object of the expedition. The *Advance* will be provided with a portable observatory, which may be erected at pleasure on a high-



H. M. SHIPS ENTERPRISE AND INVESTIGATOR WARPING THROUGH THE ICE, NEAR THE "DEVIL'S THUMB," ON THE COAST OF GREENLAND.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 359.]

amiable girl to me. I will not leave this house without sealing her happiness. [As he turns to go, I. P. and the major seem desirous to conduct him.] Remain. [Exit.]

Major.—[Throwing himself low before Feodore.] My saint!

I. P.—I could weep for shame and sorrowfulness.

Marie.—Feodore! Dear Feodore!

Feodore.—[Reviving.] What has happened to me?

Marie.—Your father is free.

Feodore.—[In the highest transports.] He is free by my exertions. [Suddenly yielding herself to high devotion.] No; by Thee! [Raising her hands and eyes to heaven.] And have I not yet rendered thee my thanks?

Marie.—Still! She prays!

Major.—I must pray to her. Pardon, my lady!

I. P.—Let her also extend merey, instead of justice, to me—old fool that I was.

Feodore.—What means this? My benefactor—[She lifts the major up.]

I. P.—We have wronged you by evil suspicion.

Feodore.—How could you otherwise?

I. P.—By freely bearing a portion of the blame with you. Why did you not confide in us?

Feodore.—The strict injunction of my father—the vow that I, when separating from him, left in his trembling hands, to make myself known only to the king. The absence of the monarch—

Major.—How, my lady, suffer yourself to give apology? Dwells not the purest innocence in those features? O, my heart has never wavered. And now, Feodore, no power on earth shall separate me from thee!

Marie.—[Entreatingly.] Sister!

Feodore.—I have a father; he is free; he is coming; I belong to him.

Major.—May I dare hasten to him?

Feodore.—Conduct him fortunately to my arms. Be his guardian angel through the long and troublesome journey, and then count upon my grateful heart.

Major.—The king sends a courier; I will accompany him.

I. P.—Now do I envy you your youth.

Feodore.—O, that my prayers could lend him wings!

Major.—Strong may be that fiery impulse,
In first manhood's grief and joy;
But a daughter's love is stronger,
Pure, devout, without alloy.

CHORUS.

Hearts like reeds in a rushing whirlwind
Waver, by affliction pressed;
But the holy love of children
Stands in every storm confessed.

Marie.—'Tis a pure, a heavenly feeling,
Consecrates a noble wife;
But a purer love is strewing
Flowers along the parent's life.

CHORUS.

As we pass earth's flower-strown border,
Back the partner may restrain;
Hovering in the courts of heaven,
Sacred filial love is gain.

I. P.—Here below one finds a solace
In a tried and trusty friend;
And yet peacefulness far sweeter,
Will a child's devotion lend.

CHORUS.

Friends of fortune in reverses
Seldom show a true friend's heart;
Death alone can loving children
From their loving parents part.

Feodore.—Rich the conqueror of armies,
Rich are princes, in their way;
But the richest are the children
Who their parents well obey.

CHORUS.

On life's way, so dark and dreary,
Friendly light the child attends;
If but Heaven a kindly blessing—
Spoken by the father—sends.

PEARL FISHING OFF CEYLON.

No sum of money, however large, no temptation held out sufficiently strong, would induce the divers to descend into the ocean, unless two shark charmers were present, who, as they believe, by means of their charms and potent spells, can prevent the funny monsters of the deep from injuring the pearl seekers. One of these impostors goes out in the pilot's boat, and remains at the head of it, muttering a prescribed form of incantation as each man descends to brave the perils of the vasty deep. The other shark charmer remains on shore, where he is shut up in a room in a state of nudity till the boat returns with their divers. A large brazen bowl is left with him, filled with water, in which are placed two silver fishes, and it is affirmed that the moment a shark appears in the vicinity of the divers, these fishes agitate the water, and if an accident is about to happen, one fish will bite the other. When he perceives such indications the charmer immediately "binds the shark" with a potent spell, and thus compels the creature to abstain from injuring the divers. These shark charmers reap an abundant harvest during the fishery, as the natives believe that unless they are liberally remunerated they will exert their powerful spells to make the sharks injure them, instead of compelling the monsters to remain quiet until the pearl fishery is over. It is rather singular that, although sharks are frequently seen by the divers, an accident rarely happens, and numberless fisheries have taken place without a single accident occurring.—*Sirr's Ceylon and the Cingalesse.*

If spring puts forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit. So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, riper years will be contemptible, and old age miserable.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE OLD FORT, AT MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

No more thy voice the trembling wave appalls,
The terror of thy armed front is gone;
And here, against thy unrepling walls,
Old Ocean thunders on.

Where swept thy deadly message o'er the bay,
Fair fleets of commerce spread their peaceful wings;
And there the tranquil fisher, all the day,
Above his anchor swings.

Here laughing children, through the summer hours,
Shout back the joy that breaking ocean tells;
And on thy breast they fill their laps with flowers,
And at thy base with shells.

And where the soldiers' heavy feet of old,
Trampled the sod—the planted garden grows;
And where the flying torch was lit, behold,
The peaceful hearthfire glows!

Why standest thou unarmed and voiceless now,
Old champion guard between the sea and land?
The white sails come and go—and yet no prow
Veers round at thy command.

Let die the question—thou art nobler far,
And mightier, with these helmets on thy brow,
Than erst in armor—and thy front of war
Shone not so bright as now.

While discord over foreign nations broods,
Let Heaven still bid thy floral strength increase;
Be thou a monument of buried feuds,
A flowery shrine of peace!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A VISIT TO THE BATTLE-FIELD OF MARATHON.

BY REV. F. W. HOLLAND.

No battle-field is so worthy of a visit, none so easily accessible, as the plain of Marathon; once place yourself at Athens, and the rest is an every-day adventure. They will tell you, to be sure, that two days are required for the trip; that, part of the way, you must be dragged a close prisoner in a hackney-coach; that nobody ever rode this distance out and back in one twelve hours. But these are all stereotyped fictions; very profitable to the stable-keepers, and very comfortable to the dragoon. An American finds nothing amazing in breakfasting with the dawn at the comfortable Hotel d'Angleterre, lurching on the sacred mound, and appearing, only a little lame, at the first plate of soup in his wretched seat. No doubt the immediate descent into the field of fame is a break-neck scramble; the surest horses will slip over these smooth rocks; the mountain path is as narrow, steep and dangerous as possible; sometimes you climb or descend rude stone stairs; then again you must stoop very low to save your head; here and there you would not find it easy to stand, and you cannot fail to wonder how your horse will survive the operation; but Athens has steeds proof against accident.

From the generally pleasant city to this difficult mountain-pass, is a delightful morning ride of more than the ten miles which Bulwer (Athens, Book II.) assigns for the whole distance from Athens to Marathon. You pass through two sleepy little villages, and numerous vineyards, olive groves, country seats and forest shrubberies—a diversified route, rather wild, and quite lonely, but agreeable at any season of the year. On the other side of this rugged barrier of rock and wood, is a poor convent, whose hospitalities cannot be very oppressive—a strangely extended farming establishment, looking a little like wealth in a country where property must be its own protector; and a rich semi-circular area, six miles in length, with peasants ploughing and large flocks of sheep browsing where they please in the fenceless champaign. And this is Marathon, the scene of the great victory of opinion, the coronation of intellect as monarch over massive force. It is well to refresh ourselves with the memory of the most remarkable and probably the most decisive battle ever fought.

It was Athens alone, against the wealth, numbers, fame, military experience and veteran discipline of Asia—a few thousands against as many hundreds of thousands, on a plain, too, where the weight of numbers might have been expected to crush the almost single-handed Athenian deep into the earth—without archer or horseman, and with the appalling consciousness of division in their own ranks, and treachery behind them. And yet, reading history since it is written, it is very easy to say what, in the dawning genius of those great men, could not then have been said, that, with Æschylus the poet, Aristides the just, Themistocles the hero, Miltiades the general, in their battle array, three thousand Greeks were a match for three hundred thousand Persians.

The desperate daring of Miltiades saved his country, turned for the first time the stream of Asiatic triumph, changed the history of the world, and achieved a hairbreadth's escape for Athens. His little force had to be lengthened out so that they should not be surrounded. This prompted him to make his centre weak, and his right and left his reliance. The peril of the city, stripped of its best defence, for whose surrender treason was even then hanging out signals from the heights of Pentelion, obliged him to hurry his charge. Never before had the Greeks given battle on a run. It seemed desperation to throw so small a body, exhausted by the race of a mile, upon a host of forty-six nations, fresh from the ruined temples and sacked city of Eretria.

The event proved that in desperate circumstances desperate counsels may be wise. The Greek centre gave way, as was fore-

seen, and the best forces of the invaders rushed forward to secure the victory; while the Greek wings, one of them under Aristides, routed the gorgeons, mail-clad, turbanned files, that never had waited an attack before; and, after a fearful struggle, pushed them on to the swamps and marshes, which still border either extremity of the naked plain; and then turned upon the victorious centre, drove it to flight, and attempted vainly to seize the fleet in which it took refuge.

The effect of this defeat was far greater than the slaughter of four or five thousand Persian invincibles at the expense of two hundred Athenian lives. It showed all Greece,—all the world, indeed, that multitude was no more a synonyme for victory, nor a long line of victories enough to bear down a heroic defence of a nation's homes. It is a lesson hardly yet understood; a conquest of intellectual life, especially of democratic institutions, over overwhelming brute force. As in individual lives, so in the history of nations, there are moments when one brave deed turns the scales forever; when the power that has risen to a seeming omnipotence begins that downward career which finds no landing-place short of the bottom of the precipice. The palsying dread of the formidable Mede never lifts its "gory locks" again. The invisible sceptre of despotism was broken at Marathon. A small, free state was felt to be mate to the monstrous monarchy of Asia. Domestic tyranny hid its diminished head, as ghosts will at dawn. The proud spirit of liberty, calling forth civilization and quickening art, sang that divine hymn which cheered the charge of Miltiades.

The field of this holy struggle is just what it was twenty-three hundred years ago. The hay still affords deep water, and a convenient shore for another fleet of "six hundred triremes." The treeless, flattened corn-field and sheep-pasture offer the best arena for that immense host whose numbers even Herodotus could not precisely ascertain. And though the marble tomb of Miltiades has been despoiled by Turkish architects for the sake of its stone, towards the seashore, and in full sight from the passing ship, is the ancient hillock of earth, nearly thirty feet high, marking the spot where the defenders of their invaded homes fell joyously together. A fine moral this upon the exaltation of lowliness. The grave of that general, whose laurels would not suffer Themistocles to sleep, is very likely unknown, though a little heap of rained stone is pointed out to you amongst the rank herbage of the most fertile plain in Attica; but the last resting-place of the common soldier has kept its rude memorial undisturbed. No plough touches the hallowed dust. The peasant, the mariner and the stranger gaze upon it with a reverent awe. "Nightly along the plain, are yet heard, by superstition, the neighing of chargers and the rushing shadows of spectral war." And ages after the other monuments of Greece may have crumbled to dust, or been stolen away by modern Vandals, this humble hillock will lift over the fat plain its memorial of the "first great victory of opinion." As Byron says:

"Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon."

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER WEDDING-DAY.

BY LIEUT. E. CURTISS HINE.

Lady! though I ne'er have met thee,
I must greet thee on this day;
For I know thy worth has set thee
In one faithful heart for aye!

When the final word is spoken,
Binding thee to him for life;
Never may the spell be broken,
May'st thou be a happy wife!

Down life's path, God's eye upon thee,
Hand in hand together go;
Trust in him whose love hath won thee,
Cling to him in weal and woe!

POLITENESS OF PAUL.

An old poet has quaintly called Jesus "the first true gentleman that ever breathed." Paul's politeness, too, must not be overlooked, compounded as it was of dignity and deference. It appeared in the mildness of the manner in which he delivered his most startling and solemn messages, both to Jews and heathens; in his graceful salutations; in his winning reproofs—the "excellent oil which did not break the head;" in the delicacy of his allusions to his claims and services; and, above all, in the calm, self-possessed and manly attitude he assumed before the rulers of his people and the Roman authorities. In the language of Peter and John to their judges, there is an abruptness savoring of their rude fisherman life, and fitter for the rough echoes of the Lake of Galilee, than for the tribunals of power. But Paul, while equally bold and decided, is far more gracious. He lowers his thunderbolt before his adversary ere he launches it. His shaft is "polished" as well as powerful. His words to King Agrippa—"I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds"—are the most chivalrous utterances recorded in history. An angel could not bend more gracefully, or assume an attitude of more exalted courtesy.—*Gilfillan.*

LOGIC AMONG FRIENDS.

Again, if people wish to live well together, they must not hold too much logic, and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason. Dr. Johnson saw this clearly with regard to married people, when he said, "Wretched would be the pair above all names of wretchedness, who should be doomed to adjust by reason, every morning all the minute details of a domestic day." But the application should be much more general than he made it. There is no time for such reasonings, and nothing that is worth them. And when we recollect how two lawyers, or two politicians, can go on contending, and that there is no end of one-sided reasoning on any subject, we shall not be sure that such contention is the best mode for arriving at truth. But certainly it is not the way to arrive at good temper.—*Friends in Council.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE OLD SAILOR.

BY H. C. HAYDEN.

He used to come at evening, when his dally toll was done,
And sit beneath the old oak tree, upon a mossy stone;
And when we heard him calling, we would leave our play and him,
For we knew that he had stories for little Em and I.

We would build our little walls all around his mossy seat,
And twine together flowers, like a carpet for his feet;
And a tear would often glisten in the old sailor's eye,
When he said, "God bless you, darlings," to little Em and I.

When we filled his hat with accorns, and hid his cane away,
And told him not to leave us, but stop and see us play;
He would take us upon his knee, and pointing to the sky,
Tell us that he soon was going far away to live on high.

But we did not know the meaning, and often asked him why
That he should wish to leave us, and live beyond the sky;
And this was all the answer the poor old sailor gave,
"Alas! my locks are whitened, ay, whitened for the grave!"

One day we followed near, as he wandered down the lane,
And he told us we should never see the poor old man again;
That he could tell us no more stories, stories of the sea,
For he was going far away from little Em and me.

We watched for the old sailor, but we never saw him more,
And the old gray mossy stone lies near our cottage door;
We understand the answer that the poor old sailor gave,
For our own locks are whitened, ay, whitened for the grave!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

YOURS, IN HASTE.

BY REV. H. HASTINGS WELD.

It is a drowsy afternoon, and the overcast sky seems to have drizzled even the birds into quiet. They have been noisily welcom-
ing spring all the morning; for in these more temperate lati-
tudes we are ready for the promise of the year much earlier than
in your hyperborean regions. But, after all, two swallows do not
make a summer, and this afternoon it seems as if the birds had
found leisure for repentance, after becoming "ours, in haste."

Before us is a pile of recently-received letters. They have little
in common, except the form of conclusion, and nine in ten of the
writers seem to have adopted the formula, "Yours, in haste." The
old-fashioned subscription, "Very respectfully, your obedient
servant," is entirely superseded. Even the abbreviations
"Yours truly," and "Yours respectfully," have become obsolete.
"Yours, &c.," which means anything or nothing, has disappeared
also, and "Yours, in haste" is the regular conclusion, and has
as much truth in it as the others. Why does a man subscribe
himself "Yours"? And why the haste?

Is there haste in all these cases? Is there need of it in any?
Thereby hangs a tale; and we will leisurely recount it. One of
these hasty letters is from an old acquaintance; and if there be
truth in his intimation of hurry, we are sure that his haste has
been needlessly brought upon him. Despatch of business is what
he never was given to, and yet he never did anything with proper
delicacy and pains-taking care in his life. We can figure to our
mind the precise circumstances under which he penned this hurri-
ed and almost unintelligible note—the mistiness of it being the
consequence of his greater haste than speed. For weeks, if not
for months, we know that he has had the duty of writing this
very letter before him. He postponed it from day to day, till the
day came, beyond which, if written at all, he could delay it no
longer. And he waited through the last hours of the last day,
till "haste" was the only condition by which he could save the
mail. In the necessary information and enlightenment which the
letter should convey, it is entirely deficient; and the prolonged
waiting which has done the writer no good, requires of his corre-
spondent a reply impromptu, which intuition or *clairvoyance* alone
could furnish us with the means of writing. Still he is "ours, in
haste," and he will be furiously angry if our reply do not follow
his epistle as suddenly as sound follows a blow. Ours, in haste!
That he is not "ours" at all is one of the ingredients in our cup
of comfort. We would as soon boast ownership in a bubble, or
an orange on the turn, or a keg of powder with a lighted train
to it.

Energy and promptness to do what presents itself at the right
time, and thoroughly, do not enter into the character of those
whose correspondence is done "in haste." Nor do such people
come under the definition of "hasty men." They are usually not
passionate, or easily stirred, but phlegmatic, indolent, procrastin-
ating. It is not that they accomplish so much, but that they do
nothing four-fifths of the time, and in the other fifth half do some-
thing, which they cannot help, and, of course, push off "in haste."
And the half deed imposes new necessity upon them to do some-
thing else at a disadvantage. They are always asleep, or in a
terror; dozing, or pulling for dear life to get out of the way of
something which threatens to extinguish and crush them. Their
notes are never paid till the last half hour of the last day of grace;
their dues are never applied for by them till they are over due;
summer finds spring unfinished, autumn overtakes their summer
fruits, and winter freezes up for them an indefinite amount of
unfinished business.

"Yours, in haste" entered life under every advantage, except
such disadvantages as misimprovement of his opportunities had
substituted for the benefits which those opportunities were ex-
pected to confer. He began business with the guarantee of a
wealthy father's supposed endorsement, and rushed into matri-

mony to secure his intended, whom neglect and his fickleness had
more than half inclined to discard him. He even signed his letter
of proposals "Yours, in haste," and the lady took him at his word.

His children never would have been baptized had not each been
threatened with death from disease, or danger from an epidemic.
His wife understands his humor, and never applied to him for
anything except when he was just starting on a journey, or was
otherwise so cornered that it gave him a plausible opportunity for
compliance in a hurry. His children have caught the fashion,
and among them all, poor "Yours, in haste" has had a weary life
of it. He never suspects the cause, or imagines that any differ-
ent course of life, or systematic improvement of his time, would
relieve him from this continual confusion. He does nothing at
the right time, has nothing when he needs it, and can find nothing
when he wants it; but is driven from one expedient to another,
and out of one dilemma into the next, with a continual experience
of unrest, and feeling of uncertainty.

But to our story, which the reader begins to fear, we fancy,
will not be *his* in haste. Our friend, we informed you, is married;
and his wife had one blood relation and "expectations." These
expectations (worth something in the future to draw upon—a sort
of fancy stock for Hope, the generous banker) were chiefly based
on the good will and good deeds, duly recorded in the record-
office, of a maiden aunt. To this maiden, as in duty bound, the
happy bride despatched an epistle, to which the answer came in
due course of mail, formally complimentary, full of good wishes
and delightful confidence that she should and must approve her
niece's choice, together with all the other complimentary preti-
nesses with which such a letter ought of right and of custom to be
filled. In a postscript the maiden expressed her earnest desire to
know more of her new connection, and trusted that, at no distant
day, he would himself write to her. The young wife was not one
who would let expectation grow cold for lack of nursing, or a
maiden aunt become indifferent for want of attention. It seemed
as if it was the sole business of her life (shopping excepted) to
keep up her correspondence with this Aunt Expectations. Her
husband wondered at her punctuality. To think that a person
could write letters except upon compulsion, and such long letters,
too! And that she could regularly, once a fortnight, receive and
as regularly answer them, and that, too, without any conceivable
topic that he could devise! It was a wonder to him.

The postscript of each letter from aunt was regularly read to him.
It always desired remembrance to her nephew, whom she had
never seen, and expressed regret at his silence, and apparent de-
termination that she should never know him. These were the
postscripts intended for his ear; but in the body of the letter Aunt
Expectations did not scruple to express her doubts whether the
man could write; or, if he could write, whether he could spell
correctly; or, if he had accomplished that part of his education,
whether it had been carried so far as to enable him to express his
feelings (if he had any feelings) in a grammatical manner. She
wondered whether he could talk at all, and began to have sad
misgivings.

The niece was eloquent in rebutting all these injurious asper-
sions, and protested that her chosen was a paragon. But Aunt
Expectations declared that one letter from him would do more to
give her a proper appreciation of the man, whom she really desired
to love and respect, than volumes from a wife in her honey-moon,
who was either very fond or a great dissembler. But she was on
no account to tell him these things.

Now Aunt Expectations lived in what used to be considered
the far West. It was some hundreds of miles away, and those
were the days when there were no railroads. Write to a friend
now, and desire his presence, and he will be "yours, in haste"
directly, answering by wire the next moment, and presenting him-
self by rail the next day at furthest. Our fathers and their sisters,
videlicet, our aunts, in their slow habits, knew nothing of the fast
progress of this generation. It was a weary thing to travel, and
required some previous thought and preparation. Such a packing
of boxes, and labelling of trunks, and counting of parcels, and
overlooking of baggage, as used to be required, made a journey
of a hundred miles of more moment than a trip to England now
is. Therefore, Aunt Expectations had not for many years visited
her friends in the east, and as "distance lends enchantment to the
view," perhaps she saw them all in a better light—all except our
luckless friend who would not trust his penmanship to her scrutiny.

The young wife began to fear that Aunt Expectations would
become Aunt Exasperation, and visit on herself the wrath which
her husband was daily increasing. So she told him positively he
must write. She painted the folly of losing some great advan-
tages by mere negligence. The husband promised, and that was
all. She repeated her urgent entreaties; and at last met him
every day with the inquiry, "Have you written?" Now it is
easier to fib hypothetically, by saying "I will," than to falsify
positively, by saying "I have," when you haven't. And one day,
when his hat was on to return home, our friend remembered the
everlasting question. He hurried through a few lines, sealed,
directed, and placed among the other letters one to "My dear
Aunt." But he forgot to pay the postage!

"Have you written?" his wife asked, before he had taken a
chair.

"Indeed I have," he answered, with the air of injured inno-
cence, now prepared to face its persecutors.

"I don't believe you."

"That is pleasant."

"Do you mean to say you have written to my aunt?"

"Most unequivocally."

"Let me see the letter."

"That is unreasonable. I never see yours, nor ask to. Be-
sides, it's on its way to Ohio before this time."

"We shall see," said the wife. And so they did. In fifteen
days, precisely, from the date of our friend's letter, just as the
couple were sitting down to tea, there was a knock at the front
door. A tall figure in travelling attire superintending the delivery
from the stage coach of "great trunk, little trunk, bandbox and
parcel," carefully counting them on the sidewalk, and as carefully
enumerating them after they were removed into the hall.

"Where's my niece?" she asked, when the tale of baggage was
found to be all correct.

"My dear aunt!" said the young wife, who had now the first
suspicion who her guest was. Speedily the baggage was removed
to the best chamber, and the niece bustled about, the happiest
of the happy. With a flying visit to the kitchen, to bid Betty in-
crease the materials of the entertainment, and a flying visit to
Aunt Expectations, who was bringing "false fronts" and bits of
lace ruffe out of their receptacles; with now a finger of mid in the
toilet, and now a hand of assistance in the kitchen—with a look
at the parlor lamp, and a poke at the parlor fire, little wife was
in a transport, and husband felt placid. Now, in doing the honors
of his house, she was his wife "in haste."

Presently, all prim and stately, Aunt Expectations was for-
mally introduced, and placed at the tea-table. Every effort was
made to give her welcome. Her new nephew, in the delightful
and unexpected hurry of the scene, said very pleasant and polite
things, and rather overacted such hospitalities of the tea-table as
he ventured upon. But that was natural, and, to some extent,
agreeable.

Still, Aunt Expectations seemed surprised at something which
she did see, or which she did not. The aspect of matters was
evidently not what she had counted on. She was a long time
coming round to anything like a feeling of pleasure corresponding
to what her hostess displayed. There was a sense of constraint
upon her which was supposed to be the fatigue of her journey,
and she early retired to rest.

In the morning the cloud had somewhat abated, but not entirely
disappeared. Our friend voted inwardly that his wife's aunt was
a soured maiden, but gave expression to no opinion. When the
husband had left, she said:

"Well, my dear, I am glad to see you so well and happy. The
pleasure is not the less" (her face gave her the lie as she said so)
"that it is unexpected."

"Unexpected!"

"Read that letter. See first that there is no pre-payment, which
I regarded as an evidence of hurry and anxiety."

The niece took her husband's letter, and read as follows:

"MY VERY DEAR AUNT—I can postpone writing to you no
longer, and regret that I have done it so long. I am anxious to
receive a visit from you at your earliest convenience, and my wife
desires it very much. Trusting that we shall soon see you, I am
"Yours, in haste."

The poor wife's face wore first a look of blank astonishment,
and then changed from white to red, and white again, under
Aunt Expectations' fixed gaze.

"What does that mean?" said the aunt.

"I don't know."

"But what does he mean by 'I can postpone no longer,' and a
visit at 'my earliest convenience,' and 'my wife desires it very
much'?"

"The fact is, my dear aunt, that my husband is a very negli-
gent correspondent. I gave him no peace till he could tell me he
had written. He could postpone it no longer in comfort—that is
all. 'Your earliest convenience' is a mercantile phrase in solicit-
ing payment, which slipped into the letter in his haste. And that
I did desire to see my only blood connection in the world is cer-
tainly very true, as I have written you a hundred times."

"I see it all; but it is very little satisfaction to me for the
fright and uneasiness which have hurried me over the mountains,
a long journey, and at a bad season of the year, for such an ex-
pedition. I shall understand his next letter, if he ever writes one
—which I beg you wont insist on again!"

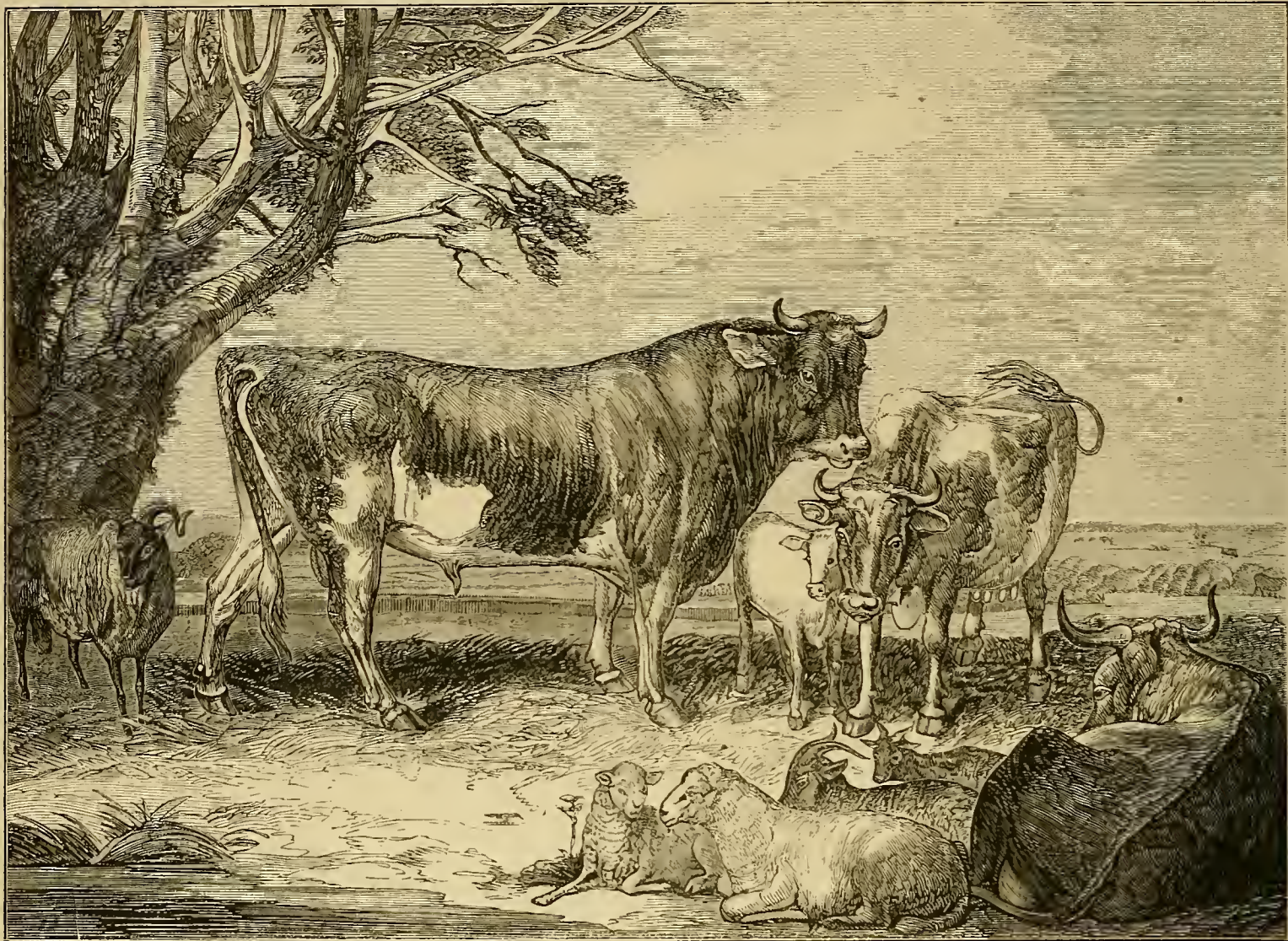
Aunt Expectations was somewhat mollified before the day of
return came round, as her friends did all in their power to make
her visit pleasant. And her anger was completely subdued when,
the next year, in her western home, she was apprised by a care-
fully-written, long epistle, properly dotted with reflections, and
not signed "Yours, in haste," that her nephew had called his
first born by her name.

The visit was not without its advantage to the couple. It did
not defeat their expectations, but insured them; for the shrewd
aunt devised her estate in trust for the children, when she died,
not long after, and thus saved it from becoming to the father's
creditors "Yours, in haste."

EFFECTS OF SOLITUDE.

To be left alone in the wide world, with scarcely a friend—this
makes the sadness which, striking its pang into the minds of the
young and the affectionate, teaches them too soon to watch and
interpret the spirit-signs of their own hearts. The solitude of the
aged—when, one by one, their friends fall off, as fall the sere
leaves from the trees in autumn—what is it to the overpowering
sense of desolation which fills almost to breaking the sensitive
heart of youth, when the nearest and dearest ties are severed?
Rendered callous by time and suffering, the old feel less, although
they complain more; the young, "bearing a grief too deep for
tears," shrine in their bosoms sad memories and melancholy anti-
cipations, which often give dark hues to their feelings in after life.
—*Eliza Cook.*

As the sun's rays will irradiate even the murky pool, and
make its stagnant waters to shine like silver, so doth God's good-
ness and tender mercy, towards the greatest sinner, and the black-
est heart, make his own image visible there!—*Hosea Ballou.*



ALDERNEY CATTLE.—FROM A CELEBRATED PAINTING BY WARD.

A RURAL SCENE.

The very fine engraving which we depict above is a representation of Alderney cattle, from a painting by Ward. It is an admirable cattle-piece, and needs few words in explanation. The sheep in the foreground exhibit that quiet repose so natural to the species, while the prominent figure in the scene has all that fire and energy expressed that is natural to the animal. The group in this celebrated painting is considered by connoisseurs as being very perfect and life-like; and the engraving gives a truthful fac-simile of the original and much-admired production of the artist.

THE ROACH AND THE GUDGEON.

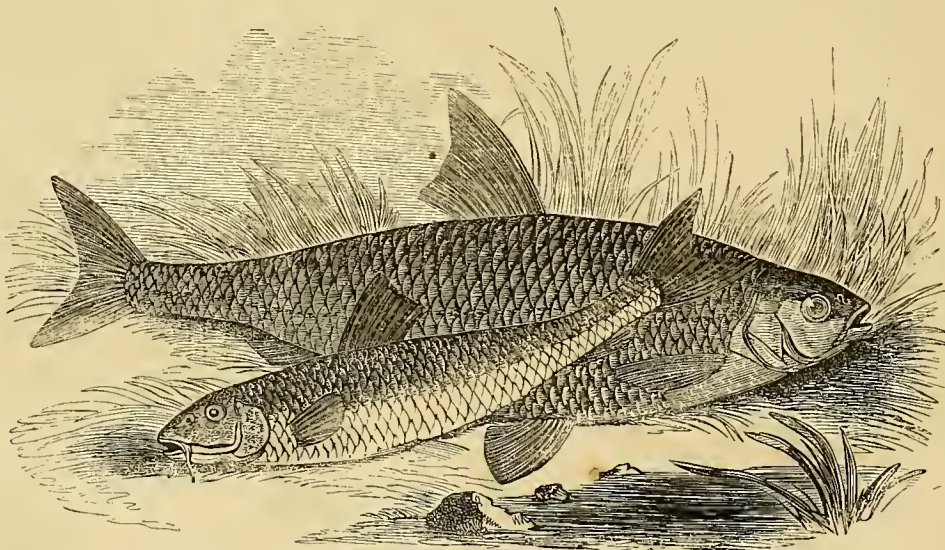
The roach is supposed to be so called on account of the redness of his fins. He is a poor, mean fish, as far as eating goes; but he is a handsome, strong fish, and will afford the angler capital sport when he rises at the fly, which he commonly does about the months of August and September, coming both boldly and freely. Roach are gregarious. They love limpid and clear waters, and yet are to be found in still and muddy rivers and ponds. They frequent almost all the ponds, rivers and lakes in Europe; and in some places are inconceivably numerous. Many of the rivers and ponds in England are full of them; and in France they are very abundant everywhere, particularly in the neighborhood of Paris. In the *marais* of the Pas-de-Calais, and about Peronne, there are millions of them. In some countries in the north of Europe, and particularly on the banks of the Oder they are so plentiful that they are used for manuring the land; and Bloch assures us that before the *marais* on the Oder were drained, such enormous quantities were constantly caught that they supplied the neighboring villages with abundance of provender on which they fattened their pigs. Roach spawn about June, and, Walton says rightly, may be fished for a fortnight after that process is accomplished. They cast their spawn in narrow, weedy, grassy places, and are very prolific. In the ovarium of an ordinary sized roach were counted the great number of 125,000 eggs. At a certain season—the spawning season—roach have been observed to migrate like the salmon, trout, carp, etc. “In the spring,” says a French author, “the roach mount up the rivers in a very singular order. The males and females separate themselves, so as to form distinct troops. One troop of males takes the lead; a troop of females follows, without mingling with the

other; and at last a second troop of males closes the march. They go very close together; and if any accident separates them on their route, they quickly re-form their battalions, and resume their march when the danger is passed.” We never noticed this habit ourselves; we never heard of any sportsman who ever did; and we never before saw any account of it in any book; it may, however, be true, for all that, although it savors strongly of the fanciful. The roach attains a large size. They are said to have been killed in England of the weight of two pounds; but in the French waters they reach a larger size than this, and give the angler a good deal of trouble, as they require delicate tackle to deceive them. The roach is by no means the stupid, reckless fish some represent him to be; on the contrary, he demands a fair amount of skill and caution, and affords very respectable sport, when of good size and in full season. The specimens of the roach which are found in our own waters do not vary particularly, in nature or appearance, from their European namesakes.

The gudgeon is a very handsome, active, well shaped little fish; most delicious in flavor, when properly cooked, and deservedly considered very *recherche* by the gastronomes of France. This fish is to be found in almost all the rivers of our own coun-

try, of England, and indeed of Europe. He prefers running waters, and rapid, curling streams, which flow over a pebbly or sandy bottom, although he will live and thrive in lakes and ponds through which a gentle draw of water continually passes. The gudgeon is supposed to spawn about the month of May. Walton says they breed two or three times a year. This does not appear to be very clearly established; but the prodigious rate at which these fish increase would seem to lend a certain degree of probability to the notion. A French writer says, “They pass their winter in the lakes and large ponds, and in the spring remount the rivers, where they deposit their spawn on pebbles and stones. This operation is, with the gudgeon, a very laborious affair, and the fish is frequently occupied an entire month in the difficult process. Towards the autumn the gudgeons gain the lakes.” This does not appear to be the general opinion, neither is it our own; but Walton, who, after all, is a very high authority, seems to entertain some such notion of the migratory habits of this fish, although his language is vague and uncertain. The gudgeons, undoubtedly, multiply prodigiously, and in certain favorable situations are to be found in immense quantities. The waters of the Pas-de-Calais abound with this fish, and they are to be caught

freely in a small, rapid stream within the very walls of St. Omer, as well as in the surrounding running waters. Gudgeons are used in some parts of France to stock lakes, ponds, and rapid streams, as food for pike, eels and trout. When the gudgeon is well cleaned, and wiped perfectly dry, rubbed over with egg and bread crumbs, fried *crisp* in butter, and served up with *hot* melted butter, and new, well-buttered, hot household bread, he is a very delicious fish. “All fish,” says old Caspar Schwenkfeld, in his *Therio Tropaeum Silesiacum*, “by reason of the nature and custom of the elements from which they have sprung and derive their virtue, and on account of their cold and gelatinous nature, are very difficult of digestion. They also generate cold and phlegmatic blood, from whence many similar grievous disorders take their origin; for they weaken the nerves, and prepare them for paralysis; and as they injure the more cold and damp stomach, so, on the contrary, they greatly benefit the more bilious and warm.” But we cannot agree with our author: for that fish are both healthful and strengthening, is a well-established fact; and as to the occupation of angling, it is, to the true sportsman, a recreation indeed, being both invigorating and highly diverting.



THE ROACH AND THE GUDGEON.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

CLOUDS AND SUNBEAMS.

BY MRS. M. W. CURTIS.

We should not prize the sunbeams
Were it not for the clouds,
To enhance their value,
While the mist enshrouds;
After storms are over,
Gladly hail we then,
Sunbeams gaily dancing
Through the leafy glen.

We should not prize the sunbeams
That deck the paths of life,
Were it not that changes
With our days are rife;
Thus we learn the value
Of a better home,
Far above the cloudlets,
Where no shadows come.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

WOONING A WIDOW.

BY BEN PERLEY POORE.

"SAMUEL, my son," remarked the elder Mr. Weller, "beware of the vidders." The old knight of the whip, we will admit, had reason to complain; but no man who has an unmortgaged heart can associate with an interesting "relict," without falling head over heels in love with her. To resist is as impossible as it would be for the lilacs not to feel the influence of the spring sun, or the cherries to remain pale under the ripening heats of July. Men, when bereaved, can absorb their minds with money-getting, politics, authorship or glory. But if a widow's affection wanders about, like Noah's dove, without a resting-place, she is wretched—the past is all gone, and the future presents nothing but cheerless desolation, if her love, pent up, is to corrode the heart. Blistered be the tongue that can ridicule, and paralyzed the hand that can libel, the widows, who are as far before the tribe of girlhood as bright summer, rich with fruition, is before fickle and inconstant spring, resplendent with blossoms, fair yet tasteless. Performances are better than promises; perfect six-and-twenty is far preferable to giggling "sweet sixteen."

"Who to choose can hesitate—
Mature love, or fickle beauty?
Need we then our choice relate!
We turn from each verdant face
That no sweet emotions grace—
And to widows pay our duty."

But how woo them? How persuade them to approach the hymeneal altar a second time, as a white-robed victim offered up to some human "lord of creation"? How ensure them again, when, perhaps, their first husbands (as some men do) set them up in their houses, as the ancients did their Lares and their Lemures, for playthings and ornaments—not household gods, to be deified only when their owners were in good humor, and trodden under foot in every access of passion? We will not advise you, friend sutor, for we despise advice; but we will offer you translations of four letters, given to us as autographs, which embody a complete romance.

The writer of these letters is a notable diplomatist, and one of the most distinguished representatives of the French imperial court. He is rich, he is powerful, he is envied—in a word, he has a position, which means, a right to look down upon all poor fellows, who have nothing but their intellect. But when he perused these letters, his only opulence was riches of the heart, treasures of the mind, and other gems of youth, which are so recklessly squandered away in early life. He was but twenty years of age; and if he ever sees these early waifs in print, he will find a wide difference between their style and that of the voluminous "state papers," for which he is now so celebrated.

Angouleme August 6, 1820.

MY DEAR LOUIS:—It is now a week, old classmate, since I arrived at my home, bringing with me nothing but regrets, unpaid bills, and a diploma. This old city, calm and silent, saddened me as I entered its streets in the Paris coach; and when I reached the door of my paternal mansion, I was ready to weep. Alas! my dear friend, death had passed across that threshold since I left, and I was not welcomed by the fond mother, who had so affectionately bid me farewell. Alone at the deserted fireside, the city seemed like an immense necropolis, for the much loved dead obscured my view of the living. Three long days were passed in silence, in solitude, in meditation.

But on the fourth day, the sun shone again into my heart. Again I saw crowds in the streets, and on going forth was greeted by old friends, who chered my sadness by many a kind word of consolation. The source of this change, dear Louis, was a charming woman, who had attended my mother during her last illness—my cousin Sylvia. From the time she called, accompanied by the physician, to give me in person my mother's parting words, I have ceased to live entombed, and everything has worn a brighter aspect. Could you see her who has thus thawed the ice-bound tide of my existence, I am sure, dear Louis, you would admire her—nay, love her, as I do. Perhaps, then, it is well that you cannot see her, for it would be sad for such old friends, playmates, schoolmates, classmates, as we have been, to be rivals.

My cousin is twenty-five years of age; she has been a widow three years. Except in the romances of Rousseau, which we so often read together while in the freshman's class, there exists no woman to whom I can compare her, and in her are united all the charms, the accomplishments and the graces of those heroines—each one of whom we used to consider a model of perfection.

Alas! that I think so—that I love her so madly—that her image reigns in my thoughts, and that my heart is like a deep well in which is mirrored nought save the brilliant star directly over head. You, dear Louis, may blame me, but you must not denounce me; you may laugh at me, but you must pity me; for I love Sylvia, and I feel assured that she never will love me. Adieu!

Angouleme, August 10, 1820.

Thanks, dear Louis, for your friendly letter, and I will again inflict upon you my love-chronicle. Last evening, Sylvia's father gave a large ball, and I accepted an invitation with joy. My cousin was resplendent with youth, with vivacity, and with beauty; O that you could have seen her! She wore a rich black silk, cut in the Spanish style, and the tiny Andalusian mantle was balanced, as if by attraction, upon a bust which exceeded in beauty that of the famed Venus of Milo. Need I say that Sylvia, thus radiant and enchanting, was the belle of the evening? And while she smiled graciously upon troops of world-be-friends, false flatterers, hollow-hearted suitors, must I tell you that she was cruel to me alone—to me, the titled lover, who would risk all to serve her, and pour out my blood like water to execute her bidding?

Calling me into the conservatory, where no one saw us, Sylvia returned to me a note, which I had sent her in the afternoon, concealed in a bouquet—a note which had cost me many sighs, and in which I had told my love. "Cousin Lucien," said she, in a voice slightly tinged with indignation, "you are crazy." I answered, hanging my head, "I fear I am." No more was said; but O! if I am thus a prey to hope, and fear, and disappointment, of what use will be reason. Pity me, my dear friend,—pity me. I have need of pity, of friendship, for I can scarcely stand the shock.

Unconsciously, however, my cousin gave me, during the evening, souvenirs enough to last my life-time. First, I danced with her, and necessarily her beautiful hand rested in mine. Then came the waltz, that dancing reverie of Germany, in which I had the precious right to encircle her with my arm, and to gaze at her with adoration, at kissing distance. It seemed, as we circled around, that I was dreaming, to the sound of celestial harmony. Generally, my dear Louis, noise awakens us, and chases away happy dreams; but, last evening, my friend, when the music ceased, silence awoke me!

That is not all. I picked up my cousin Sylvia's embroidered handkerchief, and it seems that the perfume yet steals across my senses; I kissed her fan; I stole a flower that dropped from the bouquet on her waist. That flower, withered and faded as it is, I cherish under a glass globe, with more pride than I should the largest diamond in a sovereign's diadem.

You say that you shall endeavor to visit Angouleme this autumn. When you come, I will take you into my chamber, and open the doors of a wardrobe in which my treasures are enshrined. I will show you this precious flower, a glove which she touched, a glass from which she drank, the perfume she uses, and I will say with a sigh, here are my riches, my treasures, my comforts!

I now comprehend a phrase which I once saw (in some book, the title of which I have forgotten), and which I could not comprehend until I began to adore my cousin: "Unhappy love has its charms!"

Happy lovers need extraordinary emotions, grand dramas, and all the joyous pomp of outward show; but we, who are disdained, ask but silence, calm, clouds and dreams. Successful suitors enjoy, after all, nothing but terrestrial joys; but we, who inhabit dream-land, enjoy aerial pleasures from imaginary sources. They love in prose, and we love in verse. Happy love, my dear Louis, is but a prosy history, but unhappy love is a thrilling poem. Yet, after all, one would not read poetry always. Adieu. Come and see Sylvia; comfort me.

Angouleme, August 20, 1820.

For a week past, my friend, there has been a comedy represented at my uncle's, in which I have played the part of "the dupe," and which, when it ceases, will seal my happiness for life, while it will make a certain Captain Lamberty rejoice. This captain is a stalwart militia officer, six feet high, whose only merit lies in his voice, which resounds over the parade-ground, or through the church, where he sings the base parts. He has but a moderate fortune, a moderate intellect, and a moderate reputation. But he dresses in the latest fashion, talks about horses, and sings romantic ballads. Such, dear Louis, is the fortunate lover of my bewitching cousin—she whose first husband was a sensible, hard-working lawyer. O, woman, woman! and especially widow!

The captain has one merit, in the eyes of a coquette. He can enter a drawing room with ease, and has an abundance of gossiping small-talk. He knows all the latest Paris fashions—all the court scandal about jewelry, and what bonnets are to be worn next year. This is milk and honey for the ladies of our interior city, and they in general, with cousin Sylvia in particular, listen with delight to this elegant fop, who converses like a milliner's apprentice, or a barber's boy.

The captain excels in describing, with all the eloquence of an ignorant Don Juan, the fascinating pleasures of the metropolis, and narrates, with many a personal adventure, the balls, the masquerades, the festivals, and the intrigues which he has participated in while at Paris.

Such, dear Louis, is the lover of my cousin Sylvia.

She loves him—she is betrothed to him. Yes, she has avowed it, and why? My uncle does not fancy the captain, and my cousin has requested me to act as "a screen" to shield their love! Yes; she uses me as a screen, while he enjoys, behind my protecting shade, that love which I so covet. Young, innocent, and enthusiastic, I consent blindly to this disguise. Above all, I can now see my cousin. What more can I ask?

I go there every morning; I remain there all day. I blush when I speak to her, and turn pale when she replies. Every one

says I love her, and, for once, every one tells the truth. My uncle laughs, and says that widows are dangerous! I believe him, and yet, like the moth glittering around the candle-light, I am happy. Will the flame consume?

Every fair afternoon we walk out, my cousin taking my arm. The captain, who meets us as if by accident, walks on the other side of her, as if he should accompany us but a few steps, and his apparent inferiority makes me happy.

When she goes a shopping, I accompany her, and discuss learnedly upon the color of a silk, the form of a bonnet, the beauty of a jewel, or the richness of embroidery. My counsel is taken as law, and need I say how much joy it gives me to be thus associated with Sylvia, even on so trifling matters. Of course, all think I have captivated her. Nay, my friends congratulate me.

I wait upon her to the theatre, where I take a prominent box, and sit proudly by her side throughout the performance, whilst the poor captain only comes in for a few moments; he remains in the background. Meanwhile, I whisper in her ear, toy with her fan, and play the part of an accepted lover more naturally, if possible, than any actor performs upon the stage. Alas! like them, I only play a part.

Now, I am happy, but how long will it last? Can I always be a screen? And how can I support the shock, when my services will be no longer required, and Captain Lamberty weds my cousin Sylvia? Hateful thought; but I will not bore you with my woes, present or prospective. Adieu.

Angouleme, September 25, 1820.

It is a long time since I wrote you, my dear Louis, and two letters from you lie upon my table unanswered. Let me render an account of my silence.

Two days after I last wrote you, I became so worked up that I determined to release myself—not from my love, but from my blindness, and the culpable weakness of my conduct.

The next morning—it was a month ago or more—I called on my cousin, and found that she had gone to see a relative who was indisposed. As I was leaving the house, who should I meet but Captain Lamberty, dressed finely, and twirling a little cane.

"Good morning, Lucien," said he.

"Good morning, captain," I replied, not liking his familiar address. I had made my mind up how to act, and now only waited an opportunity.

"Lucien," said he, with a malicious and triumphant smile, "I am glad to see you, and to thank you."

"Thank me for what, captain?"

"For my happiness, which I owe to your adroitness, or to your innocence."

"What is this happiness, captain, and what is this innocence?"

"Thanks to you, Lucien, I have wooed and won your cousin Sylvia without any impertinent gossip or scandal; for no one suspected what I was about, so occupied were they with you. The comedy has been well played, but to-day the first act ends, and we change places. You fall back, and I, coming forward as the accepted lover, invite you to the wedding."

"When, captain?"

"Next Monday. And now, Lucien, if you have not been innocent, let me congratulate you on the admirable manner in which you have acted your part."

"The part of a screen, captain, is it not?"

"Precisely."

"Captain Lamberty, you are a coward!"

"Sir!"

"You are a coward, sir!" and as I spoke I felt my cheeks glow with anger. "I have long suspected your meanness, innocent as you thought me; and last night I determined to call you out, for your dishonorable conduct towards my uncle." Just then a friend approached us, and I raised my voice. "I repeat it—you are a coward, and I defy you to resent the appellation."

"Boy!" he exclaimed, contemptuously.

"Boy!" I rejoined. "I am old enough to fire a pistol, and before younder sun sets, I must die, or I will have killed you." Then addressing my friend: "Francois, you witness this challenge; I shall need your services."

"Must I kill you to day?" said the captain.

"I thirst for your blood," was my reply.

"Your own be upon your rash head. Send your friend to my lodgings, and I will soon let out some of your warm blood. Good-day, and a speedy meeting."

So we separated.

Long before sunset, we met on a secluded plain, near the river bank. The fifteen paces agreed upon were counted, the signal was given, the balls whistled through the air, and I fell, face downwards, murmuring the name of my cousin Sylvia.

O, my friend, what unhappiness I experienced that night, as I lay at the house of my uncle, whither I had been carried! It was but a flesh wound, the doctors said, and I could not die for her I loved.

But revenge came the next morning. I had shot the captain in the back; for as he fired, he had turned around and run—so said the doctor. And soon in came Sylvia, looking more beautiful than ever, to nurse her "foolish cousin." That day, as she sat by my bedside, I told her, in a low voice, of my love, my hopes, my devotion, my sufferings, and I had the delight to draw first a regret, then a sigh, then a tear. I was safe. As for the captain, he has left the city, to escape the jeers with which he was greeted.

I have not yet recovered, but am happy. The joys of an unsuccessful lover are over, and the sorrows of a successful suitor are about to commence. Come and let us discuss the difference.

Paris, January 4, 1821.

DEAR LOUIS:—I am at the Hotel des Princes, with my bride, and am the happiest of men. Come and dine with us at five o'clock. Sylvia sends her love.

And so, friend reader, was the widow wooed and won. She could appreciate devotion, and we have never heard that she was suspected of having seen more summers than her husband. A cheerful heart and a good mantua-maker cover a multitude of years.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Patience is a tree whose roots are bitter, but the fruit is very sweet. — A discussion lately took place in the House of Lords, on Lieutenant Murray's improvement in navigation. The government was strongly urged to meet the United States government in regard to the matter. — Miss Heron, the tragedienne, has offered a premium of \$500 for a new play. — An alarming railway mania prevails in France; railways to every possible and impossible place, through the Alps, through the Pyrenees, to Naples, to Madrid, everywhere and anywhere, are projected. — A barber in London advertises that his customers are shaved without incision or laceration for the microscopic sum of one half-penny. — Early and improper marriages are guarded against in Massachusetts, by imposing a heavy fine on town clerks, for granting certificates of intentions of marriage to minors, without the consent of their legal guardians. — Thirty Choctaw Indians have sailed from Mobile to attend the Crystal Palace Fair at New York. — Miss Mary Murray, of New York, has given a lot of land on the corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Fourth Avenue, worth \$25,000 or \$30,000, for a new Presbyterian church. — The largest pearl in the world weighs a few grains less than one-third of an ounce. It belongs to a gentleman in Panama, and is worth \$5000. — Do the frowns of fate startle you? Fear her smiles still more. — Professor Anderson, the great magician, challenges the whole "spirit-rapping fraternity," its votaries, victims and teachers, in the sum of \$5000 or \$10,000, that they cannot produce a single knock on his table, which he cannot account for by natural causes and natural laws. — A lad, named William Gray, died of hydrophobia, in New York, lately. He had been bitten by his own dog, four years previously. — There are now in California about twenty-two thousand Chinamen. The capital invested and owned by the Chinese in the State is one million of dollars. — A company of Englishmen have contracted to run a line of telegraph from London to Calcutta, crossing the Mediterranean, from Spezzia to Corsica, seventy-six miles; across Corsica, one hundred and twenty-eight miles; Straits of Bonafacio, seven miles; across Sardinia, two hundred and three miles, etc. — The enlargement of the New York Battery is going forward with considerable vigor. — William H. Oney has been convicted of forgery at Richmond, Va., and sentenced to the penitentiary for two years. — The Neapolitan correspondence of the London Daily News, in mentioning the retirement of Mr. Morris, U. S. Charge at Naples, says his departure will be much regretted. — The best right of man—the right to write what is right. The best right of woman—the marriage rite. — The London Court Journal tells us that a light thread net, suspended before a window, will effectually keep out the house-fly, which will not pass through the meshes, even though they be more than an inch in diameter. — Reputation is like polished steel—it may be tarnished by a breath.

PLAIN PEOPLE.

Plain men, nay, even ugly little fellows, have met with tolerable success among the fair. Wilke's challenge to Lord Townshend is well known: "Your lordship is one of the handsomest men in the kingdom, and I am one of the ugliest; yet, give me but half an hour's start, and I will enter the lists against you with any woman you choose to name, because you will omit attentions, on account of your fine exterior, which I shall double, on account of my plain one." He used to say that it took him half an hour just to talk away his face. He was so exceedingly ugly, that a lottery office-keeper once offered him ten guineas not to pass his window whilst the tickets were drawing, for fear of his bringing ill-luck upon the house.

AN INGENIOUS ARAB.—Mr. J. R. Gliddon relates, in his lecture on Egyptian Archaeology, lately reported in the Archaeological Journal, that "an Arab discovered the northern air channel of the great pyramid to be opened from top to bottom by placing a cat at the outer orifice, and her kittens at the other, shutting them in with stones. The mother soon found her way down through the pyramid to her little family—thus proving that this hitherto mysterious passage communicated with the outside. Previous to the clearing of these passages, the air in the pyramid was quite suffocating."

ALL THE GOLD IN THE WORLD.—Taking the cube yard of gold at £2,000,000, which it is in round numbers, all the gold in the world at this estimate might, if melted into ingots, be contained in a cellar twenty-four feet square and sixteen feet high. All our hoarded wealth already obtained from California and Australia would go into an iron safe nine feet square and nine feet high. So small is the cube of yellow metal that has set populations on the march, and roused the world to wonder.

ENORMOUS SHARK.—The Placer Times, published at San Francisco, says that an enormous shark, about twenty-five feet long, entered an inlet about one mile below the wreck of the Aberdeen, and became stranded by the tide going out. His mouth was four feet four inches wide. He was killed, and over three barrels of oil were procured from his liver, which portion of his body filled six barrels.

CURIOUS IDEA.—There was at one time at the French court a viol so large, that several boys could be placed within it, who sang the air, while the man who played it sang the tenor. It was often thus used at the concerts which were given to amuse Queen Margaret.

POETICAL.—Flowers are the alphabet of angels, whereby they write on hills and fields mysterious truths.

Wayside Gatherings.

In Georgia, a valuable silver mine has been found on the estate of S. J. Paine, in Gordon county.

Samuel E. Slater was found murdered at his rancho, near Sonoma, California.

A man in Burlington, Vt., advertises "hums and cigars, smoked and unsmoked, for sale."

Mayor Westervelt, of New York, has been fined \$5 for his servant's playing the Croton at improper hours.

The Camden and Amboy Railroad Company are having constructed a number of new cars with patent brakes.

A family of gipsies have lately pitched their tent near Nonantum Vale, Brighton. They are good looking, and appear quite intelligent.

The Dutch galliot Margaretta, De Groot, from Rotterdam, just arrived at New York, has on board 222 packages for the Crystal Palace exhibition.

A son of Reuben Cutter, of Yarmouth, Me., was struck on the back of his head by a bat, while playing ball, and died soon afterwards.

Bricks are said to be a scarce article in this market, at the present time, and for the want of them, many persons are prevented from building.

In Manchester, N. H., lately, a family of four persons were poisoned by eating silver cels. They have not yet recovered from the attack, but are considered out of danger.

During 1852, there were 98 deaths in the Great Salt Lake City. The Mormons talk of cultivating lobsters, oysters and clams by mixing fresh water with the salt in a new basin.

William Hall, laborer, was almost killed at Norwich, Conn., by a horse he was trying to catch, the animal beating him to the earth with the forefeet.

A chimney, 100 feet in height, and containing nearly 100,000 bricks, has just been erected in connection with the "Union Works" at South Boston.

The editor of the Transcript has had a silk umbrella returned to him that was stolen three months ago. No reason is assigned for the rash act.

Miss Dolly Booth, a late domestic, in Ellington, Conn., left a legacy of \$500 to the Home Missionary Society. "She hath cast in more than they all."

A church at Windsor Locks, Conn., and the High Street Church, in Providence, R. I., with many others, have "raised the celery" of their ministers, as the Knickerbocker phrases it.

We have accounts from Washington that the President and Cabinet are still annoyed, and the public business materially delayed, by the importunities of applicants for the executive patronage.

One of the wheel mills of the Enfield Powder Company, at Enfield, Conn., blew up on the 17th ult., burning and otherwise injuring a laborer employed in the mill so severely that his life is despaired of.

The Panama Herald gives a curious account of the discovery, at old Panama, of an earthen ware vessel, containing a large number of Roman coins, of the reigns of Diocletian, Maximinus, and Constantine.

Foreign Items.

The Austrian force in Tuscany is to be reduced 2000 men.

The submarine six wire cable, seventy miles long, was successfully laid down between Dover and Ostend.

The Russian authorities in Poland issued an order to confiscate the property of absentees who have not embraced the amnesty.

The French fleet still remains at Salamis Bay, manœuvring to gratify King Otho.

Hungary continues in a volcanic attitude; commerce is paralyzed, the people are discontented, and the imperial rule is everywhere opposed.

The West India steamship Magdalena arrived at Southampton with the South American and West India mail, and nearly 100 tons of specie, valued at three millions and a quarter of dollars.

The Prussian Minister of War has approved a proposal to cause a certain number of officers and soldiers from every regiment to be taught how to drive locomotive engines.

A subscription is about to be raised by the English Roman Catholics, for the purpose of erecting a monument to Pope Adrian IV., the only Englishman who ever attained the papal dignity.

Two men were sentenced to one month's imprisonment at hard labor, a short time since, in London, for the crime of causing unnecessary pain to a cat while they were killing it.

Prince Albert has headed a subscription list, with a donation of twenty-five pounds, towards the erection of a monument in London to the memory of Dr. Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination.

Persia is preparing another expedition against Herat, and the British ambassador announces that he will demand his passports if the expedition proceeds.

In an action brought by the owners of the packet ship Daniel Webster against the barque Alert, to recover damages for a collision in the Irish Channel, the verdict was given in favor of the Daniel Webster.

Oscar Lafayette, the grandson and representative of General Lafayette, refused to take the oath of allegiance to the French Emperor, required as captain of artillery, and has in consequence been deprived of his commission.

Under the head of "Moral Scotland," a Scottish essay states that in forty cities and towns in Scotland, every 149 of the population supports a dram-shop, while it requires 981 to keep a baker, 1067 to support a butcher, and 2261 to sustain a bookseller.

The irruption of the public mind in Holland increases against the recent papal usurpation, and the ill feeling awakened between Protestants and Roman Catholics is so great that it is feared a conflict will occur; many among the Catholics are leaving for Belgium.

It appears that Louis Napoleon has once more applied to the Austrian government for the remains of the Duke de Reichstadt. His wish is that the remains of the Emperor Napoleon and his son should be transported at the same time to the Cathedral of St. Denis.

In consequence of a party of Tuscan soldiers refusing to drink with a party of Austrian soldiers, near Genoa, words ensued, and then followed a regular sabre fight. The Austrians got the worst of it, being cut badly and beaten. The hatred of the Italians to the Austrians is of the intensest sort.

Sands of Gold.

... When an extravagant friend wishes to borrow your money, consider which of the two you had rather lose.

... Cultivate your heart aright as well as your farm; and remember "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap."

... The miller imagines that the corn grows only to make his mill turn.—Goethe.

... If thou hast fear of those who command thee, spare those who obey thee.—Arabian Maxim.

... Peace shows itself more in patience than in judgment; so it is better to be unjustly accused than to accuse others, even with justice.—Saint Martin.

... Be always frank and true; spurn every sort of affectation (which ruleth the world); have the courage to confess your faults and awkwardness. Confide your faults and ... to ...

... Prudent and active men, who know their strength and use it with limit and circumspection, alone go far in the affairs of the world.—Goethe.

... We correct ourselves many times better by the sight of evil than by good example; and it is well to accustom ourselves to profit by evil which is so common, in the place of good which is so rare.—Pascal.

... Reputation is a great inheritance; it begetteth opinion (which ruleth the world); opinion, riches; riches, honor; it is a perfume that a man carrieth about him, and leaveth wherever he goes; and it is the best heir of a man's virtue.

... O, sin, how you paint your face! how you flatter us, poor mortals, on to death! You never appear to the sinner in your true character; you make fair promises, but you never fulfill one; your tongue is smoother than oil, but the poison of asps is under your lip!—Hosae Ballou.

... Happiness is only evident to us in this life by deliverance from evil; we have not real and positive good. Happy he who sees the day! said a blind man; but a man who sees clearly does not say so. Happy he who is healthy! said an invalid; when he is well he does not feel the happiness of health.—Nicole.

Joker's Budget.

Flour is an article well enough in its sphere, but we deprecate the rubbing of it on ladies' faces.

Why is a cannon ball on a level plain like a lump of baker's dough? Because when fired it generally ends in a roll.

A man in Monson, upwards of seventy-five years of age, has a third set of front teeth growing. Some gum about that.

A live lobster is a perfect puzzle, which can only be red, "inwardly digested," and fully solved, after its death.

Mrs. Partington thinks the pillows of liberty are stuffed with the feathers of the American eagle. The superintendents of the United States Mint are investigating the matter.

A man was offered a glass of soda-water, the other day, but he rejected it with great indignation. "Do you think I am a salamander," said he, "to drink water killing hot?"

It is said of the French ladies, that their fondness for effect runs to such excess, that widows, who have lost their husbands, practise attitudes of despair before a looking-glass.

A friend of ours says, that he has been without money so long that his head aches "ready to split," when he tries to recollect how a silver dollar looks. He says the notion that "we live in a world of change" is a great fallacy.

A sentimental chap in Rhode Island intends to petition Congress, at its next session, for an appropriation to improve the channels of affection, so that henceforth the "course of true love may run smooth."

As proof of the fact that girls are useful articles, and that the world could not very well get along without them, a late writer states it as a fact that if all the girls were driven out of the world, in one generation, the boys would all go out after them.

Whether you are playing on the stage or the world, your characters should always be well dressed. Good broadcloth is always received with a smile, though covering a rascal; while linsey woolsey is rather run upon, though covering a patriot.

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F. GLEASON,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, BOSTON, MASS.

JUNE.

Crown we with flowers "the leafy month of June,"
 The rose and lily twine in garland rare;
 Let woodland birds thrill out their votive tune,
 And zephyrs wait to o'er the meadows fair,
 Hark! to the mower's song! The perfumed air
 Floats from the hay-sward to the slumbering stream,
 Sklumbered by the swallow, while the shepherd's care,
 Well washed, their fleeces bright as silver seem.
 List to the lusty cheers that ring along
 The Thames' fair marjoris, at the rower's race.
 View where the crickets—fleet, agile, strong—
 Claim for their noble sport no second place.
 While, to crown all, behold the brave balloon
 Soaring upon the vesper breeze of June.

Month! glorious month! to England truly dear!
 Thoo saw'st the seven good Prelates in the tower,
 Which unto them a palace did appear
 For conscience combated a bigot's power.
 Thoo, too, hast seen the gay and gallant flower
 Of Gallia's chivalry crushed to the dust
 At Waterloo; but also hast the hour
 When the brave Barons wrenched from tyrant's trust
 Their rights at Atonymede! Hail! laureled June!
 Prince of the year! the glad sun's favorite child,
 Bring with thee, on thy balmy wings, the boon
 Of peace. And never be exiled
 From us her fostering smiles; but pure and bright
 Shed o'er our suffering land their blessed light.

LOBSTER FISHING.

We present in our engraving a view representing the fishermen who have adopted this calling engaged in taking up their lobster-pots, or creels. These creels, or cruires, are made of dry osier, and resemble basket-work. They are constructed on the same principle as the wire mouse-trap, but the aperture, instead of being at the side, is on the top. Within the creel, the bait, consisting of garbage, is fastened at the bottom, and the creel is then dropped in some favorable situation, stones of sufficient weight being fastened to the inside, to sink it. A line is fastened to the creel, and at the upper end of the line is attached a cork, which floats on the surface. By this means the place where the creel is sunk is known to the fishermen, who usually set several creels at one time. The bait is easily seen by the lobsters, which, entering the creel at the aperture, find, like a mouse in a wire-trap, that escape is hopeless; the difficulty of egress being increased by the entrance being overhead. Crabs, prawns and shrimps are frequently found captured in the same creel with lobsters. When the fishermen have sunk the whole of their creels, they have still some time left to proceed further out to sea for other fish before it is necessary to visit them. When a few hours have elapsed, the fishermen return to their creels, one of them rowing, and the other keeping a look-out for the floats, and taking out of the creels whatever has been captured. Sometimes, however, lobsters are taken by nets baited with garbage; and, in some countries, by torch light, with the aid of a wooden instrument, which acts like a forceps, or a pair of tongs, by which the animal is forcibly imprisoned. Lobsters are found in great abundance on some portions of the English rocky coasts. The Scilly Isles and the Land's End abound with lobsters, as well as several places on the Scotch



ALLEGORICAL REPRESENTATION OF THE MONTH OF JUNE.

shores, particularly about Montrose, whence Pennant states the number brought annually, in well boats, in his time, to have been 60,000 or 70,000. But the principal lobster fishery is on the coast of Norway; whence, it is believed, about a million lobsters are annually imported into London. Those of Heligoland are, however, esteemed the best; they are of a deeper black color, and

He had disappeared, and was never seen again. The people of Hadley believed he was an angel sent from God in answer to their prayer. And that belief has been handed down to our day by many of the descendants. The story, however, is a historical fact, and has been employed to embellish more than one popular fiction. The deliverer was Goffe, the regicide.—Home Gazette.

their flesh is firmer than those brought from Norway. The lobster is of ancient repute as food; for Aristotle, in his "History of Animals," gives a most faithful and elaborate account of the species which is found still as an inhabitant of the Mediterranean. The fecundity of the lobster is profuse, 12,444 eggs having been counted under the tail of one female lobster.

AN AMERICAN TRADITION.

One of the most interesting incidents in the early history of New England is the deliverance of the frontier town of Hadley from an attack of a barbarous native tribe. The Indian war of King Philip had just commenced, and the inhabitants of Hadley had, on the first of September, 1675, assembled in their humble place of worship, to implore the aid of the Almighty, and to humble themselves before him in a solemn fast. All at once the terrible war-whoop was heard, and the church surrounded by a blood-thirsty band of savages. At that period it was customary for a select number of the stoutest and bravest of the dwellers in the frontier towns to carry their weapons with them, even to the house of prayer; and now, in consternation, these armed men of Hadley sallied forth to defend themselves and families. But the attack had been too sudden; the Indians had partly gained possession of the town before they surrounded the church, and their bullets told with fatal effect upon the bewildered colonists. At this crisis there suddenly appeared among them a man, tall and erect of stature, calm and venerable in aspect, with long gray hair falling on his shoulders. Rallying the retreating townsmen, he issued orders in a commanding voice and with cool precision. The stranger's commands were implicitly obeyed by men who, until that instant, had never seen him. He divided the colonists into two bodies, placing one in the most advantageous and sheltered position, to return the fire of the enemy, and hold them in check, while the other, by a circuitous route, he led, under cover of the smoke, to a desperate charge on the Indian rear. The red men, thus surprised in turn, and placed between two fires, were quickly defeated, and put to flight, leaving many of their warriors dead upon the field; and the town of Hadley was thus saved from conflagration, and its inhabitants from massacre. The first moments after the unexpected victory were passed in anxious inquiries, affectionate meetings, and heartfelt congratulations; then followed thanks and praise to God, and then the deliverer was eagerly sought for.



SCENE REPRESENTING LOBSTER FISHING, AT FOLKESTONE, ENGLAND.

Carve's Mill



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TICHEMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1853.

\$3 PER ANNUM. { VOL. IV. No. 24.—WHOLE No. 102
6 Cts. SINGLE.

CARVE'S MILL, SLEEPY HOLLOW.

Perhaps there is no other spot of so small an extent as "Sleepy Hollow," in the entire limits of New York State, that present so many picturesque objects or localities to charm the artist's eye, and challenge our admiration. If, in a spot so limited in extent as this same locality of "Sleepy Hollow," so many beautiful pictures can be found, surely our landscape painters need not complain for want of interesting subjects for their pencils. Irving has rendered this locality classic ground; and our readers will remember that we have before found themes for illustration in our columns from this neighborhood. The tourist, as he ascends towards the famous Catskill Mountains, is sure to pause at Sleepy Hollow, and recall Irving's story of Rip Van Winkle, and to

note the well-described belongings of the famous place. The magic pen of the author has so fixed these matters in the mind, that the whole thread of the goblin story is recalled, and one is lost for a moment in inward recollections. Where could we look for a finer combination of picturesque material than is represented in the accompanying engraving, as taken from nature? The quiet vistas of sky, the green and rustling foliage, the mill-dam, with its translucent sheets of water, the rushing brook, the ancient and weather-stained building, and, above all, the mill-wheel, the monotonous though musical sound of which hath perhaps lulled many an earth-born care to rest. All, all combine to make up a scene, that, when once looked upon, the beholder can never forget—such a scene as the artist delights to delineate, and the lovers

of the picturesque to dwell upon as a thing of beauty, a joy forever! People from abroad have said to us, "Is it possible that you have such beautiful scenery in America, as we see in your Pictorial?" Is it possible, indeed! Our country abounds in beautiful rural scenery, diversified by valley and mountain, by lake and river, by babbling brooks and leafy woods; and it shall be our task to exhibit these to our growing circle of readers, and to the world abroad, as well as in America. Our army of subscribers cannot fail to enter into the spirit of these illustrations, and to feel a national pride in seeing them thus beautifully delineated—the same pride which actuates us in these productions. With these few suggestions, we commend our view, presented below of Carve's Mill, to the patrons of the Pictorial.



VIEW OF CARVE'S MILL, AT SLEEPY HOLLOW, TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

HILDEBRAND:

—OR—

THE BUCCANEER AND THE CARDINAL.

A SICILIAN STORY OF SEA AND SHORE.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVIII.—[CONTINUED.]

"If you will stay two days, you may go," said the guard, after a few moments' thought. "Then our division will be off duty, and I shall not fear."

"O, we did not think of returning before that time," said Angela, who started up beneath the hope of gaining passage.

"Go on, then. Surely there can be no harm in giving pass to such as you. 'Twould be unchristian. Go, and God speed ye." More quickly than before did the girls move on.

"Why should such an edict as that have been passed?" queried Lucia, as soon as they were out of danger from the guard.

"Perhaps 'twas meant for some one whom the cardinal would keep in the city," replied Angela.

"Very likely," responded Lucia; and as she spoke, she thought of de Mora; but she did not mention his name.

"The cardinal must be worried, at all events," said Angela.

"So all bad men ought to be," was Lucia's apt reply.

The girls had now passed the Capuchin convent, and, having followed the road towards Corleone a little over a mile, they struck off into a by-road that led off towards the hills to the westward, and upon this they travelled until long after midnight. Angela thought not of fatigue; she noticed not that her thin shoes were all soaked by the heavy dew, but with a firm step she followed on.

Our two travellers passed quite a number of peasants' cottages, which were located near the path; but it was not till near morning that they stopped. Lucia had led the way to a spot where a low, thatched cot was nestled away among vines and fig-trees, and by the side of which ran a small stream of water. It was in a deep vale, from which the vine-clad hills sloped up on three sides; and the place was as quiet and sequestered as could have been wished.

At the door of this cot Lucia knocked. It was some minutes ere the summons was answered, and then a man appeared at the door, with a lighted candle in his hand.

"Ah, good sisters," he said, as he shielded the light with his hand.

"Does good John Bambo live here now?" asked Lucia.

"That is my name."

"Then give us shelter for a season, we beg."

"Ay, and a God's blessing on thee, too," instantly replied the man. "Come in, come in. No Christian was ever yet tarred from John Bambo's door."

The girls followed the old man into the dwelling, and there he gave them seats. Then he built a fire in the little furnace that stood in one corner of the room, and after that he went to call his wife, who soon made her appearance. They were old people, and they lived all alone there, among their fruit-trees and vines. They had children, but such of them as still lived had settled in homes of their own.

"You walk far and late to night, good sisters," said the dame, after she had placed a basin of water upon the furnace.

"This night is most morning now, I ween," returned Lucia.

"Ah, then you have not walked all night?"

"Yes."

"The Lord save us! You look wayworn and tired; and the dew, too, is heavy upon your garments."

It was the old lady who said this, and while she spoke, her husband gazed into Lucia's face with an earnest, inquiring look.

"You must excuse me, my sisters," he said, "but surely," he added, turning his glance upon Lucia, "your voice sounds familiar, and it seems, too, as though I had seen your face before."

"Perhaps you have," returned the girl.

"I am almost sure I have."

"I know you have," added Lucia, as she removed the hood from her head.

"Why, as sure as I'm alive, it's little Lucia Mendoza!" exclaimed dame Bambo, clapping her hands and elevating her eyebrows.

"Sure enough!" was her husband's response, with a look and tone of wonder.

"Mercy on me, Lucia! I didn't know that you had joined the sisterhood of our Lady Rosolia," resumed the good woman. "I thought you were still with Donna Angela Fontani."

"So I am."

"How?"

"Let me introduce you. My companion, here, is Donna Angela herself."

"Our Lady deliver me!" was all the astounded woman could say.

"Both sisters?" queried old John.

"No—neither of us," returned Lucia. "But listen, now, and I will tell you what it all means."

The old folks were seated, and, while they opened their eyes with astonishment, Lucia told them her story. She told it all, sparing neither the cardinal nor the duke. When she had finished, her auditors were buried in an anxious, thoughtful silence.

"Now I know you will give us shelter," said Angela.

"Yes, yes, to be sure I will," warmly returned Bambo. "But what do you mean to do? You will not always live among the hills here."

"No," replied Angela; "I shall want you to assist me further, and you shall be well rewarded. If you would go to the city, and see if you could hear anything of Francis de Mora or of Hildebrand, it might help me, for to either of those men I would trust myself."

Bambo was somewhat surprised that Donna Angela should be thus familiar with Hildebrand, but he consented to do all he could for her. Our heroine trusted him with all the information he needed, and he, in turn, promised to keep her secret, and learn, if possible, something of the men in whom she had confided her trust.

After this was settled, a frugal meal was prepared for the girls, and when they had satisfied their hunger, they sought the rest which they so much needed. As Angela laid her head upon the pillow, she uttered a short prayer; but she could not easily compose her mind to sleep. Her situation was novel, strange and startling; and then she was by no means free from danger; she had no clear view of the salvation she prayed for. But Lucia tried to comfort her; she whispered words of hope, and, while still she whispered, slumber stole over them both.

CHAPTER XIX.

BAMBO'S FAILURE AT DECEPTION.

It was nearly noon when Angela and Lucia arose from their bed, and neither felt any serious results from the exposure and fatigue of the previous night. They partook of a hearty dinner, and in the afternoon they wandered off among the neighboring vines, where they sat and laid plans for action; but their projects were torn in pieces about as fast as they were formed; and when they turned back towards Bambo's cot they were not much wiser than before. They still wore the disguises they had procured, for they thought them less likely to attract attention than the rich dresses which duly belonged to them.

That afternoon they spent in the cot; and it was not until the next day that Bambo went to the city. Angela watched for his return with much anxiety, for she felt sure that he would bring tidings of some sort, were it only regarding her own flight. It was nearly dark when she saw the old man approaching the cot, and when he came in and sat down, her heart sank within her, for she saw that he bore ill tidings. She could tell it from his very looks. She had not the courage to ask a question, but Lucia soon relieved her.

"Well, good Bambo," said the latter, "what tidings do you bring? Speak it out; for we may as well know the truth at once."

"Your absence from the city has already made a stir," replied the old man. "I heard of it at all points."

"And what has been done towards finding us?"

"I don't know; but something, I am sure."

There was a silence of some moments, which was at length broken by the old lady.

"But you've not told us of the men, John—the men our fair lady told ye about."

The old man cast a pitying look upon Angela, and she read its import, for her cheek paled, and she trembled.

"Speak out," said Lucia. "Tell us what you have learned of de Mora and Hildebrand."

"Well, I'll speak it; but I fear they'll ne'er help ye more. They be both in the clutches of the holy tribunal."

"Both!" shrieked Angela.

"Yes, lady—both!"

"God have mercy!" groaned the poor girl; and, while yet the sound was upon her lips, Lucia caught her fainting form, and pillowed the marble brow upon her own bosom.

"You ought not to have told it so quickly, John," said dame Bambo, as she hastened to assist Lucia. "Poor, dear girl! O, how can folks be so wicked? I'm sure I'd rather be poor all my life, than have the heart to harm such as this. I wonder if such people are ever happy?"

No one replied, and the good woman helped Lucia convey her mistress to the bed. Ere long, Angela came to her senses, and in the course of an hour she was again in the little sitting-room. But the bloom had gone from her cheeks, and she looked miserable and unhappy.

To Lucia the old man conveyed the intelligence that two sisters of St. Rosolia had been seen to leave the city, and that there was a suspicion that the fugitives might have been thus dressed. From this hint Lucia resolved to lay aside the black gown, and, by dint of considerable ingenuity, she made out to fix up two dresses that passed very well for the usual habits of the Mazara peasant girls; and in these her mistress and herself were arrayed.

It was towards noon on the third day of Angela's sojourn at the peasant's cot. She and Lucia were sitting before the door, beneath an overhanging cluster of grape-vines, where they had been conversing for some time.

"It is of no use," said Angela, in reply to something her companion had said. "I have but one course left me to pursue. If I can cross the mountains, I will seek the convent of Our Lady in Satera, and there I will remain. Even the cardinal himself cannot drag me from these walls, if he should find me."

"I would wait a while, at least," returned Lucia, "for either Francis or Hildebrand may be liberated; or, if you go to Satera, you must not bind yourself there by vows."

"Perhaps I shall not. But you need not follow me, Lucia."

"Pardon me, Angela, but I shall go where you go, unless you choose to drive me from you."

"I will not do that," murmured our heroine.

"Then I shall most assuredly keep you company, and if you enter a convent, I will enter, too."

Angela looked up into her companion's face with a grateful, tearful expression, and as she did so, her eye caught the outlines of some one approaching the cot by the road. The intervening foliage cut off a distinct view, but yet the form could be seen.

"It is a man," whispered Lucia, as soon as her mistress had pointed it out.

"And a monk, too," added Angela.

"Ay—a Carmelite," resumed Lucia, getting a clearer view. "Come, Angela, let us hasten in out of sight; for if it be a monk from the city, he may know us."

Both the girls hastened into the house, and in a few words as possible they told old John their fears. The old man was there waiting for his dinner. He bade them go into the other room, at the same time promising to shield them if he could. They hurried into the little bed room, and shortly after they had closed the door, they heard some one enter the house. They knew it must be the monk, and they trembled for their safety. They could easily overhear all that was said in the apartment they had left.

The monk entered with the usual blessing upon his lips, and, having devoutly crossed himself, he took the seat that was offered him.

"A beautiful, out-of-the-way place you have here," said he, as he cast his eyes carefully about the room.

Lucia could see him through a crack in the partition.

"A goodly place, father, I own," returned John. "The land is productive, and we receive its blessings with thankful hearts."

"Very proper, my son. But do you live all alone here?"

"My good wife is with me, you see."

"Ay; but is that all?"

"We have no other family, father."

"No sons?"

"None at home."

"No daughters?"

"None at all."

"How near have you a neighbor?"

"You must have passed our nearest neighbor's cot."

"That was two miles back."

"Yes."

"I thought I saw two girls enter your door just as I came up."

"Two girls, father?"

"Yes."

"Ah, yes; two friends of mine, who are spending a short time with us."

"Who are they?"

"Young friends of my children, good father."

"Are they afraid of me?"

"O, no."

"Then why did they run so quickly on my approach?"

"I knew not that they did. If they saw you, they may have thought you were some stranger, and so withdrew. They are timid creatures."

"So it would seem. But I love children. Where are they?"

"I could not tell, I'm sure."

"I should like to see them."

"Pardon me, good father, but they may have romped away, the Lord knows where. Their tiny feet could have carried them over the hills by this time."

"Well, well, let them go. Ah, what is this?"

"That, good father, is a cap I made, to keep the hot sun from my head."

"It looks like the hoods of our sisters of Saint Rosolia."

"Does it? What a curious accident. I did not make it for one."

The monk smiled as he laid the hood down, remarking, as he did so:

"I have known accidents more curious than that. But never mind. Look ye, my son; as I came along the road, I thought I saw a cluster of purple grapes behind your house."

"There are such there," returned John.

"Let me pick some; for they are most grateful to my palate."

"Most surely, father. Shall I bring you some?"

"No. I will pick them."

"Then come."

"But let us take the back way. That is nearer."

"There is no other door but this."

"No back door?"

"No."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the monk, while a bright spark danced about in either eye. "Methinks, my son, that another door would have been most convenient."

"Perhaps it would," said John, trembling with apprehension.

"Ay," added the Carmelite; "especially for those two girls to have escaped through! Ha, ha, ha! But never mind. I pardon you for your little deception. If the damsels are over-bashful, I'll not trouble them. But come, we'll have some of the grapes, at all events."

Poor Bambo saw how the wily monk had entrapped him, and he trembled for the safety of his fair charges; but the good-natured manner in which the matter seemed to be turned off gave him a slight reassurance, and, striving to hide his chagrin, he accompanied the monk to the grape-vine.

When they returned to the house again, the monk sat down upon the door stone.

"Went you come in?" asked Bambo.

"No. I expect some companions along shortly, and when they come I shall join them. I think they are coming now. Can you not see some one approaching?"

Bambo looked, and through the intricacies of the foliage he could see three more monks approaching the cot, which fact he stated to his guest.

"Wait till they come up, and I'll then relieve you."

Ere long the three monks reached the peasant's door.
 "Ah, Sopho," said he who had been picking the grapes, to the first of the new-comers, "you are just in season."
 "Ah," returned Sopho, "have you gained a clue, Benedic?"
 "Ay, that I have," said Benedic—for the monk was none other than our worthy friend; "but come in."
 The four Carmelites entered the cot, and then Benedic turned to the old peasant.
 "Now," said he, "this matter becomes serious. I would see those two girls whom you have concealed here."
 "But, holy father—"
 "Stop, stop. Give me no evasions; but call forth the girls. The saints save you, man—what have you to fear?"
 John Bambo knew not what to do. He stood there, and trembled, while his wife sunk down into her chair.
 "Will you go and find them, or shall I go?" said Benedic.
 "O, I pray you, good father, trouble not—"
 "Now cease thee," impatiently interrupted Benedic, as he made a movement towards the very room where the two girls were concealed. "The girls we seek are two who belong in Palermo, and with whom you can have nothing to do; so what have you to fear? If these be what you say, then they shall by no means be troubled."

Poor Bambo dared not say a word, as he saw the monk approach the fatal door. The Carmelites were men not to be trifled with, and he could only look on and quake with fear.

Benedic laid his finger upon the latch, and at that moment there came a faint cry from beyond. He pushed open the door, and the girls he sought were before him. Angela stood there, pale as marble, and by her side, with one arm about her, stood Lucia.

"Ah, my fair children, I have found you at length," uttered the monk, as he entered the room. "You, Donna Angela Fontani, I know; and, if I mistake not, your companion is Lucia Mendoza."

"Yes, father," returned Lucia.

"You will both return to Palermo with me. You are wanted there."

Angela tried to speak, but she could not. She did not weep, nor did she faint; but she trembled as she walked out from the room where she had sought refuge. The good peasant gazed pityingly upon her, and old John murmured:

"God knows I cannot help you!"

"I know it," faintly articulated Angela. "Heaven bless you for what you have done! Take this. I need it not, and it may benefit you. Nay, refuse it not. I shall be less unhappy if you accept it."

As she thus spoke, she forced a purse into the old man's hand. Benedic saw the movement, and he stepped towards the spot; but he hesitated ere he had carried out the intention he had in view, and Bambo retained the money.

"Come," said the Carmelite, withdrawing his eyes, with an inward struggle, from the purse, "we must haste away from here. I have been fortunate in finding you, for accident has helped me to it. You are not good at deception, my son."

This last remark was addressed to John; and, though it was spoken with a smile, yet he had no smile to return, for both he and his kind-hearted wife wept when they saw the poor girls led away.

Angela knew that there was no escape now. She knew that the monks came from the cardinal, and, without a stir of resistance, she and her maid were led from the place.

"Shall we walk all the way back?" asked Lucia.

"You ought to," drily returned Benedic, "but we must needs be more expeditious than that. We shall find horses and a guard to accompany you not far from here."

"Ay; expedition is fitting for such work as this," bitterly murmured Angela; and, as the words dropped from her lips, she bowed her head, and clung more closely to Lucia.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CORONET.

LATE at night Angela Fontani was delivered to the charge of her uncle. The duke spoke not with her then on the subject of what had passed, but, with considerable show of anxiety, he bade her seek her own room, and gain some repose. He would have forbidden Lucia from entering the house, but his niece overcame him on that point, and the maid followed her mistress to her chamber. An attendant was immediately sent to ascertain if she wanted anything. She called for a little cordial, and that was all.

During the next forenoon the duke entered his niece's chamber. He found her alone. He had harsh words in his thoughts when he entered; but one look at the pale face of the unfortunate maiden drove them all away, and he felt, when he took his seat, more of sorrow than of anger.

"Angela," he said, "I am sorry this thing has happened."

"So am I, my uncle," returned the girl, in a strange tone.

"Then why did you do it?"

"I could not help it. The monks brought me."

"Ah, but I meant your going away as you did."

"Alas, my lord! you should not sorrow for that. Had I remained among the honest peasants of the mountains, or gained the deep walls of some cloister, I might have been happy."

"But you said nothing of this to me," uttered the duke, with some surprise.

"And suppose I had; would it have altered the ease?"

The duke did not reply.

"If I had told you all I felt, all I suffered," continued Angela, "would it have made any difference in the result of your plans?"

Would you have released me from the fearful bonds, or have in any way lightened them?"

"I would have done it if it laid in my power."

"Ah, but did it lay in your power?"

"No."

"And would the cardinal have done it?"

"No, no; I do not think he would."

"Then why should I have given my tale of woe to you? It would have been worse than useless, for it might have led you to keep a watch over my movements. No, my uncle; from the first moment when I learned that you had given your word for my marriage with de Villani, I resolved to escape if possible. I have made the trial, and I have failed. I know what my fate is to be now, for I know the hearts of the men that rule me."

The maiden's words were scathing, and Michael Fontani covered beneath her burning glance. The last sentence she uttered was spoken most bitterly, and he felt its application to his own heart.

"I am glad, at least," he at length said, "that you realize the duty that devolves upon you."

"Duty?" repeated Angela.

"Ay—duty. For surely it is a duty to obey those who have the right to govern."

"Hark ye, my lord. I would say nothing of duty in connection with the affairs of the present. You only wound me more, and gain nothing either. Tell me what the cardinal means to do."

"He means that you shall marry as he has planned. I saw him last night, and I have seen him again this morning. He will suffer no more."

"Suffer? What mean you?"

"That he will bring matters to a close at once. He is resolved now, and nothing can move him."

"You mean that he is angry now. He was resolved before, and that was the reason I fled."

"Well, so be it, then," said the duke. "You know what his resolution is, and you know, too, that I am as much bound as you are. The cardinal's edict may not be opposed."

"I am aware of that, my lord. I know full well the cardinal's power. Does he mean that I shall marry soon?"

"By the day after to-morrow."

Angela started, and her hands were clutched till the nails almost penetrated the flesh; but still she held her marble-like composure of countenance.

"Is that day set?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Then I will be ready. I have counted upon the circumstance, and I know there is no escape for me. If I could flee from this place, I would do it. I would leave all my wealth behind me—all friends, and all of worldly distinctions. But I know that is now beyond hope. I feel, too, that there is no need of entreaty or persuasion—that tears would not move you—that my sorrow cannot lift the fate from me, and that hope is but a mere name, which has only its sound for my ears, none of its balm for my heart!"

Michael Fontani was moved by the words of his niece, and by their tone, too. She spoke with the voice of one whose soul is all cold and hopeless, whose heart is all crushed and bleeding, and whose life-blood runs beneath a frozen surface. Her face was rigid, and had it not been for the mournful light that dwelt in her large eyes, and the slight tremulousness of the nether lip, one might have almost thought her a block of senseless marble. But the duke noticed those eyes, and he knew, too, how exquisite must be the pain that made her as she was. For a moment there were generous impulses alive in his bosom, but they only beamed in his soul to be crushed out of sight again. He feared for his dukedom, for his worldly honor, for his property; and the grim tyrant had him in rule once more.

"I am sorry," said he, "but the die is cast."

"I know it, I know it. Say no more. I can bear it now, but I may not if I hear it again."

Angela, as she thus spoke, arose from her seat, and approached her uncle. She laid one hand upon his shoulder, and gazed into his face.

"My lord," she said, "about one matter I wish you to tell me the truth. Where is Francis de Mora?"

Fontani trembled, and shrank from the maiden's touch.

"Tell me," she continued. "I can bear it all. This is not a time to hesitate, nor keep anything from me. I am lost now, beyond the sphere of hope and fears; my aspirations for earth are gone—all gone. So tell me what I ask. I have heard something, and I would know 'tis true."

"What have you heard?"

"That he was in the clutches of the holy tribunal."

"Then you have heard the truth."

"But I would know more. What is to be his fate?"

"I cannot tell you."

"Do you not know?"

"No. None know save those who are connected therewith."

"But what is the charge against him?"

"I do not know."

"Hildebrand, too, is there?"

"Yes."

"Do you think they will ever come forth from there alive?"

"I'm sure, my child, I cannot tell."

"Do not deceive me. Speak just what you think. Do you believe that they will ever more see the light of day?"

"I do not. But mind you, Angela, I speak from no knowledge of the matter. I only speak my individual opinion."

"That is enough," murmured Angela, as she withdrew her hand from her uncle's shoulder, and tottered back to her seat.

"But this thing is not certain," resumed the duke. "De Mora may, after all, only be kept there until you are married."

The maiden made no reply. Her head had fallen upon her bosom, and her hands rested motionless in her lap. The duke spoke to her again, but she did not move. He arose and went to her side, and found that she had fainted. It had been no sudden suspension of life's functions, no nervous swooning, but it had been a gradual dwindling of physical power, until there was no longer any strength left.

Michael Fontani felt a thrill of pain as he saw this result, but he stopped not long to consider or reflect. He called the women to attend to their young mistress, and then he left the room.

As soon as he was alone in his own apartment he had time for thought. His mind ran back to the death-bed of his kind brother, and he remembered how he had promised to be a father to that brother's child. Then he thought of the love that child had borne him; how she had clung to him, and trusted in him; he saw again her sweet smile as she had hung upon his neck before the demon of ambition had lured him; and his heart smote fearfully within its narrow prison-house. He stood long in one spot, and dwelt upon the past, and when, finally, he had uncovered the whole picture of memory, he was pale and trembling.

Michael Fontani was not at heart so wicked as he seemed. He had good qualities and good feelings still left. Thus far he had gone recklessly on in his course, at the beck of the powerful prelate; he had moved on half blindly, without stopping to consider upon the consequences, never thinking that any heart was to be broken, or any life lost. Now he knew that Francis de Mora was doomed, and he felt sure that the heart of his fair niece was breaking, and he could not hide from himself the fact that he had been a tool for it all.

A better feeling was coming over him. The man was rising in his soul. He stepped to a pedestal of porphyry, whereon rested a dual coronet. He took the bauble in his hand, and placed it upon his brow. Then he took it off again, and gazed upon it.

"And for this," he murmured, "I have made myself a villain! For this I have bartered away my own happiness, my peace of mind, and sold the happiness of those who were dependent upon me. O, I did not think of this; I did not dream the race of ambition could lead me here. And yet," he continued, in a more subdued tone, "I saw the evil long ago, and did not avoid it."

There was a variety of strange emotions in the man's soul, as he stood there and gazed upon the lordly insignia he held in his hand. At length the coronet fell from his grasp, and he placed his foot upon it.

"There!" he uttered; "I will be a man once more! The glittering bauble shall no longer bow me down!"

His foot was still upon the coronet, and a proud look was upon his face, when the door of his apartment opened, and the cardinal entered!

"What now, my lord duke?" exclaimed Ludovico, gazing with astonishment upon the man before him. "What means this?"

All Fontani's good resolves fled in a moment. Ambition had had its fall, but fear was in his soul.

"I—I—was thinking, my lord cardinal," he stammered, quickly withdrawing his foot from the coronet.

"But your coronet, signor. Why is that upon the floor, and your foot upon it?"

"A mere accident, my lord," returned the duke; and as he spoke, he stooped and picked the bauble up.

The cardinal gazed with a contemptuous look upon the noble.

"Fontani," he said, while the expression of his countenance changed to a look of threatening sternness, "I do not think you would play me false. I hardly think you would run that risk now."

"No, no, my lord cardinal, I am true to my promise. I have not deceived you in the least."

"And you will not?"

"No."

"You will pledge yourself that Donna Angela shall be here when she is wanted for the nuptials?"

"Yes."

O, Fontani, where now is all thy manhood? Where now thy soul, that but a few short moments ago did break from its slavery, and leap up into the world of truth? Back! back again! It is once more low in the dust of grovelling fear.

The Duke of Palermo had not the strength of mind to face his foe, and the cardinal knew it well. Ludovico knew with whom he had to deal, and he knew that he had only to watch Fontani to make him all he wished.

The cardinal smiled, and led the duke to a seat.

"Now, my dear Fontani, let us to the consummation of our business."

Fontani sank into the seat, and the cardinal smiled upon him again.

That smile conquered what of rebellion there was left in the duke's bosom, and on the next moment he had entered willingly into the discussion of those plans which, but a short time before, his soul had abhorred.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HABITS.

Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change. No single action creates, however it exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.—*Herder.*

THE ISLAND OF JAVA.

We present our readers this week with some scenes in Java, and a description of some of their peculiar habits and dress. The first of these designs, of which there are five, represents six Javanese children, of different ages and sex. Their costume is suitable to the mildness of the climate; ordinarily, in the lower class, the children are allowed to go entirely naked until five or six years old. This habit gives to their limbs a suppleness, and to their movements an ease, which they often preserve till an advanced age; and, as they live simply, corpulency and bodily deformities are very rare among them. Passed that first age, the dress of the children, although still reduced in general to the most indispensable garments, is very picturesque. The first of these garments is, for both sexes, a piece of cloth of triangular form, *oto*, which covers the breast and lower stomach. Later, the girls wear a kind of little gathered skirt, *saya*, and the boys a little pair of drawers confined around the loins by a simple cord. Sometimes there is a piece of stuff of native make, *sarong*, which they throw over their shoulders the greater part of the time. On festival days, they add to the dress of the girls a kind of outside tunic, *badjo*, and which descends almost to the knees; the boys over all wear a short vest, *badjo-pandak*, of light material, and confined at the throat by a little button. The heads of the infants of both sexes are shaved fourteen days after their birth, with the difference, however, that they leave on the heads of the boys two locks of hair, one behind and the other in front, whilst they leave one tress at the top of the girls' heads; but, to make amends, they continue to shave the heads of the boys, and allow the girls' hair to grow, and never cut it again save in the case of accident or illness. The dwelling-house represented in the second design is that of a native family enjoying a certain ease of circumstances. Near the house is the *tonhong*, destined to preserve the crop of rice at the approaching harvest time. At the side of the stable where the buffaloes, *karbos*, employed in labor are kept for the night, two women are occupied pounding the rice destined to be used during the days; a little farther off another is bringing to the house the basket containing the linen which she has been washing in the river; while at the head of the steps, a young girl, with hair hanging loosely, as she goes often into the house, bestows her care on a turtle dove in a cage which is suspended under the roof. The Javanese attach a superstitious idea to the song of the turtle doves, and certain ways which they have of cooing among themselves, sometimes raise the price of them from one hundred, hundred and fifty, to even two hundred francs. One of the men is climbing into a cocoa-nut tree after the manner of the country; another is carrying away the fruit in two baskets; a third is nonchalantly extended at the foot of a tree, his *toudon* resting on its broad brim near him, while a young boy, mounted on one of the large buffaloes of which he has the care, is driving them to the



A GROUP OF JAVANESE CHILDREN.

river. One is surprised to see these large, vigorous animals, who, under their heavy aspect hide a great agility, often doubted by the European who approaches them, allow themselves gently to be led, and even tormented by children armed with a simple rod. Lastly, in the foreground of the picture is the *kar*, or wagon, for the transportation of produce, and, whose large size, and above all, the enormous wheels, often made of one piece of wood, appear very strange at first sight. Although the house represented in the engraving below, is, as we have said, that of a family in easy circumstances, it can, in a measure, give a just idea of all the houses in a *kampung* or village, for they are nearly all of them sheltered like this, by a high forest of fruit trees. There is round every thatched roof the banana tree, with its healthy and nourishing fruit, which the inhabitants prepare in a thousand ways; the papaya, whose fruit resembles very much the apricot; the cocoa-nut, too well known to require description, and of which the Javanese know the use of each part; the gigantic tamarind, its fruit enclosed in a hard shell, the pulp of which forms such an agreeable dish; the bamboo, the numerous trunks of which, spreading themselves fan like, throw over the house an always refreshing shade. Not far from there, a little hedge of coffee plants, and some shrubs producing a kind of pepper, are sufficient for the need of the family. Peopling these magnificent shades

first cut on the opposite page, an inhabitant of Sanda, or of the upper land, is shown, carrying a child according to the manner of the Javanese, that is to say, suspended at her side by the aid of a scarf, *selindang*. This manner of carrying it gives her room for domestic employments. Her costume consists of a sort of tunic of blue cloth, *badjo*, and a long piece of stuff, *kayen-pandang*, which envelops the lower part of the body. The Javanese generally wear this last garment very short, that it may not encumber their movements in the incessant labor which they are engaged in. The Javanese who is turned sideways is in the festival costume most commonly adopted in the island. Over the handkerchief with which his head is covered, is a *song ko*, a kind of hat, and principally used to guard the eyes from the burning rays of the sun. His long vest, *katiwo*, is of rare stuff. His crasse, passed through his girdle, is placed behind his back, as is the custom in Java. His *sarong*, of native dye, is fastened round his waist by the girdle, and worn in the most common manner. The third person, seated before him, is a Javanese of the lower class, a *koeli*, street porter. His vest is thrown over his shoulders, and his legs are covered with a short pair of drawers of light material. He holds in his hands his *toudon*, or large woven hat, which shelters him from the rain and sun. The fourth engraving represents the weapons in use in the island of Java. The first of these is the

are thousands of birds, whose songs serve still more to coliver the place, and you now can understand, that under the influence of such a smiling nature, the happy inhabitants of this Edea perform joyously their easy labors, and preserve until an advanced age all the primitive naïveté of their character. The houses are made, for the most part, of rough timber, cut in coarse, square beams, the intervals between the beams being filled with bamboos, split and plaited in different ways, *pagar*. The roof is covered with a kind of thatch made of the leaves of the plant *dang-ulang*, fixed by long pieces of wood, *adup*, which they fasten one after another to the slips of bamboo which form the body of the roof. This thatching is impenetrable, but has to be often removed. When all the materials are in readiness, the neighbors unite together in order to assist in the building, and by this means the work is accomplished in a few days. When the labor is finished, they construct a long shed, and each, according to his means, brings provisions; the women on their side occupy themselves with the preparation of food, and, in the morning, the men take part in the inaugural repast, *seduku*, presided over generally by the priest, *hadja*, of the village, for whom the place of honor is reserved. The most perfect harmony never ceases to reign in these reunions, and, at a rather late hour, each returns, carrying the surplus of provision which has been divided equally among them. It is impossible in a description so restrained, to delineate all the costumes so various in the country. We shall limit ourselves to explain those views we here give. In the



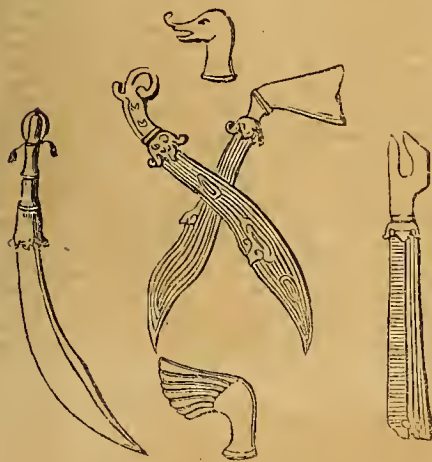
A JAVANESE HOUSE IN A KAMPONG, OR VILLAGE.

creasse, of which the handle as well as the blade varies in form, although not much from the figures given here. The blade of the one on the left is most peculiar to Java, but that on the right is found in Madura. The handles of the creasses are very different in form; many are curiously wrought, and of very fantastical form. Those of chiefs are often of massive gold, or ornamented with precious stones. The blade varies less. It is generally turned or notched at the point; it is also deeply lined on its whole length, and covered with an acid preparation, for which the juice of the citron is much used. This preparation, which gives the steel a dull color, preserves them from rust. More inferior is the iron lance most in use. In the engraving is also given the different kinds of *goloks* which the Javanese use to cut wood with, and for hunting; the handles likewise vary, but not essentially from those shown here. Some of the blades are marked; but the greater part are plain. They are extremely sharp; the Javanese are very careful to sharpen them often, and keep them well greased. The two children represented in the fifth engraving are the *gambous*. They call by this name the dancers destined to figure in the ballets or pantomimes which the great Javanese chiefs give among them. The wings, the bracelets, as well as the ornaments which these children wear upon their breasts are of buff do leather, carved for that day, and painted in different colors. The head is decorated with a kind of crown of artificial flowers, fixed in the handkerchief which covers it. Their ears are ornamented with the buds of an orange-colored flower, *melati*. The creasse of the Madura form is passed through the girdle, and placed behind their backs. The two pieces of stuff which covers their lower part, are arranged in a more theatrical manner, resembling, nevertheless, the way the costume is worn by the Madurans. Encircling the ankles are rings called *gelang*. One of the children holds in her hand a little shield, the other a demon or fancy, of which there is often mention in Javanese mythology. These they use to accompany their movements in the different dances which they execute. In these ceremonies, all the dancers



A WOMAN OF SUNDA—JAVANESE OF THE LOWER CLASS.

cultivation, no area of land of the same extent in any other quarter of the whole globe could surpass it, either in the quantity, quality, or value of its vegetable productions. At present only about one third part of the surface is supposed to be under culture; and yet Java not only produces enough of corn for its own consumption, but it is the granary of the Eastern Archipelago, and even of Singapore. Within late years, the cultivation of all its great staples has wonderfully increased, and the progress of Java has been probably even more remarkable than that of either Brazil or Cuba. The husbandry of the Javanese may be said to exhibit upon the whole, much neatness and order. Two or more crops are never cultivated in the same field, as is the slovenly practice of the Hindoos. Neither are the lands tilled in common, as is a usual but most injurious practice in India. The peasant and his family bestow their labor exclusively on their own possessions, and consider their culture rather as an enjoyment than a task. It is here only that their industry assumes an active and systematic character: the women take a large share of the labor. The work of the plough, the harrow, and mattock, with all that concerns the important operations of irrigation, are performed by the men, but the lighter labors of sowing, transplanting, reaping, and hosing, belong almost exclusively to the women. The implements of agriculture are few and simple; but as well as the agricultural processes, they are more perfect, and imply a greater degree of intelligence than those of the Hindoos, and perhaps, indeed, than those of any Asiatic people, the Chinese excepted. The Javanese plough, like the Hindoo, has no share. The sock is tipped with a few ounces of iron, and the cart board is carved out of the body of the plough; the wood is teak, the yoke of bamboo cane. One man conducts the plough, and with a long whip guides the cattle, which never exceed two in number. The Javanese harrow is a large rake, with a single row of teeth. The same yoke and cattle are used for it as for the plough, and over its beam a bamboo cane is placed, on which the person who guides it sits to give a necessary weight to the implement. The hoe is



CREASSE, AND WARLIKE ARMS OF JAVA.



JAVANESE BELLES.



GOLOKS—KNIVES AND ARMS FOR HUNTING.

of a great chief form a troupe which greatly increases his retinue. The man who rests near them, forms also one of this troupe; he is the guard of the corps, literally keeper of the lion, *singo sekars*, who accompanies everywhere the chief in the important solemnities. The kind of odd casque which protects his head is made of buffalo hide, carved for the day, like the attire of the little dancers, and, like it, stained different colors. From each side hang little garlands of the buds of the orange flower, *melati*. His hair, which is not covered, indicates his warlike occupation. A Maduran creasse, which is not seen in his present position, is likewise passed in his girdle. The two pieces of stuff float at his sides and accompany his movements in the warlike dances which he has to execute from time to time; he carries a little shield. A pair of drawers, which reach almost to his knees, completes his costume, and the lance his arms.—The Javanese are a nation of husbandmen. To the crop the mechanic looks immediately for his wages, the soldier for his pay, the magistrate for his salary, the priest for his stipend, and the government for its tribute. The wealth of a province or village is measured by the extent and fertility of its land, its facilities for rice irrigation, and the number of its buffaloes. The proportion, at an average of the inhabitants engaged in agriculture to the rest of the population, may be stated at 3 1 2 or 4 to 1; and it is probable that if the whole island were under



GAMBOUS, MIMC DANSEUSE, AND BODY GUARD OF A JAVANESE CHIEF.

very indifferent; its edge only tipped with a little iron, and its handle about two and a half feet long. The Javanese sickle is a very peculiar instrument. Its object is to nip off separately each ear of rice with a few inches of the straw; for which purpose it is grasped in the right hand, and the operation effected with a dexterity acquired by habit. The whole farming stock of a villager may be purchased for little more than one third of the yearly produce of his land; or for about fifteen or sixteen dollars, including a pair of buffaloes. These animals usually serve all agricultural and other purposes in place of horses. Cattle of every description are plentiful throughout Java; but the cows are inferior, and yield little milk. Sheep, goats and hogs are numerous. Coffee, which has now become the great commercial staple of Java, is grown in the uplands, the best situations for it being the valleys from 3000 to 4000 feet above the level of the sea. The coffee plant grows from 12 to 16 feet in height; it attains to maturity in about five years, and continues to bear well for the succeeding ten or twelve years, yielding a very profitable return. The chief peculiarity of the coffee culture in Java is the planting of the *dodup* trees in rows alternately with the coffee plants, for the purpose of affording shelter to the latter. Coffee is raised principally in the west part of the island, where the residency of Preangers furnishes at least one third part of the total produce of this article.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

FIDELITY.

BY PHEBE CAREZ.

She had mourned him with deep and unflinching devotion,
Till the light had grown dim in her beautiful eyes;
And her thoughts were all channels that turned to one ocean,
Which ebb'd with her silence, or flow'd with her sighs.

She sought not our solace, she heeded no warning,
Unnoticed the seasons, or vanished or came;
For down with the twilight, or up with the morning,
The shadow that darkened her life was the same.

She met him years after his cruel forsaking,
And I trembled with fearful forebodings to know
That the heart that so long had in silence been breaking,
Must break with but one added pang to its woe!

And I found her, like one whom the pitiless willow
Of a merciless sorrow had whelmed when it came,
As she murmured, with head buried down in her pillow,
"His look, and his voice, and his smile are the same."

Then I tenderly kissed her and parted her tresses,
And I told her life was not all cheerless and dim;
And she said, as she laughingly met my caresses,
"Could I ever have loved such a fellow as him?"

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE YOUNG VOYAGERS:

—OR—

PILOTED BY PROVIDENCE.

BY GEO. S. RAYMOND.

"Come, Anne, come, Jenoy—sisters. Come aboard my ship, and we'll have a jolly nice sail this afternoon. I'll be a sea captain, like my father, and show you how he sails that great packet ship across the ocean. Come, girls, get in—Anne, you shall be my mate, and little Jenny shall be cook and steward."

The speaker was a handsome, fair-haired, rosy-checked boy, with bright, laughing, blue eyes, about ten years old, who, during his address, was busily engaged in rigging the mast and sail to a ship's launch, which was made fast to the beach in one of those secluded, picturesque little coves, or inlets, with which the south shore of Long Island between Fire Island and Rockaway is so plentifully indented.

The boy's companions were two little girls of eight and six years, beautiful as angels, and so exactly like their brother in every feature, that they seemed as perfect copies—all but the long, sunny ringlets—of his exquisite face.

Anne, the elder girl, bounded lightly into the boat at her brother's first invitation, and began assisting him about the sail. But little Jenoy—who was tugging along a great basket filled with pies, sweet cakes and fruits, which they had brought from a beautiful cottage not far off, for a little picnic dinner—hesitated and held back in silence, till her brother urged her again to get into the boat, when she began to argue with him thus:

"O, Willie, don't let us go in the boat to-day! There is so much wind, and we might be—"

"You are a little coward, Jenny, to be afraid," interrupted the young captain, impatiently. "It is the pleasantest day we've had in a month; and it's so late in the fall, that if we don't go to-day, I'm sure we shall not get another chance this year. Come, Jenny, don't be frightened—jump in!"

"O, I'm not at all afraid, brother." And, child as she was, little Jenny's cheeks glowed, for a few moments, with a deeper vermilion tint, at the implied question of her courage by her brother. "I am not in the least afraid, Willie. But you know, mother has often told us that we must not go in the boat when it blows hard; all I'm afraid of is disobeying her."

"Then you may come into the boat without fear, sister; for mother told me I might sail this afternoon, not five minutes before we left the house."

"Yes, I know that, Willie; but that was two hours ago, when it was almost calm. It blows a great deal harder now, and I am sure, mother would not like us to go away from the shore in the boat when there is such a high wind."

"O, nonsense, Jenny; I have been all about the cove when it blew a great deal harder than this. Mother, you know, says I am the best sailor along the coast, and just as well able to judge when the weather is fit to go on a cruise as she is. Come, sister, we can't get drowned, for the water is so shallow now at ebb tide, and with this west wind, that we could wade anywhere about the cove."

Thus persuaded, Jenny passed her basket to her brother, and then clambering into the boat herself, she took a seat beside Anne, in the stern sheets, and soon the launch was underweigh.

She was a great, heavy, clumsy boat—as all of her class usually are—with a single lug sail of heavy canvass; altogether illy calculated for a pleasure craft. But little Willie Walton managed her with consummate skill for so young a commander, and they had made several stretches across the cove, when, as they were passing the inlet that opened out seawards, Anne's eyes rested upon the bright, blue waves of the Atlantic far out beyond the discolored water along the coast, and clapping her hands with a sudden ecstasy of infantile joy, she exclaimed:

"O, Willie, Willie! Let us go out there and sail on that beautiful blue ocean! Won't it be grand? So much prettier than this little, dirty cove, with the bare sand banks all about us."

Willie sprang to his feet, and, gazing out into the offing, his bright eyes lit up with the enthusiasm caught from his sister's words, and he instantly replied:

"We'll go out there, and have a glorious sail—just like the great ships and steamboats that we see go by."

"O, don't go out there, brother!" interposed little Jenny, her cheek growing pale as the delicate lily. "Don't go, Willie! Mother will be angry with us."

"Mother will do no such thing, Jenny. She will be proud of us, to think we have been out on the big ocean all alone. I can very easily come back with the flood tide; that'll soon be setting in." And, without farther argument, the reckless boy put his helm up, eased off the sheet, and away out through the inlet towards the line of blue water outside, went the launch, hurried along before the strong breeze, which, added to the strength of the last quarter ebb, bore her away at a speed that soon sunk the yellow sand ridge to a mere line along the margin of the wide ocean, and the white cottages with the Venetian blinds into toy houses dotted with bright green specks. The colored water—which appeared from the cove only like a narrow strip dividing the white surf from the deep azure of the ocean beyond—expanded into a broad belt of several miles in width. But with the fine breeze and strong outset of the tide, the boat sped on; while the novelty of their position, and the natural excitement induced by it, caused the time and space to fly past unheeded by the young voyagers, and a sudden dread came upon them as, having gained the blue water, they looked back towards the shore and saw hills, fields, houses and orchards all blending, growing indistinct, and fading away in the dim distance. There was a sense of lonely, utter helplessness suddenly shadowing their bright visions; and there was a world of pathos in little Jenny's sweet, low voice, as she laid her hand gently upon her brother's arm, and looking up into his eyes, whispered:

"O, Willie, let us go home. Mother would feel very bad, if she knew we had come away out here."

Willie bent down his head and kissed his sister's fair, pale cheek, as he replied:

"We will go back home, Jenny. I was naughty to come off so far from the land. But don't cry, sister. I am very sorry. Don't blame me—I couldn't help it; I do love the sea so much."

"No, we won't blame you, Willie, only let us hurry back; for see, yonder is a terrible black cloud coming up in the west, and I am afraid if we do not—"

The child's speech was interrupted by a groan of anguish from her brother, whose eye, for the first time, had been directed towards a bank of dark, murky clouds heaving up in the western board, by his sister's remark; and at the very instant that his vision first rested upon the black pall, a chain of brilliant, zigzag lightning rose quivering along its upper edge, and a few moments later, there came to their ears the low, muttered roar of far off thunder.

The young captain had hauled his little vessel by the wind, but the clumsy thing lay broad off under her ill filled sail. Besides, the wind, which she had scarcely felt while running off before it, had now increased so much that she heeled over till there was great danger of her capsizing, to prevent which, Willie, assisted by his two sisters, set about reefing the sail.

This was soon accomplished, and again the boat was steered as close as she would go, which at best was little better than eight points, so that with her great lee way, Willie soon found that, in spite of his utmost skill, his craft was drifting rapidly out to sea.

Nearer and nearer rolled on the embattled leagues of black storm-clouds; louder came the fearful thunder crashes; more vivid gleamed the red lightning's flash; wilder the shrieking gale swept by, howling and screaming dread notes of terror to the young voyagers. The water—which in with the land was quite smooth—began to heave up in huge, foam-crested waves, here and there all around them, curling over and breaking all feather-white in long lines of snowy, hissing spray. Great round drops of rain came pattering down in the water, and pelting on the thwarts and gunwales of the boat with a sharp, clicking noise that smote startlingly dismal on the ears of the three little ocean wanderers.

Young as he was, Willie retained in his mind much of what he had heard his father relate at various times, in regard to the management of a ship in a gale; and the knowledge which he had thus gained in theory, now stood him in good stead. He had heard of keeping a ship before it in a squall, and of scudding in a gale—and the dull sailing, clumsy boat was his ship. The theory which he had learned, he proceeded to put into practice; and when the first mad gust of the yelling tornado fell upon the launch, she was going off dead before the wind—otherwise her sail would have been blown away, or she would have been swamped in an instant. As it was, she went flashing on through the wild storm and screaming surges, scudding away, right out into the mighty wilderness of waters.

Ten, fifteen minutes went by, and still the war of elements went on in all its terrible fury; and still the brave, little fellow stood there at the helm, bare-headed, his cap blown away, his clothes dripping with water, and steady to his purpose, steered his tiny bark on and away before the fierce, howling blast.

Once only he faltered, and that was when the launch quivered for a moment on the crest of a mighty surge, and then went reeling and plunging, standing almost on end, down into the hissing vortex of the liquid ravine. Then, a single, quick cry of horror escaped the boy's lips; but the next moment, Jenny crept up to his side, laid her hand upon his shoulder, and spoke in a low, soothing tone, that almost instantly called back his confidence, and elicited from his lips a cry of admiration for his sister's heroism.

"Don't be frightened, dear Willie," spoke the little angel. "Mother says that God watches over people that live on the sea. And don't you remember, brother, how often our dear mother has told us that Jesus loved little children? If God watches over us, and Jesus loves us, we shall be safe. So, don't be afraid."

Night—dark, wild and gloomy night, came down upon the world of waters, and still the terrible tornado raged in all its horrors of wind, lightning, rain and thunder; and there, in their frail, open boat, we will leave the hapless young voyagers speeding on and away right out into the very heart of the vast Atlantic. We will bid them adieu, and glance back to their home—to their fond mother, rendered desolate in heart by the dread calamity that has fallen upon her in the loss of her children.

At the moment when the children first embarked, Mrs. Walton had glanced out towards the cove, and for a few minutes she watched them with all a mother's fond pride, as she saw them sailing to and fro on the quiet waters of the bay; and then some visitors called, and she forgot her children till just as the storm came down, when a neighbor came rushing in with the heart-rending intelligence that the launch had been seen only a few minutes previously, several miles out to sea.

The first terrible shock almost killed her; but soon rallying all her woman's energy and mother's love, she rushed forth from her home, and regardless of the furious storm, aroused her neighbors, and besought them with all the eloquence called up by the deep anguish of her riven heart, to lend their aid in the recovery of her lost darlings.

There was no vessel at Rockaway or Fulkner's Island, and to venture out to sea in such a storm with such small craft as were kept along the shore, were worse than madness; and so immediate despatches were sent to New York, not only to the owners of the ship commanded by Capt. Walton, but to the pilots, and within an hour after the news reached the city, two of the staunchest pilot boats, manned by extra picked crews of gallant souls, were underweigh, and speeding on their swift-winged course in search of the ocean-lost children.

Mrs. Walton herself hastened to the city, to urge with her presence and influence, more prompt action; but the two vessels had been gone an hour when she arrived, and so she repaired to the house of Mr. Alwin, the owner of the ship her husband commanded, to await the return of those who had so nobly gone forth in that mad storm in search of her three darlings.

Leaving her there in a state of fevered anxiety, hoping in the very teeth of despair, we, too, will go forth into the wild, yelling gale, to look upon a most sublime ocean picture.

It was an hour past midnight—dark as the deepest, gloomiest cells of an inquisitorial dungeon, save when the vivid lightning's flash lit up the Cimмерian blackness with a glare rivalling that of the brightest noon-day sun.

Some ninety miles to the eastward of Sandy Hook, lay hove to a noble ship, inward bound, in one of the most terrific gales that ever swept along the northern coast of America. The gale had set in an hour before sundown, and ever since dark the ship had been hove to under the shortest possible canvass, heading up west southwest, with the gale coming in violent squalls out at due northwest.

"Do you think there is any danger to us or the ship, captain?" inquired one of three passengers, who stood near the commander of the ship, partly sheltered from the storm by the projecting roof of the round house.

"Not the least, Mr. Kiasley. You are as safe here as you would be at your own house in New York. She is a bran new ship, and I have had no opportunity of trying her hove to before; but I am perfectly satisfied with her behaviour. In fact, I never saw any craft conduct herself quite so well in a hurricane like this. 'Tis a terrible night, however, and God help those who may chance to be out in a less able craft than ours! For the last hour I have been thinking of my wife and children. My wife will not sleep one wink to night. She never can in a storm like this when I am from home. I was cast away once on the Long Island shore, not half a mile from home, in just such a gale, only it was at southeast. I would give a hundred dollars this moment to be at home, only for my wife's sake. But we must—my God, what is that?"

A continuous flash of lightning lit up the surrounding space, and as the darkness shut in again, a faint, but clear and distinct—"Ship A-hoy!" uttered either by a female or a child, came down on the blast from directly to windward.

A moment after the hail was repeated, and another flash of lightning revealed a boat driving square down before the gale, and almost under the ship's quarter. Ere one could count five, the shrill, quivering cry came up from the boat, as it shot past the ship not three fathoms clear of her rudder.

"Merciful Heaven! There are three children in that boat!" yelled Mr. Kiasley, who, with the captain, was peering down over the taffrail as the boat flew past.

"Put your helm hard up, my man," said the captain, in a voice as calm as man's voice could be; and then calling the chief and third mates, who were both on deck, he informed them of the fact that a small open boat, with three children in it, had just gone past, and then gave his orders:

"Mr. Casey, please go out on the flying jib boom end and keep a lookout for the boat; and mind, Mr. Casey, if we come up with it, you can lay the ship so as to bring the boat close aboard on the larboard side—larboard, remember, Mr. Casey. Don't, for your life, make a mistake. Go forward now, sir, and if we save those children, five hundred dollars shall be your reward."

Then turning to the chief mate, he continued:

"Mr. Winsor, you will brace the yards all square, which, without making any more sail, will send the ship through the water something faster than the boat is going. Having done this, rig six single whips—two on each of the lower yards—on the larboard side. Place the blocks far enough out for the falls to drop about a fathom clear of the ship, and then reeve off good stout-sail gear, bringing both ends in on deck, with a running hewline in one part, and the other led along for a fall, stationing three good fellows at

each. In the meantime, I will get the ship steady before the wind, and—Frank, my man, you keep her so. Do n't let her yaw an inch! Steer her as if your very soul depended on it; and within an hour after the ship reaches New York, you shall have a hundred dollars.

"And now, Mr. Kinsley, will you please call up the second mate, and all the gentlemen passengers? I want them to stand by the whips in order to assist the sailors if necessary. We must save those children, and do it, too, without the boat coming in contact with the ship, as that would be instant destruction to it and them in such a sea."

"All ready, the whips, sir!" came from the mate, and the next moment the young third mate's voice rang out from the jib-boom end: "Boat right ahead! Steady, as you go!"

"Now then, my lads, who'll into these running bowlines with me and stand by to pick up the children?" anxiously inquired the captain.

"I, sir," and "I," "I," "I," came from a dozen ready sailors, in a moment.

"Thank you, my lads; but I only want five. I go in one of the bowlines myself."

The selections were soon made, and there they stood in the fore, main and mizzen chains—the commander and five noble fellows—with the bowlines under their arms ready to risk their lives to save the three children.

"Steady! Stand by, now! Here they come! Look out!" screamed the officer from the jib-boom, and a moment later, the din outside of a boat loomed up by the lee cat head. Another moment of breathless suspense, and the boat was abreast of the fore-chains.

"Stand by the foreward whips! Look out there in the main chains! Veer away, men! Now, Harry, now!" and down went the captain and his companion into the boat.

A breath later and the shout came ringing up, "Look out, main and mizzen chains! Sway away on deck!" and up by the run came the two men, each grasping a child in his arms.

"Main chains, there! In God's name, have you got her?" screamed the captain, rushing aft with the boy he had saved still in his arms.

"Ay, ay, sir! All right!" answered a brave fellow, clambering in on deck, with little Jenny grasped tight by her clothes.

"Father!" exclaimed the girl, clasping the captain about the neck. "Father!" "Father!" echoed back two treble voices.

"Almighty God, I thank thee! Saved—saved—saved!" and Capt. Lester Walton sunk fainting to the deck. He knew the children were his own from the moment they passed the ship's stern, and his indomitable self-control had borne him up till they were rescued; when the reaction came, and he sunk down insensible.

At an hour before sunset on the following day, the ship was at her berth in New York, and the meeting between the distracted mother and her loved children there, in the cabin of her husband's ship, is too sacred a picture to be profaned by a mere pen-and-ink copy.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

I THINK OF THEE.

BY REBECCA R. PIERCE.

I think of thee at evening's tranquil hour,
The hour my heart doth fondly love the best;
When memory cometh with a spell of power,
And keeps her watchful vigils in my breast.

It seemeth then thy spirit is communing,
In soothing tones of hope and joy, with mine;
The thrilling chords of memory attuning
To sweet responsive melody with thine.

I think of thee, when o'er my heart is stealing
The gloomy shades of care and dark unrest;
O then, with aching heart, though careless seeming,
I'd lay my weary head upon thy breast.

I think of thee! Thy cherished image ever
Beams on my pathway like a star-beam bright;
Through sorrow's darkening shadows, paling never,
But glowing o'er with pure, unfading light!

THE CALENDAR OF FLORA.

The bursting of the leaves and opening of the flowers of the same plant are so constant to their times (their appointed times, as we are naturally led to call them) that such occurrences might be taken as indications of the times of the year. It has been proposed in this way to select a series of botanical facts which should form a calendar, and this has been termed a calendar of Flora. Thus, if we consider the time of putting forth leaves, the honeysuckle protrudes them in the month of January; the gooseberry, currant and elder, in the end of February, or beginning of March; the willow, elm and lime trees, in April; the oak and ash, which are always the latest amongst trees, in the beginning or towards the middle of May. In the same manner the flowering has its regular time; the mezeron and the snow-drop push forth their flowers in February; the primrose in the month of March; the cowslip in April; the great mass of plants in May and June; many in July, August and September; some not till the month of October—as the meadow saffron; and some not till the approach and arrival of winter—as the lauristinus and arbutus.—*Whewell's "Bridgewater Treatise."*

There is something in the temper of men so adverse to boisterous and severe treatment, that he who endeavors to carry his point that way, instead of prevailing, generally leaves the mind of him whom he has thus attempted in a more confirmed and obstinate situation than he found it at first. Bitter words and hard usage freeze the heart into a kind of obduracy, which mild persuasion and gentle language only can dissolve and soften.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE BLESSING OF A GOOD DEED.

BY T. E. ARCHER.

"I SHOULD like to do that, every day, for a year to come," said Mr. William Everett, rubbing his hands together quickly in irrepressible pleasure.

Mr. Everett was a stock and money broker, and had just made an "operation," by which a clear gain of two thousand dollars was secured. He was alone in his office; or, so much alone as not to feel restrained by the presence of another. And yet, a pair of dark, and eyes were fixed intently upon his self-satisfied countenance, with an expression, had he observed it, that would, at least, have excited a moment's wonder. The owner of this pair of eyes was a slender, rather poorly dressed lad, in his thirteenth year, whom Mr. Everett had engaged, a short time previously, to attend in his office and run upon errands. He was the son of a widowed mother, now in greatly reduced circumstances. His father had been an early friend of Mr. Everett. It was this fact which led to the boy's introduction into the broker's office.

"Two thousand dollars!" The broker had uttered his satisfaction; but now he communed with himself silently. "Two thousand dollars! A nice little sum that for a single day's work. I wonder what Mr. Jenkins will say to-morrow morning, when he hears of such an advance in these securities?"

From some cause, this mental reference to Mr. Jenkins did not increase our friend's state of exhilaration. Most probably, there was something in the transaction, by which he had gained so handsome a sum of money, that, in calmer moments, would not bear a too close scrutiny—something that Mr. Everett would hardly like to have blazoned forth to the world. Be this as it may, a more sober mood, in time, succeeded, and although the broker was richer by two thousand dollars than when he arose in the morning, he was certainly no happier.

An hour afterwards, a business friend came into the office of Mr. Everett and said:

"Have you heard about Cassen?"

"No, what of him?"

"He's said to be off for California with twenty thousand dollars in his pockets more than justly belongs to him."

"What!"

"Too true, I believe. His name is in the list of passengers who left New York in the steamer yesterday."

"The scoundrel!" exclaimed Mr. Everett, who, by this time, was very considerably excited.

"He owes you, does he?" said the friend.

"I lent him three hundred dollars only day before yesterday."

"A clear swindle."

"Yes it is. O, if I could only get my hands on him!"

Mr. Everett's countenance, as he said this, did not wear a very amiable expression.

"Don't get excited about it," said the other. "I think he has let you off quite reasonably. Was that sum all he asked to borrow?"

"Yes."

"I know too, at least, who are poorer by a couple of thousands by his absence."

But Mr. Everett was excited. For half an hour after the individual left, who had communicated this unpleasant piece of news, the broker walked the floor of his office with compressed lips, a lowering brow, and most unhappy feelings. The two thousand dollars gain in no way balanced in his mind the three hundred lost. The pleasure created by the one, had not penetrated deep enough to escape obliteration by the other.

Of all this, the boy with the dark sad eyes had taken quick cognizance. And he comprehended all. Scarcely a moment had his glance been removed from the countenance or form of Mr. Everett, while the latter walked, with uneasy steps, the floor of his office.

As the afternoon waned, the broker's mind grew calmer. The first excitement, produced by the loss, passed away; but it left a sense of depression and disappointment that completely shadowed his feelings.

Intent as had been the lad's observation of his employer during all this time, it is a little remarkable, that Mr. Everett had not once been conscious of the fact that the boy's eyes were steadily upon him. In fact, he had been, as was usually the case, too much absorbed in things concerning himself, to notice what was peculiar to another, unless the peculiarity were one readily used to his own advantage.

"John," said Mr. Everett, turning suddenly to the boy, and encountering his large, earnest eyes, "take this note around to Mr. Legrand."

John sprang to do his bidding; received the note, and was off with unusual fleetness. But, the door which closed upon his form, did not shut out the expression of his sober face and humid glance from the vision of Mr. Everett. In fact, from some cause, tears had sprung to the eyes of the musing boy, at the very moment he was called upon to render a service; and, quicker than usual though his motions were, he had failed to conceal them.

A new train of thought now entered the broker's mind. This child of his old friend had been taken into his office from a kind of charitable feeling—though of very low vitality. He paid him a couple of dollars a week, and thought little more about him, or his widowed mother. He had too many important interests of his own at stake, to have his mind turned aside for a trifling matter like this. But, now, as the image of that sad face—for it was unusually sad at the moment when Mr. Everett looked suddenly towards the boy—lingered in his mind, growing every moment

more distinct, and more touchingly beautiful, many considerations of duty and humanity were excited. He remembered his old friend, and the pleasant hours they had spent together, in years long since passed, ere generous feelings had hardened into ice, or given place to an all-pervading self-hess. He remembered, too, the beautiful girl his friend had married, and how proudly that friend presented her to their little world as his bride. The lad had her large, dark, spiritual eyes—only the light of joy had faded therefrom, giving place to a strange sadness.

All this was now present to the mind of Mr. Everett, and though he tried, once or twice, during the boy's absence, to obliterate these recollections, he was unable to do so.

"How is your mother, John?" kindly asked the broker, when the lad returned from his errand.

The question was so unexpected, that it confused him.

"She's well—thank you, sir. No—not very well, either—thank you, sir."

And the boy's face flushed, and his eyes suffused.

"Not very well, you say?" Mr. Everett spoke with kindness, and in a tone of interest. "Not sick, I hope?"

"No, sir; not very sick. But—"

"But what, John," said Mr. Everett, encouragingly.

"She's in trouble," half stammered the boy, while the color deepened on his face.

"Ah, indeed? I'm sorry for that. What is the trouble, John?"

The tears, which John had been vainly striving to repress, now gushed over his face, and with a boyish shame for the weakness, he turned away and struggled for a time with his o'ermastering feelings.

Mr. Everett was no little moved by so unexpected an exhibition. He waited, with a new-born consideration for the boy, not unmixed with respect, until a measure of calmness was restored.

"John," he then said, "if your mother is in trouble, it may be in my power to relieve her."

"O, sir!" exclaimed the lad, eagerly, coming up to Mr. Everett, and in the forgetfulness of the moment, laying his small hand upon that of his employer, "if you will, you can"

Hard indeed could have been the heart that could have withstood the appealing eyes lifted by John Levering to the face of Mr. Everett. But, Mr. Everett had not a hard heart. Love of self and the world had encrusted it with indifference towards others; but, the crust was now broken through.

"Speak freely, my good lad," said he, kindly. "Tell me of your mother. What is her trouble?"

"We are very poor, sir." Tremulous and mournful was the boy's voice. "And mother isn't well. She does all she can; and my wages help a little. But, there are three of us children; and I am the oldest. None of the rest can earn anything. Mother couldn't help getting behind with the rent, sir, because she hadn't the money to pay it with. This morning, the man who owns the house where we live, came for some money, and when mother told him that she had none, he got, O, so angry, and frightened us all. He said, if the rent wasn't paid by to-morrow, he'd turn us all into the street. Poor mother! She went to bed sick."

"How much does your mother owe the man?" asked Mr. Everett.

"O, it's a great deal, sir. I'm afraid she'll never be able to pay it; and I don't know what we'll do."

"How much?"

"Fourteen dollars, sir," answered the lad.

"Is that all?" And Mr. Everett thrust his hand into his pocket. "Here are twenty dollars. Run home to your mother, and give them to her, with my compliments."

The boy grasped the money eagerly, and, as he did so, in an irrepressible burst of gratitude, kissed the hand from which he received it. He did not speak, for strong emotion choked all utterance; but Mr. Everett saw his heart in his large, wet eyes, and it was overflowing with thankfulness.

"Stay a moment," said the broker, as John Levering was about passing through the door. "Perhaps I had better write a note to your mother."

"I wish you would, sir," answered the boy, as he came slowly back.

A brief note was written, in which Mr. Everett not only offered present aid, but promised, for the sake of old recollections, that now were crowding fast upon his mind, to be the widow's future friend.

For half an hour after the lad departed, the broker sat musing, with his eyes upon the floor. His thoughts were clear, and his feelings tranquil. He had made, on that day, the sum of two thousand dollars by a single transaction, but the thought of this large accession to his worldly goods did not give him a tithe of the pleasure he derived from the bestowal of twenty dollars. He thought, too, of the three hundred dollars he had lost by a misplaced confidence; yet, even as the shadow cast from that event began to fall upon his heart, the bright face of John Levering was conjured up by fancy, and all was sunny again.

Mr. Everett went home to his family on that evening, a cheerful minded man. Why? Not because he was richer by nearly two thousand dollars. That circumstance would have possessed no power to lift him above the shadowed, fretful state the loss of three hundred produced. Why? He had bestowed of his abundance, and thus made suffering hearts glad; and the consciousness of this pervaded his bosom with a warming sense of delight.

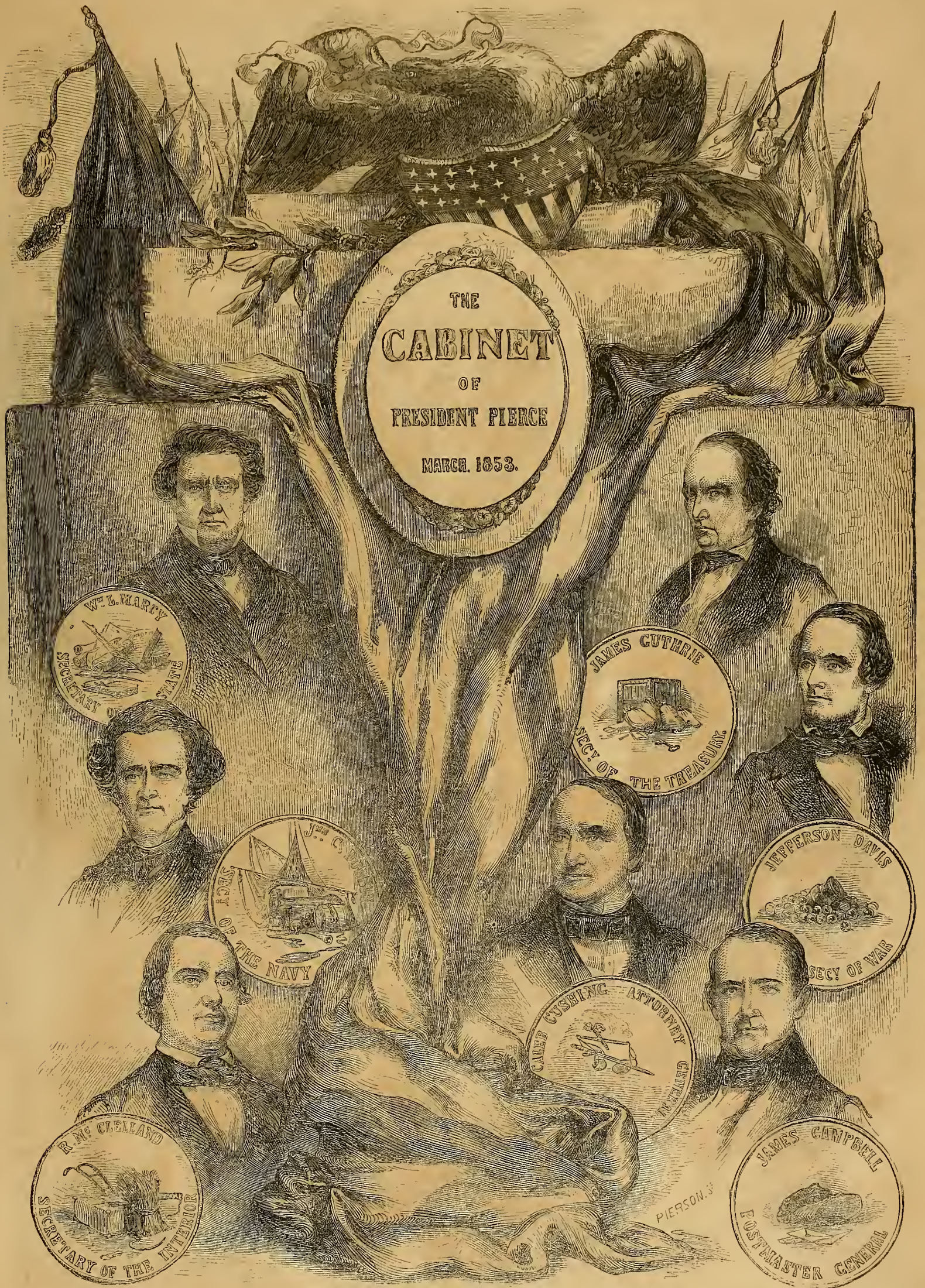
Thus it is, that true benevolence carries with it, ever, a double blessing. Thus it is, that in giving, more is often gained than in eager accumulation, or selfish withholding.

—LACON.

All wise words proceed from the heart's integrity.—LACON.



GROUP OF PORTRAITS OF THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.



GROUP OF PORTRAITS REPRESENTING THE CABINET OF PRESIDENT PIERCE.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

MORNING HYMN TO CHRIST.

BY JOSEPH B. BUTLER.

Offspring of heaven's almighty King,
Coequal with the Eternal Sire,
Whose glories from light's fountain spring,
Whose godhead glows with holy fire!
Behold the gloom of night decay
Before the lucid eye of morn;
While distant skies and fields display
What splendors day's approach adorn!

But O, untouched by wisdom's beam,
The soul in error sleeps profound;
And wandering in her sensual dream,
Heeds not the scene of ruin round.
O Sun of truth, divinely bright,
Bid earth's dejected features smile;
Scatter the deadly clouds of night,
That would our wayward steps beguile!

Bid every passion-storm subside,
And hold the heart's emotions still;
Dissolve the snows of human pride,
Teach us to see and do thy will!
O, pour thy sacred influence down,
Let life's celestial dews be given;
Let deathless flowers our Eden crown,
And earth become the gem of heaven!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

COUSIN JESSIE.

BY GEO. CANNING HILL.

"I'll go and see cousin Jessie,—I declare I will!"

Anybody could make such a speech as that, though it would manifestly be much more apposite in some mouths than others. It isn't every one who has a "cousin Jessie." But young Richard Ellery had.

He was moping, in the midst of a dismal rain and a summer afternoon. He had a couple of cusey bachelor apartments in town, well upward in the region of the sky, well surrounded by brick and mortar on quite all sides, and well in want of light and air. The court, down into which he sometimes tried to look, was exceedingly circumscribed, little visited by the sun-streaks even at mid-day, and then only by refraction and reflection; and the common airing-ground for red-faced maid servants and amorously inclined tabithas. Relics of old bootes, stove-pipes, and shoe-brushes, to say nothing of long necks of mysterious looking bottles, were discoverable in odd corners and dirt-filled angles, bearing testimony indisputable to the irritability and lack of self-control that were to be found on all sides of the little area.

His window was shut, in consequence of the persevering inquisitiveness of the long-continued storm, that seemed eager to search every space, arch and angle, where drizzling rains and catarrh-laden winds could be made to go. Upon his centre-table, books, papers, hats, pipes, cigars, and inkstands, were arranged with a most skilful view to bewildering effect, while old coats, odd boxing-gloves, walking-sticks, and chairs, sufficed, all over the remainder of the room, to knot the tangled web of confusion still more perplexingly.

Richard Ellery was a student, and aspired to authorship. He labored with assiduity, taking especial care not to defraud himself with any unjust estimate of his own attainments and capabilities, patiently hearing and candidly revolving the criticisms of those whose criticisms were worth anything, and looking constantly and hopefully upward at the shining mark his ambitious thoughts had gilded for him. He was an honest student, for he spurned flattery and despised clap-trap. The sentiment was ingrained with him, that if a person is finally to reach his goal, and afterwards to maintain his ground there, he must possess the merit. The partiality of friendship could do nothing towards sustaining him where he could not well sustain himself.

The rain drops beat spitefully against the panes, as if they envied him his comfortable quarters, and then run slowly down the glass, to seek an entrance by some secret way. All day long, the damp and chilling east wind had blown the tattered clouds swiftly across the sky, turning and turning the patent ventilator on the neighboring chimney, until in his heart he believed he could not bear to see it veer again, piping a wild æolian song at the cranny of the window, and mocking with its variable sounds his hopes of a few hours of bright sunshine before night. It was really suicidal.

Richard got up from his table, where he had been absorbed as much as the dismal weather would let him, in writing, and pushed his chair back, repeating a line of Ben Jonson about the weather,

"And her sick head is bound about with clouds."

He walked to the window, and took a look out. What attracted him so long to that particularly gloomy spot, where such a very gloomy view was to be had without the asking, it would be difficult to tell. Everybody looks out upon the weather, especially if it happen to be gloomy; but whether because of the pleasure itself affords, or of the delight we all take in contemplating gloom and making ourselves just as exquisitely miserable as we can,—who will answer?

He returned from the window, and seated himself again in his chair, after first drawing it farther from the table. Lighting a cigar, and elevating his feet to an equality with his face—and, perhaps, a trifle more,—he began to weave smoke-wreaths about his handsome head, and to knot silver dream-wels in his brain. The weather had its legitimate effect upon his spirits, that he

could not deny. But, at best, it was able to do no more than compel compromise with his efforts to be cheerful. He would not give up to the dullness. And so he did not.

His eyes rambléd, first over the apartment, taking to every object it contained. Then they began anew, and went the same rounds over again, each object a second time falling into the line marshalled by his observation. Then they took a new start once more; this time through the window. And, with a fresh whiff of white smoke from his lips, whose caress he seemed to woo for his face, he half closed his eyes, threw back his head a little more, and gazed.

It had done raining. That struck him with momentary satisfaction. It might again rain; but what of that? It didn't rain now, and that was cause for brief self-gratulation. He took another puff; this time the smoke seemed still whiter and denser.

There were clouds all over the limited concave his vision could reach; but they were ragged, as in an unequal contest with the wind, and were flying hither and thither, like the shredded sails of a vessel on the main. Blotches of blue were discoverable at times among them. Veil after veil was either thrust aside or torn deeply through, and there was the deep old heaven again.

A handful of tame doves had congregated on a neighboring roof, to the leeward of the wind, and were engaged in dressing their ruffled plumage in the protection of a tall chimney. A huge tortoise-shell cat was sitting at the window of its dotting mistress, having curled its tail carefully about its fore-feet, and in that position seemed keeping her eye alternately on the weather and the distant doves. Every few minutes, faces would show themselves at the windows of the different dwellings, and then, after a sober contemplation of the weather, suddenly disappear.

The young man still smoked, and gazed, and dreamed. His was, to be sure, a waking dream, but it was evident that he had tried to make it a pleasant one. He battled bravely with the blue-devils that looked in at his window, as if they were trying to recognize a friend through the dense clouds of smoke. The rumbling of the far-off vehicles upon the pavements sounded drowsily to him, as if they might be rolling in the streets of another hemisphere. Doves—cat—faces—clouds—doves again—all came round in turn under his rambling eyes.

And so he sat, and quietly went on with his reverie. He might have been musing on the prospects of his final success—the vocation he had chosen. Possibly he was revolving some new theme in his mind; adjusting it in a manner best suited to the full effect of his mental optics; or fringing and bedecking it with the fancies that crowded upon him. Or, if thinking of books, he might have been determining what purchases he would venture upon next—or what he most coveted that he knew he could not have—or what he had read, and what he had yet before him to read. Or, going out at the window with his eyes, his thoughts may have been upon green fields, and bushes dripping with raindrops, and wide and low farm-roofs, and snugly-housed and sleek-coated cattle, and a pretty face or two at the window.

Just then a bar of sunshine pierced through a cloud-rift, and fell across his face. The smoke-wreaths seemed like a veil of silver.

"I'll go and see Cousin Jessie; I declare I will!" burst from his lips. It was plain enough of whom and what he had been thinking now. That bar of burning sunshine, piercing through the cloud, and streaking across his handsome features, seemed to have penetrated to the secret magazine of his thoughts, and produced the explosive ejaculation mentioned above.

He jumped up from his seat, and hurried to the window. He threw the stump of his fragrant cigar down into the area, and then took a broad view of the sky.

"Upon my soul!" exclaimed he, "there's the sun!" As if he had not seen it, as if he had not felt it, before that moment!

There, sure enough, the welcome luminary was. It was like looking over a new world, to see the change its re-appearance wrought. The thick roofs, with their slate tiles all still damp and dripping, looked as if they were sheeted with gold and silver. The chimney-stacks stood more erect, and puffed out their smokes with more show of ambition. The doves grew uneasy, and began to coo vigorously. The tortoise-shell cat licked her breast and shoulders, as if getting herself in readiness to make some afternoon call that the state of the weather had hitherto deferred. Faces appeared at the various windows again, turned upward, took long looks at the sky, lit up with fresh smiles, and then disappeared—probably for the street door.

Richard Ellery became suddenly a new being. Throwing open both his windows, he let out the nauseating smoke, and let the drifts of pure air in. How they revived him! He smelt the odor of the fields and hedges already!

"Yes," again said he, aloud, "I'll go and see Cousin Jessie to-morrow. I've long threatened myself a visit there, and I think my abstinence has earned it. My affairs shall be set to rights, and to-morrow will I go into the country!"

For an hour after that he was deeply employed in arranging his straggling papers, and producing the form of order out of the elements of confusion. He put away what books he did not need upon the table; packed up bundles of loose manuscripts; shuffled fragments of sonnets and songs carelessly into one of the pockets of his portfolio; gathered together stray cigars and pipes; and ended all by brushing off the table-spread carefully with a broom. And, after all arrangements were complete, he accoutred himself properly, and danced off down stairs into the street, to make a few purchases for his journey.

What a magic change had only this change in the weather wrought!

The engine drew its long, snake-like train after it the next

morning, and Mr. Richard Ellery was among the passengers. A ride of an hour, or such a matter, brought him to the station at which he was to take stage for his cousin's. The coach was waiting at hand for its passengers, and Mr. Richard was speedily in his seat.

What was the extent or the pleasurable-ness of his surprise at finding himself rolling and rattling away over a smooth turnpike, with but a single travelling companion, and she a pretty young female at his elbow, the reader has free license to imagine. The young man was evidently at first confused and embarrassed. But, with the rude motion of the coach, at length he found his ceremonious conjunctions fast crumbling away, and even ventured the amiable remark to his fair companion:

"It's a very beautiful morning to ride."

She turned up at him, or seemed to turn up at him, a pair of dark and expressive eyes, whose reflected glance shot a strange thrill through his whole system. It was not exactly a shock, or in the nature of a surprise; but it went through him magically and mysteriously. The blood rushed to his cheeks, his temples, and his eyes.

The young lady threw a side glance out at the coach widow, and only replied to his very truthful observation, in one of the mellowest voices that ever broke on his hearing:

"Very beautiful, indeed, sir."

And this is the beginning of many and many an acquaintance, whose ending neither party can foresee;—this, and no more.

The ice was broken, as the common saying goes. Starting at this point, and slowly, judiciously and gallantly following up the little advantages he kept gaining, it was not a long time before he had succeeded in engaging his companion in a vivacious conversation. And as she grew interested in the words she uttered, and a beautiful flush of excitement overspread her countenance, Richard Ellery looked in mute admiration on her handsome face, and felt that he could gaze thus, without another syllable from his own lips, to his journey's end.

She was young and handsome. This of itself is attraction. But to hold attention and admiration, after they have been once attracted, there must needs be something more. It must be a harmonious union of grace and intelligence. In the lady at Richard's elbow these two requisites were married. Whether she attempted to talk playfully or seriously, there was discoverable that steady under-current of sense. There was the ring of the refined metal in all her words.

They chatted gaily and freely of the country, and then of the town. They assisted each other out happily in expressions of their mutual admiration of rustic life, and its thousand charms, and braided many a skein of beautiful fancies together, respecting the green fields, the brawling brooks, the foaming rifts, and flower-enamelled meads. Their contrasts between town and rustic life were singularly sympathetic. Their weariness of town life was mutual.

The young man thanked his stars a thousand times, before he reached his journey's end, that he had come; and felt himself and his feelings already renewed by the charming companionship upon which he had fallen. The ride, he thought, would be abundantly remunerative to him.

When evening began to draw on, the stage drew up before the little village inn at Briarbrook. Mr. Ellery looked out of the window, hardly knowing where he was. His fair companion had absorbed him utterly with her manners and conversation. Recognizing the place, he instantly prepared to get out at the door. He had just got his hand upon the latch, when the driver accosted them both from the opposite door, which he had opened.

"Where will you be left?" inquired he. "This is the inn."

"I will go to the house of Mr. Wilson," replied the lady.

"And you?" continued the driver, nodding to Richard.

But the answer of his companion so surprised and delighted him together, that he caught himself rudely staring in her face, instead of answering the question put to him.

"Where will you get out, sir?" again came from the whip.

"Leave me there, too," replied he; and he and his fair companion exchanged significant looks a moment, whose interpretation is needless.

The door was shut with a slam, and they rolled away over a tract of green and soft sward.

"How strange this all is!" said Richard, rather to himself than with a thought of addressing any one in particular. The young lady crimsoned, but made no answer.

When the iron steps of the coach at last came down, with their reverberating clang, they were drawn up before the door of Mr. Wilson's residence. A girl stood in the door. It was "Cousin Jessie!"

Espying the lady passenger first, as she had been duly expecting her, she uttered an exclamation of joy, and spread out her arms to receive her old friend and schoolmate. It was not until Richard had stood quite a little time near them that Jessie looked up and recognized him.

"Cousin Richard!" exclaimed she, and giving a rosy cheek to kiss. "I hadn't thought of this being you! I imagined Mary had surely brought along some one of her brothers."

And between congratulating the one and the other, Jessie found her feelings in quite an excited state. She did not introduce her cousin Richard to her friend Mary, for it was plain to her that they were well enough acquainted already. And thus the happily-begun friendship of Mr. Richard Ellery for his pleasant stage-coach companion was continued.

At the rural residence of Mr. Wilson, Richard found abundant means of gratifying his various tastes for pleasure. The locality was fine, the air invigorating, the social advantages unquestionable, and the stimulus to good spirits constant. Besides and he

yond all this, Cousin Jessie was as rare a beauty as could be found secreted in any rural hiding-place through the country; and if all the hidden truth were to be dragged to the broad light, it would have to be confessed that Richard had inwardly proposed to himself, long before leaving his pent-up bachelor quarters in town, the delightful plausibility of making a wife out of this same fresh bud of a cousin!

These were his first intentions. But the new and unexpected acquaintance of the coach threw him a great way out of his reckonings. Though by no means desirous, in his own heart, of disparaging Jessie by so much as a thought, the glare of his new friendship, and the warmth as well as the *glare* of it, rather had the effect to warp his vision temporarily, and to suggest things that had not entered his heart before.

"Jessie," said he to his cousin, during the evening, when he found the ready opportunity, "what is your friend's other name, pray? You are all calling her *Mary*; but *Mary what*, I want to know?"

"Why! and then you don't know?" exclaimed his charming cousin. "But I really thought you better acquainted with each other. *Mary Gammell*, coz. Now don't have to ask that again."

Just at that moment the young lady herself entered the room, and all further allusions to her were thus prevented.

Shall the truth be told, in plain monosyllables, concerning Richard Ellery? He was in love! A day or two with him, more or less, was therefore only so much of an ecstatic dream. When he found no opportunities of conversing with *Mary*, he solaced himself with recalling her inimitable looks and graceful sayings. In any event, he refused to let her go entirely out of his heart.

Drives, and walks, and boat excursions on the little lake, combined pleasantly to wear off the tedium, if such at any time menaced them. At length, one day, a new chapter opened itself in the history.

They had started at mid-forenoon, in a large party, for a ramble in the woods for wild-flowers. It was a gay company, indeed. Jessie was in towering spirits, and so scorned her friend *Mary*. The sun was clear and mellow, and a fresh breeze drew up through the woodland avenues invigoratingly. Walking onward for some distance, and giving themselves up to the genial influence of the forest, they were a happy party. There was laughter enough for all, and smiles enough, and sobriety enough. And all these were so happily commingled that it really would have been difficult to say which was a bit more gleeful, or which more serious, than the others.

In the course of events they became somewhat scattered. *Mary* wanted wild-flowers; and Richard, who had all the time attended closely by her side, now volunteered his services to procure them. She accepted them with a gracious smile—ah! it made him a thousand times a captive—and, almost before they were aware of it, they found themselves separated from the rest of the party.

Richard roamed about actively, penetrating the densest thickets, and clambering the most ragged ledges, in quest of flowers. No person could have exceeded him in indefatigability. At the last he brought back an armful of gathered buds and blossoms to *Mary*, who had followed him at some distance above, and showered them down liberally into her outspread lap. Then, sitting down by her side, with the golden sun-blotches dancing hither and thither about them, and the cool breeze blowing up steadily from the far-off lake, he began talking upon the very delicate topic of flowers themselves, and their language.

It was so easy and so natural—the transition from blossoms to the subject uppermost in his heart—that, however much circumlocution the introduction of the catastrophe might seem to require of the narrator, the living actor in it himself, at least, by no means inculcated it by his example. Therefore we tell it at a breath.

Down upon the soft mosses went the young author, suing for favor at the door of *Mary's* heart! How long and fervently he prayed there the reader need not be told. It is enough only to narrate that, at that time and in that place, he offered his heart to the acceptance of his stage-coach acquaintance, and besought her to assure him that his partiality went not all unrequited. *Mary* was more surprised, to appearances, than delighted. She saw but one method left her, and that was, to make ridicule of the whole affair. And this she did, thoroughly.

Poor Richard! He bethought himself of his bachelor apartments again. He wished from his heart he had never left them.

He saw his Cousin Jessie alone that evening. It was what he most wished.

"Jessie," said he, in a tone best adapted to the reading of Lamentations, "I am going back to town to-morrow."

"What, cousin Richard!" exclaimed she, her bright eyes looking surprise, "so soon? Why, you haven't said a word to me about it before! This is rather sudden, I think."

"I know it is. So was my coming."

"Ah, yes, Richard; but that was quite another thing, you know. There was a pleasure in your surprising me as you did; but you ought to know there can be none to me in this."

"But I am unhappy here, Jessie," persisted he. "I would stay if I were not."

"Unhappy!" ejaculated she, drawing herself back half playfully, to look at him, as it were, comprehensively. "Why, I've all along thought that if anybody enjoyed himself, you were the one. Now pray tell me what it is that makes you unhappy."

Richard hesitated.

"I will know it, coz, before you go a mile homeward," said she, determinedly.

He hemmed, and thought he had begun. Then he faltered, broke down, and stopped short where he was. He had said just nothing.

"Take courage," advised Jessie, now taking him by the hand.

Possibly the warm touch of her soft hand brought him to himself. He began, and told her of all that had that day happened; the first budding of his friendship for her friend *Mary*, and this its blighted flowering and fruit. He narrated his experience, too, with such seriousness that Jessie could scarcely command herself sufficiently to hear him entirely through. He assured her that he had met with a ruff he could not soon get over.

"And didn't you know?" asked she, in a tone of deep astonishment. "Why, I thought I told you!"

"Know what? Told me what? You told me *nothing*, Cousin Jessie! Know *what*, Jessie?" inquired he, in a state of alarming suspense.

"Why, that *Mary Gammell is married!*" said she.

"Married!" quoth Richard, his eyes dilating, and his sorrow oozing, drop by drop, out of his heart.

"Certainly," replied Jessie, "she has been married these two years. I told you her name was—"

"Only *Mary Gammell*. I heard none of you call her *Mrs.*; and why should I have inferred that to be her appropriate title? Married!"

Jessie threw her head back among her dark, showering curls, and laughed inordinately. Her cousin still held her hand. Humbled as he certainly was, and liable to the charge of fickleness as he might make himself, still he suffered the old tide to set in as it used to do, and flow over his heart. He hesitated, and stammered again; but his purpose was well defined and strong.

"Jessie, will you accept me *yoursself*?" said he. "You were my first choice, and this is only my punishment for forgetting you! Will *you* have me, Jessie?"

No matter is it what the precise words of the answer were, nor how soon that answer came. Sufficient is it that that same winter the young author had exchanged his bachelor rooms for accommodations more ample; and, while he sat at his table, by day and by night, writing, erasing, and slowly gathering the written leaves together, Jessie sat near him—the heaven now whence his heart garnered all its dew.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE SONG BIRD.

BY JONAS B. PHILLIPS.

A song bird left her parrot nest,
And flew across the deep, blue sea,
Until she saw the golden west,
Where men and birds alike are free!
She found a generous welcome there,
And warbled gaily all day long;
And vocal made the balmy air
With this, the burden of her song:
Hail to the clime, whose star-gemmed flag
Protects the wanderer and oppressed!
Hail to Columbia's fair land,
By freedom and by virtue best!

Thus from my fatherland I come,
A child of song, to dwell awhile
In this fair freedom's happy home,
Where nature's blessings ever smile;
'Twas here my youthful fancy roved,
And long I sighed to gaze upon
The land which e'en my childhood loved,
Which gave the world a Washington!
Then let me sing—Columbia, hail!
Home of the great, the good, the brave!
And o'er a free, united land,
Forever may thy banner wave!

RIDICULE.

There is so great a charm in the sportive play of fancy and wit that there is no danger of their being neglected or undervalued, or that the native talent for them will remain undeveloped; our chief solicitude must be to keep them, even in their wildest flights, still in subjection to duty and benevolence. We must not allow ourselves to be betrayed into an approving smile at any effusions of wit and humor tinged in the slightest degree by ill-nature. A child will watch the expression of our countenance, to see how far he may venture, and if he finds he has the power to amuse us in spite of ourselves, we have no longer any hold over him from respect, and he will go rioting on in his sallies until he is tired, and seek at every future opportunity to renew his triumph. Wit, undirected by benevolence, generally falls into personal satire—the keenest instrument of unkindness; it is so easy to laugh at the expense of our friends and neighbors—they furnish such ready materials for our wit, that all the moral forces require to be arranged against the propensity, and its earliest indications checked. We may satirize error, but we must compassionate the erring, and this we must always teach by example to children, not only in what we say of others before them, but in our treatment of themselves. We should never use ridicule towards them, except when it is evidently good-natured, that its spirit cannot be mistaken; the agony which a sensitive child feels on being held up before others as an object of ridicule, even for a trifling error, a mistake or peculiarity, is not soon forgotten, nor easily forgiven. When we wish, therefore, to excite contrition for a serious fault, ridicule should never be employed, as the feelings it raises are directly opposed to self-reproach.—*Education of the Feelings, by Charles Bray.*

THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

The most ignorant among them believe in one Great Spirit, who rewards the good and punishes the wicked. "I was one day," says a late traveller far into the interior of our country, "speaking to a chief on the subject, and endeavoring to impress on his mind some plain moral precepts—he listened attentively. When I concluded, he raised his head a little, and, with his eyes fixed on the ground, he said, in a solemn tone, 'The words you have spoken have sunk deep into my heart, and I shall often think of them when I am alone. It is true I am ignorant, but I never lie down at night without whispering to the Great Spirit a prayer for forgiveness, if I have done anything wrong during the day.'"—*American Cyclopaedia.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE STAYED CURSE.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

With face half hidden in unlighted hair,
Which fell like sunshine o'er her shoulders bare,
She leaned her cheek against her chamber wall,
As if to note when some far voice should call.
Her weary soul stood at its prison bars,
Fainting, to hear a summons from the stars!
For life was now a midnight wilderness,
Wherein none whispered love to her distressed,
Save One, whose voice, of peace and pity blended,
Mid her loud grief was not yet comprehended.
She heard alone the vultures sailing by,
Led by the foulest birds of calamity;
Felt the cold serpents crawl against her feet,
And saw the gaunt wolves steal to her retreat!
The wide world scowled and reddened at her shame,
Scorching her soul with horror—and her name
Was struck, as with the violent hand of rage,
With one huge blot from off the social page!
What wonder that the soul thus rotely wrong
Should shape such words as half appalled the tongue!
Words like fierce arrows for the faithless breast,
Where love had dreamed with too confiding rest;
Shafts which once eyed at random from the lips,
Some friendly fiend most guide to their eclipse;
In the dark heart, where, on his starless throne,
Deception sat, and smiling, reigned alone!

Thus had she nursed her grief for many days,
And thus the curse was struggling from her breast,
When, as the midnight's solemn sentry bell
Struck vaguely through her woe-engendered haze,
Announcing, as it were, the mournful guest,
She heard the sudden close of wings which fell,
Together with the rustling sound of sighs.
And presently uplifting her blank eyes,
Beheld a dull and ashen form of woe
Stand looking its great melancholy there,
As if long years of under-world despair
Had fanned him with the hottest airs that blow
Athwart the fierce Sahara fields below!
The wings were leaden-hued and ruffled all,
As if long heated 'gainst some stormy wall,
Or blown contrary by belligerent gusts,
Then trailed for ages through the cipher dusts
On plains adjacent, where the Stygian pours,
Hissing forever on volcanic shores!
She looked, and on her lip the curse was stayed!
Thrice all the vengeance which her soul had planned
Burned on the forehead of the fallen shade!
Her purpose dropt—as from the archer's hand
Might fall the arrow if he saw the foe
Struck by the lightning's swift and surer blow!
The curse was stayed—she looked to heaven and sighed
"Forgive! forgive!" and in her prayer she died!

A TAME BUTTERFLY.

One cold, bleak November morning, when the sky and all nature wore the sullen, desponding look so peculiar to our climate at this season, a lady, who, for the first time, had risen from a bed of sickness, went into an adjoining apartment, where she perceived a gay and beautiful butterfly in the window. Astonished at finding this creature of flowers and sunshine in so un congenial a situation, she watched his movements and operations. As the sun came out for a bright, brief space, it fluttered joyously about the window, and imparted to the sick room an air of cheerfulness and hope. Towards evening, however, the tiny creature drooped its wings; the lady then placed it in a glass tumbler on the mantel-piece. During the night a hard frost came on, and the room was in consequence very cold. In the morning, the butterfly lay in the bottom of the tumbler apparently dead. The invalid, grieved that her gentle companion of the previous day should so soon perish, made some effort to restore its fragile existence. She put it on her own warm hand, and breathing upon it, perceived it gave signs of returning animation; she then once more placed it in the glass house on the rug before the fire. Soon the elegant little insect spread out its many-colored wings, and flew to the window, where the sun was shining brightly. By-and-by the sun retired, and the window-panes getting cold, the creature sank down on the carpet again, apparently lifeless. The same means were used to restore animation, and with the same success. This alternation of life and death went on for many days, till at last the grateful little thing became quite tame, and seemed to be acquainted with its benefactress. When she went to the window, and held out her finger, it would, of its own accord, hop upon it; sometimes it would settle for an hour at a time upon her hand or neck when she was reading or writing. Its food consisted of honey; a drop of which the lady would put upon her hand, when the butterfly would uncurl its sucker, and gradually sip it up; then it usually sipped a drop of water in the same way. The feeding took place only once in three or four days. In this manner its existence was prolonged through the whole winter and part of the following spring. As it approached the end of its career, its wings became quite transparent, and its spirits apparently dejected. It would rest quietly in its "crystal palace" even when the sun was wooing it to come out, and, at last, one morning in April, it was found dead—quite dead.—*Chambers' Journal.*

PEACE SENTIMENTS.

Some of the finest sayings of this kind come from military men. In a recent paper there was one by Colonel Ferguson of the British army. Speaking of Washington, who was once in his power, but was not known to him to be Washington: "I ordered (says he) three good shots to steal near and fire at him; but the idea disgusted me—I recalled the order." Again, when nearer, Ferguson levelled his own piece at him, but says, "It was not pleasant to fire at the back of an unoffending individual who was very coolly acquitting himself of his duty—so I let him alone." And when he afterwards found out whom he had spared, he says, "I am not sorry that I did not know at the time who it was." Was it not a pity that this noble fellow was killed in the next battle? Why should such spirits as he and Washington meet together in deadly strife? And why should it be less "disgusting" or more "pleasant" to fire on a thousand men than to fire on one? War has its glare and glitter—but strip them off, and we "sup full of horrors."—*Portsmouth Journal.*

TESTIMONIAL TO G. V. BROOKE, TRAGEDIAN,

On the Occasion of his Farewell Benefit at the National Theatre,
Boston, 27th May, 1853.

It always affords as much pleasure to record acts, such as the above, encouraging real talent and true genius. We give below a faithful drawing of the valuable service of silver presented to the abovenamed gentleman, whose reputation stands assuredly at the summit of dramatic fame, at least in this age. We have often called the attention of our readers to the very superior talents of this great actor, and it reflects much on the credit of the admirers of the drama in our city and Providence, to evince so tangible a proof of their appreciation, as in this presentation to a gentleman, who, though a comparative stranger, has made such deep root in the minds of thousands who have been so deeply impressed and delighted at his really wonderful impersonations. The theatre on this occasion was, in the old-fashioned term, "literally crammed," and after Mr. Brooke's exquisite rendering of the high-wrought gem of Shakspeare—Hamlet—the curtain rose, and Mr. Fleming, stage manager, at the request of the committee of presentation, Messrs. Burbank, Stevens, and Thompson, led Mr. Brooke on the stage, and when he appeared, the audience received him with

your country some tangible mark of the high favor your superior talent is held in this. We therefore solicit your acceptance of the accompanying silver service as a slight token thereof, and to add our heartfelt wishes for your continued health, happiness, prosperity and safety, hoping soon to welcome you back to this our native land; but, should we never see you again, we say, "*extinctus amabitur idem.*"

We have the honor to subscribe ourselves, very respectfully and truly, yours,

R. I. BURBANK, *Boston,*
E. P. STEVENS, "
W. THOMPSON, *Providence.* } COM. OF PRESENTATION.

He then handed Mr. Brooke the scroll and the key of the plate chest, who received them in a manner at once impressive and graceful, amid tremendous cheering and shouts of approbation. After a short pause, during which Mr. Brooke seemed somewhat affected, he said:

"MR. FLEMING:—I feel inadequate to express at this moment what my heart dictates. This is indeed a mark of esteem which, although bearing the immaculate glitter of precious metal, cannot reader me more deeply sensible of the honors and kindness I

ton. This is the result of my visit; and so deeply am I impressed with admiration of your country, that I hope to return to it—and I have to regret all do not feel as I do. And I have but one maxim to lay down for those who contemplate visiting you—to first divest themselves of all prejudice, and idelible satisfaction must follow. I am unwilling to trespass any further on your patience, and, reiterating my deep sense of gratitude to my donors and to all, I am compelled to utter that impressive word, 'farewell'; but I trust only for a short time. The ties of kindred and home command me, for a time, to leave you. For, as Eliza Cook beautifully expresses it:

"There's a magical tie in the land of my home,
Which the heart cannot break, though the footsteps may roam;
Be that land where it may—at the line or the pole,
It still holds the magnet that draws back the soul."

"May Heaven bless you! And that prosperity and happiness may reign uninterrupted among you, shall often be my prayer, when far away. Allow me, then, with every feeling of sincerity, reluctantly, but most respectfully, to say, farewell—farewell!"

Mr. Brooke then retired amid the warmest plaudits that ever rang through a theatre; and thus closed one of the most interest-



SERVICE OF SILVER PLATE PRESENTED TO G. V. BROOKE, ESQ.

a tremendous cheer. After a few preliminary remarks, expressive of the honor and pleasure he felt in his position as deputy of a large number of friends, he went to a table, on which stood a very formidable and handsome box of mahogany, with a silver plate on its lid—he opened it, and displayed a large array of silver plate, most tastefully arranged in the box, embedded in rich crimson silk velvet. He then took out a parchment scroll, which had an address engrossed thereon, of which the following is a copy:

Boston, May 27th, 1853.

TO GUSTAVUS VAUGHAN BROOKE, ESQ.:

DEAR SIR,—With feelings imbued by respect and honor, warranted by the histrionic genius and superior power of delineation portrayed by you in your profession as a representation of Shakspeare and the drama, the undersigned, feeling that we express the sentiment of many thousands of your warm admirers, cannot allow you to depart from our shores, without conveying to you the high appreciation entertained for you, not only as a great actor, but to testify to your invariable urbanity and gentlemanly demeanor, by which you have "won golden opinions from all sorts of people." It seldom falls to our lot to witness such truthful illustrations of the immortal Bard of Avon, as are so universally and brilliantly given in your truly great rendering of his grand ideas; and we feel it our duty to enable you to carry with you to

have had conferred upon me, by my friends in Boston and Providence. I receive your testimonial in the spirit of a heart overflowing with gratitude—so much so, as to be unable to convey to you the sincerity of its acknowledgement. I hope that this token of your appreciation shall be handed down an heirloom to posterity, and be valued with pride by those I leave behind me. Now, with your permission, I will take this opportunity of requesting the ladies and gentlemen before us to accept my unalloyed thanks for the patronage I have hitherto been honored with, as well as their presence on this occasion. I shall leave this country in a few days, and I shall do so with regret—with deep regret. Who, having travelled it, could do otherwise? I have visited several important cities of the Union, and I feel much gratification and pride in saying that I have been treated with the greatest degree of hospitality, liberality and attention—not only professionally, but in private life. I have, traveller-like, made my observations as I went along, and what is the result? 'Tis briefly told. I found a vast and glorious country—a large and powerful nation—proud from industry, independence and education, imbued with honor, hospitality and affluence, and—I may use the term—universal equality, forming a grand chain of union, which is strength; each son a link, feeling an individual responsibility for the protection of his country, made invulnerable by a constitution founded on principles of honor, as set forth by its immortal father, Washing-

ing ceremonies ever given to an actor or any one else—which we fully endorse, and could comment to fill a volume in praise of this truly great artist and natural actor.

To Mr. Brooke's friends in England, this testimonial of his success in this country, both as an actor and a gentleman, will be particularly gratifying. He has performed in nearly every city in the Union, and with distinguished success. Mr. Brooke is what is technically called a rare actor; he never attempts anything in which he "comes tardily off." With every physical requisite for a good actor, he combines those nice points of appreciation, which the delineator of Shakspeare must possess, in order to rise to eminence as an actor. He never rants, or tears a plain, straightforward sentiment to tatters; but suits the word to the action, and the action to the word. In short, he embodies, to our mind, the requisites for a good actor; and certainly, judging from his late successful career, we are not alone in this opinion. We are gratified to know, that he proposes to return once more to our shores, before the expiration of a twelvemonth, probably, to remain permanently. We have few enough good actors among us, and Mr. Brooke will ever find appreciating audiences ready to greet him. He sailed for England in the steamer of the 8th instant; and he may rest assured that he carries with him the good wishes of all who have seen or known him. We wish him a happy and safe voyage, and a cheerful re-union with his friends abroad.



GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOW, EDITOR.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER.

- T. BUCHANAN READ, GEO. CANNING HILL, T. S. ARTHUR, PHIGOR CAREY, AUSTIN C. HUGHES, JONAS B. PHILLIPS, JOSEPH H. BUTLER, TERESA R. PIERCE, GEORGE S. RAYMOND, MRS. SARAH E. DAWES, MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

- A Night's Adventure, a story, by SYLVANUS COBB, JR. Twelve Hundred a Year, and how they managed to live on it, a story, by ALICE B. NEAL. A Passage in the Life of Richelieu, by EDWARD STOTTON SMITH. Getting up the Steam, a sketch, by REV. HENRY BACON. Mary, lines by GEORGE H. COCKER. The Altar of Prayer, a poem, by J. HUNT, JR. A Sonnet, by W. L. SPOONER. A Working Dream, by PARK BENJAMIN. A Song, by ANNA M. HEPFERNAN. Lament of the Bereaved, verses, by JAMES LUMBARD.

A GOOD SYSTEM.

On the Hudson River Railroad there is an admirable system for the prevention of disasters. A complete corps of signal men maintain a perpetual watch at all necessary points from one end of the road to the other. At every bridge, every crossing, every cutting, and every place where there is not a clear view of the track, or where it is liable to be obstructed, these sentinels have their stations, and the signal of danger is passed almost with the speed of the telegraph. In this way, any sudden peril on the rails is immediately announced at a sufficient distance to insure the safety of an approaching train.

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE PICTORIAL.

Persons who have not supplied themselves with our bound volumes to sell again, had better do so at once, as those persons now engaged in selling them through the country are disposing of them rapidly, making more money by a few days' industrious exertion, than by months of manual labor.

SPLINTERS.

- Kossuth is receiving much courteous attention from the English nobility, who visit him at his house in London. The spirit-rapping mania has extended to Germany. It is surprising what fools people will make of themselves! California is the youngest of all nations, for half its population are miners, and there are plenty of children besides. In France, at the present moment, there is a perfect blank in literature, and not the slightest prospect of any improvement. It is currently reported that Douglas Jerrold is about to visit America, and make a tour of the various States. James E. Murdoch, the gentleman, scholar and actor, is now performing a successful professional engagement in the West. Victoria has now eight children—four sons and four daughters. She married Prince Albert in February, 1840. Another meteor has exploded in New London, Ct, with "a loud report." Funny place, this State of Connecticut. Macaulay is expected soon to issue two more volumes of his History of England. His health is irrecoverably shattered. De Tocqueville, who has been seriously ill all winter, in Paris, has gone to Italy for the benefit of his health. Germany has lost one of her greatest medical men in the person of Dr. Harless, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine at Bonn. Alexander Galt, Jr., the sculptor, has returned from his studies in Europe to his home in Norfolk, Va. The Athenaeum gallery of fine arts, Boston, is now thronged daily by the beauty and fashion of the town. Vegetation throughout New England is wonderfully thrifty this season, and crops promise an abundant yield. Remember, in renewing your subscriptions, that we send the Pictorial and Flag together, for four dollars per annum.

CUBA AND SPAIN.

On the last page of the present number the reader will find an extract from the pen of Mr. Thrasher, relative to Cuba. The paragraph has set us to moralizing upon the destiny and institutions of this gem of the American Archipelago.

The political condition of Cuba is precisely what might be expected of a Castilian colony, presenting a most remarkable instance of the stand-still policy that has so long governed the European monarchies. From having been, three centuries ago, the most wealthy, and one of the most powerful kingdoms, Spain has lost nearly all of her American possessions, and sunk into a condition of almost hopeless bankruptcy.

The present condition of Spain is a striking illustration of the mutability of fortune, from which states, no more than individuals, are exempted. We read of such changes in the destinies of ancient empires—the decadence of Egypt, the fall of Assyria, and Babylon, and Byzantium, and Rome—but their glory and their fall were both so far distant in the recess of time, that their history seems to all of us who have not travelled and inspected the monuments which attest the truth of these events, a sort of romance; whereas, in the case of Spain, we realize its greatness, and behold its fall. One reason why we feel so deep an interest in the fate of the Castilian power is, that the history of Spain is so closely interwoven with that of our own country, discovered and colonized as it was under the auspices of the Spanish government. We owe our very existence to Spain; and from the close of the fifteenth century, our histories have run on in parallel lines. But, while America has gone on increasing in grandeur, power and wealth, poor Spain has sunk in the scale of destiny, with a rapidity of decadence no less astonishing than the speed of our own progress.

The true Hidalgo gravity, which wraps itself up in an antique garb, and shrugs its shoulders at the advance of other countries, still rules over the beautiful realm of Ferdinand and Isabella. It forbids railroads, electric telegraphs, manufactures, and a free press, and bars the national doors against all inroads of English, French, or American progress. Its highroads still boast of their handitts, and worthless gipsies, and its frontiers swarm with smugglers, who pocket the principal revenue derived from the consumption of foreign wares.

Moved in part by the same spirit that actuates the home government, the Cubans view anything that looks like improvement with a suspicious eye. This characteristic was strongly evinced in relation to the railroad from Havana to Guinness, the first and principal one on the island; and if it had not been that American engineers and American contractors took hold of the work, doubtless it would not have been completed to this day. This same characteristic appears to have imparted itself to the very scenery of Cuba, and everything here seems to be of centuries in age, reminding one of the idea he has formed of the hallowed East. The style of the buildings is not dissimilar to that which is found throughout the Orient, and the trees and vegetables increase the resemblance. Particularly in approaching Havana from the interior, the view of the city resembles almost precisely the scriptural picture of Jerusalem. The tall, majestic palms, with their tufted tops, the graceful coconut tree, and many other peculiarities, give to the scenery of Cuba an Eastern aspect very impressive.

NEW VOLUME OF THE PICTORIAL. VOLUME V.

Two more numbers of the Pictorial will close the present volume of the paper, when we shall commence, July 1st, VOLUME FIFTH of our illumined journal, greatly beautified and improved, with an entire new suit of type, and a superb array of elegant illustrations, and original articles from the best literary talent in the country. Cost what it may, the Pictorial shall be made to sustain the high reputation which it has earned, and shall merit the constant approval and unequalled patronage that it receives from all parts of the country. This will form a very proper time for the making up of new clubs, or for single persons to subscribe, being the commencement of the new volume; and for the terms of the paper, we refer the reader to the imprint in another column.

REVERE HOUSE.—This favorite hotel, one of the most extensive and best conducted in the Union, is undergoing the most thorough and complete renovation. It is in all respects a home for the traveller, and our southern friends visiting Boston will know where to call. Paron Stevens, Esq., the gentlemanly landlord, is ever assiduous for the comfort of his patrons.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL is becoming every day more popular than ever, and deservedly so, for there is no publication that we know of that ranks higher than it does, not even the London Illustrated News, in the estimation of those competent to judge. The beauty, delicacy and elegance of finish of the engravings are truly wonderful; indeed some of them will compare favorably with steel engravings. The literary department is full to overflowing with the productions of the best writers in America. This is no overdrawn sketch, or empty compliment; we mean what we say, and we will turn with pleasure to our last year's file and convince you of the truth of our remarks if any will give us the opportunity, and we will forward money to the publisher for subscription, if desired.—Savannah (Ga) Journal.

"RHYMES WITH REASON AND WITHOUT."—This is the title of a book of poems published by Abel Tompkins, Cornhill, from the pen of B. P. Shillaber (Mrs. Partington). The poems show the author to possess a most genial spirit, and the true divine afflatus.

PLEASANT.—We are pleased to see the helles and beanx of Boston are generally adopting equestrian exercise.

MARRIAGES

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Foster, of Charlemont, Mr. William Sherwin, of Buckland, to Miss Eleanor G. Thompson, of Bristol, Mo. By Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Samuel H. Walker to Miss Sarah H. Piper. By Rev. Mr. How, Mr. Geo. F. Palmer to Abba B. Barry, both of Brewer. By Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Clark Gifford to Miss Adeline Leonard. By Rev. Mr. Parker, Mr. Theodora F. Von Arnim to Elizabeth A. Colton. At Danvers, by Rev. Dr. Putnam, Mr. Bryant T. Henry, of Charlestown, to Miss Annie Mary, daughter of Mr. T. Kirtledge Sheldon, of Portsmouth, N. H. At Nantucket, by Rev. Mr. Judkins, Mr. Peter C. Brooks, of Monroe City, Mich., to Miss Lydia M. Coffin. At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Bronson, Mr. Cha's J. Carl, of Newport, to Miss Rebecca Short; Rev. Sam'l T. Livermore, of Livonia, N. Y., to Malvina T. Brown. At Fairhaven, by Rev. Mr. Dawes, Mr. Timothy W. Sanford to Sarah F. Shaw. At Millbury, by Mr. Griggs, Mr. William T. Kendall, of Worcester to Miss Sophia E. Tyler. At Portland Me, by Rev. Mr. Chickering, Mr. Richard C. Fosdick to Miss Caroline W. Jay. At New Haven, Ct., Dr. Benj. C. Dutcher, of N. York, to Mrs. Julia R. Morse. At New York, Mr. Joseph Gilmore to Eunice H. Wentworth of Buxton, Me. At Brooklyn, N. Y., by Rev. Mr. Shison, of Staten Island, Mr. Henry Abreg, of Zurich Switzerland, to Sarah H., daughter of the late Jos. Pray, of N. York. At Philadelphia, Pa., by Rev. Mr. Suddards, Mr. Ozias Heattie Rumborg to Miss Ellen Arcutue.

DEATHS

In this city, Mr. Henry Smith, 50; Mr. Samuel Yenton, of Durham, N. H., 29; Mr. William P. Capewell, 75; Mr. Thomas Ward, 53; Miss Ar. A. Kennedy, 73; Mr. Henry Warren, 52; Miss Sarah A. Townsend, 20; Mr. Tyler Parsons, 77; Mr. Asa Fish, 49; Mrs. Elizabeth A. Towns of Mr. David H. Jacobs At Roxbury, Mr. Madison McIntosh 47; Mr. Sarah B. Whitney, 69. At Charlestown, Mr. Sarah, wife of Mr. George N. Fisher, 43. At Cambridgeport, Mr. Joseph S. Lead, 66. At Chelsea, Jane H., daughter of the late Simon Tucker Esq., of 25. At Milton, Sarah, widow of the late Richard D. Butler, of Boston, 63. At Stoneham, Mr. Apollis King formerly of Boston 67. At Lynn, Mrs. Lydia M. wife of Mr. Nathan Lord 19. At Salem, Mrs. Sarah Newham, daughter of the late Mr. Nathan Pierce. At Northampton, Mr. Charles, youngest son of Hon. Ebenezer Mosely 34. At Fitzburg, Israel A. Goodbridge, Esq., 70; Mr. Isaac Herrington, 24. At Middlebury, Vt., Mrs. Cady, relict of George Cleveland, Esq. 57. At Portland Me., Mr. Elbridge G. Holmes 43. At Saco, Me., Miss Olive Sawyer, 53; Mr. Eliakim Wardwell, 76. At Brooklyn, N. Y., Mr. David Brombust, 92. At Salford, N. Y., Rev. David King, pastor of the Presbyterian Church. At Cincinnati, Ohio, Mr. Ames Oovey 55, a native of Kensington, N. H. At Laporte, Ind., R. B. Bookstader, Pres. of Michigan Southern Railroad. At North Adams, Mich., Miss Roxana Stevens, formerly of E. Brookfield Ms.

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WHOLESALE AGENTS.

- S. FRENCH, 151 Nassau, corner of Spruce Street, New York. A. WINGCH, 116 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. W. & H. TRAYLOR, 111 Baltimore and South Sts., Baltimore. C. BAGLEY, 169 Main Street, Cincinnati. J. A. ROYS, 43 Woodlark Avenue, Detroit. E. K. WOODWARD, corner 4th and Chestnut Streets, St. Louis.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE ANTHEM OF THE SEA.

BY MRS. SARAH E. DAVIES.

It e'er bath pealed in strains sublime,
Since first began the march of time;
When morning stars together sang,
And new-born earth with music rang;
Then over all, more bold and free,
Was heard the anthem of the sea.

At times it breathes a gentle note,
And sweetly o'er the breeze doth float;
Then swelling high in chorus vast,
Borne, perchance, on the stormy blast,
Is heard in higher, grander key,
The fearful anthem of the sea.

The deep-toned base in nature's song,
It pours its mighty voice along;
And wide is heard the sounding roar,
As forth it rolls from shore to shore;
A worthy praise, O God, to thee,
This glorious anthem of the sea!

Roll on, thou anthem, ever roll,
Thy chorus shout from pole to pole;
And hear upon thy soaring wing
The notes of praise that mortals sing;
And e'er till time no more shall be,
Roll on, thou anthem of the sea!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE TWO MECHANICS.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

PAUL WYMAN and John Edwards were both good mechanics, thoroughly understood their business, and could command the highest wages. They had been playmates and schoolfellows in youth, and now, as they reached maturer years, were very good friends. Both were married, and the home of one could be plainly seen when standing on the threshold of the other. Although John Edwards was quite as industrious as Paul Wyman, the latter owned the neat, little cottage in which he lived, while the former rented the unpainted, comfortless looking house which he occupied. One had just as much leisure time as the other; but notwithstanding this, the Edwardses were always wondering how the Wymanes managed to keep everything in such nice order. It was a complete mystery to them why Paul Wyman always had the largest and finest vegetables in his garden; why his vines invariably prospered; why his rose bushes never looked scraggy and blasted; and why his fences never got out of repair; or his doors and windows broken, like those of other people.

These and numberless other queries were never satisfactorily answered by the questioners, who finally came to the conclusion that Paul Wyman was one of the lucky ones of earth, whose general success and good fortune were not the result of any effort on his part, but came unaided and unbidden. Though they argued thus, yet an under-current of thought often suggested that this was not a rational conclusion, as effects could not result without causes; but as neither husband nor wife was of a logical turn of mind, the idea was usually lost in conversations of the following nature.

"I don't understand it, that is certain," said the former, musingly. "I have the same wages as Wyman, and we have but two children to feed and clothe, while they have three; I don't believe but he receives help from somebody."

"The same idea occurred to me," replied Mrs. Edwards, "and I immediately took the privilege of an old acquaintance to tell his wife what I thought."

"What reply did she make?" demanded the husband.

"She laughed good-naturedly, and said I was wholly mistaken; for that they had nothing and received nothing, but what her husband's labor justly entitled them to. But, of course, she would say so, be the case as it might."

"One thing is certain," rejoined the other, "and that is, they are much better off than we are; but how such a state of things is brought about, unless they do have assistance, is more than I can tell. I only wish we had as good a chance, for I'm sure I work hard enough."

John Edwards spoke in a slightly bitter tone, for he sincerely believed that circumstances were very much against him; that everything had conspired to prevent him from rising above a certain position.

"I have it!" exclaimed Mrs. Edwards, suddenly, "she takes in sewing; I am just as sure of it as though I had seen her at work for others. That's the way she manages to get so many new things."

"But if you have no certain knowledge of the fact, we are just as much in the dark as ever. I don't think Mrs. Wyman would be ashamed to tell of it, even if she did take in sewing; there's nothing wrong about honest labor, I'm sure. Her mother worked, why shouldn't she?"

"They've got a new sofa, too; where did that come from? Out of his wages, I suppose they would say, but you and I know better; for what we can't do, I'm precious certain they can't. A dollar is a dollar, the best way you can fix it."

John Edwards looked as perplexed as ever, and did not seem inclined to accept his wife's version of the matter. He entertained a high respect for Mrs. Wyman's character, and was not quite ready to believe that she performed any labor she would wish to keep a secret. He sat and mused some time, and then putting on his hat, went over to his neighbor's to borrow his last paper;

for John Edwards was fully persuaded that he was not able to take a weekly journal, although none were more fond of reading than he.

"You are quite welcome to read my paper, friend Edwards, but pray tell me why you do not subscribe for a copy yourself? A year's subscription is but a trifle," said Mr. Wyman, good humoredly.

"I should be glad to, but the truth of the matter is, I cannot afford it," was the reply.

"But yet you spend double that sum, every month, for what I consider of far less importance."

"In what way?" asked Edwards, in some surprise.

"In horse and carriage hire," was the quiet rejoinder.

Edwards colored, and seemed rather embarrassed.

"But people that work hard all the week need some recreation," he stammered, after a short pause.

"I allow that; but I find sufficient exercise, and recreation, in attending to my little garden, and walking with my family, after my work for the day is done. And then reading is a source of great enjoyment to me. Did you ever think, my friend, how many valuable books you could buy with the same amount of money that you pay to livery stable proprietors?"

Edwards confessed that he had never viewed the subject in that light before, and admitted that his brother mechanic had the best side of the argument.

"But," he added, "you have more inducements to stay at home than I have. The house you live in is your own, and everything you attempt to do prospers. With me it is different."

"But it should not be different," said Wyman, earnestly. "You might have just as good success, if you exerted yourself as much, and were willing sometimes to deny yourself short-lived gratifications in order to obtain more lasting enjoyment; patience, perseverance and self-denial must be practised unceasingly."

"You don't mean to say that you or your family have made continual sacrifices to attain your present prosperous condition?" inquired his attentive listener, with considerable curiosity.

"I certainly do."

"And what may a few of them be?"

"You will allow me to speak plainly, I suppose?"

Edwards signified his assent.

"Well, then, to begin; myself and family never ride, when we can walk without injury to our health; I wear an old coat, until I am satisfied I can pay away money for a new one; we eat plain, substantial food, and indulge in no luxuries which injure the health, as well as impoverish the purse; when I purchase anything, however small and trifling the article may be, I pay for it at the time; or, if that be inconvenient, I do without until I can; thus saving long, vexatious bills, which I have no means of knowing are correct."

"Well, they are great troubles, that is certain; I have to pay one, which the milkman, grocer, baker, or market-man presents about every week, and sometimes they are enormously large."

"No doubt, no doubt, friend Edwards. And another thing; don't you think you are less particular about the quantity you order, when you have a bill? By this I mean, do you not often purchase more than you would, if obliged to pay the bill upon the delivery of the articles?"

"I believe you are right again, for my wife often remarks that our bills are larger than they should be, and sometimes I am almost sure that we are charged twice for the same articles," replied Edwards, frankly.

"Credit is oftentimes convenient and very acceptable to the person receiving it, but beyond a certain limit it becomes disadvantageous to him. You will not be offended at what I say?" added Wyman, earnestly.

"No, indeed! I have been blind too long, and I'm sure if you are kind enough to open my eyes to the truth, I should be very ungrateful to take offence. To be plain, myself and wife have long wondered at your continued prosperity, and puzzled our brains to find out how it was brought about; but, until to-day, we have been completely in the dark. I have several times been on the point of speaking to you on the subject, but was afraid you would think me prying and inquisitive. Now, however, as the ice is broken, I will receive any suggestions, and such advice as you may see fit to offer."

"As I have your consent to speak unreservedly, I will mention one fault which materially interferes with your success in life. You are inclined to procrastinate, neighbor Edwards; to put off until to-morrow what can as well be done to-day. When a pane of glass is accidentally broken, do you not often delay the mending of it until another time? while, perhaps, an unruly cat makes her debut through the same, carrying away with her a fine steak, or veal outlet. Your fences, like those of other people, sometimes need repairs; but do you not often think 'another time will do just as well—there certainly is no hurry about that fence. The world was not made in a minute.'"

John Edwards smiled in spite of himself, for the last remark of his neighbor's he was conscious of often repeating.

"I suppose you never knew a stray cow or swine take advantage of the gap to walk into your garden and destroy three weeks work, did you, my friend? Such things have happened," continued Wyman, significantly, yet kindly.

"Cornered again! Well, go on," laughed the other.

"And once I heard of a neighbor of mine, who neglected to procure a physician when one of his children was threatened with a fever. The consequence was, a long doctor's bill, much needless suffering and anxiety, time lost, etc."

"My error was realized, in that instance, when too late to repair it," said Edwards, his voice growing more serious, as he recalled the perilous situation in which his favorite child had lain

for days, and the torturing anxiety and remorse that had preyed upon his own mind.

"I recollect another occasion," resumed Wyman, "when the same individual lost a very desirable job by being just an hour behind the time appointed for a meeting to take place, to arrange terms and other eceratas, with the contractor."

It was evident enough that Edwards was sensible who the individual alluded to, was; but he said nothing, and Paul Wyman went on.

"I do not mention these things, my friend, because I have any pleasure in so doing, but simply to convince you that procrastination is one of your greatest drawbacks; it has justly been called the thief of time."

"You spoke of exertion; is it all on your side, or does your wife bear her part?" inquired Edwards.

"Indeed she does!" rejoined Wyman, warmly. "I could do nothing to advantage without her assistance. My wages are given over into her keeping, and I never have reason to find fault with the disposal of them. She is an excellent housekeeper, a most admirable manager, and everything is put to some good use by her prudence."

"I wish my wife could take a few lessons in managing, for I'm afraid she don't understand the art very well, if art it can be called," added the other, thoughtfully.

"You have aptly termed it; it is an art; and no man need flatter himself that he will succeed in making his expenses less than his income, unless he is sure of the co-operation of his wife; she alone can well dispose of money in household matters, and make a little, so to speak, go a great way. This is what I mean by managing. Take care of the cents, neighbor, and the dollars will take care of themselves. Promptness in business, and economy in all things, is the true secret of prosperity. Endeavor to know just what your income is, and always regulate your expenses by the same. By leaving these matters to take care of themselves, you commit a great error. Details should be attended to; they cannot, will not, and never did, I believe, in any case, take care of themselves. The whole of our lives is made up of small things, which, when put together, assume, in our estimation, the greatest importance, and demand and have our energies in caring for them. But you must perceive that it is utterly impossible to care wisely for large matters, when we have entirely lost sight of the minutiae which constitute them. Pardon me, my friend, but you lack calculation; you are lacking in system. Instead of controlling your business, you suffer your business to control you. In this way, bills pour in upon you unexpectedly, and instead of being your own master, you have a master in every creditor. You do not accumulate property; no wonder it takes all you can earn to pay the debts which you have thoughtlessly contracted. You sacrifice something to pride; you buy many articles which you do not really need, and indulge in various personal gratifications and luxuries which are not at all necessary, because you could get along just as well without them. You often buy because you are importuned to do so—which is wrong; for what a person does not absolutely want, he should promptly refuse; for it is weak and foolish, and manifests a deficiency of manly independence, not to be able, at all proper times, to say no. A firm 'no' often saves much trouble. There is your habit of smoking cigars; some half dozen of the very best quality disappear every day. What good do they do you? none at all. They injure your nervous system, and make a constant demand on your purse. The time and money thus spent, could be put to a better use; and while you indulge in this worse than useless habit, you cannot well complain that you are not able to take a newspaper, or purchase desirable and instructive books. Your good wife has hinted to me that she thought there was some secret at the bottom of my prosperity; but our fair friend was mistaken, for I earnestly assure you that the only secret of my success lies in untiring industry and prompt attention to business; by this means, I succeed, and I am glad that all men can do the same, in the same way. It is perseverance that overcomes all obstacles, and continued industry that secures content and happiness. By doing as I have done, you will, unquestionably, reap the same results. I would respectfully and sincerely urge you to commence anew your worldly struggle. Live for something higher than a mere animal enjoyment. Seek diligently to acquire the needs of life, and let the luxuries go; you do not want them. Do not regret that you are obliged to labor; labor is a blessing and not a curse; it is friendly to health—develops both the mental and physical man. Contemplate existence calmly and philosophically. Never allow your equanimity to be disturbed. Attend promptly to details, as I have before said, and the great matters will take care of themselves."

Mr. Edwards went away thoughtful, and he began to mend from that very hour. He was satisfied that he had found out the secret which had so perplexed him. A salutary change took place in his affairs; needless expenses were curtailed, business was no longer neglected, and what he had considered a burden before, he now attended to with alacrity and cheerfulness. The fact was, he had just arrived at some conception of the true philosophy of life, and began to realize that it was labor that brought health and plenty. He perceived that fastidious and sickly shrinkings from work were absurd and foolish, and more the voices of ignorance and idleness, than of wisdom.

Mrs. Edwards having, by request, been initiated into the secret of managing by Mrs. Wyman, also commenced the process of reform, and co-operated heartily with her husband in all his plans for improvement; and, in a little time, the fruits of their new policy were seen in smiling faces, and felt in happy hearts.

.... To appear something, it is necessary to be something.—Beethoven.

PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

On page 376 we give a series of likenesses representing the Presidents of the United States, to the present date.

GEORGE WASHINGTON was born at Bridge's Creek, Westmoreland county, Va., Feb. 22d, 1732. Of his subsequent history no American who can read is supposed to be ignorant. He was chosen President in April, 1789, and took the oath of office in New York. He served eight years.

JOHN ADAMS was born in Quincy, Mass., Oct. 19th, 1735, and, after serving his country in various important capacities, as minister abroad, and in her legislative halls at home, he was elected President in 1796, and thus succeeded Gen. Washington. He served, with honor to himself and profit to the country, four years.

THOMAS JEFFERSON was born on the 2d April, 1743, at Shadwell, Albemarle co., Va., and, after a life of much public usefulness, was elected President in 1801. He served for the term of eight years, to the full acceptance of the nation.

JAMES MADISON was born in the year 1750. At a very early age he was an active member of Congress. He was ever a zealous public spirit, and, after serving as Secretary of State, was, in 1809, elected President of the United States, and served for a term of eight years.

JAMES MONROE was born Sept., 1759. After serving his country as a soldier, politician, and honest citizen, for many years, he was chosen President, and was inaugurated March 5, 1817, and served the country in this capacity for the term of eight years.

JOHN Q. ADAMS was born in the year 1767. He was educated to the profession of the law, and, after years of public service, in various important offices, he was chosen President, and inaugurated March 4th, 1825, and, after four years, retired to private life.

ANDREW JACKSON was born March 15th, at Waxaw, S. Carolina. After a long and popular career as a lawyer, legislator and soldier, he was elected to the presidential chair in 1828, and was inaugurated March 4th, 1829, and served in this capacity for the period of eight years.

MARTIN VAN BUREN, eighth President of the United States, was born at Kinderhook, N. Y., Dec. 5th, 1782. After a conspicuous and popular career, during the latter portion of which he was Vice President, he was chosen to the presidency, and was inaugurated in 1837. He served as President for four years.

WM. HENRY HARRISON was born Feb., 1773, at Charles City, Va. His career, both military and civil, is well known to have been highly creditable to himself, and serviceable to his country. He was elected President in 1840. The cares of his official position proved too arduous for him, and he died in one month after entering the presidential chair. The Vice President,

JOHN TYLER, then became President, and served out the term of four years for which Harrison had been elected.

JAMES K. POLK was born in Mecklenburg county, N. Carolina, Nov., 1795. He was educated to the profession of the law, served in a laborious congressional career, and, after a long apprenticeship in public affairs, he was chosen President, and inaugurated March 4, 1845. He served four years.

ZACHARY TAYLOR was born in Orange Co., Va., in 1790. His career as a soldier is well known to every one, and more especially his Mexican services. He was chosen President in 1849, and, surviving the arduous duties of his office but about one year, he was succeeded by

MILLARD FILLMORE, who served out the close of the term of four years.

FRANK PIERCE was born in New Hampshire, in the year 1798, and is the present incumbent of the presidential chair. He is also largely connected with the history of the late war with Mexico, and thus far has proved a sound and wise statesman.

THE CABINET OF THE UNITED STATES.

On page 377 we give a faithful series of likenesses, representing the Cabinet of President Pierce, as it now stands.

WILLIAM LARNED MARCY, Secretary of State, is a native of Sturbridge, Mass., and was born Dec. 12th, 1787, being now in the 67th year of his age. During the war with Great Britain, he served as a volunteer in defence of the State. He has successively filled the offices of State Comptroller, Justice of the Supreme Court, Senator, Governor of the State, and Secretary of War in Mr. Polk's Cabinet.

JAMES GUTHRIE, Secretary of the Treasury, is a distinguished lawyer, of Louisville, Ky. He has had experience in the State Legislature, and has filled various offices of trust. He is about fifty years of age, of athletic form and very energetic habits. In pecuniary matters Mr. Guthrie has been very fortunate, and has amassed a large fortune.

ROBERT MC'CLELLAND, Secretary of the Interior, and late Governor of Michigan, is a native of Pennsylvania. His talents are very respectable, and he is esteemed as a man of integrity and energy. He is forty-five years of age. In November, 1851, he was elected Governor of Michigan; and, under the new constitution, was re-elected in 1852, for a term of two years. In Congress he was Chairman of the Committee on Commerce, in 1846, and in 1848 was on the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, Secretary of War, was born in Kentucky, and removed to early life to Mississippi, from whence he went to the United States Military Academy at West Point, where he graduated in June, 1828. The same year (in July) he was appointed second lieutenant of infantry in the United States army, and was made first lieutenant of dragoons in 1833. In 1845, he was elected to Congress. In July, 1846, he was appointed colonel of the regiment of volunteer riflemen raised in Mississippi, and distinguished himself particularly at Monterey and Buena Vista. Col. Davis is of middle size, and his habits are active and energetic. His age is about 45 years.

JAMES C. DODDIN, Secretary of the Navy, is a lawyer of Fayetteville, and was elected a member of the twenty-ninth Congress (1845-47). He was Speaker of the House of Commons at the late session of the Legislature of North Carolina, and was the candidate of the democratic party for United States Senator. Mr. Doddin is in the prime of life, and of very industrious habits.

JAMES CAMPBELL, Postmaster General, and late Attorney General of Pennsylvania, had previously been a lawyer of Philadelphia, and one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas in that city. He is a good lawyer, and of active business habits. He is, we believe, the youngest member of the new cabinet, being about thirty-five years of age.

CALEB CUSHING, Attorney General. We have taken occasion in a previous number to speak somewhat at length of this gentleman. Mr. Cushing was born in Salisbury, Essex co., Mass., in January, 1800, and, consequently, is now in his 54th year. His father, belonging to one of the most respectable of the old families of Massachusetts, was extensively engaged in the shipping business, by which he acquired a handsome fortune. Caleb Cushing entered Harvard College when very young, and graduated in the 13th year of his age. Since that time he has been much and prominently before the public, as a lawyer, a politician, a soldier, a judge, and is probably possessed of more versatility of talent than any other member of the cabinet.

The series of likenesses which we present are from the best authority, and the whole will be prized by our readers.

Wayside Gatherings.

The City Council of New Bedford has appropriated \$2000 for the celebration of the ensuing Fourth of July.

The Eriasson at present lies at the dock, foot of North Eighth street. Several months must yet elapse ere her voyage to Europe.

The mock auction shops are in full blast in New York, notwithstanding the new law for their suppression.

It is calculated that there are no less than 100,000 foreign refugees in London.

During the last twenty years, every manager of the Italian Opera House, Haymarket, London, has failed.

It is said that the empress of China has become a Christian, and that the emperor himself is inclined to embrace Christianity.

Dr. Sheridan Muspratt has a portrait of Shakspeare, at his College of Chemistry, in Liverpool, which was painted by a contemporary artist of the hard of Avon.

The watering place season promises to be unusually early this summer. Some of the best suites of rooms at Newport and Cape May have already been taken.

Recent accounts from the Molucca Islands state that fearful earthquakes were experienced there on the 16th of November, and more than sixty lives were lost.

General Polutkesky, the Russian privy councillor, confessed on his death-bed that he had embezzled 1,800,000 silver rubles. The corpse of the penitent man was degraded in its coffin by the executioner!

The English papers give an account of a brutal prize fight which lately occurred at Brandon, in Suffolk. The battle lasted two and a half hours, and it is reported that the defeated party died soon after the fight was concluded.

In the British House of Commons, on a bill for regulating licenses for public houses in Scotland, Mr. Henry Drummond affirmed that, every Saturday night, thirty thousand men got drunk in Glasgow, and lay in a perfect state of insensibility until Monday morning.

Official information has been received at Washington from the American minister at Paris, that the universal exhibition of agriculture and manufactures would be held in Paris on the 1st day of May, 1855, and all nations are cordially invited to participate in the exhibition.

A traveller has just returned to Southampton, England, who circumnavigated the world in seven months, by steam—said to have been the first to do this. He went first to Melbourne, then to Singapore, and thence home.

When Ole Bull appeared, a few days ago, in Peoria, Illinois, some of the people were astonished to see him so young looking; as they innocently supposed "Ole" to be, not a part of his name, but an affectionate and familiar spelling of the adjective *old*.

In two years the population of California has increased thirty per cent., and it is thought that in ten years it will have at least quadrupled. There are, as at present estimated, 308,000 inhabitants, the annual increase being thirty-nine per cent. greater than that of the other States.

A correspondent of the Transcript writes the particulars of a late accident, by which a boy put out one of his brother's eyes with an arrow shot from a bow; and the physician who attended said it was the sixth accident of the kind that had come under his notice. Boys should be very cautious while practising this amusement.

Foreign Items.

In Turkey, the Sultana's mother is dead.

General Walter Raleigh Gilbert, of the English army, is dead. Reports unfavorable to the wine crops come from Catalonia, in Spain.

The insurrection in China is advancing so rapidly, that the emperor asks assistance from the British.

Silver mines and traces of auriferous quartz have been discovered on government lands near Kongsberg, in Norway.

The young English prince will bear, among others, the names of Duocan, George, and the principal one of Leopold.

In Greece, the ambassadors of England, France and Russia had decided that the three villages in dispute belong to Turkey.

General Pyotelli, officer under Murat, died at Naples, and was buried without military honors, on account of his liberal principles.

Ludwig Tieck, the eminent German poet and scholar, died recently; also, Calamme, the Swiss landscape painter.

Spain is just catching the railway mania, and several have already been commenced about Lisbon, Seville and Cordova.

The empress of France recovers but slowly, and will, with her husband, visit the baths of Pau, in the Pyrenees, in the course of the summer.

Paris papers have dates from Constantinople of 2d. New difficulties have arisen in the question of the holy shrines, respecting the guardianship of the sepulchre; but it is expected the question will be settled as previously anticipated.

From Ireland the chief intelligence relates to the emigration movement, which is more active this season than ever, and is mostly to America, the means being supplied by remittances from previous emigrants in the United States.

There had been one or two arrivals with gold from Australia, to a large extent. The news by these arrivals varies little from preceding accounts. Most of the mines were yielding abundantly, although some few diggings had been exhausted.

A new infernal machine, ready mounted, and in death-dealing order, was recently seized on board a vessel called the Emperor de Bresil, at Havre, just from Rio de Janeiro; a locksmith, a passenger, who had it in charge, and his wife, were arrested. No indication of its intended victim was discovered.

In reference to Napoleon III., it is said that, as the fears of anarchy which gave birth to his power subside, all classes but a portion of the soldiery cannot but feel the degradation to which they have submitted, and the uncertainty of the future which they have exchanged for a momentary crisis.

Mrs. D'Israeli is coming out as a leader of the ton. She had a grand reception Friday evening, and would have a second one on that day week. Her own property is £6000 a year. She is twelve years older than her husband, and her only fault is that she cannot forget that she was a beauty—thirty years ago.

The Dublin exhibition was opened on Thursday, 12th May, by the lord lieutenant, in presence of 15,000 spectators. Benson, the architect, was knighted by the lord lieutenant; but Mr. Durgin, to whose munificent advances of 80,000 pounds the exhibition owes its origin, declined the honor. Mr. Loggersoll apologized that diplomatic business prevented his attendance.

Sands of Gold.

Prosperity is no just scale; adversity is the only balance to weigh friends.—Plutarch.

The most happy man is he who knows how to bring into relation the end and beginning of his life.—Goethe.

Idleness is the stupidity of the body, and stupidity the idleness of the mind.—Seneca.

He that preaches gratitude pleads the cause both of God and men; for without it we can neither be sociable nor religious.—Seneca.

The greater part of men have no opinion, still fewer an opinion of their own, well reflected and founded upon reason.—Seneca.

When a noble life has prepared old age, it is not the decline that it recalls, but the first days of immortality.—Madame de Staël.

Man ought always to have something which he prefers to life, otherwise life itself will appear to him tiresome and void.—Seneca.

The happy people of this world think that the unhappy ought to perish before them with the same grace as that which the Roman populace exacted of the gladiators.—Goethe.

The integrity of the heart, when it is strengthened by reason, is the principal source of justice and wit; an honest man thinks nearly always justly.—J. J. Rousseau.

A truth which one has never heard causes the soul surprise at first, which touches it keenly; but when it is accustomed to it, it becomes very insensible there.—Nicole.

To despise theory is to have the excessively vain pretension to do without knowing what one does, and to speak without knowing what one says.—Fontenelle.

Few things in this world trouble people more than poverty, or the fear of poverty; and indeed it is a sore affliction; but, like all other ills that flesh is heir to, it has its antidote, its reliable remedy. The judicious application of industry, prudence and temperance is a certain cure.—Hosea Ballou.

Joker's Budget.

A western editor requests those of his subscribers who owe him for more than six years' subscription to send him a lock of their hair, so that he will know they are living.

An Irishman called into a store, and priced a pair of gloves. He was told they came to ten shillings. "Och, by my soul, thin," says he, "I'd sooner my hands'd go barefoot, than pay that price for 'em."

An Irishman was lately arrested in St. Louis for stealing goods at a fire. On examination before a magistrate, he confessed the act, but urged, in palliation of the offence, that he had been only a month in the country, and didn't know the rules!

A wag, hearing that in 1830 the brewers consumed seven hundred thousand quarters of barley less than were used in 1730, and yet made a million barrels more beer, asked very pertinently, which had grown smaller, the barrels or the beer?

There is a man in Grant county, Kentucky, who is so very miserly, that whenever he sends his negro servant down into the cellar for apples, he makes him whistle all the way down to the apple box, and back, to prevent him eating any of the fruit.

A prince, laughing at one of his courtiers, whom he had employed in several of his embassies, told him he looked like an owl. "I know not," answered the courtier, "what I look like; but this I know, that I have had the honor several times to represent your majesty's person."

The "Down East Debating Society," having dismissed the question "Where does fire go to when it gets out?" have got a new and more exciting one up: "When a house is destroyed by fire, does it burn up, or does it burn down?" There will probably be a warm debate on this question.

King George II. having ordered his gardens at Kew and Richmond to be opened for the admission of the public during part of the summer, his gardener, finding it troublesome to him, complained to the king that the people gathered the flowers. "What," said the monarch, "are my people fond of flowers? They plant some more."

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F. GLEASON, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, BOSTON, MASS.

BRONZE STATUE OF DE WITT CLINTON.

This colossal work of art, of which the engraving is a representation, was executed by Mr. H. K. Brown, of Brooklyn, for a number of private gentlemen in New York, and intended for erection in Greenwood Cemetery. The figure itself is ten feet six inches in height, and, as will be seen, is dressed in the modern costume, but so cleverly and artistically as to conciliate, we imagine, the most bigoted advocates of the classic "toga." In looking at this magnificent production, the predominant feeling of the beholder is an overwhelming sense of dignity and power. It is, indeed, a triumph of art. The details are so admirably managed as not to detract, in the least degree, from the singleness of effect; and the whole exhibits a grandeur of conception and vigor of treatment truly astonishing. The pedestal, also of bronze, is eight feet in height, on two sides of which are representations in *basso relievo* of the Erie Canal—of which Clinton was the projector—in the course of construction and in operation. The different figures and their groupings introduced therein are very happily conceived. Previous to placing the statue in its final position, it will be exhibited in New York, in front of the City Hall. Its formal inauguration, however, will not take place until the anniversary of the opening of the Erie Canal, which will be some time in September next. We noticed several other works of art in Mr. Brown's sanctum, not the least interesting of which was a "Resurrection Angel," in bronze, also intended for the classic shades of Greenwood. What struck us as remarkable in this statue was the large feeling—the wonderful union of celestial grace and dignity thrown into it, and the effect of which was not in the least impaired by the overshadowing presence of the mighty figure of Clinton. Mr. Brown is at present engaged on a classical equestrian statue of Washington, which is also to be cast in bronze, and to be placed, we believe, in Union Square, New York. Some brief biographical notice of the subject of the elegant statue may be interesting to our readers; and, in this connection, we give the following condensed account of the life of this favorite son of the Empire State. De Witt Clinton was born, March 2, 1769, at Little Britain, Orange county, New York. He was of English origin. His father served with great distinction during the Revolutionary war, and became a major general in the army of the United States. His mother was a De Witt, a member of the distinguished Dutch family of that name. Her parents had emigrated to America. He was educated at Columbia College, where he highly distinguished himself. He then commenced reading law with the late Honorable Samuel Jones, and, in due time, was admitted to the bar. But before he was able to acquire any practice of importance, he was appointed private secretary to his uncle George Clinton, and continued in this office, until the end of his relative's administration, in 1785. In the interim, he had been chosen secretary to the board of regents of the university, and to the board of fortifications of New York. In 1797, Mr. Clinton was elected a member of the legislature of New York, at the time when the two great parties, which have since divided the country, were organized, and embraced the republican or democratic side. In 1800, he was chosen by the council of appointment, of which body he was a member, to support their cause in a controversy between them and Governor Jay. This was finally settled by a convention, which met at Albany, in 1801, when the constitution of New York was modified in various ways. The same year, he was chosen a member of the senate of the Union, in order to supply the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of General Armstrong, and continued a member of that body for two sessions. After that period, he was chosen mayor of New York, and remained in this situation, with the intermission of but two years, until 1815, when he was obliged to retire, in consequence of party politics. In 1817, he was elected, almost unanimously, governor of the State; the two great parties having combined for the purpose of raising him to that dignity—so high was the general sense of his talents and services. This harmony continued until the distribution of offices, when, of course, discontent was excited, and at that time commenced a systematic opposition to his administration. He was re-elected, however, in 1820, notwithstanding the great exertions of the opposite party, who had induced Daniel D. Tompkins, then vice-president, and, from his popularity in his native State, emphatically termed the *man of the people*, to become his opponent. After his re-election, great resistance was made to his measures; but, fortunately, the canal scheme, of which Mr. Clinton was one of the prime movers and most efficient advocates, had been so firmly established, that it was secure from attack. Having nothing to fear for this favorite object, he proceeded in his plans of public improvement, notwithstanding the violence with which he was assailed; but in 1822, he declined offering himself again as a candidate, and retired into private life. In 1810, Mr. Clinton had been appointed, by the senate of his State, one of the board of canal commissioners; but the displeasure of his political opponents, who were, at that time, greatly predominant in the legisla-

ture, was excited by the enthusiasm evinced in his favor at the canal celebration, in October, 1823, at Albany, and they deprived him of office. This act, however, for which no reason could be assigned, occasioned a complete reaction of the public feeling towards him. His friends did not suffer the opportunity to escape, but again brought him forward as a candidate for the office of governor, and carried him, by a most triumphant majority over Colonel Young. In 1826, he was again elected, by a large majority, over Judge Rochester; but he died before this term was completed. His decease was in consequence of a

social relations, he was cheerful and kind; in his friendships, warm and sincere; and in his moral character, unexceptionable. His manners were rather distant and reserved, in consequence of long habits of abstraction, and a natural diffidence, of which he never could divest himself. He was rather an early riser, and extremely laborious, every moment which he could spare from his necessary duties being devoted to the cultivation of his mind. No one was ever more ambitious of a reputation for science and literature. In some of the physical sciences he was specially versed, and his proficiency as a classical and belles-lettres scholar was very considerable. He was a member of a large part of the literary and scientific institutions of the United States, and an honorary member of many of the learned societies of Great Britain and the continent of Europe. His productions are numerous, and consist of his speeches in the State Legislature and in the senate of the Union, his speeches and messages as governor; his discourses before various literary, philosophical and benevolent institutions; his addresses to the army during the late war; and his judicial opinions; besides various fugitive pieces. As a public character, he is entitled to durable renown. His national services were of the greatest importance; the Erie Canal, especially, will always remain a monument of his patriotism and perseverance. He was, also, a promoter and benefactor of many religious and charitable institutions. In the performance of judicial duties, which he was called upon to discharge while mayor, and as a member of the court of errors, the highest judicial tribunal of New York, his learning and ability have received unqualified encomium. As a magistrate, he was firm, vigilant, dignified, and of incorruptible integrity. From none of his official stations did he derive any pecuniary benefit, though he had often opportunities of acquiring affluence. As an orator, he was forcible and manly, though not very graceful. Mr. Clinton was twice married. His first wife was Miss Maria Franklin, the daughter of an eminent merchant of New York, by whom he had seven sons and three daughters. His second wife was Miss Catharine Jones, the daughter of the late Doctor Thomas Jones, of New York, a lady of great excellence. With these remarks, we close our reference to the prominent individual, whose commemorative statue is herewith given.

THE ISLAND OF CUBA.

One of the earliest discoveries of the great admiral, has been known to Europe since 1492 and has borne successively the names of Juana, Fernandina, Santiago, and Ave Maria, and has found refuge from this confusion of titles in the aboriginal appellation. Soon after its discovery by Columbus, it was colonized by Spaniards from St. Domingo. They found the island inhabited by a native race, a most peculiar people, hospitable, inoffensive, timid, fond of the dance, and the rude music and songs of their own people, yet naturally indolent and lazy from the character of the climate they inhabited. These aborigines had some definite idea of God and heaven, and were governed by patriarchs or kings, whose word was law, and whose age gave them precedence. They were at once subjected by the Spaniards, who reduced them to slavery, and proving hard task-masters, the poor overworked natives died in scores, until they had nearly disappeared, when the home government granted permission to import three hundred negroes from the coast of Africa, to labor on the ground, and seek for gold, which had been represented to exist here. Thus early commenced the first slave trade of Cuba. In 1533, Havana, the capital, was surprised by a French corsair, who reduced it to ashes, and for more than half a century from that period the shores of the island became the haunts of powerful bands of rovers or buccaners, who spread terror over the gulf and the neighboring seas. In 1762, the British took the city and the adjoining fortifications, but it was restored to Spain during the subsequent year, since when it has gone on increasing in wealth and resources, rendering an immense income to the home government to this day. The form of the island is quite irregular, and resembles the blade of a Turkish scimitar, slightly curved back, or approaching the form of a long, narrow crescent. It stretches away in this shape from east to west, throwing its western end into a curve, as if to form an impregnable barrier to the outlet of the Gulf of Mexico, and as though, at some ancient period, it had formed a part of the American continent, and had been severed on its north side from the Florida peninsula, by the wearing of the Gulf Stream, and from Yucatan, on its southwestern point, by a current setting into the gulf. Its political position, all concede to be of vital importance to the United States; and this will be apparent to any one from the slightest inspection of the map. It is the most westerly of the West Indian isles, and, compared with the rest, has nearly twice as much superficial extent of territory. Its greatest extent from east to west is about six hundred miles; its narrowest part is twenty-two miles. The circumference of the island is nearly two thousand miles, containing some thirty-two thousand square miles of available land, which is abundantly fruitful.—*John S. Thresher.*



BRONZE STATUE OF DE WITT CLINTON, DESIGNED FOR GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

entarrhal affection of the throat and chest, which, being neglected, occasioned a fatal disease of the heart. He expired almost instantaneously, whilst sitting in his library, after dinner, Feb 11, 1828. His son was writing near him, and, on being informed by him of a sense of oppression and stricture across the breast, immediately called in medical aid; but before the physician could arrive, his father was no more. The next day, business was suspended in Albany. The public testimonials of respect paid to his memory, throughout the State and Union, were almost numberless. His body was interred with every honor. Mr. Clinton was tall, finely proportioned, and of a commanding aspect. In his domestic and

ing of the Gulf Stream, and from Yucatan, on its southwestern point, by a current setting into the gulf. Its political position, all concede to be of vital importance to the United States; and this will be apparent to any one from the slightest inspection of the map. It is the most westerly of the West Indian isles, and, compared with the rest, has nearly twice as much superficial extent of territory. Its greatest extent from east to west is about six hundred miles; its narrowest part is twenty-two miles. The circumference of the island is nearly two thousand miles, containing some thirty-two thousand square miles of available land, which is abundantly fruitful.—*John S. Thresher.*

WARREN'S BUNKER HILL



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BRONFIELD AND TREMONT STREETS

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1853.

23 PER ANNUM. } VOL. IV. No. 25.—WHOLE No. 103.
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ALLEGORICAL DESIGN OF THE SEVENTEENTH OF JUNE.

It would be a reflection upon the intelligence and patriotism of our readers to attempt to explain why this date is remarkable in American history, or even to refer to the subject in detail, as it regards the character of the occasion and the belongings which associate themselves with it. Let us proceed, then, simply to refer to the objects most prominently delineated in our illustration below. At the top of the design is seen a likeness of General Warren, the acknowledged hero of the day, who, although commissioned Major General, fought, on this occasion, as a private soldier. Beneath, we have the battle of Bunker Hill, the opening of the conflict between this and the mother country, as far as a regular battle is concerned; for, although the affair of Lexington

and Concord was prior to this, still they were at least but severe skirmishes, whereas, on this occasion, a decided preparation was made, and regular battle was given. The particulars of that battle may be found in various forms in half the school books of America, but in illustration of our engraving, we need only say that the brave and patriotic Warren fell, a martyr to his country's cause. On the left of the picture may be found the monument, erected by the fraternity of Free Masons, which was taken down on the proposed erection of the present monument, which will be found as it now is, on the right of the engraving. Too much cannot be done to memorize these themes and facts upon the minds of the present generation, who, in turn, will hand down these remembrances to their children, and thus keep ever green those

recollections which must conduce to render our institutions and national career, from the very commencement, a sacred tablet in the memories of her sons. The present stately column, which rises its imposing shaft towards heaven, seems to point to the way which the gallant hearts, who perished on that spot for the glorious cause of freedom, have gone, heavenwards! The picture is a timely one, and our readers may find much that is suggestive in the theme, for their well-informed recollections. It is well to commemorate these events and memories by annual celebrations and gala days, that shall serve to fix in the minds of the rising generation the record of that history to which they and their children's children will ever be so much indebted,—the records of those struggles that won the price of our national liberty.



[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

HILDEBRAND:

—OR—

THE BUCCANEER AND THE CARDINAL.

A SICILIAN STORY OF SEA AND SHORE.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FRANCISCAN AGAIN.

LET us go back, now, to the Holy Tribunal. It was nearly noon, and the hot sun was pouring down its rays upon the pavements of the great court till they were heated as if by a furnace. A few agents were seated beneath the great trees that surrounded the great building, and several more were seated upon the edge of the marble basin of the fountain that sent up its cool waters just back of the edifice.

Just as we look into the court, the old Franciscan friar entered the passage-way at the great gate. The porter came out and spoke with him, and would have sent him back, but the old man showed a paper, and he was allowed to pass on. The agents who lounged beneath the trees had seen him pass the porter, and they merely looked curiously upon him as he walked along by them. His step was feeble, but yet he walked quickly for one so old.

When he reached the steps that led up to the main entrance of the building, he encountered a guard, but he showed his pass again, and again he was allowed to go on. Father Hugh now stood within the great hall, and after looking about for a moment, as if to assure himself that he was in the right place, he moved towards the black arras that hung against the wall at the extremity of the hall. This he moved aside, and knocked at the door beyond. It was opened by the grand master.

"Who art thou?" asked the master, with a motion as if to interrupt the visitor.

"Wait till I am within your room, and I will tell you."

The master would have still resisted the old man's entrance, but there was something in his look and tone that awed him, and he moved back.

"Now what is your business?" asked he of the tribunal.

"You have prisoners here whom I have a care for," returned the Franciscan.

"Ah."

"Yes. There is a man here called Hildebrand."

"Mayhap so."

"Ay—but I know it."

"Have a care, good father," uttered the master, in a meaning tone. "Beware that you do not have too much sympathy for that man."

"And why so?" calmly asked the friar.

"Why, you may sniffer with him—that's all."

"Ah, I shall not fear that," said Father Hugh, with a strange smile.

"You know not yet how some things can be done here; so I should advise you to be wary. If Hildebrand is here he is safe," haughtily replied the master.

"And you also have a younger man in durance here," resumed the Franciscan, without seeming to notice the master's last remark. "I mean one who is called Francis de Mora."

"It can matter little to you who is here," was the dry reply.

"Ay, but it does matter, though"

"Ah, you are too free, now, holy father. Have a care over that tongue of thine. If you know my office, you should tremble in my presence."

"Let us first to the business I have, and then if I have just cause to tremble, and there is time for it, I may try it. But mark ye," continued the old man, speaking more quickly and vehemently, while he shook his thin finger most portentously, "there may be others who will tremble!"

The master started at this; but he was a man used to strange scenes, and his mind was soon calm. For a moment the idea flashed upon him that his visitor might be insane, but the steady light of those great black eyes soon dispelled that thought.

"Now I know that de Mora is within these walls," continued the friar, "for I saw him led in."

"Well, and what if he is?"

"I would see both him and Hildebrand."

"You ask a strange question, holy father."

"Ay, because this is a strange place, and there have been strange doings here."

"Beware!"

"Enough of that. I would see the men I have spoken of."

"Then, plainly, you are too late."

"Too late? How?" uttered the friar, starting with fear.

"I hardly think they live now."

"By our holy church, signor master, I charge thee to speak more plainly! What do you mean?"

"Simply that both the prisoners have been consigned to the Tomb of Waters!"

"Ha!" shouted the old man, springing forward, and grasping the master by the arm. "I know that doom. When were the waters let in upon them?"

"An hour ago."

"An hour? Then they may be alive yet. Haste thee! Summon thy men! Oh! away! Tear open that dungeon! O, by the heavens above me, if they be dead, then there shall be trembling in Palermo!"

"But hold! what—what—means this?" gasped the master.

"Here!" cried the Franciscan, tearing a broad scroll from his bosom, and revealing the great seal which it bore. "Do you see there? Now on! on! Call your men, and lead the way. For your own life be in haste!"

The master gazed for a single instant upon that scroll, and then he started from the wooden stand that had seized him. With a nervous grasp he seized the bell-rope that hung near him, and only one more minute passed ere four of the black-robed agents were in the apartment.

"To the dungeon beneath the great fountain!" he cried, as soon as his agents entered. "I would save the two men who are there, if possible."

"On! on!" fell breathlessly from the lips of the Franciscan. "Your lives are all at stake!"

The agents sprang from the room, and Hugh and the master followed. With swift steps they hurried along the winding way. In the basement they procured torches, and thus prepared, they plunged into the damp depths of that fearful place.

"There is the wall of the dungeon," said the master, as the party reached the vaulted passage that led to it.

"In Heaven's name, on, then!" shouted the friar. "Tear open the place! Open with it!"

"Stand further back here, good father, for when the place is thrown open, the water will come out here in a torrent. Now back with the gate of the conduit, and then let go the spring of the dungeon."

As the master gave these orders, his agents sprang to obey them. From a place directly in front of the dungeon, a large square flag was slid from its place, and then a stone was moved from the bottom of the wall. The latter was a large square block, and as soon as it started from its place, the water rushed out in a foaming, roaring torrent. It required but a few minutes for all the water to escape into the conduit, and as soon as it ceased flowing, the great stone above the opening was also swung back.

With a quick movement both the friar and the master leaped through into the dungeon.

"Where are they?" exclaimed the Franciscan.

"Here," returned the master, as the light of one of the torches flashed in the place.

And there they were—both the old man and the young—clashed in each other's arms. They lay upon the cold, wet pavement, without sense, without motion.

"Dead!" trembled upon the friar's lips, as he stooped down and laid his hand upon de Mora's cold brow.

"Are you sure?" whispered the master.

"I fear so. O, if they come not back to life, this self same dungeon shall have other victims!"

"Ah!" uttered the master, as he ran his hand into Hildebrand's bosom, "here is life. The heart moves!"

"But I fear 'tis not so with this one."

"Let us take them from here. Above I have cordials. In the torture-chamber there are numerous restoratives. We may yet find life."

The friar made no reply, but he suffered the agents to take the two forms and bear them away. They were carried directly to the master's own room, and there the agents set at work upon them.

Those men understood all the secrets of restoring vital action to the prostrate system, for they had been called upon often to perform the task. Men whose lives had been almost drawn out upon the rack, they had revived, and they had given back life that was of no value to its possessor. But now they were moved by more powerful motives, and ere long Francis de Mora showed signs of returning consciousness. Hildebrand had already opened his eyes, and was gazing vacantly about upon the faces that looked down upon him.

"They both live," said the master.

"It is well for you that they do," returned the friar; "for I tell you that these are not the only lives that are thus saved."

CHAPTER XXII.

HILDEBRAND'S STORY.

In one of the vestibules of the convent of the Capuchins sat Hildebrand and Francis de Mora. They were both of them pale and somewhat weak, but their strength of body was fast returning. The young man was sitting by an open window, and apparently gazing out upon the orange trees that grew near at hand, but a close observer might have noticed that his eyes had a vacant, abstracted look—that he saw nothing beyond his own busy thoughts. His companion looked far different from what he did when first we saw him. Much of the beard was shorn from his face, his dress was less wild and extravagant than before, and the events of the past four days had thrown a softening effect over his countenance.

"Hildebrand," said Francis, turning from the window and looking upon his companion, "we are alone now, and you know you promised to tell me of your life."

"My mind has been upon the same subject," returned the old man, "and I have no objection to tell you the story now."

Hildebrand moved his seat nearer to the window, and Francis bent his head forward to listen.

"It is many years now since I have been free to tread these streets in safety," commenced the old man. "I was noble born, and I was born with hatred to the Spaniard, for my father transmitted to me the spirit. Yet I lived here in Palermo until I had seen thirty years of life. I was married to one of Sicily's fairest daughters, and our union was blessed with one child, and then the lamp of my earthly joy went out in darkness. My fondly

cherished, my almost madly loved, wife, died. For a while I staggered beneath the blow, and when I recovered from it I began to turn my thoughts upon a theme that had lain dormant in my bosom from childhood. I thought that my country might be free from the rule of a foreign tyrant; I felt that there was strength enough in our land to throw off the yoke, and I swore within my own bosom that I would labor towards that end. I knew that our mountains were full of true hearts and stout arms that would join me—that even our city contained thousands who would like to be free, and with a careful movement I set about the work.

"I found some of the nobles in whom I could confide, and they agreed to second my efforts. Our plans were well matured—over two thousand of our people were ready to join—we had magazines in the mountains, and arms collected there, when one man in whom I had confided betrayed the movement. That man was John de Villani, the Count of Trapani."

"Do you mean the father of Nicholas?" asked Francis.

"Yes, the same. He betrayed me, and our plans were all frustrated. Many of the patriots were seized and hung, and many who could not be found were proscribed. I was among the latter. A price was set upon my head, and I was obliged to flee. I gave my child to a friend, who promised to protect it; and then I took to the mountains. There I remained a year, but I was hunted from place to place like a wild beast, and I knew that I must leave my native island. I stood upon the mountain one day, and looked off upon the fertile vales of our people. There were fifty brave men with me—men proscribed like myself. One of them, my own brave Carlini—you remember him."

"Yes. Your second officer, you mean."

"The same. He came and laid his hand upon my shoulder, and he said to me, 'Let us give war to the Spaniard!' and as he spoke, he pointed off to where we could distinguish the bosom of the great sea. It was a new thought, but it fired my soul in an instant. I still had my heart set upon further efforts to rouse the people, and I jumped at the idea that had presented itself. If we could get a ship, I thought, we might hover about the island, and not only keep up a correspondence with friends upon the shore, but at the same time worry the enemy."

"The ship was found, and we raised money enough to pay for it. I had some knowledge of maritime matters, and by diligent application I soon learned more. I assumed the command, and nearly a hundred men joined under me. For nearly a year we did little else besides drilling ourselves in our new vocation, and in watching the movements in the island; but at the end of that time we set out more fully upon our new mission. We began to intercept the Spanish ships that sailed to and from our land, and everything of a mercantile or warlike character that we could get hold of we destroyed. Of course I was in the eyes of the government but a buccaneer; but I cared not for that. I saw my country groaning beneath her bondage. I saw the spirit of my people being crushed; I saw their liberties ground into the dust, and, worse than all, I saw the blight of ignorance gradually spreading its way over the soul of society."

"I worked hard for the redemption of my native home. Twice I came near starting the people up, but in both cases I was thwarted. You have heard of those rebellions."

"Yes," returned Francis, gazing with a sort of awe into the face of his companion. "I have heard of them; and when I did so the name of Hildebrand always came to my ear with a fearful sound."

"So there were others who trembled at the sound of my name who had no need so to do."

"But you have not told me yet of your connection with the cardinal."

"No, but I will do so. It is now three years, nearly, since I first heard directly from him. It seems he had by some means found out one of my places of rendezvous, and there he met me. There were two Carmelite monks with him. At first I refused to have anything to do with him, but he soon convinced me that he had no stratagem on foot for my harm, and I gave him audience. You may be sure that I was somewhat surprised when I learned his business. He wished to enter into an engagement with me for the destruction of four Spanish officers against whom he had a grudge, and whom he had occasion to fear. It was beyond his power to get hold of them, and he hoped to win me to his aid. The cardinal greatly mistook my character, but I did not deceive him. I knew his character, and I resolved to get him within my power; and to this end I professed to enter into his scheme. Though I never answered the cardinal's wishes, yet he thinks that I tried to do it. From that day to the present I have had more or less to do with him. I have used but little deception towards him, but he, in his inordinate love of gold, has deceived himself. He has borrowed money of me, and since that I think he has logged to get me within his power; but yet that circumstance has proved a heaven-sent providence, for, as I have once before told you, the borrowing of the money was the means of my knowing of his intentions with regard to Angela Footani."

At the sound of that name the expression of de Mora's countenance changed from one of earnest, listening look to one of quick and fiery impulse.

"And yet, O Heaven! how can she now be mine!" he uttered. "We know how wicked the cardinal is, but who shall break his power?"

"Let that be for the present," was Hildebrand's reply. "If the cardinal's power cannot be broken, we may at least snatch his victim from him."

"O, I pray that we may."

"I think we shall, for that has now become the turn-point of my life. If I could think that my countryman would rise, even now I would still cling to the purpose of my earlier years; but

the thing is hopeless. They have settled down quietly beneath the foreign rule, and I can see plainly enough that henceforth they will be but as crumbs in the plates of foreign kings. I am old now—too old to lead a hard life longer—and I have offered a trace to the Spaniard. I am sure he will accept it. If he does, I shall be at least safe in my native city."

"There is one thing yet I would ask of you," said de Mora. "I know you are a Sicilian noble, but—"

"You would know more," interrupted the old man, with a smile.

"Yes," returned Francis; "for you are yet unknown to me."

"I might tell you all now," said Hildebrand, in a low, thoughtful tone; "but I am not sure that I yet know myself. If I hear not favorably from the king, I may never be known for other than I now am."

"But I understood that you had heard from the king—that he had pardoned you. I thought you told this to your men among the mountains."

"I have seen my pardon, but I do not possess it."

Francis looked inquiringly into his companion's face, and he was about to reply, when the door of the vestibule opened, and Father Hugh, the Franciscan, entered.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CARDINAL AT BAY.

THE Cardinal of Palermo was busy in his private apartment. He sat at a table, and before him were spread a variety of papers and parchment rolls. He was examining them with deep interest, when he was interrupted by the entrance of some one. He turned in his seat, and beheld Benedic.

The last rays of the setting sun struck upon the Carmelite's face, and he looked pale and agitated.

"What now?" uttered Ludovico, dropping the paper which he held, and starting from his seat. "What tidings bring ye, that makes your limbs tremble so?"

"Hildebrand, my lord—"

"Well—he's dead."

"And de Mora—"

"And he, too, is dead."

"No, no, neither of them."

"Why do you lie so to me? Out upon thee. I tell thee that by this time they are both dead."

"I would not lie to thee, my lord; but 'tis true what I tell to thee. Both our victims have escaped."

"Benedic, you are trying my temper. I heard from the master, and he told me that the tide of death had been let in upon them. How then could they be alive now?"

"I cannot explain it, nor tell you why; but I do know that they are both free."

Ludovico gazed into the monk's face for some time without speaking. The color forsook his cheeks, and his limbs trembled. "You are not lying, then?" he hoarsely whispered.

"No—upon my faith, I am not."

"Have you seen Hildebrand and de Mora?"

"Yes. At the convent of the Capuchins."

"How—how escaped they?"

"I know not. I hastened at once to the tribunal and told the master."

"Ha! And he sent for them at once?"

"Not so, my lord. He told me that he knew they had gone."

"He—knew—it!" gasped the cardinal, sinking back into a chair. "But how got they out?"

"He let them out."

"Not the master?"

"Yes."

Ludovico started up from his seat again.

"By my whole life's hopes," he uttered, "I cannot understand this thing. What reason did the master give for this act?"

"He would give me none."

"Then, by his soul, he shall give me an answer! But hold—you may be mistaken. The master was trifling with you."

"As true as there is a heaven above us, my lord duke, it is just as I say. I saw both the prisoners at the convent, and I know that their judge set them free."

"O, holy Saint Peter, help me now!" fell from the cardinal's lips as he pressed his hand upon his brow. He gazed upon the Carmelite a moment, and then he continued:

"I think I can see this now. The Franciscan has been at work here."

"There I know you are right," returned Benedic, "for the porter at the great gate told me that the old friar passed him, and I saw him, too, at the convent."

"Then the Franciscan shall die for this. I care not—"

"Stop a moment, my lord," interrupted the Carmelite. "I fear he bears a commission from one whom we dare not thwart, and whom it would not be safe to try to circumvent."

"I know he does," furiously returned the cardinal; "but that shall not save him now. I care not what may have been his intentions, he has done that which no law can bear him out in. I am ruler here, and if he had business to do, it should have been done through me. Instead of that, he has trodden upon my authority. Trodden upon me! Do you hear, Benedic? He has cast defiance in my teeth! By Saint Paul, he shall die, and his master shall not know it. I have yet men whom I can trust."

As he spoke, he touched the bell-cord. His youthful page answered.

"Is Spezzoni in the court?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Bid him come here."

While the page was doing his errand, Ludovico stood in one position, with his arms folded across his breast, and his eyes bent upon Benedic. At length Spezzoni came. He was a soldier and an officer—a Spaniard by birth, and the commander of the cardinal's own guard.

"Ha, my noble captain," uttered Ludovico, starting forward as the officer entered, "feel you now like a deep, quick work?"

"Anything with your sanction," returned the captain.

"How many men have you that you would trust with your own life?"

"A score of them, my lord."

"Then mark me, now. At the convent of the Capuchins there are three men whom I would have taken care of. One of them is Hildebrand, another is young Francis de Mora, and the third is an old Franciscan friar, named Hugh. They are snakes! venomous reptiles! their very life is dangerous! Do you understand?"

Spezzoni nodded assent.

"Then will you take them and bring them hither? If I am not here when you come, take them to the prison at once, and place one of your own men over them. Do you understand?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And will you obey?"

"Yes."

"Mind—to the very letter."

"You know you can depend upon me, my lord cardinal."

"Ay, I think I can. But remember your orders. Under no circumstances suffer them to escape. If there should arise a doubt, let its solution rest with me. Away, now, and do your duty."

When the officer departed, the shades of twilight had deepened over the city, and ere long afterwards, the duke of Palermo entered the cardinal's presence. It was not yet so dark but that Fontani could distinguish the round, fat form of the Carmelite, and he made a motion for him to withdraw.

"Now, my lord cardinal," said the duke, "everything is ready, and the sooner the business is done the better."

"I give thee joy, Fontani, that you are so soon to be rid of your troublesome business," returned Ludovico.

The duke did not see the look of contempt that rested upon the prelate's countenance, for it was too dark.

"I shall surely be glad when 'tis off my mind," said Fontani.

"I believe you; and I shall be glad with you. I tell thee, my good duke, I have had more trouble with this affair than I had thought. When first I entertained the idea, I supposed the plan would be very easily carried out; but instead of that, I have been met with obstacles at every turn—obstacles, too, that might have daunted any other man in Palermo; but I am not to be turned aside from a fixed purpose. By the holy church, my lord duke, if I had given up this thing when I had the work half done, I should have looked with disgust upon myself ever afterwards. But now the obstacles are conquered, and this night shall see the triumph of the cardinal. 'Tis a good thing to possess power, but more than half of that good lies in using it boldly and fearlessly. Think, now, if I had given way to the first abjection I had from yourself and your niece—why, instead of standing now upon the very threshold of my wishes, I should be worse off than when I commenced. Wait here for me, my good duke, and I will soon accompany you."

Michael Fontani was left to his own reflections, and they were anything but agreeable. He saw what a man he had sold himself to, and he began to really despise himself. But it was too late now to retrace his steps. The wretched man would have given all his titular honor now could he but have repented and been clear of the business. Repentance was in his heart, and conscience was beginning to do its work.

* * * * *

In the vestibule of the Capuchin convent Hildebrand and de Mora were still sitting. It was dark—just commencing night, and Father Hugh had gone to bring a lighted candle.

Suddenly there arose a clattering sound upon the pavement of the court, and the din of voices could be heard. Nearer came the clatter, and louder sounded the hum of voices. Along the basement corridor of the convent came the tramp of feet, and while Hildebrand and de Mora wondered what it could all mean, their door was thrown open, a bright glare of light flashed upon them, and they found themselves surrounded by armed men.

"What means this?" uttered Hildebrand, starting from his seat.

"It means that you are both prisoners," returned Spezzoni, who came at the head of the soldiers.

"Prisoners! By whom?"

"The cardinal. And there is another one, too, an old Franciscan. Where is he?"

At that moment Father Hugh entered. Spezzoni knew him, and his mailed hand was laid quickly upon him.

"How is this?" cried the old friar. "Is this the way you desecrate the house of God's children?"

"It's the way we come for those we want."

"You do not mean that you will make us prisoners?"

"I mean that you are prisoners—and prisoners, too, beyond the power of escape. Fall in, my men. Secure them and guard them well."

"Did the cardinal order this?" asked the Franciscan.

"Yes," returned the officer.

"Will you take us to Ludovico's dwelling?"

"Yes."

"Then lead on."

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

AN OCEAN SKETCH BY MOONLIGHT.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

O heaven, the sweet enchantment of this hour
Holds the wild spirit in its mystic power;
And cold indeed must be the human breast,
Which feels not now with holier thoughts impressed;
While in the deep, blue firmament so broad,
Glimmer the stars around the throne of God!
Stranger! forget awhile life's passing woe,
And gaze with me where ocean's billows flow!
From zone to zone his dark blue waves are hurled,
Majestic in their course—a watery world!
Time changes all the proud works of man,
But thou art glorious as when time began!
Bright, beautiful and vast, I mix with thee
In thy wild play—thou darkly-heaving sea!
The floating palaces—those winged things,
The wooden unions of the will of kings—
Are but as playthings in the awful joy,
And fragile as the wayward infant a toy!
In calm how lovely! or when the strong gale
Sweeps thy wide breast and rends the shivering sail;
Bends the tall pines, and howls the shrouds among,
To sing the drowning seaman's wild death-song.
Terribly beautiful! The ghastly glare
Of arrowy lightnings cleave the sullen air!
And yet I love thee, ocean! and my soul
Feels boundless joy to watch thy surges roll;
And here in humbleness I turn to Thee,
Maker of star-lit worlds—and you proud sea!

THE MOCKING BIRD OF AMERICA.

THE American mocking bird is the prince of all song birds, being altogether unrivalled in the extent and variety of his vocal powers; and, besides the fulness and melody of his original notes, he has the faculty of imitating the notes of all other birds, from the humming-bird to the eagle. Pennant states that he heard a caged one imitate the mewing of a cat, and the creaking of a sign in high winds. Barrington says, his pipes come nearest to the nightingale of any bird he ever heard. The description, however, given by Wilson, in his own inimitable manner, as far exceeds Pennant and Barrington, as the bird excels his fellow-singers. Wilson tells us that the ease, elegance and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening to and laying up lessons, mark the peculiarity of his genius. His voice is full, strong and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear, mellow tones of the wood thrush to the savage scream of the bald eagle. In measure and accents he faithfully follows his originals, while in strength and sweetness of expression, he greatly improves upon them. In his native woods upon a dewy morning, his song rises above every competitor; for the others appear merely as inferior accompaniments. His own notes are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or at most five or six syllables, generally uttered with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued with undiminished ardor, for half an hour or for an hour at a time. While singing, he expands his tail, glistening with white, keeping time to his own music; and the buoyant gaiety of his action is no less fascinating than his song. He sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstasy; he mounts and descends, as his song swells or dies away; he bounds aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recover or recall his very soul, expired in the last elevated strain. A bystander might suppose, that the whole feathered tribe had assembled together on a trial of skill—each striving to produce his utmost effort—so perfect are his imitations. He often deceives the sportsman, and even birds themselves are sometimes imposed upon by this admirable mimic. In confinement, he loses little of the power or energy of his song. He whistles for the dog; Cesar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He cries like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about with feathers on end, to protect her injured brood. He repeats the tune taught him, though it be of considerable length, with perfect accuracy. He runs over the notes of the canary, and of the red bird, with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters confess his triumph by their immediate silence. His fondness for variety, some suppose, injures his song. His imitations of the brown thrush is often interrupted by the crowing of cocks; and his exquisite warblings after the blue bird are mingled with the screaming of swallows, or the cackling of hens. During moonlight, both in the wild and tame state, he sings the whole night long. The hunters, in their nocturnal excursions, know that the moon is rising, the instant they hear his delightful solo. After Shakespeare, Barrington attributes, in part, the exquisiteness of the nightingale's song to the silence of the night; but if so, what are we to think of the bird, which, in the open glare of day, overpowers and often silences all competition? The natural notes of the American mocking bird are similar to those of the brown thrush.—Audubon.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

Grave natures, led by custom, and therefore constant, are commonly loving husbands, as was said of Ulysses, "vetulam snam praetulit immortalitati." Chaste women are often proud and forward, as presuming upon the merit of their chastity. It is one of the best bonds, both of chastity and obedience, in the wife, if she think her husband wise, which she will never do if she find him jealous. Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men's nurses; so as a man may have a quarrel to marry when he will: but yet he was reputed one of the wise men that made answer to the question when a man should marry: "A young man not yet, an elder man not at all." It is often seen that bad husbands have very good wives; whether it be that it raiseth the price of their husbands' kindness when it comes, or that the wives take a pride in their patience; but this never fails if the bad husbands were of their own choosing, against their friends' consent, for then they will be sure to make good their own folly.—Bacon.

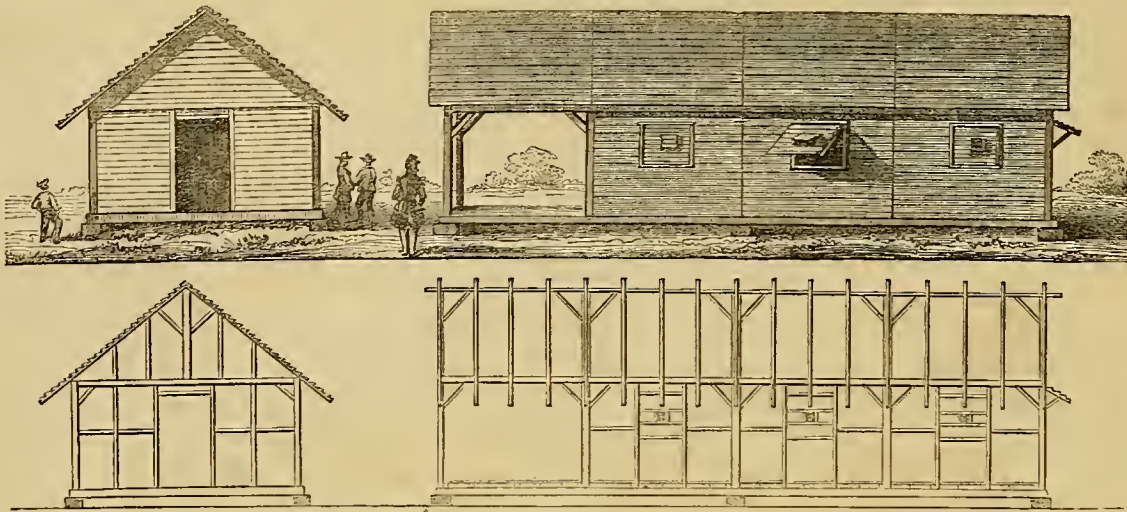
TEMPER AND THE VOICE.

The influence of temper upon tone deserves much consideration. Habits of querulousness or ill-nature will communicate a cat-like quality to the singing, as infallibly as they give a quality to the speaking voice. That there really exist amiable tones is not an unfounded opinion. In the voice there is no deception; it is to many the index of the mind, denoting moral qualities; and it may be remarked that the low, soft tones of gentle and amiable beings, whatever their musical endowments may be, seldom fail to please; besides which, the singing of ladies indicates the cultivation of their taste generally, and the embellishment of their mind.—Mordaunt.

CAYENNE.

French Guiana, on the northeast coast of South America, was destined as a receptacle of convicts transported from France; but it remained to select the most suitable points for this purpose, and to regulate the treatment to which the condemned should be subjected. Two points seemed to the French ministry to fulfil the desirable conditions: one situated in the part called Windward, on the borders of the Oyapock, and towards the mouth of that river; the other in the Windward part, where the government already possesses an ancient and vast tract, which for the present can serve as a basis for a sufficiently extensive settlement.—

We do not know which point was ultimately decided on, but we believe the transported are divided between the two points. We are told that the treatment of the exiles is milder than that of galley slaves, and we trust so for the honor of humanity. For it must be remembered that a large proportion of the unfortunate beings now sent to Cayenne, were condemned for no other offence than that of resisting the usurpation of that consummate scoundrel, Napoleon, on the 2d of December. Torn from their families, associated with the vilest wretches, they are sent to die of grief and disease in the burning climate of the tropics. The barracks, which the usurper has



ELEVATION AND PLAN OF THE PRISONERS' BARRACKS, AT CAYENNE.

the pursuit of small fish, its ordinary prey, that it is often found taken by the hook, or dragged in the nets spread for taking hering. In shooting the imbrim, the gunner must take good aim and kill it at a shot, for when wounded, it escapes, and there is little chance of getting again within gunshot of it. Still, from time to time, northern divers have been taken alive, and their habits have thus been more conveniently and closely examined. Montague, the naturalist, kept one in a pond, and succeeded in taming it in a few days. The docile bird came at his call from

visits, it constantly relapsed into its vagrant habits, constantly retreated with its halting gait, seeking some safer retreat more to its taste, and preferred to endure hunger rather than submit to the loss of its liberty." The gait which Mr. Nuttall notices, has procured the imbrim the name it bears in Lapland, where it is called the cripple-loon. The build of the great diver is admirably adapted to its aquatic life. Its sharp head is smaller than the adjacent parts of the neck, that it may pierce the water with more facility; the wings of the bird are placed forwards out of the cen-

recommended moaning. If approached too close, it defended itself bravely, sprang angrily at the aggressor, and struck him with its stout dagger-shaped beak. Its eye, the iris of which was red like those of Albinos, seemed to suffer from the brightness of day; it sought to shelter itself from too vivid a light, and only renewed its activity towards evening. The pupil of the eye, like those of all nocturnal animals, dilated readily. An indefatigable diver, it often plunged its head under water to watch for its prey. It remained there hidden for many minutes in succession, and if it mounted to the surface, it was to cleave the water as swiftly as an arrow cleaves the air. Though my imbrim might have finally become more docile and accustomed to



VIEW OF CAYENNE, THE PENAL COLONY OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

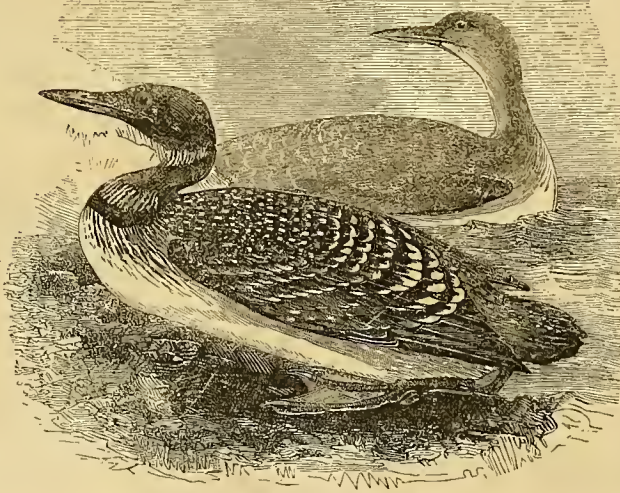
designed in his mercy to plan for them, would make very respectable stalls for oxen, or kennels for hounds; but what places to crowd human beings together under the relentless sun of the Equator! The horses and dogs of the prince-president are better cared for than are these unfortunate exiles.

THE IMBRIM, OR GREAT NORTHERN DIVER.

Unskilful in flying or walking, rarely seen out of the water, but when it ventures to traverse the air, rising on short wings to a considerable height, the imbrim inhabits the cold seas and the fresh water lakes of the northern countries of the globe. If the ice expels it, it descends from the bays and crystal gulfs of Spitzbergen and Greenland, the rugged shores of Lapland, and the reefs of Iceland, and directs itself to the Feroe and Shetland Islands, the Orades and Scotland. Rigorous winters even force it to the southern shores of England, and sometimes it even descends as far as the lagoons of Picardy. This bird hollows its nest of dry grass among the flags and reeds of the little islands scattered over the fresh water lakes and fens of the north. Each pair lives there apart, and hides themselves so skilfully, that it was believed for a long time that the imbrim brooded at the bottom of the sea, or that, swimming on the surface, it kept under its wings, in the two cavities which they covered, its two large eggs of a brownish olive, spotted here and there with a darker tinge. A path traced in the grass by the frequent passages of the bird, finally betrayed to the hunter the secret of this nest so skilfully hidden, on which the female diver sits in such a manner as to be hidden by the reeds. If she is disturbed in this asylum, if any powerful enemy approaches her too near, the imbrim, which cannot make use of her short legs, placed too far back to sustain her, glides along on her belly by jerks, pushes and drags herself along, the body inclined forward, and plunges into the water, where she dives. Making use then of both of her wings and her powerful palmated feet, she swims with great rapidity. "I have pursued this bird," says an English sportsman, "in a boat which four robust oarsmen drove through the water, without ever being able to gain on it, though the discharges of our guns, as soon as it showed itself, compelled it to dive incessantly." It is when hiding in the irregularities of rocks, near creeks, where the sandy bottom is visible through the shallow water, that the imbrim must be watched and waited for. It frequents these remote bays, so intent on

one bank to another, and fed out of his hand. A wound, which deprived it of one eye, injured the other, which did not prevent its discovering, instantly, a fish, thrown into the farthest part of the pond. When deprived of its habitual food, it was willing to eat meat. Mr. Nuttall, of Boston, also had a diver which he brought alive and placed in a pond full of fish. "This bird," says he, "uttered an incessant wail, and constantly seeking to escape, would hide itself in the bank. There it remained silent till it was discovered; then it glided rapidly to the water, and

tre of gravity, that the four members acting together, may not interfere with each other; the thighs, completely in the rear, favor the swinging movement which the imbrim requires for diving; its legs, flat, thin, and cutting as the edge of a knife, easily divide the waves, while its feet spread into broad oars which strike the water, and yet fold with such suppleness when the bird brings them forward to give them another sweep, that they are hardly broader than the tibia. Called ambergoose by the inhabitants of the Orkneys, because its size surpasses that of the goose, the imbrim is two feet and a half long from the end of the beak to the extremity of the tail. Its beak, of a lustrous black, is stout; the lower mandible, according to Wilson, is formed of two pieces, which, united by an elastic and thin membrane, can spread apart horizontally, to permit the bird to swallow large fishes. The head and the upper part of the neck are of a fine velvet black, glazed with green and shading purple; a double collar, formed of regular and parallel bands, alternately black and white, ornament only the front of the neck and the throat; below, a broad band of lustrous black, clouded with green and violet blends with the plumage of the back; the wing covers all the upper part of the body, are of the same rich velvet, sowed, in semicircular rows, with white spots, the end of each feather being tipped with white. The under part of the body is of ermine whiteness, and the tail is formed of twenty feathers, brown like the end of the wings. The Barabitzis, a nation which inhabits the north of Siberia, tan the skins of the imbrim, and prepare them in such a manner as to preserve the down. These skins, sewed together, are sold to make pelisses and caps, warm, thick and water-proof garments. The Greenlanders deck themselves, and the savages of Hudson's Bay are crowned with the feathers of the imbrim. Regnard, in his travels in Lapland, relates that the natives wear a hood of the skins of the loon-imbrim—and that they place it in such way that the head of the bird falls over their brows, while their ears are covered by the wings. This original head-dress forms one of the most comfortable coverings that one could possibly desire in the cold regions of the north, and attracted the attention of the poet traveller. The natives seem to esteem it as our helms do sable furs and ermine, and indeed it is scarcely less warm and comfortable for the wearer. The effect, however, of the plumage of this bird, arranged as is described, upon the head of the natives, must be exceedingly unique and grotesque.



THE IMBRIM, OR GREAT NORTHERN DIVER.

THE SALMON.

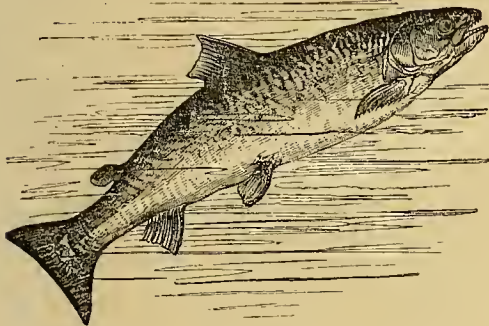
Salmon fishing is a sport both profitable and entertaining, and is by no means local in its character—being equally pursued and with common success, either in the old or the new world. The large engraving of the series given herewith, represents a famous fishing station in Ireland, known as Hasling Place, a very prolific one as it regards the annual yield of this delightful representative of the finny tribe. Especially is this fish taken in large quantities in the Kennebec and Penobscot Rivers, and forms quite an article of trade between the eastern cities and other portions of New England. The salmon is so well known for its quality as an article of food, as well as for the immense quantities in which it is taken, that it requires no other claims to recommend it strongly to our notice, and probably in no country of the world, in proportion to its size, are the fisheries so extensive, or the value of so much importance as in our own country. The number of fish obtained in the spring in a proper state for food is small compared with the quantity procured as the summer advances. During the early part of the season the salmon appear to ascend only as far as the rivers are influenced by the tide, advancing with the flood and retiring with the ebb, if their progress be not stopped by any of the various means employed to catch them. It is observed that the female fish ascend before the males; and the young fish of the year, called grilse, till they have spawned once, ascend earlier than those of more mature age. As the season advances the salmon ascend higher up the river beyond the influence of the tide; they are observed to be getting full of roe, and are more or less out of condition, according to their forward state as breeding fish. They shoot up rapids with



SALMON FISHING GROUND, AT HASLING PLACE, IRELAND.

towards the mid stream; and when the water is increased by rain they move gradually down the river. On meeting the tide they remain for two or three days in that part where the water becomes a little brackish from the mixture of salt water, till they are inured to the change, when they go off to sea all at once. Their growth appears to be very rapid, and many return to the brackish water increased in size in proportion to the time they have been absent. Fry marked in April or early in May have returned by the end of June weighing from two to three pounds and upwards. These small sized fish, when under two pounds

warm water forms a very grateful beverage, which is advantageously used in febrile diseases. The Turks and Arabs carry the pods, prepared with sugar or honey, either green or ripe, in journeys across the deserts; and they are found to constitute an agreeable and wholesome article of food. The pulp of the tamarind, in which the seeds are embedded, contains more acid than any other vegetable substance in a natural state, not even excepting the lemon; and there it is much used as a most agreeable condiment for sharpening food and drink. The pulp is of a very refreshing, vinous taste, of which the natives prepare a light,



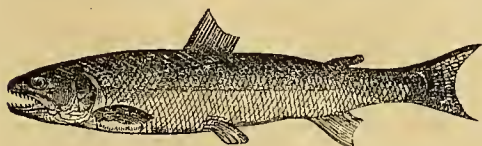
THE SALMON.

the velocity of arrows, and frequently clearing an elevation of eight or ten feet, gain the water above, and pursue their course. If they fail in their attempt, it is only to remain a short time quiescent, and thus recruit their strength to enable them to make new efforts. They often kill themselves by the violence of their exertions to ascend, and sometimes fall upon the rocks and are captured. The fish having at length gained the upper and shallow pools of the river, the process of spawning commences. A pair of fish are seen to make a furrow, by working up the gravel with their noses; when the furrow is made, the male and female



SALMON FRY.

retire to a little distance, one on each side of the furrow; they then throw themselves on their sides, again come together, and rubbing against each other, both shed their spawn into the furrow at the same time; it requires from eight to twelve days to lay all their spawn, and they then betake themselves to the pools to recruit themselves. The adult fish having spawned, are out of condition and unfit for food. With the floods of the end of winter and the commencement of spring they descend the river from pool to pool, and ultimately gain the sea, where they quickly recover their condition, to ascend again in autumn for the same



A SALMON PEAL, OR GRILSE.

purpose as before. The fry are observed to collect in small pools or mill-dam heads preparatory to quitting the river. The descent begins in March, and continues through April and part of May. It rarely happens that any salmon fry are observed in the rivers late in June. The salmon fry at first keep in the slack water by the sides of the river; as they become stronger they go more

towards the mid stream; and when the water is increased by rain they move gradually down the river. On meeting the tide they remain for two or three days in that part where the water becomes a little brackish from the mixture of salt water, till they are inured to the change, when they go off to sea all at once. Their growth appears to be very rapid, and many return to the brackish water increased in size in proportion to the time they have been absent. Fry marked in April or early in May have returned by the end of June weighing from two to three pounds and upwards. These small sized fish, when under two pounds weight, are by some called salmon-peal; when larger, grilse. These fish of the year breed during the first winter; they return from the sea with the roe enlarged; the ova in a grilse being of nearly the same comparative size as those observed in a salmon, but they mature only a much smaller number. The growth of the salmon from the state of fry to that of grilse has been shown to be very rapid; and the increase in weight attained during the second and each subsequent year is believed to be equal, if not to exceed, the weight gained within the first. The increase in size is principally gained during that part of the year in which the fish may be said to be almost a constant resident in the sea. That the food sought for and obtained to produce and sustain so rapid an increase of size must be very considerable in quantity, as well as most nutritious in quality, cannot be doubted. That the salmon is a voracious eater may be safely inferred from the degree of perfection in the arrangement of the teeth, as well as from the well known habits of the species most closely allied to it. From the richness of the food on which the true salmon solely subsists arises, at least to a certain extent, the excellent qualities of the fish as an article of food. The salmon is a noble fish, and most deservedly retains the very highest rank in the angler's estimation. He is the prince of fresh water visitors; and his title to precedence has never yet been questioned. His magnitude, his keen and lively eye, his muscular powers, his rapid and graceful motions, his beautiful proportions, his shining silvery scales, his intellectual instincts, and his superior, rich, and delicate flavor, unite in establishing his decided superiority over all other fish. Nither should it be forgotten that salmon fishing is considered the angler's highest sport, whilst it affords the best criterion of his professional skill. Indeed, angling for this noble fish, may be deemed the measure or standard of the angler's dexterity, the test of his professional proficiency, the legitimate object of his loftiest aspirations; affording an undeniable proof of his fitness to take his stand amongst the most accomplished adepts of this interesting craft. The salmon reaches a considerable size in many of the rivers of both this country and Europe; some attaining the enormous weight of seventy or eighty pounds. The general weight is greatly below this; and from ten pounds to five and twenty may be considered a high average, even in the best salmon rivers. During the spring and summer the markets of our cities and towns are abundantly supplied with this much esteemed fish.

THE TAMARIND TREE.

Below we present a view of the tamarind tree (*tamarindus Indica*), a large and beautiful tree of the East Indies, belonging to the natural family *leguminosae*. The leaves are pinnate, composed of sixteen or eighteen pairs of sessile leaflets, which are half an inch only in length, and one sixth in breadth. The flowers are disposed, five or six together, in loose clusters: the petals are yellowish, and beautifully variegated with red veins. The pods are thick, compressed, and of a dull brown color when ripe. The seeds are flat, angular, hard and shining, and are lodged in a dark, soft, adhesive pulp. The tamarind tree exists also in Arabia, Egypt and other parts of Africa; but that of the West Indies is, perhaps, a different species, distinguished by the shortness of the pods, which contain two, three or four seeds only. In the West Indies, the pods are gathered in June, July and August, when fully ripe; and the fruit, being freed from the shelly fragments, is placed in layers in a cask, and boiling syrup poured over it till the cask is filled: the syrup pervades every part quite down to the bottom; and when cool the cask is headed for sale. The East India tamarinds are darker colored and drier, are more esteemed, and are said to be preserved without sugar. This fruit has an agreeable acid and sweetish taste, is refrigerant and gently laxative. A simple infusion in



THE EAST INDIA TAMARIND TREE.

exhilarating liquor, which is much in favor, and is considered to be very healthy as well as palatable. The shade of these trees shelters houses from the torrid heat of the sun, and its really fine figure greatly adorns the scenery of the country. It is thus exceedingly useful, and a tree much venerated and regarded in the East, forming one of the peculiarities of the national foliage. Every country has its peculiarity in this respect, and the difference between tropical and northern growth and characteristics of trees and floral productions is remarkable. The tamarind, in retaining its freshness nearly all the year round, resembles, in some degree, our pine or evergreen. In no country in the world can such richness of color be found in foliage, as in our own New England clime, when the early frost first touches the birches, and lindens, and maples.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A WAKING DREAM.

BY PAUL EKUSKIN.

It was a still, calm night; the curling sky,
Each soft, blue fold inlaid with gems on high,
In perfect majesty seemed freely thrown
O'er the round world from farthest zone to zone,
To hide angelic legions, whose bright rays
Were else too dazzling for a mortal's gaze.
Awe'd by the spirit of devotion, far
My thoughts soared upward, linking star with star,
Till they seemed fluttering, poising near the line
Where heaven's intenser glories break and shine.

Above me in that upper ocean, vast
And shoreless as the future and the past,
Slow sailed the moon parting the clouds like waves,
And pouring down sweet light on homes and graves,
Making all joyous or sad places fair;
I longed for wings to scale the lofty air,
That I might stand within her orb and be
A happy sailor on that luminous sea!

All unaccompanied, mid that solemn scene
More beautiful than sunlight on the green
And laughing landscape of a summer morn—
I wandered slowly, though like one forlorn
And grieving, yet with holy thoughts inspired,
In mind a hermit from the world retired.
My feet were on a hill-top that surveyed
A strong, broad river, resting now in shade,
And now reflecting like a silver shield
The moon's white lustre on its burnished field.
Beyond that river, on its eastern side,
Lay a great city, stretching far and wide
Its multitudinous dwellings, lifting high
Its towers and steeples toward that midnight sky,
And sending forth, as from an altar grand,
Its volumed vapor far along the land.

"Here," thus I pondered, "its the power supreme
Of commerce, here her subject thousands dream,
Lapt in hard slumber, of to-morrow's gain,
Striving for pleasure through the toils of pain.
Beneath those roofs, commingled in the dim
Thick mist that darkens the horizon's rim—
Beneath those roofs, some lofty and some low,
Ebbs the full tide of being, swift or slow;
There sleep, or strive to sleep, the bowed with care,
There lightly sleep the youthful and the fair;
There wake the workers of the brain, the had,
The gay, the wild, the reckless, and the sad;
Even in her stillest hour, the city hums
Like a vast hive, and beats like muffled drums."

I felt a sense of sorrow, sinking deep
Into my spirit, like the spell of sleep
On the tired limbs of Labor when he goes,
Fearing the future, to his brief repose,—
When sudden mid the hush there came a swell
Of sound along the night; it was the bell
Of Trinity's high tower. "One!" it tolled, "One!"
And all the hills around assented "One!"
Then, like a man emerging from a cloud,
My thought took shape, and thus I mused, aloud:—

"Sleep on! ye poor and rich, alike sleep on!
Sleep, wakeful eyes, nor languish for the dawn!
Not many years, not many years will fly
Ere all, ye, all of your brave forms must lie
Shrouded and sepulchred—"

Alas! life seems—
This busy life the vainest dream of dreams!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

DURING the spring of 1840 I was engaged by the heirs of a gentleman who had died in Bangor, Me., to go out to Illinois, and look up a "township" which had been bought by said gentleman from the soldiers of the last war, to whom it had been allotted by the government "land warrants," as part pay for services rendered. Most of our readers are probably aware that the men who served in the campaign of 1812 were entitled to one hundred and sixty acres of land, over and above their monthly pay, and at the close of their service they received warrants or bonds for this land, which land was marked off into townships, and these into numbered lots, each man receiving a specified lot. Most of these warrants were sold at the time of their reception for trifling sums—say from five to twenty dollars—and many of them have not even yet been looked up by their owners; but, as civilization is spreading West, more attention is now turned to this matter, and speculators are busy buying up the old "claims." The man for whose heirs I had interested myself had bought a large number of consecutive lots. They were located near the head waters of the Kaskaskia, and we had reason to believe that they were uncommonly valuable.

After having armed myself with the necessary documents, I set out on my mission. I reached Vandalia without difficulty, and from there I "took the stage" for Shelbyville. Beyond Shelbyville I still had some sixty miles to go, and there was no method of conveyance save such as chance might throw in one's way. I had learned that there was a settlement in Macon county which would come in my way if I kept along by the river; but I could get no direct clue to its whereabouts. I knew, however, that I should find "squatters" on my route, and from them I could learn all that was necessary.

Ten miles from Shelbyville I made in a small boat; and here I purchased a horse of an old settler, and from him I learned that

I should find plenty of "squatters" on the very land of which I was in search. It was early in the forenoon when I started on with my horse, and I made easy progress on the alluvial tract upon the western bank of the Kaskaskia. About two o'clock in the afternoon, whatever pleasing reveries I may have been engaged in were cut short by a sudden darkening of the sun; and, upon looking up, I found that huge clouds were rising in the northwest, and I could hear the wind as it moaned through the trees upon the table land to my left. I knew there was a storm brewing, and I knew, too, that my hopes of shelter were dubious. However, I spurred up my horse, and allowed myself to hope that I might come upon some chance "squatter" before the storm broke.

False hope! In less than half an hour the storm was upon me. For two hours I kept on my way, with only a sort of wind driven mist; but at the end of that time the rain began to come down in torrents. For a while I allowed myself to quail before the combined force of rain and wind; but I found that the enemy must be met; and, at length, with a stout ejaculation of defiance, I faced the storm, and rode on. No shelter arose to my view, and night fell upon me. It was dark—O, how dark! So dark that the sable mass might have been cut with a knife. I gave the horse the rein, and let him follow his own instinct. It still rained as though the big lakes had accidentally been tipped over upon the land, and the wind, too, still piped away without flagging.

I must have ridden thus through the utter darkness for two hours—it seemed two ages to me—when I thought I saw a light ahead of me. It twinkled like a misty star, and then disappeared; but soon I saw it again, and ere long I became convinced that a human habitation of some sort was ahead of me. I urged my beast on, and soon I had the real pleasure of pulling up before a house. What sort of a house it was I could not tell; I could only see a dark mass, and a single window, from which shone the light. I alighted from my horse, and, after groping about for some time, I found a door, and knocked lustily. My call was answered by a woman; but the wind put out her light, and as she turned back to re-light it, I followed her.

At first, the female—a middle-aged, intelligent-looking person—was a little startled at my manner and appearance, but I soon calmed her fears by making known my situation and business. When I asked her if I could remain there during the night, she hesitated, and said she would "let me know;" but she asked me to sit down by the fire, and warm myself. There was a complete puddle of water where I had been standing, for the rain was almost screaming from my garments; so I took off my over-coat, and the lady immediately took it, and carried it out of the room.

It was not until I had drawn a seat up to the warm fire that I thought of my poor beast; and when the woman returned, I asked her if my horse could be taken care of. She replied in the affirmative, and also told me that I could remain through the night. I had left my portmanteau upon the horse, and, of course, I spoke of taking care of the animal myself. The woman told me that he had already been led around to the stable, and that if I wished to go out, I could do so without exposure to the weather. She offered to lead the way, and I followed her.

The passage through which I was led opened into a wood-shed, and from thence I passed to the stable, where a man was unsaddling my horse. He had a lantern, and I could see plainly about the place. I spoke to the fellow, but he made me no answer. I asked him who lived there. He mumbled out something, but I could not understand him. He was a curious-looking fellow, and decidedly averse to answering questions; and he was petulant and crusty, too; but this I naturally attributed to his being called out in such weather, and, having secured my portmanteau, I made my way back to the house.

The same woman who had thus far attended me prepared some food for me, and politely requested me to partake of it. Wet and cold as I was, the fire place was more comfortable and desirable than the table, but I sat me down to the repast out of courtesy.

During the evening I tried to converse with the woman—she was my only companion—but it was with difficulty that I got any answer to my questions. I asked her where I was, and the only reply was a dubious shake of the head. Then I asked her who lived in the house, and she trembled, but said nothing. She seemed anxious for me to retire; and, at length, after I had mostly dried my garments, I signified my readiness to be shown to my bed. The woman actually sprang to obey me, and, having lighted a second lamp, she bade me follow her. I was conducted up a flight of stairs, and shown to a respectably furnished chamber, and there my strange guide left me.

As I was left alone, I was not a little puzzled by what I had seen and heard. The house was evidently a large one, and, from what little I had seen of the outside of it by the light of the lantern from the stable, I judged it to be built of hewn timber, dovetailed together at the corners, with the crevices plastered with cement. The inside, such as I had seen, was finished neatly with well-matched boards, planed and painted. It was strange that I had seen nothing of the owner of the place; and then the behaviour of those I had seen was equally strange. I was confident that the house must be far from any other habitation, and it is not to be wondered at that I allowed an unpleasant train of suspicious thoughts to pass through my mind.

The powder in my pistols had become somewhat damp. My portmanteau I had brought to the chamber with me, and in that I found dry powder. I carefully re-loaded my weapons, and placed them under my pillow, and, having fastened the door, I partially undressed myself, and got into the bed. It was certainly an hour before I slept, but at length the drowsy god overcame me.

I could not have slept long—not over half an hour—when I was awakened by a quick shake of my shoulder. I sprang up in

the bed, and seized a pistol. There was a man by my bedside, and he held a lamp towards me. He was tall, but far from being stout, and his countenance was kind and gentle in its expression. He had entered by a small door at the end of the room, which I had not noticed.

"—sh!" he uttered, placing his finger upon his lip. "Make no noise. Put up your pistol."

"But what seek ye here?" I asked, feeling assured that my visitor meant me no harm.

"I would save you!"

"Save me?" I repeated.

"—sh! Yes. You have one foot in your grave while you are here. Do you not know this house?"

"No. What is it?" I uttered, springing from my bed.

"Be careful! You'll wake the demon before his time! He thinks I do not know him; but by chance I have found him out in time to save my own life and yours!"

By this time I had nearly dressed myself, and, with trembling limbs, I listened, while my visitor explained himself. He told me that the owner of the house was a murderer by profession—that he entrapped travellers, and killed and robbed them. His tale was a horrible one, and he had learned it all by overhearing a conversation between the man of the house and the fellow who had taken care of my horse. He had himself arrived and retired before I came along; but he had awakened just in season to hear the conversation he had related take place in an adjoining room.

"Come, come," he said, as I threw my portmanteau across my arm, and took my second pistol from beneath my pillow; "there is not a moment to lose. If we are discovered, we shall be killed."

With cat-like, noiseless tread, my companion led the way out through the same door by which he had entered, the existence of which, he informed me, he had learned from the conversation he had overheard between the man of the house and the fellow who had taken care of my horse. He had himself arrived and retired before I came along; but he had awakened just in season to hear the conversation he had related take place in an adjoining room.

My guide placed his finger upon his lips for an instant, and then he shaded the lamp with his hand, and hurried down the stairs, which led directly to the shed. The outer door was easily unfastened, and I breathed more freely as I stepped forth into the fresh air. The storm had passed over, and the stars were beginning to peep forth from among the fleecy clouds that were sailing away to the southward. The lamp did not go out, and we gained the stable in safety.

"Out with your horse! Quick!" uttered my companion, as he set the lamp down in a corner, where its rays could not find their way into the yard.

"But you—what will you do?"

"I have a horse, too. Quick! Make no noise!"

More quickly than I can describe it did I equip my beast and vault into the saddle; and as I turned towards the yard, my friend led his horse out. I had left the stable, and was just passing from the back-yard, when I heard the house door open. Some one sprang forth with a hoarse cry of alarm, and leaped towards the stable. I heard a sharp cry from my friend, and I thought I heard the noise of a scuffle. My horse started into a gallop, of his own accord, and it was not until I had ridden half a mile to the northward that I tightened the rein.

I thought I was acting the coward's part thus to leave my companion in the hands of murderers, but the second thought convinced me that I should do better to keep on. While I was free, they would not dare to kill him, for they must have known that I should give the alarm, and then the crime would be detected. If I should return, they might capture and kill us both, without fear of detection.

Again I gave my horse the rein, and he galloped on. I know not how far I had ridden, when I thought I detected a stream of water directly ahead; but no movement of mine was necessary, for, with a sudden jerk, my horse stopped, and I was thrown far over his head. I remember the sensation of falling, but that was all.

When I came to myself it was daylight, and the warm sun was looking brightly upon me. I moved heavily to a sitting posture, and found my horse at a short distance from me, cropping the long grass. I felt stiff, and my head ached; but ere long I arose to my feet, and looked about me. The stream which had caused my disaster had dwindled to a mere tiny brook; but the marks of its flood were left, and I could see that it had been quite formidable.

But one thing surprised me. Not more than half a mile ahead I saw quite a town—a large, flourishing village. It was some time before I could collect my scattered senses; but when I did so, I became convinced that the place before me was Decatur! My horse must have left the true road almost immediately after the darkness set in, and here I was, nearly twenty miles out of my way to the westward!

But I forgot all this—I forgot the pain in my head and limbs—in my thoughts of what had occurred during the night; and I resolved to seek immediate aid to arrest the inmates of the horrible abode I had left, and to set free my unfortunate companion. I easily caught my horse, and, though I gained the saddle with difficulty, yet, when once there, I rode with ease. When I reached the town, which proved, as I had thought, to be Decatur, one of the first objects that met my gaze was a lawyer's sign. I drove up to the door of the office, and dismounted. While I was hitching my horse, a wagon drove up, in which was a gentleman and lady; the gentleman was an elderly person, and one whose countenance was such as to command instant and universal respect. He entered the office directly behind me. He smiled and shook hands with the lawyer, and then turned to a desk, and began to

overhaul a bundle of papers which he had just taken from his pocket.

My muddy garments gave me anything but a comely appearance, but as soon as I was assured that I addressed the "lawyer," I proceeded to unfold my fearful tale. The attorney started and trembled as I commenced, and the gentleman who was overhauling the papers stopped from his work, and looked at me. I went on, and described every particular; my hair bristled as I told of the terrible cries of the poor victim I had left behind, and I assured my hearers that it was the hostler who had sprung out as I rode off.

A strange, unaccountable expression passed over the lawyer's face. He gazed at me a moment in silence, and then, clapping his hands upon his sides, he sank back into his chair, and burst into a long, loud, uproarious laugh. I was thunder-struck. The old gentleman dropped his papers, and actually sank upon the floor, as a wild herd of meriment shook his frame.

"Ha, ha, ha! Why, my dear friend," uttered the lawyer, as soon as he could command language, "you—ha, ha, ha!—you were—ha, ha!—you have been— O! oho-o-o—ha, ha!—ho-o-e-e!"

I sank into a seat, utterly overcome, and at length I got at the truth. The old gentleman before me was none other than the celebrated Doctor Gabriel Landresser. He and his wife had left home on the day before, on a visit, and the storm had prevented their return. His dwelling was a private hospital, where he had a number of poor maniacs in course of curative treatment, and with those maniacs I had stopped! His hostler was the only really sane person he had left in charge of the buildings, and I afterwards learned that this hostler had been much averse to my remaining at the house, and hence his gruff manner towards me. The man who had led me from my chamber was a poor fellow who had entertained the idea that some one was seeking to murder him, and his strange monomania had a variety of phases, according to the circumstances about him. He had evidently intended to have escaped from the doctor's house with me, but the timely appearance of the hostler prevented him.

Landresser insisted that I should return with him to his house, and remain there until I had recovered from the effects of my fall, and I consented. The last I heard from the lawyer was just as I mounted my horse, and that was another wild peal of laughter.

I remained with the doctor three days, and during that time I enjoyed his company much. Once I saw my companion of the night's adventure, and he did not fail to whisper earnestly in my ear that I should be murdered if I remained in the house. The female whom I had seen was an inoffensive creature, who had suffered from religious excitement.

At length I set out once more on my mission, which I performed entirely to the satisfaction of all concerned; but I met with no more adventures, or, at any rate, with nothing equal to that "Night's Adventure" on the prairie of Decatur.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

As a judge, Bushe was merciful, and, owing to an incident in his early career as a lawyer, he was somewhat slow to convict on circumstantial evidence. A short time after he was called to the bar he was retained at the Wexford Assizes to defend a prisoner accused of murder. The victim's name was Walter Meyler, and it was supposed that he had been killed by a party of rebels, of whom one became an approver, and was the chief witness for the crown. Like most approvers, the witness was correct and careful in all his details. He stated that the body of Meyler had been buried close to the shore, wrapped in a coat of the same texture and color as that stated to have been worn by the deceased. Bushe neither cross-examined a witness, nor called evidence upon the part of his client; and before the judge commenced his charge, the jury stated that they were prepared with their verdict. Bushe said, "Wait a moment, gentlemen—did any of you know Walter Meyler, the deceased?" The reply was, that all the jury knew him well—and immediately Bushe shouted, to the dismay of the auditors, "Walter Meyler, come into court." The supposed deceased rushed upon the table, and, pointing to him, Bushe exclaimed: "There, gentlemen, is my defence!"—*Irish Quarterly Review.*

THE POET SHELLEY.

When one thinks of the early misery which he suffered, and of the insolent infidelity which, being yet so young, he wooed with a lover's passion, then the darkness of midnight begins to form a deep, impenetrable background, upon which the phantasmagoria of all that is to come may arrange itself in troubled phosphoric streams, and in sweeping processions of woe. Yet, again, when one recurs to his gracious nature, his fearlessness, his truth, his purity from all fustiness of appetite, his freedom from vanity, his diffusive love and tenderness, suddenly out of the darkness reveals itself a morning of May; forests and thickets of roses advance to the foreground; from the midst of them looks out "the eternal child," cleansed from his sorrow, radiant with joy, having power given him to forget the misery which he suffered, power given him to forget the misery which he caused, and leaning with his heart upon that dove-like faith against which his erring intellect had rebelled.—*De Quincey's "Essays on the Poets."*

THE ODDS AND ENDS OF TIME.

It is the odds and ends of our time, its orts and offals, laid up, as they usually are, in corners, to rot and decay there, instead of being used out as they should be, these—I say, are the occasions of our moral unsoundness and corruption; a dead fly, little thing as it is, will spoil a whole box of precious ointment; and idleness, if it be once suffered, though but for a brief while, is sure, by the communication of its listless quality, to clog and cumber the clockwork of the whole day. It is the ancient enemy,—the old man of the Arabian Tales. Once take him upon your shoulders, and he is not to be shaken off so easily.—*Self-Formation.*

The most elevated and pure souls cannot hear, even from the lips of the most contemptible men, these words: *friendship, sensibility, virtue*, without immediately attaching to them all the grandeur of which their heart is susceptible.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

(Written for Gleason's Pictorial.)

LAMENT OF THE BEREAVED.

BY JAMES LUMBARD.

Spring her robes of green is flinging
O'er the hills and vales of earth,
And the streams and fountains, singing,
Greet her coming with wild mirth;
But while all to joy around me,
Smiling in its bright array,
Sadness with her spell has bound me—
O! one I love has passed away!

Birds the sunny south are leaving,
For their own dear homes again;
And their sweetest songs are weaving
In the leafy wood and glen;
But while they, with joy and gladness,
Warble o'er their roundelay,
I am filled with grief and sadness—
O! one I love has passed away!

In unnumbered pleasant places,
Flowerets meet the raptured view;
With their bright and laughing faces
Bathed in morning's pearly dew.
But the flowers that bloom so brightly,
With their varied hues and gay,
Cannot make my heart beat lightly—
O! one I love has passed away!

Many dear, familiar voices,
That have cheered my spirit long,
Tell me that each heart rejoices,
Welcoming the spring with song;
But they now no longer bind me
With their magic spell and sway,
For the thrilling tones remind me
Of one who has passed away!

When by death and silence parted
From the tried of trusting hearts,
What can cheer the lonely-hearted,
But the balm that faith imparts?
Peace, my heart! no longer sorrow;
Cast aside thy garb of gloom;
And from spring's bright blushes borrow
Hues of beauty, trust and bloom!

(Written for Gleason's Pictorial.)

GETTING UP THE STEAM.

BY REV. HENRY BACON.

I HAD hurried to the boat, hearing the "last bell" ringing its summons; but hour after hour passed, and no steam could be raised, and all sorts of Yankee ingenuity were tried to remedy the defect in the machinery to no good result. It was now near five P. M., and at seven I was to deliver an anniversary address at a town twelve miles distant. The owner of the boat was sanguine that by five the steam would be raised, and we should be shooting down the *Narragansett* in good style.

"But, my dear sir," said I, "what shall I do, if I wait till then, as there is no stable near, where I can be sure of getting a good horse?"

"Well, wait till five, and if we are not off, you shall have my team."

Supposing the "team" to be near at hand, I gave myself to patience for a little time more; but the hour came, and still the best thing done was but a puff and blow, but a no go. I called for the "team," and found it must be sent for. It came, and now the time was near half past five; yet I must call over to the hotel and take a young lady, who had been waiting for the boat, and who had run over there to be called for. The horse was the queerest prancer that ever stepped into the ring to show curious antics, and seemed utterly unconscious of the meaning of the strings made to guide such animals in the road. I made up my mind for "a time" on the way, but thought more of meeting my engagement than of all the dangers that could be conjured up. By a fine effort of agility, the young lady sprang into the chaise, and I soon discovered that she was ready for any adventure needed to meet "her class," at the same place where I was to meet the "Division." With tremendous leaps, the wild horse sprang down the street; and while thus going, my passenger discovered her sister passing, and being eager to let her know that she was on her way, she leaned far out of the "buggy," and waved a roll of music which she held in her hand. This was done at the utmost risk, as the carriage was swinging to and fro from the violence of the horse's movements; but no sooner were my fears of being thrown over by the act ended, than again the lady sprang up and repeated the whirling of the said roll of music, saying, "I'm afraid she didn't see me the first time." Darting a look through the glass in the back of the buggy, the sister was seen standing gazing after us as though petrified with horror, or something equivalent to it; and the passengers in the streets caught the infection, and I was glad that the twilight had come early, with some fog and mist that screened the driver from the scrutiny of the lookers-on. Once on a fair way for the experiment, I let the leaping and tearing creature have a free rein and run till the fire was spent; and a long, steep and rough hill completed the experiment—the horse was tamed.

Pursuing our way swiftly, but without the intense anxiety of the first half hour, I, of course, became interested to know something of my fair companion. There is nothing like a little bit of mutual danger to make strangers acquainted, and to give freedom to the tongue. There was something in the energy of all the speech and movements of my passenger that interested me in her, and I

discovered that she was one of the best specimens of New England enterprise. Of a family that could not furnish her the means of education she desired, her resolution was fixed to find her own path, and pursue it with unflinching faith in success. She was a tailoress, but she aimed for the profession of teaching; and she wanted to be a true teacher—one who has something to teach, and knows how to teach that something with a spirit that puts a value upon knowledge by the zeal with which it is imparted. She had found a little time for recreation, and it was seen that she dined with grace, and went through the "poetry of motion" in a way that seemed to indicate that she could teach others how to write it. She was invited to form a class in dancing in the town whither we were going, and had consented—had formed it, and was now on her way to continue it. This cost her one afternoon and evening of each week; and the rest of the days of labor were given to the swift flying needle, in a company of some dozen or twenty young women, where the stories of good and ill fortune were related to give zest to labor. For awhile she was to occupy her time till she had saved a little money, and then, as in times past, she was to go to one of the best of institutions for the instruction she desired, and whose name would help the scholar in the way of her profession. Here she would tarry as long as her means permitted, and then would go back again to her needle and other labors till the purse was replenished. This mingling of toil and study was finely contributive to health; and she was a beautiful specimen of wholesome beauty. She was interested in everything pertaining to schools and academies, books and teaching, and took hold of every subject with a keen intellectuality, that was equally removed from the stiff pedantry of "the blue," as from the gossiping nonsense of the simpering coquette.

The night had come on with thick darkness, but, fortunately for us, the heavens cleared a little of their gloom away, and we could see our way more plainly, when, as we were turning a short corner in that half circle journey of ten or twelve miles, the horse suddenly stopped and would not go. This was a decidedly new development of character; and thinking he might be frightened at something in or about the road, I got out and attempted to soothe the animal. His ears quivered in my hand, but after a while, he seemed disposed to be quiet, and I attempted to spring into the carriage, but just then he sprang and knocked me into the road. Fearing he might take to waltzing and entangle me in the wheels, I rolled over and down a small bank at the road side, but in a second had him by the bits in a way he understood. Seeing a small house in the distance, my companion in tribulation proposed to run thither and get some man to come to our aid, and to hold the horse while I might safely enter the carriage.

"You'll be afraid," said I, "over there in the field."

"O, no!" she replied, "I know where we are, and I know some of the folks in the family there."

But, fearful that the horse might feel inclined to go ere she could return, and having lost much precious time, I did not consent, but soothed the horse and walked by his side to and fro, till he caught the movement onward, and springing in, I once more was seated in our rickety vehicle, shaking on our way.

How he did go! The speedier the better—whirling round the short corners, that seemed unnecessarily to multiply, with the grace of a true curve. We entered the town, glad to see the pleasant lights in the windows, and to behold the forms moving to and fro in the light of the blazing fires on the hearths. The young lady was in an excess of joy at reaching the end of terror, for she declared no language could describe the multitude of horrors she endured the second of time during which I was rolling down the bank. She thought I was killed, because I was "so still," and then she imagined she would be charged with murder—her busy mind going through all the ways in which her story would be controverted. To this was added, the speculation on what she should do to attempt to recover me, or to get help, when she found the dead man at the horse's head alive and strong. She now alighted, and we parted not to meet since; and I entered the gay and crowded hall a little distance farther on the way, to proceed quietly to deliver a lecture I intended to prepare on my way down the river in the steamboat—but that I did not tell the people. I found I had arrived with ten minutes grace; so that the horse did well in the matter of speed—though for some other of his performances, I had rather go to the circus when I desire to behold such antics.

After I returned, the next day, I found that steam had been raised in another way more rapidly than the engineer of the boat had ever succeeded in raising it, or even the crazy steed that made his nostrils escape steam-pipes with a meaning. In the morning early, the sister, who was met in the street, and to whom the roll of music had been furnished, had told to the needle companions in the shop, that some one had *run away with her sister*. She "saw her," she said, "in a buggy, leaning out in the greatest agony, waving, as a signal of distress, her handkerchief, while the gentleman was urging the horse to the top of his speed!" The horse and carriage was described, and was known; who had it for a case of necessity was also known; and now the question was, was his engagement that evening a mere pretension or not? There was little romance for a dozen young ladies in anything but the former supposition; and so till the young lady's return to her place and her needle, the lecturer and the dancing teacher were supposed to be gone "to parts unknown." It was a terrible disappointment to some, to find so tame an ending to what promised such romantic interest. But the only moral I could find with which to comfort them was, when making ambitious attempts in the drawing-room—don't flourish your music so that it will be taken for a flag of distress.

Wealth is that which sufficeth, not that which is superfluous.



CAYUGA LAKE, AND DISTANT VIEW OF AURORA, NEW YORK.

SCENES IN NEW YORK.

In previous articles, with the above title, we have given pen-and-pencil sketches of Portage, notable for mechanical and natural wonders; Owego, interesting for poetic associations; and Auburn, well known for public institutions. It remains to offer our readers a taste of the elysian beauty of the lake region of central New York—a beauty that is precious “for its own sweet sake,” and not indebted for its charm to any improvements, institutions, or associations. It is not destitute of these, but is sufficiently interesting for its purely picturesque attractions. Throughout the world there can be no district of country more winning in the softness of shore, water and woodland, and more enchanting in the wildness of ravine and cascade. To one who has passed his childhood and youth in sight of one of these small inland seas, who has watched its varying face in all aspects of season and sky, has wandered with the wandering curves of its shore, floated on its breast, and bathed in its loving waters,—a lake, like Cayuga, comes to be regarded with a lasting, romantic and almost brotherly or filial affection. The great stream of travel rushes over the foot of Cayuga Lake, on the long causeway (once a low bridge) of the Albany and Buffalo Railroad; and the tourist's impressions of this sheet of water are generally, perhaps, not of the most favorable sort. He sees an humble eating-saloon, a few unsightly canal boats, and a not very modern steamboat; he gazes at the famous turnpike bridge, a mile in length, and now tottering with age; he catches, possibly, a distant glimpse up the lake where the gentle hills, wooded capes and silver surface fade into the sky; and no more—the roaring train hurries him away through field and forest to Auburn or to Geneva. But let him take passage on the steamboat, and he will find a new world of loveliness opening upon him at every turn of the splashing wheels. The fresh lake-air will inspire him with exhilarating oblivion of the dust, stifling atmosphere, and stunning

noise of the cars. Calmly and steadily he moves over the liquid mirror that reflects the opal clouds and blue heavens, and breaks into brilliants before the unflinching prow that draws after it a widening series of waves, like a spangled fan, or folds of shining silk—spreading out in long, smooth undulations, until they mingle with the foam from the wheels, and the bubbles that boil, and seethe, and dance in the wake. Many are the hues of ripple and hallow as they take a momentary tinge from sky, cloud, boat and shore, or reveal their own tinted transparency. The wild water-birds ride in the pathway of the steamer until it glides too near, when they suddenly flutter along in a bright track of spray, and, gaining their wings, skim away in the air. The gulls, trained to follow the boat and pick up the broken meats thrown to them, hover overhead in a greedy flock; they pause on balanced pin-

ions, long and white, or slowly flap them in a yet rapid flight, or stoop with a quick plunge to the surface, where they beat the water in struggling for some huge morsel, the victor laboriously bearing it upward and off. On the right hand and the left, the shores slant to the water's edge; they are attired in the bridal white of winter, the Quaker brown of early spring, the parrot green of May, the Napoleonic green and buff uniform of harvest, or the royal gold and purple of autumn. Six miles of such fairy-land boating, bring you to Springport, so named from salt-springs near the lake, too weak for “boiling down,” but plenteous enough to propel certain large mills, built of the limestone hereabouts obtained in great quantities. A very thriving village it is, with a large Quaker seminary, and several fine residences—one of them erected by a gentleman from New Bedford, Mass., at a cost of

\$25,000. A quarter of a mile in front of the village, is the only island of the lake—a small circular plot of rocks and trees—the one jewel of Cayuga, “Fair as a star when only one is shining in the sky.”—Four miles further up the lake, is the so-called “model-farm of the State,” owned by a gentleman who is brother-in-law of N. P. Willis, nephew-in-law of Washington Irving, and adopted son of the New-Yorker whose name is associated with expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin. The house is covered with rose-vines, and the white-fenced farm slopes gracefully down to a grove that overhangs the water. The hamlet close by is Levanoe, and two miles more, with precipitous cliffs, crowned with cedars, intervenes before the boat touches the dock—the bent arm, gallantly offered—of Aurora village. This village is the belle of Cayuga Lake, on a beautiful bay on which it lies, looking over four miles to the opposite shore, where the sun goes down, often doubling his setting splendors in the glassy waters. The paved streets, handsome houses, and wave-kissed gardens have a New-England look—so well-to-do, tidy and tasteful in everything. The place was very early settled,



OLYMPIC FALLS, AT ITHACA, NEW YORK.

and now boasts much wealth and refinement, as several lordly colonnades and ornate cottages bear witness. Indeed, it is becoming a somewhat fashionable spot for urban opulence to retire to, or summer at. Here is "Wayn Bank"—the home of the courteous and accomplished "Sentinel" correspondent of the N. Y. Courier, and, near his sweet home, is the expensive villa of the well-known pioneer of our express companies. Aurora has a sectional reputation for regattas, the preparations for one of which are given in our engraving,—also for floral and horticultural fairs, under the superintendence of one of the residents who enjoys the presidency of the N. Y. State Medical Society. More than one hundred varieties of roses were contributed by one lady, on an occasion of this kind when we were present. As for drives and shore views, one of the most charming forms the foreground of our distant and partial view of the village, herewith presented. For the rest, we may borrow the words of one who sojourned in this village of the day-dawning goddess:

"And there are waterfalls and singing streams
Deep hidden in the hills, and sycamores
Along the pebbled beach, and sunset gleams
Far mirrored from the purple western
shores;
And white-winged boats, and many a moon-
light sail,
Regatta, rides, and festivals of Flora—
A thousand charms that could adorn a tale,
If laid among thy quiet scenes, Aurora."

Cayuga Lake is forty miles long, and from two to four miles wide. Alfred Street, in his exciting "metrical romance" of "Frontenac," has devoted several pages to the beauty of its scenery. We have now passed in fancy along twelve miles of the eastern shore. The remaining distance to the head of the lake, at Ithaca, is varied by rocky cliffs, fine farms, busy landings, and elm-shaded cupes that terminate in slender sand-bars which curve one way or the other, elastic as an elephant's trunk—according as the wind has been blowing. No more strange and delightful sight is there, it may be mentioned, than the shores during or after a heavy rain; from all the ribbed hills and tall battlements of rocks, countless snowy waterfalls start in being—some of them of great height or force. The grand cataract of this region, ceaseless except in mid-summer, is Taghcanic Falls, ten miles from Ithaca, and hidden a mile away from the lake. The statistics of it are thus accurately and jocularly recorded by a rhymer who evidently had not seen the stream in high water:

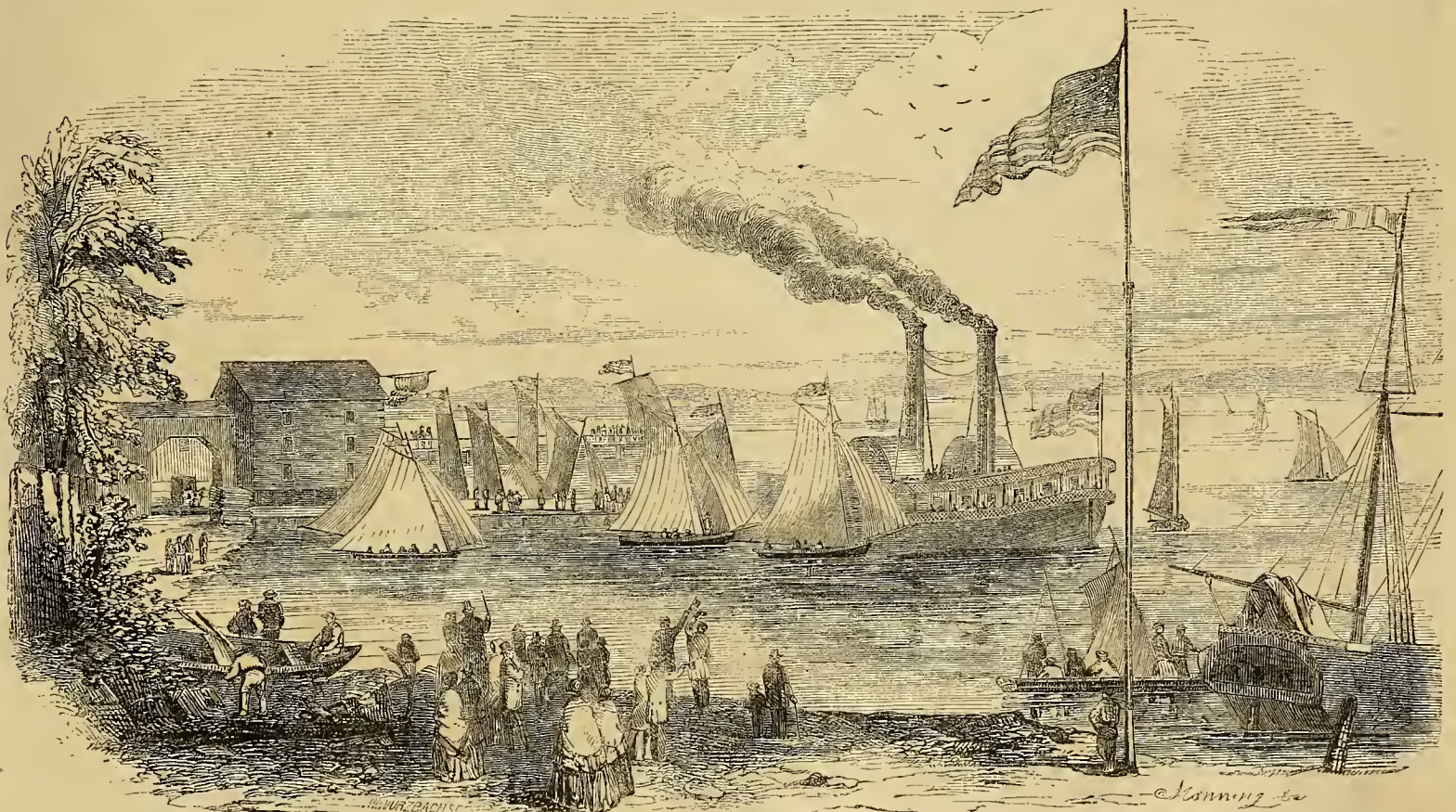
"It lies about (I like to be particular)
One mile from Lake Cayuga's western shore;
On either side the rocks rise perpendicular
Three hundred and thirty feet and something
more.
And all the stream diffused in drops orbicular,
Descends in wreaths and falling mists that
pour



TUNNEL AT OLYMPIC FALLS, ITHACA, NEW YORK.

Two hundred feet and ten, or nearly so,
Before they form again the stream below."

Ithaca is a place of six thousand inhabitants, noticeable for its level, rectangular streets, luxuriant shade trees, and the lofty hills that surround it on all sides but the north, where the lake lies. In a zigzag way, switching back and forth, the Cayuga and Susquehanna Railroad manages to ascend the south hill, and the ascent affords many fine views of the valley and lake. The glory of Ithaca is the waterfalls. Five deep ravines pierce the hills, every one with a succession of magnificent cascades. The one most visited is rendered in our picture of the Olympic Falls. These are one hundred and twenty-seven feet high, with a vast amphitheatre below to do the echoing in. Only half the height and width of the Falls can be seen in the engraving. The Tunnel, in the accompanying sketch, was built to supply water-power, and is two hundred feet long, from twelve to twenty in diameter, and cost two thousand dollars. The water, on the right hand of the sketch, is above the cataract, the straight line being the brink. Facing around from this point of view, the spectator sees a second noble cascade, with a reflection of it in the pond that supplies the tunnel. The name "Olympic"—at worst a better one than the common name of "Fall Creek"—was given by the late Solomon Southwick, Esq., of Albany—a venerable leader in lectures and newspapers in New York State. He wrote of this scenery in these words: "This prospect reminded me in some degree, of the Kaaterskill Fall, on the Catskill Mountain, only this terminates in a view of the lake waters, and the smiling scenery of the opposite side of the vale. The Kaaterskill Fall is remarkable for its height—its amphitheatrical form—and its awful sublimity and grandeur; and yet I hardly know to which to give the preference, as interesting portions of natural scenery." The scenery of Ithaca is little known to the travelling public; but Mr. Southwick and Mrs. Ellet have done something to set forth its attractions; and we trust these sketches will aid in directing the seekers of beauty, and induce them at appropriate seasons of the year to resort to this neighborhood. To the artist, this vicinity possesses more than usual interest, every look-out forming a scene for his pencil, and every locality abounding in picturesque blendings of wood and water. Steamers and the railroads (sad dampers upon romance!) are bringing thither the weary and business-worn citizens of less picturesque localities, and since access has become so easy by the means of these modern appliances, the places which we have illustrated are being daily rendered more and more familiar to the public generally.



REGATTA DAY, AT AURORA, NEW YORK.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE ALTAR OF PRAYER.

BY J. HUNT, JR.

When sudden reverses the bosom distress,
And fears of the future o'erwhelm and oppress;
When grief on existence throws doubt and dismay,
And hope, like a phantom, "flies swiftly away,"—

How fervent the heart strives the load to remove,
By asking for courage and strength from above;
Imploring of Him, whose dominion is space,
To grant us His blessing in rivers of grace.

O, lonely disconsolate, hast thou not felt,
In the depths of thy spirit, when'er thou hast knelt
Beside that pure altar, though reared amid care,
A joy beyond measure by offering up prayer?

In that holy season, there comes to the breast
A soothing of passion, of undisturbed rest,
As we to that altar in humbleness stray,
And "Lord be my helper!"—beseechingly pray.

The skeptic may scoff it, but cannot destroy,
'Tis shielded by virtue and based upon joy;
Where the weary and worn of this world may repair,
And find a protection from storms of despair.

When waves of adversity roll full and fast,
And foaming in fury, thy feelings o'ercrest,
Kneel thou at prayer's altar, and there will be given,
A peace to thy soul, as a foretaste of heaven.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

TWELVE HUNDRED A YEAR:
AND HOW THEY MANAGED TO LIVE ON IT.

BY ALICE D. NEAL.

"WELL, what is the order of the day, Eleanor? We must not lose this fine weather."

The brow of the young hostess was a little disturbed. She had not expected her friend quite so soon, and she had ordered a carriage on this particular Thursday to pay off her more fashionable calls. It would really "put her out" very much to give up her plans, but she had not the courage to say so. She did not think it would be polite.

Mrs. Hale fancied something of the kind, in her quick discernment. "Do not let me make any difference in your intentions," she said. "You did not expect me until Saturday, and I know city people are always busy. I can amuse myself with a book, and my sewing, or I could find my way to Stewart's myself. Perhaps I had best shop this morning; and I never trouble my friends to wait upon my selections."

Mrs. Allen's face brightened. "I was going to Stewart's myself, and then to pay some visits I ought not to postpone, it is so near the time for every one to go to the country. If you could find your way home, Cousin Mary, I could leave you there."

"Cousin Mary" was one of those very desirable guests, a considerate woman. She never forgot that every person must need some hours in the day to themselves, or that even one new inmate might make a great deal of trouble by not conforming to regular hours and established usages. Never exacting undue attention, she felt that part of the entertainment of the family circle came to her share; and she had a most convenient way of not seeming to notice and never recurring to any of those little *contre temps* that will arise in the best regulated households.

"There's one visit I should like to pay informally, if you will give me the address. I could find it, I am sure. You used to visit Miss Bleeker—are the family in town, do you know?"

"I did visit her," and there was a marked emphasis on the little word, expressive of a great deal more that might be said, if the lady chose.

"And why not now? I never met a young lady that pleased me more; she had a bright, cheerful face, and seemed to be a person of a great deal of taste."

"She used to dress *spicaciously*. Her brothers gave her everything, you know. I don't wonder they were provoked at her throwing herself away."

"O, I am disappointed," and Cousin Mary's expressive face looked really troubled. "So many fine girls ruin themselves by unhappy matches—but I thought she had most excellent judgment. She always seemed to shun the society of gay men."

"Yes—she's thrown herself away, everybody says; and, of course, I had to give her up. No wedding at all, and mine was such an elegant affair. I don't believe she had six wedding presents—and you know every bit of my silver was given me, and my French china, and Horoten set, and three fancy chairs—only think of it!—besides a hundred other things. I called once or twice, but I never met her anywhere—she has a child, poor thing—and after a while our acquaintance died off. I suppose it was my fault, but they moved to Brooklyn, and we can't hunt up people there."

"But what is there against her husband? Is he dissipated, or ill-bred, or dishonest?—though that goes for nothing, now-a-days, I believe." And Cousin Mary smiled, for she was thinking what a homely virtue integrity had become to city ears.

"Why, he's a bank teller!"

"Dreadful enormity!" And Mrs. Hale held up both hands, as if to break the shock. "Is that all that can be said against Margaret's choice? But I dare say you pity her very much."

The merchant's young wife certainly did. She fancied she had married for love herself; she was sure she liked Mr. Allen better

than any one she had ever seen, and their positions and tastes were congenial. He was in excellent business, and could afford to give her a handsome home, well-furnished and in a fashionable neighborhood. As to living beyond Sixth Avenue, or above Twenty-Third Street, it had never crossed her mind—keeping house without three servants, a silver tea set and damask furniture was equally unthought of. She imagined herself to be a very excellent, careful wife; and so she was, as far as good order, and a watchful regard to the incomings and outgoings of the home were concerned; but with economy, she had but one association—vulgarity and meanness. She might as well attempt to live on nothing, as twelve hundred a year. And so Mrs. Bleeker had decidedly thrown herself away on a bank teller. It was very good reasoning for Eleanor Allen, but Mrs. Hale seemed to come to a less satisfactory conclusion, or at least to suspend it, until she could judge for herself. She wished more than once to pay the proposed visit, for she could not believe Miss Bleeker had acted rashly; and she was curious to see if her young friend had been repaid for foregoing the acquaintance of the circle in which she had always moved.

"It would not have answered for Eleanor, that's true," she thought, as she arranged her bonnet before the costly toilet glass, in the chamber assigned to her. Every article reflected there, was in the most perfect taste. The rosewood furniture was richly, but not too elaborately carved; the Brussels carpet of a small, delicate pattern, corresponding to the walls, and the satin laise hangings of the window in tint. The very halls and stairs had an air, as she passed through them to the half library, half-morning room, where they awaited the carriage. Mrs. Allen liked this room; there was a lace curtained glass door leading into the ample store-room, and the light closet beyond. To a certain degree, she had domestic tastes, and a woman's love for cut glass and china. It was pleasant to be so near her household treasures.

The Allens did not keep a carriage. Mr. Allen was a strict observer of the proprieties of business life, and did not think it looked well for a young merchant to seem extravagant. But his wife always had the same establishment from a neighboring livery, and a coachman with gloves and a cape. So she leaned back on the low, deep-cushioned seat, and crossed her hands as contentedly, as if Mrs. Smith, of the next block, did not have the same carriage from three until five. Mrs. Smith never shopped at Stewart's—there was that consolation.

Mrs. Allen was dressed, for making calls, in most unexceptionable style, that is, she had on "all her best things." Her French embroidery, handkerchief and all, did honor to her handsomest silk, and a dress bonnet from Mallherbis. Her very gaiters were scarcely less elegant than her gloves. Mrs. Hale could, in all sincerity, compliment her cousin on a tasteful and becoming toilet; and, as the carriage rolled smoothly over the Russ pavement, her self-complacent good nature increased at every square.

"That is young Lenox I just bowed to. Do n't you think he's very stylish? Mr. Allen says, Miss Bleeker could have married him any day, two years ago; and, to my knowledge, Mr. Vance did propose, and he has been out of business these ten years, and is worth a hundred thousand."

"He must have age on his side, too," Mrs. Hale said, playfully. "Mr. Lenox I should call a boy. What is his business?"

"Nothing; the Lenoxes, you know, have not been in business these years. His father built that elegant house in Fourteenth Street I pointed out to you; and the boys are brought up to do nothing. Only think what she threw away!"

"Well, I don't know," was Cousin Mary's quiet answer. "It does not seem to me exactly respectable in this country for a man to be in no business. Young America is not noted for the cultivation of any of the finer tastes that keep a man out of reckless, extravagant dissipation. I think a husband without an occupation, would soon lose the zest for his wife's society which daily absence gives. How old did you say Mr. Vance was?"

"Mary is somewhere about twenty, and I believe one of the sons is older—O, forty-five or fifty, and very well preserved. I think he's as elegant a man as I know."

"Fifty, and a widower! He would not bring any great amount of freshness of feeling or sentiment to the home of a woman of twenty. Margaret Bleeker has thrown away two fortunes, that's clear; but not many other attractions. I wonder if poor people can be happy?"

Mrs. Hale said this so quietly, that Mrs. Allen could not make out whether she was in earnest or not. But the carriage had stopped at Stewart's, and it was not necessary to discover. From Stewart's, each lady pursued her own way—Mrs. Allen to leave large slips of pasteboard, bent at the corners, on people she did not care one penny for, and who secretly took the trouble to read the name engraved in Italian characters; and Mrs. Hale found amusement in the motley crowd thronging the cabin of a Brooklyn ferry-boat.

There certainly must have been some strong inducement for Miss Bleeker to give up her elegant home with a married brother, to live in the retired street to which Mrs. Allen inquired her way. The houses were all small, though perfectly well built, and had a cheerful exterior, from the neatness with which they were kept. The door-plate, bearing the name she was in quest of—"Gregory"—was as bright as Mrs. Allen's new tea service; and at the summons of the bell, a tidy-looking servant ushered the visitor into a well-furnished parlor. There was no waiting until time and patience were exhausted for the mistress of the house to appear. She was seated at the farther window, near a round table, with a writing-desk and half finished letter lying before her; a cloud of white cambric was thrown across a chair near her, half concealing a pretty work-basket; and on the floor at her feet, a fine looking

child, possibly a year old, was amusing himself with the bright colors of the carpet. Miss Bleeker—or Mrs. Gregory, her new name—came forward without hesitation, or apology for her morning dress, though at first she did not recognize her visitor. She was tall, with what is called an elegant figure, and an open, expressive face. The close-fitting gingham dress, and black silk apron, did not seem unfitting; and she would have been equally at home in Mrs. Allen's silks and embroideries.

"Mrs. Hale! O, this is very kind!" she said, warmly. "I knew my friends must wish to see me when they can make the journey to Brooklyn. I never blame those who don't come, however. I used to have the fashionable horror of ferry-boats myself. Let me take your bonnet—it is so warm this morning. Come into the back parlor; it is much cooler there."

"And this is your little one, I suppose?" said Mrs. Hale, not unwillingly removing her heavy bonnet, at the candid invitation. The child looked up with large, wondering eyes, and then returned the smile, with that slow, satisfied manner children so frequently have, as if making up their minds about a person.

"Yes, this is baby—little treasure, he is called half the time. Fred, darling, shall Mary take you, or will you be very quiet and good? I never suffer him to annoy strangers, Mrs. Hale, though, when I am alone, he is always with me. I do not believe in nurseries where there is only one child—do you?"

"But it's not fashionable to love one's children, now-a-days Margaret."

"I know it. I pity fashionable people."

Mrs. Gregory certainly seemed to be unaffectedly sorry for that large and unfortunate class of community.

"And they, in return, pity you," answered Mrs. Hale, going back to Mrs. Allen and her lamentations. "Now that I see no signs of it, I must tell you that it was only this morning I heard you had thrown yourself away."

Mrs. Gregory laughed merrily. "That was Eleanor Allen, I'm sure. I've not seen her for more than a year. Well, I'm glad you don't agree with her. Sit here by the window, Mrs. Hale, there is such a pleasant breeze. I have curtains, you see, though not satin damask. I think even plain muslin looks more cheerful than buff Holland shades alone. I like this one large window, and always pass my mornings here. You won't mind my sewing, will you?"

Cousin Mary did not mind it at all. She thought it was a very pleasant picture—mother and child, sewing and all. The garden was larger than she had expected to find it, and beautifully kept; a grape-vine was trained against the wall—there was not room enough for an arbor—and there were several fruit trees. She said how rare it was to find such a nook of greenery between brick walls.

"I am glad you like it—the garden is our greatest luxury," and Mrs. Gregory put down her sewing, pointing out her favorite rose trees. "It refreshes me so—a 'joy forever,' and Frederick, Mr. Gregory, is as fond of gardening as I am. All our tastes are alike. That Madonna was the only expensive whim of his bachelor days; and between our own picture, baby and the garden, I have always something pleasant to look at. Let me give you a hunch—you will take something;" and with the sudden hospitable thought out waiting for denial, Mrs. Gregory went herself to prepare it. Mrs. Hale took an interested, not merely curious, survey of the room in which she was left alone, baby having departed with his mama. The Madonna, with her large, serious eyes, was the only expensive ornament of the room. The piano was plain and small, and there was only a lounge in place of the usually indispensable sofa. The light chairs, a book-case, the round table, the bright ingrain carpet, were so arranged as to give the cheerful look she had noticed on first entering; and vase of roses stood by the little desk, while the long muslin curtains floated in and out, with a soft, flickering shadow. A half opened volume was lying under the work—Miss Barrett's poems, open at the exquisite description of a sleeping child. Mrs. Hale's heart softened as it had not done for many a day. She could remember when the whole poetry of her life had been centred in the sweet charities of motherhood, as she read:

"Sleep on, baby on the floor,
Tired of all the playing;
Sleep with smile the sweeter for
That you dropped away in!
On your curls' full roundness, stand
Golden lights serenely;
One cheek pushed out by the hand
Folds the dimple inly.

Little head and little foot,
Heavy laid for pleasure;
Underneath the lids half-shut,
Slants the shining azure;
Open-souled in noonday sun,
So you lie and slumber;
Nothing evil having done,
Nothing can encumber."

"You are very thoughtful, I am sure," she said, as Mrs. Gregory returned, bearing a most inviting looking tray. Had she been the wife of a millionaire, the napkin could not have been more delicately white, and the simple china was graceful in shape. There was only thin cut bread and butter, it is true, with a sliced orange sprinkled with powdered sugar; but with the goblet of ice water, Mrs. Hale could not have enjoyed anything more this unusually warm June day.

Mrs. Gregory was pleased at the tribute to her simple fare; and Mrs. Hale could not forbear asking how it all came about, as she finished the orange.

"Do you remember the last time I saw you—two years ago last August—at Newport? I know you will forgive it, if I ask you how you ever made up your mind to change your bellehood and luxurious life for this?"

"I feel you are really interested, Mrs. Hale; but if you only knew how much happier I have been here—how truly, truly happy

I am—you would not wonder. I saw at home at brother's, that wealth was not all in all. Julia was always occupied—brother always full of anxious plans, and away on business half the time. You may say they are almost strangers to each other in their own home. I wanted to be loved, and I knew Mr. Gregory was sincere, and so I encouraged him and he proposed."

"I wonder that he should have the courage to, knowing how you had been educated."

"That's what he says often. I tease him sometimes, by pretending I think he regrets it; but you know I always said what I meant. One day we had a long talk, or rather he and old Mr. Colson had, when I was sitting by, about young men marrying. Mr. Colson said it kept them out of mischief; Fred answered, very few could afford it. Mr. Colson said he began on five hundred a year; Fred laughed and said, twenty-five hundred a year was a pittance now, the way people lived. But it was a bitter laugh; and then I met his eyes, so loving, so hopeless, at the same time. I understood him from that moment, and it made me think. I knew so little of household matters; brother had always made me a liberal allowance, and I had to think a great deal before I made up my mind."

"Well, have you been as happy as a story-book ever since?" asked Mrs. Hale, who knew the wide difference between theory and practice.

"It was harder than I expected, and I won't pretend to deny it. At first, I did not feel it; we boarded in a very pleasant home, and, of course, my wardrobe was new and nice. We were very much in love, as the saying is, and I was desperately magnanimous, whenever Fred touched upon the sacrifices I had made for him. Then we began to find boarding very expensive, with baby and nurse, and I felt the coldness of some of my friends more than I cared to acknowledge. My dresses began to look out of date, and I could not renew them in the same style. Of course, if I could not dress, I could not visit; and the only thing in our married life that I don't like to dwell on is, how my fretting at that time must have teased poor Fred. When I began to see how pale and harassed he looked, it brought me to my senses; and I proposed housekeeping of my own accord, as we had to keep a servant at any rate. Then, such a time as we had house-hunting! You would be amused at how my ideas came down. From Irving Place—from the region of Fifth Avenue—even from St. Mark's Place down, down to the ferry, and then across to Brooklyn, which I had always detested. But we got this house for one half the most inconvenient location in town, and the garden was its great attraction. We were offered one in Pierpont Street, much more stylish-looking, at the same rent, but there was only about six feet of brick pavement in the rear. I'm glad you think it pleasant."

"It certainly is, my dear child," and at that moment Mrs. Hale could almost have taken the young wife to her motherly arms and kissed her—she seemed so loving, so wife-like and hopeful. "But how did you succeed housekeeping?"

"O, dear, you ought to have Fred to describe my mishaps! But I have an excellent woman now, who has taught me a great deal of domestic economy, and Fred isn't afraid to invite a friend home to dine now and then. Even brother declares everything tastes well here, though he has a French cook, at eighteen dollars a month, and I pay Judith but eight for doing everything. I take all the care of baby; I set out to do all my own sewing, but I found that was not wise. I fagged over it, and it made me cross and fretful when Fred came home, tired out with his day's work. So I found I could do without a dress bonnet, and a new silk this spring, and that pays my seamstress for several weeks."

Cousin Mary quite agreed with Mrs. Gregory about the economy of hiring plain sewing. She had seen too many women lose their health and spirits, by confining themselves to their needles, instead of moving about in light, household tasks, and spending the money thus saved in dress. It is too common a fault with young American housekeepers; the more so, that they regard it in the light of a virtue.

"I sew for baby still, you see, that is such a great pleasure," ran on Mrs. Gregory, her needle flying through the cambric, "but I never have anything about when Fred comes. After four, our dinner hour, we devote to each other; we read and study a little, walk, ride sometimes and garden. All this pleasure out of twelve hundred a year; for his salary has been increased, and we are beginning to save something now."

Mrs. Hale's question, "I wonder if poor people can be happy," was solved to her entire satisfaction. The Gregories were "poor people," in Mrs. Allen's eyes, and much to be pitied. Mrs. Hale returned to her cousin's elegant house, and sat down to the stylishly-laid table, to be helped by the stylish waiter, and to hear her part in a dull and measured discourse, of the weather, business, early vegetables and French *entrees*—wondering if Mrs. Allen, in her monotonous routine of dressing, visiting and shopping, did not demand the most sympathy. The more especially, when Mr. Allen went to sleep behind the evening paper, and his wife, with her unoccupied mind and heart, yawned over some crochet work until bedtime. But she did not think it would be kind to draw too vivid a contrast.

CHAUCER AND SHAKSPEARE.

I take necessary delight in Chaucer. His manly cheerfulness is especially delicious to me in my old age. How exquisitely tender he is, and yet how perfectly free from the least touch of sickly melancholy or morbid drooping! The sympathy of the poet with the subjects of his poetry is particularly remarkable in Shakspeare and Chaucer; but what the first effects by a strong act of imagination and mental metamorphosis, the last does without any effort, merely by the inborn kindly joyousness of his nature. How well we seem to know Chaucer! How absolutely nothing do we know of Shakspeare!—*Coleridge.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

M A R Y.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

How soft the sound, and musical;
There's not another name
So linked with thoughts of sweetness all,
Or so allied to fame.

There's not another name so blest,
So oft recalled in song,
Remembered in the poet's breast
So tenderly and long.

methinks no bard has ever sung,
By Mary uninspired;
O'er Byron's wondrous harp she hung,
And Burns with ardor fired.

A childish love for her we knew,
Ere romances had grown cool;
She had the sweetest eyes of blue
In all the village school.

And now her name, with no regrets,
Calls up a thousand joys;
The May-days and the violets
Of school-time girls and boys.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE FAITHFUL CLERK.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

You cannot stop the course of Cupid's arrows; they will hit where least expected, and leave a mark that no patent medicine can cure. Mr. Boswell went to the great city, full forty years ago, as a poor boy; but he worked his way up by "clerking it," until he went into business for himself. He then hired poor young men, like his former self, and among the rest took Sam Ofling as a boy to do messages and run of errands. In particular, Sam was always despatched with small notes to his master's house, and while he was sitting in the entry waiting for "ma'am" to return an answer—for she was a terrible slow penman—little Nancy, the rich man's daughter, made his acquaintance. Sam was a bright boy, rather precocious, had an entertaining way to amuse the little girl, so that by-and-by she used to inquire of her father "if he were not coming of some errand again soon?" And there never was any long suspension in his calls, for it either rained and his master wanted an umbrella, or a friend was invited to dinner, or he had heard something of importance to communicate, so Sam was despatched with the message. And then he was a great favorite with the old lady—for he was very exact and truthful—two excellent traits in any messenger.

For years this sort of transmitted intelligence was conveyed by Sam. He was no longer the little boy, but a tall, graceful youth, and little Nancy was some way in her teens. Now, he used to be invited by the daughter into the sitting-room; he was no longer called "Sam," but *Samuel*. Miss Nancy and he discoursed of concerts and theatrical exhibitions, and once in a while Samuel attended the same church, and used to peep over to his master's pew and catch a glimpse of Nancy's black, lustrous eyes. "But what if she did return the glance," thought he, "I am the son of a poor widow, and only a clerk; it is all nonsense to think of being a favorite, only as I am faithful in the old man's service." But somehow Nancy *did* show winning ways. She half invited him to come and take a seat in the pew—or rather, she said, "we have always room enough"—and when she gave her birthday party she insisted upon Samuel's being invited. The old lady thought at first it would never do, but Nancy pleaded so hard, at last she told her father in consideration of his faithfulness he ought to be invited, and none of the company would recognize him, yet she should delight to introduce him as *Mr. Ofling!*

She did so, and many inquiries were made by sundry young belles to know "who was that handsome young man?" All this flattered Nancy's vanity, and increased her affection. She now had low conversation when he came of errands, and once her mother detected her in writing a note to him. She reproved her for her temerity, which seemed not a whit to abate her attachment. Finally her mother thought of sending her from home to abate the silly girl's love, and being obliged to tell the secret to the father, he protested she should be sent to a convent rather than disgrace herself in this way.

But Samuel was so well versed in his mercantile affairs; he knew so much better than himself the characters of his customers, and had such a ready tact at detecting any evasive artifice, that he saved him thousands annually; and this fact was not to be overlooked by dismissing him from service. But the affair with Miss Nancy was not to be passed over without a reproof. Boswell had always been on the most intimate terms with his clerk, and how he could so reprimand him as to accomplish his purpose and destroy his attachment for his daughter, was to him a puzzling enigma. He was mistaken, however, in one of his conclusions, which was, that no father ever had so difficult a matter to adjust before. After a sleepless night, Mr. Boswell called his clerk into his presence. At that very moment he was reading a note which ran on this wise:

"My parents may banish me to some foreign shore, or they may immerse me in the walls of a convent; yet I will surmount all barriers and eventually be yours. They may cramp my movements, but they shall never destroy the affection nor the love in my heart towards the 'despised clerk.' N."

"Ofling," said Mr. Boswell, "is there any business on hand requiring immediate attention?"

"None, sir," replied the young man, "save a few unanswered letters to some cotton dealers;" and he twirled the loving note in his hand as if one of them.

"Samuel," said Mr. B., with a loud hem; "Sam, I hear there is an attachment existing between you and my daughter. Report yourself like a man—is it so?"

"It is, sir," replied Samuel, manfully; "but allow me to say, sir, I will never marry her without your consent."

"Keep her affections and not marry,—hey, boy,—do I understand you?"

"The affections are her own, sir. I will use no improper means to retain them, Mr. Boswell—but perhaps you are too late in pushing these inquiries."

"Ofling!—you scapegrace!" replied Boswell, half indignant, and half playful, "you always will have the last word."

He then changed his tone, and inquired about the liabilities of Pettengill & Co.

Mr. Boswell, evidently, was a relieved man. He had done his duty in reprimanding the young man, and he could inform his wife of it, and let her proceed as she thought proper.

Nancy, in the meantime, showed no reluctance to be driven whithersoever they might send her, and the convent in a Southern State was selected. Her outfit was now rapidly purchased and made ready, and the day arrived for her departure. Samuel manifested no outward signs of regret, and the great object seemed to unobservant eyes to be accomplished.

Nancy, upon her arrival, wrote back concerning the delightful home she had entered. She seemed docile and obedient,—loved her parents more than ever, and begged to assure them that they need have no anxiety on her behalf. She stayed a year with the Lady Superior, really improving in all the graces and charms of feminine loveliness, when her father was suddenly taken ill, and she was summoned at his bedside.

The interview was a long and private one—but Mr. Ofling, the clerk, was likewise found by his bedside the same afternoon. "Samuel," said Mr. Boswell, "I am about to leave this world. At such a time everything but one's character seems of little worth. You have been all in all to me in my business transactions. Do you love my daughter, still?" said he, pressing his hand.

"Our affections are unchanged?" remarked Samuel.

"Then," said Mr. Boswell, "she is yours. Call her."

"Nancy, you have my dying approbation to marry this young man, and remember it is in consequence of the discreet and implicit obedience you have both rendered us when we were opposed and indignant at the thought of your marriage. Here is my will; call your mother. Samuel read it, and see if it is satisfactory." He did so, and they were all moved to tears.

Samuel was appointed his executor—he was likewise his successor in business, with a cash capital of fifty thousand, deposited in his own name for his benefit, besides most ample provision for his widow and daughter. "And in consideration of the sterling integrity and a manifest desire to please," was inserted before the devise to Samuel Ofling.

The clerk now succeeded his master; the marriage soon followed, and the happy couple are still respected, affluent and beloved—an example to all aspiring young men, early restricted by poverty, to be faithful and devoted to their employers, being assured that this is not a solitary instance where a promotion ensues as the reward of undeviating rectitude.

THE POTOMAC THROUGH THE BLUE RIDGE.

The passage of the Potomac, through the Blue Ridge, is, perhaps, one of the most stupendous scenes in nature. You stand on a very high point of land. On your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountain a hundred miles to seek a vent. On your left approaches the Potomac, seeking a passage also. In the moment of their junction, they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea. The first glance at this scene hurries our senses into the opinion, that this earth has been created in time; that the mountains were formed first; that the rivers began to flow afterwards; that, in this place particularly, they have been dammed up by the Blue Ridge of mountains, and have formed an ocean which filled the whole valley; that, continuing to rise, they have at length broken over at this spot, and have torn the mountain down from its summit to its base. The piles of rocks on each hand, but particularly on the Shenandoah, the evident marks of their disruption and avulsion from their beds by the most powerful agents of nature, corroborate the impression. But the distant finishing, which nature has given to the picture, is of a very different character. It is a true contrast to the foreground. It is as placid and delightful as that is wild and tremendous. For, the mountain being cloven asunder, she presents to your eye, through the cleft, a small catch of smooth blue horizon, at an infinite distance in the plain country, inviting you, as it were, from the riot and tumult roaring around, to pass through the breach, and participate of the calm below. Here the eye ultimately composes itself; and that way, too, the road happens actually to lead. You cross the Potomac above its junction, pass along its side through the base of the mountain for three miles, its terrible precipices hanging in fragments over you, and within about twenty miles reach Fredericktown, and the fine country round that. This scene is worth a voyage across the Atlantic. Yet here, as in the neighborhood of the Natural Bridge, are people who have passed their lives within half a dozen miles, and have never been to survey these monuments of a war between rivers and mountains, which must have shaken the earth itself to its centre.—*Jefferson.*

SHAKSPEARE.—In Shakspeare one sentence begets the next naturally; the meaning is all interwoven. He goes on kindling like a meteor through the dark atmosphere; yet, when the creation in its outline is once perfect, then he seems to rest from his labor, and to smile upon his work, and tell himself that it is very good. You see many scenes and parts of scenes which are simply Shakspeare's disporting himself in joyous triumph and vigorous fun after obtaining a great achievement of his highest genius.—*Table Talk.*



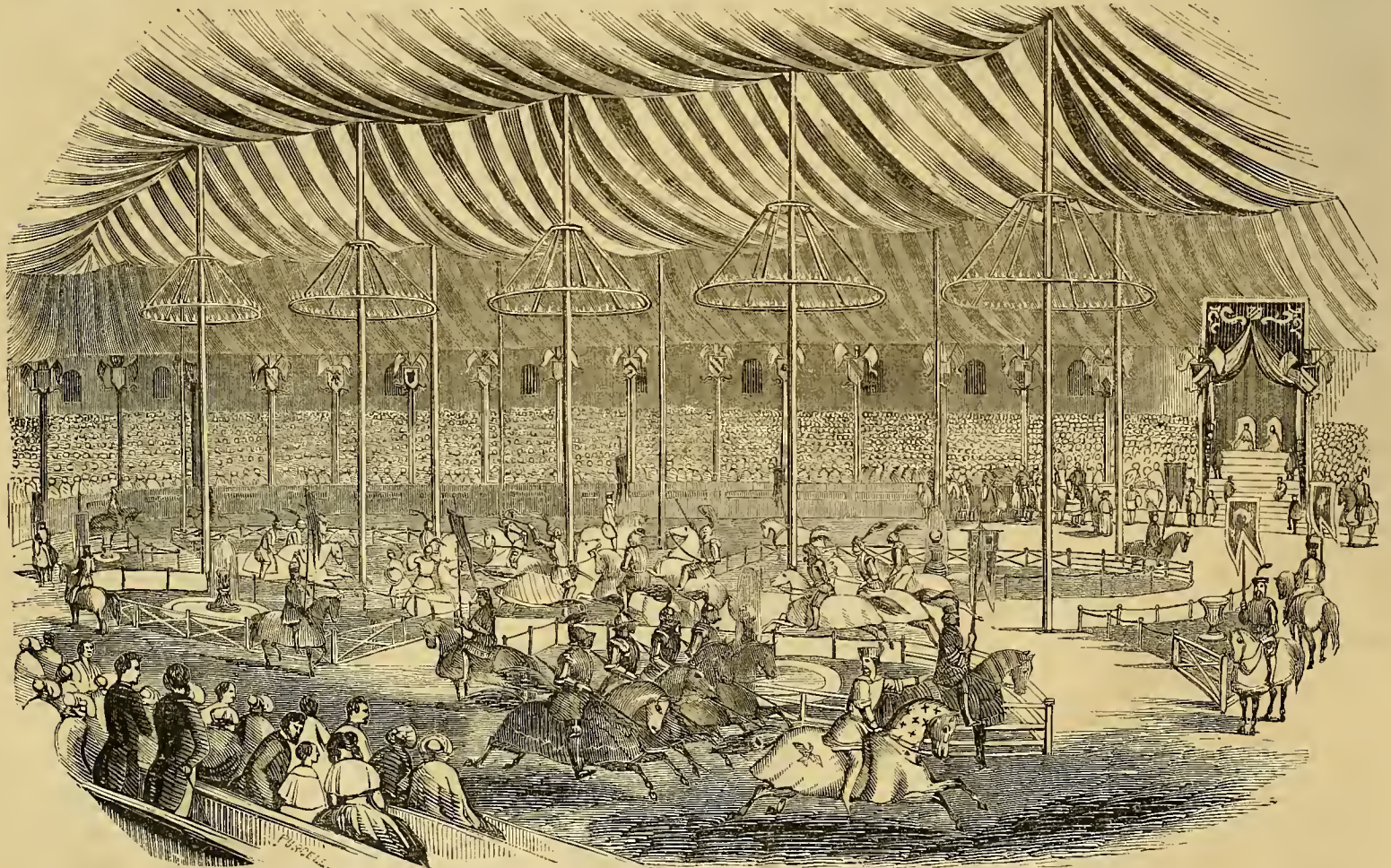
EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE HIPPODROME, ON MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.

THE HIPPODROME.

The above cut conveys a true idea of the great Hippodrome buildings, on Madison Square, New York, covering an area of two acres of ground, with a front on Broadway of two hundred feet wide, extending backwards so as to occupy nearly the entire block, at once forming a grand and imposing feature. The *tout ensemble* is striking and peculiar. Turreted abutments decorated with classic carvings, and capped with grotesque ornaments, and the extended pyramid striped with green and white, that goes to form the covering of the arena, have a most unique contour. To use a familiar mannerism, the Hippodrome is most decidedly French. The fact is, it is a French idea—a regular Paris impor-

ation, but perfected by American enterprise. M. Franconi, a Parisian, "to the *manage-barn*," is the manager and projector; but Monsieur Yaocoe has supplied the material for the successful conduction of the concern. But if the exterior at once surprises, attracts, and elicits admiration, what must be the effect of the internal arrangements? We have seen them, but to describe them is a task of some difficulty. Classic lore, ancient history, Walter Scott's picture of the tournament, the songs of chivalry, are all competent to give an idea of what is to be seen at Franconi's Hippodrome. Our artist has furnished us with an illustration of the *Tournament*, in which a grand procession of over one hundred and fifty persons and one hundred horses forms a prominent attrac-

tion. Amid the blast of the clarion, two knights engage in conflict; one falls by the hand of the other; his horse is lanced, falls over dead, and is borne motionless upon a hurdle from the avenue! This one thing alone supersedes anything America has ever witnessed. The Steeple Chase, the Stag Hunt, the Olympian Games, lofty aerial flights, and other wonders, are all executed in a new style, and each act is calculated to sustain the reputation the Hippodrome has acquired. The enterprise, notwithstanding the immense outlay necessary to carry it out properly, has already richly returned the money that has been invested in it, and the interest manifested by the public seems not in the least to have abated; strangers from far and near are thronging to witness the exhibition.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE HIPPODROME, ON MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.



GLEASON'S PICTORIAL
 FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.
 MATHURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

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 "Thoughts at Midnight," lines, by JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

BETTER THAN GOING TO CALIFORNIA.

The following is only one among many of the orders we receive from persons now engaged in selling the bound volumes of our Pictorial:

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., June 11, 1853.

F. GLEASON, ESQ.:

Respected Sir,—Send me fifty more of the Pictorials—fifteen of volume I, fifteen of volume II, and twenty of volume III. Send immediately on receipt of this, by express—enclosed is the money. I have been here only two days, and in that time have sold forty-seven out of the fifty volumes I took at your office the other day.

Very truly yours,

JAMES W. PHILLIPS.

By the above letter it will be seen that our bound volumes of the Pictorial are going off rapidly, and that those persons engaged in selling them make a good business for themselves, considering the low price we sell them to those who sell again. Now, as there is room for others who may wish to engage in the business, we shall be happy to inform them of the low price at which we let the agents have the volumes, or give them any other information they require, upon their either calling at our office or writing to us upon the subject by mail.

GRISI IN LONDON.

Speaking of the appearance of Grisi, this season, at the Opera House, London, the *Spectator* says: "Last year it was universally remarked that she had 'renewed her youth;' and, from her re-appearance in *Norma*, on Thursday night, the same thing might be said again, still more emphatically. Of course, the matron of forty can never again be the beautiful girl who enchanted the world at nineteen; but in her grandest and most unrivalled impersonations—*Norma*, *Semiramide*, *Lucrezia Borgia*—she is all, and probably more than all, that she ever was. Her *Norma* of Thursday, was one of her greatest triumphs. Its announcement filled every stall, the pit, and most of the boxes; and the audience seemed to feel that they could not sufficiently express their admiration and delight." As Grisi is soon to be among us, we watch her career with more than ordinary interest.

SPLINTERS.

.... It is a somewhat notable fact, that in girls we love what they are; in young men what they promise to be!
 Coleman & Stetson, of the Astor House, New York, we see by the papers, are to build a mammoth hotel "np town."
 It is said that money is so plenty in California, that the streets are to be paved with donblions; but this is very doubtful.
 Europe will be thrown into a fresh state of turmoil and trouble, if the anticipated death of Louis Napoleon occurs.
 That famous bean, Mr. Wykoff, has at length conquered the prejudices of Miss Gamble, and they are to be married.
 Charles Levi Woodbury has been appointed to, and has accepted, the mission at Bolivia; he will soon proceed thither.
 Madame Pfeiffer, the noted, and remarkably fearless female traveller, was last heard from somewhere in Sumatra.
 The Boston Light Dragoons, Col. I. H. Wright, commanding, is the best volunteer dragoon company in the Union.
 Ik Marvel, the popular and very delightful author, has, we learn, been appointed United States consul to Venice.
 A young English officer lately, on a wager, walked 56 miles in twelve hours, winning by only a few moments.
 In the vicinity of Lynn, a few days since, a farmer had fifteen fowls killed by lightning. They died instantly.
 Copper, silver and gold mines are said to be immensely abundant and prolific in Japan. All worked by government.
 Mr. Ball, of this city, has lately completed a most striking full-length statue of Daniel Webster. It is a gem of art.
 J. Fennimore Cooper's late residence, at Cooperstown, N. Y., has been sold, and is now fitted up as a hotel.

BORES IN SOCIETY.

Too many people look upon half the vicissitudes of life as excessive bores; and simply because, in their limited knowledge, they can see no essential use in a thing, which, for the moment, may cause them temporary annoyance, they unhesitatingly condemn it. But nothing is worthless; it is only ignorance as to its appropriate use that renders anything of little value. Countless wealth lies hidden in all the creations of God, and every green herb and root contains uncounted riches for the use of man. How true it is, that in the perfect circle of creation, nothing could be spared, for there is design in all things. Man, in his weakness, would crush the myriads of insects that people the air, or fatten on decayed substances. He can see no use in the thistle that springs up spontaneously to mock the indolence of the husbandman; he questions the wisdom of Divine Providence when the pestilence claimeth its victims, yet he knows not but it sweepeth away a mightier and unknown curse. It has been beautifully said that the foreknown station of a rush is as fixed as the station of a king; and doubtless the sailing of a cloud hath Providence for its pilot.

Of all the numerous bores with whom society is afflicted, none is more pestilential than the sour man—the fellow who is always dissatisfied, grumbling and discontented. He is not satisfied with being uncomfortable himself, but he seeks to spread a shade of discomfort all around him. If he would be content to confine his mutterings and murmurs to himself, and to maintain a strict seclusion, he might be pardoned and pitied; but when he thrusts his grievances upon society, he then becomes, as Dogberry eloquently observes, "most tolerable and not to be endured."

The sour man is always sour; the milk of human kindness in his breast is curdled—there is no sweetness in the acid principle of his composition; nature has given him a *quantum sufficit* of lemon-juice, but has forgotten the saccharine ingredient. He is sour from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same; in sunshine and moonlight, twilight and gaslight. When he wakes in the morning, he grumbles because it is time to get up; his coffee is always too hot or too cold; his toast and steak either overdone or underdone; he finds nothing satisfactory in the morning papers; he is always in the opposition, let whatever party be in government. When he goes out he invariably grumbles at the weather—if it is a little cool, he calls it Arctic weather; if it is mild, he compares it to the tropics; if it drizzles, he declares it rains pitchforks, and a gentle breeze is a hurricane.

Those who assume a mournful and sad air, though they differ somewhat from the sour man, are much after the same school, save that the weeping philosopher is generally mourning for himself. He will never set out upon a journey without first fortifying himself, by bringing to mind all the horrible steamboat accidents, and stage-coach tragedies, and dismal robberies, and murders of travellers that have occurred within the last half century. He will thus be prepared to "sup full of horrors on the road."

When the engine whistles on approaching a crossing, he will immediately feel certain of a coming collision, and will screw his body into all manner of impossible shapes to meet it; while the ordinary signal of the engineer's bell, on board the boat, will instantly suggest the explosion of the boiler, and the destruction of all the passengers. The porter who takes his carpet bag will bear the aspect of a highway robber; and the pretty waiting-maid at the hotel, as she hands him his sugar for the coffee, will be taken for a Lucrezia Borgia in disguise, serving him with allopathic doses of arsenic or corrosive sublimate!

The laughing philosopher is the very antipodes of both the specimens referred to. He enjoys everything as he goes along; he makes fun of every little mistake he encounters on life's pilgrimage; and a tumble in a stage-coach, or a slip from a rail, are regarded as a matter of course. His flow of spirits never slackens till the tide of life has ceased to ebb; hence he always appears ten years younger than he actually is. His hair never turns gray, or, at least, seems never to do so; his step never loses its elasticity; he trips through life as gaily and unconcernedly as he walks through a quadrille, and succeeds not only in making himself, but every one around him, happy; and as the pursuit of happiness is the main object of life, his philosophy, beyond a doubt, is the only true one. "They pass best over the world," said Queen Elizabeth, "who trip over it quickly; for it is but a bog—if we stop, we sink!"

FINE ARTS.—The engravings to which the subscribers of the New York Art Union are entitled, are now ready for delivery at W. Y. Balch's establishment, No. 92 Tremont Street. In this connection, we may mention that Mr. Balch exhibits to his customers a rare and beautiful gallery of paintings, and those in search of artistic gems should call upon him.

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.—From every State in the Union cheering prospects of the growing crops reach us. In some of the Southern and Western States, drought has prevailed to an alarming extent until recently, when it was succeeded by copious and refreshing showers of rain.

QUITE A FALL.—It is rumored that the mother of the Rev. Elcazer Williams has commenced a suit for slander against all persons who have asserted that her Elcazer is the son of a king.

GENEROUS.—Madame Sontag has, it is said, distributed over six thousand dollars in private charities since her arrival in the United States.

TRUE.—The grace which makes every other grace amiable, is humility, with which true bravery is ever coupled.

MARRIAGES

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Randall, Mr. C. Battell Thompson, editor of the *Le Roy* (N. Y.) Gazette, to Mrs. Sarah H. Shannon.
 By Rev. Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Edward P. Clark to Miss Sarah E. Champlin.
 By Rev. Mr. Porter, Mr. Warren French to Miss Emeline Fegale.
 By Rev. Mr. Fox, Mr. Edward F. Duseher to Miss Elizabeth McNeil.
 By Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Darling Welch to Miss Arvilla Downing.
 At Charlestown, by Rev. Dr. Childcott, David B. Weston to Lucy Hutchinsan.
 At Andover, Mr. Emory E. Harwood, of Oxford, to Miss Lucy F. Clark.
 At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Foster, Mr. Francis Gordon, of Rochester, N. Y., to Miss Martha A., eldest daughter of Dea. Judah Crosby.
 At Holliston, Mr. Hiram Nichols to Lucy M. Thurston, both of Southboro'.
 By Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Ballou Mr. George H. Holland to Miss Marie, daughter of Mr. George Bates, of Mendon.
 At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Emery, Mr. Amos F. Rogers to Miss Miranda Deau.
 At Newburyport, Mr. Robert G. Sargent to Miss Eliza J. B. Woods.
 At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Mars, Francis K. Dickson to Miss Sarah A. Gant, both of Providence, R. I.
 At Westfield, Mr. Royal Waller, Cashier of Hampden Bank to Helen Laesing.
 At Charlestown, Mr. George W. Mayhew to Miss Lucia A. Bishop.
 At Middlefield, by Rev. Mr. Herrett, Mr. Wm. L. Church to Nancy A. Smith.
 At Alfred, Me., Rev. Wm. Wilcox, of Kennebunk, to Miss Annie Goodnow.
 At Hartland Vt., Mr. Geo. A. Eaton, of Boston to Miss Abble C. Cottoe.
 At Fort Smith, Ark., Capt. F. Herriekson, U. S. A., to Lizide A. Griffith.

DEATHS

In this city, Miss Ann Ruggles, daughter of the late Col. Jesse Goodnow, of Cambridge; Grace G., wife of Mr. John Robinson; Rev. Nathl W. Williams 68; Mr. Ralph Smith, 65.
 At Chelsea, Mrs. Sultona T., wife of Mr. William E. Stanwood 28.
 At Cambridgeport, Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr. Franklin Sawyer, 63.
 At Somerville, Miss Constantha, daughter of Nathl S. Prince, of Newtow, 23.
 At Medford, Capt. Andrew Blincoard, Jr., 66.
 At Dedham, Mrs. Harriet, wife of Mr. James M. Chase.
 At Newburyport, Mrs. Margaret, wife of Mr. Joshua M. Hibbard, 23.
 At Shrewsbury, Mr. John B. Cummings 76.
 At Marlboro', Emma I., daughter of Mr. L. M. Badrow, 3 mos. 17 days.
 At Oakham, Miss Sarah Crawford, 24. Mr. Jesse Fitts, 61.
 At Hardwick, Miss Lucy Ann, only daughter of Mr. John Deao, 20.
 At Petersham, Mr. John Savage, 44.
 At Lempster, N. H., Dr. T. Abel, 74—editor of N. E. Farmer's Almanac 39 yrs.
 At Portsmouth, N. H., Mr. Elisha Hill, 71.
 At Portland, Me., Capt. James Alden, 78.
 At New Haven, Ct., A. H. Malby for many years bookseller and publisher.
 At Washington, D. C. Mrs. Lydia, wife of Dea. T. P. Aoderoo, 66.
 At Georgetown, D. C. Mrs. Julia S., relict of late Com. C. W. Morgan, U.S.N.
 At Columbus, Ga., Mrs. Fanny B. Stoddard, of Milford, Mass., 23.
 At sea, on board ship Hartford, Mr. Daniel Clough, of Alexandria, N. H., 23.

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[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A SONG TO EDITH.

BY ANNA M. HEFFERNAN.

O, come to the banks of the Amazon,
Loved one, come away with me;
And the fairest waters that ever ran,
Thy lovely eyes shall see
There's music in their murmuring,
Like the last notes of the swan;
And they'll hymn a song of tenderness,
On the banks of the Amazon.

There summer lives with her brightest smile,
In a home of tropic flowers;
And joy the steps of time beguiles,
Till the days seem winged hours.
There gentlest winds of heaven breathe,
The rose on thy cheek to fan;
And they'll woo thy lips with their balmy kiss,
On the banks of the Amazon.

O, brighter will glow its waters, love,
As they look on those eyes of thine;
And they'll steal a tone of thy sweet voice,
To make their song divine.
And the bright course of the summer, love,
Will still be as it began;
For endless sunshine with thee will reign,
On the banks of the Amazon.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF RICHELIEU.

BY EDWARD SUTTON SMITH.

SEE the Mediterranean, far distant, washing with its blue waters the sandy shores. Enter that city resembling Athens; and to find him who reigns there, follow that dark and irregular street: mount the steps of the old archiepiscopal palace, and enter the first and largest of its apartments.

It was a very long and high saloon, lighted by a series of lofty windows, of which the upper part only have retained the blue, yellow and red panes, that diffuse a mysterious light through the apartment. An immense round table occupied its entire breadth, near the great fireplace; around this table, covered with a colored cloth, and laden with papers and portfolios, were seated, bending over their pens, eight secretaries, busied in copying letters which were passed to them from a smaller table. Other men moved cautiously to and fro on the carpeted floor, arranging the completed papers in the shelves of a bookcase, partly filled with books bound in black.

Notwithstanding the number of persons assembled in the room, you might have heard a pin drop. The only interruption to the otherwise dead silence, was the sound of pens rapidly gliding over paper, and a shrill voice dictating, stopping every now and then to cough. This voice proceeded from a vast arm-chair, placed by the side of the fire, which was blazing, notwithstanding the heat of the season and of the country. It was one of those arm-chairs that you still see in old castles, and which seem made to read you to sleep in, whatever the book may be, so easy is every part of it: you are received into a circular cushion of down; if the head leans back, the cheeks sink into pillows covered with silk, and the seat juts out so far beyond the elbows, that you may believe the provident upholsterers of our forefathers arranged that the book should make no noise in falling so as to awaken the sleeper. But let us quit this digression, and proceed to the man who occupied the chair, and was very far from sleeping.

He had a broad forehead, bordered with very thin white hair, large, mild eyes, a wan, pale face, to which a small, pointed, white beard gave that air of subtlety observable in all the portraits of the age of Louis XIII. A month almost without lips, which Lavater deemed an indubitable sign of an evil mind, was framed, as it were, in a pair of slight, gray moustaches, and a royale, an ornament then in fashion, and which resembled a comma in its form. The old man wore a close, red cap, a large robe-de-chambre, and stockings of purple silk; he was no less a personage than Armand Duplessis, Cardinal de Richelieu.

Near him, round the small table of which we have spoken, were six youths of from fifteen to twenty; these were pages or domestics, according to the term then in use, which signified friends of the house. This custom was a remnant of feudal patronage, which then existed in France. The younger members of high families received wages from the great lords, and were devoted to their service in all things.

The pages we speak of, drew up letters from the outline previously given by the cardinal; and, after their master had thrown a glance over them, passed them to the secretaries, who made fair copies of them. The old duke, for his part, wrote on his knee private notes upon small slips of paper, that he inserted in all the packets before sealing them, which he always did with his own hand.

He had been writing for some minutes, when, in a mirror before him, he saw the youngest of his pages writing something on a sheet of paper much smaller than the official sheet; he hastily wrote a few words, and then slipped it under the large sheet, which, much against his inclination he had to fill; but, seated behind the cardinal, he hoped that the difficulty with which the latter turned round, would prevent him from seeing the little manoeuvre that he had performed with so much difficulty. Suddenly Richelieu said to him, drily:

"Come hither, Monsieur Albert."

These words came like a thunder-clap upon the poor boy, who

appeared about seventeen. He, however, rose at once, and stood before the minister, his arms hanging at his side, and his head down.

The other pages and the secretaries moved no more than soldiers when a comrade is struck down by a ball, so accustomed were they to this species of summons. The present one, however, was delivered in a more energetic tone than usual.

"What were you writing?"

"My lord—what your eminence dictated."

"How?"

"My lord—the letter to Don Juan de Cordova"

"No evasions, sir; you were doing something else."

"My lord," said the page, with tears in his eyes, "it was a letter to one of my cousins."

"Let me see it."

The page trembled in every limb, and was obliged to lean against the chimney-piece, as he said in a scarcely audible voice:

"It is impossible."

"Monsieur le Viscount Albert de Maurepas," said the minister, without showing the least emotion, "you are no longer in my service."

The page withdrew; he knew that there was no reply; so slipping the letter into his pocket, and opening the folding-doors just wide enough to admit of his exit, he glided out, like a bird escaped from his cage.

The minister went on writing his note upon his knee. The secretaries were redoubting their zeal and silence, when the two wings of the door suddenly thrown back showed, standing in the opening, a Capuchin, who bowing with his arms crossed over his breast, seemed waiting for alms or for an order to retire. He had a dark complexion, and was deeply pitted with the small pox; his eyes, mild, but somewhat squinting, were almost hidden by his bushy eyebrows, which met in the middle of his forehead; on his mouth played a crafty, mischievous and sinister smile; his beard was straight and red, and his costume that of the order of Saint Francis, in all its disgusting details, with sandals on his bare feet, that looked altogether unworthy to tread upon the carpet.

Such as he was, however, this personage seemed to create a great sensation throughout the room; for, without finishing the phrase, the line, or even the word commenced, every person rose, and went out by the door where he was still standing: some saluting him as they passed, others turning away their heads, and the young pages holding their fingers to their noses, but not till they were behind him, for they seemed to have a secret fear of him. When they had all passed out, he entered, making a profound reverence, because the door was still open; but as soon as it was shut, advancing unceremoniously, he seated himself near the cardinal, who, having recognized him by the general movement he had created, saluted him with a silent inclination of the head, regarding him fixedly, as if awaiting some intelligence, and yet unable to avoid knitting his brows, as if he beheld a spider, or some other equally disagreeable creature.

The cardinal had been unable to avoid this movement of displeasure, because he felt himself obliged, by the presence of his agent, to resume those profound and painful conversations, from which he had for some days been free, in a country whose pure air, favorable to him, had somewhat mitigated the pain of his malady; that malady had changed to a slow fever, but its intervals were long enough to enable him to forget, during its absence, that it must return. Giving, therefore, a little rest to his hitherto indefatigable mind, he had been awaiting, for the first time in his life, perhaps, without impatience, the return of the couriers he had sent in all directions. He had not expected the visit he now received, and the sight of one of those men whom, to use his own expression, he steeped in crime, rendered all his habitual disquietudes more present to him, without entirely dissipating the cloud of melancholy which just then obscured his thoughts.

The beginning of his conversation was overcast with the gloomy hue of his late reveries; but he soon issued from them, more animated than even when his powerful mind had re-entered the actual world.

His confidant, seeing that he was about to break the silence, did so in this abrupt fashion:

"Well, my lord, of what are you thinking?"

"Alas, Joseph, of what should we all think, but of our future happiness in a better life? For many days past I have been reflecting that human interests have too much diverted me from this great thought; and I repent me of having spent some moments of my leisure in profane works, despite the glory they have already gained me amongst our greatest wits, a glory which will extend into futurity."

Father Joseph, full of what he had to say, was at first surprised at this opening; but he knew his master too well to manifest his feelings; and knowing how to change the direction of his ideas, replied:

"Yes, their merit is very great, and France will see with regret, that these immortal works are not followed by others like them."

"Yes, my dear Joseph; but it is in vain that these tragedies are thought the finest that the present or any past age has produced; I reproach myself for them, and bear in mind that I am fifty-six years old, and that I have an incurable malady."

"Those are calculations which your enemies make as closely as your eminence," said the priest, who began to be annoyed with this conversation, and was eager to proceed to other matters.

The color mounted to the cardinal's face.

"I know it, I know it well," he said, "I know all their villainy, and I am prepared for it. But what is there new?"

"According to our arrangement, my lord, we have removed the first maid of honor—as she was becoming dangerous; but her place is not supplied by the king—"

"Well!"

"The king has ideas which he never had before."

"Ha! and which proceed not from me! Very well," said the minister, with an angry sneer.

"Yes, your eminence, and her place has been vacant for six whole days! It is not prudent; pardon me for saying so."

"He has ideas—ideas!" repeated Richelieu, with a kind of terror; "and what are they?"

"He talks of recalling the queen mother," said the Capuchin, in a low voice; "of recalling her from Cologne."

"Marie de Medicis!" cried the cardinal, striking the arms of his chair with his two hands. "No, by Heaven, she shall not again set her foot upon the soil of France, from which I drove her, step by step! England has not dared to receive her; Holland fears her; and my kingdom to receive her! No, such an idea could not have originated with him alone. Recall my enemy—recall his mother—what treachery! he would not have dared to think of it."

Then, reflecting for a moment, he added, fixing a look full of fiery anger on Father Joseph:

"But, in what terms did he express this desire? Tell me his words."

"He said publicly, 'I feel that one of the first duties of a Christian is to be a good soo, and I will not resist the struggles of my conscience!'"

"Christian! conscience! these are not his own expressions; it is his confessor who is betraying me," cried the cardinal. "Perfidious Jesuit! I pardoned one of his intrigues; but I shall not pass over his secret counsels. I will have this rascal confessor dismissed, Joseph; he is an enemy to the state, I see it clearly. What a blunder! I have merited this. To leave that fox of a Jesuit with the king, without having given him my secret instructions! What neglect! Joseph, take a pen, and write what I shall dictate for the other confessor, to be chosen in his place."

Father Joseph sat down at the large table, ready to write, and the cardinal dictated to him those duties, which, shortly after, he dared to give to the king, who received them, respected them, and learned them by heart as the commandments of the church. They have come down to us, a painful monument of the humiliation a king may suffer, through intrigue and audacity.

"I. A prince should have a prime minister, and that minister three qualities: he should have no passion but for his prince. He should be able and faithful. He should be an ecclesiastic.

"II. A prince ought entirely to love his prime minister.

"III. Ought never to change his prime minister.

"IV. Ought to tell him all things.

"V. To give him free access to his person.

"VI. To give him sovereign authority over his people.

"VII. Great honors and large possessions.

"VIII. A prince has no treasure more precious than his prime minister.

"IX. A prince should not put faith in what people say against his prime minister, nor listen to any such slanders.

"X. A prince should reveal to his prime minister all that is said against him, even though he has been bound to keep it secret.

"XI. A prince should prefer not only the well being of the state, but also his prime minister, to all his relations."

Such were the commandments of the god of France. While he dictated his instructions, reading them from a small piece of paper, written with his own hand, a profound melancholy seemed to gain possession of him more and more at each successive word; and when he had finished, he fell back in his chair, his arms crossed, and his head sunk on his breast. Father Joseph, leaving his pen, arose, and was inquiring whether he were ill, when he heard the following mournful expressions issue from the depths of his chest.

"What endless disgust! What is my power? A miserable reflection of the royal power. I hold Europe in my hand, and I myself am suspended by a hair. What is a prime minister?"

His features were dreadfully contorted, and at the same moment he was seized with a long and violent fit of coughing, which ended in a slight expectoration of blood. He saw that Father Joseph was about to ring a gold bell that stood on the table; he stopped him, saying:

"'Tis nothing, Joseph. I often give—"

The blood gushed from his nose and mouth, and he fell back a dead man before he reached the floor. He had burst a blood vessel.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

SONNET—TO THE WHIPPOORWILL

BY W. L. SHOENAEER.

Sad bird, that singest when the woods are still,
And mute are all the songsters of the day,
Why pour'st thou forth thy melancholy lay,
Startling the silence, lonely whippoorwill?
Rests on thy heart the thought of former ill,
That thou shouldst thus continually pray
For punishment, like one who goes astray,
And stings of conscience loag his spirit fill?
I will not think it:—thou no wrong hast done;
Yet why dost thou avoid the pleasant light,
And hide in deep woods from the friendly sun,
Then give thy sorrows to the ear of night?
'Tis vain to ask:—from thy monastic bill
Still comes the unvarying plaint of "Whippoorwill!"

Hail! ye small, sweet courtesies of life, for smooth do ye make the road of it, like grace and beauty which beget inclinations to love at first sight; 'tis ye who open the door and let the stranger in.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Mr. Pomeroy calls the Yankee "a well-developed interrogation point."—In St. Petersburg there is an old and excellent custom requiring every person taken up drunk, male or female, to sweep the streets the next day for a certain number of hours.—President Pierce and wife, it is said, will pass the summer months in Georgetown, with Secretary McClelland.—The Journal of Commerce justly remarks upon the rejection of the appropriation for a monument to Daniel Webster, by our House of Representatives, that "Webster has no need of a monument on his own account, but that the State needs it for the State's credit."—The insurrection at China was rapidly advancing, and the emperor had formally asked the assistance of the British government to quell it.—Some idea of the annual growth of Cincinnati may be formed from the fact that the increase in the basis of taxable property for 1853, in new structures alone, exceeds the sum of \$700,000.—Cherries without stones are now grown, by nicely splitting the young seedling-tree, carefully removing the entire pit, and hermetically closing the split again.—There are eight hundred and eighty-seven persons employed in and about the New York custom-house. Their average salary is about nine hundred dollars.—Wisconsin has given charters for fifteen thousand miles of railroads, that will require \$300,000,000 to construct.—The pope has ordered the Roman artist, Jacometti, to execute in marble a statue representing "Judas giving the kiss of treason to our Saviour," which is to be placed in an upper hall of the Vatican.—The re-establishment of the death penalty for political crimes has been agreed upon by the French Council of State.—Mr. Bennett, the editor of the New York Herald, is at Weisbaden, trying the effects of the baths upon the bronchitis, a complaint with which he is considerably troubled.—Conscience is decidedly the best friend we have; with it, we may bid defiance to man; without it, all the friends in the world can be of no use to us—"A lady," says the N. Y. Tribune, "favors especially her clergyman, her physician, and her sea captain. And we are not quite sure that the sea captain is not the greatest pet of the three."—Two brothers have just been convicted at East Feliciana, La., for the murder of a third brother.—We cannot but applaud the recent action of an Ohio Agricultural Society, in offering premiums, to be awarded at the next fair, to the ladies who display the greatest skill in the art equestrian.—More than seventy sea-going steamships are now owned by New York companies.—It has just been discovered that a reputed female—a cutter of ladies' garments, in Maryland, was a man in disguise—one who had donned the petticoats for some unexplained reason, and passed for a female until after death.—Cincinnati has five hundred and fifty-eight gambling places of all kinds, including bagatelles, billiards, cards, rondo, etc.

CUBA AND THE CUBANS.

No person who pauses for a moment to consider the oppression endured by the natives of the island of Cuba will wonder at their eager desire to throw off the Spanish yoke, and to claim the protection of the stars and stripes. An evidence of the arbitrary government of Spain is seen most conspicuously in the matter of taxation. In 1836 the government revenues amounted to \$9,227,266.02, and in 1847 they had increased to \$12,808,713. The government constantly augments the taxes in the most arbitrary manner. It is said, fearing the resistance of the people, they always augment the troops with every increase of taxation. A writer, speaking of Cuba in 1847, states that "the people are taxed beyond any other known community—its half million of whites paying more than twelve millions annually, a trifling portion of which is expended on the island in other than means to keep them in subjection."

NEW VOLUME OF THE PICTORIAL
VOLUME V.

One more number of the Pictorial will close the present volume of the paper, when we shall commence, July 1st, VOLUME FIFTH of our illumined journal, greatly beautified and improved, with an entire new suit of type, and a superb array of elegant illustrations, and original articles from the best literary talent in the country. Cost what it may, the Pictorial shall be made to sustain the high reputation which it has earned, and shall merit the constant approval and unequalled patronage that it receives from all parts of the country. This will form a very proper time for the making up of new clubs, or for single persons to subscribe, being the commencement of the new volume; and for the terms of the paper, we refer the reader to the imprint in another column.

SADLY UNFORTUNATE.—It is stated that Mrs. Sayles, wife of Francis W. Sayles, of Boston, who was killed in the Norwalk slaughter, is now insane. She was with her husband when the accident occurred, and the shock she experienced has bereft her of reason. She is the daughter of Hon. B. F. Hallett.

LIBERAL.—Mr. J. W. Whorter, who for eight years held the office of ticket seller at Buffalo, for the Rochester and Buffalo Railway Company, having lost his eye-sight, has been presented by the directors of the company with the sum of \$2000.

"MAPLETON."—We have received from the publishers, Jenks, Hickling & Swan, a book bearing this title, and the quiet addition, "More Work for the Maine Law." A book with a moral.

RUMORED CESSION.—The people of Newfoundland have been startled by a rumor that Bell Isle is to be ceded to France.

Wayside Gatherings.

The French government has promised its support to the promoters of the ship canal at Darien.

The petrified body of a man has been dug out of a coal bank, at Morris, Illinois. His limbs were as hard as stone.

The hop crop of Derby, Vt., in 1852, namely, 63 1-2 tons, has been sold for \$21,568, an average of seventeen cents a pound.

Though the Ten Hour bill passed the Massachusetts House of Representatives, it failed in the Senate, and did not become a law.

A new singer, Fraulcin Ney, has been received at Dresden with the greatest enthusiasm. Her voice and execution are very fine.

Atherton Carroll, of Lynn, a young man, was taken insane, and removed to Ipswich Insane Asylum; but Tuesday afternoon he succeeded in taking his life.

Thomas Johnson, convicted at New Orleans of robbing the mail on board the steamship Mexico, has been sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary.

The ensuing State Fair of New York is to be held at Saratoga Springs. The ground selected is on the farm of Madame Jumel, about one mile east of the village.

A new motor for propelling ships has been invented by Mr. L. R. Brusach, a Hungarian gentleman, of New York. Mr. B. has made application for a patent.

A daughter, six years of age, of Mr. Edw. Cutter, mill keeper, residing in Mill street, Charlestown, was accidentally drowned in the pond, near her father's house.

The recent heavy rains have started the drives in the rivers of Maine and New Hampshire, and there is now no fear that the saw-mills will be obliged to stop operating for want of materials.

A man recently passed a counterfeit gold dollar to a news boy, in Albany, who discovered the imposition, procured an officer, and had the man arrested, who turned out to be a noted counterfeiter.

A colporteur, in Ohio, says (to the honor of Christians on his field), "I have travelled nearly four years as a colporteur, and but one man ever made any charge for meals, horse feed, or lodging."

The Keokuk, Iowa, Despatch states that there has been an accession to its population in eight weeks of about 2500 people; the suburbs are occupied by tents, ranged in close order, over a mile square.

In Quebec, during the recent storm, lightning struck a house. Three persons were seated on a sofa, on the ground floor, one of whom, a young lady of twenty, named Villeneuve, was killed instantly; a second was paralyzed, and is reported dead; and the third is still suffering from the stroke.

During the heavy thunder storm, last week, ten persons who were engaged in fishing in the Delaware, below Lambertson, were all prostrated by the lightning. One of them had his knees badly hurt, but the others received no further injury than being stunned for several minutes.

The Congregational Church, at Lockport, was struck by lightning during divine service, on the afternoon of the 22d ult. Luther Crocker, one of the chorists, was instantly killed, and six others were severely injured. The shock is said to have been so terrific as for a short time to render every person in the building completely powerless.

Foreign Items.

Not less than 35,000 strangers visited Rome during the past winter and spring.

A jubilee meeting of the citizens of Lambeth had been held to encourage Kossuth.

Four hundred and forty-two Episcopal churches in Ireland have been recently repaired.

The Marquis de Valdegamas, the Spanish ambassador to France, died in Paris on Tuesday, 3d ult.

The season in England was very backward, the weather cold, and there was every prospect of a late harvest.

A cheap lodging house for the working-classes is to be erected under the guarantee of the French government.

The increasing emigration from England to the gold countries is having the effect of greatly raising the price of labor.

Silver mines and traces of auriferous quartz have been discovered on government lands near Kongsberg, Norway.

The police of Paris have commenced to arrest the idle children found about the streets, and hold their parents responsible for the fine imposed.

A dozen Jew and Greek merchants of Alexandria, Egypt, having speculated for a rise in the price of corn in England, have been ruined by the late decline.

Miss Hardwick, the daughter of a wholesale chemist, has distributed \$22,000 amongst metropolitan charities. While living in a small cottage in Derbyshire, she did not spend £100 a year.

It is said that Professor Wilson (of Blackwood's Magazine) is past hope of recovery. His lower limbs are paralyzed; and, although his mind is still clear, he is but a wreck of his former self.

By an application for a summons made at the Lambeth Police Court, it became known that a blacksmith, named Turor, lately purchased a wife, in the person of a Mrs. Huntley, for "a pot of beer and a threepenny pie!"

Honora, Bridget and Rachel Stackpole were hanged at Ennis, county Clare, 29th April, for the murder of their nephew, making the forty sixth execution that has taken place at Ennis since the year 1830.

In reply to Lord Jocelyn, Lord John Russell stated that the Emperor of China had applied to Great Britain for assistance, but no orders had been given to interfere in any way, except for the protection of British property and subjects.

The number of castles of which there are existing remains is, in England, four hundred and sixty-one; Wales, one hundred and seven; Scotland, one hundred and fifty-five; Ireland, one hundred and twenty. Total, eight hundred and forty-three.

A Congress of Sovereigns is expected to take place in Vienna in the course of this month. The Kings of Prussia and Bavaria will certainly attend, and Otho of Greece, and Leopold of Belgium (or rather of the Belgians) will probably be present. The advent of the Emperor of Russia is doubtful.

About half a million of dollars has been subscribed towards a memorial of the late Duke of Wellington. The amount will be applied to the erection of a national monument in the shape of a school or college bearing his name, for the gratuitous, or nearly gratuitous, education of orphan children of officers in the army.

Sands of Gold.

... Truth is a torch, but an immense torch; so we wink while passing it, for fear of its burning us.—Goethe.

... That is but an empty purse which is full of other folks' money.

... He that breaks his promise forfeits his faith, and so becomes an infidel unto him to whom he promised.

... By the measure of a spirited mind, we find there are many original men; the common people do not discover the difference between men.—Pascal.

... Every young man should remember that the world will always honor industry. The vulgar and useless idler, whose energies of body and mind are rusting for want of occupation, may look with scorn—it is praise; his contempt is honor.

... The judicial blindness of pride is seen in this, that those are the proudest who have nothing to be proud of. Such pride is the manifestation of essential self-love—of that love of self which exists where self is most vile and unlovely.

... Relaxation is a physical and moral necessity. Animals, even to the simplest and dullest, have their games, their sports, their diversions. The toil worn artisan, stooping and straining over his daily task, which taxes eye and brain and limb, ought to have opportunity and means for an hour or two of relaxation after that task is concluded.—N. Y. Tribune.

... No passion more base, nor one which seeks to hide itself more than jealousy. It is ashamed of itself; if it appears, it carries its stain and disgrace on the forehead. We do not wish to acknowledge it to ourselves, it is so ignominious; but hidden and ashamed in the character, we would be confused and disconcerted if it appeared, by which we are convinced of our bad minds and debased courage.—Bossuet.

... When I gaze into the stars, they look down upon me with pity from their serene and silent spaces, like eyes glistening with tears over the little lot of man. Thousands of generations, all as noisy as our own, have been swallowed up by Time, and there remains no record of them any more. Yet Arcturus and Orion, Sirius and Pleiades, are still shining in their courses, clear and young, as when the shepherd first noted them in the plain of Shinar!—Carlyle.

Joker's Budget.

Pistols and a mile were the weapons and distance chosen by an individual lately challenged to fight a duel.

"Wonderful things are done now-a-days," said Mr. Timmins; "the doctor has given Flack's boy a new lip from his cheek." "Ah," said his lady, "many's the time I have known a pair taken from mine, and no very painful operation either."

"Pa," said a little seven-year fellow, "I guess our man, Ralph, is a good Christian." "How so, my boy?" queried the parent. "Why, pa, I read in the Bible that the wicked shall not live out half his days—and Ralph says he has lived out ever since he was a little boy."—Cymon.

Mrs. Partington once invited an aged clergyman from the city to take tea with her. On opening the sugar-bowl, she discovered a deceased mouse in the premises. In the excitement of the moment, she seized a large lump of sugar and flung it behind the back-log, while she carefully deposited the mouse into the gentleman's cup. He discovered the mistake as soon as he began to stir the sugar.

M. de Talleyrand, having one day invited M. Denon, the celebrated traveller, to dine with him, told his wife to read the work of his guest, indicating its place in his library. Madame Talleyrand, unluckily, got hold, by mistake, of the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, which she ran over in great haste; and, at dinner, she began to question Denon about his shipwreck, his island, &c., and, finally, about his man Friday.

A fool, a barber, and a bald-headed man, travelled together. Losing their way, they were forced to sleep in the open air, and to avert danger it was agreed to keep watch by turns. The lot first fell to the barber, who, for amusement, shaved the fool's head while he slept; he then woke him, and the fool raising his hand to scratch his head, exclaimed: "Here's a pretty mistake! Rasca, you have waked the bald-headed man instead of me."

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F. OLEASON,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, BOSTON, MASS.

MILITARY MONUMENT AT FRANKFORT, KY.

The engraving given on this page is an exact representation of the beautiful military monument erected at Frankfort, Kentucky, in accordance with an act of the Legislature, which was passed to that effect, on the 23d of February, 1845. It is a beautiful tribute from Kentucky, to the memory of her first settlers who perished during the Indian wars, and to the memory of her sons who sacrificed their lives for their country at the battle of New Orleans, and also in the more recent war with Mexico. This monument, looking down upon the little city beneath it, so imposing from its lofty situation, is an attraction that induces all who visit Frankfort to go up to the cemetery and linger for a while in its shade, reading its inscriptions, and the names of the illustrious dead that may be found upon it. The following are the inscriptions upon this monument, one of which can be found on either side: 1st. "Military monument erected by Kentucky, A. D., 1850." 2nd. "The principal battles and campaigns, in which her sons devoted their lives to their country, are too numerous to be inscribed on any column." 3d. "Kentucky has erected this column in gratitude equally to her officers and soldiers." 4th. "By order of the Legislature, the name of Col. J. J. Hardin, of the First Regiment Illinois Infantry, a native of Kentucky, who fell at the battle of Buena Vista, is inscribed hereon." The Goddess of Liberty, standing upon the pinnacle of the shaft, and smiling upon a free people beneath, elegantly adorns this beautiful structure. The best Italian marble is the material of which this monument is built. It is sixty-two feet in height; size of step, twenty feet square. It was designed and executed by Robert E. Lannitz, at a cost of more than twenty thousand dollars.

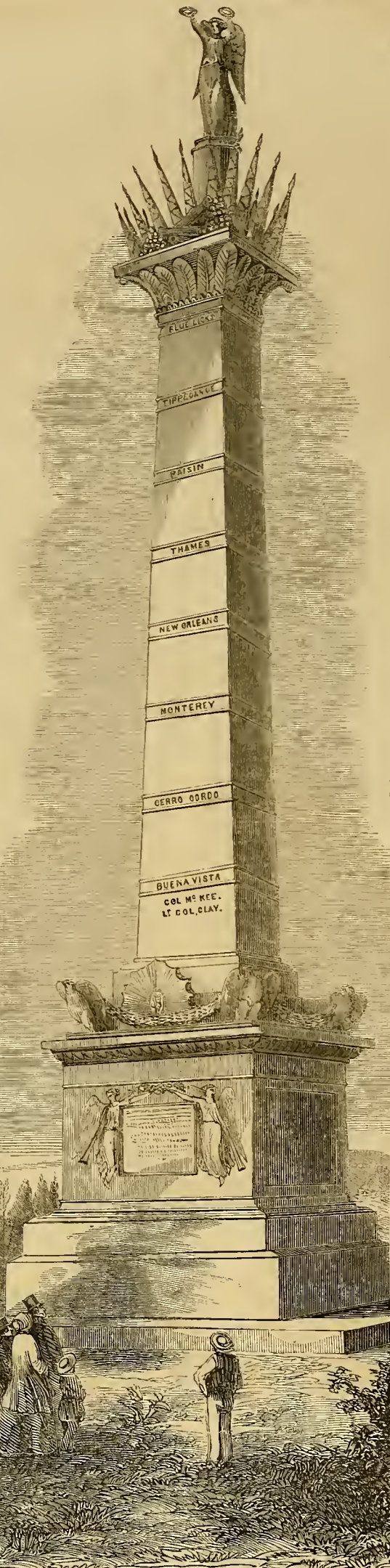
HUDSON HIGHLANDS.

The picturesque beauties of Hudson River have received the highest eacommiums of the foreign as well as the native artist, the poet, the journalist, and the traveller, as combining the grand and beautiful, and spreading before the eye a variety which awakens the admiration of all, and keeps alive a strong interest in the soul of the beholder. What journey can give greater promise of enjoyment than to pursue the route from New York harbor—not inferior to any—passing the island of Manhattan, and then the gigantic palisades, extending nearly twenty miles, and rising from one to five hundred feet—mighty barriers against the ocean; leaving the landing at Fort Lee, and passing Fort Washington on the east—memorable in the campaign of 1776—entering Tappan Bay, where Sir Henry Hudson imagined that his voyage must cease—thirty odd miles from New York—but from whence he pursued his explorations upward; on the east is Tarrytown, and on the west is Tappan village, the one remarkable as the place where Major Andre was taken, and the other as the place where he was executed; from thence, passing Sing Sing, one of the State's prisons, Coldwell's Landing is greeted opposite Peekskill village, and then turning with the course of the river, the Highlands are seen, stupendous in magnitude and hanging over you with a terrific greatness. Never shall we forget a passage through the Highlands on a night in September, when the "moon walked in full brightness." The atmosphere was remarkably clear; small objects in the distance could be distinctly seen, and the shadows of the overhanging highlands were of the most wild character, in contrast with the brilliancy of the scenery on the opposite shore. The heights appeared terrific—the sight ached in attempting to compass their loftiness, and the mighty boat in which we sailed dwindled into a tiny skiff. As though to throw cold water on our enthusiasm, we are reminded that among the chief objects of wonderment in the Highlands is "Saint Anthony's Nose!" The elevation which has received this very unpoetical name is eleven hundred and twenty-eight feet above the waters of the river, and is said to resemble the profile of a human face. Saint Anthony has the honor of having his name applied to many prominences which are supposed to resemble such profiles. The ruined forts—Montgomery and Clinton—lie on the opposite side of the river; passing these, West Point greets you—a place of deep interest. In the revolutionary struggle this point was held firmly, as the key to the western and northern waters; here was the military residence of Kosciusko—here Arnold's treason was begotten, and here the art of war is taught in the military school, which, though spoken of as "the pride of the nation," shows as far from being christianized.—Ladies' Repository.

MUSIC.

The children of Israel cultivated music in the earliest periods of their existence as a people. After the passage of the Red Sea, Moses, and his sister Miriam, the prophetess, assembled two choruses, one of men, and the other of women, with timbrels, who sang and danced. The facility with which the instruments were collected on the spot, and with which the choruses and dances were arranged and executed, necessarily implies a skill in these exercises, which must have been acquired long before, probably from the Egyptians. We have abundant evidence in Holy Writ, of the high estimation in which music was held among the Hebrews at a later period of their history. They also appear to have successfully applied it to the cure of diseases. The whole of David's power over the disorder of Saul may, without any miraculous intervention, be attributed to his skillful performance upon the harp. In 1st Samuel, c. 16, we read that Saul's servants said unto him, "Behold now, an evil spirit from God troubleth thee: Let our lord now command thy servants, which are before thee, to seek out a man who is a cunning player on an harp: and it shall come to pass, when the evil spirit from God is upon thee, that he shall play with his hand, and thou shalt be well." Saul having assented to this proposal, the son of Jesse the Bethlehemite was sent for, and stood before him. "And it came to pass when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took an harp, and played with his hand: so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him." So great were the esteem and love for music among this people when David ascended the throne, that we find that he appointed 4000 Levites to praise the Lord with instruments (1 Chron. c. 23); and that the number of those that were cunning in song, was two hundred fourscore and eight (c. 25). Solomon is related by Josephus to have made 200,000 trumpets, and 40,000 instruments of music, to praise God with. In the second chapter of Ecclesiastes, music is mentioned by Solomon among the vanities and follies in which he found no profit, in terms which show how generally a cultivated taste was diffused among his subjects. "I gat me men singers and women singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as that of musical instruments, and that of all sorts." Many other passages of similar import might be quoted from the sacred writings, and among others, some from which it would appear that musiciaus marched in the van of the Jewish armies, and not unfrequently contributed to the victory by the animation of their strains; and that music was the universal language of joy and lamentation. There is, however, one portion of Holy Writ, which, from the highly interesting testimony it incidentally bears to the love of music which prevailed in Jerusalem, and the skill of her inhabitants, we cannot forbear to notice. We allude to the 137th Psalm, "By the rivers of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee, O Zion. As for our harps, we hanged them up upon the trees that are therein. For they that led us away captive required of us there a song and melody in our heaviness: Sing us one of the songs of Zion." From the facts here narrated, we may judge how great was the attachment of the Jewish people for the musical art; their beloved city sacked, their temple plundered and destroyed, their homes desolate, in the midst of danger and despair, deserted by their God, surrounded by infuriated enemies (Isaiah, xiii. 16), nevertheless their harps were not forgotten. From this beautiful and pathetic lamentation, it would also appear that the repute of Hebrew musicians was far extended. No sooner had they arrived in the land of their captivity, than the Chaldean conqueror required of them a song and melody in their heaviness, demanding one of the songs of Zion. The fame of the captives must have long preceded them, for, according to Dr. Burney, the art was then declining in Judea. Pierpont speaks of music as:

"One tie that binds with soft and sweet control,
Its silken fibres round the yielding soul,
Binds us to man, soothes passion's wildest strife,
And through the maze labyrinth of life
Supplies a faithful clue to lead the lone
And weary wanderer to his Father's throne.
That tie is music! how supreme her sway!
How lovely is the power that all obey!
Dumb matter trembles at her trilling shock,
Her voice is echoed by the desert rock!
For her the asp without the sting of death
And bares his fangs but to inhale her breath;
The lordly lion leaves his lonely lair,
And crouching listens while she treads the air;
And man, by wilder impulse driven to lill,
Is trained and led by this enchantress still.
Who ne'er hath felt her hand assuasive steal
Atough his heart that heart can never fail!"



VIEW OF THE MILITARY MONUMENT AT FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY.

GREEN'S PATENT



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1853.

\$3 PER ANNUM. 6 CTS. SINGLE. { VOL. IV. No. 26.—WHOLE No. 104.

WILLIAM PENN.

A distinguished American observed to us, not long ago, that "of all lawgivers there are none whose names shine so brightly on the page of history as do those of George Washington and William Penn," both of whom be claimed for his country. The former was, indeed, truly a great man; perhaps of all patriots who ever lived, he is the one most "without spot or blemish"—pure, faithful, unselfish, devoted. Yet, all things considered, it may be that William Penn is entitled to even higher admiration. The one, nurtured in liberty, became its high priest; the other, cradled in luxury, lived to endure a long and fierce struggle with oppression. And yet amidst temptations and seductive flatteries, be passed with the innate consciousness of genius, and a human desire of approbation, conquering not only others but himself, and finally doing justice to the "red men" of a new country, whom all his predecessors had sought to pillage and destroy. The sense of right must indeed have been of great strength in the nature of William Penn. In an age fertile of slander against every act of virtue, and of calumny as regarded all good men, the marvel is, how his reputation has descended to us so unscathed; living, as he did, with those who make us blush for England, and often in contact with the low-minded and the false, who were ever on the watch to do him wrong, still the evil imputed to him is little, if it be any, more than tradition; while his goodness is, to this day, as a beacon, casting its clear light from the waves of the Atlantic, and his name a watchword of honor, and a synonyme for probity and philanthropy. It's a joy and a comfort to turn over the pages of this great man's life; to view him as a statesman, acting upon Christian principles in direct opposition to the ordinary policy of the world; and it was to us a source of high enjoyment to reflect upon his eventful career, while spending, during the past



PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM PENN.

summer, some sunny days wandering amid scenes in Buckinghamshire—in places which bear his honored name. In Penn Wood there are trees yet in the vigor of green old age, beneath the shadow of which the peaceful lawgiver of Pennsylvania might have pondered on the true and rational liberty he would have so gladly died to establish. There is one spot—the most hallowed of them all—of which we shall presently write; a simple, quiet resting-place for those who had gone to sleep in peace. But, ere we pause at this shrine, we must recall the lawgiver, amid the billows of life, huffing the waves which, in the end, floated him into the haven of rest. The family of William Penn were of Buckinghamshire, and from them sprang the Penns of Penn's Lodge. From the Penns of Penn's Lodge our William Penn came in direct descent. His father was, by profession, one of England's rough bulwarks, braving "the battle and the breeze." Admiral Sir William Penn married Margaret, the daughter of John Jasper, of Rotterdam, and in due time the fair Dutch woman's son became the "proprietor" of Pennsylvania. William was born in the parish of St. Catherine's, Tower Hill, on the 14th day of October, 1644; doubtless his mother left her home at Wansted, in Essex, to be confined in London, although the neighborhood of the Tower could not have been a quiet retreat. The heat of the drum and the blast of the trumpet must have often disturbed the couch of the young mother. The fashionable world of those days knew nothing of the "west end," except from the salubrity of its fields and mulberry gardens; and the locality of Tower Hill was well adapted to suit the taste and calling of the admiral, who had there chosen his "town-house." In due time the mother and child returned to Wansted, and the Archbishop of York having, a little time previously, founded a grammar school at Chigwell, the embryo lawgiver was sent there at a very early age. [See page 408.]

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

HILDEBRAND:

—OR—

THE BUCCANEER AND THE CARDINAL.

A SICILIAN STORY OF SEA AND SHORE.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XXV.

THE UNWILLING BRIDE.

In the ducal palace of the Fontani was being enacted a scene of more than usual interest and importance. In the great hall were collected a party who had assembled to see a wedding. Yet there were no signs of revelry there—no tokens of joy or pleasure. The place was lighted by great lamps that hang down from the vaulted ceiling, and the heavy curtains of the windows were drawn. At the head of the hall, where a small altar had been raised, stood the cardinal and the duke. The former looked towering and triumphant—the latter appeared covering and dejected. Ludovico was about to do the deed upon which he had set his soul's highest desires, and Michael Fontani was about to see the last bold upon self-respect depart from him.

Upon the cardinal's right hand, and at a little distance off, stood an old man whose face condemned him at once as the wreck of a bad being. He wore the garb of a count. He was John de Villani. By his side stood his son Nicholas, the young marquis. They were both—the father and the son—trembling with excited expectations. The countenance of the young man was gleaming, though, with a sort of selfish exultation, he watched the movements of the cardinal with interest.

Benedic, Sopho, and Paroli, the three Carmelites, were there, and they seemed to have come as witnesses of the ceremony that was about to take place. There were armed men there, too—soldiers dressed in mail, and wearing their polished helmets. Ludovico had called them to stand by him in case of need; for, powerful as he was, he had a secret fear that he might not get through with his business without trouble.

Soon there came a shuffling of light feet in the corridor—the great doors at the foot of the hall were thrown open, and Donna Angela Fontani entered. She was leaning upon the arm of her faithful Lucia, and four other females followed on after them. The duke hurried across the hall, and took his niece's hand, and then led her towards the altar.

Even the iron-hearted cardinal started, when he saw the countenance of the maiden who was to be made a wife. It was so ashy pale—so rigid—so lifeless, and yet so stumped with sculptured pain, that he could not but feel a sudden pang; but that pang, after all, was more of wonder than of any other feeling. He wondered to see how the human features can image forth pain and suffering.

"Now, my lord duke," he said, as the maiden was led to the altar, "our ceremony may go on."

"All is ready," returned Fontani, in a husky voice.

The cardinal turned to John de Villani.

"Now, signor count, where is your son?"

"Here, my lord cardinal."

Nicholas de Villani came forward, and the maiden's hand was placed in his. Angela uttered a low cry, as she felt her hand thus imprisoned, and a shudder ran through her frame. For an instant the blood rushed to her face, but in a moment it was gone again, and her features were as hard and rigid as ever.

O, it must be torture most exquisite that can so freeze the tide of life. None can know, but those who have passed the ordeal, how keen, how crashing, how terrible is that process which can make almost senseless the tender heart while yet the body lives. Few can ever know it, for few can live through it.

The cardinal gazed a moment upon the young couple after their hands were joined, and then he bade them kneel.

Nicholas de Villani would have gone down upon his knees at once, but Angela hesitated. She cast her eyes about upon those who stood around, and at length they fastened upon her uncle. She spoke not, but then there was a world of imploring language in her painfully burning eyes. The duke could not stand that glance, and his eyes fell before it. The maiden knew that from him she had nothing to hope, and she knelt before the altar.

The cardinal opened his book and commenced the services. His voice trembled as he proceeded, but yet he hurried on. He asked the bridegroom the usual questions, and they were directly answered. Then he asked the same of the bride. She murmured a reply, so faint that few could hear it; and the next moment she was pronounced—a wife!

Lucia saw that her mistress was unable to rise, and she sprang to assist her. The duke came forward, but he had not the heart to offer his hand.

"Angela," he said, "I wish you joy."

The maiden looked up into his face.

"Do not speak to me," she said, in a husky, hollow tone.

"Wait until you attend my funeral, and then you may wish me joy in truth."

The cardinal was upon the point of stepping down from the place where he had stood, when there was a movement among the soldiers, who stood by the door. He hesitated, and in a moment more he heard footsteps upon the pavement of the corridor. He started down from his place, but before he could speak, the door was flung wide open, and Hildebrand rushed into the apartment. He was followed by Francis de Mora

"Angela! Angela!" cried the young man, rushing up the hall. "Where is she?"

At the sound of that voice, the new-made wife turned, and on the next moment Francis had caught her in his arms.

"Saved! saved!" he murmured.

The girl—the wife—gazed one instant into her lover's face, and then a wild, long shriek broke from her lips.

"Signor de Mora," said the young Marquis de Villani, "that is my wife! I will not trouble you to hold her longer."

Francis de Mora heard that word. His arms relaxed from their grasp, and as Angela sank upon de Villani's support, he tottered back. He saw the duke, and he sprang towards him and grasped him by the arm.

"Michael Fontani," he whispered, while his frame shook fearfully, "tell me the truth. Is she married?"

"Yes," fell convulsively from the duke's lips.

The young man's hands fell by his side, and a deep groan came up from his bosom. Angela did not faint, but she looked wildly about her. She seemed like one just awaking from some fearful dream, but she awoke to a reality still as fearful.

By this time the cardinal could command his speech. He sprang forward and shook his hand towards the soldiers.

"Seize upon these two men," he shouted. "Seize upon them and bear them off!"

"Hold, a moment, Ludovico," said Hildebrand. "You have no cause for my arrest."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the cardinal, in the fulness of his triumph. "No cause against the buccaneer—the renegade—the traitor! Seize him, soldiers!"

"Back!" cried the old man, drawing his sword and pointing it towards the soldiers, who were advancing upon him. "Another step, and you shall repent it. I am a noble of Palermo, and you I command."

The armed men shrank back. It was not fear of the drawn sword; but it was the majesty of the man who spoke to them.

"Destruction on your heads for cowards!" yelled the cardinal, while his whole frame shook with rage. "Seize him, I command you. Seize them both, and bear them away!"

"Not so, Ludovico," returned Hildebrand. "You cannot command me now. I bear the pardon of your king."

"The king is in Spain."

"I know he is; but he has sent my pardon to me through one who knows you well. I am again a noble in my native land, and more than your equal now in power. Did you never hear the name of Lorenzo de Mora?"

"Lorenzo de Mora!" uttered the cardinal, turning pale.

"Ay," returned Hildebrand. "You have had some strange dealings with him, at all events, though you knew him not at the time."

Ludovico wore a dagger beneath his robes. He knew that the old man could expose him, and quick as thought, he drew his weapon and sprang upon his intended victim. The latter had not expected this movement, nor was he prepared to resist it; but there was one who did see it, and who leaped forward in time. It was Francis de Mora. He seized the prelate's arm, and wrenched the dagger from him, and then he turned and placed his arms about the old man's neck.

"Father," he said, "this thing has not been wholly hidden from me. I suspected the truth when we were in the mountains, and I have often suspected it since; but I dared not speak it, lest it should prove false. O, bless God, I have a father; but—"

The young man's words failed him, and his gaze rested upon Angela.

"O, Michael Fontani," said the old noble, as he saw his son's sorrow, "how have ye kept the pledge given to your brother!"

"It has been kept well," cried the cardinal, arousing from his fears. "You may return to your station, but you cannot undo what I have done; and as for your son, he is under condemnation now—a condemnation from which no power can save him."

"O!" groaned Michael Fontani, clasping his hands together. "My heart is aching! Would to God I had never seen a ducal coronet—never known the lust of ambition. O, Ludovico, you have led me to the purgatory of the soul's hottest torment!"

"Out upon thee, thou prating coward!" hissed the cardinal. "It is too late for thee to wring thy hands now. The work is done, and well done, too. All I sought has been accomplished. And as for you, Lorenzo de Mora," he continued, turning to him whom we have known only as the buccaneer, "if your pardon be a true one, you may come back to your home; but you had better beware of your tongue! I do not believe you will dare to set yourself against the Cardinal of Palermo. At least, 'twere very unsafe for you to do so."

"The future shall show you what I dare," promptly returned the old man. "And as for my noble son, here, you have yet got to answer for your deeds against him. And look, too, proud prelate, upon that fair girl whom you would ruin. How will you answer to her?"

A defiant smile curled about the cardinal's lips.

"She will look to her husband for redress, and not to you."

"O, merciful God!" shrieked Angela, springing from the grasp of Nicholas de Villani, and sinking upon her knees at the prelate's feet, "is there no salvation for me?"

"Your husband will care for you," said Ludovico.

At this moment the old Franciscan entered the hall. His feeble limbs had borne him less slowly than came his companions. He entered without noise, and those at the upper end of the hall did not notice him.

"O, call him not my husband!" cried the poor girl, wringing her hands in agony.

"But he is your husband, and no power on earth can—"

CHAPTER XXV.

CONCLUSION.

THE cardinal had stopped in his speech, for he saw the Franciscan standing before him. That old man had thrown back his cowl, and his great, black eyes were fastened upon the guilty prelate with a look of fire.

"Ludovico," he said, "have you married our daughter?"

"Yes," gasped the cardinal.

"Arise, my child," said Father Hugh, lifting the girl to her feet.

"Was this thing done with your wish?"

"No, no, no!" uttered Angela. "O, no! They forced me! They told me de Mora was dead! Can you—can you save me?"

"Get thee hence, thou meddling monk," broke from the cardinal's lips.

"Hold, one moment, my lord cardinal," calmly returned the Franciscan, still holding Angela by the hand. "Let me tell thee how I came here."

The prelate was spell bound by that voice—Angela arose to hope beneath it—Francis moved breathlessly up—the duke trembled with strange emotion, and even the marquis and the old count forgot the excitement that had just moved them.

"Years ago—'tis nearly forty now," said the old Franciscan, "I was a poor monk in Bologna. There I met a fair haired boy, whose parents had come to Italy to travel. He was left with me to study; I taught him, and he learned fast; I loved him because he was good, and kind, and noble. I loved him with my whole heart's affections. There was one thing I tried to eradicate from his bosom, and that was his hatred for the Spaniard. I may have smothered it for a while, but I could not quench the flame that was burning there. I could not blame him for his emotions, but I tried to show him they would be dangerous. My scholar was Lorenzo de Mora. At the age of fifteen, he returned to his native land. I heard no more of him for many years; but when I did hear of him he had been proscribed. Then I lost him again. I often heard of Hildebrand, but I knew not that he was my granddam pupil. When we met again, we were both of us somewhat changed. He had come to lay down his sword, and beg assistance from his old master and teacher. He was tired of his rough life—all his hopes of freedom for his country were gone, and he was anxious to be at peace with his enemy. Then, too, he told me some things concerning yourself, my lord cardinal, that startled me. I resolved to help him if I could, for the poor Father Hugh of other years had grown to favor with the king. Philip gave me the pardon I sought, and now I have come here to do the rest."

"Ay, but you cannot annul the marriage," said Nicholas de Villani. "You cannot break the bonds of the church."

"Poor boy!" returned the Franciscan. "Your situation is a melancholy one, and were you less the sinner, I could pity you."

"And can you save me?" fell tremblingly, breathlessly, from Angela's lips.

"Yes," my child.

The old man raised his hand to the maiden's head as he spoke, and then turning to those who stood around, he continued:

"Take witness, God, and you who stand about me, that I annul the union which has been so unrighteously made. Between Nicholas de Villani and Donna Angela Fontani there is no bond of marriage, for I tear it in sunder forever! Look up, my sweet daughter, for you are free!"

"Now, by heavens!" gasped the cardinal, throwing all his power into one last effort, "there is but one man on earth can do that thing!"

"And I am the man!" calmly returned the Franciscan. "I am Hugh Buoncompagno; but they call me Gregory, now."

"The Pope!" feebly pronounced Ludovico, as he let go the edge of the altar, and sank upon his knees.

A moment the people there stood and gazed upon that old man, and then, with one movement, they sank down and bowed their heads. They were in the presence of Gregory XIII.

"Up, up, my children," cried the pope, as he lifted Angela once more to his bosom. "Here, Francis de Mora, to you I give this charge."

He took the fair hand of the maiden as he spoke, and passed it to the young man's keeping.

"Stop," he uttered, as the couple were about to sink down a second time. "Not now, not now. You shall go upon your knees ere long. Stand away, for I have more to do with the cardinal yet."

Ludovico had arisen to his feet, and he stood by the altar, with one hand upon it to support him. It was fearful to look upon him. One who knew not his heart would have pitied him.

"Where is John de Villani?" asked Gregory.

"Here," replied the old count, coming forward and sinking upon his knees.

"Get up and answer me. Now," continued the pope, "whose son is that?"

The old man pointed towards Nicholas de Villani, as he spoke.

"Answer me, John de Villani."

"He is Ludovico's son," tremblingly returned the old count.

"It's a lie!" gasped the cardinal.

"It is not a lie," strongly returned the pope. "No, no, Ludovico. I have heard from a poor woman who died within the walls of Saint Mary's Convent—a woman whom you secretly married in disguise. You would have left the holy orders then, but you hoped to be cardinal; and for ambition you sacrificed the wife. The child you hired de Villani to own and keep. Ah, Ludovico, there are few men more sin-laden than yourself. You have broken your holy vows on every hand—you have abused your authority in every possible way, and now I am about to punish you. Your scarlet hat is yours no longer; your vows are no longer binding;

and from this time forth you are dragged from the order you have disgraced, and upon the world I cast you, there to meet the scorn of men, and gain salvation through repentance if you can.

"Nicholas de Villani, you are not all to blame for what you have done; yet you will need to pray some ere you can be what you ought to be. You may retain the name you now bear, if you choose; at least, I will not scourge you with your father's name unless you desire it.

"Now to you, signor count," continued the pope, turning to John de Villani, "I have but little to say. I know not that you have been a great sinner, but you have helped to deceive us, and shield a villain. All I have to put upon you is this:—You shall maintain the son you have adopted till he can find some honest maintenance for himself.

"Now, where are the three Carmelites? Ah, here you come. Stop; do not get upon your knees now. Go you now to your cells, and for one year you are not to step from without your cells. I shall see that my sentence is enforced. Get thee gone!"

As the pope ceased speaking, he turned his eyes upon Michael Fontani. That man sank upon his knees and clasped his hands together.

"O, mercy! mercy!" he cried.

"Donna Angela, what say you?"

"If your holiness can pardon him," murmured the fair girl, "I would pray you to do it. My uncle has been very unhappy."

"O, pardon! pardon!" groaned Fontani.

"Then I will pardon you, Michael Fontani; but you are no longer Duke of Palermo. Lorenzo de Mora takes your place there."

"O, I would not hold that office if I could. It came to me through sin, and I could only hold it in suffering."

"Then arise, my son, for you are pardoned. Nay, thank not me. Thank that fair girl whom you have wronged; for it is she who has pardoned you."

John de Villani and his adopted son left the place, and the three Carmelites followed. Then Gregory called upon the soldiers, and bade them conduct Ludovico to his palace and hold him there until morning.

"Go, Ludovico," said the pope, "go and spend one more night in your palace, and on the morrow I will see thee. Your soldiers conducted me there this evening, but I found you gone, and was forced to tell your officer who I was. He will hold thee more securely when you go back than he did me."

Without a word, Ludovico was led from the ball. His step was feeble, and his head was bowed.

"Now," said Gregory, after the bad man had gone, and while his face became illumined with more pleasant feelings, "now, Francis de Mora, you may kneel. And you, too, Angela Fontani. Kneel, both of you."

Those young people knelt there; and there Gregory stretched out his hands over them. He spoke a few magic words, entered a simple blessing, and when they arose to their feet, they were man and wife!

The furious tempest had swept by—the black clouds had rolled off—the thunders had ceased—and the angel of joy struck the chords of her harp till her heavenly music filled the air, and the voice of praise and thanksgiving joined in the strain.

* * * * *

On the next morning, Gregory went to Ludovico's palace, but the cardinal had not outlived the first night of his disgrace. When the sun rose, Spezzoni went to his room, and found him sitting at his table, with his head bowed upon his hands. He touched him, but there was no movement in reply. The cardinal's fearful fall had killed him!

Another and a better man was made cardinal in Palermo; and after the pope had seen to it that the sentence he had passed upon the three Carmelites should be most rigorously executed, he bade farewell to his friends, blessed Angela once more, and then took a ship and left for Rome.

Lorenzo de Mora, now Duke of Palermo, went to the mountains, as he had promised. He found his old followers, and gave them their letters of pardon. Some of them settled down in their mountain homes, and others returned to the city, where they were re-instated to all their rights.

John de Villani and his adopted son stayed not long in Palermo after their peculiar relation to each other became generally known. They both went to Spazio, and Sicily never received the impress of their feet again.

Michael Fontani lived with those who had forgiven him. He saw his niece happy—saw her noble husband honored and respected by all who knew him, and he saw, too, what a life of torture he had narrowly escaped. He never saw the ducal coronet, which Lorenzo de Mora now wore, without a shudder—for it was the prize he had once won at the sacrifice of his honor. But ambition had no more allurements for him. Forgiveness was all he asked for on earth, and that he had full and ample. But, he was like all others who have deeply sinned; though the wound had become healed, yet the scar was left—a scar that was ever present, ever in sight—putting him constantly in mind of what he had suffered, and leading him meekly and humbly towards the throne of Him, who alone can forgive forever.

TOM MOORE AND THE TIMES.

Moore's political connection with the Times, as a contributor of squibs, at £500 a year, is well known, but it appears from his diary, just published by Lord John Russell, that he was offered the editorship of that paper for at least a limited period. Under date 17th August, 1822, he writes: "Received to-day a letter from Brougham, inclosing one from Barnes (editor of the Times,) proposing that, as he is ill, I shall take his place for some time, in writing the leading articles for that paper; the pay to be £100 a month. This is flattering, to be thought capable of wielding so powerful a political machine."—*Pen and Pencil.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THOUGHTS AT MIDNIGHT.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

The solemn midnight hour is here; and hark!
The village bell strikes twelve. All—all is still.
Rears not the rushing wind—but mild, and soft,
As the sweet kisses of a maiden's love,
Comes the young breeze from the south.
Yonder the sombre forest, towering high,
Blows in all the majesty of strength,
Like armed giants, standing in array
For battle, on the horizon's extreme verge.
How still the silver lake sleeps in the blue
Of star-lit heaven! Its willow-fringed banks
Are full of beauty, and exhaling, comes
Ambrosial fragrance from the buds of flowers.

If I might choose my grave, it should be one,
Lone and apart from all the busy world;
Where smiles a lovely lake, and willows wave,
And round about the giant mountains stand,
Like guards, to watch my everlasting sleep!
Over the simple mound, let the wild flowers
Of early spring peep forth, and singing birds
Dwell in the branches of the waving trees,
And warble anthems o'er my peaceful bed!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE MYSTERIOUS BELL RINGING.

BY REV. HENRY BACON.

TINKLE, tinkle, went the bells—the door bell, the parlor-bell, the chamber-bell, all ringing at the same time. Margaret was alone in the house, and she started with no little surprise, exclaiming, "How can a girl answer three calls at once?"

But she did her best. She flew to the door, but only the silence and the broad glare from the tall gas-light was there.

She drew back and entered the parlor, and all was dark, save where the hanging-light from the hall shone in to make her shadow on the wall. That shadow alarmed her, and she was about to talk of "a crazy old woman," when she walked straight up to it, and burst into a broad laugh as she left the room.

She hastened up the stairs to the chamber, and there was no sound to be heard but the breathing of the sleeping children in the ante-room. "Well, this is strange," said Margaret, and strange it was.

She lit the gas, but no being was to be found, and she charmed away the ugly feeling that was coming to her heart, by going in and looking on the sweet faces of the children.

"Ah, it's heaven where they are, and no harm can come to a poor body here," said Margaret, as she turned to go back to the kitchen and its cheerful fire.

As she entered the kitchen, of course her eyes would glance, first of all, at the bells. There they were—their tongues hanging as mute as "a rare jewel in an Ethiopian's ear."

Margaret stopped to look at them. She gazed at their spiral springs, and all along their wires, and the hinges of connection, but they still were mute. Not a tongue would stir. She could not "will" one to move, and it was no marvel that she tried to do so, since the commonest talk she heard was of the "manifestations," and the wondrous movement of things by the force of the will. She did not tremble, but said, as though the argument was summed up in her mind and closed, "Well, well, if the spirits ring them, they mustn't ring from so many places at once."

Margaret sat down to her work. What she said over of the holy books she loved, I know not, but I have no doubt that many a sweet passage of divine counsels went through her mind, and something of prayer lingered on her lip. The knife went on its way round the crimson apples, as she kept at the work of paring them, and she tried to turn the rind off without breaking the narrow ribbon of paring which she made to fall from the apple; thus she drew her mind from the disturbance, and was charmed with the beauty of the paring that fell into her lap.

Tinkle, tinkle, went the bells again!—door, parlor and chamber bells, all at the same instant.

Margaret put her work down carefully. She brushed her apron smoother. She put her hands to her temples to lay down more closely the sweep of her hair over her ears, and pinned more snugly the kerchief about her neck. She then rose up and looked at the bells. They were still. The tongue of one was still swinging, but it made no stroke against the cup in which it hung. She watched that tongue. Its oscillation became less and less, and now it was still. They were all mute, and not a wire quivered—not a spring moved.

She continued to gaze up at them, and exclaimed, "Ring now, if ye want me!" and she resolved to go where the first one that struck its call belonged. She folded her arms and looked steadily at them with a most commendable patience.

Not long did she wait. Tinkle, tinkle, went the bells, and as the chamber-bell was the first she saw move its tongue, she cursed and said, "Please Mr. Door, and Mistress Parlor, wait till I come down."

Up stairs she flew, taking with her a lamp this time, and entered the chamber. The blinds creaked, and the sash-frame rattled, but she marched the entire round of the room, but no one was present to require her services. She looked behind the fire-place-board, and up the chimney—the wind only moved down through that fine ventilator, and she turned away. She peeped under the bed, and a pair of boots at first looked ominous, but the body to which they seemed attached was but a roll of carpet. She rose and went to the wardrobe, and as she unfastened the

door, a pressure seemed against it, and it burst wide apart, and the sudden movement of the doors blew her light out, and something like long robes swung into her face.

"Lucifer against Lucifer," said she, as she moved to the mantel where she knew some matches were kept, and soon her lamp was lit again, and then she saw the wardrobe was overstocked, and as soon as the fastening was removed, the garments pressed out beyond the doors.

She lighted the gas again, and sat down to gaze awhile on the bell-rope as it hung with its innocently-looking silk tassel at the end.

Tinkle, tinkle, went the bells below, but that bell-rope moved not. Its shadow was still and quiet on the wall. Margaret knew it did not stir. She shut off the gas, went in to look at the children again, and she saw one of them smile, and she smiled too.

Margaret went once more into the kitchen, resolved to be impartial, and so she stood to see which of the two bells belonging to the parlor and the door should ring first. She stood under them, and gazed steadily, as a physician gazes when seeking for the signs of fever on the tongue of his patient.

Tinkle, tinkle, went the bells, but she could see no difference in the time of their tongues moving, but as she thought it most polite to wait on the parlor first, she said, "Please wait, Mr. Door, and give way to Mistress Parlor."

She entered the parlor, but all was still. She lighted the gas, looked around the room, gazed up to the pictures, looked under the sofas, and even into the piano. She started at the sound of this instrument, but knew it was only caused by the jar of opening, and ran her fingers lightly over the keys. Again she went round the room, and lifted herself high enough to look down into the tall vase that stood on the marble mantel, and tried the register where the hot air came up from the furnace, to see if it was not a doorway from below. The hot air seemed, as it came up into her face, like the breathing of a giant. She moved away, and tried the spring, to see if the bell would sound from that movement. Yes, tinkle, tinkle, it went, and that bell alone.

"Now," said Margaret, "Mr. Door, it is your turn;" and to the door she went.

She opened the door, but no one was present on the step; but she found the new mat there, and as she took it up, she said, "Thanks to somebody, and who knows but the jar might have rung the others when this was rung?"

She thought she would try the experiment, and she pulled the bell-handle violently, and ran swiftly through the hall to the kitchen. But only that door-bell swung to her sight; and she was puzzled.

But she sat down to her work again, saying, "I don't think it right that spirits should bother a poor body so. No, no! Ye'll not catch me to believe it's spirits."

Just then tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, went the bells again, and more in unison than ever.

"I wish there were seven of ye, and then we'd have a rhyme," said Margaret. "I'll find it out if I can," she added, after a moment's silence.

She now began to think, as she had never thought before, how the wires were laid. She tried to trace them, and she found they ran beneath the floor, and might, perhaps, be seen in the cellar.

"May it not be some chap is down there, trying to scare a soul out of its five senses!" said Margaret, as she discovered this clue to the course of the wires.

She resolved to go down. She prepared her lamp that it should not be easily blown out, and bravely she went down the cellar stair-way.

A large hole was seen where the bricks had been driven out between the main house and the back building, and she put her light in, but nothing moved there.

Down still farther did she go, and searched the cellar through. All the boxes and barrels, coal-bins and arches, were searched, and even the furnace was not unexamined, for its air-chamber might make a comfortable place for some disturbers of the peace. But no moving thing was to be found; and as the only place that could not be fully examined was the space under the back building, where the hole in the brick wall made the opening, she resolved to place her light where it would give a glimmer enough to make the space about that opening apparent, and then to sit down and watch.

Margaret did so, the cheerful blaze of the furnace her only companion.

She waited quietly. Her head drooped upon her hand, and she sat for a while as if asleep.

Tinkle, tinkle, went the bells in a merry play, and she started, but was on the alert in silence in an instant. She had not sat long before she discovered that two cats were playing or fighting, and as they ran in and out at the broken wall, they went over or against the wires, and thus all the bells were made to ring.

Her laugh was hearty, and when she had lifted the grate at the cellar-window, and had scared the cats from their refuge and driven them into the street, she returned to her cheerful fire in the kitchen, with no small rejoicing.

She had accomplished a feat that will go with her through life, imparting presence of mind under trying circumstances, forbidding her to tremble when she should courageously inquire.

The door bell now rung, and Margaret went to the call, saying, "That's right—a body can answer one bell, if the others will hold their tongues."

The door was opened, and the family entered. Margaret told the story of the mystery of the evening, and was greatly delighted at the praise she received.

There is nothing honorable that is not innocent, and nothing mean but what attaches guilt.



AMBER GATHERING IN THE BALTIC SEA.

AMBER GATHERING IN THE BALTIC.

The engravings here given exhibit the mode in which amber fishing, in deep water, has been carried on in the Baltic, with an accurate representation of an amber diver in full costume, with his complete apparatus and implements. The continually increasing scarcity of this valuable article on the sea-shore rendered it imperative to employ some means whereby the business might be extended to fresh localities and deep water, and suggested the use of a diving apparatus similar to that employed about sunken vessels. Accordingly boats were fitted up for this purpose, and provided with an air-pump and other requisites, as depicted in the above engraving. Anchoring in a depth of from ten to fifteen feet, the diver descends to the bottom by a ladder. The air pump is contained in a simple wooden reservoir, and is worked by two men through means of iron cranks—and a continual supply of air is conveyed to the amber seeker through the hose which communicates with the iron helmet-shaped covering in which his head and shoulders are enveloped. The man is completely encased with a water-proof dress, fastened about the throat. His feet are heavily laden with boots having thick soles of lead. The aforesaid helmet covers the neck and shoulders, which are well padded. It is furnished with two glass eyes, protected from without by wire gratings, and is securely attached to the body. Around the waist is worn a strong girdle provided with iron rings, one on each side, from which ascend cords to the men in the boat, for the purpose not only of guiding the submarine traveller over the slippery rocks, and helping to sustain him in an upright position, but to serve for signaling in case of sudden danger or accident, and as a means of hauling him up when required. Thus, although the diver is at

perfect freedom to direct his movements, he is held in leading-strings from above, and his whole motions are vigilantly watched and cared for by his comrades aloft. In order to keep beneath the water, the diver wears two very heavy plates of lead, one in front, and the other behind, not unlike the steel breast and back-plates of cuirassiers, which are so adjusted as to leave the arms at liberty, and give equilibrium to the submerged body—but under these circumstances it is no easy matter to discover and collect the amber. For the purpose of loosening the precious substance from amongst the stones, the diver is provided with a small, narrow and sharp-pointed sort of spade with a long handle (see engraving); he has also a scoop net with which to collect the amber to be found in the sand—and in front, depending from his girdle, you may see the bag into which he puts the dear bought earnings. This is the mode which for a time was practised in the amber-gathering trade, or fishery—but as the danger and cost far exceeded the profit, not at all realizing the expectations entertained, it was abandoned for the ancient way of seeking only what might be found on the seashore.

OFFICERS OF THE SWISS CADET CORPS.

It is ascertained at what precise period the cadet corps, or the first arming and training of the youths of Switzerland took place, neither is it here requisite to be determined. Traces of the system and practice are to be found, at Berne, so far back as 1565 and 1711. We shall confine ourselves to the actual condition and *modus operandi* of this highly interesting and patriotic band of youthful soldiery, as they are at the present day, with a description, from the life, of the mode in which they celebrate the festive occasions of camp duty, and the military operations performed by the accomplished juveniles. To prevent any jealous feeling amongst the sovereign capital cities of Switzerland, the Helvetic military associations were accustomed to rendezvous alternately in the different municipal chief towns of Sursee, Olten and Aarau. To this circumstance it is mainly due that in both the latter places, particularly in Aarau, even long before it had attained its present pitch of perfection, the cadet corps numbered eighty years of existence. That of Aarau was for a long time the most considerable corps in Switzerland. It received, however, a very great increase of members when Aarau was made the capital city of the new formed Canton of Aargau, and by a happy junction of the members of the town establishment and those of the canton school, a very large and handsome body was formed, of different sorts of troops. The tallest and generally most advanced of the scholars formed a grenadier corps. A selection from the liveliest and most active furnished a voltigeur company. Then a set of able-bodied fellows served as a team for the artillery. The rest of the lads made up three companies of fusiliers. The uniform was very handsome, that of most of the corps being green—but the dress of the voltigeurs was most particularly showy and tasteful,

as they wore black stocks, helmets with orange-colored facings with white sprigs. Grenadiers and fusiliers had red facings, and the former bearskin caps—the artillerymen dark blue with red and tshukos. The arms consist of small and light muskets with bayonets, the belts being of white leather. Besides these the grenadiers and fusiliers wore swords. The artillerymen also wore side-arms, and had two small cannons, which were drawn, as well as manned, by the company. The officers had long swords, and were distinguished by sashes. Every year, in spring, and until late in the summer, this corps have been accustomed to be well drilled, and exercised once or twice a week under experienced officers, appointed for this purpose by the parish or school authorities, and generally those who in their youth belonged to the cadet corps. In August (or as it is there called—the May-month), the May procession, or youths' festival, takes place, at which all the young females are present. This is indeed the most attractive *fiête* of the year. It is a day in which the whole people take the liveliest interest. A day to which thousands of young hearts look forward with eager delight, and the purest anticipations of innocent pleasure. For many days previous, numberless fair hands are busily engaged in preparing garlands of flowers, wreaths and nosegays, with which to adorn the school-houses, town house, etc., and to strew even the streets. Early on the morning of the auspicious day, the drums of the cadet corps beat the signal for the day guard. About eight o'clock, from every quarter the girls pour along to the different school houses, all arrayed in white, with flowers plentifully arranged in their hair and about their persons. The cadets too, are hurrying to the place of meeting—in their gay uniforms, and with bunches of flowers on their bel-

nets or tshukos. The bells call to church, and, leading the procession, the cadets march to the beat of drum and sound of martial music, with flying colors, shining arms, and rattling cannons, to the sacred edifice where they take possession of the principal entrance, forming in line. Here they present arms, and beat the parade march as the gay, festive procession approaches—first of which are the blooming school-girls, and the boys who are not yet old enough to carry arms, each class accompanied by its respective schoolmaster or preceptor. Then follow the governmental, parochial, and school authorities, close to which press the delighted parents and relatives, and elderly sisters, who perhaps amongst pleasurable feelings, drop a tear of regret, or heave a tender sigh over the recollection of the too fleeting days of innocent childhood and youth! In the church, music and singing alternate with the beautiful chorusses of the large collection of children. After service, and the solemn address of the head minister—to the assembled authorities, the parents and children—one of the most proficient of the pupils makes a speech on a self-chosen subject for the occasion. Then follows the distribution of prizes amongst the scholars, of both sexes, who approach in order according to their classes,



AMBER DIVER IN WORKING COSTUME

and arrange themselves in a large circle around the altar. As the prizes are handed to those who have distinguished themselves for diligence, good behaviour, etc., the names are pronounced—and with music and singing, as at the commencement, the church service is concluded. After noon, arms are again resumed. The juveniles are re-formed in procession, in well-ordered rows, their faces beaming with joy—at their head are the proud cadets, and thus they pursue their triumphal way through crowds of well-pleased spectators who line the streets, to the shooting and training ground, which is a spacious and suitable place in the neighborhood. There, under the friendly shade of linden and chestnut trees, is erected an airy dancing-saloon, of which the merry maidens, under the care of their mothers, speedily take possession. The cadets, however, proceed at once to their exercises on the field, and go through all the regular movements and operations in battalions, and in single file, prescribed by the military school of direction. After which, the cadets frequently are formed into two corps—offensive and defensive—the latter of which entrench themselves amongst the hedges and ditches of the adjacent gardens, or on some eminence, from which they must be driven out. Sometimes, however, a large party of adults—hunters, militia, friends of the youthful soldiery—in citizens' attire—take upon themselves the part of an enemy, and occupying some old redoubt, defend it obstinately for a length of time against the most vigorous assaults—yielding in the end, and making a disorderly retreat amid the tumultuous clamor, and the victorious huzzas of the cadets, the acclamations of the spectators! In either case, the mock fight exhibits a very lively and highly interesting scene. At a signal from their commander, the voltigeurs rush impetuously forward, and commence the fight; under cover of their fire, the main body takes up its position, and the artillery emulate the volleys of the infantry, which are given in platoons, or continuous running fire, as occasion suggests—whilst from behind walls, hedges and trees, a steady, galling discharge of musketry is kept up by the enemy. Thus attack and repulse, repeated and varied, with all the attendant manoeuvres and change of position, all the ardor of enthusiasm, and the vicissitudes of war, enliven the whole face of the battle-ground, embracing, in the many evolutions, a very large circumference. In the course of the well-sustained struggle, numerous are the difficulties to be overcome by the ardent youths, but gallantly they are surmounted. Under the enemy's fire they boldly advance in line, or deploy into columns, and rush undauntedly to the attack, with the bayonet's point. After a variety of skirmishes, when the grand attack is to be made on the redoubt, the grenadiers take the lead, and flinging themselves into the ditches in grand style, they storm the breast-



OFFICERS OF THE SWISS CADETS CORPS.

works so impetuously, that it is sometimes with the greatest difficulty, that the shorter-legged fusiliers can follow up to sustain them. The artillery, meanwhile, keep up an incessant fire, and are obliged to use almost incredible exertions to draw along their guns over the uneven ground, and on to commanding eminences—but their honor is enlisted and set upon it, never to be left in the rear, and manfully they succeed. In the evening, when the military display is over, the cadets return in a body to the parade ground, where, in the meantime, some jolly fellows of their number, dressed in jackets of ticking, with aprons and peaked caps, have been busily engaged over large fires with boiling kettles, in preparing the beef and broth for the campaigners, who partake gloriously and in high glee of the repast. It may also be said, that to the soldier's fare of the conquering army, is added a large supply of cakes and dainty bits, provided from the baskets of sundry careful mothers, and other relatives! With boisterous mirth the hearty meal is speedily concluded, and the youths hurry to join their sisters and sweethearts, who anxiously await their company in the dance, having too long been left alone to their own pastimes. At last, when it is completely dark—or sometimes by torchlight—old and young separate for the night, reluctantly ceasing from unalloyed happiness which is only too fleeting! After this fashion were all the *festivals of the youths (Jugendfeste)* solemnized in the Aargau towns, Aarau, Zofingen, Lenzburg, and Brugg, only differing in degree according to numbers and auxiliary circumstances—but never wanting in that good nature and sympathy, and the friendly interest of all classes, which throws every other consideration into the background. Never, on these occasions, was the military procession omitted, even in those places where the cadet corps only numbered seventy or eighty lads, and they were always able to go through the primary exercises and evolutions in a very creditable manner. In Aarau, besides this *Jugendfeste*, or *May-day fete*, the cadet corps are accustomed to have a so-called parade, or muster, at a later season—but it is improperly so called—for they in fact march out to some suitable place in the vicinity, and have a regular mock field-fight, with which the military exercises, for the year, are terminated. Formerly it was often the case that the cadet corps of neighboring districts used to reciprocate visits, or meet to practise their field engagements, each taking an opposite side, but this only extended within the limits of each canton. However, with the increase of a national spirit in the Swiss confederacy, a more liberal and benevolent feeling of friendliness ruled the actions of the cadet corps. Those of different cantons began to be acquainted with each other, and cooperate on the most agreeable terms. The Canton of Aargau took the lead in this familiar interchange, and the extension of operations and manœuvres became gradually more frequent—first in Aarau, then in Zofingen, and afterwards in Lenzburg—at which place we find that in 1846, on the 24th of July, about one thousand cadets, from ten different places, collected together, formed a regular camp, and, in view of an immense concourse of people from far and near, held one of the most splendid and famous cadet festivals that had ever been known. On another occasion the numerous cadet corps of Aarau united with that of the town of Olten, Canton of Solothurn, at the ruined castle of Gosgen. They crossed over the Aare in boats, and stormed Bruhl, and the country



HOTEL, IN DAMASCUS.

town Schonenwerd, with the beautifully situated monastery Chorrerrenstift. In August, 1850, four hundred and fifteen cadets from Schaffhausen, Stein, Unterhallau and Winterthur, had a great campaign, or display of military skill and manœuvres, at Andelfingen. All of these doings were entirely surpassed by the celebration of the festival at Baden, under the management of the town council of that place, on the 11th, 12th, and 13th of August, 1851, at which were assembled all the cadets of the Canton of Aargau, i. e.—from Aarau, Zofingen, Aarburg, Reinaeh, Schoftland, Lenzburg, Brugg, Muri, Baden Zurzach, and Reinfelden, as well as those from Zurich and Winterthur—all of which numbering a total of 1550 cadets, or lads, joined in the splendid display!

of Syria. Augustus planned in it a colony, gave it his daughter's name, with the addition of the epithet Felix. A school of law, established here in the beginning of the third century (probably by Alexander Severus), continued for 300 years, or till the town was overwhelmed by an earthquake in 551, to be the most celebrated institution of the kind in the empire. But the town again revived; and, under the Saracens, attained to considerable importance. It was frequently captured and recaptured during the crusades, at which period the mole, forming its port, was destroyed. Latterly it fell into the hands of Djezzar, pasha of Acre, who built its present walls, cut a canal from the river to the town, erected several fountains, and otherwise improved the place.

SCENES IN THE EAST.

The hotels of Damascus, in Syria, though exceedingly picturesque, as our picture shows, are not very far advanced in point of accommodation for travellers, or other matters, compared with American or European hotels, generally; travellers agree, however, in describing them as very comfortable, and the charges being at the same time quite reasonable.—Beyrout, a view of which is given below, is a seaport town of Syria, with a population of some fifteen thousand. There are here no public buildings of any beauty or importance, nor are many remains of antiquity to be met with; for though the modern town occupies the site of the ancient one, the latter was long since destroyed by repeated earthquakes, and the recent buildings are erected over the ruins of those which they have superseded. Along the shore, however, and in part under the water, are some mosaic pavements, fragments of columns, and (west of the town) a thick wall, supposed to be of the time of Herod the Great. The bazars are large and well frequented; but there seems to be a deficiency of private shops, and the streets are, in general, narrow and crooked. A plentiful supply of water from a tolerably large river (*Nahr Beyrout*), and a great number of wells, modify, in some degree, the heat of the atmosphere, and render the streets much cleaner than the generality of those in the East. The walls (of a soft sandstone) are about three miles in circumference, and the suburbs are perhaps equal in extent to the town itself. The neighborhood is very fertile, producing all kinds of fruit; but the chief article of cultivation is the mulberry tree, an extensive and important manufacture being carried on here of silk goods, especially of sashes. Beyrout had formerly a small port, formed by a strong mole, but its present mole or jetty is of very inferior dimensions, and is scarcely sufficient to shelter boats. There is, however, good anchorage one third of a mile from the town, in six or seven fathoms; and large ships may anchor a little farther out in ten or eleven fathoms. After centuries of neglect, it seems to be again rising into some importance as a place of trade. Its exports are—galls, madder, gums, silk (raw and wrought), wine and oil. The imports are—muslins, cottons, tin, hardware, cloths, and West India produce; there are about twelve European establishments in the place, and previously to 1852, the only English consul in Syria was resident here. Berytus was a very ancient town of the Phœnicians, deriving its name, according to Stephen of Byzantium, from the number of its wells. Under the Romans it rose to great eminence, notwithstanding it had been entirely destroyed in the wars of Alexander's successors, about eighty years before the Roman conquest of Syria. Augustus planned in it a colony, gave it his daughter's name, with the addition of the epithet Felix. A school of law, established here in the beginning of the third century (probably by Alexander Severus), continued for 300 years, or till the town was overwhelmed by an earthquake in 551, to be the most celebrated institution of the kind in the empire. But the town again revived; and, under the Saracens, attained to considerable importance. It was frequently captured and recaptured during the crusades, at which period the mole, forming its port, was destroyed. Latterly it fell into the hands of Djezzar, pasha of Acre, who built its present walls, cut a canal from the river to the town, erected several fountains, and otherwise improved the place.



VIEW OF THE PORT OF BEYROUT.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE BIRDS ARE SWEETLY SINGING.

BY W. L. BROWNLEE.

The birds are sweetly singing
On every waving bough.
And the air is filled with sunshine,—
O, it's summer now!
There are roses in the gardens.
In the woods are sweet wild-flowers;
And the brooks have a tone of music,
As they sing to the laughing hours.

The earth has a smile of gladness,
The sky has a smile above,
As sweet as those that lighten
The faces of those we love;
And the zephyrs upon their pinions
A burden of fragrance bear,
As they dally amid the tree-tops,
And tease their long, green hair.

But 'mid this light and joyance,
My heart has a vain regret
For a vision of beauty vanished,
That I never can forget;
And the present seems o'erdarkened,
By a shadow deep and dim,
As a landscape by the shadow
Of a cloud that hides the sun.

For I think of a sweet maiden,
More fair than summer's bloom,
That death from me has hidden,
In the darkness of the tomb.
Like a dream of heaven she faded,
Or a strain of music rare,
And love was left with sorrow
That the heart could hardly bear.

Ah, many and many a summer
With its flowers, may come and go;
And many and many a winter
May cover her grave with snow,
Ere my heart shall lose its sadness
At the memory of her,
Or the days assume the brightness
Of the happy days that were.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE CAREER OF AN ARTIST.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

I woke up one morning and found myself famous.—Eggon.

JULIAN MONTFORT was a farmer's boy; bred up to the plough-handle and cart-tail. His father and mother were plain, honest people, of hard-working habits and limited ideas, and without the slightest dash of romance in their temperaments. Their house, their lands were unprepossessing in appearance. The soil was impoverished by long and illiberal culture; and Old Montfort had a true old-fashioned prejudice against trees. Instead of smiling hedgerows, with here and there a weeping elm or plummy evergreen to cast their graceful shadows upon the pasture-land, his acres were enclosed with harsh stone walls, or an unpicturesque Virginia fence with its zigzag of rude rails. The farmer had an equal prejudice against "books, book-learning and book-larned men." Of course, with these ideas, Julian's education was limited to a few quarters' schooling under an old pedagogue, whose native language was Dutch, and who never took very kindly to the English tongue. Besides, teaching was only an episode with him; for his vocation was that of a clergyman, and he held forth on Sundays in alternate Dutch and English to his little congregation—as is still the custom in many of the small agricultural parishes in New York State, where the scene of our veritable story lies.

Our hero, young Julian, early began to show a restiveness under the training he received, which sadly perplexed his plain matter-of-fact father. The latter could not conceive why the boy should sometimes leave his plough in the furrow, and sit upon a hillock, gazing curiously and admiringly upon a simple wild flower. He knew not why the youth should stand with his eyes fixed upon the western sky when it was pavilioned with crimson, and gold, and purple; or later yet, when, one by one, the stars came timidly forth and took their places in the darkening heaven. He shook his head at these manifestations, and confidently informed his helpmate that he feared the boy was "not right"—significantly touching, as he spoke, that portion of his anatomy where he fondly imagined a vast quantity of brain of very superior quality was safely stowed away, guarded by a sufficient quantity of skull to protect it against any accident. Neither he nor the good wife imagined, for a moment, that Julian was a genius, and that his talent, circumscribed by circumstances, was struggling for an outlet for its development.

At last the divine spark within him was kindled into flame. An itinerant portrait painter came round, with his tools of trade, and did the Dominic in brown and red, and the squire's daughter in vermilion and flake-white, and set the whole village agog with his marvellous achievements. Julian cultivated his acquaintance, received some secret instructions in the A B C of art, and bargained for some drawing and painting materials. His aspirations had at length found an object. Long and painfully he labored in secret; but his advances were rapid, for he took nature as a model. At last he ventured to display his latest achievement—a small portrait of his father. It was first shown to his mother, and filled her with astonishment and delight. It is the privilege of woman,

however circumstanced, to appreciate and applaud true genius. Of course, Moliere's housekeeper occurs to the reader as an illustration. The picture was next shown to the old man. He gazed at it with a sort of silent horror, puffing the smoke from his pipe in short, spasmodic jerks, and slowly shaking his head before he spoke.

"Do you know it, father?" asked the young artist.

"Know it!" exclaimed the old man. "Yes—yes—I see myself there like I was lookin' into a glass. There's my nose, and eyes, and mouth, and hair; yes, and there's my pipe. It aint right—it can't be right—it's witchcraft. Satan most ha' helped you, boy—you couldn't never ha' done it without the aid of the evil one."

This was a sad damper. But just then the Dominic luckily happened in to take a pipe with his parishioner. He pronounced the work excellent, and satisfied his old friend's doubts as to the honesty of the transaction. Julian blessed the old man in his heart for the comfort he afforded.

And now the fame of the young painter flew through the village. The tavern-keeper ordered a head of Gen. Washington for his sign board, the old one—originally a portrait of the Duke of Cambridge with the emirt dress painted out—not satisfying some of his critical customers. And for the blacksmith, Montfort painted a rampant black horse, prevented from falling backward by a solid tail. The stable keeper also gave him orders for sundry coats-of-arms to be depicted on wagon-panels and sleigh-dashers, so that the incipient artist had plenty of orders and not a little cash.

But he soon grew tired of this local reputation. He panted for the association of kindred spirits; for the impulse and example to be found in some great centre of civilization; for refinement, fame—all that is dear to an ardent imagination. And so, one morning, he announced his intention of seeking his fortune in the city of New York.

His mother was sad, but did not oppose his wishes; his father shook his head, as he always did when anything was proposed—no matter what. The old gentleman seemed to derive great pleasure from shaking his head, and no one interfered with so harmless an amusement.

"Goin' to York, hey?" said he, emitting sundry puffs of smoke.

"The Yorkers are a curious set of people, boy. I read into a paper once 'bout how they car' on—droppin' pocket-books, and sellin' brass watches for gold, and knockin' people down and stomping onto 'em."

"But the Dominic thinks I might make money there," said the young man.

"O, then you'd better go. The Dominic's got a longer head than you or I, hoy," said the old man.

"Yes, father," said the youth, kindling with animation. "In New York I'm sure to win fame and fortune. I shall come back, then, and buy you a better farm, and hire hands for you so that you won't be obliged to work so hard—and you can set out trees—"

"Haint no opinion of trees," said the old man, shaking his head.

"Well, well, father, you shall have money, and do what you like with it; for my part, I shall be content with fame."

"Fame! what is that?" said the old man, laying down his pipe in bewilderment.

"Fame! Do you ask what fame is?" exclaimed the romantic boy. But he paused, convinced in a moment of the perfect futility of attempting to convey an idea of the unsubstantial phantom to the old man's intellect. Perhaps the old farmer was the better philosopher of the two.

But Julian gained his point, and departed for the great city—the goal of so many struggles, the grave of so many hopes. He was at first dazzled by the splendors of the artificial life, into the heart of which he plunged; and then with a homesick feeling, he sighed for that verdurous luxury of nature he had left. He missed the trees—for he thought the shabby and rusty foliage of the Battery and Park hardly worthy of that name. But, in time to save him from utter disappointment and heart sickness, there opened on his vision the glorious dawning of the world of art. He passed from gallery to gallery, and from studio to studio, drinking in the beauties that unfolded before him with the eyes of his body and his soul. He was enraptured, dazzled, enchanted. Then he settled down to work in his humble room, economizing the scanty funds he had brought with him to the city. Like many young aspirants, he grasped, at first, at the most difficult subjects. He constantly groped for a high ideal. He would fly before he had learned to walk. With an imperfect knowledge of architecture and anatomy, and a limited stock of information, he would paint history-mythology. He sought to illustrate poetry, and dared attempt scenes from the Bible, Shakspeare and Milton. He failed, though there were glimpses of grandeur and glory in his faulty attempts.

Then he turned back with a sickening feeling to the elements of art, distasteful as he found them. It was hard to pore over rectangles and curves, bones and muscles, angles and measurements, after sporting with irregular forms and fascinating colors. He tried portraiture; but he had no feeling for the business. He could not transfigure the dull and commonplace heads he was to copy. He had not the nice tact that makes beauty of ugliness without the loss of identity. He could not ennoble vulgarities. The sordid man bore the stamp of baseness on his canvass. His pictures were too true; and truth is death to the portrait-painter.

He began to grow morbid in his feelings, and was fast verging to a misanthrope. His clothes grew shabby, and looked shabbier for his careless way of wearing them. He was often cold and hungry. There were times when he viewed with envy and hate the evidences of prosperity he saw about him. He railed against

those pursuits of life which made men rich and prosperous. He began to think with the French demagogue, that "property was a theft," and to regard with great favor the socialistic doctrines then coming into vogue. The American social system he pronounced corrupt and rotten, and deserving to be uprooted and subverted. And this was the rustic boy, who, a few months before, had left his home so full of hope and generous feeling and high aspiration.

There were times when he yearned for the humble scenes of his boyhood. But he was too proud to throw up his pencils and palette, and go back to the old farm-house; and so he found a vent for his home-feeling in painting some of the scenes of his earliest life—the rustic dances, the hskings, the baymakings and junketings with which he was so familiar.

One of these pictures—a rustic dance was the subject—he sent to a gilder's to be framed. He had consecrated three dollars to this purpose, and went one day to see how his commission had been executed. He found the picture-framer, who was also a picture-dealer, in his shirt-sleeves, talking with a middle-aged gentleman, who was praising his performance.

"Really a very clever thing," said the gentleman, scanning the painting through his gold-bowed eye glasses. "The composition, coloring, and light and shade are admirable; but the life, animation and naturalness of the figures make its great charm. Ah, why don't our artists study to produce life as it exists around them, and as they themselves know it and feel it, instead of giving us the gods and goddesses of a defunct and false religion, and scenes three thousand miles and years away?"

"Mr. Greville," said the picture-framer, "allow me to make you acquainted with the artist, Mr. Montfort; he's a next-door neighbor of yours—lives at No. — Broadway."

"Mr. Montfort," said the gentleman, warmly shaking the hand the artist shyly extended, "you found me admiring your work. And I'm sure I did not know I had so talented a neighbor. I shall be glad to be better acquainted with you. I presume your picture is for sale."

"Not so, sir," replied the artist, coldly. "It is a reminiscence of earlier and happier days. It was painted for my own satisfaction, and I shall keep it as long as I have a place to hang it in. It is a common mistake, sir, with our patrons, to suppose they can buy our souls as well as our labor."

Mr. Greville's cheek flushed; but as he glanced at the shabby exterior and wan face of the artist, his color faded, and he answered gently:

"Believe me, Mr. Montfort, I am not one of the persons you describe—if, indeed, they exist elsewhere but in your imagination. I should be the last person to fail in sympathy for the high-toned feelings of an artist; for in early life I was thought to manifest a talent for art—and, indeed, I had a strong desire to follow the vocation."

"And you abandoned it—you turned a deaf ear to the divine inspiration—you preferred wealth to glory—to be one of the vulgar many rather than to belong to the choice few. I congratulate you, Mr. Greville, on your taste."

"You judge me, harshly, Mr. Montfort," replied the gentleman, pleasantly. "I am hardly required to justify my choice of calling to a perfect stranger; and yet your very frankness induces me to say a word or two of the motives which impelled me. My parents were poor. An artist's life seemed to hold no immediate prospects of competence. They to whom I owed my being might die of want before I had established a reputation. I had an opportunity to enter commercial life advantageously; I prospered. I have lived to see the declining days of my parents cheered by every comfort, and to rear a family in comfort and opulence. One of my boys promises to make a good artist. Fortunately, I can bestow on him the means of following the bent of his inclination. Instead of being an indifferent painter myself, I am an extensive purchaser of works of art, so that my conscience acquits me of any very great wrong in the course I adopted."

Montfort was silent; he was worsted in the argument.

"Mr. Montfort," pursued the gentleman, after a pause, "my evenings are always at my disposal, and I like to surround myself with men of talent. I have already a large circle of acquaintances among artists, musicians and literary men, and once a week they meet at my house; I shall be very bappy to see you among us. To-night is my evening of reception—will you join us?"

Proud and shy as he was, Montfort could not help accepting an invitation so frankly and pleasantly tendered—he promised to come.

"One favor more," said Mr. Greville. "You won't sell that picture—will you lend it to me for a day or two?"

"I cannot refuse you, of course, Mr. Greville."

"If you have the slightest objection, say so frankly," said the kind-hearted merchant.

"I have not the slightest objection, Mr. Greville. It is entirely at your disposal."

Mr. Greville was profuse in his thanks.

"Shall I send it to your house?" asked the picture-framer.

"No, Mr. Temnant," replied the merchant. "It is too valuable to be trusted out of my hands. I am personally responsible, and I fear that I am not rich enough to remunerate the artist, if any harm happens to it."

With these words, bowing to the artist, Mr. Greville took the picture carefully under his arm and left the shop, Montfort soon following.

"Well, I declare," said the picture-framer, when he was left alone, "artists is queer animals, and no mistake. Neglect 'em, and it makes 'em as mad as a short horned bull in fly time; coax 'em and pat 'em, and they let's fly their heels in your face. Seems to me if I was an artist, I shouldn't be particular about being a

hog, too. There aint no sense in it. Now, it beats my notion all to pieces to see how Mr. Greville could talk so pleasantly and gentlemanly to that dratted Montfort, and be flyin' into his face all the time like a tarrier dog. I'd a punched his head for him. I would—if they'd had me up afore the Sessions for saltin' and batterin'. Consequently it's better to be a pictur'-framer than a pictur'-painter. Cause why?—a pictur'-framer is a gentleman, and a pictur'-painter is a hog."

There was a good deal in what Mr. Tennant said, mixed up with a good deal of uncharitableness. But what did he know of the *gens irritabile vatum*?

Evening came; and after many misgivings, Montfort, in an eclectic costume, selected from his whole wardrobe, at a late hour, ventured to emerge from his humble domicile, and present himself at the rosewood portal of his aristocratic neighbor. He soon found himself in the dazzling drawing-room, bewildered by the lights, and the splendor of the decoration and the furniture. Mr. Greville saw his embarrassment, and hastened to dispel it. He shook him warmly by the hand, and presented him to his lady and daughter, and then to a crowd of guests. A distinguished artist begged the honor of an introduction to him, and he soon found himself among people who understood him, and with whom he could converse at his ease. Though he was lionized, he was lionized by people who understood the sensitiveness of artistic natures. They flattered delicately and tastefully. Their incense excited, but did not intoxicate or suffocate. In one of the drawing-rooms, the gratified artist beheld his picture placed in an admirable light, the cynosure of all eyes, and the theme of all lips.

"I am certainly very much indebted to you for placing it so advantageously," said the artist to his host. "It owes at least half its success to the arrangement of the light."

"Do you hear that, Caroline?" asked Mr. Greville, turning to his beautiful daughter, who stood smiling beside him.

"I was afraid I had made some mistake in the arrangement," said the beautiful girl, blushing with pleasure.

Montfort attempted a complimentary remark, but his tongue failed him. He would have given worlds for the self-possession of some of the *nonchalant* dandies he saw hovering around the peerless beauty. He was forced to content himself with awkwardly bowing his thanks.

In the latter part of the evening, one of the rooms was cleared for a dance. Montfort was solicited to join in a quadrille, and a beautiful partner was even presented to his notice; but he wanted confidence and knowledge, and he had no faith in the integrity of the gaiter shoes he had vamped up for the occasion, so that he was forced to decline. This incident revived some of his morbid feelings that had begun to slumber, and he caught himself muttering something about the "frivolities of fashion."

He thought to make his exit unnoticed; but Mr. Greville detected him and urged him to repeat his visit.

The next day, during his reception hours, several visitors called—an unheard-of thing. They glanced indifferently at his mythological daubs, but were enthusiastic in their praises of his rustic subjects. The day following, more visitors came. He was offered and accepted four hundred dollars for one of his cabinet-pictures. In a word, orders flowed in upon him; he could hardly paint fast enough to supply the demand. He became rather fastidious in his dress—patronized the first tailors and bootmakers, cultivated the graces, and took lessons in the waltz and polka. At Mr. Greville's, and some of the other houses he visited, he was remarked as being somewhat of a dandy. And this was Montfort the misanthrope—Montfort the socialist—Montfort the agrarian.

An important episode in his career was an order to paint the portrait of Miss Caroline Greville. He had already had three or four sittings, and the picture was approaching completion; then the work suddenly ceased. Day after day the artist pleaded engagements. At the same time, he discontinued his visits at the house.

Mr. Greville, somewhat offended, called on Montfort for an explanation. He found his daughter's picture covered by a curtain.

"My dear sir," said he, "how does it happen that you can't go on with that picture? My wife is very anxious about it."

"I can never finish it," said the artist, sadly.

"How so, my young friend?"

"Mr. Greville, I will be frank with you. I love your daughter; I, a poor artist, have dared to lift my eyes to the child of the opulent merchant. I have never in look or word, though, led her to divine my feelings—the secret is in my own keeping. But I cannot see her day after day—I cannot scan her beautiful and innocent features, or listen to the brilliant flow of her conversation, without agony. This has compelled me, sir, to suspend my work."

"Mr. Julian Montfort," said the merchant, "you seem bent—excuse me—on making yourself miserable. You are no longer a poor artist; you have a fortune in your pencil. Your profession is now a surer thing than mine. There is no gentleman in the city who ought not to be proud of your alliance; and if you can make yourself acceptable to my daughter, why, take her and be happy."

How Julian sped in his wooing may be inferred from the fact that, at a certain wedding ceremony in Grace Church, he performed the important part of bridegroom to the bride of Miss Caroline Greville; and after the usual quantity of hand-shakings, and tears and kisses, and all the usual efforts to make a wedding resemble a funeral as much as possible, Mr. and Mrs. Montfort took passage in one of the Havre steamers for an extensive tour upon the European continent.

When they returned, Mr. Montfort's reputation rose higher than ever, of course, and he made money with marvellous rapidity. He is now as well known in Wall Street as in his studio,

has a town and country house, is a strong conservative in politics, and talks very learnedly about the moneyed interest. He has made some efforts to transplant his good old father and mother to New York; but they prefer residing at his villa, and taking care of his Durham cattle and Suffolk pigs, and seeing that his "Cochin Chinas" and "Brahma Pootras" do not trample down the children when they go out to feed the poultry of a summer morning.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE APPEAL.

BY PHOEBE CARRY.

Give me back, give me back the sweet peace that is banished,
No more to abide in my bosom a guest;
And the many and beautiful hopes which have vanished,
And left me to wander alone and unblest.

Give me back the sweet draught of delight which I tasted,
When thy kisses were lovingly pressed on my brow;
And all the fond sighs that I ever have wasted
In thinking of thee, from that moment till now.

Give me back the delight of those exquisite hours,
With their delicate shadows, and sunny gleams,
When, down on a pathway all bordered with flowers,
I mightily descended the valley of dreams.

Give me back each kind word that my lips may have spoken,
Let me lightly again from thy fetters go free;
O, give me the heart thou hast carelessly broken,
And the years I have recklessly wasted for thee.

'Tis in vain! and in vain have I ever besought thee;
Thou canst not bow sad and how ceaseless I yearn:
Then if thou wilt give me not back what I brought thee,
But give me, O, give me, thy heart in return!

CHANGE OF COLOR IN THE HAIR.

Dr. Wardrop, an English author, in a treatise on "Diseases of the Heart," relates some cases of the sudden changing of the hair from black to white. A lady, who was deeply grieved on receiving the intelligence of a great change in her worldly condition, and who had a very remarkable quantity of dark hair, found, on the following morning, the whole of her hair had become of a silver white. Some striking instances of this kind are narrated by historians. "I was struck," says Madame Campan, "with the astonishing change misfortune had wrought upon Marie Antoinette's features; her whole head of hair had turned almost white during her transit from Varennes to Paris." The Duchess of Luxembourg was caught making her escape during the terrors of the French Revolution, and put in prison; the next morning it was observed that her hair had become white. A Spanish officer, distinguished for his bravery, was in the Duke of Alva's camp, and an experiment was made by one of the authorities to test his courage. At midnight, the Provost Marshal, accompanied by his guard and a confessor, awoke him from his sleep, informing him that, by the order of the Viceroy, he was to be immediately executed, and had only a quarter of an hour left to make his peace with Heaven. After he had confessed, he said that he was prepared for death, but declared his innocence. The Provost Marshal at this moment broke into a fit of laughter, and told him that they merely wanted to try his courage. Placing his hand upon his heart, and with ghastly paleness, he ordered the Provost out of his tent, observing that he had "done him an evil office;" and the next morning, to the wonder of the whole army, the hair of his head, from having been a deep black color, had become perfectly white.—*Horne Journal*.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

WOULD I WERE A MONK.

BY R. O. WILEY.

Would I were a monk, in cloister old,
Some cloister far away;
A cowed monk, who his beads had told,
Till his locks were thin and gray;
On whom the world had lost its hold,
Would I were a monk, in cloister old.

Would I were a monk, with cloistered heart,
That never of feeling told;
One that at love nor hope should start,
Heart to human softness cold;
Bound to none by affection's art,
Would I were a monk, with cloistered heart.

A bearded monk, in some cloister old,
Whom deep passion ne'er could thrill;
Over whose heart in waves had rolled
The waters of good and ill;
Till it was calm, and still, and cold,
Would I were a monk in some cloister old.

THE ROSE.

I saw a rose perfect in beauty; it rested gracefully upon its stalk, and its perfume filled the air. Many stopped to gaze upon it with delight. I passed it again, and behold it was gone—its stem was leafless—its root had withered; the enclosure which surrounded it was broken down. The spoiler had been there; he saw that many admired it; he knew it was dear to him who planted it, and beside it he had no other plant to love. Yet he snatched it secretly from the hand that cherished it; he wore it on his bosom till it hung its head and faded, and, when he saw that its glory was departed, he flung it rudely away. But it left a thorn in his bosom, and vainly did he seek to extract it; for now it pierces the spoiler, even in the hour of mirth. And when I saw that no man, who had loved the beauty of the rose, gathered again its scattered leaves, or bound up the stock which the hands of violence had broken, I looked earnestly at the spot where it grew, and my soul received instruction. And I said, Let her who is full of beauty and admiration, sitting like the queen of flowers in majesty among the daughters of women, let her watch lest vanity enter her heart, beguiling her to rest proudly upon her own strength; let her remember that she standeth upon slippery places, "and be not high-minded, but fear."—*Sigourney*.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

BURIED LOVE.

BY ELLEN LOUISE CHAMBLER.

Slowly the day goes down, lighting the sunset fires in the broad west,
And pausing on the hill with sad and patient smile,
To watch the pale, fair moon calmly uprising from the sea's deep breast,
And blushing bright at her own loveliness the while.

Ere stars climb upward, pale and silent, like the ghosts of hurried hopes,
That make our stricken hearts to ache thrilling to their core,
For those that once beside us watched the day go down the sunset slopes,
For those that with us watch the day go down no more!

The fainting woad goes sighing through the far-off citron grove,
A red-lieke voice comes downward from the eye-stars bright,
Wailing in woe monotone, old ballad tales of hopeless love,
While the stars breathe sadly back that love's stern blight!

I know not why it is, friend of my earlier and my brighter years,
That thou out of thy grave shouldst come to me to-night,
In all the glory of thy golden hair undimmed by my wild tears,
Standing beside me, in thy coffin-robos so white!

I know not how it is I dare to lay my head upon thy breast,
And gaze with calm, relying eyes into thine own;
Did they not lay thee, long ago, 'neath graveyard turf and sod to rest,
And say, my buried one, that thou must rest alone!

Nay, look not down on me, sweet love, with the cold calmness of thy smile,
Nor dream thy image ever from my heart had flown;
Though with my foot upon thy grave I keelt at other shrines the while,
Or watched on other brows the light and shade o'erblown!

Hold me once more as in those elder days upon thy faithful heart,
Clasp me but once within thine arms' most fond embrace;
E'en though like mortals seeing gods, so that e'er my soul depart,
Enough 't will be, once more to gaze upon thy face!

YOUNG MEN.

There is no moral object so beautiful to me as a conscientious young man. I watch him as I do a star in heaven; clouds may be before him, but we know that his light is behind them, and will beam forth again; the blaze of others' popularity may out-shine him, but we know that, though unseen, he illuminates his own true sphere. He resists temptation, not without a struggle, for that is not a virtue; but he resists and conquers; he hears the sarcasm of the profligate, and it stings him, for that is a trait of virtue, but heals with its own pure touch. He who says in his heart, but not with his lips, "There is no God," controls him not; he sees the hand of a creating God, and rejoices in it. Woman is sheltered by fond arms and loving counsel; old age is protected by experience, and manhood is protected by strength; but the young man stands amid the temptations of the world like a self-balanced tower. Happy is he who seeks and gains the prop of morality. Onward, then, conscientious youth! raise thy standard, and nerve thyself for goodness! If God has given thee intellectual power, awake in that cause. Never let it be said of thee, "He helped to swell the river of sin by pouring his influence into its channels." If thou art feeble in mental strength, throw not that drop into a polluted current. Awake, arise, young man! assume that beautiful garb of virtue! It is difficult to be pure and holy. Put on thy strength, then. Let truth be the lady of thy love. Defend her.—*Mrs. Caroline Gilman*.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

MAN AND THE STREAMLET.

BY R. A. WIGBT.

"Whither, merry little streamlet,
Hast'nest thou on silver feet?"
"I am hurrying to the ocean,
Hurrying ocean's waves to greet."

"I am but a little brooklet,
And I would a river be;
And I'm pushing onward,
Till my waters find the sea."

"But a rill the morning found thee,
O'er thy waves the flowers bend;
Canst thou not, ambitious streamlet,
Canst not be therewith content?"

Then the brook to me replying,
"How can man reprove the stream?
Is not he forever trying
To obtain ambition's dream?"

"My pure waters, flowing onward,
Nourish flowers as they go;
You may trace each brooklet's pathway
By the flowers that round it grow."

"Ah, not thus with man's ambition,
Every path a desert shows;
Blackened ruins—desolation,
Follow him where'er he goes."

"When man's lot in life is humble,
Let him learn content to be;
Then reprove ambition's streamlets,
As they're hurrying to the sea."

FEMALE DELICACY.

Above other features which adorn the female character, delicacy stands foremost within the province of good taste. Not that delicacy which is perpetually in quest of something to be ashamed of, which makes merit of a blush, and simpers at the false construction its own ingenuity has put upon an innocent remark; this spurious kind of delicacy is as far removed from good taste as from good feeling and good sense; but the high-minded delicacy which maintains its pure and undeviating walk alike amongst women as in the society of men—which shrinks from no necessary duty, and can speak, when required, with seriousness and kindness, of things at which it would be ashamed to smile or to blush—that delicacy which knows how to confer a benefit without wounding the feelings of another, and which understands also how and when to receive one—that delicacy which can give alms without assumption, and which pains not the most susceptible being in creation.—*Thackeray*.

Chigwell is an old and silent village; the church, with its row of arching yews, the large inn opposite, with its deep gables and bowed windows, and the entire character of the village carried the mind insensibly back. The school is an ivy-covered building, and the room in which the after governor of Pennsylvania was educated, bears traces of considerable antiquity. The temperament of William Penn was sensitive and enthusiastic, and most have caused his parents much anxiety. It is certain that while at Chigwell, his mind became seriously impressed on the great subject of religion. The admiral, we may suppose, if he knew of this impression, would not have regarded it favorably; and if it were known to him, it made him hasten his son's departure from Chigwell; for the following year we find him at school near his birthplace on Tower Hill, and most likely at a day school, for his father, to augment his scholarship, kept a private tutor for him at his own house. Sir William had high hopes for this darling child. His talents were of lofty order, his accomplishments were many, and he won all hearts by his captivating manners. When fifteen, he entered Christ Church, Oxford, as a gentleman commoner. There, without neglecting his studies, he took great delight in manly sports, and in the society of his companions. But it would be impossible in our limits to enter upon minute details of this remarkable man. Passing over, therefore, the early years of his life, his peculiar struggles for religious liberty, and many events which are matters of history, we must enter upon his connection with affairs on our own continent. In 1676, Penn became manager of "property concerns" in New Jersey; he invited settlers, sent them out in three vessels, and occupied himself in the formation of a constitution, consisting of terms of agreement and concession. Perfect religious liberty was, of course, established, and William Penn left no record that "he hoped he had laid the foundation for those to after ages of their liberty both as men and Christians, and by an adherence to which, they never could be brought into bondage but by their own consent." In these days, it is little more than a pleasure-trip to cross the Atlantic; but in the time of William Penn it was a serious undertaking. Yet nothing obstructed his progress; when once he fixed within his mind it was right to act, the act was "afoot." For several succeeding years he was projecting plans for the good of New Jersey. His heart was rent asunder by the persecutions endured by his people—especially in the "rough" city of Bristol—and anxious as he then was for the grants, which he in after time obtained, the fear of "great ones" never prevented raising hand and voice against tyranny. At length, one of his great objects was attained; the charter, granting him the tract of land which he himself had marked out, bears date the fourth of March, 1681. He had petitioned for land in "the far West" where brethren might dwell together in unity, in love, and in security, chiefly as the liquidation of debt which the government owed his father. And when his petition was granted, then commenced the career by which his name is chiefly known and honored. Gathering a "favored people" together from wherever he had preached "the word," at a very early period, he freighted two ships with Irish Quakers. Merciful as the Irish are, there is no country where Quakers are more beloved and trusted to this day, than in Ireland. The embarkation of this Quaker colony must have formed a strange contrast to the going out of an emigrant ship in our own day. The well-clad, well organized, steadfast, earnest, subdued, yet hopeful people, taking leave of those whom they loved, yet left—subdued, as is their custom, all outward indications of anguish, and seeming ashamed of the emotion which sent tears to their eyes, and tremor to their lips! Two of the good ships—well ordered, well-appointed, well provisioned—sailed from London, and another from Bristol. How different from the wretched hulks which are now sent staggering across the seas, to convey a diseased, half-naked and



STOKE—THE RESIDENCE OF THE PENN FAMILY

where Philadelphia now stands—foremost of a handful of Quakers, without a weapon, undefended, except by that true protector which the Almighty has stamped on every honest brow. Here the peace-loving lawmaker awaited the pouring out of the dark tribes. Amid the woods, as far as eye could reach, dark masses of wild, uncouth creatures, some with paint and feathers, and rude but deadly weapons, advance slowly, and in good order; grave, stern chiefs, and strong-armed braves gathering to meet a few unarmed strangers, their future friends, not masters! There was neither spear or pistol, sword nor rifle, scourge nor fetter, open or concealed among these white men; the trying place was an elm-tree of prodigious growth at Shackamaxon, the present Kensington of Philadelphia. The large elm under which Penn concluded his treaty is seen to the right in the foreground of the engraving representing the treaty. It was blown down on the 3d of March, 1810. In its form it was remarkably wide-spread, but not lofty; its main branch, inclining towards the river, measured fifteen feet in length, its girth around the trunk was twenty-four feet, and its age, as it was ascertained by the inspection of its circle of annual growth, was two hundred and eighty-three years. It stood on the edge of the bank which sloped to the river. The avenue of trees seen in the view, and Fairman's Manrian opposite, was constructed in 1702. Penn greatly desired to purchase it as a country residence for himself, but failed to do so. Towards this tree, the leaders of both tribes drew near, approaching each other under its widely spreading branches—front to front, eye to eye, neither having a dishonorable thought



EXTERIOR OF CHIGWELL SCHOOL, WHERE PENN RECEIVED HIS EARLY INSTRUCTION.



PENN'S TREATY GROUND, WITH THE FAIRMAN, ON THE DELAWARE.

coffee-bled multitude to the promised land! Penn's letter to the Indians, transmitted by one of the earlier ships, is a masterpiece of what worldlings call policy, but which is simply justice and right feeling. This letter preceded his visit, and was well calculated to excite the confidence and curiosity of the red men, who must have felt deeply anxious to see the pale faces who addressed them, and was disposed to treat them as brethren. The death of his mother, at this time, spread a gloom over his loving spirit, and delayed his departure; but the interest of the new world summoned him from the old. He at length sailed for the new world, in the ship Welcome, and was there greeted by his future subjects; consisting of English, Irish, Dutch and Swedes, then in number about 3000. He had people of many lands and many creeds to deal with, as well as an unsexed and almost unknown nation; but he commenced with so noble an act of justice, in paying the Indians for the lands already given him in payment by the king of England, that pale faces and red skins were alike convinced of his certain honesty of purpose. There are few persons whose pulsations are so numbered that they will not beat the quicker when they bear of a generous action; the soul is revived, even in a worldly bosom, by the throbs of immortality which tell as they are great and righteous deeds prompted by God himself. With what an upright gait and open brow must Wm. Penn have met the tribes at Coaquanoc—the Indian name for the place

towards his fellow man, comprehending each other by means of that great interpreter—truth! How vexations, that history should be so mate as to this most glorious meeting, and that there is but little tradition—that faintest echo of the past—to tell of the speeches made by the Indians, and replied to by Penn, after his first address had been delivered. The Quaker used no subterfuge, employed no stratagem to draw them into confidence; imposed not upon their senses by a display of crown, sceptre, mace, sword, halbert, or any of the visible signs of stately dominion or warlike power, to which, like all wild men, they were inclined to render homage. And this is a thing to look at with pride and thankfulness, when man, in a righteous purpose, and with simplicity and steadfast intent, becomes so completely one of Heaven's delegates, that he is looked up to and respected by his fellow-mortals, who are not so richly endowed by God. It must have been a sight of exceeding glory, when Penn, whose only personal distinction was a netted sash of light blue silk, cast his eyes over the mighty and strange multitude, who observed him with an earnest interest, while his followers displayed to the tribes various articles of merchandise, and he advanced steadily towards the great sachem, chief of them all, who, as Penn drew near, placed a horned chaplet on his head, which gave his people intimation that the sacredness of peace was over all. With one consent, the tribes threw down their bows and arrows, crouched around their great chiefs,

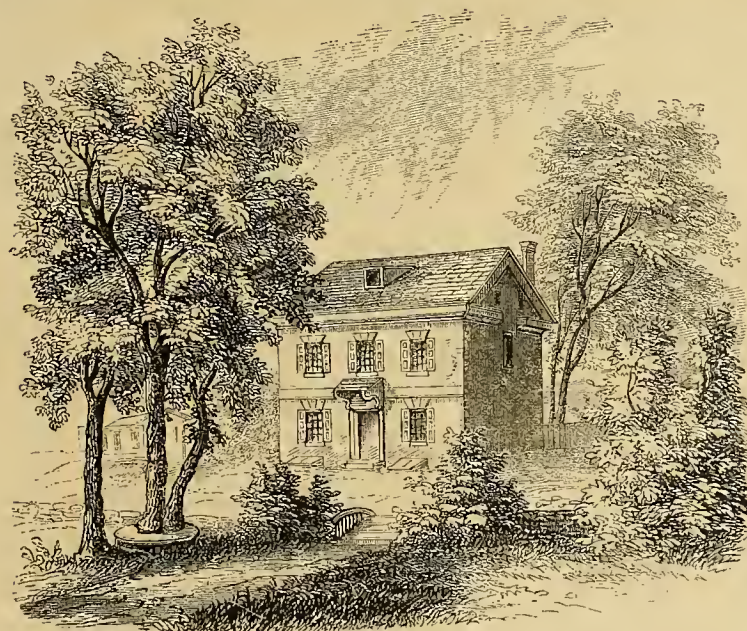


LANDING OF PENN AT BLUE ANCHOR INN.

forming a huge half moon on the ground, while their great chief told William Penn, by his interpreter, that the nations were ready to bear him. This scene has never been recorded or painted as it might be. The great fact that he there spoke fearlessly and honestly what they heard and believed, pledging themselves, when he had concluded, according to their country's manner, to live in love with William Penn and his children so long as the sun and moon should endure, is more suggestive than any record in modern history. Slate-roof house, the city residence of William Penn and family while in Philadelphia, on his second visit in 1700, is remarkable as the birthplace of the only one of the race of Penn born in the country. Here John Penn, the American, was born one month after the arrival of his family. After Penn's decease, the house was retained as the governor's residence, and John Adams and other members of the congress had their lodgings in the Slate-house. After arranging all matters as to the future city, well might Penn write home: "In fine, here is what Abraham, Isaac and Jacob would be well content with, and service enough for God, for the fields here are white to the harvest. O, how sweet it is, the quiet of these parts, freed from the anxious and troublesome solicitations, hurries and perplexities of woeful Europe!" But much as the lawgiver enjoyed the quiet of his new colony, he was not content to remain there. His mind was anxious, his affections were divided between two hemispheres; his ardent, restless nature longed to act wherever action was needed. He, therefore, returned to England; Charles II was trembling on the verge of the grave, which soon closed over him, leaving nothing for immortality but the fame of weakness even in vice. William Penn records James telling him, soon after the accession, that now he meant to "go to mass above board," upon which the Quaker remarked quaintly and promptly, "that he hoped his majesty would grant to others the liberty he so loved himself, and let all go where they pleased." He resided then in a house at Charing Cross, most probably one ready finished, as it has not been pointed out as a resi-



PENN'S RESIDENCE, SLATE ROOF HOUSE, CORNER OF NORRIS ALLEY AND THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.



PENN'S HOUSE, IN LETITIA COURT, PHILADELPHIA.

dence. His journeyings to and fro were resumed, and as he was known to be affectionately attached to James, when William came to the throne, he was persecuted nearly as much as in old times. Pennsylvania, too, became disturbed, not by discontent of the red man, but by discontent with another governor. After a lapse of seventeen years, he again sailed with his family to Pennsylvania, and was received by white and red as their father and their friend. He dispelled many differences, healed many sores, and saw the city he had planned rising rapidly on every side. These seventeen years seemed to have done the work of seventy, and the prosperity of Pennsylvania was secured. He had shown the possibility of a nation maintaining its own internal policy amid a mixture of different nations and opposite civil and religious opinions, and of maintaining its foreign relations also, without the aid of a soldier or a man-at-arms. The constable's staff was the only symbol of authority in Pennsylvania for the greater part of a century! He had still abundant vexations to endure; his circumstances became embarrassed. He returned with his family to England an aged man—though more aged by the unceasing anxiety and activity of his life, than by his years. There are traditions of his dwelling at Kensington Knightsbridge; but it is known that he possessed himself of a handsome mansion at Rushcombe, near Twyford, in Berkshire. Rushcombe is a quiet, little village on the borders of Berkshire. It lies in a valley; and the gently rising hills afar off add to the placid beauty of the scene. Some very old cottages and farms constitute the homes of its inhabitants, which remain much as they must have been when Penn was here a resident. The house in which he died was destroyed nearly twenty years ago;

and an old countryman—who noticed our scrutiny of the village, and entered freely into the interest of our visit—described it as a large, quaint old mansion, which stood opposite the church, and commanded the view exhibited in our wood cut—a view entirely unaltered by modernization, and upon which the eye of Penn must have often rested. Here a stroke of apoplexy benumbed his active brain, and rendered him unfit for business. Such strokes were repeated, during six years, until he finally sank beneath them. Those who visited him between the periods of infirmity, bore testimony to his faith, and hope, and trust in the Lord, and of his unfeeling kindness and gentleness to those around him. Thus, through faintness and weakness, he had but little actual suffering, though there was a gradual pacing towards eternity, and on the 30th day of July, 1718, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, he put off the mortal coil which he had worn, even to the wearing out, and joined in heaven those he had loved on earth. There was an immediate and mighty gathering of his friends and admirers, who attended his remains to the burying-grounds of Jordans. It must have been a thrilling sight—the silent and solemn people wending their way through the emowered lands leading from Rushcombe into Buckinghamshire, that hallowed land of Hampden, consecrated by so many memories, of which Penn, if not chiefest, is now among the chief. In Thomas Story's Journal, he narrates the circumstances of Penn's death and funeral with touching simplicity: "On the thirty-first of the fifth month, 1718, I received a letter from Hannah Penn, of the decease of her husband, our ancient and honorable friend, William Penn, who departed this life on the thirtieth, between two and three in the morning, of a short sickness." He then notes his visit on the first of the succeeding month to Rushcombe, where "I staid till the fifth of August, and that day accompanied the corpse to the grave at Jordans meeting place in the county of Bucks, where we had a large meeting of Friends, and others from many places; and as the Lord had made choice of him in the days of his youth for great and good service, and had been with him in many dangers and difficulties of various kinds, so he did not leave him in his last moments, but honored the occasion with his blessed presence, and gave a happy season of his goodness to the general satisfaction of all, the meeting being well spoke of by strangers afterwards." The dense, unweeping sorrow of a Quaker funeral once witnessed, can never be forgotten. The sun had begun to make long shadows on the grass, and the bright stems of the birch threw up, as it were, the foliage of heavier trees before we came in sight of the quaint, solitary place of silence and of graves. The narrow road leading to the Quakers'

meeting-house was not often disturbed by the echo of carriage wheels, and before we alighted, an aged woman had looked out with a perplexed, yet kindly countenance, and then went back and sent forth her little grand-daughter, who met us with a self-possessed and quiet air, which showed that, if not "a friend," she had dwelt among friends. The meeting-house is, of course, perfectly unadorned—plain benches and a plain table, such as you sometimes see in furniture prints of Queen Anne's time. This table the little maid placed outside, to enable our artist to sketch the grave-yard, and that we might write our names in a book, where a few English, and a number of Americans had written before us. It contained simply, as it ought, the names of those who, like ourselves, wished to be instructed and elevated by a sight of the grave of William Penn. The burying-ground might be termed a little meadow; for the long grass waved over, while it, in a great degree, concealed the several undulations, which showed where many sleep. But when observed more closely, chequered though it was by increasing shadows, the very undulations gave an appearance of green waves to the verdure, as it swept above the slightly-raised mounds. There was something to us sacred beyond all telling in this green place of nameless graves, as if, having done with the world, the world had nothing more to do with those whose stations were filled up, whose names were forgotten! It was more solemn—told more truly of actual death, than the monuments beneath the fretted roofs of Westminster or St. Paul's, laboring, often unworthily, "to point a moral or adorn a tale"—to keep memory green, which else had moldered! The young girl knew the lawgiver's grave among the many, as

[FOR CONCLUSION, SEE PAGE 412.]

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

STANZAS.

BY J. D. JOHNSON, M. D.

O, woman! by whose influence alone
Mankind exalts—*Dante's Inferno.*

O where's the spell like woman's smile,
To drive the clouds of care away;
To charm again, with winsome wile,
Back to the heart joy's sunny ray?

The brightest beam that pleasure throws
Emits a feeble transient glow,
If it across our pathway flows
Without the light her eyes bestow.

The best, the highest meed of fame
Is gained from her admiring praise;
The deepest, keenest sting of shame
Darts from her disdainful gaze!

Then strive to make bright woman thine,
Her light will cheer thy darkness way;
For like the diamond in the mine
Gloom most draws forth her sparkling ray.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE FAY CHILD.

BY DEN: PERLEY POORE.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry in Fairy-land,
When fairy birds are singing,
When the court doth ride by their monarch's side,
With bit and bridle ringing.

And gaily shines that Fairy-land,—
But all is glistening show,
Like the idle gleam that December's beam
Doth dart o'er ice and snow—*Scott.*

"Write you a fairy story, fair Mary," was our answer to a recent request, from a young and gentle reader of the "Pictorial." "Why you must think that the author of fictitious tales requires little more than Dr. Franklin demanded when he began to edit the "Mercury"—a bottle of ink, and a quire of paper. It might once have been so, when romancers could trick out their heroes and heroines in whatever raggery their own ideas of dress might furnish. But oow-n-days, readers are dainty, and he who composes fiction must have a positive acquaintance with the localities, customs and characters which he introduces. Now all our knowledge of the elves who danced upon the wild, or the giant who wielded his club, comes from stories as familiar as household words. You would not wish to hear these twicetold tales repeated, and so, sweet coz, excuse us."

"I am so sorry," she replied, putting lips even more rosy and cheerful in their hue than was her pretty bonnet. "The mythological tales in the "Pictorial" were so interesting, that I should like to read about the fairies."

And we felt sorry too, for we delight in pleasing a half-score of merry cousins, more or less related—especially those of them with whom we hold frequent converse through the "Pictorial," and on returning home we rummaged over a huge mass of "material" in quest of something about elfin land. At last we came to an old manuscript, which had been purchased at an English sale, and forgotten. It was a fairy-story! And in giving it, in a modern garb, we must conscientiously state that its veracity is doubtful—but we hope it will be acceptable to cousin Mary, and many other readers. Here it is:]

Sir Owen O'More, a wealthy Irish baronet, lived quietly on his estate, at a period when Queen Elizabeth's warlike spirit sent abroad most of the gallant noblemen in her realms. Neither age nor original disposition unfitted him from taking that command to which his birth and name entitled him, but his every thought was centered in a young babe, his first-born son. He had been sent, as was then the custom with Irishmen of rank, to a Spanish college, and while there had wooed and won the daughter of an English ambassador. The union was a happy one, and when the approach of manhood rendered it necessary for him to return and take possession of his estate (his father having died in his infancy), he was accompanied by his young bride. A new tie to their happiness was given on the birth of their son, but, ere he was a week old, the father's joy was clouded. The fond mother at first smiled to see the serious looks with which he now regarded the infant, but was seldom able to produce a similar effect on him, as he bent over the cradle, endeavoring with a trembling kiss to dissemble his fears. There was no apparent reason for this extreme terror—at least, Sir Owen assigned none to the numerous inquirers around him—but it was said by the domestics that one day, while hunting, the dogs seized a hare. Just as they were about to tear their game to pieces, it changed into a fairy, which ascended into the clouds, threatening the baronet to take vengeance upon his son, then but a few days old.

Meanwhile his child improved and prospered—Lady Owen was soon able to enjoy his caresses, and in due time all the wealthy neighbors assembled at the hall, to enjoy the christening feast. The priests and sponsors were ready—the friends of the family were ranged around in joyful expectation—and Sir Owen himself went to the nursery to hasten the coming of the child. As he entered the room he heard a loud shriek from the women who surrounded the cradle, and rushing to it, after a single glance, fell senseless on the floor.

The apartment was filled quickly with his friends and retainers, who had but to give one look at the cradle to avoid it—so disgusting was its occupant. In vain did the priest, on his knees,

implore a re-change—his prayers were unavailing. The young O'More was gone, and in his place there was an idiotic-looking, distorted child, whose light glassy eyes were strangely contrasted with a profusion of coarse, thick hair.

Sir Owen was the first to recover himself, and appeared to perceive that immediate and energetic action was necessary. "My friends," said he, "this has been a transformation, but let us hope that our loss may not be irreparable. To this end perseverance and courage are necessary, and I think that I possess both. But in this strife your brave hearts and strong hands will, I fear, be of little use. The monk's breviary, and not the warrior's sword, must be our weapon—and faith, not steel, must be our armor. My friends, I bid ye depart in sorrow; let us trust we may yet meet in joy."

The saddened neighbors and tenants of Sir Owen now departed in small groups, eagerly conversing on the singular occurrence. Numerous stories were related connected with this well-known Irish superstition, and the means of recovering the child from Fairy-land were discussed. Some advised invoking the priests' and some the witches' assistance. But there was a pretty general agreement that "watching the daylight," as it was termed, was likely to be the most efficient. It was to be thus performed: In the fifth summer from the time of the child's birth, the nearest maiden relation under twenty, after a week spent in prayer and fasting, was to proceed alone, on the evening of the first of May, to the nearest haunt of the fairies. She was there to seat herself upon a stone, with her face towards the east, and read her breviary until the first glimpse of morning. Then, if all the circumstances of the ceremony were correct, she would perceive a troop of fairies mounted on small milk-white steeds, prancing before her, and on the last, the person she sought. Him she was to clasp firmly, and if she had fortitude to resist the imaginary terrors created by the spell, for a few minutes, was certain to recover him.

The unfortunate mother felt the blow to the full extent of human agony; but when she reflected on the late gloom of her husband, and the chance of its increase by this evil, she determined to give up all useless sorrow, and be to him, in the hour of misfortune, more than she was ever in the hour of joy. That evening, he alluded to the sad change. "I now, my love," said he, in a solemn tone, "know the worst, and know it may be remedied. Among the monks at the neighboring abbey are many excellent men, but I am determined to trust a Spaniard, named Iago. To perfect faith he joins a knowledge of the hidden secrets of the world, said not always to be compatible with it. This he tells not to the vulgar, who would see little difference between the power arising from superior intelligence and forbidden art, but I once befriended him, and feel sure of his aid. And now, my love, let us banish this subject from all future conversations. Need I say how anxiously, how ardently I shall fly to convey the first glimpse of hope to her, without whose participation all earthly happiness must be imperfect—but until success crown my exertions, let them be unmarked and unregarded."

Early on the following morning, Sir Owen, unaccompanied, took the path leading through the woods in which the abbey was situated. This forest was so large as, according to tradition, never to have been completely explored. As far as the site of the abbey, a modern one (instituted a few years previous by some emigrant monks from Spain), it was well known—but beyond that it became so entangled with dwarf oak, beech and hazel, as to be entirely impervious. When Sir Owen arrived at the abbey, he was received as wealthy patrons usually are, with real or feigned welcome, perhaps both—and after he had properly ensured the good offices of the fraternity, he inquired for brother Iago.

"Alas, my son," said the abbot, "I fear he will not live long to ornament our community with his talents—but I will introduce you to his cell. There Sir Owen found his old friend in the last stages of consumption, but he listened with attentive ear to the bereaved father. "Go and walk in the garden," said the invalid, when the sad tale was completed, "and in an hour return here—I will do my best."

Returning promptly at the appointed time, Sir Owen saw on the monk's table some curious instruments, and two parchment manuscripts, evidently written with blood. "My power fails me, I fear," said the suffering student, "but I can assure you one thing. Your son is not now within the grasp or influence of the revengeful fairy who obtained a temporary possession of him. On your return to the hall you will find his mis-shapen substitute fled, but little further can I say. There are moments when the wishes of pure and innocent hearts have power over the most fixed resolves of the numberless spirits that inhabit the secret places of earth, and air, and sea—perhaps some happy coincidences of this kind has redeemed him. If so, and he is again an inhabitant of the mortal world, mortal means alone must be used for his recovery."

"Ah!" exclaimed Sir Owen. "Does it rest upon my exertions? a father's perseverance will not be easily overcome." And with many expressions of gratitude, he returned to communicate the joyful hope to his lady. On his arrival, his heart beat high with delight, for the ill-favored substitute had disappeared during his absence.

Years rolled on, and few changes had taken place either at the abbey or the hall. No second child came to divert the attention of Sir Owen from the pertinacity with which he had devoted it to the recovery of the first. His lady sat alone, in sorrow and solitude, while she saw his spirits waned, and the best years of his life lost, in what had long since appeared a fruitless pursuit. He, with a single-purposed steadiness, urged on his hopes, clinging his existence in their accomplishment, and there appeared reason to suppose that if this stimulus were lost, there would be little re-

maining to bind him to life. Father Iago, who had partially recovered his health, was his only companion, and often did they recall the past, or hope for the future.

When the appointed period arrived, the ceremony of "watching the daylight" was performed, with all the pomp which the rank of the persons interested, and the importance of the object demanded. For a fortnight before the first of May, there was unceasing feasting and revelry at the hall, and praying and fasting at the abbey. At length the evening arrived.

A beautiful girl, who stood in the proper degree of relationship, had come from a distant part of the country to be the agent of the child's release, and was escorted to the vicinity of the hallowed spot by a crowd of fair ladies and gallant cavaliers. She then proceeded alone. Awful and impressive was the silence with which that lately joyous company awaited, in a tent erected by Sir Owen, the return of daybreak. At last, the first faint indications of the coming morning were visible—with hurried steps they sought the "Fairies' Vale,"—and there they found the disappointed girl, cold, pale, and in tears. She had seen the spiritual beings—and when the first burst of agitation was over, she related wonders of the beauty and grace of their forms, their elegant attire of forest green, the symmetry of their snow-white steeds, the delicious harmony which issued from the instruments of their tiny bands, and the order and regularity of their evolutions. But when the close of the procession arrived, and she could easily perceive, by the firm, healthful cheek with the fresh blood of youth mantling over it, that the sons and daughters of earth were now passing in slow review before her, still more intense became her anxiety. Closely and minutely did she look into every face that approached her, but she perceived not the distinctive sign which (not by outward mark but by inward conviction) she was told would indisputably discover to her the son of Sir Owen. But speculation was set at rest, when she found that not one among the mortal train was, within many years, so young as the lost heir. The fairies still continued their procession, as if to afford her the amplest opportunity for research, and it was not until the broad sunbeam came slanting along the green buds and gray bark of the slender birch and graceful willow, that "they made themselves air, when they vanished." The persons most interested in the result, excepting Lady O'More, were those best satisfied with it. Sir Owen, and Father Iago, regarded it as a proof that the child had been, indeed, delivered from Fairy-land;—and, although he might be in poverty and misery, it was a relief to believe him beyond the reach of evil power.

Meanwhile, of late years a man of singular appearance, but of simple and honest habits, had occasionally found his way through the intricacies of the forest to the abbey and to the hall. He was accustomed to bring with him fish of a superior flavor to any to be procured in the neighborhood, by the sale of which, and a quantity of willow baskets, he represented himself as obtaining the means of subsistence. For many years he had taken his fish and baskets to a small village at the other extremity of the forest, but as he grew old, this journey required two days instead of one—then could only be performed in fine weather, with great fatigue—and he looked anxiously about for a market nearer home. This he found at the abbey and at the hall, where his visits were soon anxiously expected, and the old fisherman greeted with profitable kindness. As he became acquainted, he spoke to his new customers of his son, whom he described as a fine, stout boy, who caught most of the fish, and wove most of the baskets which he sold. But it was remarked, that this lad never accompanied him, while to the numerous solicitations to bring him, he always opposed the fear of making him idle, and giving him a taste for rambling.

One night, when all was hushed in repose, there was a loud knocking at the abbey postern gate, and on opening the door, the porter found the old fisherman. His wife, he said, with whom he had lived long and happily, was on her death-bed, and he requested one of the brothers might accompany him to speak the words of peace and promise, to dispel the doubts and soothe the fears of her departing spirit. There were few of the monks who were wont to volunteer upon such expeditions, but Father Iago (now recovered) was ever ready, and the abbot detailed him for the task. A waning moon gave its partial light to a calm summer's sky, as, at one o'clock of a fine June morning, they left the abbey for the fisherman's hut. The heart of the old man was depressed, but he was as active as usual, and his unwonted silence showed that, even in him, there was a chord which care could touch, a medicine through which sorrow could exert its inherent influence over mortality.

Father Iago, wrapped in his meditations, said nothing, and they proceeded without any conversation. The path was narrow and intricate, amid the tangled wilds of a dense forest—then, as the sun came forth, and they approached their destination, the landscape was more open to view. Large meadows, only partially covered with trees, stretched, in rich luxuriance, to a lake whose calm, clear waters seemed, on the opposite side, completely embosomed in a wood of trees, larger and taller than any they had yet seen. Here they entered a skiff, which had been fastened to an overhanging willow, and in a few moments reached the opposite beach, where the old man's cottage was in sight.

It was a humble dwelling, and furnished scantily, while on a rude pallet lay the poor woman, scarcely alive. A few moments more, and they had been too late—she was, however, fully sensible, and having participated in the necessary religious ceremonies, explained to the monk why she had wished to confess. There was a secret, she said, respecting a child—not hers, although she had ever loved it fondly,—and as she could not die in peace unless the secret was acknowledged, and as she had not strength sufficient, her husband agreed to tell the story for her.

The old fisherman, who had left the cottage, was now recalled by the monk. A glow of shame was on his cheek as he re-entered, and tears, arising from conflicting feelings, filled his dim gray eyes as he at once commenced the recital. "It is now," said he, "about twelve years since, that one morning, before daybreak, I was untying the rope that fastened my boat to the stump of the old willow, when suddenly I heard music so loud and so delightful, that the whole forest seemed filled with it. I turned round to perceive whence it came, and saw crowds of fairies, of every description, surrounding a small coach, in which was a young child, the most beautiful I ever beheld. I did not care for the fairies then, although at any other time I should have been afraid; but the singular beauty of the infant filled my thoughts."

"Involuntarily, and as if urged by some secret impulse, I exclaimed: 'would that it would please Providence to give me a child like that to be the comfort of the rest of my life!' No sooner had I spoken, than loud wailings and shrieks resounded all around me, mixed with the most discordant noises. The pageantry faded away, like the mist on the lake before the morning sun—but the boy—the boy thus providentially given me, alone remained! For twelve years we have cherished and taught, as well as we could, this sacred gift, as our adopted son—and it would go hard to lose him now—for me to lose both—"

Tears choked the old man's utterance. "Tell me," asked Father Iago, "have you preserved the clothes in which the child was dressed when you found it?"

"We have," was the fisherman's reply, and opening an antique chest, he produced them. They were elegantly wrought, and prominent amid the embroidery was the armorial bearing of the O Mores.

"The mystery is solved!" exclaimed Father Iago, and then explained all the circumstances to the fisherman and his wife, to their great joy. Absolution was administered to the poor woman, and soon after she breathed her last with serenity, and in a well-grounded hope.

Soon after, the boy returned from the village, where he had gone in quest of medical advice. He was tall beyond his years, strongly and finely formed, and (perhaps from the solitude in which he had lived, necessarily inducing a consciousness that there was no one to control him) had an appearance of careless freedom, better suited for his new station in life than for an humble lot. Father Iago endeavored to persuade him to go with him at once to the hall, but in vain. His mother, as he had always called and known her, was dead, and he was determined to assist in placing her in her grave.

Early the next day they started, sending a messenger in advance with the glad tidings of their coming. As they approached the hall, the great bell pealed forth its welcome notes, and the tenantry, with cheers and shouts, made the welkin ring. No pen can portray the joy of the meeting, and the delight of the mother, as she clasped her long-lost boy to her heart, almost repaid her for the bitter griefs she had endured during his absence. The groom, which had so long clouded the life of Sir Owen, vanished—his son was his joy and his pride—and we leave him in possession of as much as is permitted to mortality to know of human happiness.

[Translated from the French, for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A FLASK OF MALAGA WINE.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

The Marquis de Nointel was the son of the ambassador, who, in the reign of Louis XIV., had so worthily represented the king, his master, at Constantinople, before the divan. M. de Nointel did not pursue the career of his father; he became a magistrate, entered Parliament, and was distinguished for his scrupulous fulfilment of his duties.

Two years before the period of which we are about to speak, he had been appointed to examine claims made by the Count de Toulouse on forests, included in those of the crown. The counsellor reported in a manner favorable to the interests of the prince, and the court decided the affair accordingly. The Count de Toulouse, delighted with having gained his cause, wished to manifest his gratitude to the magistrate, whose impartiality had been proof against such powerful considerations; but the thing was difficult with regard to a man of integrity, who possessed a considerable fortune; a present could be accepted only by reason of its little importance. The chief butler of the Count de Toulouse received an order to send to M. de Nointel twenty-four bottles of Malaga wine; the accompanying note, written in the hand of the prince, stated that the wine could be valuable to the person who received it only on one account, that M. de Toulouse had himself brought it from Spain, on his first maritime expedition. This motive was appreciated, and the present readily accepted. The Malaga wine was of the first quality, and was but rarely used in the family of M. de Nointel—the counsellor of Parliament being himself its sole dispenser.

M. de Nointel, the father, inhabited a fine hotel in the Rue de Clery, at one extremity of Paris. His garden bordered on the ramparts, which, at that period, still separated the city from the faubourg. The habits of the counsellor were strictly magisterial; he rose and retired very early, and never indulged in the boisterous pleasures of the world. His son, on the contrary, dissipated, sought by the nobility, was quoted as a fashionable man; he often returned home when his father was rising to renew his laborious profession; the father, who was very indulgent to his son, therefore gave him a pavilion entirely separate, opening from the garden.

The Chevalier de Nointel had returned home about two o'clock in the morning,—one of the first days of October, in the year

1721. His valet, having waited for him a long time, had kindled a fire in the large fireplace in his master's sleeping apartment, but had neglected to feed it, so that only a bed of warm ashes remained. The domestic was preparing to re-light the fire, but the Chevalier de Nointel objected, and dismissed him, after taking from his hands two letters that had arrived in the course of the evening, and without more delay undressed and went to bed, having placed a candle on the lightstand, in order to read the two letters. While he was reading the first, a noise was heard in the chimney, like that of birds seeking a refuge from a storm. The tumult ceased; at the expiration of a few moments it recommenced. This attracted the attention of the Chevalier de Nointel, whose eyes were fixed upon the hearth; he expected to see some poor swallows fall, and a sentiment of compassion agitated his soul. The sound was renewed with more violence, and terminated by the fall—not of a bird, but of a heavy body, whose descent scattered throughout the apartment the ashes and burning cinders.

The astonished chevalier sprang up; his single candle lighted the large room but feebly. Soon after the fall plaintive sounds proceeded from this body, which appeared to move. M. de Nointel, more and more astonished, cried out:

"Who is there?"

The reply was in new cries of pain. The following colloquy then took place between the officer and this extraordinary object:

"Who are you?"

"Have pity on me, sir; I am an unfortunate fugitive from justice; pursued all day by the soldiers of the watch I was obliged to conceal myself in a chimney, and becoming exhausted, have fallen into your fireplace."

"Well, what is your request?"

"I entreat you to allow me to pass the night on your floor, and to-morrow I will withdraw in any way you may point out; I am now so fatigued and bruised with my fall, that I could not leave without having had some rest."

The Chevalier de Nointel, young and compassionate, thought not of the danger of giving an asylum so near him to a man who had incurred the rigor of the law. He replied:

"I accede to your request; place yourself in this arm-chair, and rest; but as soon as it is day I shall expect you to leave through the garden."

The unknown replied that he submitted to these conditions.

He thereupon dragged himself with difficulty to a large arm-chair, beside the fireplace. M. de Nointel had followed his movements with his eye, and seeing him comfortably seated, blew out his candle, drew his curtains, and fell asleep.

The young officer having retired at three in the morning, did not awake until the clock on the mantel piece struck nine; his sleep might have lasted still longer, but the domestics had forgotten to close the shutters, and the daylight could therefore enter the room without obstacle. As M. de Nointel was rubbing his eyes, he said to himself: "I have had a strange dream—a man fell down my chimney, and I gave him shelter." Upon this, he hastily drew aside his curtains, and what was his surprise on seeing before him the man whose existence seemed to belong to a dream! The stranger was in a profound slumber, buried as it were in the large arm chair; his face, bruised and covered with blood, appeared hideous; his hair fell in disorder, his clothes were torn. One of his hands hung outside the chair—it was sullied with blood proceeding from his wounds. On one of the fingers of the hand was a magnificent diamond ring. This increased the astonishment of M. de Nointel. At the expiration of a few moments, the stranger stretched out his arms and opened his eyes; seeing that his host looked at him fixedly, he rose from his seat and advanced towards the bed, saluting the chevalier in an easy manner. He was of middle stature, and his figure, seen more nearly, announced a man of from twenty-eight to thirty years; there was nothing forbidding in his face, and his eye expressed gentleness, and at the same time intrepidity.

"Sir," said the unknown, "I have introduced myself into your apartment in an unusual manner, and renew my most sincere thanks for the hospitality which you have been so kind as to accord me."

"I receive them," replied M. de Nointel, in a firm tone, "but you know the conditions. You are to leave this house immediately. I will myself open the garden gate to you, through which you may reach the faubourgs."

"I am ready, sir, to execute your orders, without seeking to prolong my stay here. Nevertheless, allow me to address to you a humble request. I passed the entire day yesterday without taking the least nourishment; I am exhausted with hunger, and could hardly drag myself ten steps. Crown, I entreat you, your noble act, by procuring for me a morsel of bread and a glass of water."

This request, uttered in a faint voice, moved with compassion the young officer, who, brought up in opulence, was terrified at the idea of a fellow-creature suffering with hunger.

"I will accede to your request," said he; "conceal yourself in this wardrobe, the door of which opens at the foot of my bed." The stranger eagerly obeyed. M. de Nointel rang the bell; his valet came immediately, and the master said: "I did not sup last evening, and I am hungry—ask the cook for a bit of cold meat; then you will go to my father, ask for me how he has passed the night, and tell him, that having need of refreshment, I desire he will send me a glass of that excellent Malaga wine, from the cellars of the Count de Toulouse."

The servant went out. M. de Nointel sprang from the bed, and hastily threw on his dressing-gown. The valet returned immediately, bringing a piece of cold veal, with bread, and a bottle of Burgundy, besides the flask of Malaga wine, asked for by his

master; then he withdrew, and the chevalier hastened to draw the bolt that no one might enter. Afterwards approaching the wardrobe, he invited the stranger to come out; the host pointed to the dishes and invited him to eat. The stranger did not wait to be urged; nevertheless he acted like a man accustomed to self-control, and took his repast without any undue eagerness. M. de Nointel was pleased to see him eat. When the provisions were consumed, he said: "I do not know, sir, what awaits you on your leaving this place; you may, perhaps, have to spend a day as disagreeably as yesterday—I will give you something to strengthen you." As he said these words he presented him with a glass of Malaga wine, which he poured out himself. The stranger took it, and tasted the liquor repeatedly, like a connoisseur. "Sir," said he, "this Malaga wine is very good, but I think there might be better."

"Indeed!" said the chevalier, with a sort of vexation, for the observation seemed out of place in these circumstances. "It is well," pursued he, "you know our agreement, and I must now request you to leave." At the same time he opened the door which led to the garden, caused the stranger to pass before him, made him descend the steps, cross the garden, undrew the bolts which closed a gate, and the man, seeing this outlet, hastily left, after having profoundly saluted his generous host.

M. de Nointel had said nothing to his father of the nocturnal visit. He feared his reproaches for having given an asylum to a malefactor; no one in the hotel had known of the adventure.

A week had passed away since the event, when, at the moment in which the whole family of the counsellor were assembled in the saloon, after dinner, about two o'clock, a domestic entered, and addressing the son, said: "A basket, containing six bottles of Malaga wine, has just been left with the concierge, destined for the chevalier."

"For me?" replied the latter; "it is doubtless for my father."

"Pardon me; here is the note accompanying it."

M. de Nointel took it, and placed himself in the recess of the window to read it. It was as follows:

"MONSIEUR LE CHEVALIER.—I have the honor to renew my very sincere thanks for the amiable hospitality with which you received me, not forgetting the good breakfast which I ate with so good an appetite. You appeared piqued when, on tasting your Malaga wine, I said it was excellent, but might be better. I take the liberty to send you some flasks of Malaga wine, which I believe superior to yours. I hope you will be of my opinion when you drink it. CARTOUCHE."

The young officer was petrified after having read the billet; he could then appreciate all the extent of the danger of a *tele-a-tele* with such a companion. Having crushed the letter in his hand, he hastily approached the fire, and delivered to the flames this dangerous document. Scarcely was the sacrifice consummated, when the door opened, and M. de Salaberi was announced; he was one of the colleagues in Parliament of M. de Nointel.

"Have you heard the news?" said he, with unusual vivacity. "He is at last arrested."

"Who?"

"Cartouche, the leader of the bandits; who, for two years past, have kept Paris in commotion with their daring exploits; the watch and the police have been closely on his track for several weeks. He was almost caught a week ago, in this neighborhood, but escaped miraculously."

"Indeed," said M. de Nointel, "I was ignorant of it. I shall be glad to see society delivered from this criminal."

Imagine the dismay of the chevalier, when M. de Salaberi continued his recital, saying: "Cartouche, I am assured, has made revelations which seriously compromise eminent persons, great ladies, nobles of the courts, soldiers and magistrates. This will be very piquant."

Every word pronounced by M. de Salaberi made the Chevalier de Nointel tremble. He feared lest his name should be mingled with these revelations, on account of this nocturnal visit.

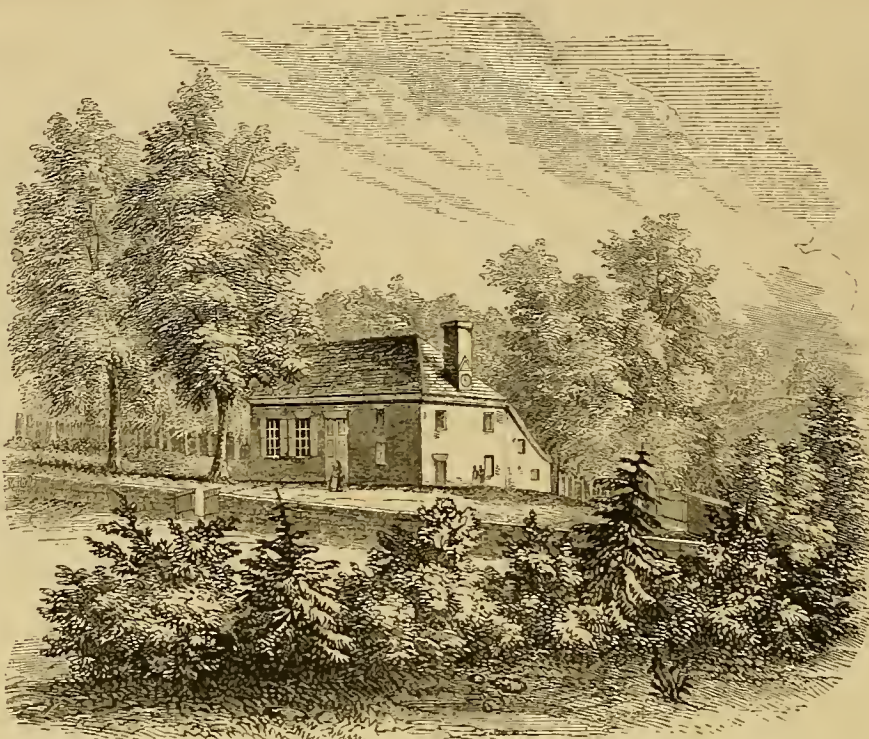
M. de Salaberi had spoken truly. The trial of Cartouche, before the criminal court, occupied the capital an entire month. The court and the city thronged to the Conciergerie to visit in his prison this famous brigand chief, who seemed to be proud of the eagerness to see him, and never for one moment lost that assurance for which he was renowned. These visits to the Conciergerie were in the height of the fashion, so the Chevalier de Nointel was often asked: "Have you seen Cartouche?" Fashionable people were surprised that he did not visit the prison, but he persevered in staying away, for undoubtedly his visitor would recognize him, and the result might be disagreeable.

Cartouche was broken alive, in November, 1721. M. de Nointel could not help experiencing an emotion of pity; but while his father lived, he never mentioned his singular interview with the bandit chief. Light, gay, and dissipated in his youth, he became at forty an officer of merit, distinguished himself in the campaigns of Marshals Saxe and Lowendal, and loved to relate to his fellow-officers the story of his *tele-a-tele* with Cartouche.

SONS OF CRISPIN.

The craft is rich in names which have become in greater or lesser degree, household property. There was the eccentric Lackington, who, in the title-page of his autobiography, tells us that he came to London with five dollars in his pocket, and rose to be a bookseller, having an annual sale of a hundred thousand volumes. He had been a shoemaker in the west of England. There was Sir Cloudesley Shovel, the redoubtable admiral.—There was Fox, the real original Friend. There was Hans Sachs, the poet of Nuremberg, and the friend of Luther. There were the learned Bandonin and Jacob Bohmen. There were the radical Hardy and the astrollogical Partridge; the powerful Gifford, and the gentle Bloomfield. There were Savage, and many others—all sons of Crispin before they turned their thoughts and energies into new channels.—*Dickens's Household Words.*

well as if it had been cherished by a tower of monumental marble. She pointed it out, between the graves of his two wives. Some pilgrim to the shrine had planted a little branch, a mere twig, which had sprouted and sent forth leaves just at the head of the mound of earth—an effort and distinction that seemed somewhat to displease the old woman, who had come forth looking well satisfied at what she called the "quiet place" being so noticed. "All who came," she said, "knew the grave of William Penn." There was no need of any distinction; there it was—every one knew it. Yes, many came, especially Americans; ladies now and then plucked a little root of grass, and took it away as a treasure; and no wonder, every one said he was a man of peace—a good man! We walked along the road that leads to the upland, and, leaning against a stile, saw the shadows of the tall trees grow longer and longer, as if drawing themselves closer to the hallowed earth. The meeting-house had a solemn aspect; so lonely, so embowered, so closed up, as if it would rather keep within itself, and to itself, than be a part of the busy world of busy men. How still and beautiful a scene! How grand in its simplicity! How unostentatiously religious! Those green mounds, upon which the setting sun was now casting its good night in golden benisons, seemed to us more spirit moving than all the vaunted monuments of antiquity we had ever seen. How we wished all lawgivers had been like him, who rested within the sanctuary of that green grass grave. We thought how he had the success of a conqueror in establishing and defending his colony, without ever, as was said of him, drawing a sword; the goodness of the most benevolent ruler, in treating his subjects like his own children; the tenderness of an universal father, who opened his arms, without distinction of sect or party, to the worthy of all mankind; the man who really wishes to establish a mission of peace, and love, and justice to the ends of the earth, should first pray beside the grave of William Penn. At the outset of this article, we had proposed to refer somewhat more at length to the earlier history of the eminent man, whose career we have thus illustrated. We might have traced the first dawnings of a religious spirit in his bosom, and how his early conversion to Quakerism led him to such infringement of the school rules of Oxford, as to cause him to be expelled from the institution. We might relate in detail his management of his father's estates in Ireland, where he had full sway, and where he strove to inculcate the principles of his early faith; how he suffered imprisonment and all sorts of obloquy in behalf of his honest convictions, and how his father even turned him forth from his doors, and thus virtually



FRIENDS' MEETING-HOUSE AT JORDANS, AND THE GRAVE OF WILLIAM PENN.

disinherited him; how at an early age he became the author of elaborate doctrinal books; and, in short, we might have given consecutively his career in England, had we found space in our columns. As it is, we trust that enough has been said to give a just and correct idea of a great and good man; one who is so intimately connected with the early history of our country, and more especially with the State of Pennsylvania, and the city of Brotherly Love; and with this hope, we close this series of illustrations of William Penn, trusting our readers will be gratified in sketches so characteristic of the history of this pioneer of religious liberty.

THE MENURA ALBERTI.
The curious bird, a representation of which we give below, is a native of Australia. By most writers, this bird has been placed among the *Gallinacea*, a group of birds scarcely any member of which constructs a nest, and the young of which are in possession of the powers of running and feeding immediately after their exclusion from the egg; while, as is now known, the Menura constructs a large, oven-shaped nest, which, in its materials and in its form, more nearly assimilate to those of the common wren and its allies, than to those of any other known group of birds; and the young, so far from being endowed with the powers of motion, and procuring their own food on their exclusion from the egg, are unable to leave the nest for some time afterwards. Whether the bird lays one or two eggs is somewhat uncertain, at present it would seem to be but one. In size it is about that of a domestic hen, of a very dark olive stone color, with blotches and specks of a darker hue. Mr. Wilcox states that the nest was placed on a rocky ledge, about one hundred feet above the stream of the Richmond River, so difficult of access as to render its acquisition a task of no ordinary kind; the entrance of the nest being placed towards the rock. About two years ago, Mr. Gould named this fine bird *Menura Alberti*, in honor of His Royal Highness, Prince Albert; the original specimens to which the name was applied had been received by him from the brushes of the Richmond River, which, together with the other brushes between the ranges and the coast of the eastern portions of Australia, constitute the natural habitat of the species. There are in Australia, many other kinds of birds which are distinguished for the splendor of their colors, and the variety of their plumage, among which are several kinds of parrots and birds of paradise; the New Holland cassowary, which weighs seventy pounds, and surpasses the East Indian birds in size and in the beauty of its plumage; and the black swan. There are also hens, doves and ducks. While the productions of Australia are, in part, the same as those of other countries in the same latitude, there are also some peculiar to itself, as, for instance, birds without wings, having hair, instead of feathers; quadrupeds with the



MONUMENT TO PENN, AT KENSINGTON, ON THE DELAWARE RIVER.



THE MENURA ALBERTI.

beaks of birds, and white eagles. Another creature, perhaps the most singular animal in the world, is the ornithorynchus, to which nature has given the body of a quadruped, and the head, or, at least, the beak of a bird; the dasyure, the dingo, or New Holland dog, the New Holland flying squirrel, several species of opossum, the kangaroo rat, hogs, dogs, rats, bats, whales, sea-bears, sealions and sea-elephants. The coasts are well stocked with fish, of which there are several kinds peculiar to them. The varieties of insects and shell-fish are very great. The richness of the vegetable kingdom is still greater; in New Holland alone, one thousand new plants have been discovered. The smaller islands are still richer than New Holland in caesulent plants. Among these are the sago, areca, cocoa and eucalyptus trees, which attain a height of one hundred and eighty feet, and a circumference of thirty feet; the cajuputi, gum-tree, bread-fruit, gnavas, bananas, rotang; casuarin, or club trees, of which the natives make the most durable weapons and furniture; paper mulberry-trees, from the finest bark of which cloth is manufactured; lemons, oranges, figs, sugar-cane, betel pepper, and another kind of pepper, of which an intoxicating drink called *ava* is made; cotton-trees; New Zealand flax, which forms an excellent cord; yams, arum. These form the principal articles of agriculture in the Sandwich Islands. The Europeans have introduced European plants, graius, garden fruits, almonds, pomegranates, tobacco, hemp, flax, hops, etc. In the mineral kingdom, besides the abundance of gold lately discovered, there have been found copper and iron ore, granite, porphyry, basalt, chalcedony, agate, jade, or oriental kidney-stone, marble, lime, rock salt, etc. The climate of Australia, as it lies partly in the southern temperate zone, and partly in the torrid, is in some parts warm, though the heat is generally less oppressive than in the same latitudes in Asia and Africa. In other parts, it is temperate, mild and healthy. Those counties of Australia which lie in the southern hemisphere are colder than those of the northern.



GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. HALLOU, EDITOR.

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CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER

"Clara, the Artist; or, Revelries of Art and Heart: a tale of Italy and the Apennines" being the first chapters of a novelette, by that favorite writer and rip-roaring Mr. BE: PEARLEY POOKE. "The Belle of the Season," a story by MATURIN M. HALLOU. "Dread upon the Water," a sketch by AUGUST G. BURBUCK. "Raising the Rent," prose sketch by Mrs. S. P. DOUGLASS. "Woman's Mission," an article by Rev. H. HASTINGS WELLS. "The Pilgrim's Return," poem by T. BUCHANAN READ. "My Father's Bible," verses by Rev. SUREY DYER. "I Dreamed of Thee," lines by CALEB B. JOSELYN. "Madeline," poem by ALICE CAREY. "Getsemane," verses by H. T. A. MAOR.

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PERSONAL - There are a number of American artists in Florence. Mr. Sumner, who is taking lessons of Signor Bianchi, has improved very much. Mr. Millard is taking lessons of Romani. He sings beautifully, and speaks Italian quite well. He is about to make his debut at the opera. Mrs. Escott, of Springfield, Mass., an American prima-donna, has been singing at the opera in Naples, and producing quite a sensation.

SPLINTERS.

... The ex-roi Jerome has taken up his quarters in the Palais Royal, recently prepared for him by Louis Napoleon. ... Mr. James Wallack, Jr., is to be connected, the next season, with the Montreal theatres, according to the papers. ... It is now definitely settled that Thackeray will return to this country with a new series of lectures the ensuing fall. ... Lord Ellesmere has recently afforded the public increased facilities for viewing his superb gallery of paintings in London. ... The Ravels have been performing a highly successful theatrical engagement in the city of Cincinnati. ... Boston seems nearly deserted of residents, people generally are in the country rusticiating, all save business men. ... A new singer, Frauline Ney, has been received at Dresden with great enthusiasm; her voice and execution were very fine. ... Donald G. Mitchell, of Conn. (Ike Marvel), consul at Venice, recently married Miss Mary F. Fringle, of Charleston. ... Great preparations are making at Oleona, Potter co., Pa., by Ole Bull and his followers, to celebrate the coming 4th of July. ... Hon. James Buchanan has returned from Washington to his residence, near Lancaster. He will soon sail for England. ... Bayard Taylor has been made an attache to the American mission to China, and when last heard from was at Macao. ... Magnetic table-moving is now all the rage in Rome. The Pope and Jesuit College have been experimenting. ... Col. Benton is in Washington, and intends, during the summer, to finish his work, to be called Thirty Years in the Senate. ... Chief Justice Story is about starting for England, intending to be absent from home some three months. ... Forty thousand Catholics have been converted to Protestantism during the last year. So says the Dublin Evening Herald. ... In Hungary 4000 passports have been issued for America - many for California - emigrants promising not to return. ... The jail at Burlington, Vt., is empty - its cells deserted, and the doors may be thrown open, for there is nobody to escape. ... Mrs. Partington fears that her son Ike is getting so daring that he will be killed in one of his narrow escapes!

OUR NEW VOLUME.

With the present number, we close the fourth volume of the Pictorial, and next week, July 1st, shall commence volume fifth of the paper in a style of elegance and perfection, which has not before been attempted - the whole being beautified and improved, with an entire new suit of type, and a superb array of elegant engravings, and original articles from the best literary talent in the country. Every column rule, lead line, and department of the paper will be fresh and new, and the Pictorial will be brought much nearer perfection than ever before.

Every suggestion that long experience and ample means can enable us to carry out, in the plan of rendering our illuminated journal a valuable and delightful companion for the firesides of the million, shall be adopted; and our aim shall be, as heretofore, a steady and earnest effort at improvement in all departments of the paper, both as it regards its literary and artistic excellence. Without the unbounded patronage of a generous public, this could not be done; but our unequalled subscription list and immense circulation in every section of the Union, demands of us a corresponding liberality and enterprise.

Resolved to keep pace with all that is new, both in art and letters, we have completed the most perfect arrangements for illustrating everything of note and interest in connection with the New York Crystal Palace, soon to open in that city. One of our artists will be stationed in the exhibition, and others will be on the qui vive to transcribe for us all that can instruct and interest the public, and to do so in the most artistic manner. Thus our subscribers will see that we shall keep them fully informed in relation to each and all movements of importance, whether occurring at home or abroad.

In pursuance of our plan for improvement in all departments of the paper, we have just added to our already extensive mechanical department, two more large and superb presses, expressly manufactured for us, in order to facilitate the prompt and perfect issue of our immense edition weekly; and our readers may be assured that we shall spare neither time nor money to produce an illuminated paper richly meriting the extraordinary popularity which our journal has ever sustained.

The next number will thus contain over twenty fine engravings, executed in the best style of art, and will be a most beautiful and choice paper; and so shall be each that shall follow. As it is the commencement of the new volume, being for July 1st, this will form a very proper time for the making up of new clubs, or for single persons to subscribe, thus commencing with an even number. For the terms of subscription, in clubs or otherwise, see imprint in another column.

A WORD ABOUT SINGERS.

Signor Salvi, the tenor singer of the opera company, is raising a storm about his ears in New York, and a vast deal of dislike elsewhere, for his recent conduct during his engagement with Albani, which, it is alleged, not only broke up the opera company, but was highly disrespectful to the public. He is engaged by Marezek for the new company, and from the tenor of the remarks in the New York press, the Signor runs the risk of getting some such reception as Mr. Sims Reeves recently had, on the London boards, where he was roundly hissed, and the audience would not allow him to perform. When people pay their money for any particular amusement they have a right to receive it, and not be subjected to disappointment through the mere freaks or caprice of any performer. The latter's part of the contract should be performed in good faith and honesty, the public having discharged their part of the obligation when they pay the price of the performance. These Italian and foreign singers generally are altogether too much puffed-up and self-conceited. Their exceedingly humble origin at home, displays itself on this side the water by a want of decency and good-breeding beyond endurance.

ANTIQUITIES. - Antiquarian discoveries are taking place daily at Naples. His Royal Highness, the Prince of Syracuse, has opened some more Greek tombs, and found rings, glass vases, and terra-cotta vases, with old decorations painted thereon. A house at Pompeii, intended to be opened in the presence of the King of Bavaria, was excavated a short time ago before a scientific and fashionable party. The find consisted of coins of Galba.

INTERESTING RELIC. - The Espana announces that the general autograph chart of the pilot, Juan de la Cosa, the companion of Columbus in his discovery of the New World, has been purchased in Paris, by order of the Spanish government, for the sum of four thousand francs. It lately belonged to Baron Walkenaer, whose library was sold some weeks ago in Paris.

CURIOUS EXHIBITION. - At a green-finch show at Ath, in Belgium, 163 birds responded to the call made on them to sing when ordered. The first prize was gained by a bird which repeated its song 533 times within the hour.

VOL. IV. OF THE PICTORIAL, BOUND. - We have now for sale Volume Fourth of the Pictorial, elegantly bound in gilt, with an index and ample title page - price \$3 each.

MARINE. - A greater number of ships were wrecked last year than in any previous one. On the British coast alone, one thousand one hundred vessels were lost.

PLEASE REMEMBER. - Let it be remembered, that the Pictorial and Flag of our Union can be had together, for \$4 per annum.

RIDICULOUS. - Macanlay's History of England is forbidden by the Inquisition of Rome.

MARRIAGES

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Charles E. Morrison to Miss Ellen Maria daughter of S. S. Hemenway, Esq. By Rev. Mr. Cummings, Geo. W. Fillebrown, of Salem, to Hetsey B. Moulton. By Rev. Mr. Taylor, Hon. Thomas Russell, one of the Judges of the Police Court, to Miss Nelly Taylor, daughter of the late acting clergyman. By Rev. Mr. Dexter, Ashur Sexton Kellogg, Esq., of Detroit, Mich., to Mrs. Elizabeth Charonin Wheeler. At Andover, by George Foster Esq., Mr. Sam'l H. Goodwin, of Charlestown, to Miss Harriet F. Denny, of Methuen. At Bridgewater, by Rev. Mr. Phelps, Dr. Luther W. Clarke, of Lake Superior, to Miss Mary Gray, daughter of B. Thacher, Esq. At Walpole, by Rev. Mr. Newhall, Mr. Robert Crosscut, of Springfield, to Miss Ellen H. daughter of Jason Lewis, Esq. At Wood's Hole, by Rev. Mr. Hooker, Mr. Barzillai L. Olford to Miss Elizabeth A. daughter of Capt. Joseph Gardner. At Amherstham, by Rev. Quincey Whitney, Mr. Nelson Whitney to Miss M. Eliza Carlton. At Craftsbury, Vt., Mr. Nelson Hoyt to Miss Elizabeth A. Boutwell; Mr. Job Allen to Miss Jane Chase. At Wallingford, Ct., Rev. Benjamin H. Paddock, Rector of St. Luke's Church, Portland, Me. to Miss Caroline H. Cooke. At New York, by Rev. Mr. Cook, Mr. George Clark to Miss Sophronia, daughter of Hon. Jacob A. Westervelt, mayor of that city.

DEATHS

In this city, Miss Sarah Elizabeth Fisk, daughter of Mr. Ezra A. Harwood 21; John Tyler, Esq. 74; Mary H. daughter of Mr. Benj. Simmons; Mr. Lewis Smith, reporter of the South Boston Gazette, 28; Miss Caroline E., daughter of Mr. Gardner O. Tufts; Elery C. Harbison, of Reading, 17; Mrs. Olive, wife of Capt James P. Arthur, 58; Mrs. Melitabile Wade, of B-attiboro, Vt. At Charlestown, Mrs. Harriet, wife of Mr. John W. Milliken, 81. At Chelsea, Mr. David Macy, formerly of Nantucket, 70. At Brookline, Miss Charissa A., daughter of Mr. William A. Barnard, 22. At Newton Corner, Mr. Amasa Murdoch, 81. At Salem, Miss Sarah, daughter of Mr. George Ramedell, 24. At Danvers, Mrs. Sarah J. Miller formerly of Sandwich, N. H. At North Bridgewater, Mr. Calvin Thompson, 58. At Ipswich, Mrs. Sarah, wife of Mr. Moses Graves, 69. At Rockport, Mr. Joseph Smith 95. At Plymouth, Mrs. Fribella widow of Mr. Ezra Weston, 86. At Worcester, Mr. Alanson M. Abbott, 24; Mr. Sewall Thayer, 81. At Amherst, Mr. Ephraim Roberts 84. At Irasburgh, Vt. Mrs. Mary Kellam, 66. At New Haven, Ct., Capt. Gad Puck a revolutionary soldier, 89. At New York, Capt. Alex. Scott, proprietor of the Larier House, Macon, Ga. At Washington, D. C., Judge G. W. L. Smith, of Mississippi. At sea, of yellow fever, Nathaniel S. Partridge, Esq., of Bangor Me., 33.

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[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

INVOCATION.

BY MARY GRACE HALDING.

O, Thou, whose glory makes the stars grow dim,
Before thy throne I lay my forehead low;
I know that Thou wilt hear the child of him
Who joyed to preach thy word while here below;
Whose labors in thy vineyard now are o'er,
Who, at the sacred desk no more may how;
Whose breath can sound the gospel's trump no more,
Whose voice on Zion's wall is silent now.

With trembling lips I fain would speak of one,
For whom I bend so oft the imploring knee;
Who is to life the light, the joy, the sun,
Without whom all is drear and dark to me.
Eternal Being! Source of light and truth!
Who trod of old life's strangely perilous way;
Thou knowest the deceitful heart of youth,
Thou knowest all the snares that lead astray.

Be near him, Father, when the storm-clouds lower,
When wildly round his head the tempests rave;
And in temptation's dread and awful hour,
When there are none to pity, none to save—
O, Thou, whose pure and precious blood was spilt,
Whose glorious eye on Calvary's mount grew dim;
Saviour of men! forget me, if Thou wilt,
But in thy mercy, Lord, remember him!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE UNDECIDED MAN:

—OR—

THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

INDECISION is a failing common to humanity. There are many individuals, who, during their whole lives, are unable to decide upon any particular vocation, calling, or line of conduct. Persons of this class, however, are not at a loss for plans and thoughts; they have, on the contrary, as a general thing, the ability to project many hopeful and apparently promising schemes for the government of their lives. Indecisive people often think rapidly and much; but the great trouble with them appears to be, to decide what suggestions are the most wise and judicious. At one moment they are ready to imagine that they have decided the whole question of their future; and thirty seconds afterwards, they relapse into their former condition of chaotic confusion and uncertainty.

Necessity, at length, forces them to some action; and for the purpose of employment and self-preservation, they follow that course which is most convenient, and promises to reward their exertions most speedily. The victims of indecision are seldom at their ease; they fear that they have been hasty in their judgment, and should have deliberated more fully before acting. Reflections of this nature ultimate in a change, and some other experiment is tried. This constitutional uncertainty follows the person through life, impelling him for a time in this direction, and then forcing him in that, until he has walked toward all the points of the compass of human life. The subject of indecision often believes himself an object fated to misfortune; that he is a being standing without the pale of the laws that govern mundane destiny.

Rufus Sewall could never make up his mind what to do; or, to speak more properly, was constantly making up his mind what to do, without doing anything.

"Congratulate me, my dear fellow," he said one day to his friend, Richard Dunbar, "for I have, at length, decided what my future calling shall be."

"I am very glad to hear it, really," replied Mr. Dunbar, with a quiet smile. "Permit me to ask what you have decided upon?"

"Ah, my thoughtful and prudent friend, I am sure you cannot guess!"

"Rest assured that I shall not try; but the last time we met, you had resolved to devote yourself to the lofty study of astronomy," replied the other, with the slightest tone of sarcasm.

"Yes, I know it; but that decision was made without proper deliberation. I was precipitate in my conclusions, Richard—ridiculously precipitate; I had not examined the subject closely. I see every day the necessity of being more cautious in my movements; it will not do to be rash in deciding the matter of the employment of our whole lives. Discretion, sir, discretion is the word," resumed Sewall.

"Of course, you are correct; and do not keep me in suspense, if you please. Upon what are you about to concentrate your mental forces? Anything sublimer than astronomy?" And again Mr. Dunbar looked at his friend with that same quiet, meaning smile.

"Something deeper than astronomy," responded Rufus; "one of the most profound pursuits imaginable. Geology, my friend, geology."

"Is it possible?"

"Quite possible, I assure you! Isn't it a deep conception? Why, geology is a sure key to the history of the past; it will unlock the secrets of buried cities, and fallen empires. It will develop the story of mighty nations, and tell all the progressive steps of humanity since its first creation. It will do more, it will tell the age of the world itself. Divine geology! already I begin to love the science. How happily I have chosen—how well I am content."

"Perhaps you will write a work on the subject?" queried Mr. Dunbar, not at all moved by his friend's enthusiasm.

"My dear Richard, you have divined my intentions!" exclaimed the other, earnestly. "I have already laid the plan of one of the most splendid works you ever heard of; it will be published in sixteen volumes."

"What will the title be?" asked his friend.

"Well, I don't mind telling you, because I know you have discretion enough to keep it to yourself. It will be called 'The Secrets of Creation, or, The Key of the Past, with Notes and Annotations concerning the Lost Arts of Extinct Nations.' It will have a great sale—a wonderful sale—and will make me famous, no doubt."

Mr. Dunbar paused a moment before making any reply.

"With whom will you commence your studies?" at length he inquired.

"O, I have not attended to the details yet," returned Sewall, carelessly.

"Some of the great professors, doubtless?" added Dunbar.

"Most probably."

"When will you commence your profound investigations?"

"Have not decided."

"In this country, or Europe?"

"Have not decided that either."

"How long before you will begin to write 'The Secrets of Creation'?"

"As I have told you, the details are not yet arranged. A mind like mine scorns the intervening steps. I contemplate only the grand results. I open my hands and grasp the great climax at once."

"The work will probably occupy your time some years, even after you have made yourself thoroughly acquainted with the science of geology?"

"Yes, of course."

"It will also cost you considerable money to acquire the intimate knowledge you will need of the subject, travelling expenses,—for, of course, you will visit different localities,—also to procure books already extant on the science. Where is all this money to come from? The few hundreds of ready money which you now have will do but little towards accomplishing all that you have resolved upon."

"You forget," resumed Sewall, warmly, "that 'The Key of the Past' is destined to have a great sale, and will furnish me with any amount of funds."

"Alas! my friend, you are placing results before causes!" returned Dunbar, with difficulty restraining his inclination to laugh. "All the expenses enumerated must be incurred before 'The Secrets of Creation' can be laid before the public."

Rufus Sewall paused and stared at his friend. A train of thoughts appeared to wheel along the track of his mind, throwing the dust, smoke, cinders, and steam of its reality into his eyes. He saw his glorious superstructure tottering to its fall; he beheld the strong columns of his fame tumbling down, and crumbling into the nothing from which they had been reared by his fanciful brain. He sighed in his soul, and was disposed to regard Richard Dunbar as a pitiless Nero, who took pleasure in injuring him. He was ready to weep over the early grave of "The Secrets of Creation," and to be angry that the Jonah's gourd of his fertile imagination should perish ignominiously at so juvenile an age. He laid his hand upon the organ of causality, and sorrowed because "The Key of the Past" would never be placed in the lock of the door that shuts out from the vision the history of extinct races and buried cities.

"How old are you?" asked Mr. Dunbar, abruptly, while Rufus was writing under the loss of his sixteen volumes.

"I am only thirty," he replied, gravely.

"That is the average period of human life," said Dunbar.

"You have reached an age when you should be fully persuaded in your own mind. You should, long ago, have been firmly established upon some basis or other. Callings and professions should be chosen at an early age, in order that we may grow into them, and adapt ourselves to them. It requires many years of constant application to become a proficient in anything useful. The mind should discover its ruling attraction as early as the age of twenty one, if not before; and I might add, without much fear of contradiction from those who have reflected upon the subject, that the age of sixteen would be still better. Indeed, the sooner one follows the bent of his genius or inclination, the greater his prospect of success in the world. What is learned in youth is seldom entirely forgotten; that impressive period is the proper time for the ideal to begin to shape out its future destiny. My friend, you have not followed the great law of nature, in this respect. You have reached the age of thirty years without having settled plans for the future; or, to speak more truly to the point, you have thought without acting—idealized, without projecting into external form your mental creations. To be brief, you have wasted the last ten years of your existence in a state of sublime indecision. I grant that you have schemed, but you have not put forth a hand to make those schemes assume tangible form. You have planned, and planned only. You have theory in abundance, but not a tittle of practice. You can build castles in your brains, but you cannot do so much, or at least have not, as even to erect a cottage, in reality. You can erect a splendid fabric of fame and fortune, internally, but which will fall to pieces, like tinsel, when touched by the band of reason. You can write works in imagination, and achieve greatness in thought, but you have hitherto shown yourself entirely incapable of precipitating a single new idea upon paper. You can sell an imaginary work, and make yourself rich as Cæsar, and as celebrated as Newton, without once having thought of the many necessary,

important, and toilsome steps, intervening between the conception and the accomplishment of your high purposes. Day before yesterday, you were in the clouds; you were sitting on the born of the moon, sunning yourself in the light of a science that will never grow old; you were looking down, with unruined equanimity, upon the circumvolving earth; you had fairly outrun Herschel, Newton, and other famous names. You had written ten volumes on the motions of the heavenly bodies—discovered four comets, and three new planets, besides demonstrating the problem of imponderable forces. And all these wonders you had achieved without so much as spending a single rational thought upon the simple and every-day subject of ways and means—Like many others, you do not reason from cause to effect. I will allow that you have some excellent ideas; but there is a certain element of human character which you have taken no pains to develop. The ideal man is only half a man; if he has not the will or ability to reflect the ideal into the real, all his thinking will amount to nothing in the great sum of existence. Nature declares that all the mental faculties were given for use; every creation of the brain should serve as a cause to some external manifestation. Again—a week ago, your head was filled with geometry—you could see nothing but right angles, triangles, cubes, surfaces, velocities, solids, weight, etc. You either ran your brain against the hypotenuse of a square, or geometrized some other things that were entirely unintelligible to common perceptions. You accomplished a triumph in the field of angles, lines, surfaces, etc., but it was as ephemeral as your previous achievement.

"At one time astrology held out its wonders to you, and you had much to say about horoscopes, conjunctions, constellations, houses, nativities, and so on. At that period you avowed your belief that the race of mankind were governed solely by planetary influences. I might go on and enumerate an hundred other absurdities of which you have been guilty. Pardon my bluntness, my dear Rufus, for, if I did not really feel interested in you, I would not thus incur the risk of your anger. I feel a strong assurance within me that I am truly your friend; and how can I demonstrate my friendship any better than by rebuking what appear to me to be your failings. The plain and common sense truth is, that you are an undecided man, and always will be, until you firmly resolve to act as well as to think. Your manhood is not fully developed, until you become practical. Theory is good for nothing without practice. Resolve what you will do, and be sure that you do it; you have a mind not deficient naturally in strength; but your mind cannot work alone; your hands must help it; and when those useful members co-operate, energetically, there will be a result—the thought will become embodied, and will furnish demonstrative evidence that you have not thought in vain. The painter creates first a beautiful image in his brain; he sees it, distinctly, before he touches a brush. When the ideal exists palpably in his mental being, he projects it upon the canvass, and it becomes a real thing, whose beauty can delight others as well as himself. You must do the same; and your morbid tendency to scheming, without acting, will disappear."

Mr. Dunbar passed. Rufus Sewall grasped his hand, and while the tears stood in his eyes, said, in a voice full of emotion:

"You are indeed my friend, for you are the first man who has had the moral courage to tell me the truth. Your arguments cannot be refuted, because they are based upon the principles of immutable right, and carry conviction with them. I have never taken this common sense view of the subject; your words awaken me as from a long dream. I feel, deeply, the force of your just reasonings; your assumptions and conclusions are irrefragable. Although this frankness bumbles me, and wounds my self love, I thank you for it, and will remember it to the latest hour of existence. I will reform, or at least I will strive very hard to do so; I will no longer lead a life of indecision; I will embrace some honest calling or pursuit; my hands shall grasp my thoughts and embody them, that they may be of use to myself and others. I will go home full of this grand conception. If my mind wavers or falters in its purpose, in the future, I know you will strive to strengthen and encourage me to perseverance and well-doing. Adieu to theory without practice. During the time to come, I will think to some effect; for my physical forces shall be employed in giving tangibility to the mental."

We have only to add that Rufus Sewall achieved a glorious triumph over indecision and morbid inaction, and is, at this time, a useful, practical, and happy man; if there are others who can profit by his experience and his reform, we shall not have written these hints in vain, but feel that we have accomplished some good in presenting them to the reader.

MAY YOU DIE AMONG YOUR KINDRED.

It is a sad thing to feel that we must die away from our home. Tell not the invalid, who is yearning after his distant country, that the atmosphere around him is soft; that the gales are filled with balm, and the flowers are springing from the green earth;—he knows that the softest air to his heart would be the air which blows over his native land; that more grateful than all the gales of the south, would breathe the low whispers of anxious affection; that the very icicles clinging to his own eaves, and the snow beating against his own windows, would be far more pleasant to his eyes, than the bloom and verdure which only more forcibly remind him how far he is from that one spot which is dearer to him than the world beside. He may, indeed, find estimable friends, who will do all in their power to promote his comfort and assuage his pains; but they cannot supply the place of the long known and long loved; they cannot read as in a book the mute language of his face; they have not learned to wait upon his habits, and anticipate his wants, and he has not learned to communicate, without hesitation, all his wishes, impressions, and thoughts, to them. He feels that he is a stranger; and a more desolate feeling than that could not visit his soul. How much is expressed by that form of oriental benediction, *May you die among your kindred!*—*Greenwood.*

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Omnibuses, in New York, have nearly doubled in number since 1839. — At the express wish of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Rossini recently conducted the orchestra at the production of his celebrated work, "William Tell." — Barney Williams, the actor, has purchased a house in New York, valued with its contents at \$17,000, which he presented to his aged mother. — Dr. Young, the author of "Night Thoughts," wrote his tragedy of "The Brothers," and had it acted, expressly for the benefit of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. — On the Housatonic railroad, a girl of ten years was instantly killed by being run over while walking on the railroad track. — The Judiciary Committee of the Connecticut House of Representatives have reported a bill, making one year's desertion a ground of divorce. — In Russia, without reckoning Poland, there are one hundred and fifty-six journals, of which one hundred and ten are in the national language. — In the six lower wards of New York city, containing a population of 107,000, there are only twenty-five churches, or a number insufficient for the accommodation of more than one quarter of the inhabitants. — Rosemary is a token of remembrance; sweet pea, white or pink, respect and love; purple, or dark rose color, respect and friendship. — Lowell, Mass., has appropriated 2000 to celebrate the coming Fourth of July. — A correspondent of the *Apalachicola Advertiser* advocates the planting of vineyards in Florida for the production of wine, for which the soil and climate are both favorable. He says wine, dried figs and raisins can be produced in abundance there. — It is announced that Madame Sontag will retire to private life after the completion of her American tour, having realized about \$60,000 since her arrival in the United States. — A man who is seventy years old has spent twenty-three years of his life in bed, and five years at table! — One hundred thousand dollars is the sum proposed to be raised by the New School Presbyterian General Assembly, for the purpose of Church extension in the west. — The first Agricultural State Fair in Illinois is to be held at Chicago, next October. — A female soliciting charity, lately, in Southwark, being asked if she was a Methodist, replied, "My God, madam, I have a mouth if I am not a Methodist!" — The Presbyterian Assembly, at Buffalo, have fulminated an edict against dancing, making it punishable with expulsion from the society. — At a recent bull fight, in Madrid, eleven horses were killed. — Mr. Vandenhoff, in responding to the toast of his health, at the Shaksperian festival, recently held at Stratford, declared that he had entered upon his professional career by playing in a barn, at Stratford, forty-five years ago.

STRINGENT MEASURES.

They push things to extremities in the Great West. In the Western Magazine, for May, there is a long article which seriously discusses the following question:—"Ought Old Bachelors to Pay a Tax for the Support of Old Maids?" Yes, thinks the writer. "We conceive it," says he, "to be the duty of the philanthropist, not only to agitate for the abrogation of existing customs that tend to celibacy, but also to establish laws, which shall, by their penalty enforce upon mankind this obligation to marriage. If this duty is such as represented, and the obligation to its performance so weighty, how severe should that penalty be which must atone for such mighty wrongs? It is evident that a tax, sufficiently great to support old maids in ease and luxury all their days, would not cover half the wrong. But if, out of pity to erring man, we should be disposed to lighten the burden to a certain degree, wise legislators could never, with a sound conscience, make a less exaction than that we have intimated should be required—a competent support. It is most astonishing that a subject of such importance as this should never have been considered in our national Congress!"—and so on, for pages.

FUNERALS IN PARIS.

All funerals in Paris are performed by one chartered, registered company. They have got a privilege, a concession, a monopoly, from the government. If you die in the Catholic religion, nobody else can bury you. They have an office that is open fourteen hours out of the twenty-four; they own five hundred black horses, eighty hearses of various sizes (one expressly for giants), drivers, mourners, hier-carriers, carpenters, drapers, without number; they have shields and armorial bearings ready painted for all the titled families in Paris; they have hangings for door-ways and churches, with every combination of embroidered initials in the alphabet; they supply water—whether blessed or not, makes no difference; they undertake everything with nothing—do the whole, and then send you, or rather your executors and survivors, a swinging bill. The tariff of prices shows that there are poms from 3968f. down to 5f.

WOMAN.—When women attempt publicly, and strive to become notorious in the matter of "woman's rights conventions," etc., set them down as "no better than they should be." No truly delicate and modest woman will ever be recognized as connected with any such vulgarism. "The empire of woman," says Rousseau, "is an empire of gentleness, of softness," and when she attempts to assume a position foreign from her domestic throne, she becomes weak and imbecile indeed.

MUSICAL.—Catherine Hayes and Herr Mengis left California for Valparaiso on the 15th ult. They have given over sixty concerts in California, which netted a profit of more than \$150,000.

RATHER BAD.—A Syraense paper says thousands of acres of the land which Gerrit Smith distributed among poor black and white laborers, has been advertised to be sold for taxes.

Wayside Gatherings.

Mrs. Mowatt is preparing a volume of her memoirs. Sarah Flood recently shot John McKenzie, at Savannah, killing him instantly. Nearly all of the eighty-four Italian exiles, brought over in the San Giovanni, have been provided with employment. William Wardle having married eight wives, Judge Ingham has mercifully sent him out of the way of them for seven years. The Empress of China is said to be a Christian, the daughter of a Christian, and the emperor himself more than half a convert. William E. Braubner, an insane book-binder, who has worked in Boston, lately murdered his brother and mother in Melbourne, Canada East, and escaped.

About fifty years after his death, a public dispute was held in the University of Paris, whether Becket ought to be condemned as a rebel or honored as a saint.

The Boston Artillery challenges, in the sum of \$1000, any company in the State, artillery or infantry, to drill with it on Boston Common—a month's notice to be given.

We learn, says the Memphis Enquirer of the 19th ult, that the steambot General Scott caught fire near New Madrid, a few days ago, and was scuttled in deep water.

We see it stated that the fees paid the attorney and counsel of the city of New York, for the year 1852, amounted to the enormous sum of 71,296 02, besides certain perquisites not included.

The Mormons of Utah are about to cultivate oysters, crabs and lobsters in the Salt Lake. If the water should prove too salt, they design to construct sluices to let off the salt water and let in the fresh.

A live alligator, fourteen feet long, and weighing in his box seven hundred and fifty pounds, has been sent from Louisiana to New York, where he is to be exhibited in the Crystal Palace as a specimen of "American industry."

The furniture of the Belgian Minister has been sold at auction in Washington. It was very splendid, and mainly European. The rosewood damask chairs cost \$200 per dozen, and sold for \$10 each; arm-chairs sold for \$32 each.

It is proposed to remove the remains of General Harrison, which are entombed at North Bend, to the battle-field of Tippecanoe, there to slumber with those of the intrepid Col. Joseph Davis and their compatriots.

New York morals appear to be getting no better fast. Not only have their aldermen been sentenced to the penitentiary, but it is now suggested to appoint a new police to watch the old, several of whom have been arrested for robbery and breaches of the peace.

A census of the city of Worcester has lately been taken by the city government, which gives the total population at 20,274, which is an increase of 4306 in three years. This does not include the inmates of the State Hospital, the county jail, or the several seminaries.

A beautiful small locomotive engine, says the Scientific American, is to be sent out with the Japan expedition. It will have all its accompaniments of tender and carriage, and a railroad of some length to match. It is intended to astonish the Emperor of Japan, as it is a perfect working model, and will be in the charge of a competent engineer from Philadelphia.

Foreign Items.

Mormon elders are to be expelled from Persia.

M. Odry, the celebrated French low comedian, died at Paris recently.

The coach which travels from Barnsley (England), to Sheffield, has a female guard.

The colossal statue of Napoleon is to be erected at the Barriere du Troine, in Paris. Eighty thousand francs have been spent for the models alone.

The early closing-on-Saturday-afternoon movement is beginning to find favor among the merchants of Birmingham, Manchester and Liverpool.

The quantity of rain which fell in Ireland during the past year exceeded that of 1851 by more than thirteen, and the preceding year by fourteen inches.

The commander of the French fleet in Oceania has received the title of Governor of the Marquesas Islands, which is looked upon in those regions as the forerunner of annexation.

The widows and children of French dramatic authors are, in future, to enjoy the right of property in their copyright for thirty years after the author's decease.

From experiments made at Tours and Orleans, it is found that whilst under the influence of chloroform the leaves of the sensitive plant are perfectly insensible to any touch.

There are seventy-five Roman Catholic convents in England and Wales, besides one hundred Anglo-Catholic or Puseyite nunneries, which contain within them three thousand females.

In Hungary, four thousand passports have been issued for America—many for California—emigrants promising not to return to Austria.

A company is being organized for the purpose of establishing a crystal palace in Glasgow, on the plan of the great institution at Sydenham.

In a late letter from the British Consul, at Madeira, it is mentioned that all duties and imposts have been removed from articles of food sent there for the distressed inhabitants.

A Paris despatch, telegraphed 19th, confirms the report of the rupture of diplomatic relations, and adds, the Russian troops are receiving reinforcements. The state of affairs appears critical.

An officer of one of the Royal British regiments, only eighteen years of age, has recently walked fifty-six miles in eleven hours and fifty-six minutes. He undertook to perform the feat in twelve hours.

It is expected that the American ship-of-war Cumberland, with Mr. Marsh on board, has demanded explanation and three hundred thousand drachmas from Greece, for illegal imprisonment of Mr. King, at Athens.

The American, French, and English ships of war, on the coast of China, have, on the urgent requisition of the Chinese authorities, consented to guard Nankin, Shanghai, and the mouths of the great Canal, against the rebels.

A meeting of merchants and bankers was held, recently, at the London Tavern, London, to promote the establishment in the city of a Mercantile and Maritime College, together with a museum of trade, where specimens of produce, etc., as well as commercial statistics of all kinds, may be collected.

Sands of Gold.

... A man of pure genius can no more divest himself of freedom of opinion than of the features of his face.

... Men are sometimes accused of pride merely because their accusers would be proud themselves, if they were in their places.

... Years are the sum of hours. Vain is it at wide intervals to say, "I'll save this year," if at each narrow interval you do not say, "I'll save this hour."

... How many fine huts cover a multitude of sins and worthless heads; and how many plaited shirt bosoms cover a cold, hollow cavern where there ought to be a heart.

... The only fountain in the wilderness of life, where man drinks of water totally unmixed with bitterness, is that which gushes for him in the calm and shady recess of domestic life.

... The man who is one thing to-day, and another to-morrow—who drives an idea pell-mell this week, while it drives him the next—is always in trouble, and does just nothing from one year's end to the other.

... Bad thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers; for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more; keep your heads full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may find no room to enter.

... How sacred, how beautiful is the feeling of affection in pure and guileless bosoms! The proud may sneer at it, the fashionable may call it fable, the selfish and dissipated may affect to despise it; but the holy passion is surely of heaven, and is made evil by the corruptions of those whom it was sent to bless and to preserve!—*Mordant*.

... No woman ever loved to the full extent of the passion, who did not feel humbled (delighted in that humility) by her exaggerated and overweening estimate of the superiority of the object of her worship. What state could fall, what liberty decay, if the zeal of man's noisy patriotism was as pure as the silent loyalty of woman's love?

Joker's Budget.

What a vegetarian cannot do—say grace before meat.

Give an inch to some people and they will take an ell; but buy a quart bottle of wine of some other people, and a pint and a half is all you will get out of them.

A "down-east" paper states that a machine has lately been invented, which will peg three rows on the sole of a shoe in a few minutes. The same machine also manufactures the pegs.

An apparatus enabling a person to remain under water for twenty minutes without requiring a supply of air, has been tried successfully on the Seine. [A man must surely be in-sane to try it, though.]

A butcher's boy carrying a tray on his shoulders, accidentally struck it against a lady's head. "The deuce take the tray," said the lady. "Madam," said the boy, gravely, "the deuce can't take the tray."

Tacitus says, "In the early ages, man lived a life of innocence and simplicity." Upon this, a critic remarks, "when was this period of innocence? The first man who was born into the world killed the second. When did the times of simplicity begin?"

If a person were asked what affinity there exists between wood and vegetables, the chances are that nine times in ten he would "give it up." Yet it is affirmed, in certain cases, that a yard or two of fine broadcloth, obtained in a certain way, makes quite a cabbage.

As it is suspected, the pupils at Girard College frequently feign to have the toothache, for the purpose of getting a holiday to go to the dentist's; the committee of councils recommend the employment of a dentist within the establishment; so that the boys will be kept from the contamination of the city, in spite of their teeth!

Turner, the painter, was a ready wit. Once, at a dianer, where several artists, amateurs and literary men were convened, a poet, by way of being facetious, proposed as a toast, the health of the painters and glaziers of Great Britain. The toast was drunk; and Turner, after returning thanks for it, proposed the health of the British paper-stainers.

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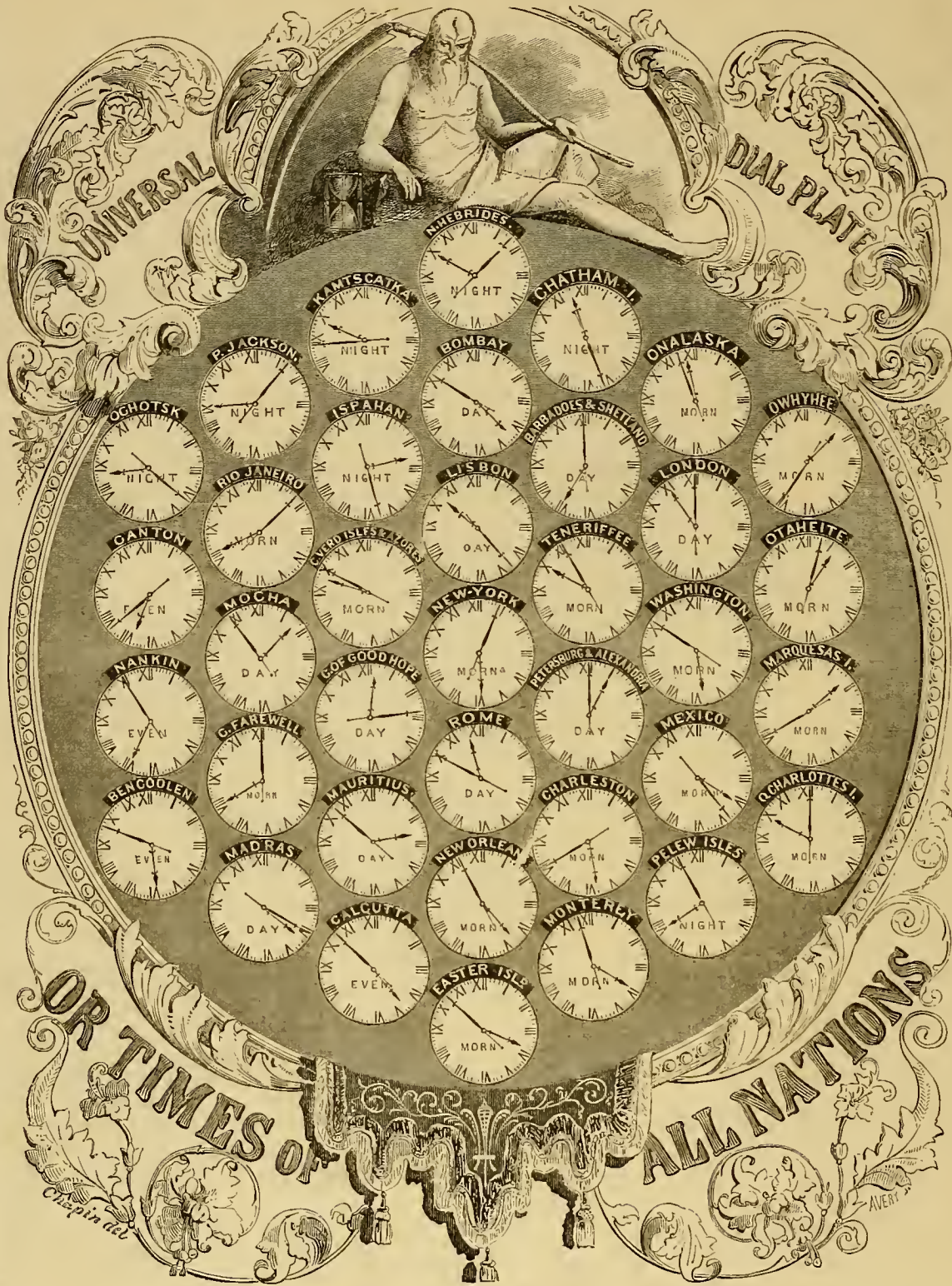
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UNIVERSAL TIME.

Our picture is a representation of a universal dial-plate, giving the time of all nations, in their relative bearing towards each other. Thus, it will be seen, while it is night with us, of course it is day in the East Indies. By referring to the face signifying time in New York, we see that it is four minutes past six o'clock in the morning, while by referring to that of Canton, we see that at the same moment in that city, it is twenty-one minutes to seven o'clock in the evening, and thus the reader can satisfy his curiosity, as it regards the relative time at any two, or more, given points, by consulting this universal dial. When it is four minutes of five o'clock, P. M., at New Orleans, it is four minutes past six o'clock, P. M., at New York, and so on through the various localities designated. The diurnal revolutions of the earth, as affected by the sun's rays, constitute the criterion upon which time is gauged. Old Father Time sits sagely, with his scythe and hour-glass, overlooking this dial of all nations, the guardian of the earth's revolutions. Time is the general relation in which all things perceptible stand to each other, in regard to their origin, continuance and dissolution. It is a form necessary to enable the mind to unite successive existence. It is not an external object, nor a mere relation of individual things to each other, but is infinite, like the phenomena which are submitted to this form in our perceptions. We speak of a distinct period of time—relative time—only in reference to that which fills time. Accordingly, we also distinguish the past, present and future as its component parts, which pass continually each into the succeeding. In order to measure the succession and duration of particular things and events, the great motions of the heavenly bodies, which always continue the same, particularly of those bodies which are most closely connected with the earth, have been taken as standards; hence the physical or astronomical time. Such a measure of time is afforded, by nature herself, in the rotation of the earth on its axis.



END OF VOLUME IV.

FLOWERS.

The country is a true home of beauty, and horticulture is the free school of taste, in which all our readers may become apt pupils, if they choose, and gratified and useful professors if they will it, and help to create as much beauty in their spare hours as the wealthy citizen can purchase with the gains of years, to decorate his brick and mortar palace, in the metropolis. There is no mere ornament, in the hoose or out of it, so cheap and so tasteful as healthy plants and flowers; and you will find ten persons of sense admiring your geraniums or fuschia, where one will notice your rich curtains and tall mirrors. And out of doors, the eye that would never be attracted by glaring paint, cornice, or column, will be instantly arrested by the living arabesque of a native creeper, or the umbrageous outline of an American tree. Do you not admire that simple little cottage, with its graceful trees from our native woods; the vines making beautiful, while they conceal the rough out-building; the little "front yard," or more fitting lawn, gemmed with scrubbery and sparkling with flowers; with neat walks with a tinge of velvety turf, or natural ones over it, all in keeping, and all suited to the means of the tasteful owner? If you have been able to lift the veil that hides the life within, have you not found real comfort and true happiness there, and are not the inmates really deserving of what they enjoy? And how much, in time and money, has all this cost? Perhaps less than a tithe of what your rich neighbor has expended to rear a great pile of shingles, or more ambitious mountain of bricks and mortar, and has erected an edifice as destitute of the accompaniments of beauty as a lumber-yard or brick kiln, and not a thing except weeds in the grounds, or paints on the walls, either greener or brighter than the man who can deem this huge abortion the *ne plus ultra* of architectural taste. Ten to one he who built that dwelling, if a farmer, is one of those who would rather have a hill of potatoes than a rose bush, and sooner raise a snarling cur than plant a tree.—*Prairie Farmer.*



