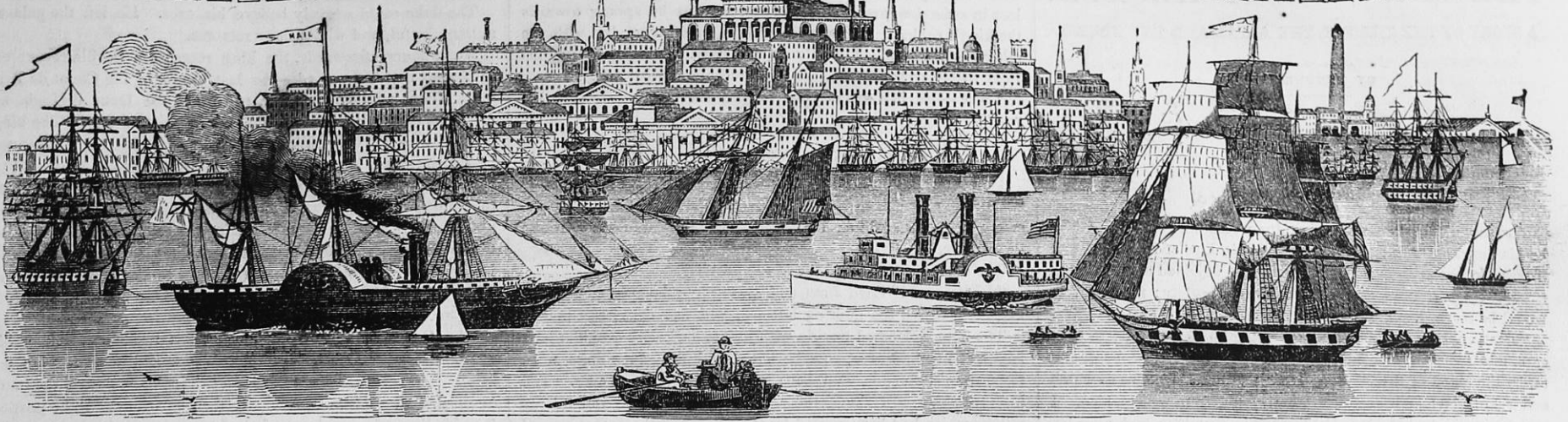


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MISS MATILDA HERON,

THE AMERICAN TRAGEDIENNE, AS "CAMILLE."

The fine full length portrait on this page was drawn expressly for us by Barry, from an ambrotype by Brady, of New York, and engraved by Tarbell, in his best style. It represents Miss Heron in the character of "Camille," in her own version of young Dumas's play, in which she fairly took the New York public, and the New York critics, by storm, and raised herself at once to the very highest professional rank. Miss Heron passed her childhood in Philadelphia, where her parents reside, and where she received a strictly domestic and religious education. Her first manifestation of genius was a fondness for music; but this was soon overpowered by an uncontrollable inclination for the drama. We are told that her early recitations surprised her acquaintances, they exhibited so extraordinary an aptitude for the stage. To her friend, Mr. Richings, an actor of great merit and great experience, she confided her intense desire and determination to become an actress. Mr. Richings did his best to dissuade her from this step—he pointed out the perils and difficulties which beset the path of the aspirant for histrionic fame, the severity of the requirements of the profession, the cruelty of the ordeal through which the debutante must surely pass, and the certainty of the disapprobation of the lady's family. Miss Heron listened to these remonstrances with respect, but without wavering in her resolution. She felt such a vocation to the stage, that she disregarded all the obstacles that lay in the way of a realization of her hopes. Her enthusiasm finally overcame the reluctance of her friend, and he consented to become her instructor in elocution, and in the technicalities of the stage, by way of preparing her for her debut. She was at this time a member of Mr. Richings's household. Her father and brothers, learning her purpose, strongly remonstrated against the proposed step, but without avail; and in the month of September, 1850, she made her first appearance on the Walnut Street stage as Bianca, in Milman's tragedy of "Fazio." The applause of a large and brilliant house ratified her choice of a profession. She played for five nights more, each night assuming a different character, with continued success. It was so evident nature had designed her for an actress, that the opposition of her family was now withdrawn, and she had their sanction for pursuing a career thus auspiciously commenced. At the Washington (D. C.) Theatre, where she played with Charlotte Cushman, she won new laurels. Her first regular engagement, we believe, was at the Bowery Theatre, where she played for a season, and became acquainted with the minutiae of the stage by playing a wide range of characters in tragedy, melo-drama and spectacle. She next went to the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, where she made a great hit as Rose Fielding, in the "Willow Copse." We find her afterwards playing in this city, both at the Boston and National; but here she did not make a very great impression, though we understand that Mr. Murdoch, of the National, an excellent judge, predicted a brilliant future for her. Her adventurous spirit now led her to California, and she played six months on the Pacific coast with the most unequivocal success, as was proved by the golden harvest that she reaped. Returning to the Atlantic States, she played for a few nights, and then sailed for Europe in company with her sister, her object being to study acting as presented by the great artists of England and the continent. Miss Heron remained abroad a year, passing the greater part of her time in Paris, where she had an opportunity of studying the style of Rachel, and her rival, Ristori, the acknowledged queens of the tragic stage. She also made herself acquainted with the minutiae of stage costume and business as carried by the French to the greatest degree of perfection. It was during her residence in the great Parisian capital, that Alexander Dumas, Jr. produced such a profound impression by "La Dame aux Camellias." Miss Heron attended many representations of this piece, made a translation of it herself, and

studied the principal character. She returned to this country, and, after playing in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, appeared in Pittsburg, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Louisville and St. Louis. In the latter city, she was eminently successful, and her play of "Camille" was repeated fifteen times to overflowing houses. On the 22d of January, 1856, she appeared at Wallack's Theatre. "The play selected for the occasion, 'Camille,'" says the New York Times, "was a trying one. It has been done to death by able and indifferent artists. All its emotions have been canvassed, its sentiments abused, its morals condemned. There was nothing to hope for from the play; the majority of the audience merely went to see the new actress in a scene or two, and then leave. The result was magical. The most blasé remained to the end, and the calmest became enthusiastic. To account for this satisfactorily, we can make use of none but the most uncritical language. We can only say that Miss Heron is a superb *artiste*,

who holds the traditions of the stage in the palm of her hand, and strangles them when they strive to impede the free exercise of her genius. To speak deliberately of her character of the unfortunate heroine, requires more head and less heart than can be readily summoned to the task. Imagine a dear friend in *Camille's* situation; picture to yourself the saddest, tenderest, pitifullest woe; abandon yourself to the subdued agonies of a broken heart; open all the generous fountains of sympathy in your nature—and you will understand some of the chords which are swept by the potent hand of Miss Matilda Heron. Most unhesitatingly we assert that a finer performance has never been seen in New York. If any one dares to contradict us, we will say that a finer performance has never been seen in the world." The New York Tribune, famous for the impartiality and excellence of its theatrical criticisms, told the same story. "From the moment she entered as *Camille*," says the Tribune, "from the play of that name translated afresh from the French, she, in theatrical parlance, 'filled the stage.' She exuded the electricity of genius. All the teaching, all the preaching—and all the swearing—cannot elevate the commonplace gift into that ineffable something called genius, which, too, is farthest from description when words are plenteous to portray it. Miss Heron had nothing to do at first but to enter superbly and well dressed, cough and eat a lozenge, say a few saucy words to a bore of a nobleman present. But there was about her a halo of individuality, a brilliancy of vitality, which convinced every one present able to distinguish gauds from glories, that the palpating actuality of perceptive genius was before them. And so Miss Heron claimed the stage for the first act; and, the curtain down, was shouted for until she appeared before it. And so with the second; and so with the last. She is prodigal of touches of nature. There is the marvellous electrical link between thought; the appreciation of the infinite, and its symbolism of action. She is finely dowered as to figure. Bust full, capable of holding the tragic palpitation of a big heart; for here is no common, no starved, no mean nature. A finely-formed arm, an exquisite hand, and a good tread on the stage. Her face expressive; so much so, that you forget the architecture of her nose, or the cut of her mouth. Her eye is vastly sympathetic. Her voice is good, and capable of some emendation in its pitch. Miss Heron may be pronounced a great *artiste*. Her depth of expression sometimes surpasses Rachel in female intensity of love. There is no use of blinking comparisons when they will rise up. The last—the phthisical scene of measureless desolations and short-lived ecstasies—was as noble a piece of acting as we desire to see. The house rose in tumultuous applause." We may add that the New York Herald, the New York Albion, and the accomplished critic of the "Courrier des Etats-Unis," Baron Regis de Trobriand, were equal-laudatory in their remarks; and in this they echoed the sentiment of the public, which ranks Miss Heron as the first of living *artistes*. "The ideal veneration with which Miss Heron regards the histrionic art," says the Home Journal, "leads some to suppose her visionary. * * * She considers herself one of the instruments, in this money-getting age, of inducing some to turn aside an hour, and quietly, with retrospective glance, to cast an eye to the East, and see the ancients before the telegraph, gunpowder, or charitable institutions were invented. Those actors in the grand drama of life passed off the stage thousands of years ago; but a truthful pictorial and histrionic view of their passions and emotions—their life and sayings—may be so portrayed, as to evolve great moral truths, and moral lessons may be deduced from both their virtues and their vices." A remarkable element of Miss Heron's success is her literary ability. It is rare that an actress possesses the qualities of a dramatist. Even Fanny Kemble failed as such. But Miss Heron's adaptation of "La Dame aux Camellias," and "Medea," shows that she can write as well as act. We hope soon to record this lady's success in Boston, where we are anxious to see her



MATILDA HERON, THE TRAGEDIENNE.

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

THE SPANISH MOOR:

—OR—

THE CONVENT OF ALCALA.

A STORY OF THE THRONE, THE ALTAR AND THE FOREST.

BY EUGENE SCRIBE.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XLV.

THE RETURN TO MADRID.

AFTER finishing these readings, Juan rose and expressed it to be his duty to return immediately to Madrid, to endeavor to stop, if possible, the persecutions going on. He enjoined upon Yezid to avoid a combat, and keep hid in a place of safety; for he surely would be rescued. Then turning to Pedralvi, he said:

"Brother, I leave this man," pointing to Sandoval, "in your care, and I charge you to defend him. By thy brother, by Juniata, by the blood of thy masters, I wish you to promise to watch and guard him; guard him from harm, and from escape, also. I go to gain tidings of Don Delascar, his daughter and your betrothed Juniata; but I will not go one step, Pedralvi, till you have promised me to protect this man, your enemy and mine."

The Moor hesitated a few seconds. He was a prey to a violent conflict. Finally triumphing over himself, he cried:

"Go! I swear—I swear—to protect him who massacred our brothers,—he whom I have sworn to slay! And you," said he, turning to Sandoval, "cease trembling, cowardly monster. You are now in greater safety here than in the midst of the palace of the Inquisition."

"Good!" said Sevilla. "I go without fear, for I know a Moor never broke his oath."

Sevilla, accompanied by his faithful friend and servant, Gongarello, travelled night and day till he reached Madrid. He stopped only at Valencia, to gain tidings of the Duchess de Santarem. The Vera Cruz, a royal vessel, had seen the San Lucar, dismayed and deserted, and returned. Juan ordered the vessel to be sent again, and if the duchess was not found, to search till they captured Captain Josef Baptista. Another vessel was fitted out, though much against the will of the viceroy. The San Fernando was got in readiness, and before Juan left Valencia, it had gone on its mission.

On his way, Juan heard of no news concerning Yezid, and feeling sure that he was safe for a time, he pushed on in all haste to Madrid. He arrived there in the middle of the night, and knowing he could not disturb the king, he retired to the hotel of Santarem, there to gain a few hours of repose. It was scarcely day-break, when Gongarello aroused him with the startling news that the hall was full of men, alguazils and familiars of the Inquisition. Juan rose in haste and went to the door. Spinello, a creature of Sandoval's, and declared enemy of Sevilla, presented himself before him, showing him in a neighboring room a group of alguazils, and cried joyfully and triumphantly:

"Senor Brother Louis Sevilla, monk of the order of Saint Dominica, in the name of his excellency the grand inquisitor Bernard y Roys de Sandoval, I arrest you!"

"I am ready to follow you," replied Sevilla; and he stepped into the ante-chamber.

Spinello made an imperative sign, and the brigade advanced a step.

"One moment," said Sevilla. "I demand to see the order for my arrest."

Spinello showed a parchment which Sandoval had sent eight days before.

"The orders of the Inquisition and of the grand inquisitor should be executed in twenty-four hours," said Juan.

Spinello showed the date; it was the afternoon before. The date had been left in blank, and in a private letter, Sandoval had ordered his agent to fill it out upon the arrival of Sevilla. Juan looked at it carefully, and declared to Spinello that it could not have been signed by Sandoval, for he had been for eight days in the hands of the Moors in the mountains of Albarracui. The men looked astounded.

"This order," he went on to say, "is, therefore, valueless. I have with me an act which is signed by the hand of the king." Showing it to the chief of the alguazils, he added: "That order commands you to obey my commands as those of his majesty himself, and I order you in the name of the king to arrest instantly Senor Spinello and his two attendants, as guilty towards the grand inquisitor and Inquisition of fraud."

The brave alguazil did not hesitate to obey. Spinello stammered an excuse, but with a wave of his hand, Juan ordered the men to lead him away.

Juan immediately went to the palace, but was refused admittance. The Count de Avila showed him a letter signed by the king, forbidding any one to be admitted but the Count de Lerma. Mortified at being repulsed before all, Juan quickly left the palace. He did not stop to deliberate; he only knew that if the king had only dared, he would have given him permission to enter; but he understood fully that in his absence the Count de Lerma had resumed his power.

Juan went to the queen's apartments, by the secret door by which none could prevent his entrance. He passed through the oratory and into the secret passage where he had found Alitea,

and arrived without any obstacle at the ante-chamber of the king. There he found Latorre, the king's valet, always in his place, always devoted to the interests of the Duke d'Uzede and Countess Altamira. Latorre refused to allow him to enter. Juan had no hope. The confessor of the king could not struggle with the valet, who was very large and strong. No matter; he had no time to lose in reflection, and with a rapid movement he sprang towards the king's cabinet. Latorre seized him by one arm, but with the other Sevilla knocked loudly at the door. In vain the zealous valet wished to hold him. The intrepid monk cried out:

"Sire—sire, it is one of your faithful servitors who returns to you!"

No answer.

"It is I—it is Sevilla!"

He heard steps in the cabinet.

"I wish to speak to you on the most important affairs, upon the safety of your kingdom; I wish to speak to you of the Duchess de Santarem."

The door flew open and the king appeared.

"I am saved!" cried Juan, and sprang into the apartment of the king, and closed the door on Latorre, who felt that he was lost.

The king welcomed Sevilla with joy, and disclosed to him how frightened he had been, how he hated and feared the duke, who, since Juan's absence, had been more insolent than ever. The king trembled and shuddered when Sevilla told him of all the misery which had been caused by the edict, and the curses heaped upon his own and upon Lerma's head. Juan proposed to overthrow him; but the weak monarch dared not do it. Finally he wrote, under the dictation of Sevilla, these words:

"Senor the cardinal-duke will leave Madrid to-day, and retire to any place which it will please him to choose. I, THE KING."

Philip was astounded to find it so easily finished. Again he wrote, under Juan's dictation:

"Senor the Duke d'Uzede will take this day the title of prime minister, and exercise its functions. I, THE KING."

Happy at having it done, the king charged Juan to give the two decrees to the count and duke, and with a joyful face went to hunt. He had scarcely gone, when the Count de Lerma was announced. He entered with great haughtiness, and a shade of anxiety passed over his face when he saw Sevilla, whom he saluted proudly. He asked for the king, and Juan coldly told him he had gone to the chase. In calm, measured tones, Sevilla recalled to him the day when Don Delascar d'Alberique came to him to endeavor to save his brothers,—recalled to him his broken word; he reminded him, also, of what he had declared, which this day was accomplished, and he handed the Count de Lerma, the proud cardinal-count, his dismissal.

While Lerma sat stupefied, the Duke d'Uzede craved admittance, but was refused. This proved to the cardinal-count who was his successor. The Count de Lerma, forgetting his rank, his dignity, threw himself at the feet of the confessor and begged to be retained. Sevilla, blushing for him, raised him, and the count recovered himself. One thing more before he left: he swore he was innocent of any participation in the death of the queen, and begged Sevilla to at least clear his character from that stain. That Juan promised faithfully, and comforted the cardinal-count by telling him he had proofs of his innocence, which should be laid before the king.

"Well," exclaimed the count, rising, "for that I forgive everything—every one, even my son!"

He left by the door leading into the council-chamber, and the Duke d'Uzede entered by the opposite door. The latter saluted respectfully the confessor, who remained seated. Juan recalled to the duke the first time he had presented himself to him, a stranger, but bringing proofs of his birth. The duke grew deadly pale, and in a hesitating voice exclaimed:

"Alas! every day I have repented that step. The voice of nature was strong, but I would not obey it then in my pride; but now I can resist its claims no longer. I must cry: my son—my son!"

Saying this, the duke extended his arms towards Sevilla, who, with a pale face, stepped back.

"The first cry of nature should have been listened to. You did not wish to be father to the poor Juan, but you wish to be to the Brother Louis Sevilla, confessor to the king. Whatever blood flows in my veins, he only is my father who opened his arms to me in adversity, who received an unknown youth into his heart, and saved him from misery; who, when I was without an asylum, said: 'My son!' My father is Don Delascar d'Alberique, the exile!"

The duke turned pale as he listened. Juan, controlling the emotion which the thought of his father called up, in a low voice disclosed to the Duke d'Uzede what Father Jerome and Escobar had written—a writing which freed the Count de Lerma from all blame, but condemned Uzede and the Countess Altamira as being the cause of the death of the queen. The duke looked at Sevilla with fear mingled with awe. Who was this man, who from a wanderer had risen so high in power, and who held the lives of so many in his hands?

"The countess is alone guilty, I know; but the crime has been committed. You knew of it; you are an accomplice, and if I show this writing to the king, you are lost; you will be obliged to give up rank, honors and even your life. Now I will sustain you in the king's favor if you rise higher, if you will counsel him to revoke the edict for the expulsion of the Moors, which edict will be the ruin of Spain. I wish to efface it; I wish to make every trace of it disappear. If you second me freely in this project, I will cause you to be appointed prime minister—if not, you shall fall!"

The duke trembled with surprise and joy.

"I promise you—I promise it!" cried Uzede, with transport. "I will listen to you; I will be advised by you. I will be the arm, but you shall be the head."

"It is well," coldly said Sevilla. "You are prime minister." And he gave him the ordinance signed by the king.

The duke could scarcely believe his eyes. He left the palace, radiant, joyful, and without any remorse.

Some hours afterwards, the king returned. Sevilla recounted to him all that had passed,—the last prayer of the Count de Lerma. Then, without speaking to him of the Duke d'Uzede, he disclosed to him the deeds of the Countess Altamira. The king listened with horror. He remembered how he had been influenced by the countess; but with his customary weakness, he feared to do anything, because she was of noble family. Juan advised him to simply send her from the kingdom. This he did, and in the afternoon the haughty Countess Altamira received a note similar to that of the Count de Lerma, and she, too, took the road from Madrid. This note was not only signed by the king, but by the Duke d'Uzede, also. It was the first act of his authority as prime minister.

The Count de Lerma set out for his residence; and on his second day's journey, received a message and present from the king. The present was the stag killed by his majesty; the letter he opened with a trembling hand; then having read it, he pressed it to his lips, while with eyes full of tears, he cried:

"I thank thee, Sevilla; thou hast kept thy word!"

This missive contained only a few words:

"Sevilla has given me proofs of your innocence, which I no longer doubt. You carry with you into your retreat the esteem and friendship of your sovereign."

While these things were taking place at Madrid, other events of equal importance were happening elsewhere. Yezid d'Alberique, among the mountains, had kept out of sight and tried to avoid any conflict with his enemies, but that at last became impossible. Hunger, cruel hunger began to reduce the troops; hemmed in on all sides, they could get no food. He knew not whether to make a sortie and fall before the enemy's guns, or remain to die of starvation.

One night, feeling very anxious, he remained watching before the tent, and he saw, wending their way among the rocks, long lines of soldiers. Fearing a nocturnal attack, he summoned his men; but soon the soldiers appeared, and their leader bore a flag of truce. What was their astonishment, when the soldiers approached, to see that they bore provisions! The leader was a Moor who had, many years ago, received baptism, but who was a Moor, at heart. Filing before Yezid, the men laid down beef and sacks of corn. Eagerly Yezid demanded who sent him; but the old man only replied:

"I can say nothing; my master forbade me; he only commanded me to ascend the mountains to meet you, and before my departure to request you to break this marshal's baton which I carry. When I am gone, you are to break and burn it;" and bowing respectfully, the old man turned, and the troops departed as silently as they came.

Yezid broke the baton, which was hollow, and contained a paper:

"My good and old vassals:—Receive a present sent by an old friend. However strong you may seem in your present position, hasten to leave it; in twenty-four hours you will be attacked and hemmed in on all sides."

Yezid recognized the writing, and he hesitated not to follow the advice, for it was given by a Spaniard, Don Fernand d'Albayda. Yezid called one of his aids, a Moor brought up on the mountains, and who knew every crag. On the right was Don Augustin de Mexia and his troops; on the left, Don Fernand d'Albayda and his men; and behind and before him the mountain was impossible to ascend or descend. His aid, Cogia Hassan, declared that there was only an impracticable precipice in front, but behind was a very difficult path by which they might descend, but not with their wives and children or baggage. But he told of a large grotto which would accommodate a million men, where the women and children and ammunition carriages could be placed in safety. Before day dawned, they were placed there, with all the provisions and ammunition, and Yezid and his men had left their old camping ground.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE GROTTA DEL TORRENTO.

THE next day, the fierce Don Augustin de Mexia, with his men, arrived at the deserted camp. No trace of the Moors could be found. Like wild animals they sought for any trace of their enemies, but discovered none. While they were debating what to do, a savory smell assailed their nostrils and a smoke curled up from their very feet. Curbing every cry of joy, de Mexia knelt upon the ground and listened. Beneath them they heard, under ground, the noise made by many people speaking and moving. Here, then, was where the Moors were hid! Parties set out to search for an opening; none could be found, so skilfully had Yezid and his companions concealed the entrance. Again baffled, their fury knew no bounds. The torrent raged by with a sullen, defiant roar.

Suddenly, de Mexia gave an order. All was activity. The Moors in the grotto believed themselves safe, and were striving to become calm and hopeful, when suddenly they heard the roar of the torrent; a minute more and they felt the water rush into the cave. Their enemies had dug a hole in the grotto and forced the water upon them. Their fate was sealed. Vainly they strove to

escape; no outlet offered them; they could only die. With fearful velocity the water filled the cave. Every crag was lined with wretched human beings.

Sandoval, in his despair, knelt and prayed to be separated from the cursed heretics, not to be destroyed with them. Pedralvi, with burning eyes, looked at him, but remained faithful to his oath. The water still rose. Pedralvi looked around him; not a sigh or groan, and the water covered with dead bodies. This vast cavern, called since the Grotto del Torrento (grotto of the torrent), was more appalling to Pedralvi than the vast ocean. Looking up, he saw the light of day. Climbing painfully, Pedralvi reached the opening and was once more in the open air. Below him he saw the white tents of the Spanish army. This sight filled him with rage. He looked at the grotto with one last horrified glance. The water had risen to the opening. Many bodies floated in sight, and among others was the grand inquisitor. Half crazy with despair, Pedralvi seized the body of the hated Sandoval, and approaching the edge of the rocks, hurled him down into the camp beneath, then turned and ran down the side of the mountain.

We will now return to Juan. He was in the palace, gazing from the windows, thinking deeply. He had just heard of the death of Sandoval. Pedralvi had failed in his oath, for he had vowed to protect him from his enemies. Juan was thinking of this, when he heard in the street the sounds of a guitar, and looking, saw several Bohemians dancing in the street. The song and actions of one, the foremost, reminded him of the scene when he was imprisoned among the mountains of Toledo. He felt sure the singer was Pedralvi. He hastened into the street, and making an almost imperceptible sign, he walked on. He soon found that the Bohemian followed him. When they reached a solitary place, Pedralvi approached Juan, who, remembering the broken oath, received him with a severe air.

Pedralvi in a few words related the scene in the fatal grotto. Juan could scarcely repress a cry of rage and horror. Pedralvi went on to say that, weakened by fatigue and hunger, Yezid and his troops had given themselves up to Don Fernand d'Albayda, who had sent them away in vessels. This act Ribeira, who, since the death of Sandoval, had become grand inquisitor, had censured and had taken Yezid prisoner. Alitea had been found by the San Fernando, but under pain of death the viceroy of Valencia had been compelled to keep silence and give her up to Ribeira. Both Yezid and Alitea were now in the prison of the Inquisition; Yezid was condemned for heading the insurrection, and Alitea for instigating the burning of the convent of the Annunciades, which had been reduced to ashes the previous night, though the news had not yet reached Madrid. The Duke d'Uzede, breaking his word to Juan, now that he was really prime minister, had aided in this. Juan stood almost speechless. Pedralvi had told all this in a rapid, low voice, and as he finished he handed Juan a letter, saying:

"Don Fernand has kept this, and endeavored vainly to send it to you, and he prays that it may not be too late."

Promising to watch for any sign, or bring him any news he might hear, Pedralvi left.

With a swift step, Juan returned to his chamber. On the way he deliberated upon what course to take. He knew full well that Yezid was guilty and that all his hopes were gone, for the king had, since all hopes of Alitea were gone, relapsed into his former state of weakness and indecision, and that he could not and would not fight against ecclesiastical authority. He saw clearly that if Yezid and Alitea were rescued, it must be by stealth, by stratagem, and he set about devising some means. Reaching his chamber, he opened the note. The first was from Don Fernand, with these words:

"A few days before Alitea left these shores, she sent me the enclosed note, with injunctions to give it to you when she was gone. I have been unable to do so, but I hope it is not too late."
"FERNAND D'ALBAYDA."

The next note which Juan opened with trembling hands, contained an account of her resolve to give herself up to the king and death. To her confessor she explained all, begging him to think of her as guiltless. She gave herself up to serve her brothers. There were traces of tears on the paper, and the note ended with these words:

"In one hour I shall be no more—shall be gone from this dreary, sad world; but I cannot go without disclosing to you the secret of my life—a secret which can harm none, and may make you pity Alitea. Listen to me: I love you—yes, I love you! I do not blush to say this, for when you receive this avowal, I shall be no more. You are a minister of heaven, forbidden to marry, but you became one to save me, and I owe it to myself and to you to tell you that dearer than any one in this world are you to me. I have struggled with the weakness, the wickedness, but I have failed to conquer. I go now. Forgive me. I am going to my death."
YOUR ALITEA."

Who can paint the despair, joy and rage of Juan! His love surged over him like a wave. He must save her or perish. His resolve was taken. As a member of the Inquisition, with a bleeding, aching heart, he attended the trial of the two beings held dearest on earth. Their doom was sealed. In two days they were to be burned as heretics in the market-place of Madrid.

One prisoner of the Inquisition would aid him, and that one was Captain Josef Baptista Balseiro. On the evening of the day when the sentence of death was passed, Juan descended to the dungeon and entered the captain's cell. At sight of him, the captain uttered a despairing cry. Sevilla placed before him paper, pen and ink, while in a menacing tone he commanded him to write. Sevilla dictated:

"My dear and worthy companions:—To-morrow I am to be conducted to the funeral pile, and my only hope is in you. You

who fear neither God nor Satan can alone aid and deliver me. It is only necessary to enter the city disguised as citizens, and to-morrow attack the procession which will be composed only of monks, alguazils and familiars of the Inquisition. As, in spite of the friendship which binds us together, you are not men to work for nothing, the bearer, who has my confidence, will give you beforehand a piaster (about two dollars) apiece, and as much more the evening after the expedition."

"Are you serious?" cried the captain.

"Sign," coldly said Juan.

And the bandit signed boldly—"Josef Baptista Balseiro, captain of the San Lucar." Juan then sealed the letter and placed it before the bandit to direct. He firmly directed it: "To Senor Barbasto, lieutenant, in the gorges of Savora, in the environs of Pampeluna."

Without listening to the captain, Juan went out. That note Pedralvi carried to Barbasto. A note to the same effect Gongarello carried to Don Fernand d'Albayda. The day before the auto-de-fe, the Countess Altamira was privately summoned to appear before the sacred tribunal.

The day for the procession arrived, gloomy and dull. Not a ray of sunlight; the sky was hid by heavy clouds, and the rain fell in torrents. This was a circumstance favorable to Sevilla and his friends. During the night, the funeral piles had been erected in the public square. The fire was already lighted. All the bells in Pampeluna pealed forth. Sevilla, though filled with agony, was sustained and animated by the dangers around him. He was determined to save Yezid and Alitea, or die with them.

The procession began to move. The archbishop and grand inquisitor headed the band, dressed in full pontifical pomp. Behind him came monks bearing crosses and candles. Behind them came the two prisoners, whose faces and figures it was impossible to recognize, for they were hid by cloaks and the san-benito or cap. The procession was terminated by a body of alguazils and familiars of the office, armed with muskets and spears. Suddenly a band of citizens placed themselves in the way. Ribeira furiously ordered them to move, but they valiantly stood their ground. The familiars struck with their wooden halberds the foremost peasant and threw him down, and another was ready to fire. He instantly sprang up and shouted: "To arms, my friends! They fire upon the citizens of Pampeluna!" This cry was repeated on all sides. It was Pedralvi who shouted: "Let us defend our rights! let us defend our charters!"

Repeating the cry loudly, the citizens on all sides fell upon the procession, and the market-place was soon a scene of great confusion. The alguazils and familiars of the Inquisition were frightened and fled in all directions. The haughty prelate shouted: "Strike—strike! Death to the heretics!"

But there were none to obey him. In the confusion, Pedralvi, followed by a band of devoted followers, ran to Yezid and Alitea, threw over them colored mantles, and bore them beyond the city gates, where Don Fernand awaited them with fleet horses. The archbishop at last fled to some place of safety. No sooner were Pedralvi and his friends gone, than the cries lessened, or rather changed into a cry for vengeance. The people, ever changeable, now clamored for the auto-da-fe, which a moment before they had wished to be given up. The people grew absolutely furious for some excitement. The burning of the convent of Annunciades had awakened in them a thirst for blood and fire.

Ribeira, who returned at nightfall to the palace of the Inquisition, was frightened by the multitude assembled at the gates, demanding the prisoners. In great consternation he learned that the prisoners had escaped. In his anxiety, he gave up the power of the grand inquisitor to Juan Sevilla, who instantly called together the tribunal. There in that dark hall, with the people clamorous for blood outside, Captain Josef Baptista Balseiro and the Countess Altamira were tried and condemned, and the next day expiated their crimes in the market-place of Pampeluna.

Juan waited for nothing but their conviction. With a beating heart he hastened to the city gates, where Pedralvi awaited him, and conducted him to a vessel which lay by the shore. On board he found Yezid and Alitea safe. Don Fernand and his beautiful wife Carmina were then resolved to leave with their loved friends the land of their birth, but which, alas! had brought them only pain and suffering. Alitea, worn out with the fatigue and danger she had undergone, was in the cabin. As soon as Juan came on board, the vessel weighed anchor, and flew onward before a firm breeze.

Juan, with a beating heart, descended into the cabin. Alitea raised her head as he entered, and a beautiful blush spread over her face as she exclaimed:

"Thank God, Juan, you are saved!"

With a faltering step he approached and knelt before her.

"Alitea, listen to me: I vowed myself to God for your sake, and through all suffering I have kept them faithfully, using my power for the good of my brothers. But I have found the God of the Christians betrayed by those who profess to believe his righteous mandates. This vessel contains all I love or care for in this world. If I leave Spain and abjure my vows, is there no reward to be hoped for, O my God?" he exclaimed, earnestly, almost despairingly. "For the suffering of a whole life, is there no relief—not even for a few years?"

"Juan—Juan!" cried Alitea, "say again that you will abjure thy vows. Let me hear you swear it—not by the God of the Christians," and she shuddered, "but by the God of our fathers."
"Allah, hear me! I abjure my vows, but faithful to thee always!"

He had scarcely finished speaking, when Alitea fell upon his neck. These two faithful, suffering hearts were rewarded at last. In leaving Don Delascar's house, the subterranean passage had not been touched, and before embarking, Pedralvi and a few trusty

fellows had in the night explored the cavern, and the ship which bore them to the hospitable shores of England bore vast treasures there, too.

Once on these shores, two weddings were celebrated—Juan and Alitea, Juniata and Pedralvi. Overwhelmed with riches, they lived happily together. No regret for their country, the scene of so many dangers and sufferings, ever came to cloud their peace.

Ribeira and the Duke d'Uzede never could forget the unknown monk who foiled them in all their designs. Every endeavor to find him was made, but their search was useless, and one at least of the two men, the ungrateful son and traitor, carried his fear of the upright, truthful monk to his grave.

THE END.

[Back numbers of Ballou's Pictorial, containing the previous chapters of this story, can be had at our office of publication, or at any of the periodical depots.]

PHILANTHROPY OF COMMON LIFE.

There are those who, with a kind of noble but mistaken aspiration, are asking for a life which shall, in its form and outward course, be more spiritual and divine than that which they are obliged to live. They think that if they could devote themselves entirely to what are called the labors of philanthropy, to visiting the poor and sick, that would be well and worthy—and so it would be. They think that if it could be inscribed on their tombstone that they had visited a million couches of disease, and carried balm and soothing to them, that would be a glorious record—and so it would be. But let me tell you that the million occasions will come—ay, in the ordinary paths of life, in your houses and by your firesides—wherein you may act as nobly as if all your life long you visited beds of sickness and pain. Yes, I say, the million occasions will come, varying every hour, in which you may restrain your passions, subdue your hearts to gentleness and patience, resign your own interest to another's advantage, speak words of kindness and wisdom, raise the fallen, and cheer the fainting and sick in spirit, and soften and assuage the weariness and bitterness of the mortal lot. These cannot indeed be written on your tombs, for they are not one series of specific actions, like those of what is technically denominated philanthropy. But in them, I say, you may discharge offices not less glorious for yourselves than the self-denials of the far-famed Sisters of Charity, or than the labors of Howard or Oberlin. They shall not be written on your tombs; but they are written deep in the hearts of men—of friends, of children, of kindred all around you.—Orville Dewey.

CANINE SAGACITY.

We have read many dog stories illustrative of an instinct that well nigh deserves the name of reason. We give another: A large Newfoundland dog belonged to the captain of a ship engaged in the trade between Nova Scotia and Greenock. On one occasion, the captain brought from Halifax a beautiful cat, which formed a particular acquaintance with Rover; and these two animals, of such different natures, were almost inseparable during the passage. On arriving at Greenock, the cat was presented by the captain to a lady of his acquaintance, who resided nearly half a mile from the quay, in whose family she remained for several weeks, and was occasionally visited by her friend and fellow-passenger, Rover, who seemed not a little displeased at the separation which had taken place between them. On the day, however, when the ship was to leave the port for another voyage, the usual bustle on board gave Rover a hint of what was going on, and he decided on his course of conduct without delay. He jumped on shore, made his last visit to puss, seized her in his teeth, much to her astonishment, and carried her through the streets to the quay, just as the ship was about hauling off. He made a spring, cleared the gunwale, and fairly shipped his feline friend in good order and well-conditioned, in and upon the good ship Nancy, of Greenock, and then ran to his master, wagging his tail, as if entreating that she might remain on board.—New York Sunday Dispatch.

SEBASTOPOL.

Mr. Gowen, who was at Sebastopol in November last, gives us some interesting particulars from that now famous city. The Russian government are engaged in rebuilding it. Before the siege, it was quite a populous place, containing, it is supposed, about sixty thousand persons. When Mr. Gowen was there, there were about six thousand people in the place. Several thousand laborers were then engaged upon the works, and the number was to be largely increased. The old city was famous for its narrow streets, like Boston; the new city will be built in squares, like Philadelphia. It is also said that there are restrictions against the erection of wooden buildings. The forts about the city, according to the examinations of Mr. Gowen, are only about half destroyed. Of the immensity of the warlike material scattered with so much profuseness about this celebrated spot, some idea may be formed from the fact that the Russians have already gathered over sixteen thousand tons of shot and shell, and yet they are still so thickly scattered around, that it is impossible to tread without touching them. There are, however, no dead bodies to be seen, they having been all carefully buried.—Traveller.

FIRST EFFECTS OF HEARING RESTORED.

It is amusing to watch the movements and to note the expressions of astonishment of some of those patients who are suddenly restored to acute hearing. This is most remarkable when the deafness has existed for years. The patients look around for an explanation of the unusual sounds they hear, and then the very movement of looking round rustles the dress; hearing the noise of which, they become quite bewildered. They cannot be brought to believe that the sounds they hear are natural. The noises in the streets are at first terrific. A diverting case occurred in a short and remarkable corpulent old gentleman, residing somewhere at Pimlico. He related that on leaving the house in which his hearing had been restored, he bore it pretty well, until he got into Piccadilly, when the noise of the omnibuses (every one of which he thought would be upon him) so frightened him that he started off in a run, and never stopped until he got into Green Park.—London paper.

SLANG PHRASES.

The Philadelphia North American has found a slang phrase in the pure and dignified pages of Prescott. It says:—"In describing the effect of a forced march, he uses the expression 'the horses' feet were used up,' which is pure slang, but which conveys his meaning better, probably, than any other form of words he could have chosen. In fact, it fitted so naturally in its place, and seemed so apropos, that our attention was only called to it by an 'O, Prescott!' pencilled in the margin by some hypercritical gentleman who had taken umbrage at it."

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF MESMERISM.

A young woman in Galashiels, eighteen years old, was seized twenty-three weeks ago with a severe bilious fever, which left her very weak and prostrate. Dr. Tweedie resolved to try the effects of mesmerism. (Chloroform had been used previously with only partial success.) Accordingly, after some trials, he succeeded in throwing her into the magnetic slumber. The poor girl had previously to this completely lost the power of speaking and hearing, and could only make herself understood by writing. She then fell into a kind of trance, in which she remained perfectly unconscious for several weeks, except at the will of the mesmerist operator, who gradually began to acquire an extraordinary influence over the state both of her mind and body. We shall briefly describe what we were witnesses to the other day. On entering with the doctor, the patient, who had been left in the magnetic sleep, immediately woke up, and was aware of his presence. The eyes were open and looked natural enough, while the color of the face was quite fresh and rather healthy looking. She saw the mesmerist, but no one else in the room, and no object which did not belong to or was under the influence of the operator. At this moment she was both deaf and dumb. The power of speech was first restored by passes and points on the larynx, and afterwards the deafness was removed in about five minutes, by the same process, the patient manifesting intense pain, and slightly convulsed as the senses were being restored. She now spoke freely and heard the voice of the mesmerist. He proceeded to excite various parts of the body, commencing with the under joint of the little finger. Upon this she declared she heard air vocal music. The next finger was touched, when she heard counter, and so on until the whole four fingers were excited, when she said she heard a full orchestra of male and female voices performing the several parts of air, counter, tenor and base. On being asked, she even repeated the words she thought she heard sung, although she did so with some reluctance. The upper joints were next irritated, when the same effects were produced, only the music was instrumental. Various other experiments were shown us. The elbow being irritated produced a fit of laughing. The heel gave a disposition to dance, and corresponding visions. The shoulder joint produced the idea of flowers of great variety, but none of which the patient could name. This inability to name or distinguish external or natural objects was most remarkable, both with regard to external and visionary objects. She did not know her own name, could not see a watch, unless it was the operator's, or had been magnetized by him, and even then did not know its name or use. Further experiments were tried; to the knee joint, which produced frightful images of dogs; cheekbone, of a hen and eggs; ankles, rabbits; bridge of nose, of birds, also evidently of a frightful kind, as the vision ended in screaming and terror. The moment the excitation was withdrawn from a particular part, the object fled, and not the slightest recollection of it remained on the mind of the patient. Of these extraordinary phenomena, we can pretend to give no explanation. They are evidently seated in the depths of human nature and constitution, which mesmerists are only now investigating. We merely publish what we have seen, and we think it is our duty as a journalist to make such a remarkable case known, in order that Dr. Gregory, or some experienced mesmerist, may make the above the subject of investigation.—*Border (Scotland) Advertiser.*

THE TYROLEAN MINSTREL.

The engraving on this page is from a picture drawn from the life, and represents one of those itinerant Tyrolean minstrels who roam over the whole continent of Europe, and sometimes find their way to this country, making melody and money wherever they go. The instrument on which he is playing is not very unlike a guitar in principle, but yields a greater volume of sound. He is solacing himself, while playing, with the inevitable pipe. The Tyrolese are remarkable for their musical aptitude. They possess a quick ear, and many of them have very fine voices. Vocal music is a favorite exercise with them, and the singing of whole families in the open air, in the mountains, produces a wonderfully fine effect. The Tyroleans are a brave, free-hearted race, and, like most mountaineers, ardently attached to their native country. If the Tyrolean sometimes wanders thousands of miles from his birthplace, it is only that he may obtain the means of making his home more comfortable, and of passing the remainder of his days in quiet amidst his dearly-loved hills and valleys. With this attachment to their home, there is also the will to defend it from encroachment and invasion. If Switzerland has her Tell, the Tyrol can point with pride to her Andreas Hofer, a true patriot of modern days, who roused his countrymen to arms, and amidst their stern native passes, compelled the French invaders to respect the prowess of a people nerved to desperation by the outrages of foreign foes. History has enshrined the name of Andreas Hofer, the Tell of the Tyrol, and his fame is preserved in many a mountain song. A favorite theme with these itinerant Tyrolean minstrels is the "Death of Hofer."

REMARKABLE FOUNTAIN IN FLORIDA.

Taking a narrow path, I crossed through some dense under-wood, and all at once I stood on the banks of Wakulla Spring. There was a basin of water one hundred yards in diameter, almost circular. The thick bushes were growing almost to the water's edge, and bowing their heads under its unrippled surface. I stepped into a skiff and pushed off. Some immense fishes attracted my attention, and I seized a spear to strike them. The boatman laughed, and asked me how far below the surface I supposed they were? I answered about four feet. He assured me that they were at least twenty feet from me, and it was so. The water is of the most marvellous transparency. I dropped an ordinary pin in the water, forty feet deep, and saw its head with perfect distinctness as it lay on the bottom. As we approached the centre, I noticed a jagged, grayish limestone rock beneath us, pierced with holes; through these holes one seemed to look into unfathomable depths. The boat moved slowly on, and now we hung trembling over the edge of the sunken cliff, and far below it lies a dark, yawning, unfathomable abyss. From its gorge comes pouring forth, with immense velocity, a living river. Pushing on just



THE ITALIAN MUSICIAN.

beyond its mouth, I dropped a ten-cent piece into the water, which is there one hundred and ninety feet in depth, and I clearly saw it shining on the bottom. This seems incredible. I think the water possesses a magnifying power. I am confident that the piece could not be so plainly seen from the top of the tower one hundred and ninety feet high. We rowed on towards the north side, and suddenly we perceived the water, the fish which were darting hither and thither, the long flexible roots, and the wide, luxuriant grasses on the bottom, all arrayed in the most brilliant prismatic hues. The gentle swell occasioned by the boat gave to the whole an undulating motion. Death-like stillness reigned around, and a more fairy-like scene I never before beheld. So great is the quantity of water here poured forth, that it forms a river of itself large enough to float flatboats laden with cotton. The planter who lives here has thus transported his cotton to Saint Mark's. Near the fountain we saw some of the remains of a mastodon which had been taken from it. The triangular bone below the knee measured six inches on each side. The Indian name of the fountain, Wakulla, means "The Mystery." It is said that the Spanish discoverers sprang into it with almost frantic joy, supposing they had discovered the long-sought "Fons Juventutis," or Fountain of Youth, which should rejuvenate them again.—*Putnam's Magazine.*

THE SOCIETY OF POISONERS.

A writer in the London Medical Times discloses a state of society in the empire of Brazil that is startling, and which, if his statements are reliable, betray a knowledge of the subtleties of chemical science among a semi-savage people unprecedented in the annals of the Borgias. He says:—"Every practitioner in Brazil knows that under the name of *feitico* (a Portuguese-African word, embracing the idea of charms, philters, poison, when administered in certain forms), poisoning is frequently practised, and so expert are its administrators that diseases of many varieties are simulated, and every possible gradation of time may be occupied by the poison to produce its effect, so that the victim of *feitico* may apparently succumb to a lingering marasmus or a violent colic. Such art, and the dexterity with which it is practised, imply an appropriate education, and the possession of much and exact traditional knowledge, by the negroes; and it will be more easily accredited that it is so, when it is known that in some parts of Brazil (and I speak with special reference to the interior of the province of San Paulo, where I now reside), there exists among the slave population a secret fraternity, analogous to the society of

Thugs of India, who also consider it a discharge of a religious obligation to murder annually a certain number of persons—chosen, however, always from among the blacks themselves, and rarely or never from the families of their masters. In this society there are several grades; and the fitness of the aspirants to become acquainted with the more esoteric doctrines is supposed to be tested by the ability with which they cause one or more deaths—often their own nearest relatives being selected, the better to prove their firmness. Here, however, poison has replaced the cord of the Thug. A not unfrequent mode of administering it is by a pinch of snuff; and there is one most authentic case of death in this way produced on the intended assassin himself, which occurred in the centre of this province. Mesmerism, which is practised by the adepts, also, it is supposed by some well qualified to judge, enters much into their means of exhausting vitality. It is a singular fact that many, dying lingeringly, will often pertinaciously assert that such one of their fellow-slaves is murdering them, alleging as a reason that nightly they dreamed of him, and the subsequent confession of the accused not unfrequently justifies the accusation. May we not explain this by the supposition that a partial reminiscence is left of the mesmerist processes to which, during sleep, they are subjected?"—*New York Dispatch.*

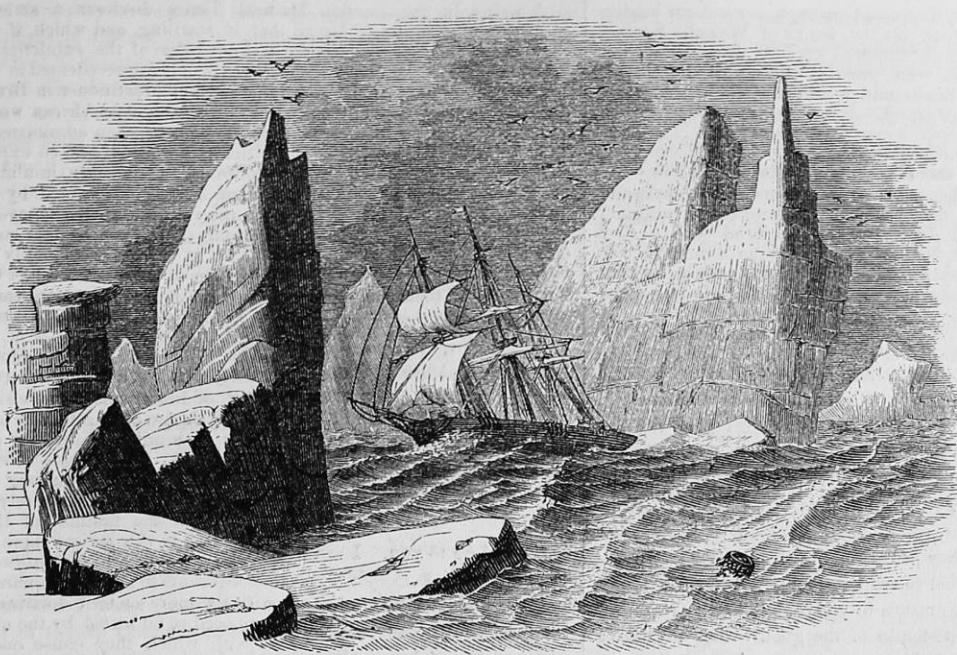
GEORGE IV.

But what of London in 1824? King George IV. was then on the throne, and though he was shy of showing himself in public, I chanced to see him several times, and once to advantage—at Ascot races. This was a royal course, and brought together an immense crowd of the nobility and gentry, as well as an abundant gathering of gamblers and blacklegs. For more than an hour his majesty stood in the pavilion, surrounded by the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of York, the Marquis of Anglesea, and other persons of note. He was a large over-fat man, of a rather sour and discontented countenance. All the arts of the toilet could not conceal the wrinkles of age, and the marks of dissipation and dilapidation. His lips were sharp, his eyes grayish blue, his wig chestnut brown. His cheeks hung down pendulously, and his whole face seemed pallid, bloated and flabby. His coat was a blue surtout, buttoned tight over his breast; his cravat, a huge black stock, scarcely sufficient to conceal his enormous, undulating jewel. On his left breast was a glittering star. He wore a common hat, the brim a little broader than the fashion. But for the star, and the respect paid to him, he might have passed only as an over-dressed and rather sour old rake. I noticed that his coat sat

very close and smooth, and was told that he was trussed and braced by stays to keep his flesh in place and shape. He was a dandy to the last. The wrinkles of his coat, after it was on, were cut out by the tailor, and drawn up with a needle. He had the gout and walked badly. I imagine there were few among the thousands gathered to the spectacle who were really less happy than his majesty—the monarch of the three kingdoms.—*S. G. Goodrich's Reminiscences.*

STRONG BELIEVERS.

Luther was a tower of strength, because his whole trust was in the Lord. Baxter was a burning flame, because he lived hard by the mercy seat, whereon the glory dwelt between the cherubim. Whitfield was "the voice of one crying in the wilderness," because like John, his cry was, "Behold the Lamb of God!" Chalmers foamed like a cataract, because the deep rapids came rushing down upon him from the everlasting mountains. Hall's words were molten in the furnace where his faith was tried with fire. These were great preachers, because they were strong believers, because they loved the truth, kept their heart with diligence, and walked in the light of heaven. There is no age in which such preachers would not have power.—*Eclectic Review.*



FLOATING ICEBERGS.

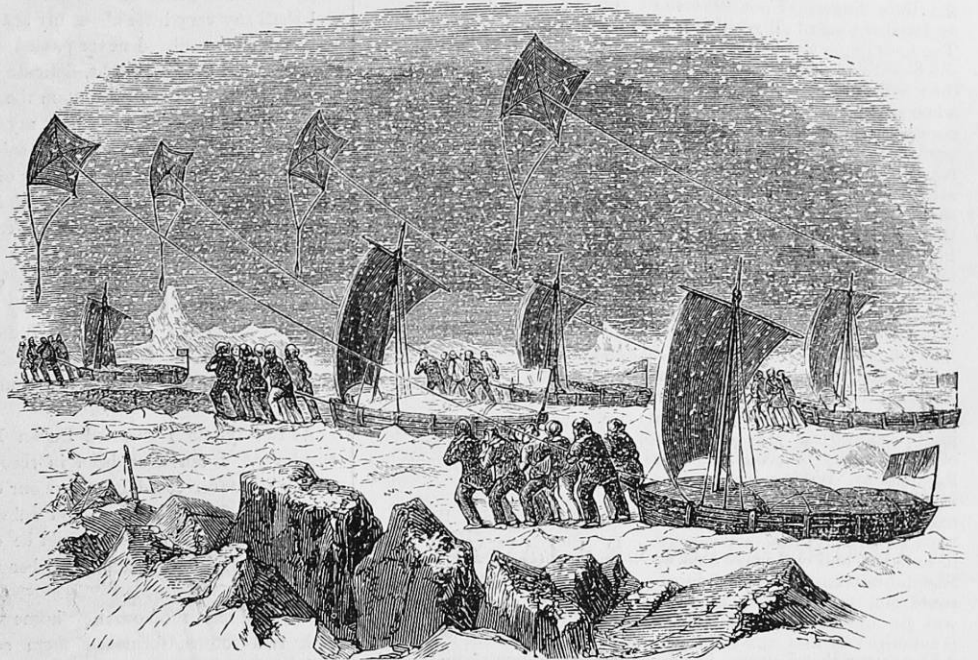
SARGENT'S "ARCTIC ADVENTURE."

The extensive perusal of Dr. Kane's fascinating volumes has excited a general desire in the public mind to know more of the history of Arctic adventure and exploration. Curiosity is awakened as to the previous parts of a history, of which Dr. Kane's book is the sequel. The want has been met, and the demand well supplied in the appearance of an elegant duodecimo volume, of some five hundred pages, published by Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston, and bearing the following title: "Arctic Adventure by sea and land, from the earliest date to the last expeditions, English and American, in search of Sir John Franklin; with maps and engravings. Edited by Epes Sargent." After giving a full and clear account of the adventures and discoveries of the earliest Arctic navigators—of Cabot, Fro-bisher, Davis, Barentz, Hudson, Baffin, and

himself of in giving animation and interest to his book. How extraordinary is it, that in the course of these searches for Sir John Franklin, the great geographical problem of the last three centuries, the existence of a northwest passage, should have been solved, and the event have excited little or no interest either in Europe or the United States! But Captain McClure, though he did not find Franklin, found what Franklin had been sent out to find—a northwest passage. Taking the Pacific route, and sailing through Behring's Strait, McClure sailed to within thirty miles of where Parry wintered when he entered Barrow's Strait from Baffin's Bay on the opposite side of the continent! Although prevented by the ice from pushing his way through, McClure satisfied himself of the practicability of the passage in favorable seasons. One of the most extraordinary incidents in the whole course of Arctic

Messrs. Childs & Peterson, of several of the admirable wood-cuts in their publication, to illustrate the text. This adds largely to the interest of the book. But there are many fine wood-cuts illustrative of other portions of the book, and of these we present some spirited specimens, for which we are indebted to Phillips, Sampson & Co., the Boston publishers of Sargent's "Arctic Adventure." These illustrations may be briefly explained. The first engraving represents a ship among floating icebergs in Baffin's Bay. An interesting description of the formation of these bergs and their detachment from stupendous glaciers is given in Mr. Sargent's work. The second engraving represents Parry's men cutting a way for the ship through a large "floe." To effect this arduous operation, "the seamen marked with boarding-pikes two parallel lines, at the distance of somewhat more than the breadth of the larger ship. They sawed, in the first place, along the path tracked out, and then by cross-sawings detached large pieces, which were separated diagonally in order to be floated out; and sometimes boat sails were fastened to them to take advantage of a favorable breeze." The third illustration represents the sledging parties over the ice under Captain Austin in search of Franklin. To facilitate movement, sails and kites were attached, and when the

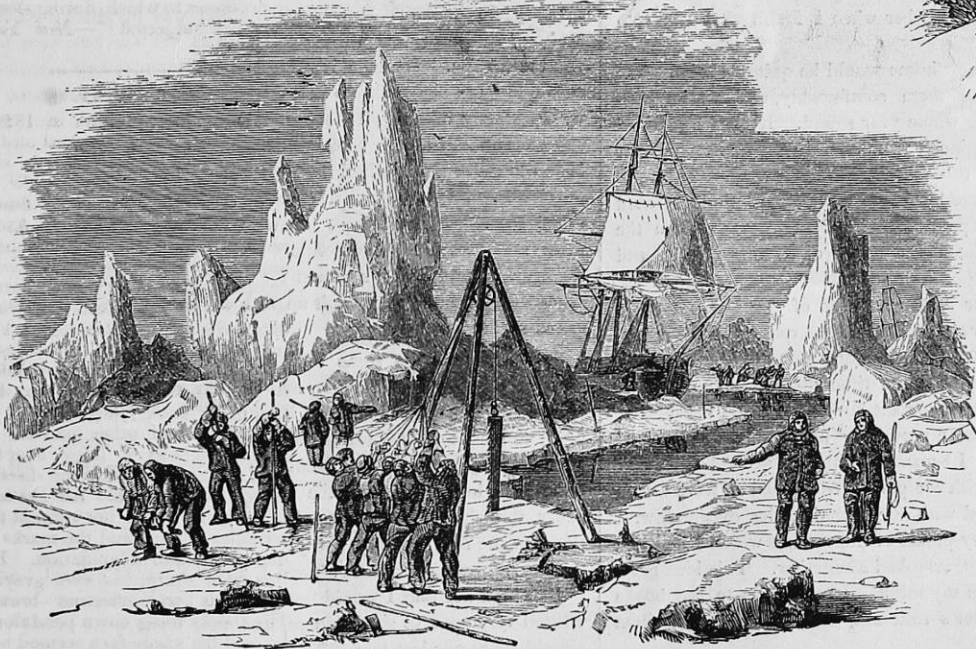
record of Christian fortitude, heroic endurance, and courage, which renders it, in a moral respect, a most useful and salutary work, and it is a deeply interesting and suggestive history, that both young and old will read with profit. The wood engravings, of which we give specimens, are neat and appropriate; and two good maps make the illustrative portion of the volume as perfect as could be wished. A feature in this work that renders it more valuable than any similar history published in this country is the clear and succinct account of the land explorations and discoveries, as well as of those by sea. It is not so generally known as it ought to be, that before he sailed on his last fatal expedition, Sir John Franklin had twice penetrated through those desolate portions of North America extending from the Hudson's Bay Company's posts to the Arctic shores. On the first of these expeditions, he and his men passed through the most remarkable sufferings, and narrowly escaped death by starvation. The second expedition was better managed and more successful. The adventures of Captain Back in his celebrated land journey, of Richardson and Rae, Simpson and Dease, and several others, give, in connection with the explorations by sea, a variety and interest to this volume, which we have rarely found in similar narratives. While



SLEDGING WITH SAILS.

wind was favorable, these did good service. The fourth engraving represents the situation of the *Terror* in Back's remarkable voyage, one of the most interesting and memorable in the whole collection. The *Terror* is, in technical phrase, "nipped" by the ice, and her prospects of getting out do not seem to be particularly encouraging; but by the occurrence of one of those sudden and inexplicable "breakings-up," familiar to Arctic voyagers, she is all at once set free, and, after many perils, enabled to make her way home, subsequently to take part in Franklin's last ill-fated expedition. We cannot dismiss Mr. Sargent's timely and interesting book without commending it warmly to adoption into every "family library" and public library in the land. It contains the pith of some thirty expensive volumes, many of them never re-published in this country. It conveys much geographical and scientific information of universal interest. It presents a

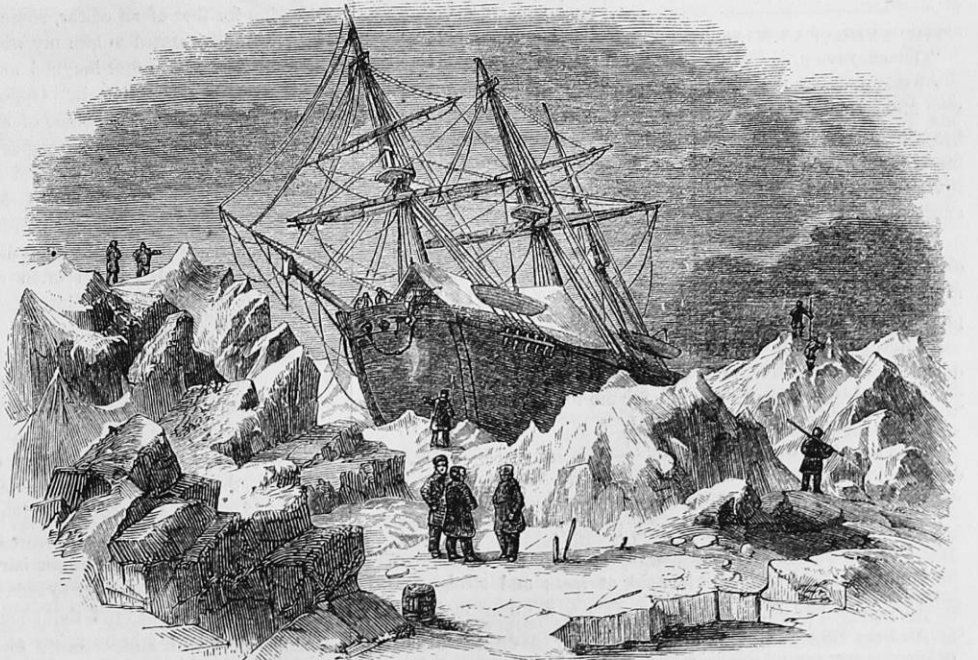
we write, we hear of new expeditions to be fitted out the present spring by the British government. It is proposed to send one by the way of Behring's Strait, one by Baffin's Bay and Barrow's Strait, and one overland. Of course, there is little hope that Sir John Franklin yet survives. He would now be, if still alive, upwards of seventy years of age. But it is conjectured that some of the crew may be found living among the Esquimaux, or that cairns may be discovered, containing records of the movements of the ill-fated navigator or his officers and men. In view of these anticipated explorations, as well as of the American Grinnell expeditions, and of the interest connected with the name of the lamented Dr. Kane, this timely work by Mr. Sargent will be eagerly sought for. It is such a work as will find a permanent place in many a select library, as one of those volumes which are entertaining and instructive.



SAWING A CHANNEL.

others,—the editor enters upon the track of the voyagers of the present century—of Buchan, Ross, Parry, Beechey, Lyon, Back, Franklin—in search of a northwest passage, and gives, not mere abstracts, but glowing, interesting narratives of the bold and remarkable explorations of these contemporaneous explorers. The land explorations of Franklin, Richardson, Back, Rae, Simpson, Dease, and others, are also narrated, succinctly but comprehensively, in their chronological order; and in this a void is supplied which exists in every other work on Arctic exploration. But without these, it will be found that the great Arctic drama is incomplete. We are glad to see that Mr. Sargent has given to these difficult land expeditions their proper prominence. Franklin's voyage in the *Erebus* and *Terror*, the mystery of which is as yet unrevealed, closes the list of voyages in search of a northwest passage; and we now enter upon the expeditions by sea and land in search of Franklin himself, and to this portion of the volume there is a remarkable dramatic unity and interest. The adventures of Ross, Kellett, McClure, Inglefield, Collinson, Austin, Richardson, Rae, De Haven, Kane,—the private explorations of Kennedy, Penny, and others,—the romantic story of Bellot, the young Frenchman, afford material which Mr. Sargent has amply availed

adventure is the unexpected meeting of McClure with Lieutenant Pym. Imagine a man who had made his way from Behring's Strait, and, after penetrating almost to the point reached by Parry, had there been frozen hopelessly in, suddenly encountering, while walking on the ice, a friend from home, who had come from vessels that had entered Barrow's Strait by way of Baffin's Bay! Had an angel of light suddenly descended, the spectacle could hardly have been more startling. The scene is described in a graphic manner in Mr. Sargent's pages. As McClure's book is just out of the press in England, and is not likely to be republished in this country, we are glad to see that Mr. Sargent has given the very pith and marrow of it in his copious narrative. Every detail of interest is preserved. McClure's voyage is incomparably the most important in its results, and one of the most interesting in its character, of any of the present century in this direction; and the value of the present work is much enhanced by the judicious use of the materials it presents. The American expeditions come in for their fair proportion of attention. An excellent account of the first Grinnell expedition is given; and, in the narrative of Dr. Kane's expedition, the editor has been able to avail himself, through the liberality of the Philadelphia publishers,



THE TERROR NIPPED.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ALONE... TO —

BY MRS FANNY E. BARBOUR.

Apart from thee, dear one, my soul
Is filled with strange unrest;
I find no peace—a haunting voice,
My constant spirit guest,
Whispers with mournful tone,
"Thou art alone!—alone!"

Night draws her veil of radiant stars
Above her lustrous brow,
And voices born of night alone
Are murmuring soft and low,
"O, weary sleepers, rest!
The night for you is blest."

Day dawns in beauty rare, and earth
Flings off the night's embrace;
While from her altars perfumes rise
To meet the sun's glad face.
He brings no joy to me,
Beloved, afar from thee.

O, rich and rare the treasured gems
The past enshrines for me;
Not all the wealth of Ind could buy
My loving thoughts of thee.
Thou hast been true, beloved,
Thy faith long years have proved.

Memory, true artist, o'er the years
Her magic colors spreads;
And though those days are gone fore'er
Old Past to Present weds.
With quickening pulse, I see
What was—and what must be.

What must be! yet the future hides
The coming wee or weal:
This only know—I, that for thee,
I only love can feel
So love I thee alone;
So lov'st thou me, dear one!

Beloved! dearest! All fond names
My heart applies to thee;
Yet not one name of all I know,
Tells what thou art to me,
My trust, my faith, my own
For aye!—I'm not alone!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A LAWYER.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

I BELIEVE that I started in life under the auspices of my father's aunt Deborah—a maiden lady of sixty-four, who, in place of the father and mother whom I never saw, alternately petted and scolded me as long as she was able. I escaped from both when I was eleven years old by running away; and although she sent me innumerable messages, when she discovered my whereabouts, to return to her, and be sent to school and fitted for college, I undutifully refused ever to go near her again.

I had "hired out" with a small farmer to do his "chores" for my board and clothes, and I staid there three years; at the end of which time my roving propensities moved me to run off from him. I had made all my arrangements, and was even mounted on the top of the Reading stage, when who should come into the tavern-yard but the farmer.

"Where are you going, boy?" he called out, in a hard and severe tone.

"To Boston, sir."

"To Boston!"

I cannot describe the manner in which he said this; but it woke up all the memories of floggings which left scars "got, I have not time to tell you now," any more than the immortal Fusbos had. He was a coarse, profane man, and he launched out into a strain of abuse which would have made my blood chill if I had been afraid of him, and bade me get down instantly and go home.

"Thank you, sir," I said, "I am engaged to somebody else."

At this moment the stage started. He ordered the driver to stop and let me down; but he drove on, and I am almost ashamed to record that I made a significant gesture, with my thumb and finger upon my very decent Roman nose, and calling out "Good-by, sir—you shall hear of me some day," I went off in the exultant triumph of freedom.

I was delighted with the fine prospect which I enjoyed in my elevated seat. The driver was very kind to me, refusing to take my money for the whole journey, and offering to find me a stopping-place in the city.

At that time there was a very old house in Howard Street, now demolished, in which a Mr. Jones kept boarders for a number of years. Here he stopped the stage for me to get down.

"What shall I do, driver?" said I.

"Just ring that bell, my lad," he answered, "and somebody will come and let you in."

I looked up to the top of the door.

"I don't see any bell, sir," I said, timidly.

The man burst into a broad laugh.

"Pull that knob, greeny!" he said, at last; and straightway I pulled it again and again, until Mr. Jones, a queer looking old fellow, with one leg, and a dilapidated eye, came to the door, and ooked daggers out of the remaining orb of vision, upon the luckless wight who had broken his bell wire.

"Let that youngster stay with you and Ma'am Jones till I come up to supper," said the still laughing driver—and I staid.

Ma'am Jones was a lady that would have made a fine companion for Daniel Lambert. Sheltered beneath her capacious wing, I could bid defiance to little Mr. Jones, who dared not attack anything which his wife might take a fancy for petting. The old lady liked me very much; and this knowledge, together with the daily sight of my friend, the driver, kept me contented and happy through the winter. I scoured knives, and performed quite a series of similar dignified labors every morning; but when boys of my own age were round, I sometimes thought, while looking at their good and respectable clothing, that it would not have been a very bad plan for me to have accepted Aunt Deborah's offer of sending me to college.

An opportunity offering to go to sea, I prepared to go, despite the entreaties, and even tears, of the fat landlady. When she found me determined, she provided me with everything needful for the voyage, hugged me to her capacious heart, and bade me godspeed. Jones, who was so angry because I staid there, was still more so when I went away; and in his wife's absence, taunted me with my new clothes, which he more than half suspected came from her, although they passed as the stage-driver's gift.

The servants all assembled to see me go away, and their hearty "Good-by, Sam!" "A safe return to you, old fellow!" was probably more sincere than nine-tenths of the good wishes that have been spoken to me since that time.

I shall say very little about my sea-life. It did not answer my expectations at all. I never passed a day without intolerable seasickness, and being a slight, delicate boy, the captain advised me as a friend to stay in future upon the land. Going on shore, the mate stepped forward and shook my hand, saying:

"Well, Sam, you have killed a sailor, after all."

I did not then know the meaning of this phrase; but when I got back to the old house in Howard Street, my friend, the driver, repeated it, and from him I got the explanation of the term.

I could not go back to the kitchen work again after my voyage, so I looked out diligently for some employment. An advertisement in the paper for a printer's boy caught my eye, and I applied and was received. Here I was quite happy. I made myself a favorite in the office, and fortunately succeeded in learning the business so that my services would always command a fair remuneration.

At twenty-one I married Susan Russell, the daughter of my employer. I am thus brief in recording this, because by no alchemy whatever could I convert our old-fashioned and matter-of-fact liking for each other, and subsequent union, into anything like romance. The whole might be compressed in a single sentence. I liked her, and married her when I found that she also liked me.

My description of our new home would be quite as brief. We took two rooms, furnished them comfortably, and Susan kept them shining like silver the whole year round. If ever I enjoyed true, real, unremitted happiness, without care or anxiety or fear for the future, it was in those days. What peace we enjoyed! Our two eldest children were born here, and then our limits seemed too small; but it was real pain to both of us to move from the snug abode which had been the scene of so many calm and peaceful hours.

We removed to a cottage in the suburbs of Boston; not those miniature cities which now rise up beside the venerable Tri-mountain, but a small and obscure village, since risen to the size and importance it deserves. About the time that we removed, and were quietly settled, a very important law case was on the docket, and when it came on we were very busy printing the reports of the trial as it progressed. I became intensely absorbed in it; not so much from sympathy with the parties concerned as from a feeling that, were I acquainted with the technicalities of the law, I could seize upon very many points of importance which I believed the prisoner's counsel had overlooked altogether. This idea grew stronger and stronger upon my mind. I had access to law books which were in my employer's sanctum, and I pored over them sometimes all night long.

Mr. Russell had been bred to the law, but had relinquished his profession for that of an editor, some years before the birth of my wife. I frankly stated to him my wishes in regard to fitting myself for the bar. He first laughed at, then seriously tried to dissuade me from attempting it. Opposition only strengthened my purpose, and I entered the office of an eminent lawyer, who overlooked my deficiencies in some respects, in consideration, as he was pleased to term it, of the talent and acumen which my replies to his questions displayed.

I now wrote for the journal I had been accustomed to print, and with such secrecy that Mr. Russell did not find out who his new contributor was. He would often wonder, in my presence, who it could be, and ascribed to him a degree of talent and brilliancy of expression such as I had hardly hoped to deserve. He often, too, imputed my articles to — and —, then the two leading writers of the day, and expressed his opinion that they would not remain incog. a great while. This flattery pleased me, but I did not allow my vanity to lead me into betraying myself. Through a third party, I received a larger compensation for my labors, certainly, than I should have done had my wise father-in-law mistrusted who was his correspondent.

I studied hard, and had at length the inexpressible satisfaction of being admitted to the Suffolk bar. I took an office with another young lawyer, in order to reduce our expenses, and waited anxiously for the first brief that should be offered.

Poor Susan! My heart aches at the remembrance of certain privations to which, with angel sweetness, she submitted at this period, in order that I might appear respectable. My contribu-

tions to various literary journals barely gave us the means of subsistence; and I had so nearly offended Mr. Russell by slighting his advice that I dared not apply to him for assistance.

One day, in passing from our suburban residence to the city, I met my old landlady, fat Mrs. Jones. She looked at me hard, and I returned it. There was no mistaking that good honest countenance and expressive form, even when draped as it was in the deepest mourning. A widow's ample veil hung over the back of her head and nearly swept the street. The recognition was mutual, and the old lady's raptures at finding me were almost too strong for outdoor exhibition. She told me of poor Jones's death, and of their removing to the country when the old house in Howard Street was torn down.

"And now," she said, plaintively, "I am alone in the world."

"Come and live with me," were my first words. "You gave me a home when I was a lone child."

I stopped, for the thought pressed back upon me that I was poor and unable even to maintain my own family. A strange smile flitted over the face of my friend, while she inquired my situation. I told her, and described my wife and children. She said:

"I will go to you. I can help your wife enough to pay for my board."

I was almost dismayed at what I had done, when I considered the immense appetite which I had inconsiderately offered to supply, and which I well remembered of old. But I clung to my bargain, and begged her to come immediately.

"You will find us in rather close quarters," I said, "but you shall come and be welcome."

We agreed that she should be there the following Monday, and I went home to Susan, whom I met with rather an embarrassed air. She looked at the matter more philosophically than I had expected, and prepared her best chamber for Mrs. Jones's reception, heroically carrying in many little conveniences of which we had no duplicates. My relation of Mrs. Jones's former kindness to me, and my description of her present lonely and widowed state, made Susan shed tears. She promised to do everything in her power for the forlorn woman whom she thought would now be thrown upon me for maintenance and upon herself for companionship.

Mrs. Jones arrived on Monday morning, carpet-bag in hand, and followed by a handcart, bearing her old-fashioned and somewhat dilapidated hair trunk. We received her kindly, and she seemed pleased and happy when she sat down to Susan's simple but excellent dinner. The children were attentive, and kept passing the food near to the new guest.

A fortnight passed away, and we began to feel that we could scarcely do without Mrs. Jones. She was invaluable as an assistant to Susan, and in marketing for us her services were beyond all praise. We gave her our slender purse every morning, as she thought she could do better with it than we could; and it was perfectly amazing to see the loads of provision and the superior quality of the same which she obtained. Susan and I began to think that we had been grievously cheated in our former purchases. So, when our wardrobe imperatively called for additions, Mrs. Jones would go out with the money for a sixpenny print, and return with something really handsome and valuable for my wife, and a nice remnant for the little Kitty, and then would sit down and make them both up with all the skill of an experienced mantua maker.

Susan handed me some bills, one day, that she said were left there by a collector, including one for our rent, and one for the last suit of clothes which I had been unwillingly forced to buy in order to keep up a respectable appearance. My countenance fell some degrees, I fancy, for I had no money to pay them. Mrs. Jones was bustling round the dinner table, and she said, rather sadly, that she felt that she ought not to be living upon us, and perhaps she had better go away.

"Never, my good friend!" said I, and "Never!" echoed Susy.

I assured her that I would not listen to her leaving us—that I trusted very soon to get business, and that come what would she should share our last loaf. The good old soul hugged us both at once, and then settling her cap and wiping her eyes, she went quietly back to her work. After dinner she went out, but we reiterated our injunctions that she should not seek another home as long as she could put up with ours.

I called round in the evening at the various places from whence I had received the bills. To my utter surprise, the answer was that they had all been settled. I inquired by whom, but no one could recollect. They were all cancelled on the various books. I was thoroughly amazed, for I knew no one but Mr. Russell who could do it for me, and hardly believed it of him. Susy was as surprised as myself, but she rather inclined to the belief that it was her father, so I quietly let her indulge in her pleasant belief.

We got through the summer, but the winter was coming on, and I actually trembled at its approach. Industrious as I was—prudent as Susy had ever been—we could not hope to win through the cold season without both suffering and toil, and with debt superadded.

I had been at the office all day, on one gloomy time in November, anxiously debating whether I should not go back to printing again. I considered all the whys and wherefores, counted the costs again and again, and by the most careful arithmetic I could not find that the change would benefit me a single sou. I was toiling unremittingly now, and I should have to do so if I returned to printing, and with scarcely so much success as now. I became heartily discouraged at the prospect before me. Had I been alone in the world I could patiently have borne it. Suffering and privation brought no terrors to me individually, but the thought of those who were dear to me at home unmanned me. And darker

the prospect, the more I shrunk from allowing Mrs. Jones to feel that she was a burden upon us. No—come what might, the good old soul should not be removed from the circle in which she seemed to have placed all her happiness. She should live with us as long as she lived at all, and if we were reduced to beggary, why, we would beg for her too.

I started up and paced the office with an impatient step. It may seem strange that a strong, healthy man should be so powerless as I was to procure a living for my family; but so it was. It was growing dusk, and I felt it was near my time to go home. I had intended sending some fuel to my house, but I was disappointed in some money that a certain publisher of a daily paper was owing me, and I now dreaded that there was darkness on the hearth at home. I was just locking up, when a boy came up to me with a folded paper. I read it under the lamp post. It ran thus:

"Come to No. — Tremont Road, at six o'clock."

I saw no alternative but to do as I was asked. The boy was gone, so I could make no excuse; and I walked over the damp leaves that lay crushed upon the sidewalk, which the November blast had shaken that very hour from the trees. I went over the ground rapidly, for I wanted to learn the errand and be away.

I rang at the number designated. It was a good brick house, with substantial granite steps, a well-lighted vestibule with glass doors, and I could see that the whole front was well supplied with gas. I heard little feet scampering through the hall, but as the doors were of grooved glass I could see nothing.

A servant came to the door, and waited on me to a handsome drawing-room, with plain but new and good furniture. I waited in curious speculation for some minutes. There had been no plate upon the door, so I could not even tell the name of the person wishing to see me. I was standing before the chimney-piece examining a picture, when a little child ran into the room. It was so like little Kitty that I would have called her so had not the pretty embroidered robe and silk apron looked so different from our children's plain clothes. But another little head was peeping in at the open door, and that was like little Charley, only for the scarlet frock and neat gaiters; and then the two made a long rush across the floor and ran into my arms, while slowly and majestically, sweeping along in her ample crapes and bombazines, came portly Mrs. Jones, and behind her, Susy, smiling and blushing like the dawn. I think I had a womanly feeling come upon me just then. I felt a sort of faintness, and I passed my hand across my eyes to be sure that I was awake. Susy laid her hand on my shoulder.

"You owe it to our kind friend here," she whispered. "She has been trying you deeply."

"Trying me?" I said, aloud.

"Yes, my good friend," said Mrs. Jones, herself, "I was rich, and had no one about me but selfish and interested people who all wanted my money. I have long owned this house, and lived in it when I met you first; but a thought, suggested by your invitation to go to you, induced me to try whether you would keep me if I had happened to be poor, and I am abundantly satisfied with the result. We made money at that old house in Howard Street, which no one but ourselves ever knew of, and I always intended to find you out and make you my heir. I had, however, rather that you would enjoy my property while I can have the pleasure of seeing you; so I invite you to return my visit. You will find a handsome office, well fitted up for you in Court Street, when you go down town to-morrow morning. The boy who will wait on you has the key of the door, but here are the keys of your desk and library."

I declare to you, reader, the generosity of this woman unmanned me more than the disconsolate thoughts which had haunted me the whole afternoon. It seemed too good to believe, and when we walked out to the dining-room, and sat down to a supper at which no expense was spared, I could only look from one to the other and wonder if I was in a dream.

I took possession of my grand office the next day. Briefs poured in upon me, for who will not require the services of a rich lawyer, and who wants those of a poor one? I rose rapidly, and am still standing in high places. I speak it with reverence, I owe it all to a woman.

We bought the cottage with its little garden, and we go there in summer and play poverty there again for a few of the hottest weeks. We have four children now, and Mrs. Jones pets them all. She is now trying to have me seek out my old Aunt Deborah, and perhaps I will. The old farmer, too, I intend now that he shall "hear from me."

LITTLE ANGEL'S FEAST IN CHILI.

When a child dies not exceeding three or four years of age, its parents do not lament or grieve for it, which they would consider heresy. As soon as the child commences to suffer the agonies of death, its parents make preparations for feasting it. The day of its death they kill the fatted calf, and all the turkeys and fowls there are in the house. They also buy a barrel of Mosto wine, hire singers and dancers, and spread the report that Don So-and-so will celebrate the Little Angel. When the child is dead, it is decked with flowers of all kinds, its face is smeared with crimson, and it is then seated on a table to preside and authorize the feast. The Little Angel I saw was adorned just as I have described it: moreover, that the child may appear alive, they place two small sticks between the eyelids, the eyes remaining thus forcibly open. At the arrival of the singers, revellers, and dancers, the feast commences, and very soon it is converted into the most furious, licentious, and unbounded carousal. The parents encourage and stimulate the revels; and the more the father drinks and encourages the company, so much more glory will the Little Angel enjoy in heaven. The parents do not give this feast with the sole object of celebrating and increasing the glory of their Little Angel. The carousal helps them to sell their beef, cazucla, chanchito, arrollando, cider, and the Mosto; and after twenty-four hours find that they have made a clear profit of twenty or thirty dollars.—*Tour in Chili.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SAILOR BOY'S HOME.

BY THOMAS PATTON, JR.

Hail, home of my boyhood, my beautiful home!
Thou wilt rise up before me wherever I roam—
The heavens' stormy tempest, the waves' angry roar,
Cannot veil the bright vision I see evermore.

Our noble ship glides o'er the rolling blue tide,
Where the navies of earth in their majesty ride;
Their mightiest grandeur my eye cannot see,
For aught else save my vision is nothing to me.

The clouds of the sunset, with purple and gold,
Will change their thin vapors to fancy's bright mould;
And fantasy, heated, will fill up the scene
With images strange as the brain's wildest dream

I see in the drama the home of my youth,
Resplendently lovely, as gem-drops of truth;
O, could some kind fairy invest me with wings,
I'd fly to that region where such pleasure springs.

When the battling elements rise in their wrath,
And through the dark canopy thunderings crash,
When the night-howling tempest envelopes the shrouds,
And drives the mad vessel through gathering clouds—

Then vivid as lightning the picture will rise,
Proportioned in beauty to greet my glad eyes—
The home of my boyhood, my beautiful home,
It will rise up before me wherever I roam.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A FRONTIER REMINISCENCE.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

Most Americans, if the characteristic can be confined to any particular nation, have a fondness for old battle-fields and relics of ancient wars. It is certainly a commendable spirit which leads us to fields where our ancestors have fought for privileges which are bequeathed to us, and since we have no unjust wars recorded in our history, I see not why this spirit of affection for scenes of wars long past should not be encouraged. The following incident, although well known to the inhabitants of the section of country where it occurred, is unknown to many who take an interest in everything pertaining to our wars; no excuse, therefore, is needed for its relation.

Probably no river of its length, or of thrice its length, has witnessed more warlike scenes than the Niagara. Upon its banks were fought the battles of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane and Fort Erie, in the war of 1812; and its waters reflected at that time the conflagration of numerous villages. Many dark and mysterious tales of savage ferocity are told by survivors of that period, but more terrible are those which are buried forever with the dead. Tradition has given us many of them, among which is the one I am about to relate, which might well be called the frontier tragedy.

The banks of the river above the cataract are almost entirely level with the water, but below it they are tall, steep and craggy. About three miles below the falls is a locality which has received the appropriate name of the Devil's Hole. It is an immense chasm, yawning from the river to the highway, and forming a frightful looking pit, well suited to its name. Upon the sides the bank takes the form of an enormous perpendicular wall, probably two hundred feet in height. The whole aspect of the place is one of horror, and the waters of the river rush wildly past as if anxious to escape quickly from a place fraught with the associations of this remarkable Devil's Hole.

It was upon a pleasant morning during the old French war that a company of British and colonial troops were on the march just below this locality. They were several hundred in number, and were accompanied by heavy army wagons. They presented a fine martial appearance: their polished gun-barrels and bayonets reflected the rays of the sun, and their regimentals shone with brilliant light. So, at least, thought an Indian as he cautiously peered out from behind the trunk of a huge oak and admired the warlike array. He once half raised a long musket which he carried, as his eye fell upon the officer on horseback at the front, but he dropped his hand, and having hastily glanced at the cumbersome provision wagons in the rear, he disappeared as noiselessly as he had come. But all unconscious of the proximity of any foe, the troops marched on, inspirited by the music of fife and drum. Several horsemen rode in the rear, one of whom was mounted on a powerful mare, which showed restiveness at the slow pace which her rider compelled her to take. The individual mounted upon her was named Stedman, and was in charge of the wagons. But one other claims our especial attention—the drummer boy, who plied his sticks with a will and stepped as quickly as his comrades to the lively tune which the captain had ordered to be played. And still they marched on, the drum and fife playing, unknown to them, their funeral march.

They had now reached the spot described before, and the light of the sun was shut out from their view by the tall trees which lined the path. Their shadows fell into the dismal pit and rendered it still more darksome. The woods formed a complete semi-circle round the gulf, and just beyond ran a little creek. The men pressed hastily forward to obtain a draught of its waters, little thinking that they would never reach it. Suddenly a tremendous roar was heard, fires flashed from the woods and half of the troop fell in their tracks. Stunned, bewildered and confused, the remainder huddled together, or sought safety behind the wagons. From behind the trees issued scores of hideously painted

savages, howling their dreadful war-whoop and brandishing their tomahawks. Frightful indeed was the massacre which followed. The Indians flew from one victim to another, and the deadly hatchet-blow was hardly given before the scalping-knife performed its work. Amid the general rout the captain of the troop endeavored to rally and lead on his men, but he soon fell and each man looked only for his own preservation. So sudden, indeed, had been the onset, and with the usual savage cunning the ambush had been laid in a place where the victims were exposed to a murderous cross-fire before they came to closer work, that but few shots were fired by the troops.

And now commenced a horrible scene. The Indians, but one or two of whom had fallen under the scattering volley of the troop, closed round the few that remained alive, and drove them right towards the cliff. Not a blow was given by them except to urge their victims on. Steadily they pursued them, allowing not one to escape, till they reached the cliff; then the cries of their enemies were lost in the depths of the Devil's Hole. Here might be seen a poor wretch endeavoring to delay his doom by grasping the edge of the rock; soon a blow from the remorseless hatchet loosened his hold, and his mangled corpse lay at the bottom of the pit. Mercilessly they persevered till every foe was still in death.

But not yet every one. Two escaped from the general slaughter. The one, Stedman, was mounted, as we observed, upon a powerful mare. After the deadly volley was given by the savages, an Indian rushed upon him and seized the reins. Not losing his presence of mind for an instant, he cut the reins and giving the savage a severe blow with his sword he drove spurs into his horse and was borne swiftly away, unharmed by the shower of bullets which whistled past him. A curious story in relation to his escape is that the Indians believed him to be proof against their bullets, and that his horse was enchanted; and being impressed with the strangeness of his escape, made him a grant of all the land for a considerable width which he traversed in his flight.

The other escape is the most marvellous ever recorded. It was made by the drummer before mentioned. He escaped the bullets of the Indians and their tomahawks, and was forced with the rest to the edge of the cliff. Here he was seized by a muscular savage and thrown bodily over. He fell almost to the bottom, and was almost miraculously caught by the straps of his drum in a large tree. Safe and uninjured, he could hear the yells and groans far above him, and see the bodies falling past him. He descended the tree, and with much danger and difficulty made his way to Fort Niagara, and announced the news of the ambush and the destruction of the troops.

The bodies of those slain by the rifle and tomahawk were thrown into the creek; its waters were dyed blood red, and it has since received the name of Bloody Run. The great pit of the Devil's Hole still yawns as if expecting more victims, and the place retains so much of its primeval wildness that the visitor almost expects to hear the war-whoop sounded by ambushed savages as of yore. But no other sounds wake the stillness than the rattling of passing wheels and the hoarse murmur of the river, which

—“hears no sound
Save his own dashings.”

AN OLD FORT.

In Florida, the old fort formerly called St. Marks, but since the purchase from Spain, Fort Marion, is constructed of coquina stone. The following is an interesting description of it: 'This fort is just a century old, having been built in 1756. It cost immense sums of money, and is strong enough to have withstood, in its time, several formidable sieges. It is, probably, the most stupendous, and, certainly, the most interesting piece of masonry in the United States. It contains dungeons which are said to have witnessed scenes of inquisitorial atrocity, and whose floors have been stained by the bloody tyrannies of a dark and cruel age. There are, also, a chapel and numerous guard-rooms for the accommodation of soldiers within its massive walls. The whole is surrounded by a moat, which was formerly crossed by two ancient draw-bridges. Modelled after the old feudal forms of defence, each bastion is crowned by a turret for sentinals, and has an air of antiquity, bordering on the romantic, as well as being exceedingly picturesque. Over the main entrance is engraved, in solid rock, the arms of Spain, and an inscription in Spanish, which informs the stranger that the fortress was finished in 1756, when Ferdinand VI. ruled the dominions of the mother country. Don Alonzo Fernandos de Herida was governor and commander-in-chief, and the engineer of construction was Don Pedro de Brazas y Garay. It is said that, in 1819, when Florida was purchased by the United States, many of the old Spanish records, that alone could shed light upon the obscurity of the early history of this region, were conveyed in secrecy away to Cuba.—*New York Despatch.*

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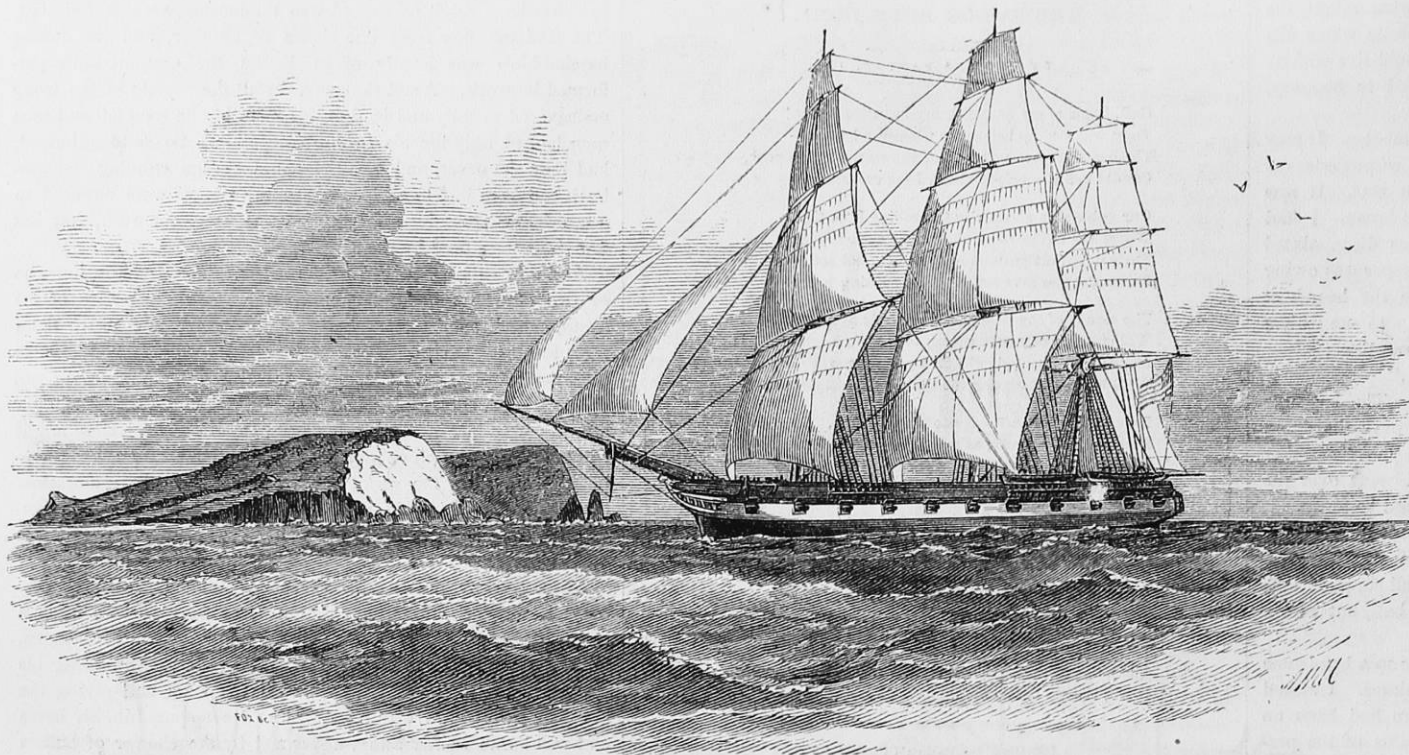
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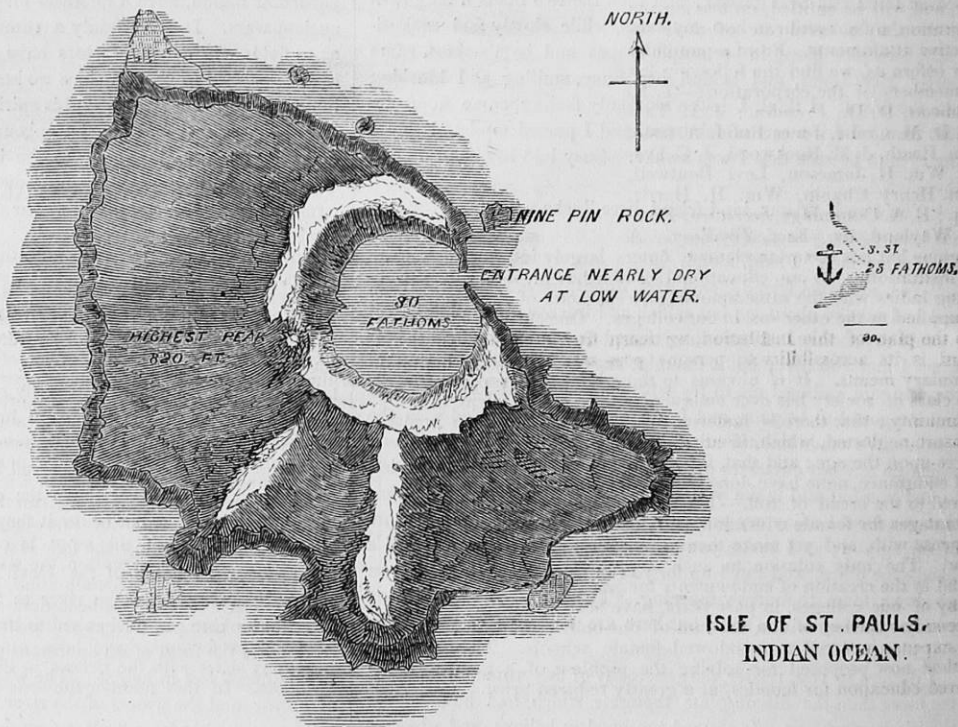
U. S. MAN-OF-WAR MAKING THE ISLE OF ST. PAULS, INDIAN OCEAN.

THE ISLAND OF ST. PAULS, INDIAN OCEAN.

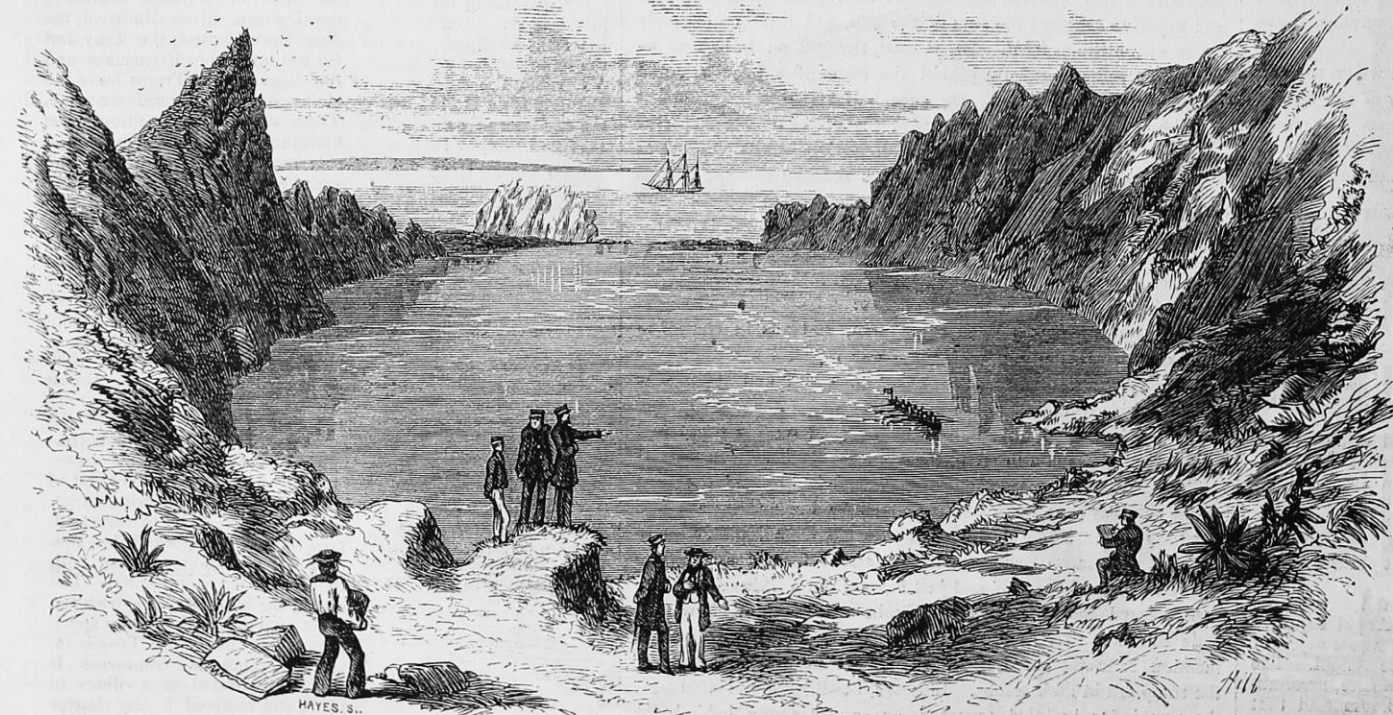
The views and map on this page, illustrating a very singular island in the Indian Ocean, were drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Hill, from original drawings made on the spot by Lieut. George H. Preble, U. S. N., and kindly placed at our disposal. The first of the engravings represents a United States man-of-war under full sail, making the island, and the last a remarkable basin within the island, a spot truly extraordinary in its character. The following description, furnished us by Lieut. Preble, taken in connection with the elegant map and drawings, will give our readers a perfect idea of this curious place: Saint Pauls is the southernmost of two islets in the Indian Ocean, distant from each other, north and south, about fifty-five miles, but situated on the same meridian. They were named by Vlaming, the Dutch navigator, in 1697, who called the northern island Amsterdam. Saint Pauls may be seen in clear weather twenty leagues (forty miles). It extends eight or ten miles northwest and southeast, and is about five miles in breadth, having a level aspect and sloping down at each extremity when bearing to the northeast. On the east side there is an inlet to a circular basin through which the sea ebbs and flows over a causeway at its entrance. A headland stands at each side of this entrance, and a rock ninety feet high, called "Nine-pin Rock" from its shape, stands at a small distance from the shore on the north side. There is not a shrub on the island, coarse grass and reeds being the only verdure seen, and a sort of turf composed by the decayed fibres of the grass and reeds and burnt very much. The basin is undoubtedly the crater of an extinct volcano. Its circumference at the water's edge is 2980 yards, or nearly one and three quarter miles. Taking the perpendicular height of the surrounding sides at 700 feet, and the angle of their inclination at 65° the circumference of the crater will be two miles and 160 yards. The depth of water, 20 fathoms or 180 feet, added to the average height, 700 feet, will make the whole depth of the crater 880 feet, and it is a pretty regular ellipsis. The entrance to this basin is only twenty-four yards wide, and is formed between two narrow causeways or ridges of rock that runs out from two peaks, which terminate the sides of the crater, one on each side. That on the right is 743 feet high, and at its foot on the causeway there is a hot spring, where the thermometer in the winter rises to 212° Fahrenheit—a heat sufficient to boil the fish caught within the basin. Sealers who have resided on the island state the weather to be fine in summer but stormy in winter. Whirlwinds sometimes tear the water from the surface of the crater, and the torrents of rain which burst over the hills, pour down them, forming deep ravines. Strong westerly gales prevail near

these islands in the winter months, with thick hazy weather. In 1793, fire was seen to issue from various crevices during the night, showing that the volcanic furnaces were only slumbering, but not then extinct. In their geographical position these islands are almost uniquely isolated. The nearest land to them—the small island of "Romeiros dor Castilhana"—being full 600 miles to the northward, while Kerguelan's land, their nearest southern neighbor, is 800 miles distant, and the Cape of Good Hope over fifty degrees of longitude to the westward and Cape Leuwuc, the southwestern cape of Australia, as much as thirty-seven degrees of longitude to the eastward of them. With the exception, perhaps, of the Bermudas and St. Helena, those twin sisters of the Indian Ocean, St. Pauls and Amsterdam are believed to be the most isolated spots on the face of the globe. I have been informed that St. Pauls has been recently colonized by a few French fishermen from the Isle of Bourbon. All ships from the United States, England or Europe, after passing the Cape of Storms, now called the Cape of Good Hope, if bound to China, steer to make either St. Pauls or Amsterdam, and having passed their position, haul up for Achein head, or the Straits of Sunda. They also lie upon the regular track to Australia. Important as an accurate knowledge of their position must be, it is rather sin-

gular that until quite recently they should have been put down on most charts in longitude 77° 54' east of Greenwich—a position near thirty miles to the eastward of their true place, as appears from the latest French survey, and the observations of other navigators, which place them in 77° 24' east. Captain Blackwood, in his survey, states the longitude of Nine-pin Rock (which is in point of fact the easternmost extremity of the harbor of St. Pauls) 77° 37' east of Greenwich, and its latitude 38° 45' south. To complete this description I send you the narrative of a person who landed on St. Pauls in 1842, and who communicated his impressions to the Boston Daily Advertiser. "Made the island of St. Pauls Saturday, Dec. 24, 1842, 5 o'clock, A. M. Came up with it at 9 o'clock. Left the ship with four men and pulled in for the shore, provided with lines, a carbine, compass and thermometer. When within three-quarters of a mile of the land, saw an immense number of fish near the surface of the water. But being very anxious to examine some boiling springs said to be on the island, we pulled in without catching any, presuming they would wait till we came out. On the right hand, previous to our entering the basin, we saw a rock, the most perfect resemblance to a sugar loaf, standing at a short distance to the eastward. The entrance is about thirty yards wide. As we went over the bar, being apprehensive the boat might ground, I kept one man sounding with the boat-hook; the least depth of water was a fathom; the bottom was rocky and covered with kelp weed. On the rocks were some small sea-gulls, something like those we have, but smaller, and with red beaks. This basin is a perfect inverted cone, about one mile in diameter, with banks from 500 to 600 feet high, rising from the water at an angle of 45°. There is no doubt of its volcanic origin, and that the basin now filled with water was the crater of an extinct volcano. The east part of the island appears to have sunk, taking with it about



ISLE OF ST. PAULS, INDIAN OCEAN.



REMARKABLE BASIN IN THE ISLAND OF ST. PAUL'S.

one-eighth of the crater; this convulsion admitted the water, and now enables us to enter. On the breakwater at the entrance, we saw steam or smoke; on landing, discovered that it proceeded from some boiling springs issuing from crevices of the rocks, about two yards from the water of the basin, and from six inches to a foot above its level at high tide. The thermometer stood at 65 degrees in the air; on immersion in one of the springs, it went up to 160 degrees, which was the extent of the scale of the instrument. I was not able, therefore, to get the temperature in this way. Seeing the fish in the water of the basin close to the spring, I attempted to kill one with my fowling-piece, on discharging which, an immense quantity of steam issued from the springs. From this circumstance I became satisfied that there was a connection between the spring and the basin. Scattered around the spring is a mineral resembling iron ore. I sent two of the men with the boat to catch a fish that we might boil it in the spring. While they were thus engaged, I climbed up the crater, taking one of the men with me; I had not gone far when my attention was called to something jumping in the grass, which proved to be a penguin; it was very tame and easily secured. One of the men now came and informed me that the fish was cooked, having been in the water ten minutes. On tasting it, I found it was perfectly cooked, and of very fine flavor. We found no fresh water on the island. Judging from the appearance of the island before landing, I should say it was 500 feet high throughout. Some idea of the quantity of fish may be formed from the fact that one of the men speared one in two feet of water. In the centre of the basin the temperature of the basin was 69 degrees, of the water 91 degrees, showing that the spring has little effect in heating the water of the basin. It being now half past eleven o'clock, I concluded to go outside and catch some fish. In eleven fathoms water four men caught, in a short time, about seventy fish, averaging ten pounds each."

FEMALE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE,
WORCESTER, MASS.

The accompanying engraving is from a drawing made for us by Mr. Kilburn, and represents the new and elegant building of the Female Collegiate Institute at Worcester, Mass. It stands on a high hill, and may be seen for many miles. When the trees planted around it shall have grown up, the situation will be very pleasant. This Institute was incorporated by the Legislature of Massachusetts in 1854. The location in Worcester was determined in July, 1855. Central in its position, communicating by railroad with every section, with a prospect of a large increase in its endowment, this institution draws to itself the interest of a large circle. It is a public institution. There will be a regular course of study, embracing a period of four years, as in our older universities. There will be, for the present, a preparatory department, specially designed to qualify young ladies to pursue the studies of the regular course. The requisites for pursuing the regular course will be a thorough acquaintance with English, Latin and Greek Grammar, *Cæsar's Commentaries*, *Sallust*, and the *Æneid* of *Virgil*, Latin Prosody, Latin composition, *Jacob's Greek Reader*, or an equivalent, and Algebra, so far as to be able to solve equations of the second degree. Young ladies who have arrived at the age of fourteen years, may pursue a preparatory course of study, subject to all the general regulations and enjoy all the privileges of the institution. Persons of suitable age and acquisitions will be permitted to select such English studies of the regular course as they may desire to pursue, not less than one year. They will be required to recite with the regular classes at least twice a day, and will be entitled, on leaving the institution, to a certificate of their respective attainments. From a pamphlet now before us, we find the following list of members of the corporation:—T. F. Caldicott, D. D., *President*; J. E. Taylor, D. M. Crane, Jones Rudd, A. Gale, Wm. Heath, J. M. Rockwood, J. C. Foster, Wm. H. Jameson, Levi Boutwell, Hon. Henry Chapin, Wm. H. Harris, Esq.; E. A. Cummings, *Secretary*; Francis Wayland, Jr., Esq., *Treasurer*. A religious but not sectarian element enters largely into the plan of the institution. As an educational establishment, it will furnish young ladies with the same amount and character of learning that is supplied to the other sex in our colleges. One element entering into the plan of this institution, we learn from a circular of the board, is its accessibility to persons possessed of but moderate pecuniary means. It is obvious to thoughtful observers, that no one class of society has ever embraced all the native talent in the community; that there is material in society hitherto in a great measure neglected, which, if cultivated, would leave its beneficent traces upon the age; and that, for enterprises demanding hardship and endurance, none have done more hitherto than those who were inured to the bread of toil. The problem proposed is, to furnish advantages for female education such as the rich cannot afford to dispense with, and yet make them accessible to the comparatively poor. The only solution to such a problem, as yet, has been found in the creation of endowments for education. By this means many of our colleges, in past years, have been able to bring their necessary expenses within the sum of one-half or of one-third of the expense incurred at unendowed female schools. This is the method now proposed for solving the problem of a greatly improved education for females, at a greatly reduced price. It is by



THE FEMALE COLLEGE, AT WORCESTER, MASS.

no means assumed that we are destitute of excellent seminaries for ladies, where an advanced course of study may be pursued and a ripe scholarship acquired. But it is felt to be a serious evil, that these facilities are afforded at so costly a rate as to remove them from the great mass of those who would gladly enjoy them. It is certain that an increased number of females are, every year, turning their attention to the advantages of what may be termed a liberal education. But with existing provisions to meet this great demand of the times, the worthy aspirations of multitudes must be checked and crushed. The highest standard of education attainable by females, is altogether too expensive to be reached under present arrangements, by more than a mere fraction of the large number whose laudable ambition can hardly be restrained from pursuing the inviting paths of knowledge open to a few, and but a few, comparatively, of the more favored ones. Hitherto, with only here and there an exception, the way has not been opened, in the liberal culture of the female mind, for "the rich and poor to meet together." Much has been done to this effect in the education of young men. Colleges and institutions in connection with the several professions, have been amply endowed, so that the poorest may share with the richest, in the advantages of the highest schools. In this manner the sons of the church have been

cared for, while the daughters of the church have been forgotten. Christian benevolence has often flowed freely, in providing for the education of young men for the ministry, and for other useful callings, but how seldom have the claims of the other sex been acknowledged in the benefactions of the Christian public, for the endowment of schools of an equally high character in respect to scholarship, to be acquired at an equally low rate. And then, how few are the endowed scholarships for females, as compared with those which have been established for the benefit of a class of persons who by no means aspire to be regarded as the "weaker sex." Such injustice might be looked for in any land, rather than our own, where the doctrine of social and civil equality is so loudly proclaimed, and the highest distinctions in society may be reached from the humblest circumstances in life.

VIEW OF UNION DEPOT, TROY, NEW YORK.

We present a view of one of the finest railroad station buildings in the United States. It is the grand connecting termini of several roads leading to every part of the country. The New York Central, the Rensselaer and Saratoga, the Troy and Greenbush, the Troy and Boston, the Troy and Albany, the Hudson River, the New York, Harlem, Albany and Troy, connect beneath its stupendous roof. The west side of the building consists of four suites of rooms, each suite consisting of a baggage-room, which is sub-divided, a gentlemen's room, ticket office, wash room, ladies' reception room, ladies' drawing and toilet room, and a passage to carriages. The suites of rooms are under the separate control of the Hudson River Railroad, the New York Central, the Troy and Boston, and the Rensselaer and Saratoga roads. Trains leave the station daily, the arrivals the same. There are ten tracks through the building. Connected with the east side is a turn-table, and wood and water apartments. The length of the building is four hundred and four feet, its width two hundred and forty feet, and it is seventy feet in height. In the principal tower are ample refreshment rooms. The end towers have offices for railroad business. A telegraph office and a news depot is connected with the building. The building is owned by the Union Railroad Company, whose road extends from end to end of the city, each of the other roads paying for use of track and depot. The whole is under the charge of Mr. A. McCoy, superintendent, who is ever on hand to direct affairs in a manner which has rendered this station popular with the travelling community. The engraving is by Mr. Goodrich, an artist of Troy, and is a fine specimen of workmanship. Troy is favorably situated for commerce. It was incorporated as a village in 1801, and received a city charter in 1816. The population in 1855 was about 50,000.



UNION RAILROAD DEPOT, TROY, NEW YORK.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

JOY HATH ITS BURDEN.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOIS.

The autumn sky is bright and fair,
Of sapphire blaze and golden light;
Dim, pearly clouds are floating there,
Like angels' dreamy robes of white.
The lofty tree-tops, crowned with gold,
Emit beneath translucent light;
While ruby garlands, climbing bold,
Suspend their gems at arrowy height.

Th' aspiring vines are nodding proud,
Their serpent coils the forest bind;
And grapes in purple clusters crowd,
Th' aroma scattered on the wind.
The forest birds—a gleesome throng—
All joyous fly from spray to spray;
Descending with a silvery song,
The limpid wave pursues its way.

And scattered o'er the gorgeous wood,
Are autumn's glorious fairy bowers—
With Jewelled Cup, and Cardinal's Hood,
And Asters' white and purple showers:
The Salidago's golden smile,
The deadly Nightshade's gorgeous dye;
While ever round them float the while,
The humming-bird and butterfly.

Th' elixir breath of ambient air
Inspires and thrills my feelings so,
I scarce can beauty's burden bear—
Pleasure 's akin to woe!
My heart is all with joy o'expressed,
The load weighs down my spirit so:
I own 'tis not in darkest hours
We feel a load like woe.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DEMON OF THE STEEPLE.

BY CHARLES W. MORGAN.

I WAS seated on a little bench, shaded from the sun, gazing in admiration at the grand cathedral. I looked in wonder at its massive columns and heavy arches, and running my eye upward contemplated in silent amazement its mighty, far-reaching spire, which, losing itself almost in the clouds, is an object of astonishment to all who look upon it. The burning sun was casting its brightest rays upon the golden symbol upon its far distant top, until it glowed like a cross of flame, pointing the way to a happier, better land.

As I bent my eyes upon it, towering so many, many feet above me, I remembered how, long years before, when as a child I had gazed on it as it blazed in the noonday sun, I had often wished that I might stand upon it, and as I, in my childish innocence imagined, overlook the world, for to me it had seemed that an object so high, as I thought among the stars, must command a view of the whole universe. Although since then years of travel had placed me on points hundreds of times as lofty, still as I kept my eyes fixed on it, and recalled the wish of my youth, the desire again came back to me to place myself there and overlook, if not all creation, at least the city and surrounding country. But I was not aware that there existed any means of reaching its apex, or if there were such facilities that travellers were ever allowed to use them, and so I supposed that I must content myself with imagining the view, instead of realizing it.

While these thoughts were passing through my mind, a movement near me attracted my attention, and looking in the direction of the sound, I saw that a lady had seated herself upon the bench quite near me and was likewise contemplating the golden cross. As I looked at her, she withdrew her attention from it and fixed her eyes on me. Large, liquid, melting eyes were they, whose effect was heightened by as beautiful a countenance as ever my sight beheld. She appeared young—not above twenty—clad in black, with curls like the raven's wing falling over her shoulders. For perhaps a quarter of a minute she looked at me in silence, then she said, in that soft, mild, indescribable voice which is so beautiful a thing in a woman:

"You would like to stand upon the cross—is it not so?"

How she had divined my wish I could not imagine, but I answered:

"Such was indeed my desire."

"I should be happy to show you the way," she said, with a sweet smile.

"And I should be but too happy to visit it under your guidance, were it not for the trouble that I should occasion you."

"The trouble is nothing, for it is my business, and I shall claim a reward for my services."

"What might it be?" I asked.

"I will tell you when we have arrived at the top," was the reply. "But come, let us hasten, for in two hours the cathedral will be closed, and the way is long and tiresome."

She arose and I followed her, wondering that I had never before seen or heard of her, and thanking my good stars that I had so angelic a guide.

We entered the cathedral, and commenced ascending a broad oaken staircase. This we followed for some time, my guide talking pleasantly all the while. Finally we halted, and she drew from her pocket a little lantern which she lighted, and we began to ascend what would otherwise have been a dark spiral, which wound up through the smaller portion of the spire. For a long, long time we went on—the stairs growing narrower and narrower—

until, after reaching a part which presented but room for the passage of one at a time, and proceeding so for a dozen steps, she suddenly threw open a little door; a stream of light poured in upon us, and we found ourselves walking out on one of the arms of the cross. Although from below it had appeared not much larger than a good sized cross which a lady would hang upon her neck-lace, yet we found upon reaching it that the narrowest part of the platform—that is to say the thickness of the cross—was some six or eight feet, thus affording us a very secure resting-place.

When I stood upon it, I did not regret the labor which it had cost me to reach it. Away down beneath us stretched the mighty city, like a map, its loftiest buildings appearing like patches upon a cloth and its moving men and women as mere specks. Beyond the city limits, stretched far away the green plains and valleys, sprinkled over with ponds and rivers, which gleamed in the sun like spots and ribbons of silver, while afar off a dusky line of mountains framed in the picture. For a long while I feasted my eyes upon it, while my beautiful chaperon pointed out to me spots of interest and renown.

Finally I concluded to descend, and then remembering what my guide had said to me in regard to a recompense, I asked her what it should be. Raising herself to her full height, throwing back from her shoulders her jetty hair, and fixing full upon me her beautiful eyes, she said, in tones as melodious as a flute:

"A kiss!"

In the course of my life I have passed through many strange scenes and listened to many strange requests, but never before had I heard a more curious one than this. A young and lovely woman to put herself to all the trouble which she had done, and then to demand as payment—a kiss!

What could it mean? Were kisses then so scarce as to be thus ardently bought, or was there some hidden meaning in her reply, or did my ears deceive me? It must be the latter, thought I, and to be certain I repeated my request. The answer was the same: "A kiss!"

Here was something which I could not solve; but if I was not able to understand it, I could at least make the required payment. What man in my situation, with all the incentives which I have before spoken of, would have hesitated a moment? I at least did not. Stepping towards her, I placed my arms about her neck and bent my head to bestow the wished-for boon. The moment I had done so I repented, for passing her arms around me just above my hips, with the strength of a Hercules she raised me from the platform, and with two steps had reached the edge. I struggled, but in vain. In another instant, grasping me still in her arms, she had thrown herself from the dizzy height. Down, down we sped. My senses reeled, my breath forsook me, and then with a force like a thunderbolt we struck the pavement, and were crushed to a bleeding, shapeless, quivering mass.

"Such," said my friend Gustave, "was the dream which last night sweetened my sleep. I am tired now, but to-morrow evening I will tell you the story which caused it, and which I had been reading in an old German book before retiring to rest. Good-night."

DESERT OF SINAI.

It is a just remark of Chevalier Bunsen, that Egypt has, properly speaking, no history. History was born on that night when Moses led forth his people from Goshen. Most fully is this felt as the traveller emerges from the valley of the Nile, the study of the Egyptian monuments, and finds himself on the broad track of the desert. In those monuments, magnificent and instructive as they are, he sees great things, and mighty deeds—the father, the son, and the children—the sacrifices, the conquests, the coronations. But there is no beginning, middle, and end of a moral progress, or even of a mournful decline. In the desert, on the contrary, the moment the green fields of Egypt recede from our view, still more when we reach the Red Sea, the further and further we advance into the desert and the mountains, we feel that everything henceforward is continuous; that there is a sustained and protracted interest, increasing more and more till it reaches its highest point in Palestine, in Jerusalem, in Calvary, and in Olivet. And in the desert of Sinai this interest is enhanced by the fact that there it stands alone. Over all the other great scenes of human history—Palestine itself, Egypt, Greece, and Italy—successive tides of great recollections have rolled, each to a certain extent obliterating the traces of the former. But in the peninsula of Sinai there is nothing to interfere from the effect of that single event. The Exodus is the one only stream of history that has passed through this wonderful region—a history which has for its background the whole magnificence of Egypt, and for its distant horizon the forms, as yet unborn, of Judaism, of Mohammedanism, of Christianity.—*Portfolio*.

THE MODEL STATE.

Maine being the "daughter of Massachusetts," and inheriting much of her institutions and habits, we may well take pride in the enviable position of our mother State. And certainly, if there be one State in the Union in advance of the rest in the cultivation of those great elements which tend at once to material prosperity, individual efficiency and moral and social elevation, that State is Massachusetts. Much of the credit is due to inherited advantages of situation and sagacious ancestry—but much more is owing to the persistent and energetic efforts of her citizens to elevate their community. Not an instrument of improvement is suffered to rust in idleness, but all—schools, literature, associations, lectures, presses, pulpits, everything—are kept in ceaseless activity, if not constant improvement. But her schools are, perhaps, her most cherished blessings. The twentieth report of the Board of Education, and the report of its secretary, George S. Boutwell, recently published, show that the impulse given to common school education by Horace Mann, is even now on the increase. Four normal schools—a greater number than in any other State—have been established, containing 322 scholars. The appropriations for the last year amounted to \$13,000. The teachers educated in them are in constant and increasing demand, and they are gradually but surely elevating the standard of teaching in the State. Is it not time that Maine also took this step for the benefit of our teachers and schools?—*Portland Advertiser*.

THE VALUE OF SCIENTIFIC MEN.

To many, the scientific men of a nation seem but drones, without practical utility, trying all sorts of impracticable experiments in their laboratories, mixing acids and alkalies, and talking learnedly on subjects far removed from practical life, but doing nothing for mankind. Solomon tells us, too, of a poor wise man who delivered a city, yet no man remembered him. If there is one sign of these times more hopeful than another, it is that scientific men are, as a class, more honored than at any former period of the world's history. James Watt, who discovered the steam engine, has enabled England, with a population of twenty-five millions, to do the work that as many hundred millions of men could not have done without. It is thus that science has created the fabulous wealth of that monarchy. She is doing the same at this moment for our own country. Who can tell the value to this nation of the life of such a man? Fulton, with his steamboats, or even above him, our own glorious old Franklin, who wrested the lightning from heaven, and the sword from the hands of tyrants? Doubtless many a man, who boasted of his own great practical business powers, smiled, if in passing he marked him, with kite and key demonstrating, in this our own city, the identity of lightning and electricity, and laying the foundation thus for those electrical telegraphs now ready to convey tidings from continent to continent round the globe in an instant. Who can calculate the value of such a man as Professor Morse to the country and to the world? The scientific man, then, is of value to the community just in proportion to the amount of labor he saves to other men while producing similar results. Liebig has increased the production of all the farms in England, by applying the principles of analytic chemistry to soils, manures, and agricultural results generally—he has been worth millions of bushels of wheat already to Europe. The scientific medical men of the country have lengthened the average of life several years. The same is true of mental science. He who has a better knowledge of those laws which enable a man at once to distinguish truth from error, can write a book which will save thousands from some popular mistake, or from years of laborious thought, enabling men to form just conclusions without delay. His empire is over the mind of man. Nor is science less valuable even in matters of religion. Moral science is but a branch of this. M. Guizot, in Paris, is at this moment urging the establishment of scientific theology in that city. Natural religion is, of all sciences, the most delightful, the most practical, and the most useful. It corrects a thousand political blunders, and is, in effect, the basis of all true legislation.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

MUSICAL TALENT AND MUSICAL GENIUS.

These are, of course, very different things, though it would be futile pedantry to pretend to draw the line between the two in all cases. The higher developments of talent and the lower developments of genius melt into each other imperceptibly. But there is an affluence about the musical faculty in Italy and Germany which forever distinguishes their musical developments from ours. Marie Antoinette one day asked Sacchini if Garat, a famous singer, was a good musician? "No, madam," replied the maestro, "he is music itself." These are unfamiliar names to the general reader of to-day, but Rubini is familiar enough. It is said of this truly great singer—who seized the most delicate shade of a composer's thought, and executed the most complicated passages without hesitancy; who gave orchestras and conductors less trouble than any man that ever sang in public, because his power of adaptation was so great, and the movement of his genius so swift and intuitive—that he could scarcely read a note of music. And this, in Italy, has not been a rare phenomenon. Ansani, who was Lablache's tutor at Naples, absolutely did not know a single note by book, and his pupils, when they wanted his instructions concerning a particular passage, had to sing it over to him till he had learnt it by heart! Davide the younger, Pasta, and others of smaller gift and fame, were in nearly the same predicament. Take the facts for what they point to, an amazing affluence of musical genius; it yet does not follow, necessarily, that these artists would not have been better for a due proportion of science. And it is the reproach of the English drawing-room that the majority of young ladies, who strum the piano and harp, do not know anything of a piece of music till they have played it. Mysterious contentment of ignorance! Pardonable to the splendid self-consciousness of Italian genius; disgraceful to the lazy mediocrity of British facility. A musical performer, professional or not, should read notes like letters, and find them quite as intelligible in their combinations.—*Boston Transcript*.

THE OSTRICH.

The cry of the ostrich so greatly resembles that of a lion as occasionally to deceive even the natives. It is usually heard early in the morning, and at times also at night. The strength of the ostrich is enormous. A single blow from its gigantic feet (it always strikes forward) is sufficient to prostrate, nay, to kill many beasts of prey, such as the hyena, the wild hog, the jackal, and others. The ostrich is exceedingly swift of foot, under ordinary circumstances outrunning the fleetest horse. "What time she lifteth up herself on high, she scorneth the horse and his rider." On special occasions, and for a short distance, its speed is truly marvellous, perhaps not less than a mile in half a minute. Its feet appear hardly to touch the ground, and the length between each stride is not unfrequently twelve to fourteen feet. Indeed, if we are to credit the testimony of Mr. Adamson, who says he witnessed the fact in Senegal, such is the rapidity and muscular power of the ostrich, that even with two men mounted on his back, he will outstrip an English horse in speed! The ostrich, moreover, is long-winded, if I may use the expression; so that it is a work of time to exhaust the bird. The food of the ostrich, in its wild state, consists of seeds, tops, and various shrubs and other plants; but it is often difficult to conceive how it can manage to live at all, for one not unfrequently meets with it in regions apparently destitute of vegetation of any kind.—*Anderson's Africa*.

THE HUMAN RACE.

Dr. Hitchcock, the eminent geologist, said in a discourse delivered by him in Albany, that geological science places man among the most recent of created things. We find the surface of the earth (says Dr. H.) composed, to the depth of some eight or ten miles, of rocks. These rocks are full of the remains of animals and plants. Thirty thousand species of them, which differ from any living species, have been disinterred, yet no human remains are found among them, until the loose soil—alluvium—is reached, which soil is universally acknowledged to be of recent origin. The remains of other animals are found several thousand feet below the surface, while the fossil remains of man have never been found so low as one hundred feet below the surface. But, if man had been in existence when these other animals lived, his remains would also have been found there; for his bones are of the same structure as theirs, consequently no less likely to resist destruction.—*Christian Advocate*.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A SCOTTISH TALE OF THE BORDER.

BY MRS. J. D. BALDWIN.

ON the memorable 24th of July, 1745, Charles Edward, with but seven followers, landed at Loch Laccart, where he was speedily joined by the brave and powerful chiefs, Lochiel, Murray, Gordon, Keppock, Elcho, and the Glen Berrier house of Douglas, with their retainers. Apprised of his landing, the Lowland general, Sir John Cope, at the head of a considerable army, marched against them; but just as the hostile armies met, the Lowlanders, who had shown great determination to hew down every Highlander who would presume to venture near Stirling fortress, fled ignominiously at sight of a small detachment of Lochiel's Highlanders, levelling their cross-bows at them. As they knew that the forces of Gordon and Murray were too near Edinburgh for them to dream of refuge there, Cope's gallant army galloped furiously through the city, nor slackened rein till they had prudently placed twenty miles between them and Stirling. This cowardly flight of the organized troops served but to set the example to the city guards, who, inexperienced in military duties, showed, as did a straggling body of militia, by their irresolute looks, that, should the Gordon banner heave in sight, they would not hesitate to follow Cope's example,—fling their muskets down and betake them to flight.

The confusion and horror reigning through the militia ranks were not likely, it may well be imagined, to allay the fears of the inhabitants, who with consternation in their countenances, fled for safety to the town hall, where the city magistrates and public functionaries were consulting as to the feasibility of at once opening the city gates to the Highlanders, or endeavoring to protect them to the utmost of their ability. Soon the assembled worthies were thrown into consternation by a score of burghers, who, hearing the clatter of hoofs on the pavement of the High Street, fled, shouting:

"They hae come! The Pretender an' a' the Kilties! an' we'll a' be kilt, an' Embro sacked! Oeh, gude sirs—surrender!"

At this piece of startling intelligence, the council, as may be supposed, were all thrown into the most lively dismay—especially as on looking from a window they descried one of their so dreaded foes urging a mettlesome charger to his utmost speed. Their panic, however, was dispelled by considering, first, that he came alone, and next, that he carried a white flag of truce in his hand. Of fine proportions, the young adjutant of Charles Edward appeared to be about twenty-four years of age. Towering in his stature above the bystanders who gathered round, as much as his noble cast of features and erect military mien were distinguishable above their less intellectual countenances, the young Colin Campbell arrived at the town hall. Springing from his panting steed, he proceeded at once to the senate chamber, but was stopped at the door by one of the town police, who laconically observed:

"Ye canna just go in the noo," offering at the same time to be the bearer of his despatches to the magistrates.

Without further parley the young adjutant handed him a letter directed to the council, and while it was being read, occupied himself with leisurely walking up and down the hall. Huddled closely together as if for mutual protection, our worthy burghers eyed the young chief suspiciously, ever and anon making some whispered remark, as certain points in his equipment apprised them of his rank and Highland clan. His dress, rich and simple, consisted of the national tartan plaid carefully folded across the breast, displaying the green uniform of the Jacobite house of Glen Berrier, while the Campbell's crest was cut on its massive silver buttons. A richly-wrought dirk was suspended from one side of his belt, while in the other were stuck a pair of costly mounted pistols. A dusky heron's plume was looped in his blue bonnet, while the haughty crest of Glen Berrier's lordly line was blazoned on the light targe or shield that hung suspended from his shoulder.

Doubtless the requirements set forth in the letter by the Stuart, gave high offence to our council fathers, for soon murmurs of defiance against the Pretender assailed our young hero from within, while profiting by the fact of his being alone, two valorous dragoons, eager for fame, rushed upon him, hopeful to secure the noble prisoner. Well aware, however, from the stealthy looks cast at him from time to time by the two worthies, of what he might expect if taken, he made a bound, fleet as the wild deer of his native Ben Berrier, and forcing his way through the gaping throng on the steps, vaulted lightly into the saddle before any one there ventured to oppose. Drawing its glittering scimitar from its sheath, he flung it gleaming in the sun's rays in a circle round his plumed head, and shouting the Campbell's war-cry of defiance, put spurs to his horse, retraced his way through High Street with the swiftness of the lance-fly, and was out of the reach of pursuit before any one thought of it as practicable.

Difficult would it be to portray the consternation of the city fathers during the remainder of that day, or how tumultuously many a Jacobite heart throbbed during the night that followed,— suffice it that while the worthy council still deliberated with closed doors on the line of conduct advisable to adopt towards the Bruce, the gallant Lochiel put a sudden terminus to their indecision by entering Edinburgh at the head of his clan. Dire was the alarm depicted on each countenance as the burghers ran hither and thither through the streets, when the rampant lion of Scotland on her royal standard was once more unfurled to the breeze by the gallant Marquis of Tullybardine, and Charles Edward, mounted on a richly caparisoned charger, halted beneath its weltering folds, as thousands on their bended knees took the oath of allegiance.

A month had passed, and the prince, now Lord of Edinburgh, gave a sumptuous banquet in the ancestral home of the Stuart's

kingly race—the palace of his fathers—Holyrood. Amid the grace and loveliness gathered there, none shone fairer than the young Isabel Seaton, who, though the daughter of a Lowland baronet, yet graced the palace as the niece of Lady Ogilby, one of the Stuart's staunchest adherents. Our young adjutant became enamored of this, the last and loveliest of the so long hated house of Seaton. The young people once introduced, met frequently after at Lady Ogilby's. But alas for their dream of hope and happiness! the shrill pipe was with its pibroch clang already summoning the clans to arms.

On a moonlit October evening, the now plighted lovers met in an adjacent park, at that time a fashionable drive and promenade, adjoining the grounds of Holyrood; but now the crowds had dispersed, and Isabel Seaton and Colin Campbell had come there to swear fidelity and part—she for her father's baronial mansion in the city—he for the rude camp at Duddingston.

"Alas, dear Colin, this must I fear be long kept a secret from my father, opposed as he is to the Jacobite cause."

"And why, Isabel? You will accompany your aunt to London, and once the bride of Colin Campbell, you will be among the foremost, as well as the loveliest of the bright throng who will grace St. James's when the Stuart's banner floats once more above its palace and from the keep of London's Tower, where for ages it floated before. Trust me, Isabel, the fair countess of Glen Berrier's earl will be readily forgiven by her Seaton relatives."

Thus reasoned our young adjutant,—or rather, when did ever youthful lover reason? Alas for his bright dreams! the scion of the Stuart's royal race was doomed to exile—never more to ascend the throne of his fathers.

The pibroch's shrill note had summoned each its own clan,—the wearied troops who had slept over night on the ground, disturbed by the clamor, each soldier placed himself under his chief's banner, preparatory to setting forth to the gathering. At the word of command, the living mass was set in motion—plaids fluttered and pennons streamed on the morning breeze, each bearing its chief's cognizance, making, with the waving plumes and rich habiliments of the officers, one of the most soul-stirring spectacles imaginable.

The march of a feudal army must have been an imposing sight, since, though devoid of the splendor of embroidery that a later period has given to the uniforms of the officers, still their cognizances were emblazoned on their banners and shields, while the richest dyes that the looms of France and Italy could produce, supplied the gorgeous trappings of the horses, whose housings outvied the knights' scarfs fluttering in every variety of tint on the breeze.

A beautiful sight was that battle array, as the prince's army passed proudly on towards Duddingston, for right brilliantly had war decked his rugged front with these accessories, hiding beneath crest and tinsel the murderous purpose that would else have affrighted the hearts of men. At the first encounter of the opposing forces, the Highlanders, albeit unused to the science of war, yet backed by their hardy training and independent habits, as well as sustained by their individual bravery, fell with such fury on the English that they again took refuge in flight. Again at Preston Moor and Falkirk, the prince's army were triumphantly victorious. And now a fear almost equal to that felt for his safety arose in the thoughts of Isabel Seaton, whenever the name of Colin Campbell was mentioned.

"When Charles Edward mounts the English throne, the young hero of every battle will be assuredly made a duke or a marquis, and then who may say if Campbell of Glen Berrier would care to wed with Lord Seaton's daughter?" she would say to Lady Ogilby, who less sanguine in the cause of the prince, would counsel her to wait the issue of events, ere giving way to despondency.

And well that she thus counselled. *L'homme propose, Dieu dispose.* Shortly after, the Highlanders, although opposed by a force greatly exceeding their own, beleaguered and took Carlisle, and penetrating on further into England, each breast beating high with hope soon to make good their entry into London, and place the royal standard of Scotland on its palaces and towers. But alas for their aspirations!—all laid low on Culloden's fatal field!

Gallantly they fought and fell—the Highland "riders of Fitz-James, stout old Glengarry, gallant Gordon, brave Lochiel,—but through the drizzling mist and rain they could not see their foe. Cumberland's cannon poured an incessant volley on the devoted, defenceless Camerons. Of Charles Edward himself, different accounts have been given. One (Scott) says that seeing his brave Highlanders cut to pieces, he gave the order to retreat, when Lord Elcho, grasping his rein, prayed him to remain, urging that it was better to perish in the melee than be shot like flying deer; but finding remonstrance useless, he said he "hoped to never see his face again;" returning to join the wreck, the remnant of the glorious array that had ranged themselves under his standard in Glenfinnart's valley, swearing to conquer for the Bruce or die.

The other account, as given by Charles Edward himself, at Versailles, on the anniversary of Culloden, was, that noting the gloom on the old earl's brow, he took the muster-roll from Lord Lewis, whom he despatched to the gallant Marquis of Tullybardine, and riding up to the Highland chief, said:

"Elcho, never look so gloomy; what avails a saddened brow? Heart, man, heart! We need it badly,—never as much as now!"

But alas for his hopes of England's crown!—when the black volume sundered, there, beneath the deadly battery of Cumberland, lay lord and vassal, chieftain and yeoman, all mangled together, heaped rank upon rank, on the gore-sprinkled heather,—and his tried and trusty Camerons, for the first time appalled at the sight of the superior strength of their assailants, yet with a devotion the Southrons never knew, refusing to yield, the whole Highland army was cut to pieces.

On Culloden's gory field, wounded on the battle's marge, where he had borne him as the youthful embodied spirit of the fight, Colin Campbell had the good fortune to escape falling into the hands of the English. Tracked by Cumberland's bloodhounds, a price set upon his head, he still, though through dangers and difficulties, conducted his prince to his father's Highland castle, not one among the sturdy peasantry of Scotland so base as to betray Charles Edward or the young chief of Glen Berrier's clan to the hated Southrons.

Many a time during the six months intervening between the disastrous battle of Culloden and Charles Edward's escape to Versailles, when tracked by Cumberland's soldiery the two took shelter in a cavern, where the blinding hail and sleet beat in their faces for hours, the only hope that re-animated the Campbell's drooping courage was that of his Isabel's truth. At last Charles Edward, aided by the old earl of Glen Berrier, escaped to France, and then the hardy iron frame of the young Highlander, that had seemed before wound up for the performance of some sacred duty, gave way, and he lay down on a sick couch, tossed by fever and anxiety, to be roused again to energy and action by the intelligence which reached him in his far-off Highland home, of her approaching marriage with the Lowland commander of the English forces in Scotland, Sir Salisbury Norfolk; and though his father represented the danger to which he would be exposed in a city where he was well known, and implored him to quit Scotland for France, the old earl failed to dissuade the more, because a report had reached them that the English government was about to proclaim an act of oblivion over all the past; and now our young adjutant resolved to revisit Edinburgh at all hazards.

Arrived at the Scottish capital, he proceeded at once to the residence of his cousin, the Earl of Bredalbane, and from him learned that Isabel Seaton was to be married that very night to Sir Salisbury Norfolk. His kinsman, the Earl of Bredalbane, was among the invited guests to the bridal, and though he, too, earnestly endeavored to dissuade him from his resolve to be present, fearing lest his recognition by any of the anti-Jacobite relatives of the bride might produce fatal results, he nevertheless seemed so determined, that the earl consented to permit him to accompany his family to the residence of Lord Seaton. Arrived there, the brilliant spectacle that our hero met, so long debarred from such splendors, was, together with his own tumultuous feelings, overpowering. Still, with his accustomed gallantry he offered his escort to his fair cousins, who noted with some surprise that he exchanged a hurried word or two with his trusty retainer, Allan Blane, who, to their mystification, was habited in the Moira livery and mounted on a splendid charger, holding a fleet and spirited jennet, caparisoned for a lady, by the bridle.

Passing through the crowd at once to the decorated saloons above, no time or opportunity was given to speak of the occurrence, and once in the great reception-room where the guests awaited the coming of the bridal party, the young adjutant seemed so preoccupied, restless and disturbed, that they forebore to question him. Soon the object of his search appeared, but no longer the sparkling, radiant Isabel Seaton of former days. Pale, very pale, was she, appearing to take no interest in what was passing around,—the sweet playfulness of her once artless, captivating graces was all gone. Watching an opportunity, young Campbell was soon by her side. A light, unseen pressure of her hand—a word in her ear, unheard by any there, and the pale cheek glowed bright and rosy as she bade her wondering bridemaids follow, while she went to meet a dear and long-separated friend.

With much of her old captivating liveliness she led them on towards the grand entrance, none dreaming in the pale-faced officer who walked by her side, of recognizing the youthful chief who a few months before, in his national costume, had swept into a hostile city alone, and shouting his wild cry of defiance, had passed like a meteor from their sight.

For Isabel, it required all her presence of mind, all the resolution of her nature summoned to her aid, to bear her through. Pale and red by turns, her heart beat fluttering and faint as she reached the door. But a strong arm was thrown round her, and before a kinsman could stay or prevent, she was borne with arrowy speed down the broad steps and placed in the saddle; Allan Blane flung a tartan plaid over her white gown, while Colin Campbell vaulted on his own superb charger. Her mettlesome jennet had borne her far away ere her affrighted bridemaids, returning from the hall, told that their cousin Isabel had gone off with a young officer whom none of them remembered to have ever seen before. Some there were who remembered an erect military figure passing out by her side; they all had noted his noble bearing and haughty cast of countenance, while none save Lady Ogilby thought of the eagle-eyed young warrior, whom the Seaton's all supposed had perished at Culloden.

Passing through Carlisle gate, above which were set the heads of many valiant chiefs, men of mighty names, distinguished by rank, birth and fortune, who had espoused the Jacobite cause and had met the death of traitors, Isabel shuddered and pleaded—

"O, faster—slacken not, dear Colin—faster yet, for my sake!"

But he calmed her fears, as bidding her banish all further anxiety, he added:

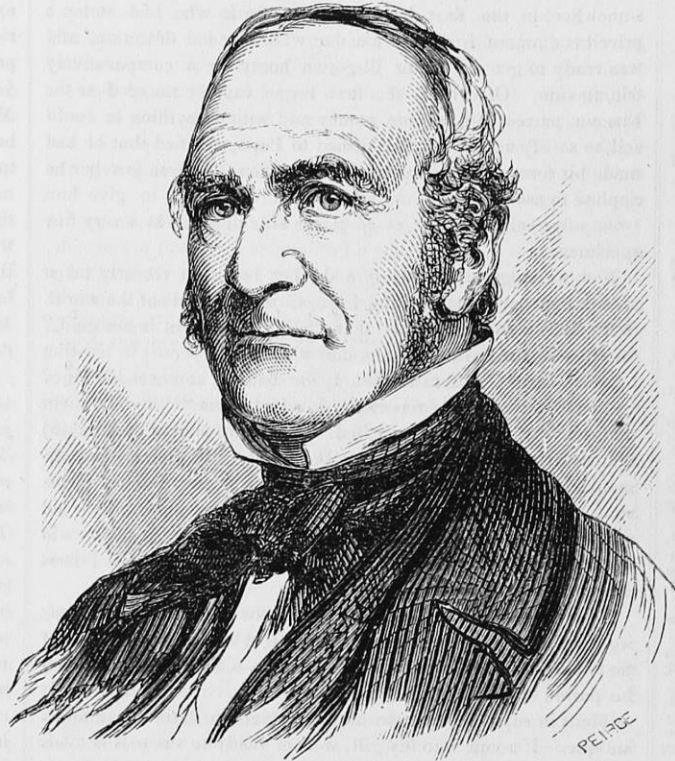
"They will have fleet steeds who overtake us now, Isabel!"

A month later, and Glen Berrier's earl announced to his retainers, while bonfires blazed on every crag and shouts ascended from every glen and wild defile for many miles around, that their young chief and his Lowland bride had arrived safely in France, joining the prince at Versailles.

The love of dress which springs from pure, grateful and impersonal delight in beautiful things, is very different from that which nourishes the mildew of vanity, or in any way interferes with earnest performance in life.

DERASTUS CLAPP, ESQ.

The portrait on this page was drawn expressly for our Pictorial, by Mr. Barry, from a photograph by Haywood, and is an excellent likeness of one of our most respectable fellow-citizens, whose services as a member of the police department for many years have earned him an honorable reputation in the community in which he lives, and rendered his name a terror to evil-doers. Mr. Clapp was born in Claremont, N. H., in the year 1792, but has resided in Boston since 1810. He was married in 1818, and is the father of an interesting family. He has been connected with the police for twenty-nine years, and an idea of the value of his services may be formed from the fact that he has sent a hundred and thirty-eight offenders, of his own arresting, to the State prison, and several hundreds to the house of correction, not one of whom has been unjustly dealt with. During the period referred to, Mr. Clapp has recovered many thousands of dollars of stolen money, and goods of great value. Many of those sentenced were for the offences of making and uttering counterfeit money, a most dangerous crime in a mercantile community. Mr. Clapp is now in the employ of the city as a constable, in a special and responsible department, and probably feels relieved, after so many years' hard and trying service as a detective officer, to leave the business in younger hands, though he is still ready to serve, with his experience and tact, in cases of emergency. We do not think that such services as Mr. Clapp has rendered are apt to be properly appreciated, though in his case, as we before remarked, he has succeeded in winning the respect and esteem of his fellow-citizens. Strictly honorable in all his dealings, governed by a high sense of duty and moral and religious responsibility, he is withal a kind-hearted and modest man, and while the rigid enemy of crime, full of pity and commiseration for the erring. His life, if fully written out, would prove an interesting and instructive one. It would abound with proofs of extraordinary sagacity and judgment, of great reasoning and great executive power. The limited space at our disposal only permits us to record one or two instances illustrative of Mr. Clapp's mode of doing business, which occur to us as we write. About the year 1842 several hotels in this city were robbed in the night-time. On learning the fact, Mr. Clapp called at the hotels where these offences had been committed, and on examining the registers, found on each two names written in the same hand writing. Though the names were changed at different hotels, the penmanship was the same, and on each night when these names were recorded, a robbery had been committed. Our detective then gave notice to all the hotels, if two young men should apply for lodgings to accommodate them and send for him. The next night, about midnight, he was sent for to the New England House, and on his arrival recognized the same handwriting on the register as at the other hotels. The two lodgers occupied a room on the upper story, which has a long hall on each side of the bedrooms. He then procured a large clothes' horse, and hung sheets and other articles on it, forming a screen at one side of the room, behind which he and the porter of the house ensconced themselves in ambush, and waited until daylight, when a lodger went down stairs, and the two young men came out of a bedroom and entered that vacated. Mr. Clapp suffered them to return to their own room, come out and enter two other rooms successively in the same manner. While in the last room, Mr. Clapp entered and arrested them. They had taken small sums of money from the rooms entered, and were found supplied with various tools to carry on their nefarious trade. Both men were sentenced to the State prison. The year previous Mr. Clapp had arrested two other culprits at Commercial Coffee House in the same way, and subsequently a man who carried on the same



DERASTUS CLAPP, ESQ.

business in genteel boarding-houses, where he engaged lodgings for the purpose of preying on the inmates. In December, 1845, two forged bank checks to the amount of \$1250, were presented at the Shawmut Bank in this city and paid. Mr. Clapp obtained information that two young men had suddenly left respectable boarding-houses in Somerset Street, and that one of them had paid an old debt of \$25 with a \$100 bill on the Shawmut Bank. Mr. Clapp, with an assistant, traced them to the Providence Depot, and thence to New York, and to Congress Hall, Philadelphia. Here he discovered that the two young men had left twenty minutes previous with their baggage. The hackman who had driven them away, at first refused to divulge their whereabouts, but finally revealed the place. Mr. Clapp went to the house, but not finding them in, took possession of their baggage, while his assistant was left in a livery stable near by to watch their return. In a short time two young men drove up to the stable in a buggy, answering to the description of the forgers, and were arrested on their alighting. They were taken on to Boston, and were identified. One of them was a mere lad of seventeen. The elder of the two was sentenced to the State prison for five years and the lad for two years. The former was arrested at the Winthrop House last summer and carried to Philadelphia on a charge of forgery, but escaped conviction. The lad reformed. About \$300 was recovered for the bank. Subsequent inquiry revealed the fact that the count-

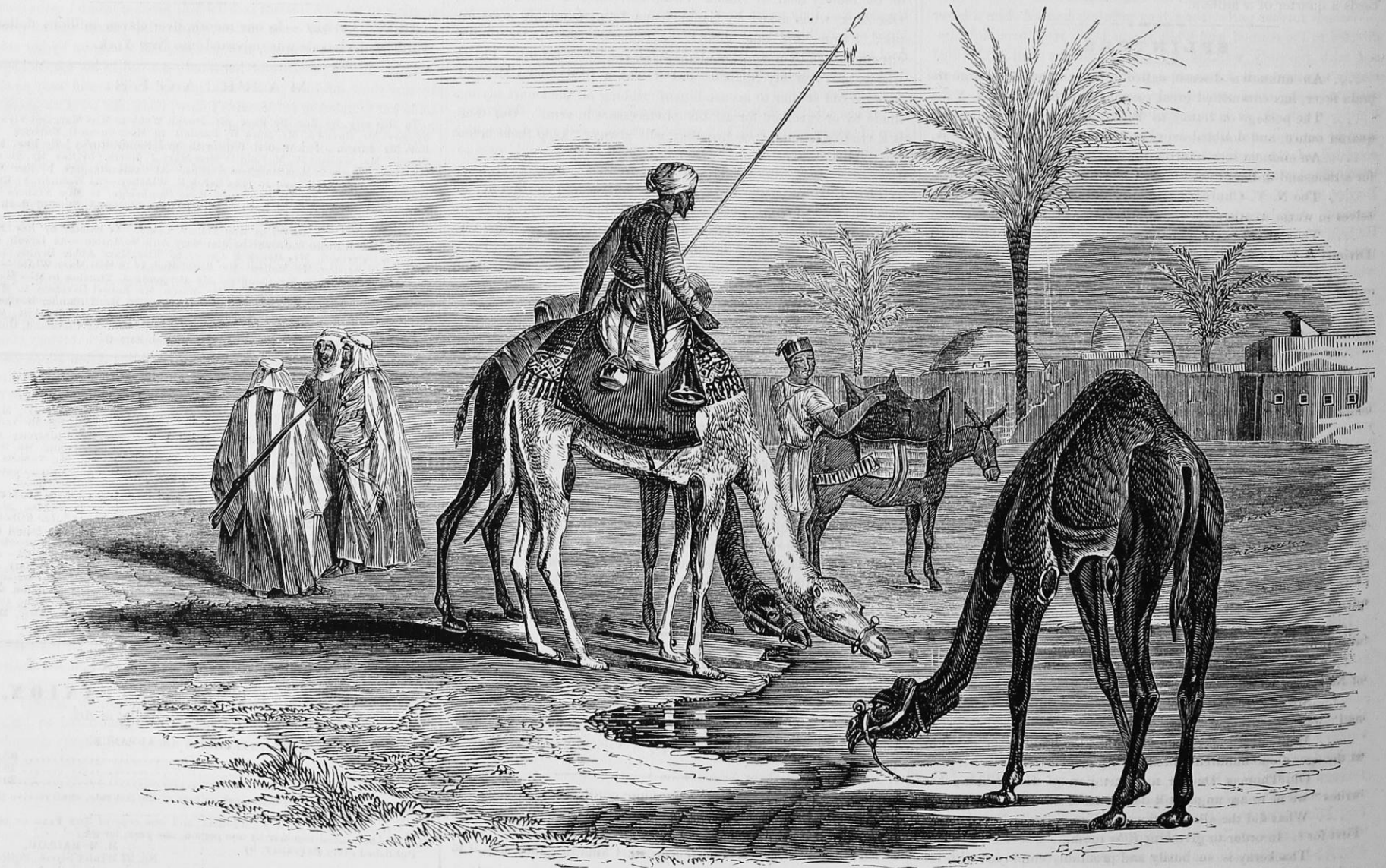
ing-rooms of the merchants whose names had been forged had been broken open and a leaf of blank checks and also cancelled checks stolen. Implements were also found in the forger's room in Somerset Street for tracing and copying the names on the cancelled checks. We remember some time since conversing with Mr. Clapp on matters relating to his business, when he made the following striking remark: "Thieves are generally superstitious, and believe in lucky and unlucky days, but I have found by experience that an all-wise Providence has more to do with overreaching them in their career of crime than they are willing to admit."

THE HALT IN THE DESERT.

The characteristic landscape on this page represents a halt of travelling Arabs at one of those green oases which here and there gem the sea of sand, as green islets here and there gem the expanse of ocean. To some of these the Orientals give fanciful names, as the "Diamond of the Desert," the "Crown of the Waste," etc. Hard by a little village rears its walls and domes beneath the grateful shade of the plummy palm trees. The patient camels in the foreground are sipping with luxurious deliberation, the bright and cooling waters of the pool. The Arab with his long lance, is motioning an attendant to fill him a cup from the same source, while the latter is about removing the curiously shaped water-skin from his "Jerusalem pony," to lay in a supply of the delicious element against the long journey that yet lies before them. A group of Arabs, in their long flowing costume, are taking a little relaxation after a hard ride, in a grave stroll in the environs of the fountain. The approach to an oasis on a desert journey is hailed with as much rapture as the sight of land after a long sea voyage. The camels scent the moisture; the horses prick up their ears and snort joyously; the fatigue of the march is forgotten, and the whole party moves forward with renewed activity. Sometimes they are doomed to disappointment, for the treacherous *mirage* occasionally puts on the semblance of a fountain in the dreariest and driest part of the ocean of sand.

HISTORY OF CHINA IN BRIEF.

China is the most populous and ancient empire in the world. It is 1390 miles long and 1030 wide. Population from 300,000,000 to 360,000,000. The capital is Peking, with 1,000,000 inhabitants; next, Nankin, 1,000,000; and Canton, 1,000,000. China produces tea, 50,000,000 pounds of which are annually exported from Canton, the only place which foreigners are allowed to visit. Silk, cotton, rice, gold, silver, and all the necessaries of life, are found in China. The arts and manufactures, in many branches, are in high perfection, but stationary, as improvements are now prohibited. The government is a despotic monarchy. Revenue, \$200,000,000; army, 800,000 men. The religion is similar to Buddhism, the chief god being Foh. The Chinese inculcate the morality of Confucius, their great philosopher, who was born 550 B. C. The great wall and canal of China are among the mightiest works ever achieved by man. The foreign commerce of China amounts to some \$40,000,000 annually, the whole of which is transacted with appointed agents, called "Hong merchants." Foreigners are allowed to live at certain stations, or "factories," below Canton. The chief trade is with England. The first American ship reached China in 1784; now the annual average of the United States' ships visiting China is 32. The revenue derived from foreign commerce by the emperor varies from \$4,000,000 to \$6,000,000. According to Mr. Dunn, the opium smuggled into China, amounted to \$20,000,000 annually for several years past, much of which was paid in specie, which found its way to London.—N. Y. *Sunday Dispatch*.



THE HALT IN THE DESERT.

The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WITHERED LEAVES.

BY E. H. GOULD.

One breath from Autumn's chilly lips,
One touch from his cold, icy hand,
And Spring's sweet beauty, Summer flowers,
Lies faded, withering, o'er the land.

But, in these faded, withered leaves,
We may a twofold lesson read;
The end of all our hopes and aims,
In this poor life of pain and need.

Still more, these have behind them left
The choicest sweets of their best days,
The essence of their noonday pride,
To live and shine with richer rays.

Ay, well for us, when death's cold hand
Has laid us low within the dust,
If generous acts and noble deeds
Still live in hearts we've learned to trust.

MORNING.

Magnificent
The morning rose, in memorable pomp,
Glorious as e'er I had beheld—in front,
The sea lay laughing at a distance; near
The solid mountains shone, bright as the clouds,
Grain-tinctured, drenched in empyrean light;
And in the meadows and the lower grounds
Was all the sweetness of a common dawn—
Dews, vapors, and the melody of birds,
And laborers going forth to till the fields.—WORDSWORTH.

KINDNESS.

There is a golden chord of sympathy
Fixed in the harp of every human soul,
Which by the breath of kindness when 'tis swept,
Wakes angel melodies in savage hearts;
Inflicts sore chastisements for treasured wrong,
And melts the ice of hate to streams of love;
Nor aught but kindness that fine chord can touch.—D. K. LEE.

MODESTY.

Modesty's the charm
That coldest hearts can quickest warm;
Which all our best affection gains,
And gaining ever still retains.—J. K. PAULDING.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

The streets will soon resound again with the tones of drum and fife, and be enlivened with the parades of our fine military companies. During the past season, while "tired of war's alarms," our citizen soldiers have indulged in social pleasures, and, among other fetes, the Tigers' Ball, in Music Hall, has left many agreeable memories. . . . The utmost respect was paid in Havana to the memory of the lamented Dr. Kane. The captain-general, Concha, and a brilliant staff, were present at the translation of the remains on ship-board. . . . Dr. Karl Muchler, of Berlin, who began authorship at sixteen, lately died at ninety-four—a proof that a life devoted to the muses may be spun out in a thread of great length. . . . Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. regularly import one thousand copies of the Edinburgh Encyclopedia, the total money value of which, at the completion of the work, will be \$111,500, as they are \$115 50. . . . "Two perspective painters," says an ingenious writer, "lead us poor, bewitched mortals through the whole theatre of life, and they are Memory and Hope. . . . The New York Picayune says, that the essence of the correspondence between Secretary Davis and Gen. Scott is, "you're another." . . . A dead dog reminds an inveterate joker of a shipwreck—"a bark lost forever." . . . In New York, they call daggers and revolvers "street jewelry." . . . There is nothing like courage in misfortune. Next to faith in God and in His overruling providence, a man's faith in himself is his salvation. . . . Ruffians steal children in New York city for the sake of obtaining the rewards offered. Some of these kidnappers frequently get a hundred dollars for the restoration of a child. We used to think such atrocities were only committed by playwrights and novelists. . . . Benjamin Hardridge is the man who professes to have discovered the means of liquifying quartz rock, so that he extracts every particle of gold at the rate of fifteen tons a day. Truly this is an age of wonders. . . . The stories that the wheat crop has been ruined by the late winter are all moonshine. . . . In France, suffrage is free; but the government agents are the only vote distributors, and you have to take whatever ballot is handed you by these myrmidons of imperial tyranny. . . . The Watchman and Reflector has lately contained some very brilliant letters from a Parisian correspondent. Who is he! He is too fine a writer to remain any longer under the mask and domino of an anonymous writer. . . . We wonder if it is true, as the Post asserts, that a Cape Cod captain has set up as a rival of Agassiz, is lecturing on ichthyology, and illustrates by a dried codfish. . . . The newest foreign prima donna imported to this country is Madame Marietta Gazziniga, who made her first appearance at the fine new opera house in Philadelphia. She is not handsome, but has a powerful and sweet soprano voice. . . . Our opinion of Mrs. MacMahon, the Fifth Avenue actress, is, that if she had appeared as a novice, without extraordinary pretensions, her performances would have been regarded as tolerably good. She has great defects of voice, pronunciation and gesture; but the two latter are remediable—and who can possibly have a worse voice than Macready? It is a gratuitous insult to say positively that she can never make a distinguished actress. We have seen many deplorable "sticks" grow up to eminence and popularity. . . . The first settlement of Abington commenced about the year 1688. Its Indian name was Manamooskeagin, which signifies "many beavers." . . . For any man to pretend to write nothing but what is absolutely original in thought and expression, the Philadelphia Ledger thinks, would be absurd. An idea is scarcely ever perfected by the man who first conceived it. So it is with mechanical inventions. . . . David C. Broderick, the new senator from California, is a New Yorker by birth, and formerly a very popular member of the New York fire department. . . . Cater, who murdered Warden Tenny, of the Charlestown State Prison, has exhibited no sign of remorse or repentance. He is a thoroughly hardened criminal. . . . It is stated that there are six hundred superseded or interdicted priests now in or near Paris, and many of them in a state of destitution. . . . Naples is still in a very uneasy state. If King Bomba is not very careful, before a great while the people will take away his pretty playthings—the crown and sceptre. . . . Isn't it rather singular that mineral waters are only beneficial to the wealthy classes? In all our experience, we never knew a physician to advise a poor man to go to Saratoga, or any other watering-place. . . . The police of the city of Baltimore are now all uniformed. This practice will soon be generally adopted. . . . The fishing business along our coast has com-

menced briskly. . . . A generous dry goods dealer in New Haven offers to take Spanish quarters at twenty-six cents each, so that benevolence has not entirely deserted this sublunary sphere. . . . The lands occupied by the old Marine Hospital at Chelsea, will be on sale about the 18th of May. It is expected they will yield more than enough to pay for the new hospital. . . . The quantity of maple sugar manufactured this year has been enormous, the season having been particularly favorable. . . . A sloop of about thirty tons, designed and built by convicts, has lately been launched at the penitentiary, Wetumpka, Alabama. . . . Sir David Beard's mother, hearing her son was taken prisoner in India, and chained to another prisoner, replied that she "pitied the man David was chained to." . . . Capital punishment has been restored in Rhode Island. . . . Gas costs but 38 cents per thousand cubic feet in London and Liverpool; here it averages \$2 50 per thousand. Can't it be afforded a little cheaper? . . . Dr. Johnson compared plaintiff and defendant in an action at law to two men ducking their heads in buckets, and daring each other to remain longest under water. . . . A man in Michigan has invented a machine for shearing sheep. He is said to be a retired lawyer's clerk. . . . The Catholics are about to erect a new church on Walnut Street, Salem, at a cost of \$25,000 or \$30,000. The latter sum will build a very handsome edifice. . . . A bill is before the Louisiana legislature allowing a man to take a \$3 newspaper at the expense of the State. If it passes, we shall have to increase the edition of our Pictorial. . . . One of the ancient historians, in describing the martyrdom of Michael Servetus, says:—"He was upwards of two hours in the fire, the wood being green, little in quantity, and the wind unfavorable." The small quantity of wood was an added atrocity—bigots who burn, should at least be unsparring of fuel. . . . Mr. Buchanan's niece, Miss Lane, will do the honors of the White House. . . . The English word wig, is derived from the Latin—*pilus* (a hair). Latin, *pilus*; Spanish, *pelo*—thence *peluca*; French, *perruque*; Dutch, *peruik*; English, *perwick*, *perwig*, *periwig*; and, by contraction, *wig*. . . . Lavater says, "Never make that man your friend who hates music or the laugh of a child. . . . Rossini, the composer, made a vow never to enter a railroad car, and he has kept it. He travels by horse power entirely. . . . Lord Byron observing one day to Rogers that punning was the lowest kind of wit—"Indeed," said Rogers, "it is the foundation." . . . Hood gives this graphic picture of an irritable man:—"He lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way, tormenting himself with his own prickles." . . . What we commonly call a falling star, is believed by the Arabs to be a dart launched by the Almighty at an evil genius; and on beholding one, they exclaim, "May God transfix the enemy of the faith!" . . . Miss Adelaide Phillips is a great pet with Boston folks. Well, she certainly should be, for this is her home. . . . Have you seen the new paper, "The Weekly Novelle?" It's a sprightly little craft. Step into the nearest periodical depot and get a copy for four cents. . . . Mrs. Frances Ann Kemble created a perfect furore by her dramatic readings in Boston. She is unequalled in this line on either side of the Atlantic. . . . Mr. Bland, of New Orleans, has discovered a mode of making hemp from the common cotton stalk, that it is said will enable us to dispense with importations of foreign hemp. If this is true, it is an important matter. . . . Somebody says that there is a decided difference between perseverance and obstinacy. One is a strong will, and the other is a strong wont. . . . An advertisement announces "For sale, an excellent young horse—would suit any timid lady or gentleman, with a long silver tail." . . . The Frenchman eats roast horse, the Chinaman eats roast rat, and the New Zealander eats roast missionary. . . . "Live virtuously, my lord," said Lady Russell, "and you cannot die too soon, nor live too long." . . . There is about twenty-one and a half million dollars in the United States treasury. We forget how many times the country has been "ruined." . . . What is the difference between a cashier and a schoolmaster? One tills the mind, and the other minds the till. . . . The Chinese word for eyelid is eminently beautiful, signifying the cradle of tears. . . . George Peabody, Esq. has given \$300,000 to the city of Baltimore, to establish an institute in that city, with the general objects of moral and intellectual culture. . . . You know as well as we do, that owls look wiser than eagles, and many a sheep skin passes for chamois! . . . "If Thalberg makes such music when he is only playing," said a lady, the other day, "what must he do when he sets himself at work?" . . . A house in St. Louis lately received \$1000 through the post-office, with the remark that "the sum belonged to them." Ah, "conscience makes cowards of us all!" . . . The experiment of raising tea in South Carolina proves to be a failure. The tea grows well enough; but to pick it, roll it up, and dry it—all of which must be done by hand—can only be done in China, where wages are one dollar a month and board yourself! . . . Mr. Neafe, the favorite American actor, is now playing with distinguished success in New Orleans, where he is a great favorite. . . . The man who "shot at random" did not hit it. He has since lent his rifle to the youth who aimed at immortality. . . . It is a curious fact that Girard College turned out, last year, more lads to follow the business of printing than any other class. Nineteen pupils have taken to the types, and twelve have prepared themselves to become farmers. . . . An exchange says, that restless and crying infants may frequently be relieved and quieted by a draught of cold water. Who knows but this simple agent might profitably supersede both spanking and paregoric? . . . In turning over the pages of one of our exchanges, the Commercial Advertiser, Hawaiian Islands, we see one of our American circus companies announced as playing there, and read the name of William Franklin, the daring rider. . . . The medical attendant of Miss Harriet Martineau, the authoress, writes that she has been unable, in consequence of very severe illness, to go beyond the porch of her house during the last fifteen months. . . . A doctor advertises, in a country paper, that "Whoever uses the Vegetable Compound Universal Anti-Purging Aromatic Pills once, will not have cause to use them again." We rather think they won't. . . . A foolish young chap, only nineteen, threw himself into the East River, New York, and was drowned, because a worthless girl jilted him. She was not even respectable. . . . Charles Lamb quaintly remarked, that he was naturally shy of novelties—new books—new faces—new years. He ascribed this feeling to a mental twist, which made it difficult in him to face the perspective. . . . Gambling is a vice that consumes the gambler. It is the first vice of boys at school who gamble for marbles—it is the vice of men who gamble for thousands of dollars. The passion commences with marbles, and ends with bank notes! . . . Cypress Hills cemetery, seven miles from Williamsburg, L. I., equals Greenwood in beauty of natural scenery.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN RANDOLPH.

All who have read the life of this great man will remember the great importance he attached to correct pronunciation. His biographer, Mr. Garland, records the fact of his correcting Dr. Parish twice in his manner of pronouncing words, while the doctor was reading him a short article the day before his death; and that when the doctor hesitated about adopting Mr. Randolph's mode of pronunciation, the dying man exclaimed, in his usual impatient and absolute manner:—"Pass on, sir—pass on; there can be no doubt of it!" This had seemed to me to be slightly colored by the biographer; but the accompanying incident convinced me that it was but "the ruling passion strong in death." When Tazewell was at the zenith of his fame, on one occasion he made a speech at the bar, far surpassing even himself in eloquence. On finishing, Randolph approached him, and complained bitterly, with an oath, that it was fated that nothing human should be perfect. Tazewell, who was receiving impassioned congratulations from his friends, asked Randolph what he meant. His questioner, with all his usual acerbity, indignantly demanded, "Why did you not say 'hor-i-zon,' instead of 'hor-izon'?" Were it not for that barbarism, there would have been one perfect production."—*Life Illustrated*.

Choice Miscellany.

THE LOST CHILD.

After the taking of the Malakoff, a sergeant of Zouaves conducted, in the absence of officers (they had all fallen from the shot from the ramparts), that which remained of his company through the half ruined streets of Sebastopol. As the Russians, in retreating towards the bridge which joins the two parts of the city, rained bullets from their ranks, the detachment sheltered itself behind a house, which its inhabitants, full of confidence in the defensive Russian forces, had just quitted. A terrible cry was heard on the first story. The sergeant entered, and saw a woman covered with blood, dead, and an infant in her arms. To take the innocent creature—to carry it where the firing came not, this was for our brave sergeant the affair of some seconds. The orphan was confided to the Vivandiers, who took the best of care of him; afterwards he was brought from Sebastopol to Marseilles, then from Marseilles to Paris.

Shortly since, an unknown lady, clothed in mourning, and accompanied by an old man, descended from her carriage at the Barracks Pepiniere. She asked for Sergeant B—; they told her that he was now first lieutenant, and gave her his address. On entering the modest apartment of the officer, the young lady fell fainting on a chair—she saw, playing about the room, the child whom she had lost at Sebastopol. Lieutenant B— related simply his conduct, returned with emotion the child to his mother, asking, as his sole recompense, permission to see and embrace him from time to time. To-day the hotel of the Countess C— is as full of joy as it was sombre with melancholy. The brave lieutenant is received, not as a visitor, but as a benefactor, by the young widow. Perhaps other ties will consecrate that paternity of courage and of disinterestedness.—*Evening Gazette*.

BOSTON BEFORE AND AFTER THE REVOLUTION.

Long previous to the Revolution in America, I had repeatedly visited Boston. What a strange contrast after an absence of more than thirty years. In 1763, '64 and '65, from sunrise to sunset, on Sundays, no person was permitted to go from house to house, or walk the street, except going to or from a place of worship, without being liable to a fine or exposure in the public stocks. When the old and young people walked out on Long Wharf, to enjoy the cool air on summer evenings, so prim and demure were the young women, that it was jocularly said, before they walked out they were obliged to stand before a looking-glass, to fold their arms properly, and put their mouths in serious plaits, from out of which they were not to be disturbed until their return; and truly, they moved more like automatons than animated beings. In 1794, I found a Roman Catholic chapel freely tolerated, and was entertained in a handsome, crowded theatre; two circumstances which if I had ventured to predict when I first knew the place, I should have run some risk of being tarred and feathered. Not a Jew was able to live there some time previous to the Revolution. Now there is an abundance, with every species of accommodation, bad as well as good, equal to any that can be found in the seaports and cities of Europe. In the market, the difference was this—pigeons, that sold at twopence half-penny a dozen, and often given away at the close of the market, sold in 1794 from two shillings and sixpence to three shillings a dozen. Beef and mutton, that I have known sold at three half pence and twopence, were sold from seven pence to ten pence a pound, with every other article of provision in proportion.—*Lieut. Harriot's Struggles through Life*.

SCIENTIFIC FACTS.

The London Lancet says, that there are a quarter million of persons living in Great Britain constantly under ground in the darkness of mines. The average age of Sheffield workmen is thirty-five years; the average of the dry grinders of needles very much under this figure. The chief disease among tailors is fistula; among bakers, scrofula and skin diseases. The latter may prevent the flour insects and weevils from irritating the skin of their hands by rubbing them with oil. The most dangerous part of the painter's trade is "flattening;" white lead, turpentine and closely-heated rooms generate colic. The remedy is sulphuric acid, cleanliness, tubs of fresh water, and fresh air; and, as an antidote, the more frequent use of white zinc or zinc lead. In the manufacture of lucifer matches, heated or allotropic phosphorus is said to be not so dangerous to the jawbones as ordinary phosphorus.

New Publications.

THE MORAL PHILOSOPHY OF COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1857.

This work is designed as a companion to the "Physiology of Marriage," by the same author and publishers, and its views are generally sound and valuable.

ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS AND DISCOVERIES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Compiled by S. M. SMUGHER. New York and Auburn: Miller, Orton & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 517.

This work gives a succinct account of the various English and American Arctic expeditions to the present time, and embodies many interesting and important facts. For sale by Sanborn, Carter & Bazin.

SCAMPYAVAS, FROM GIBEL TUREK TO STAMBOUL. By HARRY GRINGO (Lieut. Wise, U. S. N.). New York: Chas. Scribner. 1857. 12mo. pp. 362.

"Los Gringos," and "Tales for the Marines," by the same author, gave him an enviable literary reputation, which will be much increased by the present work. The style of these sketches is racy and brilliant, permeated by a vein of pleasant humor. We have some fine scenery-painting, some vivid historical sketches, and a little dash of antiquarianism. We predict for this pleasant book a success on both sides of the Atlantic. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

AMERICAN GENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO POLITENESS AND FASHION. By HENRY LUNETTES. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1857. 12mo. pp. 479.

This is a very peculiar book, and interesting to all who believe that "manners make the man." Its rules for etiquette are illustrated by sketches and anecdotes of distinguished persons. Some of its dicta will excite discussion. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

THE STAR AND THE CLOUD; OR, A Daughter's Love. By A. S. ROE. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1857. 12mo. pp. 410.

A pretty title predisposes the reader in favor of this work, and an acquaintance with its contents amply rewards perusal. It is really a charming story. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

NEW MUSIC.—From Oliver Ditson we have received the "Song of the Brook," from Tennyson's "Maud," "The Blue Bird Schottische," "The Mother," and the "Rose Redowa."

EXAMPLES FROM THE EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES. By Mrs. S. GOURNEY. New York: Charles Scribner. 1857. 16mo. pp. 349.

These "examples" embrace sixteen well written biographical sketches of the gifted and good of this and the preceding century. It is an admirable book to place in the hands of the young, being both agreeable and instructive. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

Editorial Melange.

The product of maple sugar this year bids fair to be large, as well from the favorable weather as from the high price to which southern sugar has brought it. The farmers are even now making ready for the flow of sap, and it is altogether probable that a greater quantity of sugar will be made than during many years past.—The Pennsylvania Legislature have granted a divorce in a case where the contracting parties, after a mutual banter, went from a party to a clergyman and got married, thinking it an excellent joke.—John B. Gough, at the close of a lecture delivered by him in Chicago, lately, was presented with a beautiful casket filled with gold coin, and a rich elaborate vase, the whole cost of the testimonial being \$500. The presentation was made by Rev. Mr. Curtis, in behalf of "two hundred ladies" of that city.—The Broadway Tabernacle property in New York has been sold at private sale for \$122,000 cash. The Society intend to build a new church edifice up town.—By the new coinage bill, as passed, for two years Spanish coins are to be received at the mint at their nominal value, to be paid in the new one cent pieces, made of nickel and copper. The Spanish coins, accordingly, will be worth their full value in cents, and we hope that people will no longer submit to be fleeced out of five cents on every Spanish quarter they have occasion to pay out.—Five men sentenced to the Michigan state prison for life, for the crime of murder, recently made their escape from that institution.—A blind man, led by a dog, while wandering in the streets of Paris, had his dog seized by some one passing; instantly opening his eyes, he gave chase, and overtaking the thief, cudgelled him severely, after which he closed his eyes, and fell to begging again.—It has been decided by a Western court that a clergyman may marry himself. This is a fee-saving process, at all events.—In a late English paper, it is stated that "many prayer-books are now sold in London with a looking-glass inserted in the inner side of the cover, in order that ladies may arrange their hair or admire themselves while using the book at church."—Thirty members of the Massachusetts Legislature were born in New Hampshire.—A reporter of the New York Tribune, who recently visited the witches of that city, found a distinguished clairvoyant who was quite dependent upon leading questions. He accordingly drew out of her by skillful induction this important information:—"Minnesota Territory is a small town situated 911 miles southeast of the Mississippi River; its officers are a chief cook and twenty-three high privates, besides the younger brother of our reporter, who is the mayor of the territory, and whose principal business it is to keep the American flag at half mast, upside down."—It is stated that nine out of ten of losses by mail, so far, have been registered letters, and in no instance has one of them been traced up.—A few days ago, some thief broke into the stable of the Bedford Springs Hotel, and stole the celebrated horse Dick Turpin, belonging to Dr. W. R. Hayden, of Boston. The thief mounted Dick, and rode about a mile, when the horse, thinking the thief had rode far enough, landed him gently on the roadside and returned home.—Ex-Governor Clark, of New York, during his two years' term of office, granted 530 pardons to convicted criminals.—Charles W. Harriger, a handsome, romantic and foolish young man of eighteen, who recently lived at Columbus, Ohio, took a dose of strychnine, because a flirting buck-eye girl wouldn't dance with him at a ball, and died in two hours. He had previously consulted a fortune-teller, who predicted that he would live but a short time.—The assessed value of taxable property in Pennsylvania is \$566,810,278, of which \$493,862,765 is real estate, and \$28,835,945 personal property.—The loss occasioned by the burning of the missionary buildings of the American Presbyterian Board in Canton, during the recent bombardment of that city by the British fleet, is estimated at over \$3000, including the individual losses of the missionaries.

LOCKS AT A PREMIUM.—A gentleman at a Ladies' Fair, lately, being solicited to buy something, by a fair creature who kept a table, said he wanted to buy what was not for sale—a lock of her hair. She promptly cut off the coveted curl and received the sum asked for it—a hundred dollars. The purchaser was showing his trophy to a friend. "She rather had you," said the friend; "to my certain knowledge, she only paid eight dollars for the whole wig."

GAME BY WHOLESALE.—Mr. John B. Stanley, a wealthy planter, residing near Newmansville, East Florida, is said to be the most successful hunter in the State. Besides his almost daily presence on his plantation during the last twenty-five years, he has killed at least ten thousand deer, one hundred wolves, sixty panthers and twelve bears.

LIEUT. WISE.—This clever gentleman, author of "Los Gringos," "Scampavias," etc., is winning a harvest of laurels. The Home Journal recently remarked with much truth, that "for the genial and irresistible humor which makes the 'merriest fellow in the world,' we hardly know the equal of the author of 'Scampavias.'"

THE BEST OF REASONS.—A New York paper says that an unfortunate man in that city, who had resolved upon suicide, was deterred from the rash attempt by the fear that Coroner Conroy would hold an inquest over his body.

A GOOD TURN.—The great Rothschild once made the fortune of a young man by taking his arm and promenading the street with him. It established his credit, and he became one of the richest bankers in Europe.

Wayside Gatherings.

A boy named Walter Thompson had his nose nearly bitten off in Woburn, by a savage dog belonging to one Dean, a butcher.

Three million of letters remain uncalled for in the dead letter office at Washington, in spite of the system of pre-payment.

A Pacific railroad across South America is talked of in Chili. The proposed line runs from the La Plata River to Valparaiso.

In all the various hospitals in the city of New York, there are said to be now 6080 beds occupied by patients.

The Galveston Civilian thinks it still a question whether the camel is equal to native horses, mules and oxen.

The citizens of Jacksonville, Florida, are taking measures to deepen the entrance to St. John's River.

Col. Fremont is in New York, busily engaged in the preparation of the reports of his three last expeditions, for publication, in a popular form.

Joseph R. Stewart, of Gordon county, Ga., recently drew a lottery prize of \$15,000, went on a spree, got drunk, lost the money, and died in a fit.

In Bulloch county, Ga., a lady has six sons, each of whom is six feet four and three fourths inches tall. She says the way she drew them out so was by feeding them on the legs of Shanghai chickens.

The legislature of the State of Mississippi refuse to restore the right of citizenship to the absconding defaulter in Canada, Richard Graves. The governor transmitted the application of Graves to the legislature with favorable allusions, but it was rejected.

It is said that the New York Central Railroad Company now pays \$40,000 per annum, for the privilege of crossing the Niagara suspension bridge, and this bridge, costing over \$500,000, pays an annual dividend of 20 per cent.

Mrs. Purnell has recovered from the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad \$6566 for injuries sustained on the road by herself and son; and \$900 more for the loss of a slave, killed at the same time.

The president has issued a proclamation ordering the sale of the Indian Trust lands in Kansas, in May and June. 650,000 acres will be sold to the highest bidder, but at less than the appraised value.

The income derived in Great Britain from the consumption of tobacco was, last year upwards of £32,192,943, the duty on which was more than £5,220,000. The return is independent of cigars, which was about £150,000.

A lady, accompanied by a friend from Cincinnati, met her divorced husband in Louisville, Kentucky, and after forcing him to retract alleged slanders, relative to her character, cowhided him publicly. The affair created considerable excitement.

A proposition is being agitated in Washington, which has for its end the policy of removing all the Indian tribes except those located immediately on the Arkansas and Texas borders, to Western Minnesota, and there providing for them permanent homes.

Mr. Palmer, the American sculptor, has had an order from London for a duplicate of his "Indian Girl"—the masterpiece of his genius, owned by Senator Fish of New York. The gentleman from whom the order was received is an Englishman, lately in this country.

A master mariner who went to sea four years ago, leaving his wife in Springfield, returned recently to find her married to another man. He had been shipwrecked on a distant coast, and she believed him to be dead. In presence of the two husbands the wife decided to cling to the second.

A bill has been offered in the New York Assembly to incorporate a company, the object of which shall be to erect a bridge over the East River between New York and Brooklyn, in such a manner as not to impede navigation. The toll to be collected shall not exceed that charged by the ferries.

A destitute woman called on a certain family for something to eat. A few dinner remnants were put in her basket, and having a small bag or pillow-slip in her hand, she was offered as much corn-meal as would fill it. "No, ma'am!" was her offended reply, "I am poor enough, God knows, but I can't go corn meal; when I come to that, I mean to starve!"

Dr. Samuel Champney of New York city, who held a post mortem examination upon the body of John Elders, lately, cut his fore finger with a scalpel while performing the operation. The poison extended through the arm to his body, and notwithstanding the efforts of the medical fraternity, he died a few days after. He was but thirty years of age.

Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson, London auctioneers, have recently obtained high prices for some rare and curious articles. The bronze handle of a Greek vase of fine quality brought £30; a Greek gold earring, £27; a Greek necklace, £30 15s. A Shaksperean cup, said to be the one used by Garriek at the Shaksperean jubilee, has been sold for £50.

The captain of a ship lying at one of the Charlestown wharves, was so severely bitten by a large rat, lately, that he was obliged to call for the assistance of Dr. Whiting, the younger, to stop the blood. The teeth of the loathsome creature penetrated deeply the largest artery of the human body, inflicting a most painful wound.

A Nicaragua correspondent of the New York Times says that since Gen. Walker has been in that country, he has received not far from 5000 men. Of these about 1400 are now living, which makes the whole loss 3600. All concur in saying that the graveyards and pits of Granada contain 1500 of the filibusters; and many place it as high as 2000.

The grave of Patrick Henry is in Milton, N. C. Until recently no stone has marked his resting place, Virginia having promised to erect a monument over it. A plain white slab has recently been erected over it with the following inscription: "To the memory of Patrick Henry, born May 29th, 1736; died June 7th, 1779. His fame is his best epitaph."

The hundred and ten shoeblacks who stud the broadways of London in their cheerful Jerseys, yellow, red and blue, have shown the possibility of turning out well. Though six years have not elapsed since this branch of labor was introduced, these boys have, it is said, earned above £7000. Their united earnings for the last financial year amounted to £2270, representing the blacking and polishing of no less than 544,800 pairs of boots.

Four brothers, sons of Mr. Lawson McCloud of Barrington, Ill., were returning from school, when the eldest, aged thirteen, broke through the ice of a slough; the next oldest, aged eleven, went for assistance and also broke through; then the next, aged nine, followed and likewise broke through. The youngest boy then ran for his father, but when he returned all three of the boys were drowned.

Foreign Items.

The emperor of Austria has decided on granting a general and unconditional amnesty to all political offenders in the empire.

Governor Darling, of Newfoundland, has been appointed governor of Jamaica, and Sir Alexander Bannerman governor of Newfoundland.

At last accounts from Naples the king remained shut up at Caserta; the people were gloomily silent. The police formed the only visible executive government.

A madman attacked the Empress Eugenie, lately, but was instantly arrested. No arms were found upon him; he declared that his intention was merely to embrace her.

Troubles are reported between the Shah of Persia and the priest-hood; parties are accused of wishing to depose the Shah in favor of Murad, the conqueror of Herat. The powerful tribe of Babees are reported on the eve of an insurrection.

The labors of the royal arsenal at Woolwich, England, have again assumed a warlike appearance. The pyramids of shot and shell are being removed and rolled towards the wharves, which are again covered with guns, wagons, cases of shot, etc.

A correspondent of the Times, writing on the probable dearth of cotton, asserts that this article can be grown in great abundance, and of the finest quality, in the Seychelles Islands, a dependency of Mauritius, but that the cultivation of cotton has been abandoned, owing to the want of labor.

Sands of Gold.

.... Indolence leaves the door of the soul unlocked, and thieves and robbers go in and spoil it of its treasures.—Barclay.

.... Lies, artifice and tricks are as sure a mark of a low and poor spirit, as the passing of false money is of a poor, low purse.—Wycherly.

.... Good is stronger than evil. A single really good man in an ill place, is like a little yeast in a gallon of dough; it can leaven the mass.—Charles Reade.

.... Truth is a sure pledge not impaired, a shield never pierced, a flower that never dieth, a state that feareth no fortune, and a port that yields no danger.—Cicero.

.... We reprove our friends' faults more out of pride than love or charity; not so much to correct them, as to make them believe we ourselves are without them.—Wycherly.

.... Most natures are insolvent; cannot satisfy their own wants, have an ambition out of all proportion to their practical force, and so do lean and beg day and night continually.—Emerson.

.... That which we call wit consists much in quickness and tricks, and is so full of lightness that it seldom goes with judgment and solidity; but when they do meet, 'tis commonly in an honest man.—King James I.

.... A warm blundering man does more for the world than a frigid wise one. A man who gets into the habit of inquiring about proprieties, and expedencies, and occasions, often spends his life without doing anything to the purpose.—Cecil.

Joker's Budget.

Life is full of contradictions—but woman takes very good care that we shall never hear the last of it.

She that marries a man because he is a "good match," must not be surprised if he turns out "a Lucifer."

It rained so in Boston, the other day, that all the fishes in the harbor crowded under the bridges to get out of the wet.

"The women of the Revolution—Mothers of statesmen, patriots, warriors!" "The women of the present day—Hoop, hoop, hurrah!"

A person meeting an old man with silver hair, and a very black, bushy beard, asked him "how it happened that his beard was not so gray as the hair on his head?"—"Because," said the old gentleman, "it's twenty years younger."

It is the height of folly for a half dozen brothers, four uncles, and a gray-headed father, trying to stop a young girl getting married to the man she loves, and who loves her—just as if rope ladders were out of date, and all the horses in the world were spavined!

"No use in my trying to collect that bill, sir," said a collector to his employer, handing the dishonored document to the latter. "Why?"—"The man who should pay it is 'non est,'" replied the collector. "Then take it and collect it, sir. A 'non est' man will not fail to meet his obligations."

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

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DESIGNED FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

This long established and well known weekly paper, after eleven years of unequalled prosperity and popularity, has become a "household word" from Maine to California, gladdening the fireside of rich and poor, in town and country, all over the wide extent of the United States. It should be a weekly visitor to every American home, because

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☑ It is carefully edited by M. M. Ballou, who has sixteen years of editorial experience in Boston.

☑ It contains in its large, well filled and deeply interesting pages not one vulgar word or line.

☑ It numbers among its regular contributors the best male and female writers in the country.

☑ Its tales, while they absorb the reader, cultivate a taste for all that is good and beautiful in humanity.

☑ It is acknowledged that the good influence of such a paper in the home circle is almost incalculable.

☑ Its suggestive pages provoke in the young an inquiring spirit, and add to their store of knowledge.

☑ Its columns are free from politics and all jarring topics, its object being to make home happy.

☑ It is for these reasons that it has for years been so popular a favorite throughout the country.

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No. 22 Winter Street, Boston



VIEW OF THE FORTRESS AND TOWN OF ALESSANDRIA, IN SARDINIA, ITALY.

FORTRESS OF ALESSANDRIA, ITALY.

We present on this page an accurate view of the fortress of Alessandria, in Sardinia, Italy, to the defences of which the King Victor Emanuel is now making important additions, so as to strengthen and secure Sardinia, now the head-quarters of liberalism in Italy. It will be remembered that the friends of Italian freedom all over the world have been contributing means to purchase cannon for their fortifications, and that subscriptions for this purpose have been opened in Boston, New York, and other American cities. Our picture, rendered doubly valuable from this circumstance, embraces a view of the town as well as the fortress, with the handsome bridge that occupies the middle distance. The spot where Alessandria now stands was occupied in 1168 by a small town called Rovereto, situated near the two rivers Tanaro and Bormida. During the wars of the Guelphs and Ghibelines its strong position attracted the attention of the latter, who surrounded it in 1169 with a mud wall, and called it Alessandria. From the circumstance that straw was mixed with mud to give it sufficient firmness, the people gave it the name of Alessandria della Paglia, which it retains to this day. In 1174, Frederic Barbarossa besieged it with a formidable army, but was obliged to raise the siege after it had lasted seven months. It was subsequently besieged, and changed hands several times. In 1238, the Emperor Frederic II. took and sacked it. In 1278 the Marquis of Montferat, governor of the Milanese, took possession of it, and surrounded it with brick walls and towers. In 1644 the Spanish commandant, Conde de Sirvella, turned the waters of the Bormida into the moat to increase its strength, and in the following year the fortress received eight ravelins, also surrounded with wet ditches. The present citadel was commenced in 1736, and completed in 1745. On the 12th of October of the same year Alessandria capitulated, and was occupied by the Spanish troops under the orders of the Marquis of Caravacal; this was the last time it was taken after a siege. In 1795 the citadel was given up to the French. It was blockaded by the Russians in 1799, and capitulated on the 1st of Thermidor of that year. It was again taken possession of by the French in 1800, after the memorable battle of Marengo. Generals Marescat and Chasseloup reformed it at a cost of 30,000,000 francs, and rendered it one of the strongest fortresses in Europe; but after the fall of the first empire the Austrians destroyed the whole of the works. The plan which is now to be carried out consists of a bastioned body and four detached forts, one situated on the Bormida, a second on the Tanaro, and the other two to the east and southeast of the place. This fortress, with the aid of Casale on one side and Genoa on the other, will enable a body of from 20,000 to 25,000 men to keep a much larger army in check for many months, until the arrival of succor from other quarters shall relieve it.

THE ÆOLIAN ATTACHMENT.

A correspondent in the National Intelligencer notices the efforts that were made some years ago by O. M. Coleman, the inventor of the Æolian Attachment, to direct attention to it among the musical circles of London, and concludes with the following anecdote: "After Coleman had obtained his European patents, and his invention had attained the highest point in the estimation of the public, he still found a 'lion in the way.' The celebrated Thalberg, then and yet justly regarded as the first pianist in the world, who was then on the continent, had not yet seen or heard the instrument. Many eminent musicians, and especially the piano manufacturers, stood aloof until Thalberg should give his opinion. Coleman felt that the fate of his invention hung upon the fiat of the dreaded Thalberg. It was, 'Wait till Thalberg comes,' and until the very name of Thalberg became hateful. The great master arrived in London at last, and a day was appointed for his examination of the instrument. A large room was selected, into which were admitted a number of the first musical artists. Benedict, a great performer, sat down and played in his best style. Thalberg stood at a distance, with his arms folded and back turned. He listened for a time in that position, and then turned his face towards the instrument. He moved softly across the floor until he stood by the side of Benedict, where he again stopped and listened. An occasional nod of the head was all the emotion he betrayed. Suddenly, while Benedict was in the very midst of a splendid sonata, he laid his hand upon his arm, and, with a not very gentle push, said: 'Get off that stool!' Seating himself, he dashed out in his inimitable style, and continued to play for some time without interruption, electrifying Coleman and the other auditors by an entirely new application of the invention. Suddenly he stopped, and turning to Benedict requested him to get a certain piece of Beethoven's from the library. This was done, and Thalberg played it through. Then, striking his instrument with his hand and pointing to the music, he said: 'This is the very instrument Beethoven had in his mind when he wrote that piece. It has never been played before!' The next day Coleman sold his patent right for a sum that enabled him to take his place among millionaires."